

Throne of Magical Arcana

Duda was still panicking after killing the other noble by mistake and experiencing all the changes in the underground palace. Seeing that someone was standing right in front of him, his brain was completely blank. Slowly, he looked up and saw the man who was wearing a pair of brand new boots.

"It's you..." Duda felt much relieved seeing his friend, Andris. After releasing a sigh, Duda's heart started beating fast and fiercely again, as if his heart was trying to compensate the beats that it missed in the previous few seconds.

"It's me," said Andris with the corner of his mouth curling up.

"I'll tell you. This underground palace is horrible! The teleportation magic circles are not working. Come here, Andris. We wait here until the competition finishes..." Duda hurriedly told his trusted friend what had happened, but he did not mention the part where he killed someone.

Then, Duda became confused, "Where is your armor?"

Duda remembered clearly that in the morning when they came here together, Andris was fully equipped with a set of the black armor, instead of the white shirt and the tight pants he was wearing now. The only part that had not been changed was the pair of brand new boots.

The weird smile on Andris' face lingered, and he did not answer his friend's question, but murmured, "You think it's horrible here? I think this place is nice." Andris closed his eyes, and if he was tasting a glass of beautiful wine, "I have smelled the blood, the sweet aroma... I have also smelled the pain, hatred, and greed that have been piling up for hundreds of years..."

Duda somehow felt very cold, and his heart was full of fear, "Andris? Are you alright? You killed someone by mistake... too?"

"Killed someone by mistake?" The muscles in Andris' face suddenly started wriggling very fast, like a flour dough.

Very quickly, his hand went through Duda's chest. "Like this?" Andris asked like he was sleep-talking.

Duda's face was written with such great fear that it had been twisted. He saw that Andris' face quickly aged and became terribly wrinkled, but a second later, his face became young and familiar to Duda again.

Now Andris had retreated his right hand. The hand was holding Duda's heart, bloody, but still beating.

Before falling into the eternal darkness, Duda saw what his own heart looked like.

"The pain is so sweet," Andris closed his eyes and tasted the smell of blood in the air.

...

In the hall, the six pairs of white wings behind Sophia were slightly flapping. She was now like the Monarch of Wind described in the legends, and her face was written with mercy in the holy light, which made her look even more gorgeous.

In Lucien's eyes, although Sophia was definitely a beauty, she was too young and inexperienced. Compared to the outstanding beauties such as Natasha and Silvia, her beauty was not as impressive. However, at that moment, like an angel, Sophia was no inferior to anyone.

Her magic staff pointed forward, and more wind ropes severely restrained the prince's movements and were further strengthened. Deniz, whose hair was tied in a ponytail, looked very determined. His successive attacks were like bolts of lightning, forcing Beyer to hurriedly retreat.

On the other side, Arthen had been cured by Sophia's power, and surprisingly, his strength had also fully recovered. It seemed that Arthen's blood power might be quite special.

Holding a black shield, Arthen charged toward the prince with the dazzling sword in his right hand. How dared Arthen, who had just become a grand knight, to launch the direct combat against the prince?

Beyer's sword shining with a dim green light blocked Arthen's attack, however, as soon as the two swords crossed, the prince felt the great strength from Arthen's weapon.

What sword was Arthen using? Beyer had no idea.

"My brother, Arthen is fully equipped with a level-five knight armor, called the Nameless Starlight. Anyone who fights against him will become slower and slower, including you. Now since you have been confined, Arthen can finally exert the power of his equipment," said Sophia coldly to her brother. Meanwhile, Sophia further numbed Beyer with small clusters of lightning.

Deniz's and Arthen's swords were now right above Beyer's head!

Suddenly, white wings spread out behind Beyer and embraced him in the middle.

Bolts of lightning and starlight fiercely burst out when the swords hacked at the wings. Many white feathers were falling to the ground. The wings had given Beyer a few seconds to fight back. Wielding his green sword, the prince managed to force Deniz and Arthen back.

However, when Beyer was about to take a step forward and launch a second attack, the space around him suddenly twisted, and for a second Beyer lost his balance.

"Twisted Magnetic Field!"

Seizing the chance, Deniz and Arthen quickly turned around and rushed at the prince again.

Feeblemind, Hypnosis, Fear, Sleep, Wind Rope, Twisted Magnetic Field, Magnetic Field Vibrating, Spider Net... Sophia cast a series of spells to constrain her brother. She did not try to attack but was interfering with Beyer's movement properly to create the chances for the two knights.

Sophia's strategy worked, and Beyer was now in a disadvantageous situation. In the ancient magic system, the element of wind was linked to Illusion.

However, because of his blood power, Seraph, Beyer was very resistant to magic. Most of Sophia's spells could only affect him a little bit, and the light from Beyer's wings soon drove the magic effects away.

Sophia stuck to her own pace. On the one hand, she kept casting her spells, and on the other hand, she kept distracting Beyer.

"My brother, are you still trying to figure out where our father got his power from? Are you still wondering why he managed to reach the legendary level? Think about it. Why could you find the hidden document? Do you think our father would have written down his biggest secret?"

Beyer's heart sank, "Was it you?"

"Ha, I did quite a good job in imitating our father's handwriting, right? If you had never seen those documents, you would have never come down here, and you would have never left me such a great chance to kill you." The smile on Sophia's face was still pure.

"So the secret does not exist?" Beyer murmured. His hope had been destroyed. Deniz's and Arthen's swords almost cut him. Claire was also almost defeated by the several nobles who had awakened their blood powers.

"No, it does exist, but it belongs only to us. Me and my knights! I am very lucky. Relph found this biggest secret from the family legend, thus we were able to put you into this trap. Including Arthen, they are my knights. They are willing to do everything for me, even at the cost of their lives! Our performance wasn't bad, right?" Sophia's smile was very charming by nature, and her petal-like lips could easily seize a man's heart, "Also, many thanks to Beaulac, this little fool. You thought I was trying to control and help Beaulac, but you had no idea what my true purpose was."

Then she turned around, and within her expectation, she saw the expressionless face of Beaulac. She slightly pouted and said to Lucien like a little girl, "I do like you very much. Without you, my brother would never have fallen into our trap."

"You..." Lucien responded as if he was totally speechless. In his mind, he had almost figured out the location of the secret chamber.

Sophia giggled, "Stop playing. I know you're not simple-minded and you never fell in love with me."

"How do you know?" Lucien asked sincerely. He always regarded himself as a good actor, and he had no idea which part of his performance failed.

After further confining Beyer with the wind ropes, Sophia answered, "Your enthusiasm was just on the surface. I saw no heart-felt passion. You know, women are always very sensitive in this aspect. I was also playing my role. No matter what plan you have, it is not important anymore."

Now Lucien was really speechless.

Turning back to her brother again, Sophia kept pissing Beyer off, "You are even crueler than what I expected. You had almost killed Arthen before we carried out our plan. You almost ruined the plan."

Although she was saying so, she was not worrying and her voice had no fear at all, as if everything was under her control.

"It was you who found the secret?" Lucien said to Relph who was standing beside him.

Relph had cast the spell, Slow, on Beaulac and made him unable to move freely. Now he laughed hard, feeling rather proud of himself, "Right! It was me! You were quite surprised that all of a sudden I had awakened the blood power, Sun, weren't you?"

"Was it fake?" Lucien would never tell Relph that he had seen it through already.

The triumphant smile on Relph's face was even bigger, "It was not a blood power. I'm a sorcerer, an honorable sorcerer! The Gorse family is the descendant of the Sun King, Thanos, the greatest sorcerer ever! But now they are begging for awakening their blood powers, which came from the experiments that the sorcerers did on their slaves. That's completely wrong! So I have been secretly studying magic, and by chance, I found a secret scroll left by the Sun King. Thus, I discovered the big secret of this underground palace, the secret that made Sun King so powerful!"

Lucien did not respond, so Relph kept showing off.

"In the secret chamber hung with many paintings, there is another chamber. It requires the blood of a real Thanos' descendant and half of his life force. When everything is ready, we will use your blood to open the gate and acquire the unimaginable power. At that time, I will become as powerful as the Sun King, and then I can marry..."

Relph's voice lowered. He took a glance at Sophia with the corner of his eyes.

Lucien guessed that Relph was talking about a different chamber, not the one Rhine told him. He wondered how many secrets were still hiding here.

Seeing that Beaulac did not reply, Relph was quite disappointed, "You don't want to say anything, Beaulac?"

"...Well, thanks for telling me," said Lucien sincerely.

...

Hearing Sophia's words, Beyer burst out laughing all of a sudden, "My dear sister, thank you. I'm so glad to hear that the secret does exist!"

Beyer's six pairs of wings saved him again from Deniz's and Arthen's swords and Sophia's magic, but one of the wings almost broke.

At this time, Lucien sensed the ancient and horrible power under the wings. Then, he saw Beyer holding a small scale in his right hand. The left side of the scale was white and the right side black.

"Justice Scale?" The look on Sophia's face suddenly changed.

It was a well-known divine item from Holy Heilz Empire. It was said that the scale was left by God and its power could be compared to that of a legendary leader.

Obviously, the scale Beyer was holding was just a projection of the real item, like the duplicate of the Sword of Truth that Lucien saw before. However, the projection was still a level-five extraordinary item, and a projected item like that always had some special power that anyone under legendary level was unable to be immune to.

Even if the power could only be used once, the scale was already powerful enough to turn the things around!

Throne of Magical Arcana

The small scale was a piece of toy. The white and black pan went up and down in turns, and soon they reached the balance. Instantly, the atmosphere around Beyer somehow became very weird.

The wind ropes constraining Beyer suddenly broke into pieces; the big and thick spider net was gone, and the twisted magnetic field had also calmed down. On the other side, the bolts of lightning attached to Deniz's sword had died out, and the dazzling starlight surrounding Arthen had also disappeared.

In the middle of the hall, Sophia flapped her six pairs of wings. A summoned piece of cloud with the strong power of death had been driven away as soon as it approached Beyer.

Deniz bit his lips tight. He could not feel his power of lightning anymore.

In the range of the power of Justice Scale, any extraordinary power should obey the order!

Beyer felt revitalized again after getting rid of all the constraints. Lifting his green sword named Demon Horn, Beyer said to his enemies loud, "Come and show me your real power! Show me what you've got!"

Flapping his wings, Beyer had come to Arthen and raised his sword.

"Without all the items, you are nothing!" Beyer sneered.

So far, the power of the scale had been used up.

Arthen hurriedly lifted his shield to defend himself. But as soon as the shield touched the sword, Beyer disappeared right in front of Arthen.

Arthen had lost his target! Instantly, his heart sank. However, in the next second, he quickly swung his sword backward.

Bang!

Arthen was unable to resist the great strength. Losing his balance, he was thrown on the ground, and Beyer's sword was right above his head!

A flash of lightning blocked Beyer's attack. It was Deniz, who was holding the sword with both his hands. However, this one single confrontation had consumed much of his strength.

In Beyer's eyes, Deniz, who just became a grand knight and was far away from reaching the level of a radiant knight, was not a threat at all.

Beyer was very confident. Moving fast, he exchanged several blows with Deniz within a few seconds. Deniz could feel that the green sword that Beyer was using was slowing down his speed and weakening his strength.

When Beyer and Deniz were fighting, Sophia did not do much because she was unable to lock onto Beyer. Although some proper spells that Sophia knew could be useful in this scenario, she could not use them as the spells did not fall into the range of magic that she could cast with her blood power.

This was the destiny of a caster. The spells that a caster could use only were decided by his or her blood power, and working hard could not help at all.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Beyer hacked faster and faster.

Suddenly, Beyer jumped out from his fight against Deniz and came right to Sophia.

"A caster thinks she can kill me?!" shouted Beyer.

Sophia was totally surprised. At that moment, she had forgotten to jump away with the wind!

Under the great force coming from Beyer's green sword, Sophia's wind shield started cracking into pieces!

Arthen hurriedly rushed back to his princess and blocked Beyer's following attacks. Sophia hurriedly stayed away from Beyer to get ready to cast again.

Without all the constraints, Beyer could fully exert his power, and his series of attacks had loaded Sophia, Deniz, and Arthen with great pressure. When he had the chance, Arthen even killed one of the nobles who was fighting against Claire, thus much of Claire's stress had been removed.

Lucien, however, was right now just a bystander. After seeing Beyer's power, and he had understood why Sophia decided to make such a complicated plan to kill her brother. Meanwhile, he was also learning some fighting skills from watching Beyer.

Beside Lucien, Relph was very nervous watching the fight, with his hands clenching into fists. Lucien had to say that Relph was not at all a good sorcerer when it came to staying focused. As a sorcerer, Relph's mind was far from being strong. Comparatively speaking, Sophia was doing a way better job in staying calm during the fight.

Lucien had figured out the rough direction to find the chamber, but it would still take some time for him to find the more accurate location.

"That's all you've got, Sophia?" Beyer's shouting was as loud as thunder!

Neither Deniz nor Arthen could stop him.

Seeing this, Sophia secretly took a few steps back.

At this time, Lucien, who was right now staring at a piece of gray tile in the middle of the hall,

had also figured out how to get into the secret chamber.

However, what was out of Lucien's expectation was that, before he could take any action, Sophia had stamped on the tile very decisively. Walking backward, she reached the entrance of the secret chamber!

A low but deep noise came from underneath the hall. One of the stone walls in the hall had turned into an old gate and it opened for them slowly.

Relph was not surprised seeing the secret chamber there, but he had no idea why the princess had chosen to open the gate at that moment.

The knights were still fighting without being distracted, but Beyer had sped up his hacking even further. Clearly, he was rushing to kill the two grand knights as soon as possible before any unexpected changes could take place.

...

Above the ground, the Duke Ulrich and the rest of the leaders of the family had already noticed the weird changes in the palace, but the dark gate had refused their entry.

"We have to break in! If the prince and the princess died in there, His Majesty would be so furious that who knows what he would do! That might be the end of the Gorse family!" said Count Nuremburk very anxiously. Behind him, there was a cluster of dark air, in which countless dim stars were orbiting.

Nuremburk lifted his hand and the stars followed his order. They fiercely rushed toward the dark gate and hit it with great force!

Bang! The explosive sound was deafening.

However, a legendary archmage's palace was not that easy to be broken into!

Another count agreed with great anger, "When I get to know who did this, I will peel off his skin, slowly!"

He was not exaggerating. He did skin people! He was Count Wolfgang, the Blood Curse.

"Why Sir Metatron did not control the core of the palace to turn on the magic circles again?" murmured the duke gloomily. Staring at the dark gate, he was not rushing to take any action.

Nuremburk and the rest of the nobles were shocked. One of them hurriedly asked, "You are saying... Sir Metatron is involved in this? Is he out of his mind? Many of them down there are from other big families!"

"Many of them are down there, but... not all of them," said Ulrich gloomily.

"What shall we do then?" asked Count Wolfgang, slightly frowning.

Ulrich mused, "If Sir Metatron's plan works, the Gorse family will become the biggest supporter of the future emperor, and the entire family will benefit from it. If he fails, we know nothing about this plan. We shall try our best to save them, so if anything happens, the worst scenario will be the emperor killing Sir Metatron and his family members, but the biggest part of the family can still stay safe."

"I see. We can have your helper here. He is a senior-rank sorcerer, and he's more resourceful than we are. If he still doesn't know what to do, we have to have His Majesty here. We cannot let the other legendaries know. We have to make as few people know this as possible!" said Nuremburk, who was looking at Ulrich seriously.

The other gold knight of the Gorse family was sent by the emperor to the dimension under the control of the empire. As the descendant of Sun King, the Gorse family, with its many precious magic books and records, could easily attract many sorcerers from the ancient magic system secretly.

Very seriously, Ulrich nodded.

...

Squeaking, the ancient stone gate slowly opened.

Lucien stopped himself from rushing into the secret chamber as he had no idea if Metatron was in there. But at this time, he sensed the strong smell of blood from the chamber.

What happened? Lucien frowned.

After a while, Relph also noticed the smell. With his nose twitching, Relph said confusedly, "Blood... A lot of... blood?"

Sophia was still focusing on the fight, helping Deniz and Arthen against Beyer.

As the gate opened more, Lucien and the rest of the nobles finally saw what had happened in the chamber: blood was everywhere on the walls, and the paintings of the family members had all been horribly stained. On the floor, there were pieces of bones and flesh scattered around, and some of them were even on the walls.

The chamber was like a slaughterhouse!

In the slaughterhouse, there was a black figure quite familiar to Lucien. The figure was twitching and writhing as if it felt horribly itchy. When feeling the light, the figure hurriedly turned around.

It had a pale face, covered with many bulging red veins.

The figure looked around the hall and burst out laughing, "Beaulac, I have become a radiant knight! A radiant knight! I have... finally... become a radiant knight!" The figure became more and more hysterical.

Shocked by the extremely horrible scene, Beyer, Deniz, and Claire had stopped fighting and were staring at the strange man in great alert.

"...Frederick?" Lucien recognized him. Fredrick was Beaulac's secret guard. Why was he there?

At this time, Sophia smiled, "Yes... You've become a radiant knight. You deserve everything that you want, say, the dukedom, the endless wealth, and marrying a princess like me."

"Yes... I'm a radiant knight now, and I can have everything that I never dared to dream of. Your Highness, my love, tell me, why are you frowning?" Frederick laughed hard.

Watching the scene, a strange idea came to Lucien.

"It's him! He wants to kill me!" Sophia pointed at Beyer and almost burst into tears.

Frederick heard Sophia's words and nodded, "I see... He's the prince... If I kill you, Your Highness, can I become the emperor?"

It seemed that Frederick was now completely a psycho. Suddenly, he turned to Lucien and grinned, "Thank you for the rite, with Greed."

His words were like a clap of thunder in Lucien's brain. Lucien realized what had happened, but he also had no idea how it happened!

As soon as Frederick finished his words, he came to Beyer with an astonishing speed. Within one single punch, Fredrick hit the green sword in front of the prince. The prince was forced to take a few steps back by the great strength.

Seeing this, Sophia sighed with surprise, "Greed..."

Above the palace, the duke felt something when he was trying to break the gate. He turned around and looked at the rest of the family leaders, and there was the combination of mercy and sneer in his eyes. He sighed, "Greed..."

Putting his right hand into the magic pouch when seeing that Beyer was in great danger in front of Frederick, Lucien also sighed, "Greed..."

Relph had no idea what was going on, but when he turned around, he saw Beaulac easily take out a piece of item from the pouch, despite the restraint of the magic effect on him.

It was a black badge, with shining silver stars on it.

One, two, three... six! There were six stars!

Relph's eyeballs almost jumped out. Most of the nobles might not be able to recognize it, but as a sorcerer, Relph knew what the badge was as soon as he saw the stars!

This was... an arcana badge! For a senior-rank arcanist!

This was a senior-rank arcanist's badge enchanted with the constant magic effect, Free Move!

Throne of Magical Arcana

"Level six... arcanist!" Relph was totally shocked. In his eyes, Beaulac suddenly became so strange to him. No... He should say that the man standing in front of him was right now a total stranger to him. There was no way that the real Beaulac could have become a senior-rank as he had never left Antiffler before.

It must be that a senior-rank sorcerer or archmage had turned into Beaulac and used some special ways to hide from the blood power check done by Nuremburk. As for the purpose, the sorcerer was certainly there to pursue the secret left by Sun King.

Suddenly, a scene flashed past his mind: he remembered the sincere appreciation from Beaulac after he bragged about the existence of another secret chamber and showed off by telling Beaulac how to open the chamber.

"...Well, thanks for telling me."

That was what Beaulac... no, the arcanist, said.

Relph could not believe how stupid he had been. Although he wanted to cry out loud to remind the princess, Deniz, and Arthen that this was not really Beaulac, he was clearly aware of how powerful a senior-rank arcanist was. Within a second, the arcanist could easily kill him with a single glance; and even if all the nobles present had decided to unite together, the arcanist could still kill them one by one within half a minute.

The only way to survive was to yield and wait until Sir Metatron showed up in time as agreed.

Relph had absolutely no idea how the senior-rank arcanist managed to creep in. It was like a lion staying with a flock of sheep!

He could not help trembling out of the great fear and could not concentrate his spiritual power at all. However, he knew that there was no need for him to stay concentrated as he had no chance to cast when standing beside a senior-rank arcanist. Although he was already very close to obtaining the secret of Sun King and he did dream of becoming a sixth-circle sorcerer, Relph was only looking forward to using his power to acquire glory and high status.

A level-six arcanist was very likely a seventh or eighth-circle sorcerer or even a ninth-circle archmage! Relph had completely given up resistance.

"Smart." Lucien smiled and took a glance at Relph, whose face had completely turned pale.

Relph nodded like a golem as he was incapable of thinking. Staring at the blue eyes of the fake Beaulac, Relph fell deeper and deeper into them...

Very easily, Lucien had seized the control of Relph's mind, putting him in a great panic.

The fifth-circle illusion spell, Dominate Person!

When knowing that his experience in Castle Bertren was a test from his teacher, the Lord of Storm, Lucien also got to know that it was the little crystal dragon, Alferris, that was playing the demon, Hatred. From the Lord of Storm and Alferris, Lucien had learned a lot more in details about the seven mysterious demons from hell and realized that Pain Fable was not merely a joke.

According to Fernando and Alferris' speculation, when certain negative emotions piled up, the projection of the corresponding demon would show up, and this process did not require the help of any special rite. The rites that people believed in were for improving the projections' power to make them grow, and the rites thus were in fact not magic rites, but just something that further convinced people of the existence of the evil power.

Therefore, it seemed that even the most absurd magic rite could also summon a powerful demon.

Pain Fable played a very important role in collecting a person's negative emotions. A person who enjoyed reading the fables tended to gain the connection to the mysterious demons including Wrath, Envy, Greed and so on. At this time, the person's mind could become twisted, but without the stimulation of a major accident or any following rites, the person could not gain a great evil power.

In other words, the steps of a rite did not matter, and what mattered was the rite itself. Without a rite, the projection of a demon could not gain its power. Meanwhile, what was more important than the rite was the gathering of negative emotions, or there was no way that a demon could cast its projection in one's mind.

When Lucien's was deceiving Beaulac into following the pure made-up rite, the former randomly made a joke about the steps of the rite, since he was quite certain that, without the emotional foundation shaped by the special book such as Pain Fable, neither Beaulac nor Frederick could successfully summon the projection of Greed.

However, what was going on right now was totally out of Lucien's expectation. Frederick had successfully summoned Greed using the ridiculous magic rite made up by Lucien, and had gained the power of a radiant knight!

Although his power was not yet fully developed, Frederick was unstoppable. The creepy and horrible look on his twisted face had made Lucien believe that all of these was a masterpiece done by the demon, Greed!

Lucien had no idea how Fredrick had collected such a strong feeling of greed within a single month. Was it from watching Beaulac summoning the demon? Or was it because of this creepy underground palace?

However, no matter what it was, Lucien had to hurry up, even if he had to use magic! As time passed by and more people were killed, Frederick's power as a radiant knight would be fully developed!

From the few rounds of the fight between Fredrick and Beyer, Lucien speculated that he still had three to four minutes to take actions. He first had to turn on the magic circle in case later anything unexpected would happen. After all, this was Lucien's ultimate purpose in going down there.

While keeping Relph under control, using Secondary Telepathic Bond, Lucien made sure that neither Relph nor Metatron knew the existence of the other secret passage and the inner part of the palace, and then he secretly examined the slaughterhouse-like chamber and made sure that no one was in it.

Then, when Sophia was busy with casting spells to help Beyer defeat Fredrick, Lucien cast Persistent Image and Gaseous Form and sneaked into the chamber where they found Frederick.

Compared to Frederick's power, what concerned Lucien much more was the fact that Metatron was also down there in the palace. But as long as he was not in the secret chamber, things would be much easier!

Once Lucien stepped into the secret chamber, he was overwhelmed by the strong, disgusting smell of blood and flesh, but he was not affected by it at all. He walked to the painting of the first Gorse Duke and started casting a long and strange spell, with the help of complex hand gestures.

The sound of metal collisions was loud, and no one wanted to stay close to the secret chamber because of the strong smell of blood. Therefore, no one heard the low voice casting a spell in the chamber.

Finally, Lucien finished casting the long spell given by Rhine. In the gas form, his body rose in the air and somehow entered the painting!

Inside the painting, there was a passage which was not very long. Without any barriers, Lucien had successfully entered the inner layer of the palace, which looked exactly the same as the hall above the ground!

In the middle of the hall, there was a sun altar, on which there was the statue of Sun King, Thanos.

It was a middle-aged man looking up, as if nothing else was worthy of his attention except for the endless and mysterious starry sky.

Thanos' face was well-featured and the look on it was serious. The statue was wearing a magic crown inlaid with magic precious stones and a black magic robe with complicated red patterns on it.

The statue was very well-built, which showed the great manner of Sun King when he was still alive. Meanwhile, the statue's right hand reached out, as if it was holding something invisible.

Lucien could simply put the gorse brooch back on the statue and then he could start the advanced magic rite, but now, he frowned and stood where he was.

Why... Why he could not sense the existence of the World of Souls?

According to Lucien's experience in the tomb of Finks, he believed that the three places that Rhine told him should all have some close connection to the World of Souls, but...

After a few seconds' of thinking, Lucien took out Sun's Corona and wore it around his neck.

Instantly, his eyes became blurry and the statue changed.

Above the right hand reaching out, there was a half-transparent, white light ball. However, there were other colors hiding underneath, that Lucien could not tell what they were with his bare eyes. The light ball was going through some constant changes, like a beating heart.

The light ball felt very familiar to Lucien, just like the rust-colored one that Lucien saw in Finks' tomb. Although it was right there in front of him, he felt that the light ball did not exist in this world.

In the light ball, there was a small black crack, twisted and disgusting.

Lucien sensed the weak smell of death from the crack.

The gap of the World of Souls was wrapped in the light ball! No wonder Lucien could not feel its existence!

Lucien still had a few more minutes, thus he could not help being curious and wondered what was in the light ball.

Calming down, he cast a series of detection spells, but all of them directly went through the light ball.

After thinking carefully, Lucien cast a few layers of defensive spells on himself. Then, with great determination, he reached out his hand.

His fingers slowly touched the margin of the light ball.

Throne of Magical Arcana

The light balls kept swelling bigger and then shrinking smaller. A glowing white radiance was flowing inside. Lucien's fingers approached the light ball slowly, but when he was almost touching it, his hand stopped!

Lucien felt his heart beating very fast as if it was going to jump out of his chest. His heart-beating pace closely followed the contraction frequency of the light ball.

Lucien had a thin layer of sweat covering his forehead. He had no idea why he just decided to take such a great risk by touching this mysterious light ball when he knew completely nothing about it? What if the light ball had exploded? What if it had contained some kind of curse?

He felt very lucky that his discretion and prudence had stopped him in the last second. Meanwhile, Lucien also reckoned that it was very strange of him to be this reckless. Somehow at that moment, he was caught by his curiosity and greed. Although he was clearly aware of the danger, he could not help reaching out his hand.

Lucien withdrew his hand and stared at the mysterious light ball in front of him. Trying his best, he was analyzing what just happened.

He wondered why. Was it because of the underground palace, or the arrival of the demon, Greed? Or was it because of the light ball itself?

Or perhaps... they were the same thing? Were they all connected?

There were so many thoughts in Lucien's mind, but he soon made a decision: He could not simply focus on the light ball, instead, he should also try to look for the materials or documents left by Sun King somewhere else. Lucien could waste his time here no more. He had to hurry up and carry out the magic rite to activate the magic circle left by Rhine.

Rhine had checked this place carefully and did not find anything else except for the magic circles here. It seemed that the other secret chamber that Sophia and Relph just mentioned was more likely to be the one keeping all the precious documents of Sun King.

Lucien took out the gorse brooch containing the unknown power and carefully put it on the statue's left chest. The brooch had now been put back to where it belonged.

Taking a few steps back, Lucien started to activate the magic circle using complex hand gestures and an incomprehensible spell.

...

In the hall above.

The fight was becoming more and more intense, and Frederick's pale face was covered with countless protruding veins. Although he looked terrible, Frederick's power had grown stronger and stronger, and even the prince was not his match.

Since Arthen's power all came from the divine and magic items he had, he could not follow the prince's and Frederick's pace anymore. Right now he was standing beside one of the gates in case Beyer decided to flee.

Deniz was the same. Now he was not in the fight either. Frederick's way of fighting was too crazy and rude to take anyone else into consideration. Anyone who tried to help Frederick could be severely hurt by him. Therefore, Deniz was now standing in front of the other gate.

Only Sophia could follow Frederick's movements. The series of spells she cast had really put Beyer in an even bitter situation. Counting the seconds, Beyer had no idea how much longer he could hang in there!

Sophia had also put Claire back into sleep. However, she never tried to use Claire to threaten Beyer as she knew it clearly that a woman was never that important to her elder brother. Sophia had

decided to save Claire until later in case more blood from the Gorse Family was required in the secret chamber.

At this time, the look on Arthen's face suddenly changed and he pulled the gate of the hall open.

"Jocelyn, what happened?" Arthen asked hurriedly.

Jocelyn's face had completely turned pale. Stumbling into the hall, she grabbed Arthen's arm and cried, "Run! Andris has turned into a monster! ...Monster!"

"...What?" Being grabbed by the arm, Arthen, for a second, did not know what to do. He had no idea what Jocelyn was talking about. Speaking of monster, they also had one there.

It seemed that Jocelyn had been scared so bad that the words from her mouth had become messy, "Monster... Andris is a monster! Killed many people! No... ate! He ate people! Run!"

In the end, Jocelyn started wailing. Her face was covered with tears.

Seeing that Beyer and Frederick's fight was still going on, Arthen held Jocelyn in his arms and asked, "What do you mean...? He ate people? What happened? Are you alright?"

"I don't know. Andris has turned into a monster..." Jocelyn was still repeating herself. "He has forgotten me..."

Arthen could not understand Jocelyn, so he turned to look at Sophia for help.

Slightly frowning, Sophia pointed at Frederick. She was telling Arthen not to worry since they had a radiant knight there!

Arthen indeed calmed down immediately. That was right. They had Frederick, who was gradually mastering his power better and better. Even a monster was not a threat to them!

Arthen turned to comfort Jocelyn, and Sophia also cast a spell to calm her down. The gentle green light fell on Jocelyn's hair like a piece of veil. Slowly, Jocelyn's bitter crying had been replaced by weak sobs from time to time.

Seeing that everything had been under control and how Frederick was fighting Beyer for her like a monster, there was a triumphant but sarcastic smile on Sophia's face.

Greed was the most powerful sin. Thus, no one could escape the punishment.

Sophia took a glance at Beaulac, who was standing there just like a fool, and then looked at Relph. She gave Relph a hint with the eyes, telling him to get ready for the next step of their plan. Later Relph would take Beaulac to the secret chamber together with Sophia and Claire, and Arthen and his people would be killed by Frederick who had already turned lunatic.

Once Sophia got the secret of Sun King, Sir Metatron would come to the stage. Sir Metatron would kill the monster, Frederick, who would have already killed many young nobles, even including the prince, as well as Relph. People would get to know that it was Relph, the vicious sorcerer, who summoned the evil power and turned Frederick into such a beast.

Sophia had the entire play in her mind:

One of the inheritors of the Gorse family had been deluded by the demon and lost his belief as his years of effort of awakening his blood power still eventually turned out to be in vain. The young heritor thus became a vicious sorcerer, and by accident, he discovered the magic rite for summoning the demons from the most ancient books of the family. From the books, he also found the powerful spell which could temporarily deactivate the magic circles in the underground palace. Therefore, the young inheritor, whose name was Relph, decided to use the magic rite and the spell to defeat all the other candidates and become the count.

However, the summoned demon went out of control. Seizing the soul of a secret guard, the demon launched a horrible massacre in the underground palace. When Sir Metatron finally broke the magic circles and came in, only the princess survived as she was hiding in a secret chamber all the time.

The citizens would mourn for the righteous prince; they would mourn for the loyal knight whose name was Arthen; and the young noble whose name was Beaulac...

The entire play was flawless!

Sophia took a glance at Deniz with a sorry look on her face. She did not want to do this, but she had to. Anyone who knew what happened down here, except for uncle Ulrich, Sir Metatron and herself, had to be killed.

She did not have the power to kill the Gorse Count and the Glorious Crown, or she would have chosen to kill the two of them as well!

Only when the soul and body were not able to be found anymore could a dead person keep a secret safe!

Beyer was feeling his arms getting rather heavy. In his eyes, Frederick was moving so fast that he had turned into blurry shadows. The prince knew that he had reached his limit.

He knew that he had to go all out.

Looking rather determined, Beyer held his willpower strong. The hanging wings behind his back suddenly stretched out and a radiance started flowing out. The feathers fell, and the wings quickly disappeared. A layer of holy light covered Beyer. Even his green sword, Demon Horn, was dyed milk-white.

"The Anger of Justice!" Sophia burst out.

Only when the blood power, the Angel of Justice, reached the level equivalent to that of a radiant knight, could it exert the ability called Anger of Justice! The Anger of Justice could launch a powerful attack on all evil creatures by improving the knight's power by one level!

But how was this possible? Beyer was not yet a radiant knight!

The holy light flashed past, but it was so bright that the entire hall was lit up.

When the light was gone, Beyer was gasping hard, with the sword in his hands. He had completely lost his blond hair, and the wrinkled scalp was revealed! But he was still standing there!

Frederick took a few steps back and a bloody cut appeared in his face. The cut extended and stretched fast. Frederick's head was almost cut open in half!

Beyer's heart was full of hope. He guessed that his victory had come.

Sophia frowned. She wondered if Frederick had died.

Deniz and Arthen were deeply shocked by Beyer's incredible power, and they had no idea what to do next.

However, the corner of Frederick's lips curled up, even with his head cut open.

The creepy smile made them very nervous and scared. And at this time, the veins that were hiding underneath his skin were now stretching out like countless, scary tentacles!

The alien-looking blood veins quickly reached the corners of the hall and completely covered the gate and the walls.

The several main thick veins went right into the bodies on the floor. Soon, the bodies shrank and became the nutrient for Frederick through the veins.

"Come to me. This is what I deserve!" murmured Fredrick, whose tone was filled with vicious greed. Meanwhile, the deep cut in his head started healing very fast.

"Mon... Monster!" Jocelyn was shocked by the disgusting and horrible scene again.

They had no idea if Frederick should still be regarded as a human being. Was he going to be out of control?

Seeing that the entrance to the secret chamber had not been fully covered by the veins, Sophia, who grabbed Claire, started moving to the secret chamber secretly. She gave Relph a hint, asking him to grab Beaulac and come with her.

Frederick's power had exceeded Sophia's expectation. They could waste their time here no more.

However, when she took a glance at Relph, what she saw greatly surprised her. Beaulac, who was just standing there like a fool, had turned into piles of foams as soon as the veins touched his body.

Foam?

For a second, Sophia was beyond confused. However, when she saw the veins turning into ashes when she reached the secret chamber, she suddenly understood what just happened. She saw an almost transparent figure come out of the air and reveal itself. It was Beaulac!

Sophia realized that Beaulac was, in fact, a sorcerer who used the fake blood power to hide his own identity. He had just sneaked in to find the treasure of Sun King.

Sophia was always aware of the fact that Beaulac was not a fool. He pretended that he was in love with Sophia but had his own plans. However, Sophia did not care. No matter what plan Beaulac had, in Sophia's mind, he was never a threat to her in the presence of Frederick and Sir Metatron. And now she had finally figured out what Beaulac wanted.

"Catch him, Deniz!" cried Sophia.

She also moved. Flapping her six pairs of wings, green wind ropes were summoned surrounding Beaulac. Meanwhile, since Claire had fallen into sleep, another young noble on Sophia's side, whose name was Joseph, had the chance to rush at Beaulac, holding the sword tight in his hands.

However, at this time, Sophia was shocked when she saw her wind ropes being quickly absorbed by a summoned light wall. As the magic symbols in the wall flowed fast, the wind ropes were all gone.

"Douglas' Absorbing Wall?!" Sophia recognized the wall.

At this time, Joseph had arrived in front of Lucien before Deniz's lightning bolts were summoned. In front of Joseph, the young man with clear blue eyes was wearing a mild smile.

Puff... A cluster of black fume directly covered Joseph.

Deniz's eyes suddenly opened big, and out of his astonishment, the summoned lighting bolts attached to his sword had disappeared: he saw that, when the black fume dispersed, there was a pink rabbit on the floor, but Joseph had disappeared.

Rabbit?

Baleful Polymorph!

"You aren't Beaulac?!"

Sophia's face turned pale. For the first time, she was mildly in panic. It was not because of the fact that the fake Beaulac could cast the fourth-circle spell, Douglas' Absorbing Wall, or the fifth-circle spell, Baleful Polymorph; what mattered was how easily the light wall absorbed the wind ropes and ald how he could cast a fifth-circle spell without any effort!

Silence had seized all of the young nobles, except for Frederick, who had turned into a complete monster.

405

Throne of Magical Arcana

"Kill him, now!"

Sophia was the first one who realized what to do. Through Secondary Telepathic Bond, she commanded Frederick to take action.

She was not panicking. She had Frederick, a radiant knight whose power was given by a demon, to fight for her. Also, the gold knight, Metatron, was on her side. Even a senior-rank sorcerer would not be too much of a threat!

Pretending to be afraid, she took a few steps backward. Her right foot reached the floor tile which was a bit untight.

As soon as she entered the hall, Sophia's every single movement was well planned.

Things had gone beyond her expectation. She had to leave right now.

At this time, she saw the beautiful sapphire ring on Beaulac's left hand. Before Sophia could cast any spells to protect herself, the ring suddenly lit up and then a light ray hit her straightly.

Instantly, Sophia realized that her connection to magic had been completely cut off. Although she could still feel her own blood power, the power was constrained within her body. The telepathic bond between Frederick and her had also been disabled.

"Anti-magic Ray?" Sophia's green eyes opened wide. There was no doubt that the stranger who was playing Beaulac was a senior-rank sorcerer!

As a caster, she knew how terrible the power of a senior-rank sorcerer could be. Although she was always quite confident, now Sophia felt her legs trembling. Thus, she turned to look at Frederick with her beautiful and helpless eyes.

Unlike Wrath or Pain, Sophia was still more or less able to communicate with Greed because of her status as a princess and her dazzling beauty.

Frederick burst out a loud cry, "All mine! Mine! You can't take it away!"

Around Frederick, the haze of blood slowly rose and then surrounded him. Targeting the new enemy, Frederick rushed directly at Lucien.

Swept by the blood haze, Prince Beyer went down on his knees, and his green sword was also dropped. He was not able to stand on his feet anymore after using the Anger of Justice.

Prince Beyer's original plan was to frighten Sophia and her people to make some time for himself by using the Anger of Justice, however, somehow Frederick had changed his target and right now the fight was between Beaulac and Frederick.

What was to his surprise was that Beaulac was, in fact, a senior-rank sorcerer.

This provided Beyer with a little hope. No matter, in the end, the sorcerer won or lose, the consequence would not be worse than Sophia and this monster winning the game. At least Beyer could try to talk to the sorcerer. After all, they were not direct enemies.

The enemy of his enemy was his friend!

He realized that the cost of using Justice was great. Beyer felt extremely dizzy and he already could not see clearly. The things that he saw became very blurry.

Seeing Frederick being covered in the blood haze, Lucien's right pupil darkened as if there was a night sky in his eye. In the back velvet of the night sky, there were countless stars.

"Level six radiant knight... Just reached the level. Ability: Fusion and Devouring."

"Crazy. Non-energy body. High spell resistance."

"Blood Haze. A defense spell. Strongly corrosive. Absorbing."

This was the fourth circle spell in the school of Astrology, Analysis.

The spell was built on the caster's knowledge. Using the spell, the caster could assess how powerful his enemy was and find the enemy's strong and weak points.

A bolt of lightning, which just lit up, quickly disappeared in the air. Deniz tried to fight with Frederick against Lucien, but the summoned lightening was instantly devoured by the blood haze.

Frederick was almost right in front of Lucien. Some dim light covered Lucien but also quickly disappeared.

Then the blood maze started swirling, mixing with the sound of the blast. The blood eddies appeared one by one as the air formed the horrible, messy currents.

Soon the maze was divided into parts as the air currents were driving and pulling it. Inside, the disgusting monster with no skin and veins was exposed.

The fifth circle force field spell, Devouring Vortex!

The monster burst out a harsh cry. The veins quickly retreated like wriggly tentacles. At this time, the light purple ring on Lucien's right hand became bright and dazzling.

Gold, green, blue, black... The colorful light spots enclosed the monster and formed a huge vortex, tearing down everything inside that consists of elements.

The body of the monster was destroyed, and the monster's soul was also gone.

When the vortex disappeared, the broken veins were the only things left on the ground.

At this time, the veins started wriggling, as if they were trying to assemble together again!

Lucien's face was expressionless. He reached out his right hand, and his fingers spread out. The mysterious symbols joined together and formed an old book page. Then all the veins exploded silently and then evaporated.

This was a unique magic from the congress, Demon Elegy!

Seeing this, Sophia's body slightly trembled. She could not believe what just happened in front of her: Frederick, whose power was given by the demon, Greed, had been killed so easily like this!

She had no idea how powerful this senior-rank sorcerer was.

Her face turned very pale. She looked back at the entrance of the hall several times, but no one was there.

Holding the sword, Deniz had come back to Sophia. Although he was scared, Deniz still chose to stand in front of the princess to protect her.

Sophia kept telling herself that she had to calm down right now. She had to somehow make more time for herself until Sir Metatron came.

Knowing that the Glorious Crown, Metatron, was still on her side, Sophia came down again. When she was about to make the offer to the mysterious sorcerer to share Sun King's treasure, and promise him that he could leave safely later, the look on Sophia's face slightly changed.

Arthen was having a hard time swallowing down his saliva mixing with blood. Seeing the strange Beaulac, he almost collapsed to the ground. He wondered who this young man was, and which side was he going to help.

Although with his strong willpower as a grand knight, Arthen still managed to stand still, he had no idea what to do. He did not know whether he should launch his attack or defend, or probably just be here waiting for the trial from the fake Beaulac.

Jocelyn, who was beside Arthen, murmured, "This isn't Beaulac... He's not. No wonder all of a sudden he just became so confident and elegant, and so powerful..."

Hearing the praising, Arthen felt rather envious and pissed. He could not bear that Jocelyn had such affection for the fake Beaulac, and he even thought to himself whether Jocelyn was, in fact, hoping to see the fake Beaulac winning the title and the even the entire empire in the end!

Lots of negative emotions were boiling in his mind.

After destroying the demon, Greed, with the mild smile which made Sophia rather scared, Lucien walked to her.

"Sir, the distinguished sorcerer, we can join our hands. You can leave this underground palace safe and sound," said Sophia with a sweet smile, which was also rather touching and delicate. However, at this time, a flash of joy very quickly passed in her eyes in a very unnoticeable manner.

Behind Lucien, the look on Arthen's face suddenly became very creepy. The blue veins under his forehead skin bulged and then quickly turned dark red.

"...!" Seeing the change happened to Arthen, Jocelyn's heart was filled with fear. But before she could cry out, a distorted, dark red vein stuck out from her throat.

Her beautiful eyes quickly dimmed. Her face was written with immeasurable shock and fear.

Arthen's smile became even scarier. The demon, Greed, was not that easy to be killed.

At this time, a cold light ray fiercely burst out from Lucien, who did not even turn around. And the ray hit Arthen directly with great accuracy.

A layer of ice crystal quickly covered his body, as if he had been put into an ice coffin.

The light reflected on the ice coffin was dazzling, but the light was rather cold as if it was capable of freezing one's soul.

What also froze was the smile on Sophia's face.

Very quickly the ice coffin melted down, together taking away Arthen's body, soul, as well as the projection of the demon, Greed, on him. After a few seconds, everything was gone.

Lucien knew from the very beginning that there was no way that Devouring Vortex and Demon Elegy could completely destroy one of the most mysterious demons. He was just luring the demon to find a new body. What could really kill the demon projection was the spell, Silent Ice Coffin.

Lucien's knowledge of the demon was all from the little crystal dragon, Alferris! He had to extend his sincere gratitude to the little dragon!

"Your Highness, was Frederick an uncontrollable monster?" Deniz knew what just happened to Arthen was a horrible sign.

And the rest of the nobles who were still alive also knew this.

Sophia's lips trembled. The way she looked could force a man to show great gentleness and mercy for her. The senior-rank sorcerer's power was beyond her imagination. In front of him, Sophia and Frederick power were like kids holding their toy sword. There was no way that they could fight back.

She did not respond to Deniz's question because of the fear. Again, she looked at the entrance, waiting for her the most powerful support.

Then her eyes instantly lit up like stars had fallen into her eyes, for she saw clearly that the one who she had been waiting for was standing right there.

Sir Metatron had arrived. Because of his age, he had white hair. Thin and tall, he was wearing a white shirt and a pair of fitting trousers and dark brown boots. He looked rather calm.

"Sir Metatron! A vicious sorcerer is here!"

Sophia cried and ran to the old knight as if she was a kid who had been bullied. She did not worry at all that the sorcerer would attack her from behind, for she knew that she was standing within the defense range of a level nine gold knight!

The corner of Metatron's lips curved up. A slightly painful smile was on his face.

Sophia finally saw her bright hope. Finally, everything could come to an end when Sir Metatron killed all her enemies here.

Suddenly, a familiar figure rushed in front of her, and then it was pierced through by a sharp, black thorn.

"...Deniz?"

Staring at Deniz's beautiful face, Sophia was confused. But when she looked up, fear completely seized her heart. The face of Sir Metatron, the Glorious Crown, was written with the most painful smile!

Surrounded by the black mist, the old knight stood there. In the black mist, there were many painful faces. She saw Andris's face, and also Duda's!

"Monster... Sir Metatron is also a monster now!"

That was the end... Sophia's breakdown point was there.

She burst out the bitter scream and collapsed to the ground. All of her elegance and calmness had gone. She even peed her pants.

Deniz tried his best looking back, and left his last words, "Only you... treat me... like a sister..."

His eyes slowly closed, and his breathing stopped.

Sophia's tears ran out of her eyes out of control. They were the tears of sorrow, pain, despair, and regret. Together, these emotions formed a nightmare maze that she could no longer escape.

With the countless painful face, Metatron took a step back. His eyes had no focus.

Sophia cried out loud again and crawled back on the ground with her hands. Her mind could not take this anymore.

"Please...please help me..."

When she almost passed out, the figure that was wearing the black magic robe came to her. Gripping her last line of hope, she looked at Lucien and cried for help.

The young sorcerer was also looking at her, and he sighed,

"Greed..."

Throne of Magical Arcana

The gentle sigh directly struck Sophia's mind like lightning. The dense smog was driven away, and some memories had come back to her.

After knowing the secret of Sun King from Relph, Sophia chose to collaborate with the Gorse duke and the Glorious Crown in order to win the royal throne. To set up the complex trap, she had betrayed her good friend and the knights who were loyal to her.

However, in the end, the people she chose to collaborate with had turned into the horrible monsters. If Deniz had not chosen to sacrifice himself to save her life, Sophia must have already been killed. All her dreams and ambition would have been turned into foam upon the water.

And this was all because of her greed...

Recalling how she laughed at Frederick, Beyer, and Arthen for their greed, Sophia realized that what was happening to her was rather sarcastic.

Feeling regretful, annoyed, anguished, desperate, abandoned, there were many negative emotions tangling with each other in Sophia's mind. She cherished her life a lot, for she was a princess who owned beauty, wealth, youth, and power. She was not going to give up her life so easily!

"I don't wanna die!"

Sophia cried out loud. She had put all her hope in the mysterious, young sorcerer.

Although the sorcerer's power was horrible and she was his enemy, Sophia believed that as long as her offer was tempting enough, she still had a chance to survive. But if the monster - Sophia looked up at the demon surrounded by the black smog - defeated the sorcerer, she would for sure be killed in great pain!

She shook her head out of fear, and then her green eyes fixed on the young sorcerer. He was her only hope. She could give him anything he wanted!

Trying her best, Sophia forced herself to calm down using magic. However, another round of emotion followed.

She felt extremely nervous and worried.

Although this demon, Pain, was different from the one named Greed, since it was still not fully developed, and it was not one of the seven most mysterious and powerful demons, its host was the body of a level nine gold knight, whose power and speed much surpassed that of senior-rank sorcerers and radiant knights.

Was the mysterious sorcerer able to defeat the demon?

Recalling how the sorcerer just fought, Sophia realized that all of the most powerful spells that he used were from his magic items, and the magic that he cast using his soul power were only up to the fifth circle. Although using magic spells properly in the correct situation was more important than anything, the fact that the young sorcerer never cast a sixth circle spell still concerned her a lot.

Maybe...maybe the young man just became a sixth circle sorcerer in less than a year. Maybe he had not acquired enough sixth circle spells.

Sophia felt more than desperate again.

So she started praying, to the God of Truth. Although she was a sorcerer, and it was rather improper for a sorcerer to pray to the God of Truth, she had no idea what else she could do.

Although it seemed to be a quite long time, in fact, all these emotions went through Sophia's mind just within three seconds.

Metatron murmured as if they were in a dream,

"Come...Come and fall in the deepest pain, as the nature of the world itself is the pain, as well as the nature of life."

Dragging the heavy burden of pain, Metatron forced his way forward. The stars in Lucien's right eye moved faster and faster. However, because of the great disparity in power, Lucien could not get detailed information anymore,

"Relying on Metatron's own willpower which is beyond strong, the demon, Pain, has gained great power from him and is growing very fast. However, Metatron's willpower is still resisting, and this is why Metatron is moving slow and stiff, not as swift as Greed."

Lucien knew that there was no way that he could fight against a level nine knight. Even with his sword, Pale Justice, if he was still not fast enough, Lucien was still going to be killed by Metatron within one stroke.

The distorted faces in the black smog written with great pain started talking:

"The arrival of a newborn brings pain to mother..."

"Growth brings pain..."

"Illness brings pain..."

"Poverty brings pain..."

"Love brings pain..."

"Despair brings pain..."

"Death brings the ultimate pain..."

Each face represented a certain source of pain. The creepy atmosphere which enclosed Lucien started more or less affecting his mind.

Lucien knew that he had to do something.

Forcing himself to stay concentrated, he took out an item from the magic pouch.

At this time, a bright light lit up Metatron's mind like a glorious crown. The power of the light restrained the black smog, thus the pain faces stopped gabbling annoyingly.

Lucien discovered his opportunity! The blood power of Metatron was still resisting the power of the demon!

Once this chance was gone, Lucien would not have a second one to survive!

Very decisively, Lucien threw the tube in the air. Meanwhile, he started casting and making complex hand gestures.

The light became brighter and brighter as if it was going to burn the entire hall down to ashes.

Sophia squinted her eyes, and she had lost all of her hope. Under the brilliant rays from the Glorious Crown, they would all die.

The solid, colorless material in the crystal tube tossing in the air was freezing cold.

Driven by the power of the spell and Lucien's spiritual power conveyed by the hand gestures, the colorless solid started wriggling and became colder and colder. Soon, it became a dim ray and shot out toward Metatron.

When Lucien got his Ice & Snow Medal from Fernando, he was told that the Witch of Iceland had obtained solid helium by exerting high pressure. Thus Lucien asked his teacher to do him a favor and collected two tubes of solid helium for him. The solid helium was put into two very precious magic tubes, which was the most powerful weapon that Lucien had for his adventurous trip.

Lucien always treated his life very seriously!

The ninth-circle spell, owned by Lucien, Snow Goddess's Whip!

The freezing ray fiercely stuck into the bright sunlight.

Metatron did not realize what was going on until the ninth-circle spell was ready. He had no time to dodge, so he could only drag the black smog back and cover himself with it.

The black smog was solidified, as well as Metatron's blood. His skin looked like crystal, reflecting the sunlight. The scene was like a beautiful dream.

Close to the entrance of the hall, air and moisture in the space had gone and the space became totally solid. The only things that were still moving were the distorted faces, but they could not get out of the solidified black smog.

Sophia had no idea what the spell was. The power of the spell was definitely inconceivable. She also could not believe what just happened to Metatron, a level nine knight!

Who was this young man?

Sophia doubted the power of the mysterious sorcerer no more, for he did not use any magic items or scrolls, but just a simple magic tube.

Without any doubt, this mysterious sorcerer was very, very powerful!

Sophia wished that she could have been as powerful as him, so when facing danger, she could protect herself. Out of the great shock, Sophia's mind started wandering.

Lucien, however, was not feeling great right now. Although he had managed to cast the ninth circle spell, he was pushing himself to the limit too much. Snow Goddess's Whip had almost exhausted all of his spiritual power. The headache that Lucien was suffering was killing him.

At this time, the cool and refreshing feeling came from Lucien's left hand. The Holm Crown ring, Origin, had returned the previously saved spiritual power back to Lucien's body. His headache was thus relieved. Seizing the chance, Lucien instantly cast Bull's Strength.

The freezing ice could not kill the demon. Before the ice melted, Lucien had to give it the final stroke!

The ice was melting fast, turning into white moisture rising in the air. Lucien took out a tube of magic potion and drank it all.

Grabbing his sword tight, Lucien strode across the hall toward the demon.

Lifting the sword high, Lucien fiercely hacked the faces off!

Sophia could no understand why the sorcerer all of sudden had turned into a knight. But she did not really care since she knew that the demon was not the young sorcerer's rival and she was safe now.

Pale Justice got right into the black smog ball, and the painful cry from the faces lingered in the hall.

The black smog slowly cleared. The distorted faces were also gone.

Throne of Magical Arcana

As soon as the demon disappeared, the gloomy and dim hall became bright and graceful like it had been washed clean by clear water.

"You won!" Staring at the mysterious sorcerer, Sophia waves her fist in the air, feeling rather encouraged. Meanwhile, her brain worked fast to think about how she could persuade the sorcerer to work with her.

However, Lucien did not lower his alert. Grabbing Pale Justice tight in his hands, Lucien looked around at the nobles who were still alive. He concentrated his spiritual power on Ice & Snow Medal to activate Silent Coffin at any time he needed.

Lucien knew it well how creepy and cunning a demon could be, and he believed that Pain was not an exception. It was hard to say if Pain had chosen another host among one of the nobles and was waiting for the opportunity to kill Lucien.

In fact, the best way for Lucien to stay safe was to kill all the living things in this hall. However, as the demons were produced by the most extreme negative feelings, Lucien would easily fall into the trap and get lost in his own desire of killing. Then the demons would possess him!

Lucien used his eyes to check every single of the nobles who were still alive one by one. When his eyes rested on them, the coldness in Lucien's eyes made them shiver and scared. They wanted to stay away from the young sorcerer, but they found themselves not able to move.

After that, Lucien turned to stare at Sophia's face.

Sophia's heart missed a beat when the deep, cold eyes looked at her, but she managed to keep calm as she was already mentally prepared. A sweet smile emerged on her face and her petal-like lips slightly opened, ready to communicate with the young sorcerer. No wonder what he would ask for, as long as there was something he desired, there was still hope.

She was quite confident, as she believed that there was no reason that the sorcerer would see her as an enemy who must be killed. She could leave him with the entire treasure of Thanos, as well as the secret. Also, she was not going to become the inheritor of the Gorse Family anyways, and the sorcerer did not know she was planning on killing Beaulac later.

Instead, as long as she was alive, Sophia could bring him more than what he could find in the underground palace, including the secrets of the royal family, the precious, ancient documents, the great wealth, and even herself.

The words for negotiation were right on the tip of her tongue, however, at this time, she noticed that the young sorcerer slightly looked down. She also looked down following him but to see the very obvious wet stain on her dress, and the long, wet trace on the floor left when she was climbing to stay away from the demon.

Sophia's face burned. The sweet smile turned into a distorted grin. She felt that her face was hot enough to cook an egg. She almost wanted to kill herself from the great humiliation.

Sophia annoyedly thought to herself that the sorcerer was a bastard and he was no way close to a gentleman.

Lucien was not in the mood to care about how Sophia was feeling right now, instead, he felt a bit amused. When lost all she had, Sophia failed to maintain her elegance and intelligence. But if Natasha had been here, she would definitely choose to fight until the last second of her life.

Sophia was not even close to Natasha.

In fact, Sophia had just turned into twenty, and she was already a level five caster, due to the great blood power that she possessed. If one possessed the best blood power and was also gifted, he or she would spend much fewer years than most of the sorcerers to make a great achievement, but most sorcerers could reach a higher level in a shorter period of time compared to the knights. Only a small percentage of the nobles could possess the best blood power. To acquire one top power steadily generation after generation, the ancient sorcerers had killed more than a hundred thousand people for their experiments.

But it was still just a beginning. Their future progress still relied on how they trained their own willpower, while arcanists were able to do so by exploring the truth of the world. And this was the reason why although Lucien was only a year elder than Sophia, he was already a sixth-circle sorcerer. If Sophia wanted to become a senior-rank caster, without any help from the outside, she had to spend at least ten to twenty years working on it.

A light green halo spread out. Many instantly felt very tired and fell asleep. Only Sophia was not affected.

Lucien had left the alert magic on the nobles. Once they woke up or tried to do something, Lucien would be informed immediately.

"Bring me to the secret chamber of Sun's King," Lucien said to Sophia in low voice.

"... No problem!" Sophia was a bit surprised and she hurriedly got up from the ground, "I can do anything for you, sir, as long as..."

She paused, for she had no idea what to say next.

Lucien nodded slightly and responded in Beaulac's voice, "As long as you follow my orders, and if the following the orders won't kill you, I am not interested in killing you neither. We are not enemies, and now you've decided to give up the treasure. Also, I'm not staying in the empire. Is that what you want?"

"Exactly!" Sophia's heart went wild with joy. Sorcerers were really smart!

Lucien also grinned, for he had no idea at all if Sophia could survive later.

Relph was the first one walking to the secret chamber under the control of Lucien's spell, followed by Sophia who was dragging Claire on the floor. And Lucien was the last one in the team, who was being very careful sensing the surroundings in case one of them would suddenly turn into the demon.

Entering the chamber, Relph lowered his body and pressed down a grey wall brick. Taking out a silver dagger, Relph cut open his hand and let the blood run down to the brick.

His blood collected, and then he put his harm on the brick. Dim white light came out of his body and went into the brick.

The brick silently absorbed the blood and a gate painted with the weird, ancient patterns emerged in the wall.

Relph had lost half of his life force and looked rather weak. Although he even could not stand still, under the control of Lucien, he still forced himself to open the gate and walked in the second secret chamber.

Seeing that Relph was quite safe, Lucien double checked again. Finally, he led Sophia and Claire into the energy gate.

Behind the gate, there was an ancient hall, decorated with the many wall paintings and covered with many magic circles. The lines of the magic circles finally led to the creepy sacrificial altar in the middle of the hall.

Different from the other altar that they saw down here, this altar was in the color black and dark red, inlaid with the demon horns drawn with the mysterious patterns. In the air above the altar, there was another similar altar but upside down, blazed with the sacred heat feeling like the sun, and there was a magic staff mounted with a huge Sun Stone.

Lucien took a quick glance at the complicated magic circles and the altars and believed that they were used for constraining and extracting. On the one hand, he had to be very careful with Sophia and Relph, and on the other hand, he observed the wall paintings very carefully.

To his great surprise, the first part of the wall paintings resembled Viken's Summoning Ritual: A man whose face was written with hatred was drawing a puppet, and then he threw the puppet in the fire. Finally, a demon with two special-looking horns was summoned.

And the rest of the wall paintings were even more horrendous. When the man had been possessed by the demon and obtained the great power, he killed everyone he hated. However, at this time, a magic circle emerged and constrained him. A middle-aged man wearing a magic crown walked out of the magic circle and pulled out the demon projection from the body of the man. It seemed that the middle-aged man was Thanos. He turned on the altar, dissolved the demon projection, and then absorbed the power in!

Lucien finally realized how Thanos got his power. Thanos managed to catch the projection of the seven demons and absorbed them like obtaining blood power. He was such a crazy and ambitious man!

Lucien was very impressed and shocked, as most sorcerers when facing the seven powerful demons, would choose to stay away from them as possible as they could or to trade with the demons to gain great power. But Thanos chose to study them and eat them in.

For Lucien, what he wanted to find most were Thanos's experiment records and notes, and then the magic staff above.

Sophia pointed at the small door in the corner of the hall and put on a sweet, pleasing smile, "Sir, there are some left notes in the chamber. Uncle Ulrich told me that before Saint Calendar started, a legendary sorcerer already found the place and took away more of the materials."

Was it Viken? Lucien wondered. Was that how Viken's special summoning ritual was created? Then what about Pain Fable? How could it be possible that the summoning ritual had become so accessible?

To some degree, Lucien knew more about this place than Sophia. Although he had so many questions in his mind, he decided to put them aside.

"Sophia, go and get the magic staff."

Sophia's face turned pale. She had no idea if any curses were attached to the magic staff. But she could not disobey the sorcerer's demand.

She looked around, hoping to find someone else to get the magic staff. But the young sorcerer's cold look ended her hope.

Shivering slightly, Sophia walked to the altar and grabbed the magic staff using Mage Hand.

Nothing happened to her. She felt more relaxed and gave the staff to Lucien.

Lucien cast Identification on the magic staff but did not get much information back. However, Lucien was quite excited because that meant the magic staff was at least of level nine. Lucien had to spend a few days to analyze it.

Putting back the magic staff, Lucien walked in the chamber followed by Sophia, Relph, and Claire. Most of the shelves were empty. On the metal desk, several incomplete notebooks were left there.

Throne of Magical Arcana

After casting the constraint spell on Sophia and the rest of them, Lucien checked the notebooks carefully again. Finally, he picked it up.

The notes were very incomplete, and the handwriting was very casually and hard to read. However, from the words and the handwriting, Lucien could tell that the notes were from the same person and the person's tone had changed as he or she aged:

"... After exploring the ancient relic deepest in hell, they, including Solano, and even the teacher, are somehow different now. But why shall I care? They never see hope in me. After all, as a student in Astrology, I cannot even locate my Host Star of Destiny. If my father had not saved my teacher at the cost of his life, the teacher would have abandoned me already. They have no idea what the meaning of my Host Star of Destiny is."

"... They aren't human beings anymore! They are demons! They have been possessed! ... I can't let them know I have figured this out. I gotta be very careful..."

"... What I can make sure is that the demons that have possessed them have never been put into any record. They like playing tricks with and distorting human mind by accumulating the negative emotions. I can't stay here anymore. I have to find an excuse to leave..."

"... It was close. They would have caught me if I did not own the special Host Star of Destiny..." "... I have finally figured out who they are: Arrogance, Envy, Greed, Hatred, Pain, Lust, Hypocrisy... They are completely different from the other demons that we know..."

"... It was so foolish of Solano... He tried to kill me. He must have no idea that I am already a seventh circle. He's my perfect experiment material who came right in front of my door. I gotta check and see what in hell Demon is..."

"... There's not a single way available for constraining the projection of a demon. What should I do? Maybe I should go and explore the deepest in hell. Hopefully, I can find something..."

"... There's no way out. I'll try if I can merge it with the common demon blood power..."

"... The results turned out to be fascinating. Gifted power can derive from the fusion and become part of the soul. The power can also strengthen one's body and solidify one's cognitive world. Maybe... it can accelerate my progressing..."

"... Since the accumulation of negative emotions can finally lead to the connection with the seven demons, I can do this on purpose. I have to design a special palace and a ritual..."

"... What is this?"

"... I was wrong from the very beginning..."

"... I think I've discovered the secret of the seven demons. I think I've seen the truth of the world..."

Lots of things were missing in the notes. Nothing really significant was left. It seemed that the pieces of notes were not left here by someone on purpose, but were ignored when some people were fighting for them. The winner knew that they were not the important parts and were in a rush leaving.

And then the notes were recollected by the ancestors of the Gorse family and compiled together.

The notes were automatically taken down in Lucien's spirit library. Lucien wondered what the secret was and why it was related to the truth of the world, but the incomplete notes were not able to explain all the questions that he had in his mind. His curiosity was burning his guts.

Calming himself down, Lucien carefully checked the secret chamber again but found nothing else. Using the power of his spirit library, he recorded the design of the altar and the magic circles.

This place itself was a great treasure. According to Thanos, the altar and the magic circles could extract the projection of the demons, confine them, and even absorb them.

For Lucien, the seven demons were too powerful to be controlled. He was not interested in absorbing the projection of the demons to gain power since the risk was too high. However, knowing the way to extract and confine them was a great advantage. Also, studying mysterious creatures was a great fascination for every arcanist, not to mention the fact that they were related to the truth of the world.

Finishing all of these, Lucien put Relph and Claire into sleep and cast the alert spell on them. Then he woke up Sophia,

"I still need you to do something for me. Follow me. Be my assistant."

"Alright," Sophia answered politely, but in her mind, she felt very resentful. Of course, she was not his assistant, but his tool for exploring the unknown areas.

But she could not do anything. Her life was in the sorcerer's control. She could only follow the sorcerer docilely. They left the chamber and came to the portrait of the first Gorse duke.

Sophia was totally shocked when she saw Lucien revealing the entrance of the other chamber. And then great fear rose in her mind. She had no idea if the sorcerer would kill her since she had known the secret.

"If you want to stand there still, you don't have to move anymore." Lucien smiled.

In Sophia's eyes, the smiling face was like that of a demon, which was even more vicious than a demon. She wished that she could punch right in his face.

However, that was just her wish. In reality, she still had to say, "I'm going, sir."

She had no choice.

Walking alone the secret passage, Sophia was very alert with her every single step. Finally, at the end of the passage, she saw the inner palace exactly the same as the outside one and the statue of Thanos.

Looking around, Sophia released a sigh of relief. Her knees had almost lost all the strength.

Lucien led Sophia to the statue and pointed at the right hand of the statue.

"You touch there," said Lucien.

"Nothing's there..." Sophia was very confused. But when she reached out her hand, she paused and looked at the direction where Lucien was standing.

No one was there!

"Keep going." The sorcerer's low voice came from some distance away. Sophia turned around and found that the mysterious sorcerer had already retreated back to the secret passage.

Sophia stammered, "Why... Why are you standing over there?"

"It can be very dangerous," said Lucien honestly.

Instantly, sweat oozed from her forehead.

"Hurry up. We still need time to sign the magic compact." Lucien gently reminded Sophia, still smiling.

Sophia knew that it was a threat. She felt her right hand extremely heavy. Very slowly, she lifted her hand.

"Move," Lucien commanded. Wearing Sun's Corona, he saw that Sophia's hand had touched the edge of the white light ball.

Sophia's thin and beautiful hand was trembling. She had no idea what was going on.

"That's enough." Seeing nothing happened, Lucien was quite confused.

Sophia flopped down to the ground as soon as she heard Lucien's command.

Checking Sophia with the special testing spell, Lucien was certain that she was not lying. Sophia indeed did not feel the light ball and nothing happened to her. To get the first-hand data, Lucien did not control Sophia using magic. Lucien waited for a while to make sure it was completely safe, and then he walked to Sophia.

He made Sophia leave some of her power in Sun's Corona, so she could utilize part of Sun's Corona power just like how Lucien used the Saint Truth Badge for the first time.

Sophia finally saw the creepy white light ball above the right hand of the statue.

"Try again," said Lucien coldly.

Sophia cursed in her mind, but she even did not know who this young sorcerer was.

Taking a deep breath, Sophia kept telling herself that this was the last time she had to bear such a risk. Trembling, she reached out her hand toward the light ball. And within her expectation, the bastard sorcerer had retreated again.

The tip of Sophia's fingers touched the light ball. It was cold.

Her hand went through without any difficulty. When Sophia touched the small gap, she felt something like heavy curtains.

Pulling back her hand, Sophia gasped hard.

"Sir... Nothing happened."

Lucien erased the mark left by Sophia from Sun's Corona. When he was about to give Sophia some further orders, someone triggered the alert magic circles he laid!

The first idea flashing through Lucien's mind was that one of the demons was back.

Lucien put his hand back into the pouch and further retreated to the center of the hall.

"There's another secret chamber here. Interesting." From the other end of the passage, a blond, blue-eyed man slowly walked in.

It was Beyer, the prince.

However, Beyer's eyes were rather sharp and clear, and his gestures were elegant. Obviously, he was not possessed.

His hands crossing behind, Beyer walked past Lucien and looked at the right hand of the statue.

"It's here. I was right."

There was joy in his voice.

The look on Lucien's face suddenly changed. He realized what was going on here.

Meanwhile, Sophia's whole body started trembling. Her voice was full of surprise and

"F... Father?"

Throne of Magical Arcana

The feelings were complicated in Sophia's calling. She was afraid that her father would severely punish her because of what she did down here, but meanwhile, she was more than happy to see her father in such a desperate situation, who could save her from the vicious sorcerer.

The man turned around and slightly nodded, "Any conspiracy must be built on power. Do you understand now?"

He was indeed Rudolf II, the emperor of the empire, the legendary leader who was as powerful as a grand arcanist!

But he was using Beyer's body... How did he go through the examination? And somehow... Lucien could not at all sense the imposing air from Rudolf, a legendary.

Lucien had to admit that his nerves were almost stretched to breaking point, as he was now standing in front of a legendary. His body was slightly trembling, but his brain was still working well. Slowly, he pulled out his right hand from the magic pouch.

Rudolf cast a glance at Lucien and then turned back to looked at the statue. To the air, Rudolf said, as if he was just talking to himself, "I didn't notice that a senior-rank sorcerer is also here. You are good, very good."

Although Rudolf was being very arrogant, he was not aggressive. Lucien also did not want to take any rush actions. In the calm voice, Lucien replied,

"I did not notice Your Majesty neither."

"Everything of my family started from here. Our ascendancy is derived from this place. Of course, when I am available, I shall come back to see if there are more secrets hiding here and to figure out where we should go in the future. I didn't expect your presence here. You're the surprise." said Rudolf very calmly, with his hands crossing behind his back.

Looking ahead, Rudolf showed the manner that there was nothing here that he had to be afraid of and no secrets he had to hide.

However, Lucien could feel the sore in his muscles from the great intense of his nerves.

Hearing Rudolf's words, Lucien was quite shocked, "So... Your Majesty... You also became a legendary by absorbing the projection of the demons?"

Rudolf sneered, "I'm not as filthy as Ulrich. Fools can only see how they can benefit from absorbing the power of the demons. But Thanos and I... We are out of the control of greed, and we see truth to find our own path. The world belongs to people like us."

Obviously, Rudolf II was not trying to hide his arrogance and confidence at all.

Lucien reflected on Rudolf's words and suddenly got an idea, "So, Your Majesty... To go through the duke's check, you cast your own projection in Prince Beyer's mind or soul beforehand just like the demons. When the time is proper, you get control of the prince's body and grow?"

Rudolf II slowly turned around. It was his first time looking intently at Lucien since he came in. He slightly nodded and said, "Very smart. Although this isn't all correct, basically, I'd say yes."

Rudolf did not tell Lucien where his mistake was. Maybe it was related to some bigger secrets.

Lucien was more than shocked. He wondered what Rudolf did to himself to obtain such creepy but great power just like that of the demons. Also, Lucien had no idea if Rudolf would kill him because he had discovered the secret.

Although Lucien's heart was beating very fast, this was not affecting Lucien's thinking and his belief in hope. He would never give up and yield to the situation!

His right hand was still in the magic pouch. He was ready for the activation at any time.

Sophia, standing below the statue, spent some time watching them talking. Hearing the sorcerer's words, she finally realized what happened and then she cried to her father, whose voice was full of grievance and hatred, "Father, he tried to kill me!"

She wanted the sorcerer to die! Right now!

Before Lucien could take any actions, Rudolf cast a glance at Sophia and said coldly, "Can't you see it? I'm now using Beyer's body. A level seven or eight radiant knight's power is all I can use right now. I'm not able to kill him. And if we fight, under the power, you can't survive."

Lucien was choked. He never expected that the emperor was this straightforward and honest. However, with a second thought, Lucien guessed that maybe Rudolf was just trying to lower his alert... But that was not really necessary.

"I was confident I could kill you. But the ninth circle magic you just cast frightened me a bit. Is that the latest research outcome from the congress?" asked Rudolf very straightforward.

Lucien slightly nodded.

Rudolf also nodded thoughtfully, "My way of doing things is simple. I am not fully confident with killing you, so I won't try, in case the fight will hurt Sophia and Beyer. However, if you are so stupid that you want to seek for trouble, I won't mind it. I can have more sons and daughters, and this is only my projection, so the real me will not get much hurt. You sure you want to do it?"

Then Rudolf turned to Sophia, "Come here."

Sophia was very terrified of the mysterious sorcerer, worrying that he might take actions at any time, but she still walked to her father step by step.

Lucien knew that what Rudolf said made sense.

When Sophia finally reached her father, she could finally relax. Tears were in her eyes, and her body could not help trembling.

"You made two mistakes in your plan. One, you are not powerful enough, and neither are the people who served you. So you have to rely on Metatron to clean up all these things in the end, but in fact you cannot fully trust him. Second, you chose to cooperate with Ulrich, who is a hissing serpent. All the plans he made were beneficial to himself but would not bring him much trouble or risks. He doesn't care about his partners' safety. You should learn from him, Sophia. You shouldn't be here right now, instead, you should stay outside, pretending that you're waiting for rescue in a safe place. As for what happened to Metatron... He's getting old, and his fear of death and pain was utilized by the demon and triggered by the agony of Andris. These were not in your expectation... That's why I said you shouldn't have come down here. You should stay outside like Ulrich."

To their great surprise, Rudolf started analyzing Sophia's failure.

Sophia was very shocked, "F... Father... You don't blame me for almost killing my brother? Many people died down here..."

"A young griffin can only grow in iron and blood," answered Rudolf short and brief, "but you have to deal with the remaining problems on your own."

Sophia finally realized that, from the very beginning, there was no chance at all for her to win since her father had cast his projection on her elder brother, Beyer. She took a quick glance at the mysterious sorcerer, as she felt that her well-plotted scheme was now like a kid's trick being watched by two adults, in spite of the fact that many people died in this kid game.

How childish she was in their eyes! Sophia wondered.

Suddenly, the underground palace started shaking fiercely, together with the magic circles.

"They're almost here..." Rudolf looked up.

Sophia was very encouraged, as she knew that when the rescue came, that would be the end of the mysterious sorcerer. She would not kill him on the spot, instead, she was going to torture him with great patience!

At this time, Lucien instantly activated the item in his right hand.

Although Rudolf II had not launched an attack against him yet, this did not necessary mean that Rudolf would never try to kill him. Once the rescue arrived, Rudolf might trap him, and that would be the end of Lucien!

The magic scroll in Lucien's right hand suddenly lit up and the black haze rising from the scroll enveloped him, and then the power of the black haze broke the magic circles for blocking the space!

The space was distorted by the power, and then the mysterious sorcerer disappeared with the black haze.

"Where did he go?!" Sophia could not believe her eyes.

Rudolf squinted his eyes slightly and murmured in low voice, "Night Travel... from the Vampires?"

But he was not at all surprised with Chaos Teleportation cast following Night Travel.

Seeing that Sophia was still shaking her head, feeling rather upset and annoyed, Rudolf II turned around and said to her, "We shall go outside now. Ulrich should not know the existence of this place. I'll see how things will go..."

He never tried to ruin this place, as he would come back here from time to time.

"Yes, father." answered Sophia in low voice.

"But before this..." Rudolf's voice suddenly became cold.

Reaching out his right hand, which was lit up with some kind of white light, Rudolf grabbed a twisting cluster of shadow out of Sophia.

The projection of Pain did not die out, instead, it was resting on Sophia, waiting for its chance... Sophia's face turned pale again.

Rudolf clenched his fist, and the black shadow burst out bitter scream.

Throne of Magical Arcana

In a remote area of Antiffler, a dim ball of light emerged in the darkness and then suddenly expanded into a mysterious gate.

The gate was fiercely pushed open, from which Lucien walked out.

And then everything went back to normal.

Spreading out his spiritual power, Lucien examined the surroundings very carefully.

This was a wooded area with small hills. Except for the several startled animals that were able to resist the cold, there was nothing else nearby.

Lucien finally could lower his guard, and he put the Space Jump scroll back into his magic pouch.

The enchanted seventh circle spell, Chaos Teleportation, could send the caster to an undesignated place. Lucien could have ended up showing up in White Maple Palace of Antiffler, in a cathedral, or in the middle of a random street.

But Lucien got lucky this time. Maybe it was because of the power of the underground palace, or maybe it was because of the special connection formed by Lucien turning himself into Beaulac, Lucien had been sent to the place very close to the villa where Beaulac was hidden.

Casting Invisibility on himself, Lucien rushed toward the direction of the villa.

Lucien decided to leave something for Beaulac.

With these many things happening, Lucien would not bear the risk for staying in Antiffler to improve Beaulac's blood power.

However, Lucien was such a man of his word that he did not want to break his promise. Beaulac, willingly or not, helped Lucien a lot, so Lucien should pay him back.

...

In the old manor of the Gorse family, oppressed by the silence, the nobles all looked very gloomy. Some of them were being seized by the deep sorrow, as their beloved children had died in the competition, in spite of the fact that the competition was always claimed to be very safe by the Gorse family.

"... So this is what happened..." said Ulrich, the Gorse Duke, in deep grief, "A mysterious senior-rank sorcerer fooled us with his unknown transfiguration spell and went down into the underground palace. In the palace, he summoned the ancient demon and controlled Sir Metatron, launched slaughter, and took away our family's treasure, the Sun Staff. By the time when the rescue force managed to get in, Sir Metatron had sacrificed himself, thus Prince Beyer, Princess Sophia, and a few lucky young men were able to survive."

"I understand how you are feeling," continued Ulrich, "as our family also lost Arthen, Relph, and Sir Metatron. The Gorse family will try our best to meet your demands."

This was the "truth" which had been negotiated by the Duke and the Princess. They put all the blame on the mysterious sorcerer. And before the underground palace was broken in, they had decided to kill Relph to make sure the true version of the story would not be revealed.

The rest of the young nobles who joined the competition were all involved in the assassination of the Prince, and they would keep it as a secret within their families. Meanwhile, they had been put to sleep by Lucien, thus they had no idea what happened to Sir Metatron.

Count Porti, whose face resembled Duda, said in a stiff voice, "Demand? I've only got one demand - Find the damned sorcerer! I'll cut him into pieces!"

Duda was his most beloved son.

The rest of the representatives of the noble families agreed. They did not choose to turn into enemies against the Gorse family, since those families which managed to send their youngsters to the competition all had close connections with the Gorse family.

There was no need to suddenly turn hostile because of such an unexpected tragedy. Also, the loss of the Gorse family was way heavier than theirs.

Therefore, the nobles showed their understanding.

"You have my word," said Ulrich decisively, "and the Gorse family shall never give up as well. We must find this vicious sorcerer and burn him to ashes in the underground palace! Although currently, we still haven't figured out who he is because of the creepy transfiguration spell he used. We sent Count Nuremburk to find the grand cardinal, Sir Inman, and the grand cardinal has arrived here. Sir Inman will use divine power in the underground palace to find more clues about the sorcerer."

Count Mecklen nodded with a gloomy face. Although Count Mecklen did not like his son much, Deniz was still his blood.

...

Ten minutes later, the grand cardinal, Inman, who looked middle-aged, walked into the underground palace accompanied by the nobles.

However, the result was to their great disappointment.

"The sorcerer was very careful. The fight between the sorcerer and Sir Metatron caused a lot of damage here, and many clues have been erased," said Inman in a tone full of mercy.

Count Porti's breath became heavy and blue veins popped out on his hands, "Sir Inman, are there any other ways to identify the sorcerer? Are we just letting the young nobles die for nothing? The damned sorcerer deserves the sentence and punishment from God!"

No one present could accept such a result.

Inman remained silent for a few seconds and then nodded, "I'll pray to God to receive the instruction."

Level nine divine spell, Pray!

Porti suddenly cheered up. "Thank you... Thank you so much, Sir Inman!"

Under the many nobles' gaze, Inman and went down on his knees, holding the Saint Truth badge.

The nobles also followed him.

A cluster of pure light enveloped Inman, and in the embrace of the light, Inman said in low voice,

"My almighty God, please reveal to me who the sorcerer in the underground palace is."

The emotionless voice came from an unknown direction above, "Sixth circle, from the Congress of Magic. He has way more powerful magic items than a senior rank sorcerer usually possesses."

Apparently, the information given was not enough for Inman to discover the identity of the sorcerer. Any students of a legendary archmage could possess more powerful magic items than a senior-rank sorcerer.

But the voice just disappeared, and it never came back again.

After a while, Inman stood up and said to the nobles, "He is a student of a legendary archmage. The archmage interfered with my power, so the information revealed is limited. Hopefully, it's helpful."

Hearing Inman's words, Ulrich ground his teeth in anger, "There are only a few hundred sixth-circle sorcerers in the Congress of Magic. One by one... I'll find you!"

...

In the White Maple Palace of Antiffler.

Sophia said to the majestic middle-aged man, "Father, do you know who he is?"

In the underground palace, Sophia saw how her father, Rudolf II, destroyed the clues left in the hall, and how he interfered with Inman's praying just now. Sophia thought that her father had the answer.

Rudolf II answered expressionlessly, "When he cast his transfiguration spell, his fate was closely connected with that of Beaulac. If I hadn't been there, I would not have told the difference. I interrupted Inman's praying just because I don't want him to know that I was down in the underground palace as well, to avoid more trouble..."

"I see..." sighed Sophia out of disappointment.

"He has changed the look of the magic items he was wearing, so we have to spend a lot of time on tracing them back based on their use," said Rudolf II. In fact, he did not really care who the sixth-circle sorcerer was.

Before Sophia responded, Rudolf II continued, "You did not bad this time. You'll have the title - the Duchess of Alman - as your award."

"Re-really?" Sophia was very surprised. Although the manor of the Duchess of Alman was not very big, it contained rich mineral resources, ranking one of the top five most wealthy manors in the empire. It was definitely no inferior to Beyer's Steinburg.

Rudolf II slightly nodded, "You have my word. You and Beyer should work hard. Maybe... I'm not going to be sitting on the throne for too long."

"Yes, father." Sophia was very encouraged.

She remained in the high spirit until she went back to her own palace. The familiar arrangement of her room reminded her of the happy days that she spent with Deniz.

Again, she swore that she would find the damned sorcerer!

...

Beaulac slowly woke up in the bright light. Feeling extremely weak, he recalled the endless dream he went through. In his dream, Beaulac became a level two knight, and he won the title of Count Tillis after beating Arthen.

Beaulac suddenly came back to reality after realizing that he was in his own bedroom. All the memories rushed back to him. He remembered that he was in the study summoning the demon, Greed, and he used his ten years to trade for knight power.

He felt thrilled, as he knew that these were not illusions but something that really happened. Finally, he could stand out for himself against Arthen, and now he could even join the underground palace competition!

However, after Beaulac tried to move his arm, the big smile froze on his face. He was totally shocked to find that he was still a knight squire.

He thought he had signed the compact!

He thought it was not a dream...

When Beaulac was feeling rather depressed, he noticed something in his pocket. Hurriedly, he pulled it out. There were several pieces of paper and a tube of dark-red liquid. The dark red liquid slightly shimmered, and somehow it seemed to be able to attract one's soul.

Unfolding the pieces of paper, Beaulac saw a process diagram which was not very complex. Above the diagram, there were several lines,

"To gain the power of a level two knight and to keep the possibility of becoming a grand knight in the future, please follow the procedures:

First, find a sorcerer or a caster.

Two to nine, complete Embrace surgery following the eight procedures in the diagram. Let the vampire blood become part of your body.

Ten, enjoy the power. There is no side effect at all.

P.S. If you think this is too dangerous, there is still another way: First, find a senior-rank vampire, and two, let it bite you."

Below the diagram, a sketched demon's face was laughing hard.

Damned it!

Beaulac realized what was going on. Blood flushing to his face, he angrily tore the paper into pieces and fiercely threw them to the ground.

He was fooled!

"Damn you!" Beaulac swore, "If I follow your words, I'd be the biggest idiot ever!"

At this time, someone knocked at the door.

Beaulac reluctantly stood up, opened the door, and found that it was uncle Nuremburk.

Nuremburk slightly frowned when seeing how dispirited Beaulac was. When Beaulac started feeling anxious, Nuremburk finally started talking,

"Anyways, congratulations, Beaulac, you've become the new Count of Tillis."

"...?" Beaulac silently opened his mouth but could not make a sound, as if he was right now in a dream.

Nuremburk explained, "Something happened, and we've made sure that you were not involved. To put it in a nutshell, you've become the new Count."

Both Arthen and Relph died. Claire, because of her close connection with Beyer, was not a proper inheritor of the title anymore.

This piece of news was too surprising for Beaulac to digest within a few seconds. After a while, he burst out a cry, "I AM the biggest idiot!"

He shut the door despite the fact that Nuremburk had not left yet. Throwing himself down on the ground, Beaulac hurriedly started collecting the paper pieces that he just threw away!

Beaulac wished that he could still find all the pieces!

...

The dark blue of the ocean connected to the lighter color of the sky, and Lucien was now flying through the clouds.

After several days of effort, Lucien had finally cracked the seal on the magic staff.

Right now, he was leaving his spiritual imprint in it,

"Sun Staff, level nine high-rank magic item. The owner of the staff is the king of all the stars. When the owner casts any astrology spells which are under the ninth circle, the power is improved by one circle.

"The mysterious magic power hiding in the staff enables the owner to cast the eighth circle spell, Maze, three times a day, the ninth circle spell, Thanos' Maze, two times a day, and Imprisonment once a day.

"Any mysterious enemies will be imprisoned — from: Thanos"

Figuring out how powerful the staff was, Lucien was very encouraged. The Kuo-toans' alter was the least challenging and dangerous part of the entire mission, and with the staff, everything would become much easier.

c 411

Throne of Magical Arcana

Lucien's mind was broadened by the boundless blue ocean. Slowly, he lowered his altitude and cast Advanced Invisibility on himself.

The closer Lucien was to the ocean, the worse the ocean stank. Lucien activated his Health Belt to keep the disgusting air away from him.

The surface of the breathing blue ocean was covered with grey, black, and dark green bubbles. The bubbles silently grew and broke. Their filthy color dyed the water, producing a sense of chaos.

"Contaminated Water contains lots of space gaps but, unlike that of the Dark Mountain Range, was smaller and more homogenous, connected only to the Abyssal Maw. Affected and contaminated permanently by the devil power, the creatures living in the water have been demonized and become very dangerous."

This piece of information quickly emerged in Lucien's brain. Contaminated Water was far from Solar Islands and Pearl Islands, thus belonging to the deepest part of the Boundless Ocean. Although Lucien had mastered Advanced Fly, it still took Lucien days to arrive here. Of course, he spent the nights resting on islands to prevent overfatigue and to interpret the Sun Staff.

Since Contaminated Water was so far away from the mainland and was quite a poor area without any mines or treasures, the Congress of Magic had not noticed its existence until the Kuo-toans

robbed the commercial fleets of the wave stones. Later, the Congress sent some sorcerers here and drew the map.

At that time, Lucien was only a first circle mage, and he was not planning on exploring this area at all. He left it behind his mind after earning one arcana point by sharing the information with the Congress. Later, when he had accepted Rhine's request, he read the Congress' investigation documents with regards to Contaminated Water and the Kuo-toans.

Although Lucien only earned one arcana point from sharing the information, he finally benefited from his own contribution, which proved that the work efficiency of the Affair Committee was pretty good.

Lucien recalled the information on the Kuo-toans' altar and Contaminated Water:

"... the Kuo-toans, intelligent creatures, believers of the Lord of Ocean, Amboula. They have the facility of casting water and illusion spells and are physically strong when fighting underwater. The Kuo-toans are very commonly seen in the area of Storm Strait and the Boundless Ocean. Developing from tribes, they have founded their countries around the Altar. The imperial family lives five thousand kilometers to the northeast side of the Solar Islands."

"... It was said that Amboula, the Lord of Ocean, had fallen asleep in ancient time, thus no prayer was ever answered. In the last thousand years, the power of the Kuo-toan priests was taken over by the imperial family and the priests are now only a symbol of belief and honor. Therefore, the priests are very discontented, but they are not powerful enough to retake what they want..."

"... At the beginning of the fifth month of the year 816, a group of the Kuo-toans living close to the Altar in Contaminated Water claimed that they had received the oracle of Amboula. They called for the followers to collect a great number of materials to open the hidden relic underneath the Altar to awaken Amboula and recover the divine right of the Lord of Ocean. The information and related record have been submitted to the Highest Council as the issue involves divine power."

"... In the first month of the year 817, the Kuo-toans collected enough materials and opened the relic. Edwyn Brook, the Emperor of Control, Chelsea Holt, the Moon Scholar, and a few other leading sorcerers observed the Kuo-toans' rite on site. When the relic was open, the Prince of the Kuo-toans arrived leading his army and took over the control of the relic. Then the awakening rite was held by the Prince..."

"The rite failed. Amboula was not awakened. Brook and the other mages also did not find any remains of Amboula. However, the discovery of the relic still improved the Altar's resistance against contamination, thus many priests believed that the rite still worked and retained part of their hope. They believed that Amboula's power is slowly recovering and as long as they keep worshiping and praying, Amboula will come back to them one day fully recovered."

"Because of interference from the imperial family, the Altar in Contaminated Water area right now only has two seven circle chief priests, two level seven ocean warriors, an order named Blue Guard consisting of a hundred Kuo-toans, and a few thousand of devout followers."

This was the piece of information that made Lucien believed that getting what he wanted from the altar would not be too big of a challenge for him. After all, when Rhine first snuck in, there was a level nine Revered Priest, nine senior-ranks, and three Blue Guard orders. Because of the inner conflict in the Kuo-toans, the Revered Priest and five senior-ranks had gone back to the Ocean Heart Altar, and most of the devout followers and orders were also removed.

Another good thing for Lucien was that since the Kuo-toans had to eat a lot daily and the creatures around Abyssal Maw were very dangerous, the senior-ranks had to lead the rest of the Kuo-toans out seeking for food. Very often, only one senior-rank would be left to guard the Altar, which was a great opportunity for Lucien.

Lucien was worried that once the awakening rite failed, the arrangement left by Rhine would go invalid as well. However, Rhine assured him that the awakening rite would have no problem and could instead strengthen his magic circle.

But at the end of their conversation, Rhine, frowning slightly, said to Lucien,

"For your own safety, when you throw the filthy blood ball into the altar, make sure you grab Pale Justice. As the Altar is connected to Abyssal Maw, the activation of the magic circle could possibly disturb crazy, evil creatures. Although they cannot come to the main material world themselves, they can still contaminate you tracing the connection using their evil power. Sun's Corona can also do the work, but Pale Justice is even better."

Lucien planned to sneak in directly after careful observation.

The ocean waves almost hit Lucien, and the bloody smell of the ocean was overwhelming. Suddenly, a flatfish sprang out of the water, trying to bite Lucien!

The flatfish was different from regular ones. It was totally black and its teeth were as sharp as small daggers. What was more disgusting was that it even had four baby arms on its body, which was glimmering with a layer of faint blue light. The flatfish was just like a monster from nightmares!

Demonized creatures could see through invisibility!

Lucien was drawn out of his thoughts and turned to look at the flatfish.

Instantly, the demonized flatfish resolved into many colorful light spots, returning to pure element form, and disappeared in the waves.

Lucien recalled that when the Altar first received Amboula's oracle in the fifth month of the year 816, Maskelyne's Grand Cross just collapsed. He was sure that this had something to do with the World of Souls...

Lucien stopped himself from thinking too much and cast on himself Water Breath, Move in Water, and some other spells that helped to conceal his trace. Then he dived into the ocean.

The water overwhelmed him like a gentle dream. Following the guidance of the information he collected and the map, Lucien quickly swam toward a cave in the ocean — the Kuo-toans did not live deep in the ocean, but rather in the areas where sea cliffs, walls, and seagrass gathered.

On his way to the underwater cave, Lucien could see strange-looking, half-demonized fish swimming past him, and from time to time, he saw them fighting with each other viciously. About half an hour later, Lucien saw the cave, which was guarded by two fish-head monsters.

.....

Three days later, Lucien had become familiar with the daily routine of the Kuo-toans. This day, he secretly knocked out a Kuo-toan and cast Transfiguration to disguise himself. Dragging a demonized sea serpent, Lucien walked straightforward into the cave where Invisibility did not work.

As soon as he turned around the corner, Lucien threw the serpent away into an empty nest and slightly changed his Kuo-toan look. Grabbing his sword, Frose, Lucien carefully approached the Altar.

The Altar for Amboula, the Lord of Ocean, was decorated with a great number of Wave Stones. They looked crystal clear and shined with dreamlike gloss. In front of the altar, there was a grey Kuo-toan whose entire body was wrapped with grease. Its scales had tarnished.

All of a sudden, on the altar, the Murloc statue burst out in blue light. And the light quickly attracted the Kuo-toans who were left here to safeguard the place.

"A stranger is here... The imperial family hasn't given up? Are they still trying to pry into the secret of the Lord of Ocean?" Murmured Branhit, the chief priest with a strong dislike.

Branhit told the Blue Guardians to get prepared.

"When the stranger comes in, catch him using the magic circle. I'll use him to figure out what the imperial family's intention is!"

"Be careful. Although his speed is only that of a level two ocean warrior, he has many magic items around level five."

"Yes, chief priest!" The Blue Guardians answered together. The stupidity of the Murloc sent by the imperial family amused them. How came he picked the time period when the chief priest does daily praying to sneak in!

As soon as the Murloc snuck into the cave, the ocean water suddenly turned dark green. The dark green water could numb the invader and extract his power. Meanwhile, more than ten Blue Guardians, together with hundreds of shadow ocean warriors created by the power of the magic circle, blocked all the possible entrances and exits.

"How dare you!" said the chief priest coldly to the furtive Murloc, "You think you can just walk in with your little toys for slinking?"

Branhit did not take actions. There was no need for him to do anything at all when facing merely a level two Murloc warrior.

However, a glittering halo spread out from the invader all of a sudden, and the cave was instantly filled with a heavy snowstorm.

The Blue Guardians were directly frozen to the ground. If it were not for the fact that Murlocs were good at bearing freezing cold, half of them would have already been dead.

The frost halo spread out very quickly. Under its power, the shadow ocean warriors broke into fine pieces after freezing into ice statues. Even the chief priest, Branhit, was also slowed down for two seconds.

"Damn!"

At this moment, Branhit's heart was filled with fear and hatred. He never expected that the imperial family would directly send a powerful Murloc mage here to kill them all!

The Murloc mages beside Branhit had been turned into ice sculptures, but the magic robe that Branhit was wearing protected him from the frost.

Branhit knew that he must activate the Altar right now!

He was also a senior-rank!

However, the magic staff inlaid with a big Sunstone that appeared in Lucien's hand shocked Branhit.

The light of the magic staff was dazzling. Dark night covered Branhit and a starry sky was summoned!

"Maze... He's of the ninth circle?!" Branhit panicked.

Maze spells usually did not pose an immediate threat to one's life, so Branhit's defense spells were not activated.

In the end, Branhit thought to himself,

"The altar will be ruined..."

"The Lord of Ocean will never forgive me..."

.....

Lucien exposed himself to the Murlocs to lower Branhit's alert. When Branhit was slowed down by the frost halo, Lucien trapped him with Thanos' Maze.

Although the maze would only last for five minutes, it was more than sufficient for Lucien to activate the magic circle and leave safely.

Throne of Magical Arcana

In the cave where the Altar existed, it was of dead silence. This place had been turned into a world of ice. The Blue Guardians had been frozen into exquisite ice statues of different postures: some of them were holding a trident, and some were holding a coral staff. Their shining scales were revealed in the finest details.

Only the part of the ocean water that was close to the Altar still flowed under the extraordinary power. Stepping on the red coral reef, Lucien walked forward and laid his hand against the boundary of the frozen and the unfrozen.

Lucien started his casting. A complicated magic circle showed up in the dark blue water, surrounded by the many mysterious magic symbols.

According to Rhine's description, it would take Lucien three to four minutes to crack the defense magic circle sealed in the Altar, if he wished to avoid triggering the hidden trap. However, Lucien was not worried about this at all. Watching how the magic symbols changed, Lucien made complex gestures and directly opened the defense magic circle using his spiritual power.

Bang! The waves surged fiercely in the cave from the explosive power, and the red coral reef suddenly began to make a deafening sound.

Normally, the chief priest would sense the alert immediately and come to deal with the invaders. However, now the sharp alert could not cause Lucien any trouble, since the chief priest had been captured by Thanos' Maze and the rest of the senior-ranks were far away looking for food.

It was thus a piece of cake for Lucien to walk through the layer of dark blue water and step onto the precious altar made of Wave Stones.

Although Lucien did take some risk with this plan, carrying it out was still much easier and safer than somehow luring the chief priest away from his base.

Even if the chief priest was cautious enough to turn on the Altar against Lucien, Lucien was still confident that he could break out of the encirclement. A level seven chief priest of the Kuo-toans could cast only a very limited number of spells relying on its own talent, as it could not receive power from the Lord of Ocean who had fallen asleep for many years.

For sorcerers, knowing an enemy well beforehand to prepare accordingly was a great advantage.

In the middle of the Altar, there was a dark blue pool where the tall Murloc statues stood. Except for the pool, this area was completely water-free.

Lucien took a look at the statue of the Lord of Ocean: Amboula had six arms and each was holding a trident. Lucien smiled and shook his head at the primordial religious taste of beauty.

Without wasting any time, Lucien cast Strength and Bull's Strength on himself and washed down a tube of magic potion. Holding Pale Justice in his hand, Lucien took out the filthy blood ball from his

magic pouch and put it into the pool. The blood ball quickly dissolved in the water and dyed the water into the color of rust.

Lucien stood up and started casting the long and mysterious spell. The ocean water around shivered with his voice.

As the shiver was getting more and more intense, the blood-colored water dyed the statue.

It was not until now that Lucien finally sensed that there were two distorted space gaps within the statue. One belonged to the World of Souls as expected, while the other was warm and comforting, giving Lucien a familiar but also strange feeling.

However, Lucien had to stay focused and had no time to think about it.

When the casting came to an end, the blood merged into the statue, and the water in the pool became clear once more. All of a sudden, the six arms of Amboula started waving, and something very powerful landed from above.

Finishing the last line of his spell, Lucien's eyes saw an entirely different world. His right eye saw that, in a space of black and white, an about ten-meter-long Murloc with tightly closed eyes and lackluster scales was lying in a pale pool. Although he seemed to be dead, its illusory body still gave Lucien a somehow divine feeling of heavy pressure.

Meanwhile, Lucien's left eye saw a silent and deadly wasteland, where countless specters were wandering.

In the middle of the wasteland, there was a grand palace built with huge bones. Under Lucien's gaze, it started becoming more transparent. Surrounded by the specters, dead bodies, and bones, a dreadful monster wearing a long black robe emerged. It was holding a heavy and huge sickle, and its cheekbone was only covered with a thin layer of dried skin. Its two eyes were just two hollow holes, showing no sign of vitality at all.

The monster slightly turned aside. Looking from across a great distance, its sight met that of Lucien.

A freezing feeling came out from the inside of Lucien's body, while irresistible numbness seized him. Lucien could feel that his life force was leaking out and under this speed, he would end up as a decayed corpse in seven to eight seconds.

Although he was still able to think, Lucien could not resist the numbness at all.

Suddenly, a warm stream rose from Lucien's left hand and chest, driving away all the numbness and coldness.

When he was able to move again, Lucien couldn't help but trembled a little. Instantly, the eerie world disappeared and Lucien came back to the altar made of Wave Stone. Facing the statue of Amboula, what just happened to Lucien seemed to be a dream.

Based on his knowledge, Lucien recognized that the wasteland was in fact the place called Skeleton Land. Therefore, the monster he just encountered could be Apomos, one of the devil lords. But according to the legends, he should have gone missing for more than a thousand years.

Apsis ruled Skeleton Land, which was the 123rd layer of Abyssal Maw. He has many titles, and the most important ones were the Lord of Specters, Life Reaper, and the Lord of Death.

Shaking the confusion out of his head, Lucien started erasing all the traces he had left. When he left the Altar, he turned himself into a common demonized fish and swam quietly to a faraway spot in the ocean. Then he cast Invisibility on himself and started flying.

Three minutes later, when Lucien was far away from Contaminated Water, he thought to himself in amusement.

"Every time when I tried to do something, there were always difficulties. I never expected that things would work out so well like this."

"There are always good things and bad things. I guess I am not that unlucky all the time..."

.....

In the dark night sky, countless dazzling stars were hanging.

When Branhit approached one of the stars, he found out that it was not a real one, instead, the world he was in was actually an incomplete, very complicated constellation diagram.

Branhit's breath became heavy. He realized that this was the most vicious and strange maze ever.

Although he was not a caster who mastered a lot of spells, Branhit still knew that if he could find the exit of the maze, he would be able to get out earlier. Most mazes were distorted spaces, but this one was different. He had to find the several incomplete constellation diagrams and put them together to find the way out.

For most senior-ranks, this was the most spiteful maze ever! Because most of them were not experts in astrology at all! To get out, one had to either break the maze using power exceeding that of the caster or wait until the maze expired, which usually took three to fifteen minutes.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

Two minutes later, Branhit burst out roaring painfully. His eyes were lit up with great anger. His intelligence could not support him to figure out the puzzle pieces!

If Branhit had known that Lucien had already started planning on coming up with more mazes when he reached the eighth or ninth circle, such as Evans' Math Maze, Lucien's Brain Teaser Maze, Evans' Antinomy Maze, Lucien's Riddle Palace, Branhit would have bit his tongue off out of annoyance.

Three minutes later, Branhit desperately watched the star sky breaking into pieces.

He assumed that the Altar must have been ruined already, and the imperial family would not admit what they did for sure.

Branhit knew that even if they had been in a fair fight, there was no chance for him to beat the Murlock, since it had such a powerful magic item.

He wondered if it was the prince who lent the invader the magic items.

Branhit had no idea at all that the invader was in fact not a Murloc but a sorcerer, as he could not see through Lucien's Transfiguration.

When Branhit returned to the cave, he found that the ice was already gone. Except for a few guardians who were injured more seriously by the cold, most of the Murlocs were safe and sound. These Murlocs were looking around with a confused look on their face. Obviously, they were wondering why they were still alive.

"What happened?" Branhit asked himself.

He hurriedly looked back at the Altar, and to his surprise, the Altar remained intact as if nothing had ever happened to it.

Being cautious, Branhit checked the altar carefully but found nothing strange. Now, Branhit was totally lost.

He almost felt that what happened was just his illusion, but the moaning of the few injured Murlocs reminded him that it was not.

The Murloc mage also felt very confused. With some hesitation, he said, "Maybe... Maybe he found the wrong place."

Found the wrong place?!

Branhit cast an angry glance at the mage since the explanation just sounded so absurd. However, he could not find a better answer either. The senior-rank Murloc had frozen the entire guardian team and trapped the seventh circle leader, and then he just left without achieving anything... How was that possible?

.....

After a few days, Lucien had flown back to the port. Through a noble's castle in the Duchy of Calais, he entered Night Highland again and caught a vampire viscount there. Turning himself into the viscount, he used another space joint guarded by a vampire marquis using the excuse of gathering materials and arrived at the Dark Mountain Range. Using Viscount Nour's identity too frequently would attract unnecessary attention, and Lucien could not use the space joint in Rhine's castle anymore since Prince Dracula must be closely watching it.

The tall trees had blocked all the sunlight, and the environment was very damp with a moldy smell. Lucien, who had turned himself into a vampire bat, approached Observer's Castle following Rhine's instruction while carefully avoiding the powerful dark creatures.

Two days later, the castle was visible from the distance.

Throne of Magical Arcana

It seemed that the old castle was forever enveloped by darkness at the edge of the cliff. Showering in the cold moonlight, the castle up there looked rather lonely.

Lucien had turned himself into a werewolf with dark fur. Hiding in the trees, he carefully watched the Observer's Castle, which seemed to be reaching for the silver moon. But Lucien was not alone here. In the forest, close to the cliff, many dark creatures were also gazing at the castle.

Any creatures that were more or less knowledgeable should recognize the extraordinary features of the castle. It was reasonable to assume that some greedy dark creatures had already died here trying to break in, while the rest of them were still waiting for a chance.

Their existence was a relief to Lucien, as he did not have to worry about hiding himself anymore. The reason that he had not entered the castle was that he was not sure if Dracula's projection was watching this place. As the strongest vampire, Dracula had the ability to create surveillance projections and to descend whenever Rhine was spotted.

Lucien wondered where the real Dracula was. If Lucien had been him, he would have chosen to stay at the Observer's Castle. Since Rhine had disappeared in the desert to the south of Gusta Empire, waiting for Rhine in his own castle sounded like a good idea.

Lucien also believed that Dracula, as a legendary who had lived for countless years, had enough patience for watching and waiting.

He had to figure out a way in.

Lucien slowly retreated. It was not his way of doing things to directly enter the castle without knowing what risks awaited.

The good thing was that finishing his job in the first three places did not cost him much time, so Lucien had got enough time for planning. Besides, to carry out the last step of his plan, Lucien had to wait for the night when the silver moon was the brightest, which was at least eight days later.

When he was far away from the castle, Lucien found a safe corner and started thinking about the plan.

Lucien hoped that he had someone to talk to, a person who would not dig into his secrets but was still willing to give him suggestions. Lucien knew who the person was, but he did not want her to get into potential trouble.

Stepping on the soft earth, Lucien paced back and forth, unable to make up his mind.

"What will she say?" Lucien thought to himself.

Lucien stared at the big tree with knots in front of him and imagined that it was Natasha.

Lucien believed that the heroic girl in the white suit of armor would grin and say, "All right. I'll help you with this, but you have to write me a composition as a gift."

Natasha never wasted a single word.

If Lucien chose not to turn to Natasha for help, she would definitely give Lucien a lesson: Although the last person one could rely on is always him or herself, a person still needed to ask for help from his or her true friends.

Lucien took a deep breath and removed Transfiguration. Then he put on the monocle and activated Fernando's Electromagnetic Message.

Against the deep silence of the dark forest, the sound of electric currents could be heard very clearly.

Lucien waited for a while, but no one answered. Perhaps Natasha is already asleep... he thought.

When he was about to stop calling, he heard the familiar voice. "Lucien?"

"Yeah, it's me." Hearing Natasha's voice, Lucien suddenly felt at ease.

Natasha's voice showed how surprised she was with receiving Lucien's call. "Are you near the Duchy of Violet? Yesterday I just read the letter you sent me in late June. Your call really surprised me. It took me a while to come to the garden without letting Auntie Camil know."

Lucien felt that they were like those youngsters having a secret phone call behind their parents. He smiled and said, "I'm in the Dark Mountain Range."

"Are you in any trouble? Do you need the help from a brave knight now?" Natasha laughed in low voice.

Lucien became serious. "I need your help, but the task could be dangerous."

Natasha made a click of her tongue and then spoke in a very straightforward way, "Tell me where you are, and I'll come to you. Deal."

Lucien's heart softened, so did his voice. "You might want to bring Auntie Camil with you, but we can't tell her what we will be doing."

Lucien was clearly aware of the fact that, as the Violet Countess and the inheritor of the Duchy of Violet, Natasha could not do as she wanted all the time. When she left the palace, the guards would be with her. Since Lucien could not tell Natasha what was going on, he should at least ask Natasha to bring Camil with her to secure her safety.

"I was about to ask," Natasha grinned. "Alright, tell me where you are."

"No, we move together, and we'll meet at the foot of Mount Skayan." said Lucien. The route from Aalto to Mount Skayan was usually relatively safe, and it would be much easier for Natasha to find him there.

.....

It would not take a long time to fly from Aalto to the Dark Mountain Range. But once one entered the area, flying over the tall trees would become much more difficult, since one would easily be exposed to the dark creatures in the mountains.

Two days later, wearing the monocle, Lucien was anxiously walking back and forth at the foot of Mount Skayan. The silver moon over his head was bright and gorgeous.

Lucien started worrying about Natasha, wondering why she had not shown up yet, and why even the electromagnetic message couldn't be delivered.

Although Lucien had chosen a safe route for Natasha, he was still worried: What if Natasha accidentally ran into a powerful being from the Dark Council who happened to pass by?

At this time, Lucien saw two figures rushing out of the forest against the silver moonlight, one black and one purple.

Lucien released a sigh of relief and walked to them.

Both Natasha and Camil were fully armed.

Natasha was not wearing her white armor but a set of dark purple one. It was called the Violet Guardian. In her left hand, there was a small black shield. The shield was very finely crafted and was releasing profound holy power. Natasha's eyes were still of the dreamlike color of purple, and so was her long hair. In Lucien's eyes, she looked like the Goddess of War.

"The Shield of Truth?" Lucien exclaimed casually, despite that he had been hesitant about how to say hello to Natasha after a long separation.

Camil took a cold and meaningful glance at Lucien. Then she walked away.

Natasha lifted the black shield. "This is just a replica. I'm not capable of carrying the true version yet. So, my knight, how can I help you?"

As usual, she did not waste any time.

Lucien took out the clown-faced mask. "You take this. Six days later when the silver moon reaches its full size, put it on a condemned prisoner. The mask will turn him into Mr. Rhine. Then, make him go past Castle Hazlehurst in Province Tiran and let the owner of the castle notice him. Please remember, do not do this yourself." Lucien added.

Lucien explained further, "This is for attracting the attention of Vampire Prince Dracula. So you have to be cautious about your timing. Do not control him all the time. When he gets close to the castle, knock him out or put him to sleep. Then you must leave quickly."

He had to make sure that Natasha knew how horrible the enemy was.

"I see... Mr. Rhine is a vampire, and his role is important. No wonder..." Natasha gently rubbed her chin. "But... if we do it this way, Prince Dracula would find out very soon. Do you have enough time? Maybe we can turn this into an ambush instead. My teacher 'God's Glory' Sir Milton and Sir Sard are definitely interested in besieging the Vampire Prince. In this way, can win you more time. And I'm sure the Grand Cardinal can find two more saints for help."

Without asking what happened, Natasha tried to find a better method. Facing the legendary level vampire, she was only confident if two saints, one Grand Cardinal, and two legendary knights were present.

"No, Cardinal Sard is not trustworthy. We cannot go to him. Without him, the two legendary knights will be killed instantly by Dracula." Lucien shook his head. "Although I must hurry, the time should be enough. Trust me. I won't risk my own life."

"Cardinal Sard is not trustworthy... Something indeed happened in Aalto then..." Natasha spoke thoughtfully, "but I do believe that you cherish your life a lot. After all, you just won that many awards and were listed on the Cleansing List, my genius arcanist."

She chose to trust Lucien.

Lucien put on a complicated smile on his face. "Sending letters is always much slower than how these things spread..."

"But I still like reading your letters," Natasha grinned. Although she was a follower of the God of Truth, she never dug into theology. As for what happened because of the Miracle Experiment, that was a long time ago and she had already accepted it. In fact, she even felt a bit proud of Lucien.

"So, why do you choose the vampire castle in Province Tiran? Is it because that it's close to the North Fortress? So that I can hide in the fortress even if the Prince finds out."

"Also because the owner of Castle Hazlehurst is only of middle-rank..." added Lucien.

Natasha put on a big smile. She looked up at the silver moon and then said to Lucien, "alright, I'll go back now to work on this. You take care of yourself."

"No problem." Lucien nodded.

When taking over the mask and leaving her power in it, Natasha became very surprised. "You've become a senior-rank?"

Only a senior-rank could use this mask.

"Yes, at some cost," answered Lucien honestly.

Natasha looked at Lucien, her eyes filled with joy and surprise. "We are of the same level now! It was right that you chose to study magic, but don't rush. Also, I have to improve myself as well. I can't let you beat me."

Then she flew to Camil. When she was halfway up in the sky, she looked back and grinned. "You aren't doing anything bad, right?"

"Of course not. I'm saving the world," said Lucien half-jokingly.

Natasha burst out laughing. Then she left with Camil.

.....

Several days later, after making sure that Natasha was ready, Lucien went back to the Observer's Castle. When the silver moon reached its full size, Lucien returned to the forest under the cliff.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Staring at the castle which looked like a black eagle swerving over the cliff, Lucien stood some distance away from it. Since he did not have the transfiguration mask with him, it was very easy for him to be caught by Dracula, as Dracula had noticed him before in Sphinx Mausoleum.

Rhine had disappeared in the desert to the south of Gusta Empire, and when Dracula was looking for Rhine, he met a mysterious senior-rank mage with lots of precious magic items in the Mausoleum. If somehow Dracula saw the same mage visiting Observer's Castle later, he must be able to see the connection.

Lucien took out his pocket watch and confirmed the time again. Casting all the helping spells on himself, swallowing down all the magic potions he still had, and grabbing Pale Justice in his hand, Lucien carefully sensed what was going on around the castle. Meanwhile, he had turned on the monocle. If anything happened, Natasha would contact him.

Indeed, Lucien could still carry out his plan without Natasha's help, but that would bring him a lot of extra troubles and potential risks.

Lucien assumed that five minutes was enough for Viscount Hazlehurst to report to Dracula, for Viscount Hazlehurst was Dracula's offspring.

Putting the pocket watch away, Lucien started to count the time. Another reason that he chose Viscount Hazlehurst was that Dracula relatively favored him.

And Lucien fully believed that Natasha would do exactly what he asked. There was a mutual trust between them.

Time went by in seconds. Three minutes and fifty-six seconds later, Pale Justice suddenly started to tremble, as if a horrible enemy was approaching.

Through the sword, Lucien could feel that at the edge of the cliff close to the Observer's Castle, some weak but extremely vicious power flashed across. The power consisted of the purest darkness and the breath of death.

Holding his breath, Lucien started the countdown.

"Ten, nine, eight..."

The Observer's Castle which was seemingly forever covered by darkness lit up slightly as if a layer of dust had been removed. A layer of dim light, which was a byproduct of Speed that Lucien just cast on himself, also appeared on Lucien.

"... Five, four, three..."

Night breeze passed by. Tonight there was no sound at all, except for a slight rustle made by the dark creatures. Lucien took out a tube of potion which would help accelerate his flying speed and drank it all.

"... Two, one."

When he reached the last number, Lucien left all his worry and fear behind. He dashed for the castle like a speeding bullet.

Lucien could feel the strong wind flapping against his face, and the dark forest underneath retreated fast like black tides. Many dark creatures, looked up in the sky in great surprise.

Lucien had no chance to look back. He must be fully determined to seize the chance and be safe!

Against the wind in the sky, before those dark creatures could take any actions, Lucien landed in front of the Observer's Castle.

"Kilahkim." Lucien spurt out the password.

All of a sudden in the darkness, countless fist-sized, red-eyed bats fiercely flew out, aiming at Lucien.

Although Dracula had left the castle because of Lucien's plan, he did not forget to leave projections of blood bats here.

Although these bats were just projections, they were still very sensitive and alert since Dracula had the power to half substantialize things even in a dream. The bats could even launch real attacks!

Flying and swirling, the countless blood bats released dizzying sound waves.

"Welcome, distinguished guest." The castle's alchemical life, Mikhalik, greeted Lucien in a low voice. Then the gate slowly opened, as if the bats did not exist.

Grabbing Pale Justice tight, Lucien was given immunity to rage, charm, weak and many other negative influences, making he able to resist the dizziness deep in his soul. He jumped toward the half opening gate very swiftly.

Lucien's strength and speed had been improved remarkably by the potions and the magic items he had, but his level of quick-response and balance were left behind. Therefore, Lucien stumbled and tottered into behind the gate.

The blood bats fiercely hit the edge of the gate. At this time, Mikhalik's low muffled voice came again.

"Enemy attack. The first layer of defense activated."

Black bolts of lightning covered the walls and the gate. As soon as the bats touched the lightning bolts, they were burnt down into piles of dust. But the bats were not afraid of death. Instead, they continued with their attack.

Lucien pulled himself up and put away Pale Justice. Removing the magic effects of strengthening, Lucien regained his balance. Then he rushed for the main hall, casting magic spells along.

At this moment, although Dracula was informed that someone had broken into the Observer's Castle, he would not come back in person, because he was now occupied by the fake Rhine!

Obviously, Rhine was much more important! Dracula would not waste a second!

Lucien, after acquiring his balance again, ran at full speed through the blood-colored flower sea. He had seen this before, so he was not afraid. Right now, the only thing he kept in his sight was the door of the main hall.

The numbing sweet smell was resisted by Health Belt, and the eyes could not affect Lucien at all since he was not looking at them. Drawing a straight line, Lucien arrived at the door of the main hall like a shooting star.

"Kilahkim." Lucien cast the spell again.

Although it had been only a bit more than ten seconds, Lucien felt that it was as long as his whole life. All of the strength in his muscles had been extracted and squeezed out. He felt completely exhausted.

Taking out the magic potion Congus Forest, Lucien drank all of it. When the feeling of exhaustion was gone, Lucien heard Mikhalik's voice again, "Welcome, distinguished guest. Except for the controlling core, the energy room, and the base of the treasury vault, you can go anywhere you wish."

Lucien did not lower his alert. He gave Mikhalik the password that Rhine gave him.

"Please give me your command, my distinguished guest." Mikhalik's voice became more docile, "Except for the excess to the controlling core and the base of the treasury vault, I shall take your order as I take my master's command."

"Good. Top alert. Activate all the defense magic circles. No one can come in except for Mr. Rhine." Lucien spoke very fast, making the best use of every second.

Mikhalik burst out an exclamation as he realized how serious it was. Then he answered, "As your command."

The black bolts of lightning outside the walls all disappeared. Instead, a transparent shield covered the entire castle as if it had been the castle's extension.

The magic creatures including the Scarlet trees in the magic garden had all disappeared. Everything was overwhelmed by deep darkness.

A few seconds later, Mikhalik responded, "Defense magic circles all activated. Alert level: legendary. Any other command?"

Until this moment, Lucien finally could let out a sigh of relief. Even if Prince Dracula came back himself, it would still take him at least a few minutes to break the shield and the protection mechanisms of the castle.

"Turn on the lights. All of them." Lucien commanded.

"Yes," answered Mikhalik very decisively. The alchemical life understood the meaning of this.

The creatures hiding in the dark forest under the cliff saw, for the first time, that the castle was lit up in light. The light was so bright as if it could pierce through the thickest darkness.

The dark creatures were confused.

Following the first light, more lights were lit up one by one in every single room of the castle. Within a few seconds, the entire castle had become ablaze with lights. The details of the castle were fully revealed.

When the darkness was driven away, the bright moonlight directly shone on the castle. Because of the reflection from the walls and glass, there was a pure silver-colored halo in front of the main hall, which seemed peaceful and cold.

"Turn me into Mr. Rhine. Use the best transfiguration spell." Lucien commanded again. The last thing he wanted to do was to let Dracula know the existence of a sorcerer whose name was Lucien.

"Yes, sir," answered Mikhalik respectfully.

Dark air fell upon Lucien, and when it disappeared, the transfiguration spell had taken effect.

Cherishing every second, Lucien stepped into the moonlight halo, which gave him a kind of feeling which was hard to describe.

When Lucien was just about to cast the special summoning spell taught by Rhine, the moonlight suddenly dimmed, as if the entire sky had been covered by a huge shadow!

"You filthy little bug! I'm going to eat you up!"

The low voice was full of fury. Under the power, all the trees in the nearby dark forest were snapped, and the dark creatures exploded one by one like firecrackers! Even the shield covering the castle also started squeaking.

Prince Dracula had come back! This was faster than Lucien's expectation!

What happened to Natasha?

Would the summoning rite still work while the silver moon was blocked?

The two thoughts rose simultaneously in Lucien's mind.

c 415

Throne of Magical Arcana

No matter how worried he was about what happened to Natasha, he was unable to help her in the situation right now—Lucien was very well aware of this fact. Therefore, he managed to put all the thoughts behind and focused on what he was faced with right now.

With the castle's magic circles resisting the imposing pressure from the Legendary, Lucien was sheltered and could thus still stay focused. He looked up, and when he saw a remaining thin layer of the silver moon's light, his soul felt the special connection again.

Lucien quickly drew his conclusion: Although the moon was blocked, the remaining light was still able to provide power to the summoning magic circle, and the level of the magic circle was close to the power of Dracula! Also, it seemed that the summoning magic circle had a bit to do with Alterna, as She had left Her imprint on it!

Huge bad wings covered the entire sky. In the air, Prince Dracula gazed down at the castle furiously. All of a sudden, he merged into thick darkness, enveloping the surroundings and cutting off all the connections that the castle had with the moon.

Affected by the magic circles, Dracula could not see through the disguise brought by Transfiguration. However, since he was this close to the castle, he could be certain that the person standing in the hall was not Rhine due to the special connection between the first-generation vampires. He had mixed feelings about this: On one hand, he felt encouraged, because Rhine was obviously not in a favorable position right now or he would not have sent a filthy little bug here to carry out the rite for summoning the Primordial Ancestor of Vampire; On the other hand, he felt quite pissed that the bug had tricked him and was trying to summon the almighty God of the Silver Moon.

Prince Dracula's dark-red pupils gazed at Lucien. However, Lucien was not affected by what was going on outside of the castle at all. He lifted his hands with his eyes half closed, his magic robe swaying in the wind, and the monocle reflecting the light. In the ancient language of the vampire, Lucien cast the spell.

How was this possible?! Without the connection to the silver moon, how could the summoning rite still work?!

Prince Dracula could not stand it: Apparently, both the mysterious spell and the incredible spiritual imprint belonged exclusively to Rhine. Although Dracula had searched for it in the castle for several times, he found nothing. However, right now, it was obvious that this little bug definitely knew much more about the Primordial Ancestor than he did!

Dracula raised his head slightly and burst out a silent cry of anger. Under his overwhelming power, all things within a range of more than ten kilometers were crushed into ashes. The only things that survived were the Observer's Castle and the cliff on which it was located, thanks to the light shield.

However, under such great power, even the light shield started cracking and shaking violently, as if it were to collapse at any time.

Although what was going on outside was beyond horrible, Lucien was not affected, since he was not directly exposed to the power and horror. To him, it felt like watching a disaster movie with great visual effects. Meanwhile, he could still stay very focused on casting.

A small puddle of light from the silver moon emerged under Lucien, and soon the bright moonlight halo was formed again.

Seeing this, Dracula felt rather offended. How came this filthy tiny bug had such strong connection with the Primordial Ancestor?!

In great silence, a huge flock of bats was summoned by Dracula out the darkness, its amount large enough to block the entire night sky. Each one of them was of the size of a human's head, and they all had a pointy face and bloody fangs. As soon as these blood-thirsty bats landed on the light shield, the shield dimmed at a speed visible to the naked eye, as if its power was being quickly absorbed. Meanwhile, as soon as a bat was killed by the defense shield, a new one was born from the boundless darkness.

The power of the prince was so formidable that it could directly gain power from the shield like it was sucking blood!

"... The call from the blood prays for the reappearance of our Ancestor, may the silver moon pierce through the deepest darkness..." Lucien closed his eyes to stay concentrated, deciding not to look at the tottering light shield anymore.

The light of the shield had dimmed to an extreme, but it was still resisting the attack of the bats. Affected by the connection between the mysterious spell and the silver moon, Prince Dracula was acting in an irritated manner. He gathered all the bats together and formed a bloody mouth big enough to devour the entire castle.

The mouth opened and two white fangs were revealed against the moonlight. Fiercely, the fangs sank into the light shield.

Bang! The shield crashed and vanished.

"Defense magic circle severely damaged. Defense level lowered..."

As soon as Mikhalik's muffled voice was heard, the second layer of defense was directly destroyed by the fangs!

At the same time, Lucien felt that his soul had risen into the air. Although he was actually still standing in the hall, he was also somehow coldly overlooking Prince Dracula who was bitterly launching his attack. Lucien also saw more obscure scenes beyond description, which were stretching out in every direction incorporating all possibilities.

The bloody mouth disappeared, and the bats turned into roaring black waves. A huge, pale hand with sharp nails grew out of the bat crowd and targeted at the castle down there.

Dracula decided to find out who this filthy tiny bug was!

Lucien's expectation was that Observer's Castle could withstand the fierce attack from the legendary for a couple of minutes, but in truth, it only lasted for less than thirty seconds!

The energy wave on the surface of the light shield disappeared, and Dracula was just about to find out who was summoning the Primordial Ancestor.

However, at this moment, he saw a small silver moon rising behind the caster. Although not very bright, the pure moonlight covered the little bug within, so Dracula could not see anything.

Then the small silver moon became bigger and bigger, as if the real silver moon had descended inside the castle.

Meanwhile, the silver moon in the night sky had somehow mysteriously disappeared. Only a few stars were still hanging above.

In the silver moon behind Lucien, a figure with blond hair emerged. A pair of scarlet eyes could be seen clearly, and they were rather cold and indifferent.

As soon as the figure showed up, Lucien felt that his soul was no longer looking down from above, but was embraced by the boundless power of darkness. However, the dark power did not feel eerie or intimidating. Instead, it was peaceful and warm, and even sacred, like the embrace from mom at night, or the ultimate home to return to when life came to the end.

Panic flashed through Dracula's dark red pupils as soon as he saw the blond-haired figure. Flapping his huge black bat wings, he was about to leave and escape to another space.

The filthy little bug did it!

The little bug, with no distinguished blood at all, managed to summon the Primordial Ancestor!

Feeling the special connection, Lucien lowered his right hand, and the blond-haired figure also lowered the sword in its hand.

A slash of moonlight pierced through the darkness. Its light was so bright that it lit up the sky. Like a sharp blade, the moonlight split Dracula into two halves.

Ahhhhhh!

In the bitter scream, black smoke came out of Dracula's body. Then the two halves suddenly joined themselves together and quickly disappeared into the darkness without any hesitation.

It was a great pity for Lucien that even using the God of Silver Moon's power, he could only hurt Dracula slightly. But still, it was a great lesson for Dracula in thousands of years.

In fact, as the Vampire Prince, even when facing the God of Silver Moon, Dracula should have been able to fight against the moon power for a while and retreat remaining intact. However, his deep-buried fear toward the Primordial Ancestor had made him lose the will of fighting immediately!

With the single strike, the sacred power left Lucien's body. The power ascended into the sky and disappeared in the darkness.

At this moment, the real silver moon reemerged in the sky again. But inside it, the blond-haired figure was faintly revealed.

Lucien did not quite understand the situation.

Although he was very confused, he activated the scroll for Space Jump without delay. He had to seize the chance to leave this place, or Dracula might come back to him after the rite. Also, he could not rule out the possibility that Alterna, the God of Silver Moon, might choose to kill him to keep what happened a secret!

Before Lucien was thrown into the chaotic space currents, he took a last glance at the silver moon in the sky.

Hanging in the sky, the silver moon was incredibly bright and big. Lucien could still see the blond-haired figure in it. Besides, now the moon was rimmed with a layer of fixed black, gray, and white, inside of which there were fuzzy figures wandering around.

The blond-haired figure lifted the sword in hand again, and the gray layer was hacked into pieces.

When the solidified illusion was broken, there were light balls between the color of white and black flying up. Seemingly to both dead and alive, the light balls fiercely collided into the silver moon.

In Lucien's eyes, the elusive light balls were like clusters of black, gray, and white cloud. They looked down upon Lucien and were full of changes.

Time seemed to stop for a second. And then, the elusive scarlet moon, which was covered with the light balls, fell from sky fiercely. Trailing a tail of light, it pierced through the layers of barriers between the spaces and fell into a broad and strange world.

The world seemed to be a dimension that had never been discovered before. It was the most spacious dimension ever!

Meanwhile, however, the real silver moon was still hanging in the sky, but was dyed with a scarlet cover and appearing rather eerie.

That was the last scene that Lucien saw before he entered the space jump.

...

Allyn. In a very tall astronomy tower.

Douglas spoke seriously. "We have to find that dimension and figure out what happened."

Beside him, a white-mustached old man wearing a pointed hat was subconsciously stroking the bright crystal ball in his hand. He said in a low voice,

"The scarlet moon. Is this the beginning of an era of chaos and killing, but also revolution and development?"

The scarlet faded gradually, and the silver moon recovered its usual silence and coldness.

Chapter 416 The Search that is About to Get Crazy

After arriving at the small hill nearby Allyn through space jumping, Lucien quickly took out his crystal ball and cast the spell Horoscope under the dim morning sky.

The crystal ball darkened, in which countless stars lit up. When he saw that Natasha's Host Star of Destiny was still shining brightly, Lucien released a long sigh of relief.

Lucien finally relaxed. He looked in the east and saw the rising orange sun, lighting up the entire sky.

An idea suddenly came to Lucien's mind: The main material world was also a sphere, as there was a time difference between the Dark Mountain Range and Allyn, in addition, there were also horizons.

After using the scroll last time, Lucien had confirmed with the Lord of Storm that space jumping would only take about half an hour. From the different positions of the silver moon that Lucien saw

in the Dark Mountain Range and in Allyn, it was easy for him to notice the existence of time difference.

Because of this very reason, arcanists never doubted the cosmology theories developed by Douglas.

Lucien wondered why that, despite the theories, the arcanists could not see the world or find any planets when they managed to fly into space.

He shook his head, knowing that it was not a good time to contemplate such a question that had been bothering the Congress of Magic for many years. Lucien rose into the sky and flew towards Allyn.

Landing on the edge of Allyn, Lucien did not waste his time going back home first. Instead, he cast Speed on himself and rushed to the Congress of Magic's magic tower as fast as he could.

Dashing out of the elevator and into his teacher's office, Lucien finally saw Fernando. Wearing the same scarlet magic robe and holding a magic book in his hand, Fernando was tutoring Alferris, who was holding a thick and large quill-pen trying to figure out a tough magic question.

Alferris had shrunk to the proper size for the desk. Right now, it was listening to Fernando so attentively that its attitude surprised Lucien.

"Here you are... So the things before daybreak had something to do with you?"

Fernando was aware of Lucien's arrival as soon as his student entered the magic tower. Less than an hour ago, the scarlet moon rose. Then, Lucien returned to the Congress of Magic. It was obvious that he had something to do with it.

Lucien nodded. "I summoned the God of Silver Moon, Alterna, to help a friend get out of a trap. But what was out of my expectation was that Dracula, the vampire prince, showed up. I have no idea what happened in the end."

Lucien was being quite honest; he just didn't mention the World of Souls.

From Lucien's story, it seemed that there was a first-generation vampire who got trapped by the vampire prince, and Lucien was commissioned to break the trap by summoning the God of Silver Moon. Then some mysterious existence which was behind Dracula showed up and led the whole thing to an unknown direction.

To be honest, Lucien did not have any idea about what happened exactly. He only had some vague guesses based on what he knew about the World of Souls.

Of course, Lucien was taking a bit of risk here. If nothing so inconceivable like this had happened, if space had not been distorted by the power of the scarlet moon, and if Lucien didn't have to use the Space Jump scroll which was connected to Fernando's demiplane and thus allowing Fernando to deduce from the results that Lucien had gone to the Dark Mountain Range, Lucien could have saved his efforts coming up with all the excuses, as Fernando would have seen a different story himself. After all, Lucien was born with the talent of a Secretive.

However, after going through all the things that happened before, Lucien believed that his own teacher was quite trustworthy. Even if Fernando found out the secret of the World of Souls, Lucien should still be safe.

When it came to something serious, Fernando was always short-tempered but earnest. Tapping on the desk lightly, he said,

"It was the Observer who was trapped, right? He's the only one who can summon the God of Silver Moon. In fact, it was quite a good opportunity for you. When Alterna descended, you were temporarily affected by Alterna and saw the world from Her perspective, a perspective that only She can provide you. After all, Alterna is the closest existence to the truth of the world, which is the ultimate goal of every arcanist's research. You might not be able to feel it right now, but you'll understand its value when you step into the realm of the legendary one day."

Compared to questions like what kind of power was behind Dracula, what the solidified colors of black, white, and grey were, or where the other falling dimensions were, the question that Fernando cared more about was what Lucien saw when the God of Silver Moon arrived.

Lucien did not try to hide this part, as he also had no idea what he had seen. "I felt I was in the air, looking down upon everything. There were... things I have no idea how to describe. They were... possibilities... of the world."

What he saw was way beyond his words.

"In the air, look down... Possibilities..." Fernando slightly frowned. "It is said that when one approaches the truth of the world or—what others call—god, the person is essentially changed, in a good way. He or she would be able to see the track of destiny from another perspective, but it's not like what you said... not really. Anyways, Lucien, you own this. When you become a legendary and experience something similar one day, the blurry images shall have more specific meanings."

Obviously, neither did Fernando find anything really valuable.

Before Lucien responded, Fernando put on a mischievous grin. "Speaking of this, I have to thank you. Your intervention caused the injuring and falling of the God of Silver Moon and the mysterious existence. If we can find the dimension where they fell before They woke up, very likely we'll be able to collect some valuable materials to fill in the blank of our research. Aren't you a lucky star for the Congress!"

Yes, every high-rank arcanist was a lunatic when it came to conducting researches, and the grand arcanists were the greatest representatives. Lucien realized that his vision was still far away from that of his teacher, as he hadn't thought from this perspective.

"So how long it will take us to locate the dimension?" asked Lucien, who was also unconsciously affected by the passion.

"Around three to ten years. We will use astrology, on the premise that we know its existence for sure and have blurry image memories for guidance." Fernando replied.

"The Congress will try its very best. Besides us, the South Church, the North Church, and the Dark Congress should also have seen what happened. Since it's related to the secrets beyond the legendary level, they'll all get crazy. Whoever finds it first gets the best share."

After explaining briefly to Lucien, Fernando said, "So far, don't bother with this anymore. Your astrology is way far from prying into the truth. When the dimension is found, I'll request the Highest Council for an exploration. If you and the other students are willing to go, you guys can come with me."

Straightfoward. That was very typical of Fernando.

"So why are you here? In such a hurry..." asked Fernando after finishing his speech.

Lucien was reminded of his purpose. Putting on a flattering smile, Lucien said, "Teacher, I wonder if I can use your demiplane to go to the Duchy of Violet."

"But you just came back." Fernando felt a bit confused, which was very rare for him.

Lucien hurriedly explained, "I got a friend to help me distract Prince Dracula this time. Although Horoscope has told me that she's safe, I think... it's better if we talk face to face. After all, Prince Dracula's power of cursing and casting nightmares is also well-known."

"She? The little girl from Hathaway's family?" Fernando slightly nodded, knowing that Lucien and Natasha were quite good friends. "You need me to bring you back?"

"Yeah, please." Lucien suddenly felt that Fernando was like his guardian and was somehow amused.

When Fernando stood up and was about to bring Lucien to his demiplane, Lucien noticed that Alferris was still focusing on its own study, sparing no time for greeting at all. Driven by curiosity, Lucien asked, "Hey, what are you busy studying at, Alferris?"

"Alchemy, Golem Making," answered Alferris without looking up.

"What for? You need golems?" Lucien felt it was even stranger, since Alferris always tore down the golems for their shining pieces.

Alferris answered while pretending it was not a big deal. "The Congress has been encouraging senior-rank mages to develop new golem models. A seventh circle mage like me can collect some precious materials from the Congress for free two times, as long as my golem making skills reach a certain level."

When it mentioned the free precious materials, its amber-colored eyes were shining with excitement.

No wonder... This was very typical of little Crystal.

"By the way, boss. I recently read a story about the brave and the dragon." Alferris seemed to recall something and finally looked up at Lucien and grinned.

"So... what do you mean... You want to defeat the brave?" Lucien felt a bit suspicious.

"No no no... boss, I mean— Here's my plan. I can play the role of the dreadful dragon. We kidnap a princess and I'll demand for treasures. Then you'll be the brave and defeat me to win the abundant reward. Then we do half-half..." Before Alferris could finish his proposal, it was deterred back to its own textbook by Fernando's one single glance.

.....

After a few minutes of space jump, Lucien was taken to Fernando's demiplane. He finally could see this place clearly: It was a space full of thunder and lightning. Fernando's black magic tower was like a huge lightning rod, conducting the electricity power down to the ground with bright silver-white flashes.

Fernando suddenly asked, "Is the Count Silver Eye safe now?"

"...?"

Being busy running for his life, finding excuses, and worrying about Natasha, Lucien finally realized now that he still had no idea if Rhine had been rescued from the trap in the World of Souls.

Seeing Lucien's confused expression, Fernando teased him.

"Hmm... Obviously, you are in such a hurry that you don't even remember what you did all these things for."

But in Fernando's mind, he actually understood Lucien. After all, this young man just went through a series of great challenges. Fernando, smiling, slightly shook his head. From his own demiplane, Fernando took Lucien with him through another space jump.

Finally, they arrived at Melzer Black Forest outside Aalto.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Adjusting the piece of monocle decorated with a fine silver chain on his nose, Lucien was about to activate Fernando's Electromagnetic Message. However, just at this time, Lucien received a call.

After the disturbance of the electric current noise, Lucien heard Natasha's voice, sounding both concerned and relieved.

"Lucien?"

Obviously, getting back into contact was a great relief to this young lady.

"It's me. I was about to call you as well." Lucien could not hold back the smile on his face. Since Natasha's call came as soon as he arrived in Aalto, it was reasonable for him to assume that Natasha had kept on calling him for at least the past half an hour.

Unlike Lucien, who mastered the knowledge of Horoscope, Natasha could not tell if her friend was safe through divination. The many accidents that happened during their plan greatly worried Natasha.

"Good news," said Natasha in great relief. "I was worried about you since Dracula went back earlier than we expected—he never approached the bait in the mountains. But it seems that you did it, right? Was it because of you? —I'm talking about the scarlet moon."

Lucien's connection to the scarlet moon was too obvious to ignore.

Lucien also felt relieved hearing Natasha's words. Apparently, it was some kind of special connection that Prince Dracula possessed with other first-generation vampires that helped him find out it was a trap, so he never really got close to Natasha. In this case, Lucien did not have to worry whether Natasha had been cursed anymore.

"I summoned the God of Silver Moon, but I've got no idea why the moon turned scarlet. So far, I can't say the task has been fulfilled, since I haven't heard anything from the other side." Lucien could not confess to the Princess that he was in such a hurry to confirm her safety that he had not spared time to contact Rhine yet.

"Anyways." Lucien paused with an unaware smile on his face. "Thanks for your help, really. There was no way that I could do this without you. Dracula could have killed me like crashing a little bug... I'm so glad you're not in any trouble because of me..."

"Of course. I'm always trustworthy." Natasha cut Lucien off triumphantly. "Where are you? I'll give the mask back to you."

Lucien, who had got used to Natasha's style, immediately informed the Princess where he was.

After less than ten minutes, Lucien saw Natasha in her fine milky-white full set of armor, followed by Camil. As usual, she was glamorous.

"It's a pity that the mask can't turn a male into a female," said Natasha sincerely when she handed the mask back to Lucien while staring at him.

Lucien was speechless, so he decided to simply look up at the sky where the silver moon was still hanging when he took the mask back.

Natasha was just subconsciously joking. Seeing that Lucien was not into this kind of talk, she laughed and soon became serious again. "I was told that Dracula is an expert in casting curses and nightmares. You probably want to have your teacher or Hathaway to check you out as soon as

possible when you go back. Umm... I think you should go and find the Eye of Curse. He is the authority on these cases."

"No worries. I was under the defense shield all the time. Before Dracula broke the shield, the God of Silver Moon was summoned and drove him away. I was not affected at all." Lucien grinned again, feeling rather sweet and warm in his heart.

"Great." Natasha nodded slightly and then looked at the sky. "When you summoned Alternia, the black, white, and grey... the solidified colors, they were the same with what you saw beside Lake Elsinore, right? It's another dimension... I wonder if Mr. Rhine and the Grand Cardinal Sard have something to do with it..."

She was not digging into Lucien's secrets but was just putting forward questions without demanding for an answer. Meanwhile, she was also trying to remind Lucien that other powerful existences who experienced the collapse of the Grand Cross should have also figured out some pieces of the puzzle. After all, at that time, the silent world of black, white, and grey emerged out of the water. Although so far "no one" had found the entrance to the world yet, it was easy for one to connect the two things together. Therefore, Lucien had to be even more careful in the future.

Natasha believed that she was so far the only one except for Lucien who had grasped something about Rhine and Sard, since Lucien had given her the reminders.

"You're right. To find the entrance of the dimension, Mr. Rhine decided to work with Sard, but he was betrayed by Sard, who definitely was hiding some secrets. Therefore, Mr. Rhine was trapped. To help him get out, I summoned the God of Silver Moon. But obviously, the secrets of the dimension are even more complex than I expected. So far, I have no idea whether I succeeded or not."

Since Natasha had figured out much of the story on her own, Lucien generally explained the situation to her without touching the deeper secrets. Besides, Natasha's unconditional help made Lucien trust her even more.

Natasha nodded solemnly. "Since the fall of the Magic Empire, despite the ongoing conflicts between the South and the North Church, there have been no conflicts powerful enough to involve in the entire continent. In the dimension that attracted both Sard and Rhine hides the power that rivals that of Alterna. Maybe... this is the beginning of a new great era."

Natasha put on a confident and bright smile. "In every great era, there are great powers that ended up fallen, but there are also new powers catching up and exceeding the former. We shall work hard together, Lucien! I can feel that my blood's longing to fight!"

"I've caught up with you." Lucien pretended to be quite aggressive. "Perhaps sooner or later, my power will exceed yours."

Natasha readily accepted the challenge, happy and excited at the same time. "We'll see who becomes a level nine first, and who becomes a legendary first. If you lose..."

She put on a cunning smile, as if she was hiding some little secrets.

"Alright, you should go now. For what happened tonight, the Grand Cardinal and the priests must be on high alert right now. Although we're not that important, we still gotta be very careful. After all, your mentor is a grand arcanist..." Natasha hurried Lucien as she did not know that Lucien came here by space jump. "And remember to write to me!"

Lucien's heart suddenly sank. How came he forgot this part? He was in such a rush that he directly jumped to the suburb nearby Aalto. Sard might have already noticed it! Luckily, Fernando was still with them!

High up in the air, where Lucien and Natasha's sight could not reach, Fernando in his red robe was smiling at an old man in front of him. It was Sard, the Grand Cardinal of Aalto.

"It's not decent to peep at the kids' dating." Fernando grinned.

"Tonight is not a peaceful night," said Sard expressionlessly, "so as the Grand Cardinal of Violet, I'm responsible for the Princess's safety."

He was the one who made the most information out from the scarlet moon incident tonight. Thus, right now every single unusual sign and anyone in Aalto who was worth extra attention was being watched by Sard.

Fernando stood right in front of Sard and blocked his way like an old scoundrel. He sighed and said, "Sard... you're so close to becoming the Saint. I really want to destroy you right now."

Obviously, Fernando was threatening Sard by reminding him that he was still not yet a Saint!

"Bellia and his people are also watching," Sard replied. It seemed that Fernando's words did not really bother him. After all, there was more than one legendary in the parish of Violet.

Meanwhile, Sard did not take any further movement either, as he knew that this short-tempered legendary-level archmage could fulfill his words at any moment.

Fernando stood still while observing Sard with a meaningful smile. However, in his mind, he had already blamed his student multiple times for his unusual recklessness. After what happened, a space jump would easily catch the attention of all factions including Aalto and the North Fortress.

Fernando looked down. He secretly criticized again that Natasha was being enough impetuous this time as well, and somehow Camil did not even stop her.

These kids... Fernando sighed.

He was here not just for sending and picking up Lucien!

.....

After Fernando's ten-minute-long roaring, Lucien made an in-depth and sincere self-criticism. Then, wearing the Transformation Mask, he arrived in Rentato by magic train. There Lucien found a random hotel and went to sleep to summon Rhine's projection in his dream - Allyn's many magic circles would prevent Rhine's from projecting to Lucien.

In the foggy world of dream, Rhine, who was wearing a tight red shirt and a black high-necked coat, soon appeared.

"Mr. Rhine, you are still trapped..." Seeing that Rhine was still projecting through the World of Souls, Lucien got the answer.

Rhine smiled helplessly, though his silver-colored eyes were charming as usual and his bearing was still elegant. "The Primordial Ancestor was injured and fell together with that thing from deep of the World of Souls. Thus, He had no chance to help me out. Hopefully, the Primordial Ancestor can wake up as soon as possible... Or probably I should count on you and wait until when you become a legendary."

"Then what about the threat from the World of Souls? Has it stopped?" Lucien hurriedly asked. He had taken such a huge risk and sincerely hoped that it would not go in vain.

Rhine nodded gently, the helplessness and bitterness disappearing from his smile. "It has stopped. These senior-rank specters are in such a rage that they are now using their most powerful Horoscope spells to figure out who did it. But because of the power of the Primordial Ancestor and your strange track of destiny, they can't find you."

"I indeed felt from the imprint in my soul the moment when the Primordial Ancestor fell. He was severely injured, so His rank could not be maintained, and recovery would require a long time. Of course, even if killed, the Primordial Ancestor could still gain power from the darkness and the silver moon to resurrect. He never dies."

"As for the mysterious existence from deep of the World of Souls, because it never woke up completely, it has been broken into many pieces. Its recovery might take even longer. Part of its pieces fell into the unknown dimension. So, Lucien, if you can find them, I'm sure it would be a remarkable benefit to you, since it could make up the cost you paid for becoming a senior-rank in a rush, not to mention that it can also guide you in your future progress."

Lucien nodded. If he could find the pieces, with the knowledge in the spiritual library, he could perhaps reveal most of the truth of the world.

As for how to compensate for the loss caused by advancing too fast, Lucien did not need the extra help, since he had already found the direction: To create his own meditation.

Because of some magic experiments, arcanists believed that spiritual power and light were in fact the same by nature. Therefore, whether light came in the form of waves or particles involved the understanding of spiritual power, and in which direction meditation should go.

So far, despite their differences from each other, most meditation methods were based on the belief that light came in waves. However, there were still a few that were based on the Theory of Particles, and they worked quite well—even better than Theory-of-Waves meditations for some arcanists with unique cognitive worlds.

Building on the photoelectric effect that has been discovered, the next step that Lucien was going to take was to study the wave-particle duality of light, which was also the wave-particle duality of spiritual power!

Throne of Magical Arcana

On the thirty-fifth floor of the Congress of Magic's headquarter tower, in a medium-sized meeting room.

In the center of the room, there was a long cherrywood table surrounded by twenty-four chairs. The chairs were all made of precious wood and their red velvet cushions were nice and soft. The backs of the chairs were carved with different fine patterns, such as the symbol of elements, a storm enveloping bolts of lightning, the crown of magic and arcana...

"It has been confirmed that the God of Silver Moon, Alterna, brought about the change of the scarlet moon. As for Alterna's enemy... it was an existence which has never been discovered before, probably coming from a silent world where all colors are devoid except for black, white, and grey." The Prophet, who was wearing a grey pointy hat, concluded primarily.

The scarlet moon and what happened to the two beings so close to the "truth" caught the attention of the Congress of Magic immediately. The Highest Council called for a meeting to decide further arrangements.

Since the meeting was a rush decision, only eighteen out of the twenty-four members managed to attend. Hathaway and the other five members were not in Allyn right now.

Hearing what the Prophet just said, Vicente Miranda, also known as the Thanatos, knocked at the table and said, "What we should really care about right now is which dimension Alterna and the unknown existence ended up falling into, and why They started fighting."

Vicente Miranda was covered with a black cloak. Inside his eyes, two dark red flames were flickering.

"It perhaps has something to do with Dracula, the Vampire Prince, and Rhine, the Silver-eyed Count. They aren't getting along with each other. According to the information yielded by Horoscope, I went to the Dark Mountain Range this early morning and found that Rhine's castle has jumped into the Night Highland to recover from severe damage. The surroundings have been completely destroyed into ashes, and traces left by Dracula were everywhere..." Douglas said in a calm tone. "As for why they started fighting, and why the unknown existence was involved, no idea so far."

Fernando's red eyes surveyed around the meeting room, and many of the legendary archmages slightly lowered their eyes to avoid direct eye contact with him. They did not want to be roared at by Fernando if he somehow found a fault of theirs.

"I've sent Bergner and Annonis to locate the dimension. If any of you are free, please join in. We all know how important this is," said Fernando. He had been safeguarding Allyn in recent years and was therefore responsible for making the arrangements at this point.

Bergner was the Prophet's name, and Annonis was the Astrologer.

"Also, I have confirmed from other sources that it was Dracula and Rhine who caused it. If we want to find the reason for the fight, we must focus on the mysterious existence and the silent world made of black, white, and grey!"

As Fernando spoke, he looked directly into Vicente's eyes.

"What do you mean, Fernando?"

The dark flames in Thanatos's eyes flickered. He was not a crazy mage who had no idea of interpersonal relationships. Thus, he understood what Fernando was indicating.

"I've got a message from the Duchy of Violet. At the end of April in year 816, great changes took place beside Lake Elsinore. Some adventurers survived and they described the changes as 'all colors but black, white, and gray started to fade, and the sounds also disappeared'. Don't you tell me this has nothing to do with what happened last night!"

"Also, Rogerio was there at that time! Why he didn't he include this in his report?!"

The light in Fernando's eyes was sharp and he was almost roaring. The survivor he was talking about was, of course, Lucien.

Because of the ambush of the Church and Hathaway's involvement, there were quite a few survivals from the catastrophe. Some of the night watchers and knights who were chasing after

Argent Horn were there as well. Therefore, the information was in fact relatively easy to access. Thus Lucien did not try to hide it from his teacher, instead, he confessed in front of Fernando, which was in actually a good way of showing that he knew nothing about the World of Souls.

"You gotta ask Hathaway." Thanatos tried to shift Fernando's attention to Hathaway who was not present.

"Shall I also ask Hathaway why there's also the solidification of black, white, and grey in Heidler as well?!"

Fernando's roaring kept going on. Thanatos couldn't help leaning slightly to one side.

The rest of the members of the Highest Council all knew what happened in Heidler. But because no possible reasons were found, none of them mentioned about it before. Now that what just happened resembled Heidler's condition so much, they all started feeling suspicious. However, facing Vicente, they were hoping that the Lord of Storm could take the initiative to put it forward.

Fernando did not disappoint them.

Thanatos was so skinny that there seemed to be only a layer of skin covering his cheekbones. He responded in a rather calm manner, "Heidler is connected to an unknown dimension. It became like this because it was contaminated. Unfortunately, we haven't found the entrance of the dimension yet, so we're unable to explore it further. Currently, we have no idea if this has anything to do with the silent world. I was about to make some further investigation when I return there."

At this point, Vicente could only choose to tell half of the truth about the World of Souls. It was very difficult to find the entrance anyways.

"Good. We've got some clues. I'll ask Hathaway and Rogerio as well. I hope all of you in this room can set aside some time to help investigate these two cases. After all, this involves the truth of the world." Douglas hurriedly concluded before Fernando's fury proceeded.

After all the members left the meeting room, Fernando shook his head.

"This's more complex than what was expected."

In fact, Fernando knew that Lucien was not telling the whole true story, but he respected Lucien's right to privacy and did not probe further. For Fernando, knowing the correct rough outline of what happened was enough.

Confident as the Lord of Storm, he believed that anything that happened before must leave some clues behind. As long as there were clues, he could find out the truth.

For example, although Lucien said that Dracula never saw his face or detected his smell, so he would not be chased after. But since he had turned to Natasha for help, someone who's careful enough could still trace back to Lucien by studying Natasha's whereabouts.

Therefore, the reasons why Fernando took Lucien back to the Duchy of Violet were twofold: One was to confuse others, as no one in their right mind would immediately return to the site after causing such trouble; The other was that if there truly is a secret hidden behind all these and someone began to suspect Lucien, then Fernando's act would be interpreted as that Lucien had already shared the secret with the Congress of Magic, thus Lucien would be much safer—if someone wants to silence the witness over the affair, then they must silence the whole Congress of Magic!

...

Since spiritual power was closely related to the soul and one's world of cognition, any exploration into spiritual power or advancement of meditation methods required great caution. In the past years, more than a few senior-rank sorcerers had been severely injured when trying to modify their meditations, some even died from it. Therefore, after conducting the photoelectric effect experiment and applying the theory of wave-particle dualism to spiritual power development, Lucien did not come up with a new meditation right away. Instead, he modified it bit by bit during every day's practice. He estimated that it would take him two to three years to complete and perfect the new meditation.

Opening the window, Lucien felt the night wind blew in. It was already the Month of Ice, the wind made Lucien shiver, but was also very refreshing.

Lucien grinned when he saw that Alferris was focusing on roasting a whole lamb down there in the garden. He had been back for a few days and had been showing up in front of people more and more often. No one ever doubted him for having anything to do with the scarlet moon, as in the eyes of the arcanists other than Fernando, Thompson, and those who he was close to, Lucien Evans, the leader of the Atom Institution, never left Allyn.

To their way of thinking, Lucien was spending all of his time on improving himself as he was worried about the Church's possible assassination.

It was because that Lucien did not leave for too long, while Alferris' disguising himself as Lucien also helped a lot.

"Sir, Mr. Arthur's here again. Shall I decline him again using the same excuse?" asked Leo, the chief butler, who was among the few who knew that Lucien just came back.

Lucien shook his head. "Let him in. I gotta ask him about the production of the magic crystal light."

Although he got Health Belt, Pale Justice, and other precious magic items from this adventure, he also consumed lots of senior-rank materials and potions. All he had left right now was a tube of solidified helium, a tube of Alferris' blood, three tubes of liquid helium, four tubes of Water Song, etc.

In addition, the materials that he used for the promotion to senior-rank were loans from Fernando, therefore he had to leave the income from Holm Mineral and Harvest to Fernando as a pledge. His subsidies from the Congress had to go to Alferris for its salary. Although Lucien could still get the materials he needed for experiments using the budget of the institution, he did not have enough Thales or arcana points to do anything else. He needed a new source of revenue urgently.

The air of the dragon in the garden was oppressive. Arthur walked through the garden, feeling quite weak in his knees. When he walked into the living room, enthusiastic smile piled up on his chubby face. "Hi, Lucien, our youngest member of the Arcana Review Board! Finally, you've finally got some time for me!"

"So what makes you here this late?" Lucien was being very straightforward.

Arthur undid the top button and laughed. "Your place's surely much warmer than mine. My fireplace never worked as well as your magic."

"Anyways, Lucien," Arthur continued, "I'm here because the first order of magic crystal lights has been produced. Remember? You changed the materials for producing. Sir James, the Duke, wanted to install crystal lights in his villa in Rentato. We've placed wires from the magic circles powered by water to his villa... of course, under the guidance of several sorcerers from the school of electromagnetics."

Lucien nodded, waiting for Arthur to finish his words.

"So tonight, we are about to light them up! Sir James' place will be the first noble's villa ever that's lit up by magic! This will be a historic event! As the designer, you should definitely be present!" Arthur said humorously with a radiant smile.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Night in the Month of Ice fell early. Tiny but dense snowflakes were dancing like fairies under the light of the arc light street lamps, holy and hazy.

There were barely any people left on the street. Shaking the snowflakes off their coats while advancing quickly, they had no time for such a beautiful view.

"So beautiful... But why do they have to melt." Alferris looked at the shiny dots in his "palms" melting into water quickly and muttered in a depressed voice.

The snowflakes were shiny and their structure was complicated, which fits Aferris' taste perfectly. He would have collected them if he had not known what they really were, and that was the reason why Alferris did not really enjoy the winter.

As someone who signed a 100-year contract with Lucien, Alferris happily followed Lucien to Rentato after he devoured the rare roasted whole lamb. He disguised himself as a young boy that was around seven to eight years old so the citizens would not be terrified. He had a pair of amber eyes, dark blonde hair, and he was wearing a little suit with a little tie.

In the carriage, Arthur Doyle was shivering in the corner as he knew what the cute boy really was. Although he knew a lot of things and he had a strong background, he was still scared when facing a legendary "monster".

"The arc lamp is way too hot and way too expensive. Most of the cities can't afford it, not even Rentato. You can only find such a lamp in the noble district and the busiest market." Lucien changed his outfit back to Holm style. He was smiling while looking out of the carriage.

Arthur overcame his fear with the desire for wealth. He followed Lucien's sight and looked at the night view outside. He said excitedly, "After the magic crystal light passes the field test, its cost will be lowered again, and I'll talk to the Governor of Rentato City Hall. All the streets in the city will use our magic lamp and it's hard to imagine how much money we'll get. We can also promote the product in other cities and other countries..." He could not imagine how much value the lamp could create.

Alferris turned his head around suddenly after hearing the word "money". He tried to figure out what they were discussing. Arthur was so scared that he almost knocked over the glazed white porcelain teacup.

"This business comes with great opportunity and the profit will be incredible, Alferris. If you want to join us, you must buy a share with your golds, gems, and crystals. You have a lot of them in your collection, right?" Lucien was just joking with Alferris. However, if Alferris really wanted to join in, the Will of Elemental probably would not have an issue. The initial production and promotion phase required much investment. And before the cost was lowered again, not everyone would be able to use the lamp. That would make the stingy Morris's heart broke.

"Gold, gem, and crystal? For real..." Alferris tried to make it look like that he did not care but he was actually struggling badly in his mind. The possible great wealth in the future and the shiny gold, gem, crystal in his collection. He wanted both!

Alferris struggled so bad in his mind that he did not even notice the carriage had already arrived at Duke James' mansion in the noble district.

"Welcome, Evans, our youngest and most handsome member of the Arcana Review Board. Sadly, my daughters and my granddaughters already have their own families, or they'll definitely ask me to introduce you to them." Duke James, who looked like a bald mobster, smiled as he welcomed them. Surrounded around the warm campfire in the garden, he and his guests seemed to be waiting for something.

Lucien smiled as he got off the carriage. "It's a great honor to be welcomed by Duke James himself. I feel like I'm a king or a prince. Why is everyone outside?"

The mansion is completely dark without the slightest hint of light. It almost felt like the mansion had merged with the dark night.

"All the candles in the mansion have been changed to magic crystal lights and we'll light them up one by one in the dark night. It's a memorable moment, and we should begin only when all the guests are here." The Duke's head was reflecting the orange light from the campfire.

Lucien chuckled in his mind as he thought that the Duke had the spirit of a hipster, although an old one.

There were some special set up in the garden, so that although there was only one single campfire, it was not cold at all. The noble girls and ladies were not complaining at all, on the contrary, they were considerably interested in this new party format.

"The Prince's body is weak and the night is cold, so I did not invite him. Alright, let me introduce you to some friends." Duke James led Lucien to several people that looked like sorcerers after Lucien greeted the nobles that he was familiar with. It seemed like they were the Electromagnetics Sorcerers that Arthur had mentioned about who had helped set up the routes and converters.

Approaching the two men and one woman, James pointed at Lucien and said, "I guess you already know who he is and I should probably skip the introduction. Level six arcanist, Fifth circle sorcerer, the youngest member of the Arcana Review Board, the genius who has claimed the highest Elemental and Necromancy honors, Mr. Lucien Evans."

Lucien had not submitted his sorcerer rank yet. He was waiting for everything to settle down first.

"Greetings, Mr. Evans," the old man with well-organized black and white hair said. The young man and the young woman around him also bowed politely. "Greetings, Mr. Evans."

"This is Mr. Barek Trevors, a level-six Electromagnetics arcanist and a seventh-circle sorcerer. He's a student of the Emperor of Control, Mr. Brook." James introduced the old man with blonde eyes and a serious expression to Lucien. "And they are his student, middle-rank sorcerers Lillian and Issac."

Lillian was a delicate girl with long brown hair, while Issac seemed to have the Fire Giant's bloodline as he was tall and muscular; his hair had the color of the flames.

"Mr. Trevors, Lillian, and Issac. Nice to meet you." Lucien nodded slightly and greeted them one by one.

James chuckled. "Barek is a friend from my childhood. He failed to activate his bloodline power so he became a sorcerer. However, he showed his talent as a sorcerer and was recognized by Mr. Brook. He became a high-ranked arcanist smoothly. I think it wouldn't take him too long to surpass me, although I started much earlier than him."

"This time we're trying to create some new alchemical things that deal with Electromagnetics, which is his specialty. So I decided to ask him to help."

It sounded like that Barek came from a small noble family. Although he had no title of nobility, he was still a representative of those board members who were close to the nobles. After being introduced to the liberal group by Prince Patrick, Lucien had expanded his social networks.

"Evans, the electrons you discovered are very helpful in the electromagnetic field. A lot of theories now have a deeper meaning." It seemed like Barek did not know how to interact with people. He went straight to arcana topics.

Lucien did not want to waste time on saying preliminaries anyway, so he started talking with Barek about the possible situations of the study in the electromagnetic field. Lillian and Issac decided to remain silent and just listen to their conversation on the side.

"Evans, have you heard of the experiment conducted by president Douglas?" Barek suddenly mentioned an experiment.

Lucien shook his head in confusion. "You know, I spent most of my time lately analyzing spells and improving myself, so I had no idea what happened recently."

"President Douglas designed an experiment, trying to validate that there is no relative movement against ether and the speed of light is the same in all direction." Barek was speaking in a calm tone. It did not even sound like that he was talking about a trending hot topic.

Lucien finally understood what happened. Without other things interrupting, Douglas eventually completed the experiment he mentioned in the letter and confirmed that ether did not exist. Without the ether, there was no way that light could arrive at the ground if light had been waves, and the world should be completely dark.

He denied the wave theory of light from an opposite approach.

"Evans, what do you think of this experiment?" Barek's blonde eyes suddenly turned bright and his expression became even more serious. It seemed like Lucien's answer would decide if they could become friends or not.

Lucien struggled in his mind after seeing his expression. He did not expect the wave theory supports and the particle theory supports to hate each other so much.

Recalling in the magic school that the Electromagnetic faculties supported the wave theory and The Elements faculties supported the particle theory was the main reason for their conflicts, Lucien had a deeper understanding of this principle contradiction which persisted throughout the history of magic.

When they open their eyes for the first time, people could feel the light. By comparing the day time to the night time, the ancient human beings admired the light. They thought light represented life and divinity. Ever since magic was born, sorcerers never stopped exploring the truth of the light. After they found that light was similar to spiritual power, the study of light became one of the eternal topics in the field.

Compared to theories like the Energy Essentialism supported by Viscount Roland, the Atom Foundation Theory of the Element School, and the Theory of Life Force of the Necromancy School, the Particle Theory led by Douglas and the Wave Theory led by Brook were the two major theories that involved all sorcerers of the Congress. They were also the main conflict in research.

If the board were to be turned into a church, then aside from a few people who sat on the fence, the wave supporters and particle supporters would definitely condemn each other as "heretics"!

In this environment, mentioning the wave-particle dualism would not be a compromise. Instead, it would just become a new heresy and was likely to be attacked by supporters of both theories.

Lucien thought for a while and smiled. "Based on your description, Mr. Barek, it seems like the experiment is based on the current Astronomical Revolution System, which hasn't been validated by the discovery of a planet yet."

Lucien repeated the same words he used to answer his teacher Fernando.

"That's reasonable." Barek's expression loosened. It almost felt like that as long as Lucien did not support the Particle Theory and Douglas's experiment, they could be friends.

At this moment, all Duke James's guests had arrived, so he clapped and made sure that everyone was looking at the mansion. Sorcerer Lillian walked to the entrance and smiled. "Everyone, with electricity, the magic crystal lights no longer need to be turned on by with spiritual power. Even the most untalented noble will be able to use them like using quills. Actually, it can be even easier. For example, I just need a single tap and the light in the whole mansion will be turned on."

To make sure that Duke James could show off, Barek made a temporary master switch outside.

"Great, let's put out the campfire first." James was satisfied that the gentlemen and the ladies were all staring at the mansion curiously. He waved his hands to put out the campfire.

Lillian pressed the switch hard intentionally in the darkness.

PA

After a soft noise, all the magic crystal lights in the mansion were turned on.

The bright light tore the dark apart and expelled the fear. The place was full of a "divine" feeling. It was like the morning light driving away the night!

It was a big step in human's history!

c 420

Throne of Magical Arcana

In the winter night when snowflakes were swirling in the air, crystal lights flowing with colors lit up the entire place of the Duke's villa, which looked like a shining gem against the black background of the night. The light that burst out from the villa was so eye-catching that it seemed as if all the stars had landed and gathered here.

Even if among the senior-rank sorcerers, no one had ever tried to use this many crystal lights in his magic tower. In most cases, they were used to using magic candles, as the candles' effects were also not bad.

For most of the nobles present tonight, it was not until today that they finally realized what the word "brilliance" meant. They had never imagined that a man-made view could be as imposing as natural scenery. This power came from human beings, and this scene could be spread and seen throughout the world!

"Ladies and gentlemen, come in, please." Barek's student, Lillian, was the emcee tonight. With a lovely smile, she invited the guests to take a tour in the luxury villa lit up like the palace of the Sun King.

The noble ladies lifted their skirts elegantly and glided in, followed by the gentlemen. All of them were very curious and could not wait to see the magic crystal lights closely.

"Very impressive. Our first stage of promotion has succeeded." Arthur was a businessman, and the impressiveness of the scene did not outweigh the importance of making money for him.

He was carefully observing how the nobles responded to the magic crystal lights.

"I want them for my magic tower!" Alferris drooled seeing how bright the lights were, as he was known for being captivated by shiny things. "I'll pay in arcana points!"

Gold, gems, crystals... Anything that had gone into Alferris' pocket would not come out again. Lucien even doubted if Alferris had embezzled half of the building materials of its magic tower, as it looked so deformed that it resembled a crooked peak — Located in Allyn, the tower's chance of being attacked was slim to none, so there was nothing to be afraid of.

"But these lights, because of the cost, can only benefit the nobles. If we can't lower the cost further, common citizens still won't be able to enjoy the light. Every single human being should benefit from the progress of civilization." Lucien was inspired by the scene; To Lucien, the standard of judging whether a civilization is advanced or not should be the popularization of technologies. The commencing age of electricity should be able to do so!

Arthur certainly was not sharing Lucien's view. "But... It is not very likely that we can lower the cost further, at least not in a short period of time."

"Well... We will need a great number of skilled workers. The procedures that don't require magic could be separated out and put on assembly lines to produce standardized parts. Then, the cost can be further lowered." Lucien nodded slightly like a sophisticated capitalist. The candidates in his mind were the dwarves on Night Highland. But since he had caused the vampires such great trouble, Lucien had to wait for at least two to three years to carry out his plan, when all the attention were drawn to the exploration into the new dimension.

"It takes lots of time training workers..." Arthur did not understand the terms Lucien was using, and he was also not interested in asking, since currently even the basic preconditions couldn't be satisfied.

At this time, Lillian turned off the main crystal light in the hall and only left several smaller ones. The light instantly became dim and soft. A romantic and elegant atmosphere was created.

She smiled humorously. "No worries, ladies and gentlemen, you won't lose the romance of having candlelight dinner because of these magical lights. Romance is in our soul and heart."

"Also," she added, "when you walk around in your castle, darkness shall never be intimidating to you anymore. We've brought light to you, forever, with the magic crystal lights."

Lucien suspected that Arthur had paid Lillian beforehand for such painstaking promotion. But Lucien liked it, for the profit it was going to bring!

Following the tour in Duke James' villa, it was time for the court dance. In the Kingdom of Holm, which was known for being very conservative, the circle dance from the palace of Tria had not yet prevailed. Many old-school nobles disdained such a dance that requires the dancers to be so close to each other. Only some young nobles, when having their private gatherings, would do the circle dance.

"Mr. Evans, your design is definitely very impressive. I've ordered a set from Mr. Arthur. I had never imagined that crystal lights could be so accessible." A dignified young lady walked to Lucien holding a glass of water in her hand, her eyes full of admiration.

The "a set" she was talking about was a set for an entire villa, and the cost was equivalent to that of a single magic crystal light before.

Lucien swirled his glass of liquor, Sky Blue, and smiled. "This is because now electricity can be delivered very efficiently."

"Honestly speaking, when the lady turned on the lights, I was shocked by how bright the lights were. I can't describe it with my own words... It was like a dream. And somehow I also felt very proud. You're a sorcerer who creates miracles..." The young lady's face flushed. "I am neither a sorcerer nor a knight... But now I can enjoy the light as well."

Lucien grinned. "Popularizing alchemical items so that most ordinary people could be able to use them is always my dream."

"You're such a great person."

The young lady's sincere praise made Lucien, who was in most cases a relatively "cheeky" person, blushed a little.

"... To make most ordinary people be able to use them... Great vision, Evans." Duke James and Barek, the seventh circle mage, together walked toward them. Hearing what Lucien just said, Barek released a soft sigh, as if he had seen through Lucien's hiding intention.

Seeing the Duke, the young noble lady's face burned. She hurriedly said, "Mr. Evans, I'll leave you alone to the Duke."

"Ha, Evans, why are you just standing there like we old fellows? Can't you tell that Julie was waiting for you to ask her for a dance? Don't tell me you don't like Julie. She's the beloved granddaughter of Count Hackson." James joked. "And obviously, Julie is not the first lady who you have refused."

Lucien took a sip of Sky Blue and spoke half-dramatically, "Perhaps... I'm an old man in my heart..."

Young and good looking, promising and talented, wealthy and of high social status, Lucien was quite popular among the noble ladies. At this banquet, the ladies present were all from the liberal families which were open-minded to magic. They did not mind marrying a sorcerer at all, and some of them even had this fantasy.

Duke James laughed and said, "When there are more water-current magic circles for generating electricity and more electric wires, perhaps the ordinary people can also benefit from magic. The great changes in their lives will be brought to them by magic, not by any divinities. At that time, your vision will be accomplished."

Lucien realized that maybe he should reconsider what kind of person the Duke was. Although the bareheaded duke looked quite robust and ferocious from the outside, he was, in fact, quite sharp and open-minded, as he had figured out this much information from one single comment of Lucien. Fortunately, James was in alliance with them.

"When electric wires and electricity-powered devices are more accessible, we have to consider one important factor — Electricity can be dangerous, much more dangerous than candles. Touching flame with your hand will only burn you, but touching a broken wire will probably kill you. The

Church will depict electricity into something vicious to prevent its popularization." Lucien put forward his concern. At the moment, electricity was both the cheapest and the easiest-to-transfer energy; Spiritual power, solar or tidal power were not its rivals.

James looked sideways at Barek and received his confirmation, "Every year there are sorcerers who forgot to cast adequate protection dying from electric shock in electromagnetics labs."

There was a rank in Allyn for the dumbest ways to die, and electric shock ranked the 50th:

The poor sorcerer, Osan, discovered a powerful lightning spell by accident in his experiment. When he approached the ball lightning, he was shocked to find that the power of the lightning balls which were rolling all across the room had exceeded the limit of his protective shield. Let us thank him for his remarkable contribution to the magic of lightning, and for telling us, with his charred body, that we must stay away from uncontrolled electricity currents.

"So what shall we do? You've put forward the question, so you must have already figured out the solution." James smiled and looked at Lucien confidently.

Lucien took his time with his answer. "Electricity is always dangerous to the human body. We can neither require all our users to be sorcerers nor cover every single piece of wire with magic protection. I hope that, Mr. Barek, your sorcerers from the school of electromagnetics can work out a Handbook of Electrical Safety to teach people how to avoid the possible risks."

James nodded thoughtfully.

"Facing something unknown, and especially when it can be both beneficial and dangerous, we shall not simply and blindly reject it like fools. Instead, we should try to make the most use of its positive sides and minimize the hazards. And this is the value in arcana that we should promote. It's the same as how we use fire." Lucien added.

"Also, if the Church and the conservatives are going to encourage people to refuse the use of electricity by exaggerating its possible hazards, we should raise people's awareness by teaching them what electricity really is, letting them understand the pros and cons. It's not going to be an easy job, but it's meaningful." Lucien kept going, and his tone was quite alike to that of a proper member of the Arcana Review Board.

James nodded and turned to Barek. "Evans' words make sense. Can you find the right people to work on the handbook?"

"No problem," Barek replied.

In their eyes, although Lucien's teacher was the Lord of Storm, Lucien had not revealed much talent in the school of electromagnetics and had not presented any outstanding outcome — For many mages majoring in electromagnetics, the discovery of the electron was just a side product from Lucien's exploration of elements.

"Evans, when can you finish the simplification of the record magic circle? Nobles will definitely like it!" said James.

This was the purpose of James coming to Lucien.

Right now, the study on electromagnetism messaging had stepped into a dilemma and they did not believe that Lucien would be the one solving the problem, so they never mentioned it in front of Lucien.

Lucien shook his head. "I'm still looking for the proper material by conducting experiments over and over again. When it comes to choosing materials, it takes time."

In fact, because of his knowledge from the Earth, Lucien had some clues already, but he was not going to publicize it right now. Lucien would wait until the promotion of crystal light became a success first, as the early stage of the electrical revolution requires all strength to be concentrated on one aspect.

"I see..." Duke James sighed.

...

In the Sorcerer Administrative Department, Eric said to the poor middle-aged man who he was familiar with, "Levski, long time no see. Are you here to submit your new paper?"

"Long time no see, Eric. I've... improved my previous paper..." said Levski in a low voice. His yellow hair was as messy as a bird nest, and his blue eyes were dim and weary. This middle-aged man was as thin as a pole.

Eric frowned. "But... the previous one... was rejected by the board members, right?"

"I have improved it," Levski said firmly, "and I was told that papers putting forward subversive theories can now be submitted to Mr. Evans."

"I mean... Those board members said that the geometry you were talking about was just based on your own imagination. Your theory was ridiculous..." Eric said awkwardly, trying to persuade Levski to give up.

Levski tightened his fists and lowered his eyes. His voice trembled a bit, but was still firm. "I don't think I'm wrong. I want to show it to all the arcanists. Eric, please."

Eric nodded and took over the paper. The title was,

New Principles of Geometry with Complete Theory of Parallels.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Seeing the title, Eric sighed. "This is of no use, Levski. It's not worth your effort. No one from the Board would accept it. What you're saying goes completely in the opposite direction from our observation and the basic geometry principles. Without a doubt, this is not correct. This is not the first day we know each other and I'd suggest you to stop wasting your time on it."

Because of the need for magic pattern construction and the substantiation of the cognitive world, the study of math had a long history. It was widely acknowledged that Geometry was based on the five axioms and the five postulates put forward by Muenterse, a legendary archmage from the Magic Empire, in his work Geometry. Thus, it was known as Muenterse's Geometry. And also because that Muenterse was the founder of Tower, Muenterse's Geometry was also called Tower Geometry.

Among the five postulates, the fifth one was the source of much interest for being very prolix and looking more like a theorem that needs to be proved rather than a postulate. But it was, in fact, equivalent to a proposition that was popular on the Earth: In a plane, through any point not on a given line, only one new line can be drawn that's parallel to the given line. Since the establishment of the Congress of Magic, with the fast development in mathematics, more and more sorcerers,

who pursued the sense of aesthetics that values simplicity in math, attempted to prove the results without using the postulate. However, no one had succeeded yet.

In Eric's eyes, Levski was one of them who failed. Levski tried to use proof by contradiction to support the fifth postulate and started with the assumption that: In a plane, through any point not on a given line, at least two new lines can be drawn that's parallel to the given line.

However, the result he got was surprising. By combining the assumption, the five axioms, and the rest of the four postulates, Levski drew up a geometry system that was logically consistent yet at the same time greatly conflicted with reality. The arcanists from Tower all believed that the system was absurd and treated it indifferently.

After Levski submitted his paper against the oppositions, the criticism of his reasoning was like a fierce storm. Without a doubt, his paper failed to pass the review.

"Eric, have you carefully read my paper? Do you see how I demonstrated it? Both the premise and the derivation are correct! Why you just can't accept it?" Levski's body was trembling from anger. Years of criticism and poverty had not made him yield: For more than ten years, his magic level and researches remained paused, countless mockery and satire were directed at him, but Levski never gave up his theory.

Eric raised his hand, signaling Levski to lower his voice. "Yes, I admit that your use of proof by contradiction and your logic reasoning are absolutely correct. But Levski, open your eyes and see this world. This table, the room... They all look different from what your geometry describes! They are real, my friend. And you tell me what we should believe! You've tried so many years, even printed out numerous copies and propagated them to the other arcanists, but has anyone believed in your geometry system so far?"

"No..." Levski lowered his head, dispirited. In the past, he thought that his paper was rejected because the members of the Arcana Review Board and the arcanists from Tower were too conservative, so he submitted his paper directly to the younger arcanists and to the authorities in

mathematics including Douglas, Hathaway, and Paris. However, the younger arcanists still mocked his proposition, calling it "lacking common sense".

Meanwhile, the authorities in mathematics also chose to keep silent.

"I've modified it..." Levski hurriedly emphasized; his tone softened for only a single second. "This time it should be able to pass. Eric, please."

Eric sighed. "But you can't keep acting like this, Levski... You've submitted this paper multiple times in the past ten years. And you never succeeded. Also, we have regulations. You can't submit the same paper for multiple times. It's a waste of the board members' time. You're already in your forties... I have to remind you. You're still a junior-rank mage..."

"This time is different! I've perfected it. Eric, please... Let Mr. Evans read it... I promise I'll focus on studying magic in the following years." Levski begged with hope in his eyes.

Eric's serious face slightly twitched. "Mr. Evans only reads those subversive papers... You know, those that will make sorcerers' brains explode. But yours only discusses the pure theories in math, and it won't affect one's cognitive world. So I'm afraid..."

A sorcerer's cognitive world was based on his or her exploration into the truth of the world. Math was just their tools and thus could not affect its stability.

Before Levski kept insisting, Eric sighed again. "What about this... I'll put 'subversive' and 'math' on the front page of your paper. So your paper will be sent to two board members specializing in mathematics, and Mr. Evans as well."

Eric understood that it was Mr. Evans who brought Levski the gleam of hope. The board members had not changed much within the past several years, and they were all quite annoyed with Levski's paper. If it were not for newly-joined Mr. Evans, Levski would not have been so determined to submit it once again.

At least there was still hope!

"Thank you, Eric..." Levski became speechless from the surprise.

Eric waved his hand. "Go back and wait for the result. Hope your life can back on track as soon as possible."

Levski nodded seriously, feeling anxious but also full of hope. He had no idea if Mr. Evans would treat his paper fairly.

.....

On the fifteenth floor of the magic tower, in a bright and spacious room.

Arms extending from both sides of a magic circle were busy sorting the papers.

"Math, Subversive..." The cold, metal voice paused a bit before making a final decision. "To Mr. Neeshka, Ms. Milina, and Mr. Evans."

.....

In his cognitive world, where strings of starlight hanged down while elements and electrons revolved, Lucien spread out his spiritual power in waves and let the power fuse with starlight, elements, ice, and snow. Then he carefully vibrated his spiritual power waves to add the properties of spiritual particles onto time's instantaneity.

Lucien was being extremely careful with the tiny modifications, for if his spiritual power went out of control, his entire cognitive world could be ruined within a second.

After a long time, Lucien finally ended his early morning meditation and left his bedroom to enjoy breakfast. Then he walked to the Congress of Magic's headquarter tower as part of his physical exercise.

As soon as he stepped into the institution, he saw Lazar, who never came to the institution early, was walking back and forth in the office with a big smile on his face.

"Hey, Lazar, what makes you so happy today?" Asked Lucien.

"You come so early, Lucien!" Lazar was quite surprised, and then he said in a triumphant tone, "I can fly now!"

As he spoke, Lazar started flying in the office, almost hitting the ceiling.

"I see... So you're a middle-rank now. Gotta celebrate that." Lucien grinned.

Lazar, whose landing still lacked some balance, laughed. "Of course! We're having a party!"

Then he said to Lucien with gratitude, "Thank you, man. I've learned a lot in the past several months doing experiments with you. Your advanced research in the field of Element, especially the discovery of the electron, helped me gain a better insight. My cognitive world has become more stable since then, so I am able to make such a progress while I am still working on math."

"That's why we are always exploring the truth of the world." Lucien smiled, but then his tone became a bit more serious. "But Lazar, you still have to work hard on your math. The more progress you make, the heavier you will rely on math as your tool."

Lazar nodded seriously. "I know where my problems lie. Also, since joining the institution, we're all making great progress. Annick, Sprint, Katrina have told me that they are almost ready to become real sorcerers. They just still need some time to build up their spiritual power and to get some potions as aids."

When Lucien was absent, Lazar and the students followed their prior plan and kept working on studying cathode ray and cryogenic materials. But their schedules were not that tight anymore, so they could have some time to do their own experiments.

"I'm glad to see their progress." Lucien nodded in satisfaction.

After chatting for a while, Lazar suddenly jumped to a new topic. "So Lucien, how do you think of Mr. President's recent experiment?"

This was a heated topic for almost every arcanist recently, and it had to do with the long-time debate over waves vs. particles. Lucien answered briefly, "If Mr. President's theories are proven correct, we should be able to abandon the theory of Ether as a medium."

Of course, many would still try hard to come up with all kinds of theories to mend it.

"This's the Evans I know. Lucien Evans is always sharp and loves to see people's brain explode." Lazar joked. This comment was agreed by many arcanists.

"Maybe I'll get a title because of this... Lazar, I'll go and check out the Review Board first, and go to visit my teacher. When I'm back, I'll celebrate for you." said Lucien.

Seeing that the other students were showing up one by one in the institution, Lucien decided to spend some time in his office of the Arcana Review Board. Although even if he did not show up, the golem would always send the papers to his place in the early evening. But since he was here in the headquarter tower, Lucien decided to take a look in the office so that it wouldn't be empty forever.

.....

As soon as Lucien stepped into the luxury office on the fifteenth floor, the golem welcomed him and said in its cold voice, "Master, a paper has just been sent to you."

"Paper?" Lucien was a bit surprised, since rarely were there papers qualified for being subversive.

Taking over the paper from the golem, Lucien saw the two words: Math and Subversive. Instantly, he had some expectations, since there were just a few possible findings in math that could be regarded as subversive within the current level of study.

"New Principles of Geometry with Complete Theory of Parallels...."

Lucien quickly browsed the paper and noticed that it was an improved version. Slightly frowning, Lucien said to the golem, "Go and get me the previous papers submitted by this person... together with the review comments of the board members."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Sky cleared up after the snow. Sunlight warmed up everything on the ground.

The heavy steps of the steel golem echoed from within the corridor. Pushing open the office door, the golem said to Lucien in its cold rigid voice, "Master, here are the six papers submitted by the same author, as well as the comments by the board members."

This was one of the advantages of being a member of Arcana Review Board — A member did not need to spend any arcana points for checking papers and their corresponding comments. This was for encouraging the in-depth study of arcana and the prudent attitude for writing reviews.

Lucien took over the pile of papers, signaled the steel golem to guard outside his office, and immediately started reading.

From the several papers submitted in the past, it could be seen that the author, Levski, had delved into a geometry system which was contradictory to the current Tower system. In his most recent paper, Levski had developed a brand new system of geometry based on the five axioms, the four postulates, and the premise that in a plane through any point not on a given line, only one new line can be drawn that's parallel to the original one.

Lucien was very surprised that, a person in this world had worked out Lobachevskian geometry on his own!

Lobachevskian geometry was the first non-Euclidean geometry system developed on the Earth, and it was named after its discoverer Lobachevsky. When Lobachevsky first came up with the system, he was still a widely-recognized, young and promising mathematician. However, the cost of him introducing the new geometry system was life-long criticism and humiliation. The authorities either fiercely attacked the new system or ignored it completely. Even Gauss, the foremost of mathematicians, who in fact saw the rationality of Lobachevskian geometry, chose to remain silent in fear of the great pressure from the whole academic community.

But despite the miserable situation, Lobachevsky never gave up. He kept on trying for the new geometry system that he invented and even published another monograph in geometry in the last year of his life. Unfortunately, by the time he died in great pain and poverty and nearly blind, the academia still refused to recognize the enormous value of his geometry system.

It was only more than a decade after his death that his new geometry system was proven correct on special surfaces by another mathematician. Finally, the significance of his finding was acknowledged and it was thus highly appraised by the academic world.

It seemed that in the current stage, the study could neither help the progressing of arcana nor the improvement of magic. However, when the development of arcana and magic proceeded further and reached the realm of space and the universe, the current mathematical tools would become insufficient for describing and solving practical problems. By then, development in math studies and new math models would be in need.

For example, another non-Euclidean geometry, Riemannian geometry, was the mathematical foundation for the great General Theory of Relativity which addressed the problems of space and time, while the application of Lobachevskian geometry was seen in human being's exploration of the universe.

If it could be said that Tower Geometry (Euclidean geometry) was human beings' direct perception of the world, then the two non-Euclidean geometry systems were closer to the objective truth — In fact, the three geometry systems were just different in curvature.

Compared to studies in magic, subjects that were being used as tools, such as math, faced a more challenging and tough journey for the discovery of subversive theories, for the authorities were even harsher and more conservative. Lucien sighed as he saw the comments given by the board members:

"A ridiculous reasoning has led to a ridiculous result. I'd suggest that the author should look through a window and see the real world. The paper shall not pass."

"... full of mistakes and useless. Fail to pass."

"... this is a vagarious and incomprehensible dream talk. The best and only use of this paper is to be thrown into a fireplace. Obviously, fail."

...

Lucien shook his head repeatedly when he read through the comments. Although his paper had also been looked down upon in the past, the comments were still given in a standard tone, and they were mostly due to the inability to understand the paper or incapacity to verify the results with experiments. Yet the review comments here looked more like attacks and calumniations towards

the author, which should never come from a board member, whose duty was to review a paper based only on its theorem and proof.

After informing Fernando, Lucien spent his time reading Levski's paper carefully from the very beginning to the end, while doing the deductive reasoning on his own. Then, he picked up the quill-pen and started writing down his first review result as a board member.

"A daring hypothesis, rigorous deductive reasoning..."

.....

The dusk light in the early evening dyed Allyn with a layer of shining gold-orange color, which made the whole city look stunning.

In a very tall magic tower which rose into the sky, a frowning old man was concentrated on deducting a math problem, over his white eyebrows was the special grey pointed hat of Tower. The several complex magic circles which occupied most of his desk space burst out light from time to time, assisting him with the sophisticated calculations.

At this time, his assistant knocked on the office door.

"Come in," said the level-eight, seventh-circle mage in a bit short-tempered tone, as he hated to be interrupted in the middle of his work.

His assistant was a young beautiful lady who always looked serious. Wearing a traditional Holm dress and holding a pile of documents, she said, "Teacher, the puppet has sent today's papers over. Please take a look at them."

The old man in his sixties rubbed his brows and nodded. "Give them to me."

If the papers were not that serious or difficult, his students should be able to handle them.

The emotionless young lady approached him with a constant pace and put the papers on the desk beside his right hand.

The old man first took a glance at the title of the paper, and then the look on his face instantly changed. Banging the desk fiercely, he yelled,

"Again! Levski's submitting his imagination geometry again! Is Eric daydreaming? It's such a waste of our time! The Board should prohibit him from submitting this paper again forever!

"Samantha, just scribble something based on the comment I wrote last time and throw it back!"

.....

Meanwhile, in a villa in Allyn which claimed to have the biggest collection of flowers in the world.

A beautiful and elegant lady, whose hair was tied back, threw the paper in her hands on the ground. "Levski still won't give up?! What a waste of his talent and life! What's the point of submitting the same ridiculous paper again?"

With a second thought, she picked up the paper from the floor and grabbed a unique-shaped pretty quill-pen. Within two minutes, she had finished her comments.

Then she said to her servant angrily, "Give it back to the Board two days later, in the evening."

Let this stubborn madman live under the torture brought by hope for two more days!

.....

After sending his comments back to the Board, Lucien started working on his own paper with a smile on his face.

Three days after in the morning, as soon as Lucien stepped into Fernando's office, he saw Douglas, the president of the Congress. Douglas was wearing a black suit and looked kind and easygoing as usual.

"Morning, Mr. President." Lucien greeted, wondering what was going on this morning.

Douglas grinned. "Quite surprised to see me, right? I'm here to talk to your teacher about the two theories published on Arcana and Magic — the two that disproved my experiment."

"You know, I like to talk to Fernando face to face at times like this," Douglas added. "Listening to him roaring against the theories lifts my spirit up."

Lucien almost burst out laughing.

Fernando looked quite pissed. Shaking his head, he said, "I don't get it... Why these worthless papers could even be published on Arcana and Magic? I know their standards has never been impressive, but now it is becoming unacceptable! What does it mean by 'charged particles are shortened when put against ether, so there would be a deviation in measurement'? Are there any evidence from solid experiments to prove this?"

"Comparatively speaking," Fernando calmed down a bit, "Brook's paper which throws doubt against your system of celestial body motion is more powerful. After all, those planets only exist in your dreams right now."

Douglas did not feel offended by Fernando's comments at all. Smiling, he turned to Lucien. "What do you think, Lucien... with regards to my experiment and the debates?"

Lucien was a bit speechless, as he had been asked about the same question almost every day recently. But this time, in front of the president, he had a prepared answer which derived from his careful thinking:

"Mr. President, I do have some thoughts here. The core of your theory is based on the existence of planets, which is also the most problematic part, since we haven't found a planet yet. Therefore, your theoretical system lacks firm support."

"So what? You can find a planet?" Fernando questioned bluntly.

Lucien looked very serious, and he said firmly, "If we can't find one, why don't we make one?"

"Why don't we make a small planet that rotates our world following the orbit that we calculated?"

"If it moves as what we expect, and if it can be observed, then gravity system can definitely be proven!"

This was Lucien's proposal! He had been reflecting on it for a very long time ever since he read the letter from Douglas!

The study suddenly quieted down. Only the sound of the wind shuffling papers could be heard.

.....

In Sorcerer Administrative Department, Levski, who wore the same old magic robe, knocked on the door of Eric's office. His heart was full of hope, but also fear and anxiety.

"You come here quite early..." said Eric stiffly. In fact, he was not surprised at all.

Levski nodded, his face pale from the cold wind on his way here. "Yesterday was the third day. Today the comments should be available..."

Eric had just arrived in his office. Tidying his desk up, he answered, "wait a moment. The earliest results should be available at around a quarter past nine."

"Alright..." Levski sat down. But a few minutes after, he sprang up from the chair and paced back and forth. He wished that he could light a cheap cigarette, but it was in Sorcerer Administrative Department.

Time passed by seconds. Suddenly, the iron cage burst out milky white light.

"Is it...?" Levski hurriedly asked, excited and scared at the same time.

Eric picked up the pile of papers and leafed through, then he looked up abruptly, appearing very surprised. "No, your paper is not here!"

"W-why?" Levski had no idea what was going on.

.....

On the fifteenth floor of Sorcerer Administrative Department, in the hall of Arcana Review Board.

Holding the three review results, the alchemical life was in a great dilemma.

Chapter 423 Thank You Also what the author wants to say to you all, dear readers

The alchemical lives that worked for Arcana Review Board were responsible for several tasks: First, sort the papers received based on their keywords and forward them to the board members in the assorted fields; Second, send review results to the Sorcerer Administrative Department; Third, work out the weighted average of the comments given by the two assigned board members to conclude the final descriptive evaluation as well as how many arcana credits and points should be rewarded; Fourth, when two members' comments differed greatly, send the paper to a third person.

And if the two board members did not agree on the review result given by the third person, a small meeting consisting of all the board members in this field and the author of the paper should be called for, during which the final decision would be reached after an oral defense of the author and discussion among the attendees. The meeting would be audited by a special consultant from the Highest Council.

The Arcana Review Board, as the most special department in the Congress, did not follow the formal organizational form and had no president or vice president. The entire fifteenth floor only consisted of the members, their servants, and some middle-rank sorcerers doing administrative work.

The alchemical life was now in a dilemma: It had somehow made a mistake and sent the paper to three board members at once. Now that all three of them had reviewed the paper, yet their opinions diverged remarkably like the difference between heaven and hell.

Finally, it left behind its own mistake and found a way out: Send all the comments to Mr. Neeshka, Ms. Milina, Mr. Evans, and the author Levski; Invite them to attend the small meeting which was going to be held at nine in the morning tomorrow; Also, send invitations to the other board members specializing in mathematics and to the Lord of Storm.

As the grand arcanist who had been guarding Allyn in the past several years, Fernando was the most ideal person to be the special consultant. If he was too busy to spare time for the meeting, he would be able to turn down the invitation at as soon as possible, leaving enough time for the alchemical life to invite other grand arcanists or legendary sorcerers.

...

In Sorcerer Administrative Department, Eric scratched his thin hair in confusion. He vaguely remembered that something similar happened before, but he could not come up with an accurate answer on what was happening.

Levski's face, which was pale from catching the train early in the cold morning, now looked beyond miserable. "M-maybe, my paper was thrown into a garbage can..."

It was something that he had once experienced. At that time his paper had failed to pass, so he tried to submit his paper to some journals including Arcana Discussion, hoping that more people could see it and maybe even approve it. However, he never heard back from any journal, not even a rejection letter. Later, Levski was told that the editor had thrown his paper away after reading only one-third of it, believing that it was someone's mischief.

"..." Eric was not sure. Although he knew Lucien relatively well and regarded Lucien as a mature young gentleman, Eric was uncertain if Lucien would throw the paper away, since it was understandable for someone so talented like Lucien to be proud and perhaps, a bit arrogant.

Suddenly, the iron cage burst out white light again. Levski got slightly startled, and silence seized the office.

"Maybe your paper is there... It was missed." Eric comforted Levski.

Levski nodded fiercely, bereft of speech.

When the light disappeared, Eric took a closer look at the file and grinned. "It's yours."

Levski released a sigh of relief. But just in the next second, he became nervous again. Levski tried to reach out his hand several times, but retreated it in the end. He said in a trembling voice,

"Eric, please read the comments for me, one by one."

Eric was also curious, so he agreed. In his mind, he hoped that Lucien's comment could be sharp and straightforward, so Levski could finally know that it was time to give up and return to his normal path of life — Before Levski got obsessed with his geometry system, he was a hard-working promising arcanist majoring in Astrology and Math, who was appreciated by both the Congress and Tower.

Picking up the file, Eric saw two pages of comments and started reading.

"Mr. Neeshka, level eight arcanist, seventh-circle mage, authority in Astrology, Force Field, and Math, commented, 'If Levski's dream was to develop a paper that no one in the world could understand or accept, his dream would have come true. This paper is full of ridiculous errors. Like what I said, I strongly recommend Levski to look out of his window to see the bright sunlight and blue sky. This is our true world, and it has nothing to do with the geometry system in his imagination. My conclusion remains the same. The paper is useless.'"

Levski lowered his head. The comment from Neeshka was within his expectation, but was even bitterer than the last time. His hands clenched in fists, and his body uncontrollably trembled slightly.

Eric cast a sympathetic look at Levski, and he continued to read.

"Ms. Milina, level seven arcanist, seventh-circle mage, authority in Astrology, Electromagnetism, and Math, commented, 'This paper is full of strange reasonings that do not make any sense, and the conclusion goes the opposite from common sense. Here I warn the author: Stop harassing the board members using your paper. Except for the format, the paper has nothing that meets the requirement for submission, but format will not help it pass the review. I don't think there would be a new geometry system that differs from Tower Geometry.'"

Levski lowered his head. It was not known whether he was trying to hide the rage and despair on his face, or was he simply too embarrassed to look up. But judging from his still tightly-clenched hands, the answer was quite obvious.

At this moment, Levski felt like he was falling down from a cliff. He tried hard to fly up, to grab onto something, but he was not unable to do anything. He was going to fall into the pit of forever darkness, with his eyes wide open.

Then Levski heard the sound of Eric turning the pages. Levski's face flushed, and his body shook, as if he had just caught a last glimmer of hope.

After a second, there was only silence. Ten seconds later, silence. After a minute, there was still only silence. Unable to bear it anymore, Levski finally looked up, only to see that Eric was just standing there, staring at the page, like a statue.

"Eric?" Levski's voice quavered.

Like he had just woke up from a dream, Eric started reading as if in somniloquy.

"Mr. Evans, level six arcanist, fifth-circle mage, authority in Element and Thermodynamics, commented, 'A daring hypothesis, rigorous deductive reasoning with no mistake at all. The author shows us a brand new geometry system that differs from Tower Geometry. If we can put aside our past experience and what we can see with our bare eyes, we will recognize an independent, well-developed, true, logical geometry system that should be named as Levski Geometry.'"

Levski's mouth opened subconsciously. He was completely shocked. What he just heard made him feel it was a dream.

Eric was now staring at Levski as if he had never known this old friend. Then he kept reading.

"Although the value of this finding cannot be compared to that of calculus, I would still like to use the award given to the discovery of calculus as the standard to address the significance of this paper. May us all appreciate Mr. Levski's great contribution to geometry, as well as his long-time perseverance."

His head was buzzing. When Levski heard the thankful words, his eyes were blurred with tears.

Eric shared Levski's feeling, and his voice softened.

"This is a groundbreaking, innovative, and universally-applicable paper, which deserves extensive discussion and surely will play a significant role in the development of arcana. I suggest that six hundred arcana credits and five thousand arcana points be given as awards."

Levski opened his mouth, trying to say something, but failed. Suddenly, he burst into tears. Finally, his many years of hard work paid off! His many years of suffering and pain paid off!

Levski had a tough character and had never cried over this issue in the past decade. But now, he could not control himself anymore.

In fact, Lucien had thought of regarding the paper as "of extreme importance". But since Levski had not provided any mathematical model so far, Lucien decided to give the paper a slightly more moderate comment.

Reading the remaining content the file, Eric waited until Levski calmed down a bit and said, "Since the comments vary greatly, a small meeting is going to be held at nine tomorrow morning. Remember to come."

"I will," Levski answered firmly. As long as there was one board member who saw the value of his paper, Levski was already very encouraged and believed that his life was no longer a waste.

Standing up, Levski murmured in low voice, "Thank you, Mr. Evans."

...

In Fernando's study.

After a minute of silence, Douglas stood up excitedly. "Young people are indeed more creative. Lucien, although what you said isn't an easy job, your words have made me feel energized again.

"Maybe Bergner said is true... This is the era of great revolution and rapid development. I can't wait to carry out the idea!"

As soon as Douglas finished his words, he summoned a space gate and went back to his own demiplane at an astonishing speed.

Fernando's red eyes were now staring at Lucien thoughtfully. After a while, when Lucien was starting to feel a bit uncomfortable, Fernando finally said,

"I don't think your proposal is that simple..."

"It's not that complicated," said Lucien "full of confidence".

When Fernando was about to ask some more questions, the magic circle on his desk lit up and a file appeared.

Picking up the file and skimming through it, Fernando grinned. "You're such a troublemaker, Lucien. Tomorrow morning at nine, on the fifteenth floor there's going to be a small meeting for the paper you reviewed. Huh, why are you always different from other people?"

Lucien was not surprised, "So, are you joining the meeting, sir?"

Fernando glared at Lucien and said sarcastically, "I gotta think carefully whether I should get involved in something that is supported by you. After all, it's probably very dangerous... Wait a second, oh it's a mathematics paper, so it won't affect the cognitive world. But I still have to read the paper first."

Lucien was a bit speechless. He was not sure how Fernando actually thought of his student in his mind.

.....

In the tall tower, Neeshka was looking at the file silently. After a while, he threw the file onto the desk and said angrily, "What is Lucien Evans thinking about? Does he just simply supports everything that is shocking? Does he know what logic is?! Can he see the real world?!"

Chapter 424 The Roaring Lucien Almost twice the regular length, thank you all

Winter sunlight pierced through the thick layer of cloud, went through the window glass and fell on the astrology maps hanging on the study's wall. The light yellow halo made the space warm and cozy.

Neeshka's student, Samantha, wore the same you-still-owe-me-ten-thousand-arcana-points blank expression. "Sir, are you joining the meeting tomorrow?"

"Of course, why not?!" Neeshka was rather pissed. "I'll teach Levski and Lucien Evans a good lesson! This rubbish should never be sent to the Board again!"

Samantha nodded slightly, obviously not affected by her teacher's fury at all.

"I'll tell the coachman to prepare for tomorrow morning and don't be late again."

Then she picked up the pile of files and left the office, leaving the furious Neeshka alone staring at the paper and the comment from Lucien.

.....

In the villa surrounded by flowers, Milina was standing in front of a dressing mirror, looking at her own face which was written with sheer anger. Beneath her feet, there were a few papers torn into pieces. She lowered her voice and murmured, "Lucien Evans..."

In her eyes, Tower Geometry was the only geometric system in the world and there was no other "new geometry" that was essentially different from it. It was just so obvious that Levski's paper was full of stupid errors, as it conflicted with the real world. All the good words that Lucien Evans used on the paper were complete nonsense. What Lucien Evans was trying to do was to confuse right and wrong, to disguise a pile of cow dung as whipped cream!

There was no doubt that Lucien was now slapping her face, as well as shaming all the Tower arcanists studying mathematics, as the achievements in the field of math were rarely able to receive an appreciation like this. Even her achievement in math, which had made her win Arcana Scepter, never got such a high comment!

Walking away from the mirror, Milina came to her bookshelf and pulled out the papers that she had published. Combining the viewpoints together, she quickly developed a new paper.

Only when she finished did she put the title on: On Parallel Lines.

As a rigorous mathematician and astrologist, she never fought unprepared!

As for the rest of the authorities who had received and read the paper and its comments, they shared the same attitude with Neeshka and Milina. When Levski's paper was first submitted, they had all contributed to the crucial criticism against this poor arcanist.

.....

In the early morning, the haze that had lasted several days finally disappeared. Now the sky was as clear as washed.

Standing in front of the mirror, Lucien leisurely adjusted his black double-breasted suit, white shirt, and light yellow waistcoat. After carefully checking his appearance was proper and decent, Lucien smiled and said to himself, "You gotta change your style today."

Then he put Element, Electron, and Origin on his right thumb, middle finger, and little finger respectively. The flowing light and colors of purple and blue enhanced each other's radiance, making the rings rather dreamy and eye-catching.

Following that, Lucien took out his shining six-silver-star arcana badge and his Review Board member badge, on which was a hand holding a quill pen, and set them on his left chest.

Meanwhile, on Lucien's right chest, there was a prominent pattern of a magnificent throne supported by bones. The pattern was there because Lucien had transformed his Immortal Throne magic robe into this black, double-breasted suit.

Although most members in the board had won the highest honor in the fields that they specialized in once or twice, Lucien's case was still very rare as he had won the most influential awards in three different fields and so many rings. Apart from Fernando, among those who would attend today's meeting, the best had only won the top awards twice. So Lucien should be able to bring them some pressure by showcasing his achievement. The only problem was that Lucien had not won Arcana Scepter, which was the most authoritative award in Math.

Checking his appearance in the mirror once again, Lucien picked up his black top hat from the hat rack and put it on as he left his villa.

Past the streets, into the headquarter magic tower of the Congress, into the elevator, and up to the fifteenth floor, Lucien arrived at the meeting room at a leisurely pace.

"Mr. Evans?"

When Lucien was about to push open the meeting room's door, he heard a hoarse male voice calling his name.

Turning around, Lucien saw a middle-aged man who was standing on the nearby patio, looking quite uneasy and restless. The magic robe he was wearing was rather old and out of date, and smoke was slowly rising from the lighted cigarette between his fingers.

"Mr. Levski?" Lucien figured that the middle-aged man was the main character for today. "Why are you still here?"

Levski combed his messy hair with his hand and put on a bitter smile. "As soon as I get in there, the six board members will for sure start criticizing me right away. I'd better just stay here, and... you know, to calm down a little bit."

Compared to the numb and reserved Levski from several days ago, today's Levski was definitely more encouraged and confident. Now he could at least express himself efficiently.

Lucien understood his feeling, and he smiled gently. "So, are you ready? Are you ready to face their coldness, attack, and sarcasm, and show them your new geometry system?"

Levski frowned, as if seized by the pain in his memory. He said, with less confidence, "I'm ready... but them... I once introduced my paper in front of all the math arcanists in Tower. That was my first time... No one believed in me. There was no follow-up discussion, and all they gave me were nothing more than indifference, ignorance, criticism, and howls of derision. I'm afraid you have to suffer from this with me later, Mr. Evans."

"I have faith in you, and in your new geometry system. So I am not afraid." Lucien said to Levski sincerely.

Levski cheered up again, as he finally found the one person in this world who understood his perseverance and his work. "Mr. Evans, thank you so much. You're the first person who's willing to accept my geometry system, and the high appraisal you gave me, even I myself had never described my paper with those words... They really mean a lot to me. Thank you, thank you..."

Levski had devoted most of his time into studying math and arcana, so he was not good at eloquence and could only show his gratitude towards Lucien by saying "thank you" over and over again.

At this time, Fernando, who was wearing his floor-length red magic robe, arrived and asked the two of them to get in.

"Morning, sir. Thank you for coming." Seeing that Levski had sat down, Lucien turned to greet Fernando.

Fernando wore a solemn expression used when discussing serious matters. "I've read his paper. Although his geometry conflicts with the world that can be perceived directly, it is still kind of interesting, kind of entertaining."

The Lord of Storm never gave direct praise to anyone.

In the meeting room, there were six other board members besides Lucien. Compared to other conventions which usually involved fifteen or sixteen people, meetings in the Mathematics field were much smaller.

There were not as many math arcanists as those in other fields. Many board members specialized in more than one field and could thus attend different meetings, for example, Lucien was able to attend meetings in Elements and Thermodynamics. However, most arcanists were not willing to dig into math as it was only a tool, which could not directly lead to a change in the cognitive world or an improvement in magic. Therefore, only nine members of the Board in total were qualified for reviewing papers in math.

"Mr. Evans, I'm Neeshka."

Neeshka, who was wearing the grey pointy hat, greeted Lucien with no smile on his face. However, when seeing the pattern on Lucien's suit and his three rings, his white eyebrows twitched slightly. Subconsciously, he wobbled the black, mysterious scepter in his hand.

Milina and the rest of the members in the room also stood up and greeted Lucien. Although they were not at all enthusiastic, they still remained polite. After all, Fernando, who was famous for his cranky and merciless temper, was also here today, and he was Lucien's teacher. No one wanted to be furiously shouted at on matters not related to academics.

Lucien also responded politely. He noticed that five out of the six members belonged to Tower. They were all wearing the unique, pointy grey hat, including the two ladies. Somehow the hat looked a bit funny to Lucien.

In Lucien's opinion, it was obvious that the hat did not suit ladies at all. He purposefully on the opposite side of the long table, facing against the six members directly.

Fernando hated wasting time with words, so he said straightforwardly, "Because Mr. Neeshka, Ms. Milina, and Mr. Evans hold completely opposite opinions for the paper, New Principles of Geometry with Complete Theory of Parallels, written by Levski, we are having the small meeting today. First of all, Levski will explain his paper to us. You board members can raise your hands and ask questions at any time."

Levski silently picked up his paper and walked to the small magic platform in the front. However, just after a few steps, he stumbled against a chair, made a loud noise and almost fell over.

Neeshka, Milina, and the other board members sneered. Levski's face flushed instantly.

Forcing himself to calm down, Levski projected his paper onto the wall using the magic circle and started explaining his geometry system.

"Yes, Mr. Neeshka?"

Levski's explanation was interrupted by Neeshka when he reached the first conclusion drawn by deductive reasoning.

Holding the black Arcana Scepter, Neeshka said coldly with suppressed anger, "You tell me, why is the sum of angles of a triangle smaller than 180° ?"

"It's based on the axioms and postulates I mentioned..." Levski pointed at the notes.

Neeshka snorted. "Alright, then you find one for me."

"..." Levski was speechless. This was sheer logical reasoning, and it was not built on a physical model.

Neeshka ground his teeth and said word by word, as if to express the anger inside him. "If you can't find it, it means that it contradicts with the reality, then your paper is completely a mistake!"

Then Neeshka sat down, giving no chance for Levski to explain himself.

Levski wilted like a piece of limp lettuce, but he still tried to look up. When he saw Lucien's smile, Levski felt encouraged again.

Fernando lifted his hand. "Keep going."

Levski took a deep breath and continued. After a while, Milina raised her hand.

"Yes, Madam?" Levski asked. He found that he was trembling a bit. Based on his years of experience, he could guess what question was to come.

Holding the Arcana Scepter inlaid with many star-like gems in her hand, Milina stared at the poor, middle-aged man. She put on a cold smile. "So, Levski, tell me, why the perpendicular line of one line does not always intersect with the oblique line."

"It's also based on the earlier reasoning..." Levski said in a way rather lacking confidence. Lucien could not help shaking his head. This was the very moment that Levski should show his confidence and firm attitude!

Milina picked up the pile of papers in front of her, her smile disappeared, and said, "Show it to me, or find the model."

"I haven't..." said Levski honestly, "but if we follow the logic reasoning, there is no problem with it."

"This is your problem, not mine. We live in this real world, not your imagination." Milina criticized without mercy.

Then she started reading her own paper, in which every single argument accused Levski's absurd belief.

Her arguments were stabbed into Levski's heart like daggers. Levski's face turned so pale that it looked like he was going to faint at any time.

"That is all," Milina said indifferently. She turned around without sparing a single further glance for Levski, as if he was a clown who intentionally presented exaggerated eccentric papers to draw attention from others.

"Keep going." Fernando said to Levski.

Lucien cast an encouraging look at Levski, which gave this poor man some power, although his voice still lowered.

The board members raised their hands from time to time. Some deliberately distorted Levski's idea to prove his fallacy, while some followed Milina and Neeshka's method and objected him based on real life. Since this question had been bothering them for more than ten years, all of the board members were subconsciously using bitter words to attack Levski and his geometry system. Levski's face turned paler and paler.

He, however, still managed to finish his part politely.

Returning to his seat, Levski closed his eyes, as if he had already seen the final result. He had to admit that there was no solid model to support his belief. Finally, he opened his eyes and cast a sorry look at Lucien.

"The members have explained their point of view during Levski's presentation," said Fernando, "so now let's have Mr. Evans explain to us why he believes this paper is of great value."

Lucien adjusted his collar a bit and walked to the platform in the front at a firm pace, with a pile of files in his hand.

"If I were you, Mr. Evans, I would not keep insisting," said Neeshka suddenly, "I understand how much you appreciate subversive theories, but we still have to respect what is true."

He was being this polite to Lucien only because Lucien was the student of the Lord of Storm.

Lucien smiled and looked at him. "Truth is the only thing that I respect."

Judging his expression and tone, it was obvious that Lucien was referring to Levski's paper.

Milina chuckled, however, the look on her face was as cold as a winter blow. "Mr. Evans, I'd like to remind you that you might be expelled from the board if you make a mistake too obvious on purpose."

"This is what I'd like to remind you all as well." Lucien's smile was gentle, yet his tone was firm and sharp.

All the board members present felt like something exploded in their mind.

— Was this young man accusing them?

Fernando blinked his eyes, feeling a bit surprised that his student, who was always elegant and polite, would say something so aggressive. It's so abnormal, and it looked like that someone's in trouble...

"Mr. Evans, you better first think about how to bring an imagined geometry into reality." said another member, Mabel, who was a serious, ordinary-looking woman. Wearing the grey, pointy hat, she looked like an old nun.

Pinching his face, the middle-aged man with messy black hair named Salgueiro asked in a low voice, "Mr. Evans, I'd really like to know why you think his paper will bring a revolution to geometry like how calculus changed maths. How can you prove it?"

"You never made any achievements in math. I doubt that you're qualified for reviewing this paper," Neeshka said rather straightforward.

Pissed off by Lucien's words, the members had become as aggressive as a rooster.

Lucien raised his hand to quiet them down. His voice was loud and clear. "If any of you doubt my capability in maths, please go and talk to the Board after this meeting."

Lucien paused a bit and then raised his voice even higher. "From now on, all things that are not related to this paper shall disappear. You are all board members, not kids!"

Lucien's sudden roaring made the meeting room silent.

Lucien looked around and nodded to Levski slightly. Then he said in the same volume, "When I speak, no questions, no interruptions. All the questions should be raised after I finish. But during my speech, I am going to ask you questions. Please answer my questions honestly, for the sake of the board member badge you're wearing and for the starlit sky above you!"

The board members were silent and were at a sudden loss of any excuses to reject Lucien. As a board member, three-time winner of Holm Crown prize, and winner of Immortal Throne, Lucien was qualified to make some reasonable requests. Also, Lucien's imposing and aggressive manner made them wanted to avoid getting into trouble with him.

"If no one says no, then I'll take it as a yes." Lucien looked at his teacher.

Fernando said with a straight face, "then do as Mr. Evans asked."

Lucien turned around and operated on the magic circle, so that now only the most basic axioms and postulates were shown.

"Mr. Neeshka, let me ask you. Are these axioms and postulates wrong?" Lucien asked.

Neeshka answered subconsciously, "this is different from the real world."

"Mr. Neeshka, forget about the sunlight outside, forget about the world outside, forget the contents of that paper. Tell me, honestly, are these wrong?" Lucien further raised his volume and demanded harshly.

Shocked by Lucien's manner, Neeshka took a closer look and found out these were the five postulates from Tower Geometry, the four axioms, and the hypothesis put forward by Levski. So he nodded. "These are correct, but the last one is ridiculous."

"It is proof by contradiction. Don't you know proof by contradiction?" Lucien asked, his voice full of reproach.

Neeshka's white brow twitched a bit. Obviously, he just could not say he had no idea what it was. So he nodded. "Then..."

"So anyone? Anyone here thinks proof by contradiction is problematic? Raise your hand!" As if he had been teaching in a magic school facing rows of pupils, Lucien maintained his imposing manner.

The rest of the members all shook their heads.

Lucien then projected a few more lines of Levski's paper.

"Ms. Milina, following the logic, do you think this part of the reasoning is problematic, based on the premise?" Lucien cast a rigorous look at her.

Milina sneered. "It's different. You can't find..."

"Forget those! I said forget them! Only think about the premise and the deductive reasoning! Think about math!" Lucien interrupted Milina, roaring. "Tell me! Is it logically problematic?!"

Faced against Lucien's roaring, Milina was unsure how to refute him. She carefully deduced from the given premises and then shook her head. "No... Logically speaking, it is correct. No equivalent proposition is used as a condition here."

"Good." Lucien gestured Milina to sit down, and then showed a few more lines.

"Ms. Mabel, following the logic, do you think this part is problematic, based on the premise?"

Lucien kept asking and roaring, over and over again. He kept pushing the board members to only think of the axioms and postulates and logical reasoning.

Answering "No" to Lucien's questions again and again, the board members faces gradually paled. While the board members had sweat on their foreheads, Levski felt more and more encouraged. Every time when Lucien roared, he became a bit more confident. Meanwhile, Fernando nodded thoughtfully.

With the last a few lines of the paper projected on the wall, Lucien turned to Neeshka and asked in a low voice, "So, Mr. Neeshka, following the logic, do you think this part is problematic, based on the premise?"

His hands clenching tightly, Neeshka could feel himself sweating. He gulped and did not dare to mention the real world again. "No..."

"Good. No." Staring at the six members, Lucien murmured.

Then, suddenly, he roared at the top of his lungs like a violent storm.

"No problem with every single line! Then tell me why this paper is wrong!"

"Tell me!"

Startled, Milina burst out, "It conflicts with the reality and what we know..."

"Throw them out of your brain!" Lucien roared, "Tell me, in the sense of pure math, following the logic, based on the premise, where is it wrong?!"

"Tell me!"

Neeshka, Milina, and the members all remained silent, having no idea what to say. If, as Lucien said, only in the sense of pure math, the paper was indeed correct.

Levski held his fists tight, his head slightly raising. Closing his eyes, his face was written with complex looks, a mixture of elation, sorrow, pain, and hope.

Somehow, the members started thinking to themselves:

Lucien's roaring resembled Fernando a lot. He was indeed the student of the Lord of Storm. Maybe... this was another the Lord of Storm...

That was what all the members were thinking right now.

Fernando shook his head and murmured to himself amusingly, "I don't remember I've got a love child."

Seeing that the members were all shocked, seizing the momentum, Lucien put another paper in the magic circle and projected it on the wall together with that of Levski.

"An Attempt to Explain Non-Tower Geometry..." Milina silently read the title of the paper, and then she went on reading further.

One by one, the pages of Lucien's paper were cast on the walls surrounding the board members.

Neeshka rubbed his brows and said confusedly, "So this is differential geometry that he's using..."

Mabel and Salgueiro started reading as well. A while later, their faces lost colors. Beads of cold sweat rolled down from their foreheads. They could barely hold their quill-pen.

"This is...!" Levski sprang up from his seat, as if he saw the Goddess of Magic standing right in front of him. Because what was in front of him was the very geometry model he had been looking for! This is the Hyperbolic Geometry model that went beyond normal imagination and experience. This was the most powerful proof!

He cried out silently. After so many years, he finally saw the sun rising in this world, driving away all the darkness. After so many years, he finally saw hope!

Lucien's paper was not complex. To be more specific, it was in fact very simple. Using stereographic projection on the unit circle, Lucien proved that Levski Geometry was compatible with Tower Geometry. Thus, if Tower Geometry was tenable, so was Levski Geometry!

Lucien's concise derivation and wonderful proof were full of the beauty of math. This was the most shocking as well as the most solid proof to persuade the members!

Levski cried out loud in his mind: He was not wrong! He was the one who had been right all the time!

At this time, Lucien started speaking again, but his voice had softened. "As is known to all, we are only able to see light within part of the spectrum. To see more, we have to use tools, but the tools also have their limitations."

Since some prerequisites that the paper was based on were not available beforehand, Lucien had to prove them in his paper, which made the paper to some degree more complicated than Levski's, but the members could still understand. Hearing Lucien's words, the board members wondered what Lucien was trying to say.

"... So, when light plays tricks in some scenarios, our eyes can deceive us, thus we have illusions. Some illusion spells were created based on this."

The board members nodded, agreeing with Lucien's words.

Lucien kept going in the soft voice. "Similarly, our ears can also deceive us. We can't hear when sounds exceed a certain frequency. And under some circumstances, we hear things that do not exist.

"So, our knowledge and experience are limited to the design of our body and soul. We all know how to transform. When we transform into other creatures, do we still feel the same way in this world as we do right now?"

"No," said Levski firmly. Although many transformation spells came from the advancement of anatomy — before the discovery that bats used echolocation, the bat transformation spells all had similar errors — ancient sorcerers still managed to see the world in the eyes of other creatures with the transformation spells obtained from those creatures' magic patterns.

Looking at the confused board members in front of him, Lucien smiled. "So are we correct? Or are those animals and creatures correct? Obviously, we are all correct. We just have different perspectives. The truth we see is part of the bigger truth. Therefore, our knowledge and our experience are always limited.

"Our imagination is based on our experience, thus our limited experience can easily put constraints on our imagination. As we explore this world further, we'll see more and more things that go beyond our perception and understanding."

Fernando nodded seriously. He knew what Lucien was trying to say.

Neeshka, Milina, Levski, and the rest of the members were still feeling a little confused. They stared at Lucien, waiting for further clarification.

Lucien raised his right hand and his look became serious.

"So, your eyes can lie to you; your ears can deceive you; your experience can mislead you; your imagination can restrain you."

Lucien paused a bit. Under the board member's gaze, Lucien pointed at the paper projected on the walls and said in low voice,

"But maths won't."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Lucien's voice wasn't loud, but his words were beyond shocking to the board members present.

As the authorities in math who had won the Arcana Scepter Award, they had to admit that they were more or less proud. However, in fact, they only regarded math only as a tool for studying arcana and analyzing magic spells. Very few arcanists were willing to devote their entire life to the beauty of math, most of them would never explore further in maths past what is sufficient for their purposes.

The Tower's arcanists who were fond of math more or less shared the same belief before, but it was either a occasional remark of pride or just a flash in the pan. No one had ever, like what Lucien just did, managed to prove by using such shocking reasoning and imposing manner the great value of math: Math went beyond human beings' intuitive understanding and experience. Thus, maths' importance and significance had been raised to a degree no one had ever dreamed of before.

Although they understood that Lucien was helping Levski, the board members, who were also mathematicians, were the same excited and encouraged.

Levski's body was trembling out of great excitement. He knew that math would not lie, or New Principles of Geometry with Complete Theory of Parallels would have never been born. In the furious ocean of arcana, Levski clenched tight to the vessel named Math. Because of his belief, he could travel across the ocean without being overwhelmed by the waves and tides, or by despair!

Fernando did not say anything but merely nodded. He knew that Lucien's words were indicating something even deeper.

Lucien put back his right hand and removed the projection from the walls. Then he put another thick pile of paper on the magic circle and smiled gently. "Now let's see if we can find more from another perspective."

Despite all the proof, so far the board members were still reluctant to admit the errors they made, reluctant to admit that they had been wrong for more than ten years. Although, in their mind, they had already begun to accept the new geometry system — They had to, or otherwise Tower Geometry, which was compatible with it, also had to be overthrown.

Besides, they had to admit that Lucien's words were persuasive. Therefore they were now quite calm and objective towards the new paper.

"Another Perspective on the Parallel Postulate..." Milina read the title in a low voice, and she had some clues in her mind...

"Another perspective..." Levski felt that the mist in front of his eyes was slowly dispersed. He saw something that he had ignored in the past decade.

Like teaching in the magic school, Lucien pointed at the lines on the wall one by one. "So Mr. Levski postulated that 'For any given line R and point P not on R , in the plane containing both line R and point P there are at least two distinct lines through P that do not intersect R '. Here we can make another postulate to complement the entire geometry system: For any given line R and point P not on R , in the plane containing both line R and point P there is no line through P that does not intersect R .

"Now, let's do the deductive reasoning and see what will we get?"

Levski took a deeper breath and became excited once again. The rest of the board members stared at the paper's projection and looked very serious.

Lucien went through the paper very fast as he was facing the authorities in math. However, the board members looked more and more grave, more and more confused. Finally, Mabel burst out, "This is another crazy conclusion... different from Levski's geometry system!"

"Why..." Salgueiro's murmur was drowned out by Mabel's voice.

Milina was very perplexed. "Is this a new geometry system different from Tower Geometry?"

Just a few hours earlier, she firmly believed that Tower Geometry was the only geometry system in this world. However, in less than one day, her belief was mercilessly shattered, for twice.

She was glad that knowledge in maths did not affect the cognitive world, or her head would have exploded already. Lucien definitely deserved the titles that people secretly gave him, namely, Headcrusher and Brain Eater...

Levski was not confused, instead, his mind was seized by many thoughts: Why could this happen? Why completely different yet equally correct geometry systems could be deduced from the fifth postulate? Did this have anything to do with the real world?

Under the influence of president Douglas, many arcanists tended to ask "why" very frequently, but few were like Lucien.

"Interesting..." Fernando nodded slightly.

Time flew, and Lucien's paper had come to the end. Using a spherical model, Lucien proved the system's compatibility.

Neeshka sighed, "This is another new geometry system... Evans Geometry..."

"Math won't lie... indeed..."

The board members missed the chance of naming a new geometry system after themselves because of their own prejudice and arrogance, as if one accepted Levski's hypothesis, then the postulate that Lucien Evans just put forward was in fact not difficult to come up with.

Lucien had not finished yet, and he showed the last few pages to the audience. "In my paper, I've defined the term 'curvature'. Based on calculation, we can know that when the curvature is zero, we get Tower Geometry; when the curvature is below zero, we have Levski Geometry; when the curvature is above zero, we see the geometry system that I just introduced. They have commonalities in their essence, and they are compatible with each other."

Milina released a soft sigh. Now the two new geometry systems seemed more acceptable to her.

Enlightenment came to Levski. When he was about to applaud out of great excitement, he saw Lucien's gesture asking them to remain quiet.

What else did he want to say?

This was the question shared by all the members of the board as well as Levski.

Lucien was not roaring anymore, instead, he said in a very soft voice,

"As we can see, under some certain situations, the math questions we're trying to solve exceed our experience and knowledge. We are therefore restrained, so is the development of math..."

"So, maybe we can try to separate our understanding of math from the reality, and temporarily put aside their physical models and meanings; Maybe we can start from the purest axioms and concepts, and, through strict deductive reasoning, derive new consistent math systems logically. As for how to apply those systems, we can think about it later when there are needs...

"This is my personal belief."

Lucien mentioned the notion of axiomatic systems briefly, but did not dig deeper into it. He preferred to wait until most arcanists had accepted the concept. Everything took time.

Levski started applauding. His applause was lonely in the meeting room. He shared so many commonalities with Mr. Evans, and what Mr. Evans just said was exactly those things that he had been searching for — He had the impulse, and he could feel there were things he wanted to tell the public, but he failed to put them together into words. Levski felt that Mr. Evans just saved his geometry system, as well as his life.

Hearing the applauding, the look on Neeshka's face changed several times. Finally, he slowly lifted his hands and also started applauding.

Following him, the rest of the board members all joined in. After an initial hesitation, their applauding became more and more sincere.

"So, is there anyone who still rejects Mr. Evans' comment on Levski's paper?" Asked Fernando after the applauding stopped.

Neeshka rubbed his white brow and sprang up from the chair. Looking at Levski, he said, "Please accept my apology. This is a paper that deserves Arcana Scepter, yet my arrogance and prejudice had deprived me of judgment. I completely agree with Mr. Evans's comment."

"I would also like to apologize to you, for the past years of criticisms and attacks I imposed on you. Levski, you are a talented, outstanding mathematician. My stubbornness and shallowness had blinded me. You deserve Mr. Evans's comment and Arcana Scepter." Using the manner of Arcana Above, Milina put her hand on her forehead and bowed deeply to Levski.

Levski knew that the board members would no longer object his theory, but he never expected that they would apologize to him in public. Instantly, his head buzzed, his nose felt sore, and his eyes became blurry. Seeing that the board members all stood up to apologize one by one, he was dumbstruck.

Was there sorrow? There was!

Was there pain? Of course!

But now all the pain and effort had paid off!

Levski's eyes were red. His lips quivering, but not a single word could come out from them. Neeshka looked at Levski and sighed understandingly. Then he turned to Lucien, "Mr. Evans, I also owe you an apology. You are, without a doubt, a genius and authority in math. Your geometry system and Mr. Levski's will for sure win Arcana Scepter!"

"Thank you." Lucien replied in a very low voice.

Milina noticed Lucien's unusual behavior, and she asked, "are you alright, Mr. Evans?"

Lucien smiled wryly. "My throat hurts..."

It was never easy to mimic how the Lord of Storm talked!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Hearing Lucien's words, the gentlemen managed to refrain themselves, but the two ladies present could not hold back their giggles — Mr. Evans had to pay for his roaring!

Levski's paper introduced a brand new geometry system, and it included lots of propositions. The length of the paper way exceeded that of an ordinary paper and was almost equivalent to a book. Although Lucien skipped many parts when lecturing, his throat still hurt, despite of the fact that he was also a knight.

Lucien's answer amused the rest of the board members, and also more or less healed their mind after the intense roaring. During Lucien's speech, they were so shocked by Lucien's imposing manner and violent roaring that they subconsciously assumed that he was another Lord of Storm, who would never be bothered by too much roaring. Now the problem had been solved, they started to feel that Lucien was in fact quite easy-going.

"You need some potions?" Milina chuckled.

Lucien shook his head, and his voice was still a bit dry. "I'm okay. I'm a level-two knight, so I should be able to recover after one or two hours."

Neeshka sighed and then said, "Mr. Evans, you just read Levski's paper for the first time a few days ago, right? It's unbelievable that you managed to find two ways to prove it in such a short time. The second method is particularly concise and beautiful, which has perfectly proved the compatibility between Tower Geometry and Levski Geometry. Facing it, we can no longer let arrogance and prejudice blind us anymore. You're such an incredible genius in the field of Maths."

"Um... In fact, it's the studies of differential geometry and sphere surface in recent years, the studies that have been done by you all, that provided me with a solid foundation and inspirations. Without your studies, even though I was able to see Mr. Levski's paper from a relatively objective perspective, I wouldn't have been able to finish the reasonings in such a short period of time," said Lucien.

He was being rather humble. After all, he could not tell them that the credits should all go to the great mathematicians on the Earth.

Lucien expected that, if he had not stood out to support Levski's theory, the great value of Levski's paper would be realized around four to five years after the death of Levski, if Levski could not advance to middle-rank. What Lucien did just now was returning to Levski his rightful honor and award when he was still alive, not until after he died in misery.

Lucien's sincere attitude completely resolved the board members' uncomfortable feelings. They apologized again, in the most earnest manner.

Neeshka looked at Levski, who had gradually calmed down, and said, "It's such a pity that so far the new geometry systems put forward by Levski and Evans cannot be applied to our daily arcana study, nor could they be accepted by Arcana. This pity is often shared by we arcanists in math. I guess we can only publish them on the journal Astrology funded by Tower."

This was a world where a theory would only be valued when it could be applied to reality. The reason why calculus was called the tool that had changed the entire era was that it could help a sorcerer accomplish the complex calculations required for completing a magic model, thus simplifying the process and lowering the requirement for the level of spiritual power. In the past, a sorcerer would need ten to twenty years to become a middle-rank, but now it could be done within five to six. Some geniuses even made it in one year! Of course, when exploring the truth of the world, calculus was an indispensable tool as well.

Also, the reason why complex variables functions had been the most heated study focus in recent decades was that they could be used to describe and calculate the force field of spiritual power. All the valuable papers that focused on complex variables functions were very likely to be published on Arcana and Magic.

So Levski's and Lucien's findings, despite that their mathematic models had already been established, might be gems that only thrilled the mathematicians in their own world. It is very unlikely that these papers would be published on Arcana.

Lucien said in a half-joking manner, "Perhaps the other side of the world fits perfectly into the new systems. When we find it out, maybe Arcana will do us a special supplement to acknowledge the significance of our findings."

Although Lucien could use his privilege as the member of the Review Board to publish the paper on Arcana, it would not help Levski much. So Lucien preferred to publish his and Levski's papers on Astrology together. He believed that this month's issue of Astrology would be remembered by all the arcanists in the future because of their papers.

"Hopefully." The rest of the board members did not really think that it was going to happen and simply offered their sincere wish. Even with President Douglas' theories that the world is a sphere, and with the important role that Evans Geometry played in the study of spheres, it was still quite hopeless for the paper to be published on Arcana. Since the coverage of most of the magic spells was limited, Tower Geometry and the properties of curves were equivalent tools for the sorcerers. There was thus no need to get too complicated.

Except for Ross who was a firm representative of the Congress, the rest of the board members present were all upper echelons of Tower, so they could decide what to be published on Astrology. After a brief discussion, Milina said to Levski and Evans, "the month just started, and this month's Astrology just came out. But to acknowledge the great contribution from you two, and to let most of the arcanists access your papers as soon as possible, we want to put your papers on a supplement for this month. What do you think?"

In many arcanists' mind, a supplement was not formal enough.

Levski was totally fine with it. His paper had passed the review and won such high recognition. Because of it, he would become a level-four arcanist and was now a candidate of Arcana Scepter. To him, ensuring that his paper was available to the public earlier was more important, as his dream was to make his geometry system be accepted by as many arcanists as possible.

But Levski did not respond immediately. Instead, he looked at Lucien and waited for his answer. After all, it was Lucien who brought him all these.

Hearing that, Lucien had a new idea. When Lucien was thinking on it, Milina took his silence as reluctance, so she hurriedly added, "Since the two papers are quite long, if we put them together and publish them on the next month's issue, it's gonna be too thick to make room for other papers. So either for this month or next, we still have to make a supplement. It's the first time that we only publish two papers on one issue since the era of calculus. So it's actually an honor..."

Lucien waved his hand and smiled. "It's not a problem to me. I was thinking of something else... I mean, since now we're planning on adding a supplement, why don't we establish a new journal that affiliates with Astrology for publishing math papers exclusively? While Astrology can focus on publishing papers in the astrological field and avoid being criticized that math papers are taking up space for papers focused on blessing, prophecy, and curses, arcanists who are devoted to math study can also find their own platform for discussion. I think this is gonna be a great encouragement to them."

Producing a new journal was not an easy job. Also, the math papers that they could collect at this stage might not be enough for establishing a new one. But for an affiliated journal, many worries could be saved.

"Affiliated journal... We don't have it before. How do we determine its Influence Factor?" asked Neeshka. He was an authority in math, thus, having a journal exclusively for math was a great temptation to him.

Lucien first briefly introduced the benefits of having an affiliated journal, and then said, "As an affiliated journal, its Influence Factor should also follow Astrology but at one level lower: Astrology's Influence Factor is 2.5, then we should give 2.0 to it."

"We're very interested in the proposal, and we'll apply to the Board tomorrow," said Milina after a short discussion with the leaders from Tower, and then she turned to Lucien and Levski. "... So, if you two publish your papers on the new journal, the Influence Factor is 0.5 lower, and the arcana points awarded for citation will be less..."

Lucien smiled gently. "I'm fine with it. It is my honor publishing the paper on the first issue of a journal."

Levski also nodded. "Me too. So far I can't see a wide application of my new geometry system, so there shouldn't be a big difference in the citation credits. It's also a great honor for me."

"Thanks a lot. The two papers will be the start of the new journal," Milina smiled. "... By the way, Mr. Levski, I wonder if you're willing to take the role of the chief editor of the journal. You definitely fit this position, as a genius in math."

Levski thought about it carefully and nodded. "Thank you, I'd love to. I'll try my best." He believed that compared to other jobs, this job would allow him to spend more time on studying math and arcana.

Milina then turned to Lucien. "Since you are a member of the Arcana Review Board, I'm afraid you can't be the chief editor. However, in order to show our appreciation of your great contribution, we'd like to invite you to be our Honorary Chief Editor, can we? You can publish all your math papers on this journal."

"No problem." Lucien laughed. Could this count as Tower's pay to him?

Neeshka added, "Mr. Evans, can we put the short speech that you just delivered on the front page of the journal? We'd like to have your words to be the inscription as well."

"My great honor," responded Lucien briefly. His throat still hurt.

Finally, Milina realized that the new journal was still waiting for a name, so she said, "Mr. Evans, since you made the proposal, why don't you name it?"

The board members all nodded.

Lucien thought for a while and said softly,

"Math is the most wonderful and essential language in nature, and it shows the rules that all fields and realms shall follow..."

"So, let's name it — Nature!"

Throne of Magical Arcana

"Nature..." Neeshka coughed a bit, "... Your explanation is persuasive, Mr. Evans, but... isn't this title a bit too broad for a math journal? I'm afraid that people wouldn't be able to understand it at first glance."

That was the thought shared by all the board members, including Levski. Unlike the other journals, for instance, Arcana, Magic, and Astrology, whose names had a very clear indication, Nature sounded like a journal that was established by the Druids. Although they appreciated Lucien's belief in math, they still had to face the reality that math still served the study of arcana and magic.

Obviously, Lucien couldn't say that it just a mischievous decision — "Science" would require him to create and define a new word in this world, but for "Nature" he could quote directly — so he explained, "I'm in fact putting a lot of hope into the new journal. Although so far Nature is still a math journal, in the future, I hope it can publish all the arcana theories that are hard for people to accept or understand instantly. With its main focus still on math, Nature will hopefully become a journal describing the World's Truth that is as important as Arcana and Magic."

This was too ambitious to the members present. Both Arcana and Magic had a history of over several hundred years, with Arcana focused more on theories, while Magic was more on the side of application. They were the top journals to arcanists just as Canon to the followers of the Saint Truth. Their position was irreplaceable.

Therefore, the members did not take Lucien's words to heart. What Lucien just said would be a beautiful wish or an aim that they could work towards. Milina spoke with a smile, "as you said, we use math to describe the true world... From this perspective, I guess Nature isn't a bad name. Names like World or Truth sound too arrogant, and Math sounds too limited..."

"I agree on the point that Nature can be the platform for sharing the theories that are relatively hard to accept. Our journal could provide them help..." Levski thought of his experience and agreed upon Lucien's idea.

Salgueiro, the middle-aged man with messy hair, slightly frowned. "But how do we tell between those really valuable papers and the absurd ones that deliberately seek to be weird? If Nature opens the gate to all of them, as a journal of 2.0 Influence Factor, it would encourage many arcanists to spend lots of effort in fabricating eye-catching theories that are unrealistic and incomprehensible."

Levski did not know what to say, while Lucien answered preparedly, "Nature is a pure math journal. Then our judgment should base on pure logical deductive reasoning. If a paper logically makes sense, but it can't pass the review of the board, we can publish it in the discussion content. However, if a paper has fundamental fallacies in logic, it is not qualified and should be rejected."

"That's it!" Levski recalled Lucien's enlightening speech.

The board members present all nodded silently. They had learned from their mistakes in Levski's case.

A few minutes later, Neeshka said while he looked out and saw that the sun sinking low in the west, "This is the longest review meeting that I have ever attended, and from which I got the greatest lesson. Mr. Evans, please submit the three papers to the review board as soon as possible; we are waiting to write new comments for them. Hopefully, we will be finished before the application for Nature is approved."

Although all the board members specializing in math in Allyn were all here, the procedures for reassessing the papers should still be followed.

"I'll do it today, before the Sorcerer Administrative Department closes." Lucien realized that it was already past five, and they had all skipped their lunch.

After watching the board members leave the meeting room, Levski turned to Lucien. "Mr. Evans, thank you very much. Without you, I would still be living the same miserable life."

Since Levski was completely devoted to developing his geometry system, he had not reached middle-rank, and he had no time for doing tasks given by the Congress to earn more money. For a long time, Levski lived a very poor life. He had to move out of Allyn as everything in this city was too expensive. His income relied on the subsidy from the Congress for level-two arcanists and second-circle sorcerers. When he was sick, life became even harder and he had to look for other sources of income.

Therefore, Levski was still very excited when expressing his sincere gratitude to Lucien again. To him, Mr. Evans saved him, as well as his theory - For the many years, Levski saw this geometry system as his kid.

"You don't owe me anything. You deserve it," said Lucien gently. "Try your best to run the new journal, Nature, so you can help more geniuses like you."

Levski had experienced strong emotional fluctuations today. Now after he had calmed down, he felt quite exhausted. He grinned to Lucien. "You've changed my life... That's for sure. Unfortunately, I don't know much about elements, or I would definitely try to work in Atom Institution to learn more from you, Mr. Evans."

"I've learned things from you as well - Perseverance. You can just call me Lucien or Evans by the way," said Lucien. "Every single person has his or her own strength. Both of us know that our new geometry systems are still frameworks right now. They lack analytical abilities and still require further exploration. I hope we can all work towards this direction."

"... Also," Lucien added, "don't forget about arcana and magic. To explore further and solve more problems in the field of math, you have to improve your knowledge of arcana and magic. Only in this way will you live longer, and when you're elder, your brain will still be able to function well."

"Yes, yes!" answered Levski excitedly.

Seeing the fatigue in Levski's eyes, Lucien asked him to go back and have a good rest.

His hands in the pockets, Lucien watched Levski left the meeting room. When Lucien turned around to collect the documents, he heard Fernando's voice.

"Your speech isn't bad. The closer we are to the truth of the world, the greater the limitation our body and soul can impose on us. We have to stick to our tools — math and magic — to free ourselves from what we see and feel. Abandoning its correspondence with reality and focusing exclusively on axioms and deductive reasoning, this might be the direction for math development in the future."

Staring straight ahead, Fernando paid a compliment to Lucien, which was very rare of him.

Lucien was quite surprised. He carefully examined Fernando, making sure that he was not Little Crystal in disguise.

Fernando stared back at him. Confirmed, it was indeed Fernando.

"I was inspired by what Levski and his New Geometry had experienced..." Lucien said.

"Really?" Fernando looked at Lucien meaningfully.

Lucien replied fast, "Of course. By the way, what are you studying recently, Sir?"

Fernando looked a bit pissed. "I did the experiment on cursing substance, and found that it could radiate electrons and a new element, as expected. But I also detected the trace of another strange unknown element. The amount was extremely low, so it will take some time and effort for extraction.

"But this finding is enough to make most arcanists crazy. What are elements and atoms in essence? What do they look like inside? Why are there new elements being radiated out?

"So... I've been trying to probe into the inner structure of an atom. Unfortunately, there are currently no proper and handy magics available to assist in the exploration of the microworld. We're indeed limited by our soul and body."

Lucien finally realized why his short speech was able to touch Fernando and win his rare compliment. After weighing his words, Lucien said carefully, "we can make bold assumptions first, and then rule them out using experiments. We can't see the inner structure of an atom directly, so we can only rely on indirect methods..."

"You think I don't know it?!" Fernando roared at Lucien.

.....

Inside Tower.

Holding a thick stack of papers, Samantha knocked at the door and heard her teacher's voice, which sounded a bit melancholy.

"Come in."

Samantha was quite surprised seeing her teacher in such a mood. She lifted her blond brow slightly while maintaining the serious look on her face and pushed open the door.

"Sir, these are the papers today."

"From Lucien Evans?" Asked Neeshka, looking back.

Samantha browsed the paper stack,

"Another Perspective on Parallel Postulate... from Lucien Evans... Sir, you lost today?"

"Lost... Yes, we lost... in a very bad way. Arrogance and prejudice defeated us. Levski's right. His new geometry system is different from Tower Geometry, but compatible with it," said Neeshka, who now looked ten years elder when he was with only his student.

Samantha was slightly shocked. "So Lucien Evans came up with a real model?"

Samantha was also an arcana genius and enjoyed the same reputation as Larry, Jurisian, and Rachel. She specialized in Astrology, Electromagnetism, and Maths. After reading Levski's paper, she also could not accept it.

"Yes... It is a hyperboloid that looked like a saddle..." said Neeshka in the bitter tone, "He also provided the proof showing how the two geometry systems are compatible using the unit circle. And he put forward another new geometry system that corresponds to Levski's system. He is indeed a genius. Maybe next month he will be winning Arcana Scepter with Levski... Not sharing, but separately."

Samantha's attempt to keep her face expressionless finally failed, and the look on it became complex. "Why I didn't think of this... winning the highest honor in three different fields before senior-rank..."

"Pass me the paper," said Neeshka briefly. After leafing through the paper, he picked up the quill-pen and wrote,

"Starting from Levski's geometry system, but heading the opposite direction, Lucien Evans assumed that for any given line R and point P not on R , in the plane containing both line R and point P , there is no line through P that does not intersect R . Using perfect deductive reasoning, he obtained a series of propositions and conclusions that no one could ever imagine. Thus, a new, fully-developed, and independent geometry system has been established — the Evans Geometry. He also proved the realizability of the system on a curved surface. Therefore, it is no more just an imagination.

"Putting aside practical significance, focusing simply on axioms and postulates as well as strict deductive reasoning, Lucien Evans has shown us his unique conception. His geometry system is of great impact, and has brought us a conceptual revolution.

"Without doubt, his new geometry system is a great contribution to the development of geometry. It is universally-applied, groundbreaking, has a significant position and deserves broad discussion. I suggest four hundred arcana credits and four thousand arcana points be given as a reward."

When Neeshka was writing, Samantha stayed beside him, watching. The look on her face kept changing, from frustration to admiration to disappointment.

"Samantha, a new journal is in preparation, and Lucien Evans's speech will be put on the front page as the inscription. You read it carefully. It can be inspiring to you." Neeshka added while putting down his quill-pen.

"Uh?" Samantha was first surprised, and then she became very curious.

Throne of Magical Arcana

In the villa surrounded by flowers, Milina was shocked again by the beauty of math in Lucien's paper. After quite a while, she finally picked up her quill-pen and wrote,

"With amazing conception and precise demonstration, Lucien Evans's paper shows us the beauty of math and also proves the compatibility between Levski Geometry and Tower Geometry. The paper gives a solid foundation to the establishment of the New Geometry System and changed the world of Math, which was constructed based on our direct perception of the world. This paper reveals to us another path for math development and demonstration.

"This groundbreaking paper is apparently significant to the establishment of the new geometry system and deserves broad discussion. Forty arcana credits and five hundred arcana points are suggested to be given as reward."

Strictly following the standards of review, Milina gave her comment objectively. If she had let her preference played the leading role, as an authority in math and mathematician, she would have given the paper an even higher comment because of the beauty the paper displayed.

.....

Meanwhile, Salgueiro was also reviewing Lucien's paper An Attempt to Explain Non-Tower Geometry.

"The paper provides a math model that contradicts our knowledge but actually exists; it makes a breakthrough contribution to the establishment of Levski's geometry system. It makes us realize that Levski Geometry is a new system which was essentially different from Tower Geometry.

"Given the groundbreaking contribution brought by its math model and the demonstration, this paper's content deserves broad discussion and research. Thus, sixty arcana credits and six hundred arcana points are suggested to be given as reward."

When he put down his quill-pen, Salgueiro realized that the winter evening had already closed in. The wind was blowing outside of the window, and everything had been encased by the darkness. However, from this cold darkness, he seemed to notice a slight glimmer of light; there was light in the future of math.

"If the new geometry system is actually applicable to arcana...

"What Evans said earlier today was interesting... the axiomatization of math..."

.....

After a week, in the morning, Samantha came to Tower to study with her teacher as usual.

"Morning, Ms. Samantha," greeted the several low-rank arcanists.

The dome of the hall was black, inlaid with magic crystal lights that lit up the entire space. The arrangement of the lights followed the order of constellation, forming a huge astrology chart above.

Samantha nodded politely but also seriously. Then she asked out of confusion, "Leo, Gina... Why are you two here so early?"

According to what she knew, their teacher, level-four arcanist and fifth-circle astrologer Da Serra, who was also her friend, never taught students on Fridays. And the time right now, the labs and libraries inside Tower are not open yet. There was no reason to come this early.

"Ms. Samantha, don't you know?" Said the round-faced Gina, "Tower sent a notice yesterday that today a new journal is going to be issued. We're all curious, so we came early to wait."

In order to improve one of her magic spells, Samantha studied the stars at night and slept during the day in the past two days, thus she never heard about it. Now the look on her face slightly changed and she murmured, "A new journal... Is it the one with Lucien Evans's inscription?"

"No... No idea..." The young man named Leo, who developed a middle-aged spread before the age of 25, shook his head.

"Hey, Samantha! Are you here for buying Nature as well?"

It was Rachel. She was always full of energy and cheerful. Everyone liked her as she lifted people's mood.

Samantha also smiled, which was unusual for her. "Are you here for this as well?"

Although they had opposite personalities, they were very good friends.

Rachel sighed deliberately. "Yup, as a member of the Arcana Review Board, my teacher Ms. Isabella should have enjoyed delivery of the journal. But she's out of the town right now exploring new materials, so I have to come here myself. Poor me..."

Facing Rachel, the low-rank arcanists were more respectful. For one thing, they were unacquainted with Rachel; for another,, Rachel was the winner of Sorcerer Laurel. The crystal hairpin on her linen-colored hair shocked the students.

"You know about Nature's content and inscription?" asked Samantha. After all, Rachel did not have to come here so early; with her status, she would definitely be able to get a copy.

Rachel looked at Samantha confusedly. "No... But this is the first issue of the journal. I'd like to put it into my collection! It's even better if I buy it myself!"

"..." Samantha forgot that her friend was an enthusiastic collector.

At this time, the library behind the reception desk opened. Two female apprentices pushed out several stacks of books with a black cover.

"I've gotta take a look at it," said Rachel curiously as she pulled Samantha's arm and walked to the reception desk.

Samantha recalled, "Should have things to do with math..."

Her teacher, Neeshka, mentioned about it before. And when she was helping her teacher send back the review comments, she had a look at the new geometry paper from Lucien Evans and found the paper was too mind-blowing for her to accept.

However, soon, she was shocked by the math model provided in the paper. Despite the strong resistance in her mind, she was persuaded by the strict logic reasoning and the solid math model. After reading the paper, she was at lost for at least two to three days. And then she finally started accepting the fact that new geometry systems did exist.

"Finally! Tower has a journal for math! Awesome!" Rachel became very excited.

Tower sorcerers were all more or less emotionally connected to math in a complex way, and Rachel was one of them.

"Ladies, can I have two of them, please?" Rachel took out her magic badge.

"Sure, sure! Ms. Rachel" The two young ladies answered as they hurriedly put the badge into the magic circle to deduct arcana points and handed two new journals to Rachel and Samantha.

Almost everyone in Tower knew Rachel after she won Sorcerer Laurel.

"So thick!" Rachel exclaimed, while Samantha quickly looked at the cover of the journal — After all, her teacher's words had made her curious for the entire week!

Like Arcana, Nature also had a black cover, on which silver lines formed many math symbols, equations, numbers, and geometry shapes. Joining together against the black background, they were like stars in the dark universe.

Samantha believed that the cover was designed to express the aim of the journal: Using the language of math to describe the truth of the world...

That was also her first thought after she saw the cover.

Against the starry sky, there was a big word — Nature — written in a special fancy font. The characters looked like a wonderful formula.

Under the big word, there were several lines of smaller words:

Your eyes can lie to you... , beside it was the numbers showing visible light spectrum;

Your ears can deceive you... , surrounding it was the numbers showing human beings' hearing range;

your experience can mislead you... , following it was the simple but significant formula in calculus
- $0.99999...=1$;

Your imagination can restrain you... , under it was the hyperboloid model looking like a saddle and a sphere-like curved-surface model.

Samantha's eyes traced the lines and figures. She felt that she had understood what the words meant.

Her eyes fell on the last line... It was a brief but powerful one:

But math won't!

This line was a size bigger than the above ones and was on its own on the cover, with no figures following it. But all the symbols, equations, and numbers were its best testimonies.

It was shocking beyond words.

Samantha did not know what others felt, but she knew that there were a lot of things going on in her brain. She felt like she had understood many things, however, she also felt that she had not figured out anything yet.

Beside the last line, there was a name,

Lucien Evans X.

Samantha wondered if that was Lucien Evans' perception of math.

Rachel, who was standing beside Samantha, also remained silent. She hurriedly opened the journal and started reading the inscription, which was Lucien's speech. Then she browsed through the paper, sighing and exclaiming from time to time.

After a long while, she finally woke up from the world of math. Following a long sigh, she said,

"Is he still a human being?"

"Levski Geometry... Evans Geometry... If they were not findings in math but in other fields, countless people would have their head exploded! Although I've seen the demonstration and the models... It's still hard to believe..." added Rachel.

Then her face lit up, "But I love what he said very, very much!"

The low-rank arcanists also got a copy. They were the same deeply shocked by the lines on the cover, but the content was still too difficult for them to understand so far. They had to take the journal back and slowly dig into it, treating it like their textbook.

.....

... Ms. Florencia, Mr. Gaston, and my teacher, Mr. Larry cheered that you've shifted your focus upon math, so the arcanists in the Congress are now much safer. Ok, no more jokes. They, including me, hope that you won't waste too much of your time in the new geometry system. Your talent belongs to the world of element and atoms, where findings of practical arcana and magic significance can be made. Leave geometry to Tower; they should get their own job done. Your friend, K.

After Nature issued, Lucien had received lots of letters. Some were sending congratulations, some were invitations for speeches, and some were from his friends. In Lucien's friends' eyes, the new geometry system was just like a piece of toy for Lucien, as it was of no practical arcana or magic significance.

Lucien sighed, as he knew that the new geometry systems were going to bring a more horrible and powerful impact than anyone had imagined.

Putting aside the letters, Lucien said to the apprentices waiting outside of the study, "Let's go to the garden. We'll see what are keeping you guys busy recently."

Lucien learned this free-communication method from the several physicists on the Earth who were good teachers.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Although it was already winter time and the freezing wind was blowing outside, Lucien's garden was still warm and cozy, with lots of blooming flowers spreading a sweet aroma.

With his hands in his suit pockets, Lucien did not start asking the students about their studies right away. Instead, he asked about their progress in promotion, "I've heard it from Lazar that you're all very confident in becoming real sorcerers soon, and maybe a few months later, you will be able to do so with the help of the magic potion, Silver Moon... Is that right?"

Annick, Heidi, Layria, and Katrina exchanged a look between each other, having no idea whether their teacher's true intention was to praise their fast advancement or to criticize their arrogance. They got a bit nervous and did not reply.

Yet Sprint, the apprentice who was always the most confident one among them all, nodded confidently. "Under your teaching, our math and magic analysis level is no inferior to that of the low-rank sorcerers now, Sir. The requirement for our spiritual power level is thus lowered. We'll try advancing in a few months. We've talked to a few low-rank sorcerers and they all agreed."

When mentioning Lucien's way of teaching, Sprint's heart twitched a bit. Memories of the high piles of test papers and exercise books still lingered around in his brain.

Lucien paced leisurely and said casually, "In the Ancient Magic Empire, barely one out of a hundred apprentices could become a real sorcerer. Ever since the establishment of the Congress, in spite of the multiple developments and perfection of arcana and teaching methods, we still only have three to four students in a senior apprentice class who can finally make it."

Annick and Layria's face flushed, and the words of apologies almost burst out from their mouths. While Sprint, Heidi, and Katrina felt that they were wronged and were about to explain.

Lucien waved his hands and continued. "But you all are different. You're relatively talented, and plus my strict teaching, you have a relatively solid foundation for further studying math and magic. Ha, this is how a large amount of exercise and practice can help you. Also, you guys have been working in the most advanced institution, and all the studies you have been exposed to in every single day are only available on the journals to most people, and those are studies that most low-rank arcanists find very challenging to understand. In this case, if any of you fail to promote, it is surely because of your own inattention and carelessness, not because you are not ready. Am I clear?"

"Yes, Sir!" the apprentices all grinned. They realized that their teacher was encouraging them!

During the long journey of studying magic, to become a real sorcerer was the first biggest challenge to these cubs. Although they were quite confident, there must still be worries and anxiety deep in their hearts. These apprentices had seen their peers failed promotion, and this must have left negative impacts on their young mind, further strengthening their worries.

Now that Lucien had analyzed their strengths for them, he relieved their fear and gave them lots of hope to succeed.

After encouraging his students, Lucien smiled and said, "so, what about the studies you guys are working on recently?"

Sprint answered first, as always. He said in frustration, "Sir, you asked us to study gas discharge to figure out its causes. But as soon as we discovered cathode ray and electron, Mr. Brook found the answer from lightning between clouds: It is the free electrons that caused gas discharge. So we lost our direction and have to go back to study cathode ray and electron to see what we can find here in this new field."

Brook's experiment was very simple but extremely risky. Only a legendary arcanist could manage to do so. Even he himself would have to resurrect from prepared methods if anything went wrong. Therefore, the apprentices lost their precious opportunity and could only watch Brook publish the paper.

"Cathode ray and electron are related to the inner structure of an electron. Studying them will help you guys step into the real microworld. Even if Mr. Brook hadn't found the answer, I would still suggest you go for this direction. This is a brand new realm, a vault full of treasures. Within reaches, you can find things that are totally inconceivable in the past." Lucien spoke seriously, like a real teacher.

Heidi and Sprint nodded enthusiastically. For countless times in the past, it had been proved that it was the bold pioneers who got the biggest gains when a new field was discovered, while the cowards were left with nothing but regret.

"Sir, can we also study cathode ray and electron, apart from the low-temperature studies?" Katrina asked anxiously.

In the experiment of charcoal's absorption of air under low temperatures, Katrina and Layria helped Jerome a lot as his main assistants. However, because it was a project assigned by Lucien, Lucien was unquestionably the first author, followed by Jerome who conducted the experiment. As apprentices, they could not even have their names put on it. At that time, they could only watch their teachers gaining lots of citation credits and patent use income, as they were not yet formal arcanists.

But Lucien was quite generous to the apprentices. Although he could not give any arcana credits to them, since it was the rule of the Congress, Lucien gave them a proportion of arcana points from selling the patent of creating vacuum using low-temperature charcoal. Although it was not a lot for Lucien who, after all, had a dragon as "pet", Katrina and Layria quickly saved up enough points for buying the magic potion they needed and could now afford their own experiment materials.

Therefore, Katrina was full of passion facing the brand new realm of atom. She hoped that she could win the highest award in this certain field like Mr. Evans and Ms. Isabella, and fulfill her dreams.

"Of course. In your spare time, you all can do whatever experiments you're interested in. You can use the magic circles and alchemical circles in the institution as well." Lucien nodded.

"Awesome! Thank you, Mr. Evans!" Layria cheered. "In the past two to three months, we haven't made any substantial progress in studying cryogenic materials, only collected some more data. It can be boring sometimes..."

"Studies on alchemical materials require repeated experiments and extensive collections of data. Thus, it is one of the most time-consuming projects and requires lots of patience. Don't think about making a huge achievement right away, but don't underestimate your work either. Every single experiment can be vital for your future finding. In the future. Your finding can be significant in popularizing level one and two alchemical items and lowering the price of high-rank items. You may win the Holm Crown prize because of it," said Lucien.

After chatting with most of his students, Lucien looked at Annick, the young man who was always quiet and shy. "What are you working on recently? You've got a direction?"

Annick's face slightly flushed. "Mr. Evans, I've been studying electron as well. Since free electrons are the cause of gas discharge, I wonder if the electric current is caused by electrons as well."

"Interesting. Go on." Lucien slowed down his pace and walked with Annick side by side. The other apprentices were also looking at Annick curiously.

It was a rare experience for Annick to attract so much attention, so he got a bit nervous. "I've been trying to design an experiment to prove it, but my knowledge in Electromagnetics is too shallow, so I could not find a way out. I-I then turned to some of the books by Mr. Brook, including Electromagnetics and his most recent papers, and his paper discussing the surprising result of the photoelectric effect experiment inspired me."

"So you've figured this out?" Asked Lucien, feeling a bit amused. Obviously, Brook had great faith in his quantum theory, which had been forgotten by most arcanists. Right now most arcanists were directly using the thermal radiance equation without giving any thoughts to why it works.

Annick hurriedly shook his head. "No, no... There's no way that I can figure out something that has been able to bother Mr. Brook for so long. I was inspired because the paper showed that, when casting a certain frequency of light on a piece of metal, there were electric currents. As a piece of metal itself does not carry any electricity, and light cannot be converted into electric currents, then what created the currents?

"If it's like what I assumed... that an electric current is related to electrons, does it mean that the projection of light makes the piece of metal carry electrons? If the answer is yes, does it prove, from the other way around, that an electron is part of the inner structure of an atom?" Explained Annick.

"Good, very good. A very daring hypothesis..." Lucien was generous with his compliments, "So the next step is to prove it. You will need a carefully-designed experiment to show that the photoelectric effect produces electrons."

Hearing the encouraging words, Annick's face turned into a red, ripe apple. He nodded hard. "I... I'll try my best."

Annick was not afraid of Mr. Evans stealing his idea, as Mr. Evans was always surrounded by the highest awards in different fields: He had won Holm Crown prize and Immortal Throne, and he was going to win Arcana Scepter.

There was no way that a teacher like Mr. Evans would steal his student's idea.

Also, as Mr. Evans was present, the rest of the apprentices would not dare to put their hands upon it, unless Annick invited them, or he gave up upon the project on his own.

The rest of the apprentices more or less envied and had some dark thoughts flashing past. But seeing Mr. Evans's warm smile, they quickly drove the dark thoughts away.

"Soon you'll all be real sorcerers..." Lucien paused a bit on purpose, and continued when the apprentices' face lit up, "... but don't think that you do not need to study hard anymore after that. On the contrary, more profound knowledge is waiting for you. To get you all more prepared for the future study after becoming sorcerers, I've prepared many sets of calculus and math analysis exercises."

The lovely smile on the apprentices' face suddenly disappeared.

"Also, I will turn the contents from the school of Electromagnetics, Light-darkness, Force Field, Thermodynamics, Element, Alchemy, Illusion, Astrology, Transformation, Necromancy into basic modules and exercises. So you guys can learn better," said Lucien.

Summoning was not Lucien's strength, and he was not planning on delving into it any sooner.

The apprentices were now very dispirited. Heidi murmured to herself,

"May I'm not in a hurry to promote..."

.....

After the apprentices left, Lucien's villa had a new visitor.

"Mr. Evans, my teacher, Mr. Douglas, wants to invite you to his demiplane to talk about artificial planets," said the young man not even in his thirties.

He had the typical black hair and blue eyes of Holms and was wearing a monocle. The young man with fine features looked gracious and gentle, but the badges in front of his chest clearly showed that he was a level-six arcanist and eighth circle sorcerer, as well as the member of the Affair Committee.

Is it about to begin?

Lucien has some unreal feeling in his mind.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Douglas's demiplane was very different from Thanatos's The Resting Place, Fernando's Thunder Hell, and Hathaway's Element Paradise. When Lucien first stepped in the demiplane with Norman, a member from the Affair Committee who was here to guide Lucien, he did not even realize that they had arrived in a demiplane. Douglas's demiplane looked just like an extension of the real material world. Everything in here functioned following the same rules. Although they all looked plain and normal, fascinating secrets were hiding behind.

Although the demiplanes all looked different because the legendary sorcerers had different understandings of the world and different preferences, they all represent unique features. Yet in Douglas's demiplane, there were lush black forests, and mirror-like lakes, connecting to tall green mountains at the other end of the sky. The magic tower was surrounded by a green lawn that was like a fuzzy carpet. This place had no difference from the real material world.

"My teacher's dream is to understand the world. So his demiplane resembles the real world the most." Norman smiled and explained.

Lucien nodded slightly and looked around. "No wonder Mr. President chose to name this place Linsorde."

In the language of the ancient Sylvanas Magic Empire, Linsorde meant the truth of the world. Therefore, Douglas's demiplane was also called the Land of Truth, and the World in Mirror.

Entering through the magic gate guarded by two mythril golems, Norman led Lucien into a small living room. Two guests, one male and one female, were already sitting there.

The living room was decorated with scarlet carpets, scattered armchairs, tea tables, and several rows of bookshelves. The arrangement was rather casual and cozy. This place looked like Douglas's private meeting room for seeing his friends and the juniors.

"Mr. Douglas, His Excellency the Lord of Storm, and His Excellency the Prophet are still doing the last test. Let's wait here for a moment." Norman explained, and then he introduced the two guests to Lucien. "They are Mr. Douglas's students as well. They happened to be in town right now and are thus here to witness the historic moment: If the planet created by Mr. Douglas can revolve around this world, and be observed by the astrology towers on the ground, it will be a powerful proof for his celestial bodies motion system. There'd be no more queries or suspicions."

Norman was, obviously, so excited that he almost forgot to continue the introduction. Thankfully he realized in time and, pointing to the middle-aged man with grizzled hair, hurriedly said to Lucien, "This is Artil, the student who has followed Mr. Douglas for the longest time. He specializes in Astrology, Force Field, Transformation, and Light-darkness."

Artil had a thin face and protruding cheekbones. His eyes were narrow, and so were his lips. The badges he wore showed that he was a level-eight arcanist and ninth circle archmage, but was not a member of any board or committee, nor of the Highest Council.

He nodded and said in a plain but slightly biting tone, "I'm not the student who has followed Mr. Douglas for the longest time. There is one who's elder than me and has been the student of Mr. Douglas for even longer."

Hearing that, Norman and the female were quite embarrassed, having no idea how to respond. Lucien realized who Artil was talking about: He was referring to the Emperor of Control, the Poem of the Goddess — Mr. Brook. It was said that now Brook and Douglas had become strangers because of their divergence over the particle or wave nature of light.

Norman and the female arcanist were still relatively young, and they never experienced this with their own eyes. To them, the past between Brook and Douglas were written legends and, without experiencing it by themselves, it is difficult to hold extreme disgust and hate towards Brook. Artil, however, had been following Douglas for a long time and probably had also been classmates with Brook for a long time. In his eyes, Brook's behavior was a filthy betrayal. No wonder Artil was showing no respect to Brook at all.

Seeing that Lucien did not try to dig further into the topic, Norman hurriedly turned to introduce the young lady to Lucien. "This is Luciana, also a student of Mr. Douglas. She specializes in Element, Astrology, Force Field, Summoning, and Transformation. Also, she has an in-depth study in math. She should share many topics with you, Evans."

"I've just finished reading Nature, and I'm very interested in the new geometry systems put forward by you and Mr. Levski. I'm planning on further developing them." said the young lady with red, flame-like hair. It seemed that she was not even twenty-five, but her badges showed that she was a level-seven arcanist and an eighth circle sorcerer, as well as a member of the Arcana Review Board.

Before Lucien could reply, Artil smiled and said, "Luciana, why waste your time on math? It's useless for practical arcana and magic. Time is precious to everyone. Although we live quite long, we need to spend hundreds of years to get an inch closer to the truth of the world. So, we can't afford wasting time at all. If our teacher's experiment on artificial planets works, it's going to be a huge breakthrough in both Astrology and Force Field. You'll be overwhelmed by the new research projects."

The new geometry systems were nothing important to him, obviously.

Norman, standing beside, nodded imperceptibly. He seemed to agree with Artil, but he could not speak it out right in front of Luciana like Artil, especially when Lucien was present.

"It's my habit. It's what I like to do to relax," refuted Luciana coldly. She loved studying the beauty of math, but, in fact, she also had not seen the practical value of the two new geometry systems for arcana and magic.

"... So, this is Mr. Lucien Evans... I believe I don't have to say much here. Mr. Evans is the most well-known genius arcanist, and has a special talent in Element, Thermodynamics, and Math." Norman quickly changed the topic.

Artil pointed at the couch and said, "take a sit, Evans. Before our teachers come back, we can have a talk. Although I don't know much about elements, I do know that what you recently found - electron - is the cause of lightning. Interesting, I thought the school of electromagnetics was based on the wave theory."

When Artil was not expressing his contempt, he was okay.

"In fact, the school of Electromagnetics always believes that electric current is the external expression of the motion of electric charge. Before, the only problem was that it was never connected to microscopic particles," said Lucien justifiably as he took a sip of the lemon black tea brought by the servants.

"Anyways, particles form the essence and foundation of the world!" Artil said in a frenetic way, "as long as the experiment works and artificial planets are created, Brook will never be able to attack our teacher's theory anymore! There must be other reasons why we haven't found any planet yet! In this case, our teacher's experiment on light speed will strongly prove that the medium Ether does not exist, and without medium, the wave theory of light will collapse like a tall building that has lost its foundation!

"Light and spiritual power come in the form of particles! They must be particles!"

Norman frowned and interrupted Artil. "Mr. Douglas's experiment has not succeeded yet. Even if it does, it will only be a powerful proof, not a complete proof. Maybe there will be other explanations of this experiment based on theories containing Ether. So far, we cannot use the particle theory of light to explain the diffraction of light and the spot discovered in Brook's experiment. We can't get too optimistic."

"Okay, Norman, I get it. You're in fact an advocate of wave theory, right?!" Artil flew into a rage. "Why isn't it the other way around? Why don't you say that the diffraction of light is only a powerful proof, not a complete proof, and there may be other explanations based on the particle theory? "

Offended by Artil, Norman became a bit irritated. "Open your eyes, Artil. In the past decades, all the theories trying to explain the particle theory have been proved wrong. How many arcanists in the Congress are still supporting particle theory? If you want to overthrow wave theory, you first explain the diffraction of light! Your eyes have been blinded by jealousy!"

"Jealousy?!" Artil pointed to himself angrily and unbelievably. "I'm jealous of Brook, that jerk?! I'm merely believing in my own judgment!"

Luciana also joined the argument. "Unfortunately, Norman, sorry to let you down, but I'm also one of the few arcanists who still support particle theory. You don't possess truth simply because you've got more people on your side!"

"It's true that sometimes the truth may be held in the minority's hands, but particle theory cannot even explain the experiment phenomena! How could you make the arcanists believe in it!" Norman unconsciously revealed his true inclination.

"You betrayed us!" Artil's narrow eyes widened because of anger.

"I'm simply adhering to the truth!" Norman refuted tersely.

The three students of Douglas were involved in a fierce quarrel because of the wave theory and particle theory, and Lucien was left aside by them, forgotten.

Lucien wiped off the few beads of cold sweat on his forehead, worried that they might start fighting at any time. Obviously, any debate over the wave theory and particle theory in the Congress could be very dangerous...

"Norman, are you still working on the first driving force? Such arrogance! Even our teacher cannot solve the problem! Who do you think you are!?" Shouted Artil.

"It's none of your business. Mr. Douglas also put much emphasis on it, as it has something to do with the ultimate destination of his theoretical system. Artil, I know you've been working on it secretly as well! Look at yourself first!" Norman yelled.

Their argument became more and more intense, and suddenly, the three of them turned and looked at Lucien simultaneously.

"Evans, what do you think? Is it the wave theory or particle theory?"

"Evans, I was told that you are the one who proposed the experiment on artificial planets to help Mr. Douglas prove that Ether does not exist?"

"I believe every arcanist specializing in Element should be a firm supporter of the particle theory."

Lucien was suddenly forced into the argument. When he was still weighing his words, Douglas, Fernando, and the Prophet from Tower walked down the stairs.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 431: The Launching

Translator: Henyee Translations **Editor:** Henyee Translations

The formal evening dress that Douglas used to wear had been replaced by a flowing grey magic robe of fine texture, on which countless dots and lines formed various mysterious patterns. He was also wearing an ancient Magic Empire top hat of the same color, surrounded by many colorful crystal stones that resembled a tiny celestial system.

The way how Douglas was dressed reminded people that Douglas was not only the establisher of the Congress of Magic, but also a survivor of the ancient Magic Empire after its downfall. The aesthetics that had been fostered when he was young are still imprinted in his brain.

“Lucien, thank you for your suggestion. With strict calculation and complex alchemy procedures, I have made an artificial planet. The next step will be sending it to the preset orbit.” Douglas greeted Lucien genially.

Meanwhile, Douglas put his right hand on the magic pouch, and a silver-grey sphere instantly rose up in the air in front of him.

As the product of a first-time experiment, the size of this artificial planet was quite small, only half the size of a human body. The tiny, mysterious planet was covered with silver-grey metal gloss and

inlaid with all kinds of gems and sophisticated magic lines. The whole sphere seemed to be completely wrapped in layers of magic circles.

“It looks very sophisticated...” Lucien murmured. According to Lucien, the purpose of the experiment would be achieved as long as Douglas could prove that a satellite was able to revolve around this world. Other further functions were factors that could be considered later, such as communication, investigation, location, as well as being used as a weapon, or it would be a waste of time.

Douglas grinned. “Not really, not really... This universe is full of hazards: this magic circle is designed to resist low temperature...”

Very patiently, Douglas started introducing every magic circles on the surface of the metal ball to Lucien.

Lucien could not agree with him in his mind, yet he still listened to Douglas carefully to learn more about the magic circles and asked questions from time to time. In the end, Lucien asked on purpose,

“Mr. President, why don’t you add the magic circles for receiving and sending signals? So we can locate it from here and keep a closer track of it.”

“I’ve put the similar permanent magic circles in it,” Douglas was not disturbed by Lucien’s many questions at all, but answered him with patience, “... also, the function of its main magic circle goes beyond your imagination. It’s a magic circle that could almost rival legendary magic.”

“What is it?” Asked Luciana curiously.

“I’ll keep it as a secret for now. You’ll see when it works.” Douglas smiled at his students.

Artil’s narrow eyes stared at the metal ball frenetically. “I can’t wait to see it... I can’t wait to show those idiots that our teacher’s theory is correct, to show them that their dream about Ether is just an illusion!”

Fernando snorted. “Claiming victory before the experiment even started. You’re the most stupid idiot I’ve ever seen.”

Fernando’s words lashed out as usual, even though Douglas was just beside him. If it had been Douglas who said those words, Fernando would have given the same response as well.

Artil dared not to debate with Fernando. He lowered his head, feeling quite humiliated.

Bergner, the Prophet from Tower, looked at Douglas with slight concern. “The reason why no planet has been found yet is complicated. Maybe we can’t observe an artificial planet in the universe neither. Mr. President, you have to be prepared for the possible failure. The failure can’t completely deny your theory.”

Bergner was wearing Tower’s unique grey, pointy hat. His brows and beard had all turned white. Except for his eyes, which were as deep as the starry sky, he looked like an ordinary old man.

Since it was a reminder from the Prophet, the look on the students’ face slightly changed. They wondered if Mr. Bergner had already seen the result by casting Horoscope...

But their concern was wiped out by Douglas immediately. Douglas smiled casually and said, “I have failed many times trying to find a planet. One more failure isn’t something that can defeat me. It only means my theory is not yet perfect. Maybe I missed something, and all the failures will lead me to find the answer. A throne of success is always made by failures. Don’t be dazzled by my current reputation and status so that you forget that I have also already been through countless failures.”

Douglas looked up and stared at the virtual starry sky of the demiplane above. “The world is so vast and broad. The further you explore, the smaller you feel about yourself. What did this world look like at the very beginning? Where will the many questions lead to in the very end? We have no idea. Anything that is unknown deserves our reverence. We can’t keep ourselves away from them because of fear and uncertainty.

“If today our experiment works, we will prove that human beings can also create planets and create a world. We are taking the first step!”

Douglas’ smiling eyes turned to look at Lucien, “And this is all thanks to Lucien. His unrestrained thoughts and reversed way of thinking have freed me from my past experience.”

Hearing the praise, Lucien thought to himself that the president’s small step probably meant one giant leap for mankind.

Fernando noticed that Lucien was being absent-minded. He gave Lucien a threatening stare and then turned to Douglas. “No more lecturing. An award-winning speech should be saved until success, or it would turn into a joke.”

Bergner also smiled and explained, “What I just said was not a prophecy. I was simply showing my care to an old friend. If I want to do a fortune telling for Douglas, I would have to prepare for at least a month for the result to not be too ridiculously wrong.”

Artil, Luciana, and Norman gradually cheered up.

Douglas did not say anything. He nodded slightly and put the artificial planet back into his pouch and turned on the magic tower.

The stars in the virtual night sky suddenly went out. The mountains, forest, lake, prairie, and the magic tower itself were completely encased by the darkness.

Then the white lines on the magic tower lit up one by one and formed a very complex magic circle.

As soon as the magic circle became complete, the magic tower started trembling fiercely with a loud buzzing noise. A great power, like a roaring ocean, gathered in front of Douglas and formed a mysterious gate inlaid with countless constellation symbols.

“All of you, go back to Allyn, and watch the sky carefully,” said Douglas.

Meanwhile, his formidable spiritual power spread out. The power was like a burning sun, and it made Lucien and the others unable to open their eyes or spread out their spiritual power.

Finishing his words, Douglas pushed his spiritual power fiercely toward the stargate and opened a gap. Then he stepped in and disappeared in the darkness and void.

This was how a satellite was launched in this world. Lucien stared at the gradually vanishing gate, speechless. No expensive fuels, no giant rocket, no ignition device. All Douglas needed to do was to take the satellite with him and do a space jump.

Lucien truly realized that, in this world of magic, there were still many aspects that were more advanced than that of the Earth. It's just he still had no clue how they worked.

In this world, a grand arcanist himself was a rocket, a satellite, an intercontinental missile, a combination of power and glory!

"To explore the planets far away from us, it will take two to three years to prepare a space jump. The longest might take several decades. As for a short-distance jump like this, it only takes a few days of preparation," explained Fernando.

Bergner, the Prophet, looked at the crystal ball in his hand. "Let's go back to Allyn. We cannot miss this great moment. Three to five minutes later, Douglas will be able to enter the preset orbit."

Douglas will be able to enter the preset orbit... Lucien thought this sentence sounded a bit weird, and had a deeper understanding of the grand arcanists' non-human nature.

Then he went back to Allyn with rest of the people in the demiplane.

Standing on the thirty-third floor of the headquarter's tower, they stared at the night sky. Time went by, but nothing happened.

Luciana asked nervously, "is there a problem?"

It sounded like she was asking other people, but also like she was murmuring to herself.

"No, there will be no problem. It is just somehow delayed," said Artil decisively.

Norman remained as calm as the two legendary sorcerers. He said in a low voice, "Mr. Douglas's theory should be correct..."

Lucien stared at the sky, feeling both excited and worried. This was another exploration of the truth of the world.

Would it work?

Would a new star be born?

The stars in the sky were like countless eyes. Following the tracks that they had been obeying for millions of years, the stars were always the same silent.

.....

Watching the stars on her own platform at home, Samantha was trying to improve a magic spell for interfering in destiny.

During her short break, she was still looking at the night sky with pure appreciation.

“A starry sky is the most gorgeous scenic beauty in this world. It is deep and boundless. It is charming, and also formidable...” Samantha murmured to herself as if reciting a poem.

All of a sudden, her beautiful eyes opened extremely wide! So wide that her eyeballs could probably fall out from her eye sockets.

In the starry sky, a new star appeared without any prior signs!

It was so close, so bright, and its track was so special!

“The birth of a star?”

Samantha could not close her mouth.

.....

Lance, the Holy City.

The pope was leafing through a book. Suddenly, he felt something and looked out of the window. He saw that, in the sky, there was that dazzling bright star that had never been seen before. The star was so bright that it had lit up half the sky. Even the sunset glow could not hide the light of the star!

The book dropped to the ground from Benedict II's hand. Totally shocked, he murmured subconsciously,

"A new star...?"

"Who did it?!"

.....

In Allyn, when the star lit up in the sky, Artil burst out a low roaring, giving a full vent to his feelings.

"It worked! Mr. Douglas is correct!" Luciana hailed, with tears in her eyes.

Fernando slightly shook his head, “So bright... like he’s afraid the others won’t see it.”

Lucien rubbed his forehead, feeling a bit speechless. So that was the function of the main magic circle? ... To burst out bright light like the sun? Was Douglas worried that the Church might miss this historic moment?

But Lucien thought that since this satellite would soon be shot down within several hours because of the main magic circle installed in it, the launching of other satellites with different functions could be put on their agendas.

It actually worked...

It really is a planet...

.....

In Rentato, in Antiffler, in Tria, in Aalto, and in countless other cities, no matter it was day or night, those with extraordinary power and the ordinary people were all staring at the sky, totally stunned.

They had never seen the birth of a new star!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 432: Reactions of Different Parties

Translator: Henyee Translations **Editor:** Henyee Translations

The stars in the sky all dimmed under the dazzlingly bright light from the new star, as if a new sun had appeared. Radiating a glaring light without any constraint, the new star orbits along its own track unaffected.

Feeling that something was going on, Brook walked out from his demiplane. Standing on the thirty-fourth floor of the Allyn magic tower, he stared vacantly at the starry sky,

“This isn’t the birth of a new star...”

“Its orbit is too close. If it’s a real star, it will crush into this world, destroying everything...”

“What is it?”

“The power is beyond mighty...”

As a grand arcanist and legendary sorcerer, as well as the student of Douglas, Brook had figured out in his head the range of the orbit based on only observing the size of the star, its brightness, and some other parameters. Although it was not accurate, it was enough for him to tell how far the star was from this world.

For this very reason, Brook was a bit shocked. To him, if it had actually been the birth of a new star, he would not have been so surprised and confused, but would have rather taken it as something worthy of in-depth study and prepared the relevant spells for research.

But this one was an artificial star!

...

In the Kingdom of Brianne, in a tall magic tower reaching the sky.

Staring at the stars in his crystal ball, a senior-rank astrologer who was supposed to be doing his fortune-telling was, however, now gazing at the night sky with his mouth slightly open. He had never seen such a bright star before, and the birth of the star just happened like that without any signs!

This was even more bizarre than the scarlet moon!

“What star is it?” The astrologer murmured after quite a while.

Then, he hurriedly looked down at the crystal ball in his hand. When a new star was born, the track of destiny would surely be affected. He was somewhat annoyed and frustrated, as the birth of a star will bring great changes in the River of Destiny and he would have to restart his divination.

Half an hour later, he suddenly raised his head and looked into the sky, stunned.

“Why is there no reflection of fate?”

“Is it a real star?”

...

In the Dark Mountain Range, at the campsite of adventurers.

Stanis, the King of Nightmare, who enjoyed living among ordinary people and observing their dreams, was appreciating his afternoon tea in a small cabin. Suddenly, the white porcelain cup fell from his hand to the ground and broke into countless pieces.

Stanis did not care about it at all. Instead, he flashed to the window, raised his head and looked to the East.

Across the sky, a brilliant star suddenly emerged and lit up half of the sky. It was as bright as the sun!

Stanis wondered if his cognition world had gone wrong and he had been affected by his own dream or illusionary spell.

After a glance at the sinking sun in the west, Stanis turned back to the newly-born star, which was moving unaffectedly following its own track.

“If this is a dream, what does this horribly bright star stand for?”

“If it is not a dream, who did this?”

“Such a miracle can never be performed by a mundane...”

...

In Rentato, at the avenue which had not been equipped with arc lamps, it was dark and cold. Only several stars in the sky slightly lit up the way.

Because of the increasing number of alchemical workshops, the spinners had been improved by the alchemists. More and more commoners in Rentato had to work extra hours for higher productivity. Now, a few clusters of them were walking on the street. Feeling the harsh winter wind whipping, they all picked up the pace to return home as quickly as possible.

As they were walking, they saw the road in the front was strangely bathed in bright light as if it had been daytime.

Astounded, they looked up and then lost all their words. There was a bright star hanging in the sky, moving slowly in its own track. It was completely different than the silver moon, but was equally outstanding.

They wondered if this was a miracle from God.

“The almighty God of Truth...”

“Only Truth lives forever...”

Out of great astonishment, they thought that it was the God of Truth that created this miracle. They kneeled down on the ground regardless of the mud from the melted snow, and they prayed with passion and devotion.

...

In Aalto, Natasha, who was wearing a full set of hunting suit, was riding a horse through the thin forest.

Suddenly, she put an arrow to her bow and shot it out fiercely. With great power and momentum, and twined with illusional space gaps, the arrow showed up in front of a big tree several hundred

meters away in a blink of eye. It then penetrated dozens of thick trees one by one like a hot knife through butter. Finally, the arrow nailed a grey hare to the ground which had just jumped out of the bush.

The scene was like a sketch, and as if someone had made a hole in the middle of the trees using an eraser, everything in this picture was safe and sound except the trees.

Natasha, however, was not paying attention to the perfect shoot she just made. Instead, she looked eastward and saw the new, bright star.

She instantly recalled the scarlet moon incident a while ago.

“Is it because of him, again?” Murmured Natasha.

...

In the Holy City of Lance, the pope, Benedict II, was standing beside a window, holding the staff. The new star was under his close scrutiny.

“It’s not vanishing...”

“The track doesn’t make sense...”

“Based on the position... Is it from the Congress of Magic?”

Soon the pope calmed down. He gazed at the new star indifferently and observed its orbit. when he believed that he had understood and remembered all the information about it, the pope raised the staff, his body bending slightly backward. Benedict II half closed his eyes and said to the sky in a low voice,

“Almighty God of Truth, you are one and everyone.”

“You are the instant and the forever.”

“You are the creator and the master.”

As he was praying, a layer of white holy light covered him. The divine powers started collecting from above, and slowly spread out and covered the entire city and its surrounding areas.

Feeling the power, the Grand Cardinals, Divine Knights, the Cardinals, and the common followers all calmed down from the great shock of seeing the new star. The look on their face softened as they were deeply touched.

It was the air and power of the Lord!

“You are one and everyone.”

“You are the instant and the forever.”

...

Hundreds of thousands of people started praying. Under the dominating power, their voice joined together and an astonishing resonance was created.

The scene was beyond magnificent.

When the praying became louder and louder, the pope pointed at the sky with his staff!

In the sky, a white light spot emerged from nowhere. It grew bigger and bigger. Soon, its light became as bright as the artificial star and the sun.

From inside of the light ball, a beautiful and refreshing hymn came out. The entire sky became holy and clean.

In Lucien and the rest of the sorcerers' eyes, the entire night sky had been lit up by the light ball. They could also faintly hear the hymn.

Lucien had expected that the Church would not keep the artificial star in the air for too long, since it was a great provocation to the authority of the God of Truth.

If sorcerers could create stars, then what was the God of Truth who was said to have created the world? Just a sorcerer who is a bit more powerful than the grand arcanists?

But what Lucien did not expect was that the Church would react in such an exaggerated manner.

The light ball became clearer and clearer. It seems that its inside was divided into seven layers. In the first layer, beautiful angels with a pair of wings and pure white souls were playing the wonderful hymn praising the true God on the pianos, harps, clarinets, and horns.

From the second layer to the fifth, the convivial scenes were similar. The angels and souls had nothing but pleasure and happiness to enjoy. The only difference was that the angels had more wings – there were Virtues, Principalities, and Cherubim.

In the sixth layer, there were the illusional figures of six Seraphim. They each stood in one direction, as if they were escorting the seventh layer.

In the seventh layer, besides the endless holy light spreading out, there was a Seraph holding canon. Lying prostrate beneath the light, the seraph was serving the God of Truth.

Lucien knew exactly what it was!

This was the real divine spell, which killed the last consul of the Magic Empire!

This was the real divine spell of great cost to the caster!

This was the real divine spell that only the pope could cast!

God's Arrival!

While observing the divine spell very carefully, Lucien turned on the monocle permanently enchanted with electromagnetism messaging to test how the artificial planet responded to signals.

In the light ball, all the angels burst out pure divine light, and the light joined with that of the seventh layer. Like ocean waves, the light spread out and covered the entire sky.

“This is the response from Antiffler No. 1...”

Then the sound of electrical noise took over.

Staring at the sky which had turned milky white from the holy light, hearing the electrical noise, Lucien subconsciously compared the power to that of the God of Silver Moon and concluded that, although the two powers were within the same level, Alterna was slightly weaker.

Then again, this was just a vague conclusion drawn by a senior-rank sorcerer. Maybe it was far from being accurate. Even for a legendary like Douglas or Dracula, evaluating these kinds of power could be very difficult.

The reason why the artificial planet was named Antiffler No. 1 was that Antiffler was the capital city of the ancient Sylvanas Magic Empire, where Douglas was born and grew up.

A mysterious gate drawn with countless constellation symbols suddenly showed up in front of Fernando, Lucien, and the other sorcerers. Douglas in his grey magic robe staggered out of it. The colorful gems circling above his head had mostly disappeared.

However, Douglas was in a high spirit. His excitement could not be hidden on his genial face.

“Finally, I’ve experienced God’s Arrival...

“Unless he wants to fall early, the pope won’t be able to use God’s Arrival in the next five years!”

Lucien finally realized why the president made the artificial planet so bright. It was not simply for showing off his achievement.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 433: The Change and The Plan

Translator: Henyee Translations **Editor:** Henyee Translations

In the Radiance Church in Holm.

Awoken from their prayers, Philibell, Vaharall, and Stone were staring at the night sky, which was dominated by the holy light and the projection of Mountain Paradise, with a blank expression.

“God’s Arrival... The pope used God’s Arrival!”

“The new star was made by the heresies? ... No, it was made by the vicious sorcerers!”

“But the made star could move around this world like a real one... No wonder the pope had to use God’s Arrival...”

The looks on their face were complicated. There was awe, admiration, joy, confusion, and anger.

Ever since the scarlet moon incident, the focus of the South Church shifted again. Now, they were focused on exploring the unknown dimension and the solidified shadows of black, white, and grey. Therefore, Varantine, the leader of the Ascetics, had returned to Lance, and soon Vaharall would be back as well. Only Stone would be left to lead the Knights of Grail in Rentato to help Philibell and the four parishes in Brianne, the Duchy of Calais, Colette, and the North Coast to guard against the Congress of Magic.

The great war plan against the Congress of Magic that they had been preparing for almost two years was thus halted. Now the Church was taking a strategic defence position.

To the Saint Truth Church, nothing was more important than finding the fallen Alterna and the mysterious existence.

Besides, they believed that the Congress of Magic had shifted their focus as well and would not have much time to work against them either.

“The glory of God is everywhere. Please show mercy to the mundane, and save them.” prayed Philibell in low voice.

Vaharall drew a cross in front of his chest and said sincerely, “The pope is the true spokesman of God. He is beyond decisive. If it had been me, I would have spent hours hesitating. In that case, more people would have seen the vicious symbol in the sky, and their faith would have been affected.”

Although the pope could not use God’s Arrival anymore within five years, he was still the most powerful man in this world, surpassing all the legendaries, and his presence was threatening enough for all the enemies. However, the fact that the most powerful divine spell could no longer be used again in five years would definitely be a temptation for many, which would have a very negative impact on their search of Alterna. Therefore, in Vaharall’s eyes, this was a tough decision.

However, now, under the frightening holy power, the vicious symbol had turned into ashes. Even if the Congress tried to show off their achievement, it would only become a joke. Any attempt into the realm of God would face the fury from God. Only the Gold of Truth could create this world and the other planets, and even if others could make similar things, they would not exist for long.

“That thing’s dangerous. The sooner it is destroyed, the better it is.” Stone, the divine knight, nodded. He felt extremely uncomfortable when he thought of the fact that an artificial planet made by sorcerers was looking down upon them from the sky.

Although, there was no such concept called air supremacy in this world yet, anyone who could fly understood how important this ability was to a fight. Except when fighting indoors, based on the ability to fly, a radiant knight could easily attrit more than ten grand knights to death even if he was seriously injured, as the grand knights had no methods to strike long-range.

Therefore, a planet made by sorcerers would be a nightmare to the Church if it had been equipped with all the methods for surveillance and striking.

After the prayers, Philibell looked as if he had aged a bit. With a slightly exhausted blank expression, he said, “the Congress of Magic chose to reveal the artificial planet on purpose, or we wouldn’t be able to find it out this soon. If the artificial planets become more advanced in the future... say, if they will be equipped with Invisibility, Deflect, or even Space Jump magic circles, we would be in great trouble.

“We have to improve some of the divine spells. Besides God’s Arrival, we have to have other powerful spells for extra long distance attack.

“... Also, we have to have new divine spells and items that can detect artificial planets, so we can turn on the defense divine circles in time.

“If possible, we need to steal the information from the Congress of Magic to see what are their plans for the artificial planets, so that we can make similar products. An artificial planet will be the best self-defense weapon against other artificial planet... That’s for sure.

“We have to set up space jump circles near-orbit, through which the saint cardinals and divine knights can reach the target in the shortest period of time without extra preparation.

“... Find the leading sorcerer of the artificial planet plan. If we can, we cleanse them. I don't think it's very possible though... Only a legendary sorcerer could carry out such a plan.”

Philibell's many suggestions made Stone slightly frown. Obviously, the strategies they were taking now were completely different from those adopted before.

.....

Under the pure divine light, Duke Paphos' villa was as bright as a crystal palace. Inside it behind the big windows stood James and Russel, the Duke of Wolfburg.

“The power of God is so broad and vast that it's impossible to resist.” The bareheaded James released a long sigh as he watched the holy sea of light slowly retreating.

Holding a glass of wine, Russel slightly lowered his head and gazed at the red liquid inside, as if he dared not to directly look at the projection of Mountain Paradise,

“Since the establishment of the Church, God's Arrival have been used for only eight times. Among the eight times, six witnessed the falling of one of the most powerful existences in this world:

“The Light of Stars – the last consul of the Magic Empire; the Lord of Death; Abel – the vampire prince; Aflora – the ancient dragon of Time; the fiend of the Church of Sun; and the “goddess” Mother Earth. Only Alterna and Maltimus, the Lord of Hell, survived so far.

“It’s hard to believe that the pope just used it, facing this new star...”

“Maybe it’s not a real star...” As the leader of the Liberals, James knew more about the Congress of Magic than Russel. Although he was not certain about it, he was told that Douglas was working on something big.

Ross was very surprised, “What do you mean?”

“Maybe... Just maybe... It is an artificial planet made by Douglas. I hope he was not killed by God’s Arrival...” said James, slightly excited and worried at the same time.

If the president had fallen, it would have been a fatal strike to the Congress of Magic. Although the many powerful grand arcanists would not let the Congress collapse, the inner conflicts between the grand arcanists and legendary sorcerers would be very hard for the Lord of Storm and the Hand of Annihilation to control. Thus, the Congress would start falling into decay day by day without a doubt, which was, of course, no good news to the Liberals.

“Ar-Artificial planet?” Russel was startled. Unlike building a demiplane, making a planet meant a new world had been built! — According to Douglas, the main material world was just a larger planet.

The shades on James’s face fluctuated under the candlelight. “That’s true. The Congress of Magic is even more powerful than we expected, and also more dangerous. Maybe in the future we’ll be collaborating with a ‘God’...”

“Only Truth lives forever...” Russel, who still had a small amount of faith remaining, drew a cross in front of his chest.

.....

On the thirty-third floor of the Allyn magic tower.

“Sir... the pope used ... God’s Arrival?!” Luciana exclaimed unbelievably. Every sorcerer knew how horrible the power of God’s Arrival was. Luciana wondered if her teacher Douglas had reached the level of Alterna, the God of Silver Moon?

Douglas grinned and waved his hand. “The pope’s target was Antiffler No. 1. He had no idea that it was me who launched it and brought the initial velocity, so I was out of the range and only experienced it from nearby, or I would not be able to come back.”

Mentioning this, Douglas did not feel depressed or scared at all. Now he knew the power of God’s Arrival and saw how it worked by observing it from a close distance, it would benefit him a lot in the future.

“I’ll write to you all to share this experience when I’ve finished digesting it,” said Douglas to Fernando, Lucien, Artil, and the others.

Except for teaching and sharing his experience, he also planned to write the letters to express his appreciation — Without the help of the Lord of Storm and the Prophet, Douglas would not have

been able to make the artificial planet within such a short period of time; without Lucien, the plan would have never even existed.

Lucien thanked Douglas, while feeling a bit melancholy in his mind. Was this the end of the first artificial planet project? It started so fast and ended so fast. Several hours earlier, Lucien, who was very excited and in the spirit of acting, was about to name this project the Star Wars Project.

“Sir, the project is a success! Your theory has been proved! No one can doubt you anymore!” said Artil very excitedly, his lips slightly trembling.

Although Douglas’s theoretical system had been planted into every arcanist’s heart, there was still criticism. The criticism had become particularly loud when Douglas’ experiments based on this system proved that the velocity of light did not change in different directions, that ether did not exist, and that the wave theory of light was rather problematic.

Norman and Luciana were the same excited. The artificial planet had strongly backed Douglas’s theoretical system.

“It’s just the first step. Antiffler No. 1 was destroyed by God’s Arrival before it could finish a complete revolution around the world. Next, we’ll have Antiffler No. 2... Of course, it’s gonna be done in a very secretive way.” Douglas answered smiling. Although he was being very humble, his tone now contained more confidence.

Mentioning this, he became a bit emotional. “My theoretical system has been proved, but this has brought me more questions and make me feel even more in awe of the unknown truth: How did the gravity system come into shape at the very beginning? Why did it happen?”

Here he goes again... Fernando's mouth twitched a bit.

Seizing the chance, Lucien hurriedly said to the grand arcanists, "Mr. President, teacher, Mr. Prophet, I've tested the signal from Antiffler No. 1, and it was very clear! If we put a magic circle for transmitting signals in an artificial planet, we could significantly enlarge the coverage range of Electromagnetic Message. After all, signal transmission is much easier in the sky than on the ground. If that's the case, we will be able to talk to the Dark Mountain Range when we are still in Allyn. That's even more convenient than Space Jump!

"Also, we have to consider the functions of surveillance, locating, and attacking. We need different kinds of artificial planets!"

Douglas smiled and nodded. "Very interesting suggestion. Better communication will for sure bring a great revolution to society. However, the cost is still too high. The alchemical products needed should be of at least the fifth circle. Only senior-rank sorcerers could possibly be able to use them. I'm afraid that we cannot popularize it so far."

Under the influence of Jinkela, the word, popularization, was being mentioned more and more often by sorcerers.

"I do have a package plan for this!" Lucien was already prepared.

Lucien was not able to launch a satellite himself, so he had to try his best to cooperate with the president and Fernando.

Fernando chuckled briefly. He knew that his student was already preparing for this when he proposed the artificial planet project.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 434: Lucien's Package Plan

Translator: Henyee Translations **Editor:** Henyee Translations

Douglas looked around. All the people here were either the members of the Highest Council or his student, and they could all be trusted.

So Douglas smiled and asked, “a package plan? You’ve been thinking about this for a long time?”

Douglas worked all the way through and finally established the Congress of Magic. His theoretical system had influenced not only sorcerers generation after generation, but also even his enemies including the Church and the vampires. Whether speaking of intelligence or wisdom, he ranked top three in this world. Therefore, although he did not know Lucien as well as Fernando did, he could still find some clues to Lucien's real intention in this single sentence.

Cheeky as he was, Lucien did not mind that his true intention was detected by the two grand arcanists. He said with a smile, “firstly, as for satellite communication... I’ve read your article, Sir. If we want to build a communication domain that covers the entire continent and the oceans, we have two choices. Option A: The satellites’ orbital planes need to be above the Northland and the South Ice-ocean, so we need at least two artificial planets. Option B: we put a synchronous orbit satellite above the right ascension...”

The arcanists present were all experts in Astrology, so Lucien did not explain in details, but only presented the outline of his plan.

“... But the best way would be to combine the two options together. And to guarantee the quality of communication, the more satellites we have, the better it is. Of course, because of the high cost of producing an artificial planet and space jumping, we have to do it step by step and turn it into a long-term plan. I propose that we name it Constellation Plan — The plan of making constellations around the world using artificial planets.

“... Also, we better set up a company for this and charge every sorcerer who needs to use the satellites to compensate for the costs. The company will sell special products for satellite communication. If anyone wants to make one on their own, they still have to buy a license for it.”

As an authority in Electromagnetics, Fernando slightly frowned after he heard Lucien’s speech. “The problem still hasn’t been solved. To ensure the clarity of the signals, a higher standard of Electromagnetism Messaging will have to be adopted when the satellites cover the entire continent. Then again, only sorcerers above the fifth circle would be able to use it, which only accounts for a very small proportion of the entire sorcerer population, since few middle-rank or low-rank sorcerers could afford it.”

“So we should charge a bit more, and open some unimportant satellites to the rich nobles. Presumably, they should welcome the convenience and they can certainly afford it,” said Lucien.

He had not mentioned the next steps yet: to build magic base stations. He would wait until there were enough satellites.

Planets up in the sky were hard to strike, but base stations on the ground were easy targets. Only when the nobles started relying on the convenient communication method would they willingly defend the base stations.

Lucien continued. "As for the need of the low-rank and middle-rank sorcerers, I have come up with a new second-circle spell called Electromagnetic File Transfer by simplifying Mr. Fernando's Electromagnetism Messaging. Although it can only work in a limited range, and cannot support real-time calls, it can still serve the function of transferring documents similar to the magic circles inside a tower. I think it should be enough for them right now."

This so-called Electromagnetic File Transfer was in fact radiotelegraphy. As for the invention of intercom, it was only of very limited value because of the existence of Secondary Telepathic Bond, so Lucien had not spent time to invent the spell.

"A second-circle spell... Then most nobles with titles and manors should be able to use it." Norman nodded slightly.

"Yes, it is going to be one of our products for popularization," said Lucien in a businessman tone like that of Arthur. "Also, inspired by the power lines that have been installed recently, I've got a new idea. The high requirements of Electromagnetism Messaging are from the fact that this spell relies on electromagnetic waves transmitting in the air. During the process, the waves can encounter all kinds of environments and landforms, and they are thus weakened. To make up for this loss, we have to enhance the signals by using more complicated magic circles.

"... Using satellites as relay stations can be one solution. And there's also another one: To set up exclusive pathways for the transmission of electromagnetic waves just like the power lines. So the transmission will be limited within the wires, and we could avoid the complex environments when installing the lines. Where the wires join, we set up magic circles for selecting and forwarding signals.

"... If the wires can extend to every city, every manor, and every house, it will be a great benefit to the ordinary people. The only problems are that the popularization requires a huge amount of investment in the beginning, and the Church can easily destroy the wires."

His fingers showing numbers, Douglas said, “to make this come true in Holm, the first step of establishing the wires itself would be a long-term plan... something that has to be measured in decades, not to mention other countries like Brianne and those across the strait.

“... But in the many decades to come, based on the current speed at which we are developing, we should be able to suppress the power of the Church within the Kingdom of Holm. In this case, maybe your plan can be partly carried out first in the prosperous places like Rentato and Paphos. An ordinary person can talk to her friend through an alchemical item.”

Then Douglas smiled warmly. “There are multiple layers in your plan, Lucien. The artificial planets for communication cover sorcerers above the fifth circle, major nobles, leading businessmen; Electromagnetic File Transfer targets at low- and middle-rank sorcerers, smaller nobles, rich business people; and there is also the establishment of wires aiming at serving apprentices, dilapidated nobles, and common citizens. You’ve taken all of them into consideration.”

“In fact, the plan for setting up wires can still be further divided into two parts: one is to enable users to talk through wires directly, and the other is like using Electromagnetic File Transfer. The latter has an even lower requirement for the terminal magic circle. Also, we can first open up service branches in some smaller cities for now. When people are in need, they come to us to use the products. In this way, we won’t need to wait until the wires are popularized to most of the families to begin our plan.” Lucien pictured the image according to the images of earth in his mind.

The feeling that he was able to change this world gave him a thrilling feeling.

“Good. When most commoners start to benefit from magic, their belief in the Church will be shaken as never before. We need to be prepared for counterattacks from the Church.” Douglas nodded in satisfaction.

Obviously, the president and Lucien’s teacher were also aware of the fact that the popularization of magic items would greatly challenge the foundation of the Church. Lucien realized once again that he was definitely not the only smart guy in this world, so he hurriedly put forward another plan.

“I’ve been working on producing a new, affordable alchemical item. It can receive electromagnetic signals within a certain range and turn it into voice. Although it cannot accommodate point-to-point communications, it can still change ordinary people’s life!”

What Lucien was saying was a magic version of the Crystal Radio that belongs to level-one alchemical items. Through mass production, the technique requirement could be lowered to the apprentice level. A common citizen could afford it with several years of saving.

“Life-changing?” Fernando directly got to the point, even though Lucien was not being very specific.

Lucien put on a mischievous smile. “We can form a radio program and send message to the countries across Storm Strait at a specific frequency. We can play symphonies, pianos pieces, operas, stories, and legends. We can even introduce some basic knowledge of arcana and magic to people, as well as the dark history facts of the Church...”

Hearing Lucien’s words, Luciana slightly opened her mouth and exclaimed in a great shock, “It’s tearing down the foundation of the Church. They will go crazy!”

“Therefore we gotta be careful with the time and the frequency band. The programs should also be interesting so that once people start liking the programs, they will keep them as a secret and gradually be converted. Of course, at first, we have to protect our listeners by choosing the areas where we are able to exert our power. We have to make sure that they won’t be put on the gallows even if anyone inform against them.” Lucien answered seriously.

Douglas released a sigh. “Very good. You shall name the program then.”

All of them present were aware of the value of the plan.

“Um... Let’s name it Arcana Voice.” Lucien would not tell anyone that he had decided the name a long time ago.

“Let’s set up a company for turning all the alchemical items and communication plans that you just mentioned into real. The shares are divided according to our own contribution and investment. As the initiator and the inventor of the alchemical items, Lucien, you will get 25 percent.” Fernando made the final decision. It looked like a fair decision, but in fact, favored Lucien a lot.

Fernando was the one who created Electromagnetism Messaging. Douglas, Fernando, and the Prophet would be responsible for launching the satellites. Luciana and Norman would be the ones to carry out the specific plans and make investments. All of them, including the sorcerers that were going to join them in the future, only owned 75 percent of the company.

Douglas agreed as he was grateful to Lucien who suggested the artificial planet project. He smiled and asked, “what about the name for the company?”

“Allyn Telephone and Telegram Company...” Lucien responded subconsciously, then he hurriedly explained. “... It means using electromagnetic waves to communicate and transmit messages.”

After drawing the basic plan, Douglas looked at Lucien. “So for the applications of artificial planets, you got any other suggestions?”

He was sure that this young man's ambition was far more than this.

“First of all, we shall conduct more in-depth studies in the ionosphere to look for a better plan for transmitting electromagnetic waves. Secondly, we have to put more defensive magic circles to protect the planets, including Invisibility and Orbital Transfer,” replied Lucien without hesitation. “Thirdly, since the planets are high above, most attacks from them will be weakened greatly before they reach the ground, so we have to come up with super-range attack magic spells with much more concentrated energy... hopefully the spells will be lower than legendary level.”

Or the cost for producing a legendary-level artificial planet would be too high.

“Fourthly, we can use artificial planets to monitor our targets on the ground...”

Lucien indeed had a complete package plan. Many of his suggestions made the grand arcanists present feel deeply refreshing.

“You have too many suggestions. We have to go back and digest them first. We'll set up Allyn Telephone and Telegram Company first; forming Arcana Voice will be our current priority.” Douglas was affected by God's Arrival, and he sounded a bit tired after the initial spirit-lifting buffering expired.

However, standing beside Douglas, Artil was rather excited. “I'm going to write papers and challenge all the arcanists who ever doubted your theories and experiments on the velocity of light, Sir!”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 435: Start of the Debate War

Translator: Henyee Translations **Editor:** Henyee Translations

In the next half month, besides the birth of the new star and God's Arrival that everyone was talking about, everything else was quiet and peaceful in Allyn, Rentato, Lance, and the other cities.

The strange peacefulness continued as year 820 of the Saint Calendar came. It felt like the new star was a normal celestial phenomenon and nothing was going on.

After short vocation, Lucien entered the gate of the Atom Institution with the Sun Staff, which was transformed into a gentleman's cane. He was thinking about the initiation of Allyn Telephone and Telegraph company and the promotion of the alchemical items.

Before Lucien could take off his hat and put it on the rack, he heard Lazar's voice. "An... An artificial planet?" Lazar's voice was trembling uncontrollably.

"The star that brightened up half of the sky that night was created and launched by President Douglas!" Heidi still had a crisp voice like a girl, but it was extremely sharp at the moment. It seemed like she was shocked by some unimaginable power.

Lucien realized that Douglas had published the experiment on *Arcana*. He then smiled and greeted Lazar and Heidi who were still in shock.

“Hey, Lazar. Hey, Heidi. Happy New Year. You’re so early.”

After reaching the third circle, Lazar already knew what he should do now as a middle-rank mage. He would read every issue of *Arcana* and *Magic* as soon as they were released. Before, Lazar could barely understand any articles that were published on *Arcana* and *Magic*, so he had no interest in buying them. Most of the time, he simply borrowed them from the arcana library. He was more interested in *Element* and *Common Arcana*. Now, Lazar would arrive early only on the release days of the two journals every month and Lucien was thus not surprised.

What surprised Lucien was that Heidi, who usually woke up late, could get up so early.

“Mr. Evans, Annick has become a formal sorcerer!” Heidi turned her head around and answered Lucien’s question without thinking too much. “I’m motivated! I’m going to get up early and meditate. I am going to get up early and study!” She tightened her fist.

Lucien did not know that Annick had become a formal sorcerer. Although the communication satellite had not been launched yet and no long-distance calls could be made, Lucien still spent most of his spare time on the initiation of Allyn Telephone and Telegraph Company and its subordinate Arcana Voice. He only had time to chat with his apprentices during the New Year’s party and did not know that Annick was already very close to advancing.

This made Lucien consider handing the matters over to professionals or sorcerers who enjoyed running businesses after setting everything up. He could just sit there and get his share. The most important thing for him was to advance his arcana and magic level. He also needed to improve the alchemical items.

“When did he rank up?” Lucien asked delightedly.

Heidi tightened her fists.

“Yesterday! He has been working on his private research recently and he didn’t even rest during the New Year holiday. He suddenly had some breakthrough yesterday. Then, he successfully advanced without the help of potions, before he had enough spiritual power! If I hadn’t gone to ask him on a difficult problem I encountered, I wouldn’t be able to find it out!”

“Advancing just several months after his adult ceremony, Annick is not bad at all when compared to the other apprentices at his age.” Lucien nodded, satisfied. It seemed like Annick made quite some progress on the verification of the photoelectric effect, proving that it was electrons that were emitted.

It suddenly occurred to Lucien that he might have trained a bunch of future Holm Crown Award (or Silver Moon Medal, etc.) winners. In the future, there might be a sentence like this in the History of Magic: “Atom Institution, a small place with a lot of honorable names and forerunners that are respected by the later generations”.

Although with Lucien’s paper on his discovery of the natural radiation ahead, Annick would probably not be able to get the Holm Crown Award this time. It was highly likely that he would be able to get the award later if he could keep exploring at the frontline of elemental research.

Heidi tightened her fists again. “I’m certain that I could do better than them!”

At this moment, the other apprentices arrived, all appearing energetic and excited.

“Congratulations, Annick, you’re a formal sorcerer now,” Lucien smiled and greeted.

“What? You became a formal sorcerer?” Sprint burst out. He thought he would be the first one to advance among the apprentices.

Layria and Katrina also stared at Annick with surprise, joy, admire, and depress. They could not believe that the always reserved Annick could become a formal sorcerer so fast.

Annick blushed under the attention of the others. “I made some progress with my experiment yesterday; my meditation environment then changed, so I consumed the potion and tried to construct a first-circle spell. I only tried it once and I somehow succeeded.” He sounded a bit shy.

Annick had never been stared at like this and he felt a bit uncomfortable. He lowered his head as if he wanted to bury himself into the ground.

“You’ve verified that it’s the electron?” Lucien asked. He was happy with Annick’s achievement.

Annick nodded. “Yeah.”

“It’s a result that might get you the Holm Crown,” Lucien said half-jokingly.

Heidi, Layria, Katrina, and even Lazar suddenly gasped deeply. They thought for a while and realized that there was indeed a chance for Annick to be awarded the Holm Crown prize.

Yesterday, he was still a sorcerer apprentice, but now there was a chance that he could be awarded the Holm Crown. It sounded more like a legend than an actual legend. Even Lucien, who got the most honorable reward when he was not yet 19, had already become a formal sorcerer for almost a year by then.

Annick felt even more uncomfortable after he heard the gaspings.

“It’s impossible. I can only prove that the electrons come from the metal, but no practical evidence shows that it comes from inside the metal atom. There’s a chance the atoms absorbed the free electron when binding together.” Annick shook his head.

Then, Annick sounded as if he was talking to himself. “I don’t want the reward even if I have the chance to get it.”

“Why?” Lucien was not the only who was curious here. It’s surprising that someone would decline an honor like the Holm Crown prize.

Annick responded, “I don’t like standing in the center of the stage. I can just study, do my experiment, and improve quietly, right?”

“If you’re qualified for the award one day but decline it, you’ll draw even more attention. It’s something that has never happened before.” Lucien smiled and explained why Annick’s plan was impossible.

“That’s right...” Annick belatedly understood the reason.

At the same time, Lazar finally realized what was happening. He raised the *Arcana* he was reading and exclaimed, “everyone, do you remember the newborn star that was destroyed by God’s Arrival about half a month ago?”

“Yeah, why?” Sprint’s attention quickly shifted to Lazar. The incident that night had left a deep impression in his mind.

Layria and Katrina also turned to look at Lazar curiously. The beautiful bright star was still clear in their memories.

As the other apprentices’ sight shifted away from him, Annick was relieved and his expression loosened. Then, he also turned to look at Lazar in the same way.

In Allyn, every sorcerer who knew about the background are shocked by or, at least, interested in the Newborn Star.

When Lazar was going to show off the big news he found and tell everyone how shocked and respectful he was, Heidi took his chance and spoke first. “The star was created and launched by Mr. President!”

“What?!”

“That’s impossible!”

“It’s artificial? Seriously?”

The exclamations expressed how surprised everyone was.

“It’s true! The first paper on this issue, Summaries of Simulating the Astronomical System

with an Artificial Planet, is from the President!” Lazar quickly waved the *Arcanain* in his hand.

“The experimental data, the actual data, the comparison between the two, and the descriptions of the trajectory. It must be true!”

With the idea of the artificial planet, it would not be hard for people who had studied Douglas’ theoretical system and achieved some results to create the whole model with the previous data, so Douglas did not try to hide his experiment. For people who could understand the experiment, it would not take them too long to figure everything out, and for people who could not understand it, they would never be able to figure out the truth.

Though obviously, he hid some of the actual situations and Lucien’s plan was only mentioned in a small discussion, so the enemy would not be enlightened by the published materials.

“H-How is this even possible?” Layria muttered. To the sorcerers specializing in Astrology, the stars in the sky represented the fate of all creatures with intelligence. No one believed that “fate” could be man-made.

Sprint, Annick, and Katrina were all in a state of absence. Their pride from their recent improvement of skills and knowledge was destroyed by the shocking truth.

Lazar noticed that Lucien was simply smiling silently, as if he was not surprised at all. Suddenly, Lazar had a flash of intuition.

“Lucien, don’t tell me you participated in the experiment?”

Everyone’s sight instantly fell upon Lucien’s face.

“I provided some suggestions.” Lucien smiled and nodded. He had nothing to hide as long as no one knew who initiated the experiment. After all, the Church’s attention was on the one who completed the experiment.

Lazar clicked his tongue twice. “I don’t why, but I was not surprised at all when I heard you were part of it.”

Heidi quickly turned the pages and, not surprisingly, she saw Douglas’s words at the end.

She started reading in a clear silvery voice. “Special thanks to those who helped me during the experiment, Fernando, Bergner, Lucien, Artil, Luciana, Norman... Teacher’s name is really here...”

Once again, they realized how talented Lucien was.

“Let me what else is published on this issue.” Lucien raised his hand and took over the journal. His own issue was probably in his office of the Arcana Review Board.

Lucien checked the titles and suddenly saw an article published by Artil by the end. The title was *Does Ether Really Exist* . It was an article for pure discussion purposes and could not earn any reference credits.

Lucien inhaled slightly and slightly read the short article, which sounds like a declaration of war.

“... The artificial planet experiment strongly proved the President’s theories, and the lightspeed experiment based on the theory has proved that Ether does not exist.”

“... I will offer a reward of 50,000 arcana points for other theoretical explanations of the experiment, explanations including Ether!”

“The arcanists who question the experiment and believe in the existence of Ether, please use your wisdom and ‘imagination’!”

Lazar was reading the article by the side and he abruptly shouted in excitement, “that’s it! It’s time to make the ones who believe in the wave theory face their mistake!”

Elemental sorcerers like Lazar and Rock always believed in the particle theory.

After hearing Lazar's words, Lucien felt like that a debate war was coming.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 436: Progression

Translator: Henyee Translations Editor: Henyee Translations

Douglas School, in a mansion for the teachers.

Rock, who went to drink at his friend's home during the New Year holiday, was shouting with Arcana in his hand.

"How's that even possible?!" "Great job!" Surprised and excited, he exclaimed from time to time.

"Damn, I'm gonna be late!" Rock saw the time on the clock in the living room while cheering, and he suddenly bounced up. He realized that he just made a big mistake and quickly put on his soft hat. He said goodbye to his friend and opened the door in a hurry.

On the street in the school, the falling autumn leaves created a peculiar romantic atmosphere. But Rock had no time to enjoy the beautiful view as he was rushing towards the carriage rental center.

“Isn’t this Rock? An important member of the Atom Institution just returned to the school?” A mocking voice came from the side.

As heard the deep and hoarse voice, Rock paused abruptly. He turned his head to the other side of the street and noticed that Beate and several other people with innocent looks were standing under the tree.

“Beate?” Rock’s expression became excited. He did not mind Beate’s hostility and said with a laugh, “have you read today’s Arcana?”

Beate was stunned. He and Rock would argue every time they met. He wondered why the situation changed this time.

“No, what’s up?” A teacher from the Electromagnetics Faculty asked curiously.

Rock tried his best not to just tell Beate everything. Instead, he smiled mischievously and asked, “do you remember the bright star from around half a month ago? The star was created and launched by the President! The first paper is about the details of the experiment!”

“What? H-how’s that even possible?” Beate did not connect this news with other things. He was just surprised as he did not know that it was something that human beings could accomplish.

The other teachers around him had the same surprised look on their faces.

Rock patiently guided them. “It proves that the President’s theory is correct, and it has successfully answered the questions of the past several hundred years.”

“You’re right.” Beate agreed. Douglas’s theory system left a deep impression in people’s mind and he nodded without thinking much.

Rock suddenly laughed. “Do you remember the last time we talked about the President’s lightspeed experiment? You didn’t agree because you thought the President’s theory system was wrong, right? What about now? Do you believe it or have you found another reason?”

“Rock!” Beate raised his right hand and pointed at Rock, his fingers shaking violently.

He was just a level-two arcanist and he could not think of another theory to argue back.

“Wait, one more thing, the two theories that were proposed in the last issue of Arcana and Magic have been rejected by the Lord of Storm. The first theory was rejected based on the errors in it; the other one required experimental proof. However, I’m certain that the one who suggested the theory would have attached the result of the experiment if he had it. If he didn’t, it means that the result his experiment was against the theory.” Rock was not giving Beate any chance.

The furious and threatened Beate had a hard time accepting this, and he yelled, “Then you explain the Double-Slit lines and Brook Spot with the particle theory!”

“This is not the point that we are discussing right now. Come on, give me another explanation regarding the President’s lightspeed experiment so you can prove that Ether exists! If Ether doesn’t exist, the wave theory will be pointless. Also, in Arcana, Artil offered 50000 arcana points for similar theories. He wants the Arcanists who support the wave theory like you to use their imagination! IMAGINATION!” Rock dodged Beate’s question and emphasized on the term “imagination”.

Beate's mind would have already changed without the support from the classic light image theory and he now kept his end.

"Even if we can't come up with any theories now, it doesn't mean we can't in the future! Why don't you explain the experiments like the double-split diffraction experiment with the particle theory first! It's been over 100 years!"

"Stubborn. You should just accept the reality!" Rock mocked in a loud voice.

"You too. You should take the classic experiments more seriously!" Beate raged.

The long debate between Rock and the teachers started like this. But they were just talking about what they considered correct and no one was trying to answer the opponent's questions. It seemed like they could not reach an agreement even until the end of the world.

"Damn, I'm late!" Rock finally panicked when he felt the warmth of the winter sun. His heart ached at the thought of his arcana points that were about to be deducted.

Rock stared at Beate and the others after realizing he was getting late. "Stop playing around. You can go and claim the reward if you can refute the President's lightspeed experiment! I'm waiting for you to claim the 50000 arcana points, exchange them for bronze coins, and throw them all over my body!"

"Don't promote the wave theory if you can't do this!"

He turned around and left after finishing the sentence, leaving no chance for Beate to reply. Obviously, he knew very well how to end an argument with an advantage.

Beate wanted to argue back with the classic experiments but he noticed that Rock was already gone. The anger of unable to vent was like a flame burning his mind. “That damn fool! Dumbass! Stupid!”

Similar events were happening all over Allyn. However, it was only a small group of arcanists who support the particle theory that was arguing with the many supporters of the wave theory. Yet with the evidence from the lightspeed experiment, they somehow gained the advantage over the wave theory supporters, who were furious but had no way to argue back.

The only good news was that the arcanists whose cognitive world was based on the wave theory did not endure any serious injuries, thanks to the existence of the classic light experiments. They believed there will be other theories that included the Ether to explain Douglas’s lightspeed experiment.

...

In the Electromagnetic Kingdom, Brook was reading the latest issue of Arcana.

Rubbing his wig, Brook sighed slightly, “I didn’t expect teacher to prove it in this way... He’s incredible...”

He turned the magazine to the last page and read Artil's "War Declaration" carefully. He shook his head, then stood up and walked to the window. Staring at the twisted magnetic field, running electrical current, jumping electrical arcs, and the invisible electrical waves, he muttered,

"What is the problem with the lightspeed experiment?"

"The result is correct, but Ether might still exist. Maybe Ether is all over the sky in a way that we can't imagine.

"We should thank teacher for the experiment. It helped us filter out many thoughts we had about Ether. We are getting closer to the truth.

"In what way will the existence of Ether fit in the result of this experiment?" Brook immersed himself in thoughts.

Unless faced with irrefutable evidence, every Grand Arcanist extremely persistent in their theories.

...

In the Theatre of Destruction.

Oliver Constantine was lying leisurely in a chair in his pajamas. His wife, Florencia, was feeding him grapes while he read Arcana.

“Heh, Artil is challenging us?” Oliver smiled and looked at Florencia.

Only about a dozen years after Brook became Douglas’s student, Artil also became Douglas’ student. He thus had a deep background and was familiar with every Grand Arcanist and legendary archmage.

Florencia raised her brow. “Challenge? What challenge?” Her magazine was taken away by her husband after she just finished reading the first article by Douglas.

Oliver spoke after murmuring two lines of opera, “he offered a reward for a theory that could explain the lightspeed experiment, but the theory must include the Ether.”

“Hehe, it’s a good thing, isn’t it?” Florencia had a charming smile on her face. As a high-level arcanist, she quickly understood the relationship between Douglas’ artificial star and the lightspeed experiment. As a sorcerer specializing in Element, she supported the particle theory, which contradicted the wave theory that Oliver supported.

Oliver smiled. He raised his hand and squeezed Florencia’s nose tip.

“Why? Are you going to argue with me again? Regarding the wave theory and the particle theory?”

“Of course, I think you can’t explain the lightspeed experiment.” Florencia was very firm when it came to arcana theories.

“If I can explain it, you’ll have to do one thing for me.” Oliver chuckled.

“No problem, if you can’t explain it, you must do one thing for me too.” Florencia helped Oliver turn the theory argument into some fun bet between a couple. That was how they stayed peaceful when they had different opinions on various theories.

Olive straightened his back and smiled. “I think I’m filled with motivation now!”

...

Lauren, the winner of the Silver Moon Medal and authority in the Electromagnetics, stared at the journal in front of him gloomily.

“Damn Artil!” He shouted in a low voice.

He did not only support the Energy Essentialism but also promoted the wave theory. The two theories had no contradiction as the energy theory was about the materials, while the other one was about light and spiritual power. He even believed that wave was the only way to represent energy other than the materials.

“Damn Norman, damn Luciana, damn Lucien!” He dare not to say anything bad to Douglas and Fernando, but he cursed everyone else that was on Douglas’ appreciation list.

He finished swearing and started to focus on the paper again. He paced around in the room and tried to find a way to explain everything.

Every arcanist who believed in the wave theory and who was above the mid-level was doing everything they could to find a way to explain the experiment after they calmed down.

...

However, Lucien remained silent this time, which was rare as in everyone's eyes he loved to cause arguments and solve difficult problems. He did not make any valuable comment on the wave theory and the particle theory.

When the Congress of Magic was once again lost in a debate war between the wave theory supporters and the particle theory supporters, the second artificial star successfully revolved once around the world, and the third communication star entered its track secretly. The Allyn Telephone and Telegraph company was founded.

The theory war became more and more intense as the end of January approached, when Lucien received an invitation from Tower. Levski and Lucien would be awarded the Arcana Staff at the Tower's headquarter in Allyn.

The carriage carrying Lucien, Lazar, and several other people from the Atoms Laboratory stopped at the entrance, encountering Levski, who arrived at almost the same time.

"Good evening, Levski." Lucien greeted Levski as he got off the carriage.

Levski had a bitter smile on his face.

“Not good at all. The new geometric system was hard to analyze and my friends were always arguing about the wave theory and the particle theory. I’m in dire need of some peaceful time.”

Lucien was also a bit speechless as he did not expect to hear about the debate war here.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 437: The Undercurrent

Translator: Henyee Translations **Editor:** Henyee Translations

Allyn sat in the midair, and the tower, which was used as a platform to observe the stars, was high above the clouds. Sometimes, bright colors rippled on the dark body of the tower and it almost looked like the entrance was shimmering under the light.

Lucien closed his mouth and smiled after hearing Levski’s word. “The particle theory can’t explain most of the results and the wave theory can’t find its foundation. They both have big problems. I think they should just marry each other. It’ll solve all the problems and the war between wave and particle will end peacefully!” Lucien spoke in a joking way.

“That’s impossible. Your thought is interesting, Evans,” Levski chuckled. Although he was good at math, he was still an arcanist and had done some research on the wave theory and the particle theory. He thought Lucien was just joking.

Lazar and the others who got off the carriage after Lucien all started smiling. Heidi even burst out laughing uncontrollably. The two theories should get married? Only Mr. Evans could think of a lame joke like that, and “lame joke” itself was a strange term coined by Lucien.

Lucien waved his staff and said, “anyway, when there’s no result that can decide the outcome of the war, the third war between the two theories will not be ending very soon. We should probably just focus on our own studies.”

He was not worried that his joke could enlighten Levski, Lazar, Rock, and the others. To jump outside the box of the conflict between the wave theory and the particle theory not only needed some incredible ideas but also a series of supporting experiments. Without the experiment results, the wave-particle dualism could never even be imagined. A great scientist as Einstein, his thesis only suggested the concept of the light quantum and used the instant and the average to discuss light. It was far from the actual wave-particle dualism and was more like the particle theory.

And whether it would make the arcanists think of the hypothesis of the light quantum, the answer was obvious just by looking at the recently published papers — there was not a single thesis trying to explain the black-body radiation and the energy quantum hypothesis! Almost all arcanists considered it as something that they should not touch and wanted to drive the thought out of their minds. Under a situation like this, how could they be enlightened and develop new ideas?

Although students like Annick, who were pretty much worshipping Lucien, might accept the hypothesis of the energy quantum as their meditation environment had not been completed yet and their belief was not stable. However, they did not have enough knowledge to explore the field of heat radiation and they had no chance to use or study the quantum theory. They had a general idea of it but they did not know how to learn about it and it was thus impossible for them to use it to come up with hypotheses for light.

“You’re right.” Levski nodded seriously. Compared to the argument between the wave and particle theories, he preferred studying the two new geometric systems and the theory displayed by President Douglas’ artificial planet experiment.

Then he saw the ninth-circle archmage, Annonis the Astrologer, walking to him from the entrance. “Mr. Annonis is here.”

Annonis was known to the public as was the president of the tower and a member of the Highest Council.

Annonis was wearing a tall grey hat. He was tall and strong, like the strongest warrior, and there was no beard on his young-looking face. However, the pair of deep black eyes gave the feeling that he had experienced a lot of things and that although he looked young, his mind and body were already very old.

“Mr. Annonis.” Lucien, Levski, and the others greeted Annonis respectfully.

Annonis was a person who did not smile often. He nodded slightly and said to the two in a serious tone, “come in, please, you’re the stars of today’s party.”

In the hall, under the “stars”, many guests were toasting each other.

Entering the hall, Lucien noticed many familiar arcanists such as Raventi, Florencia, Neeshka, and Milina.

After exchanging eye contact with Levski, Lucien picked up a glass of “Starlight” drink from the waiter’s plate and then headed to the group of people from the Will of Elements.

“The most talented person of the whole Will of Elements is here, the genius who claimed the most honorable rewards from three different fields before reaching the high level.” Florencia clicked her tongue and smiled lazily. She jokingly mocked Lucien, implying that he had not entered the headquarters or the divisions of the Will of Elements for a very long time as he was busy with studying and dealing with affairs of the Atom Institution.

Lucien smiled and raised his glass. “I was really busy recently. I was helping my teacher with setting up the Allyn Telephone and Telegram Company.”

“It seems that you’re very interested in the projects that will bring you money. The magic crystal light is still in the promotion phase and you’re already starting something else.” Gaston chuckled.

Raventi scrunched his brow. “Lucien, you do need a lot of resources to explore the unknown world and to increase your own power. However, money is not the most important thing. The most important thing is to study and do research. Don’t forget your original intention.” He did not want Lucien to choose the wrong way so he decided to tell Lucien what he was thinking directly. He was not worried that what he said would make Lucien angry as that was just what he would do.

Florencia giggled after hearing Raventi’s word. “Lucien is still doing research. He had just created a new geometric system, right? That’s why we’re here. This is the ceremony for his Arcana Scepter Reward.”

“The first part of the set up has been completed. I’ll focus on increasing my magic skills now.” Lucien was talking about creating his own meditation method, however, it sounded like he was going for the senior-rank to Raventi and the others. They all nodded as they agreed with Lucien’s plan.

Raventi stared at Lucien with his deep grey eyes and followed Florencia's words. "The field of math used to be the weak point of your arcana ability but it seemed like you've already solved the problem. Great, you have the ability to succeed. However, I suggest that you stop continuing your research in the new geometric system. The research has no actual arcana or magic meaning at the moment. You should spend more time on the functions of the complex variable so you can build the foundation for calculating the complicated spiritual power fields after you reach senior-rank.

"You have the highest chance to become a legendary sorcerer in the Congress of Magic, so don't waste your time."

Raventi had a high expectation of Lucien, so he was trying to give him some suggestions. He knew that Lucien's cognitive world was preliminarily substantial. With Lucien's age and arcana ability, reaching senior-rank shouldn't be a problem, what he needed was the foundation of reaching the legendary level.

"Yeah, Lucien, you can leave the new geometric system to the arcanists of Tower. You can just use the systems after they find the actual meaning of them," K added, as a friend.

There were many people who were jealous of Lucien's relationship with the organization and talent and some even tried to trick him, but that was not the only problem — Lucien also had a lot of pressure on him from the people who cared about him and might even receive wrong advice. Many talented people lost their path to success because the people who cared about them gave them the wrong suggestions.

Sometimes, one might do the wrong thing even with good intention.

"I'm already trying to learn more about this field." Lucien nodded and responded, "however, I always think that we should pay more attention to the math. It's like we need better equipment before a battle. We don't know what's waiting in front of us so we need more math tools, even if we can't find the arcana meaning of them at the current moment."

“Well...” Raventi was going to say something else but Florencia stopped him. “After reading Nature, Oliver agreed with your point. He had trouble finding the correct math techniques for the field that he was researching until he saw the two new geometric systems.”

Since the grand arcanist agreed, Larry and K decided to remain silent. Lucien seized the chance and changed the topic. “has the War between Wave and Particle spread into the organization?”

“Yeah, there are many arguments going on and I can see sorcerers arguing every day. Some of them were so angry that they started fighting. Thankfully they were stopped in time and no one was hurt.” Gaston sounded a bit frustrated.

The fact that there were still many sorcerers who supported the wave theory of light in the Will of Elements, the base camp of elementalists, proved the dominance of the wave theory of light.

It seemed like Gaston was not interested in the War between Wave and Particle as he had seen too many situations like this and this group consisted mostly of particle theory supporters. He looked around and said, “the Hand of Paleness did not send any members are not here.”

“Why?” Lucien was a bit curious. He knew that they definitely received the invitation.

Florencia checked the surroundings and lowered her voice, sounding a bit hoarse and sexy. “The Highest Council and the Affair Committee are investigating the relationship between Heidler and the solid world of black and white. The Hand of Paleness was causing trouble for them and they had some conflicts, so the members of the Hand of Paleness are probably trying to show their altitude in this way.”

Lucien's brow furrowed. He didn't expect that after discovering the mysterious existence in World of Souls and the hidden threats, the Hand of Paleness would still try to keep it as a secret. It was such an unwise decision! He wondered if Thanatos and the demi-god liches wanted to explore it by themselves.

But they were weaker than Alterna and the mysterious being. As grand arcanists, they should not make mistakes like this. Maybe, there was something else going on.

He wondered if he could learn something from Felipe.

At this moment, Annonis the Astrologer walked to the stage and invited Levski up, as he was going to award Levski first.

Annonis was holding a wavy dark staff. He looked at Levski and said seriously, "it has been over ten years, yet no one discovered the true value of your thesis. You were looked down and attacked. It was Tower's mistake and it was also my mistake. I've never even thoroughly read your thesis before throwing them aside.

"Luckily, we still have a chance to make up for it. We'll use the 21st Arcana Scepter, Levski Geometry, to honor the new geometric system you created and to honor your contribution to the field of math. You passed through the difficult challenges and you insisted on what you believed. This is the true spirit of arcana and magic!"

Levski took over the scepter with many emotions going through his mind. He almost cried and he spoke briefly.

“First I would like to thank Evans. Without his proof and his logical insights, I would not be able to receive the scepter today.

“Also, I want to tell everyone that the field of math is different from other arcana fields. In this field, we need to make purely logical thoughts that are not based on reality. We need to be brave.”

His emotion got unstable as he talked and his voice was a bit blurry.

“It might not be a happy thing to believe in your own belief, but it is definitely a worthy thing!”

Everyone was clapping, not only as congratulations but also as apologies.

After Levski finished the speech, Annonis asked Lucien to get on the stage.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 438: The Second Reward

Translator: Henyee Translations **Editor:** Henyee Translations

Annonis, the Astrologer, took out a unique-shaped bracelet, on which a pocket watch was attached. He said in a serious tone, “many thanks to Mr. Lucien Evans, for putting forward the mathematic model and demonstration for Levski Geometry, which freed us from our own arrogance and prejudice and made us see the beauty of math from another perspective. He showed us the great necessity and sufficiency of correct axioms and rigorous logic. Only an arcanist with such courage and intelligence like Mr. Lucien Evans can make such a great contribution.

“... Also, many thanks to Mr. Lucien Evans again for building another new geometry system, and making our overall geometry system more complete. Using the twenty-second Arcana Scepter, we commend him for Evans Geometry and his outstanding contribution to mathematics.”

Lucien had Sun Staff already, therefore he asked Tower to turn the Arcana Scepter into a bracelet-like accessory — a “hand watch”.

Touching the silver-grey watch, on which constellation patterns and diamonds were engraved in golden ratio, Lucien left his spirit imprint in the core of the sun pattern surrounded by the zodiac stars.

“Arcana Scepter: Evans Geometry. Level-seven perfect rank item. Requirement: Sixth-circle spiritual power and primarily-substantialized cognitive world.

“This unique-shaped bracelet is enchanted with two permanent magic effects: Improving the accuracy when casting Horoscope, and increasing the owner’s presentiment against danger by allowing him to connect to his Host Star of Destiny without entering meditation status

“As a piece of work from a Tower alchemist, it is also enchanted with the power of stars and destiny. Its owner could cast the fifth-circle spell Curse of Doom twice a day, the fifth-circle spell Star Blessing twice a day, and the seventh-circle spell Destiny Interference three times a day.

“January, year 820. In acknowledgment of Mr. Lucien Evans’ great contribution to mathematics.

“The flow of time is independent, absolute, and mathematical; so is destiny. We can observe it, refer to it, predict it, and even interfere it to a certain degree!

“— Caxias Annonis”

Putting on the watch, Lucien turned to the arcanists down the stage and said to them meaningfully,

“from the ancient Magic Empire to the Congress of Magic, hundreds of years have passed. During which, there were many times when an initially ignored research finding became widely recognized when arcanists encountered bigger difficulties later.

“Our research projects should be practical, of course. But we should also encourage the arcanists who have spare time and vigor to be more far-sighted and take on projects that are more advanced than what we understand right now. Only by so can we have handy tools in future explorations to guarantee the rate of our development .”

Neeshka, Milina, Gaston, Rachel and many started smiling. Lucien was obviously very stubborn. People were saying that his new geometry system was of no practical use, so he now was repeatedly arguing that his system was, in fact, too advanced to be employed right now. Was he right? No one knew it.

Lucien did not stop because of the kind smile on his acquaintances’ faces. “Mr. President’s artificial planet experiment has proved to us the rationality of his celestial bodies motion system, and also the profound mystery of the universe. When the gate of micro-world first opened, we saw for the first time how small a world can be. As we can see, there is a world way bigger than we can imagine, and another way smaller than we can imagine, and both of them are beyond our current

ability of direct observation by using magic. Recently, I believe all of you have experienced, or are currently experiencing, the helpless feeling of unable to carry out experiments despite having ideas and theories.”

Studies of the micro- and macro-world had also attracted the attention of countless sorcerers. It was currently the second hottest topic aside from the debate war of the wave and particle theory of light. Most sorcerers attending the ceremony had more or less ventured into it. They nodded as they could all relate to Lucien’s words. When studying the micro- and macro-world, the current magic methods have reached their limitations.

Lucien’s face had the same gentle smile as ever. “Therefore, math becomes the only tool that we can rely on. We observe the phenomena, and we find its rules. Math is going to play a vital role when we explore the micro- and macro-world and will beacon the darkness in front of us!”

Raventi listened to Lucien’s speech seriously. Although there were vague concepts of micro- and macro-world before, Lucien was the first person who clearly categorized the two and used them to divide magic sectors.

The look on Lucien’s face suddenly became serious, “The world we live in is totally different from the micro- and macro-world. In the future, maybe we will find our theories and beliefs totally inapplicable to them. Maybe everything in the two worlds goes far beyond our imagination. Maybe what can be considered miracles in our eyes are nothing more than normal there.

“Then, we cannot rely on our eyes, ears, or even soul; neither can we depend on our past experience and theories. Math will be our only tool!”

The arcanists present started applauding, showing their respect to the winner of the award, but they were not paying real attention to Lucien’s prophesy since it still sounded too bold to be true. The field of Math was set in an abstract world, and it was thus understandable that unimaginable new geometry systems could be found. But it is hard to believe that, in the real world of arcana and magic, unimaginable miracle-like phenomena and theories could appear.

Although the School of Transformation, Summoning, and part of Illusion still could not be brought into the current arcana system, the arcanists believed that with a more in-depth understanding in the human body, time and space, as well as the application of electromagnetic waves, these schools that still bore the impression of the ancient Magic Empire would also fit into the system.

Using the grand arcanist Brook's words, "They should be included in the arcana system, and will be!"

At this moment, they had forgotten Lucien's Energy Quantum Theory which they left behind their mind on purpose, the hypothesis seemingly containing the power that could destroy the entire arcana world.

...

In the garden villa.

Lucien put on the monocle that he had improved himself, and turned on Electromagnetism Messaging. After a while of electric current noise, he heard Natasha's surprised voice.

"Lucien? Are you close to Aalto right now? Again?"

Through the satellite, her voice sounded a bit different, and the quality of the connection was not very good.

“No, I’m calling you at a super long distance through the artificial planet.” Lucien smiled. The quality of the call was within his expectation, and it could be improved later after they had more experience.

To utilize a satellite properly for communication, locating, and monitoring was not an easy job. With the more extensive applications, more and more problems would appear, some were going to cause a headache for the grand arcanists as they would not be able to find the reasons behind.

However, problems were exactly what Lucien was expecting!

He had two major aims behind putting forward the package plan besides proving Douglas’s celestial body system: First, to talk to Natasha; Second, to make the problems emerge, and thus the foundation of the special theory of relativity and the general theory of relativity could be laid.

Although the related books in his spirit library had not yet been unlocked, Lucien still got to know the great influence that the two theories of relativity had on satellites, such as the velocity time dilation effect and the gravitational time dilation effect. Without a doubt, the problems were caused because of them.

Since he was using a synchronous-orbit satellite, the velocity time dilation effect can be ignored. Lucien only had to consider how to deal with the gravitational field. Also, because the satellite system was still very simple and there were very few users right now, he was able to talk to Natasha.

Natasha remained silent for a moment and asked, “So the newborn star that day... was an artificial planet? No wonder the Pope used God’s Arrival...”

Then Natasha recalled the scarlet moon, and she asked with complex emotions, “you made it?”

“I made a proposal. Mr. Douglas put forward the theories and made it.” Lucien answered honestly.

Natasha clicked her tongue. “I knew it! It was your idea. I feel like I am lagging behind those all kinds of thoughts of yours. And you’re always able to turn these thoughts into reality! Making friend with you is something full of surprise, but I’m also concerned that maybe one day, you will fool me easily. Anyways, talking to you like this makes me feel we’re in fact not far away from each other. I like it.”

“So I called you immediately after I could,” said Lucien ambiguously. He was too shy to say it out directly that talking to her was one of his main purposes for launching satellites.

“Haha, it’s my great pleasure that you still remember... me.” Natasha laughed, but her voice paused a bit. Maybe it was because of the quality of connection, or something else.

Their conversation was very convivial, and it lasted until both Natasha’s and Lucien’s spiritual power could not support the calling devices anymore.

“Right, I noticed that the Grand Cardinal Sard disappeared from the public since what happened to the scarlet moon. No idea what he is doing right now.” Natasha gave Lucien a warning.

Lucien nodded as he felt the heat of the monocle that he was wearing. “Considering what has happened, it’s not surprising that he’s behaving weirdly. Well... I’ll put a cryptographic magic

circle on the electromagnetism messaging devices as soon as possible, or our conversation can be easily exposed.”

“I see.” Natasha did not know much about electromagnetism, but she was rather assured that Lucien would take care of it.

After the conversation, Lucien saw Annick walking towards him, surrounded by the other apprentices. The apprentices all talked at once,

“Sir, Annick’s paper has been published on Arcana! He’s a level two arcanist now!”

Due to the citations of the study on cathode ray, Annick was not far from promoting to the next level. After gaining fifty credits this time, he became a level-two arcanist naturally.

“Really? Let me take a look.” Lucien was quite gratified and took over the journal. At first glance at the table of contents, he saw Artil’s name. His paper was the last one in the issue and was still a discussion paper. The title was

A Reward offered for Theory Explaining the Photoelectric Effect.

“... From Annick’s paper we can see that the electric currents produced by casting light on a piece of metal consist of electrons, which has made the question even more prominent: For light under a certain frequency, no matter how we try to increase its ‘wave’ intensity, photoelectric effect and electrons are always absent. Why? And also why, when we increase the energy intensity of the same frequency light, more electrons were emitted, but they are of the same intensity? It obviously contradicts the classic wave theory of light.

“... Here I offer a fifty-thousand-arcana-point reward to seek explanations, especially from you who support the wave theory! Use your imagination!”

Seeing the second declaration, Lucien became silent. He wondered if he should say something to first plant a seed in the arcanists' mind.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 439: An Enlightening Viewpoint

Translator: Henyee Translations **Editor:** Henyee Translations

Lucien had reasons for being so cautious about the wave-particle dualism. Besides the fact that he was still exploring his own meditation method, the most important reason was that it was such a subversive and revolutionary concept that it could easily explode the head of ninety-nine percent of the middle-rank arcanists in the Congress if he just threw it at them. And without the support of the Congress, Lucien would for sure meet his own end as well.

Also, to prove the wave-particle dualism would require a series of experiments, new discoveries, and new theories, or it would certainly undergo fierce attack. Some experiments could not be carried out within the current research level, for example, the experiment for verifying light quantum. Maybe after a year or two, someone would make this achievement, but if Lucien put it forward right now, no one would believe in it. The mass-energy formula that Lucien needed was based on the special theory of relativity, which also received countless years of attack and discredits after it was proposed.

Therefore, previously, Lucien was planning on first putting forward the prerequisite theories and discoveries gradually, and when they were widely accepted by people, he then would throw the more shocking experiments and findings at them. Finally, he would join the debate war between wave and particle.

However, things were different now, as Lucien found that the two sides were completely against each other. So to make sure that most arcanists' cognitive world would not collapse when the war ended, the best solution was that Lucien introduced the related findings and perspectives to the arcanists bit by bit, starting right now, in order to shake their belief step by step. When arcanists became capable of carrying out the important experiments, the impacts that they were going to face would become less intense. Admittedly, there would still be some arcanists whose heads were going to explode, the number could be controlled, so the Congress' overall strength would not be damaged greatly within a short period of time.

"Then... before the experiments come out, my papers are going to suffer from broad neglect, queries, and even fierce attack," murmured Lucien, "... but just like what Levski said, the effort is worthwhile... I have to pay in advance for the benefits that I'll get later..."

Lucien's careful consideration was not only for the Congress but also for himself. If Lucien's finding exploded most of the middle- and high-rank arcanists' head, the Church would probably give him tons of gold to reward his effort in destroying the Congress of Magic before burning him down to ashes on the gallows.

So far, Lucien hoped to see the Congress of Magic survive and thrive, even though he had to pay something for it.

"What was it, Sir?" asked Heidi curiously. She thought her teacher just made a comment on Annick's paper.

Lucien shook his head and said, "Nothing."

Then he turned to Annick, “It’s a very good start for you, Annick, to have your paper accepted by Arcana as a low-rank arcanist. But don’t let the small achievement blind you. Remember, arrogance and laziness are your biggest enemies against success. Never lower your standards for yourself”

“Yes, Sir,” Annick replied seriously.

Lucien smiled, “You may call me teacher.”

“...?” Annick did not understand.

Layria nudged him gently, while Heidi said to him directly, “idiot. Mr. Evans has accepted you to be his real student!”

Annick suddenly became the envy of all the apprentices!

Annick instantly got very excited. Since he first met Mr. Evans in Stuart, he had already regarded Mr. Evans as his own teacher and treated Mr. Evans with heartfelt respect. However, seeing Mr. Evans winning so many major awards and becoming the most promising arcanist of the Congress, Annick started doubting himself whether he was qualified to be Mr. Evans’ student.

“My... My great pleasure!!” Annick’s face flushed. He was about to salute Lucien using the most formal and solemn manner of the Congress.

Lucien smiled and raised his hand. “Save that. I’m not a big fan of formalities... as long as you consider me your teacher.”

Then Lucien turned to the rest of the apprentices. “You all have been working in the Atom Institution for a while, and I am quite impressed. You all are confident but not arrogant, diligent and full of imagination, and those are the qualities that I am looking for in my ideal students. When you become a true sorcerer, you all can become my students, just like Annick.”

“Really?!” Heidi burst out, looking very excited.

Lucien smiled and nodded.

“Awesome!” Katrina cheered. Katrina thought that she would never become Lucien’s real student since she and Sprint did not leave a good first impression on Mr. Evans, although Mr. Evans still tried his best to teach them and recruited them into the Atom Institution. Now, she could not hold back her complex emotions of surprise, excitement, gratefulness, and regret.

Meanwhile, Sprint also compressed his lips into a thin line and hid his slightly-trembling hands behind his body.

In the Congress, where part of its tradition was inherited from the ancient Magic Empire, the relationship between a teacher and a student was very serious.

Lucien left the excited apprentices aside and turned to Annick again. “I’ve prepared all the exercises, tests, and textbooks covering the ten magic schools. They are on the desk in my study. Go and grab them yourself.”

Annick’s face instantly dimmed. Here came the haunting nightmare, again. Although Annick was a very diligent and hardworking young man, he was still scared of the tons of exercises.

Heidi burst out laughing, with her hands on her waist. She took pleasure in seeing Annick, who was the first to become a formal sorcerer and Lucien’s true student, to also become the first to face the nightmare of exercises and tests.

Although she’d probably face the same fate in the future, she would not worry about herself right now. After all, there was still a period of time to go.

When the apprentices all left, Lucien paced to his study and pulled out the rolls of parchment made specifically for writing arcana papers. After sitting quietly in front of the parchment rolls for a while, he finally picked up the quill-pen and wrote,

” An Enlightening Viewpoint on Light. ”

Starting from black-body radiation, bringing in the classical kinetic theory of gases, Lucien generalized the hypothesis that “the absorption and emission of energy came in portions” into “the electromagnetic waves also came in portions”. Then, since the light was also a kind of electromagnetic wave, then light should also be delivered in portions. The portion of light was termed the light quantum, and its energy was determined by its frequency, by which it interacted with all kinds of substances.

Then Lucien introduced the hypothesis of light quantum into the photoelectric effect and explained the phenomenon perfectly. He also made many predictions based on this theory, including that at a fixed frequency of light, the energy of the electrons emitted was also fixed.

“... based on the instantaneity of time, light presents the prominent property of quantum. However, based on time average, light shows the property of wave. Therefore, perhaps we should be more open-minded facing the wave-quantum argument.”

After careful consideration, Lucien still put the vague but meaningful words on, although every arcanist who read the paper would see it as an improved version of the particle theory, despite the fact that the paper started from the unpleasant concept of quantum.

Finishing the paper, Lucien made another two copies of it. He would send one to the Arcana Review Board, one to his teacher Fernando, and one to Artil — Lucien needed the fifty thousand arcana points from Artil as a comfort.

Even though Artil did not like the concept of energy quantum, as a firm advocate of the particle theory, he would still support Lucien's paper, in which all electromagnetic waves were believed to be in the form of separate portions. Maybe Artil would even directly name light quantum as quantum photon.

After putting the papers into file cases, Lucien started writing to his friends one by one. Although there was no solid experiment to support his theory yet, and although his standpoint was the quantum theory, which was a beyond controversial topic, Lucien still wanted to give them a reminder first to be as safe as possible.

“... The paper I am going to submit, from my personal perspective, is the only one among all the papers that I've written that can possibly match the revolutionary meaning of the article that put forward the hypothesis of the energy quantum. Fortunately, it is not yet supported by any solid experiment...”

.....

In Sorcerer Administrative Department.

Eric carefully checked the file submitted by Lucien, and he released a long sigh when he made sure that the word “subversive” was not on it. Something that was probably a smile appeared on his stiff face. “Every time you submit a paper, I’m a bit scared...”

“It’s just a viewpoint to see if it can enlighten other arcanists. No experiment support yet. Hopefully, the phenomena derived from the hypothesis can be verified in the future.” Lucien smiled and answered.

He was saying the truth, but only part of it. The most subversive step had been taken by the hypothesis of energy quantum, anyways.

Writing “Light-darkness” on the file, Eric thought for a while and said to Lucien, “you’re good at Elements, Lucien, so I’d assume that you used particle theory in this paper on light. Am I right? If I submit the paper to the authorities in the school of Light-darkness, the comments you’ll receive might be bad. If the paper also has to do with other fields, you know... we can submit it to other reviewers.”

The school of Light-darkness was established based on the school of Electromagnetics, and in it the wave theory was the exclusive ruler.

“It’s not necessary. The more we argue, the sooner we’ll find the truth,” said Lucien humorously. Unless the paper could be submitted to someone he knew well from in the school of Element, the review comments on this paper would always be quite bad. Eighty percent of the members in the Arcana Review Board supported the wave theory of light, and among the remaining twenty percent, less than three were interested in the hypothesis of energy quantum. Before any solid experiment evidence was to be carried out, it was almost impossible to find another person like Artil, who was so stubborn and firm a supporter of the particle theory that he would be willing to reluctantly accept the energy quantum theory.

Eric nodded, and submit the paper to the Review Board.

“Light-darkness... To Mr. Lauren and Mr. Teixeira,” said the alchemical life without hesitation.

.....

On the thirty-third floor of the Allyn magic tower, when he saw the title of Lucien’s paper, Fernando could not help rubbing his brows.

“Enlightening viewpoint...”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 440: Reviewing and Being Reviewed

Translator: Henyee Translations **Editor:** Henyee Translations

“It’s just about using the hypothesis of energy quantum to explain the photoelectric effect,” said Lucien honestly with a constant smile on his face.

The corner of Fernando’s mouth twitched a bit. “You call this ‘enlightening’... I don’t think there are arcanists who want to be enlightened like this.”

Fernando and Lucien had excluded all the other possible explanations together, and the only possible answer left was the hypothesis of energy quantum. Therefore, after the initial reluctance and struggle, Fernando was the one who accepted this hypothesis the most. However, even so, Fernando would only use it when analyzing the black-body radiation, but never in any other fields.

Then Fernando mumbled. “So you want to use the hypothesis to build your own system?”

If Lucien’s paper was just a further explanation of the hypothesis of energy quantum, it would not be that subversive. As long as Lucien had not proved the hypothesis with experiments, Fernando would not need to be too worried that Lucien might destroy the entire Congress with his theory.

As he turned the pages, Fernando’s expression became more and more serious. “Although in the studies of the black-body radiation, I’ve started to feel inclined to use the quantum hypothesis for explaining the energy absorption and emission, I still don’t think it’s necessary to further apply the hypothesis to explain the presence and transmission of light. Brook’s equations have well offered a good explanation, and hypotheses should not be multiplied unnecessarily.”

Although Fernando was on the side of the wave theory of light, he was not a firm supporter. But any arcanists who specialized at Electromagnetics would be deeply shocked by and fell in love with the beauty in Brook’s equations, which was like an elegant piece of poetry of the Goddess of Magic. Therefore, facing the hypothesis that challenged Brook’s theory, Fernando still had spontaneous

rejection in his heart, although the hypothesis perfectly and precisely explained the photoelectric effect.

Lucien was not surprised that this idea was very unacceptable even for an open-minded grand arcanist like Fernando.

Fernando put down the paper and said in a serious tone, “however, this is the best explanation of the photoelectric effect that I have ever seen so far. If you spend some time to improve the magic circles and conduct an experiment with great precision as your evidence, it might be easier for people to accept it.”

“So far I’m not capable of doing such an experiment.” Lucien did not mention the true reason behind it was if he included the experiments, some sorcerers’ cognitive world would be shattered or injured.

After he read the paper, Fernando knew that the requirements for carrying out the experiment were extremely high, so he didn’t think much after hearing Lucien’s excuse. “Although I do not agree with you, yet based on the entire process, I still have to admit that your viewpoint is very enlightening, as it reasonably and succinctly explained the photoelectric effect. Your explanation does leave a deep impression on me. But, the last part, in which you talked about the particle-like property of the instantaneity of time and the wave-like property of the time average... It’s too weak and redundant! It makes people feel that you’re not even a firm supporter of your own hypothesis yourself! You’re trying to find a peaceful place to get along with the wave theory, in a ridiculous way!”

“In fact, this is my true point, or we can’t explain the diffraction of light, nor the photoelectric effect.” Lucien tried to be bold.

Fernando gave him a stern look and asked, “so you’re saying it’s both wave and particle. Then what on earth is light? You assume that quantum effect divides light into portions, so it’s a combined

formation. But why don't you think further? Why these many light quanta generally show the properties of wave? Why do the quanta march forward following the rule of wave?

"Did you ever see the knights charging? Without strict command and training, their charging would be a disaster, instead of in an organized form of a triangle. But who commands the quanta of light so that they move in the form of waves? The God of Truth?!"

"Have you ever thought about it?!"

Even when talking to his favorite student, Fernando was still the same strict and straightforward. Lucien could almost feel the sprays from his teacher.

"... No one's giving command, Sir. It is wave itself, and, of course, exhibit the features of wave. Sir, I don't think it will work trying to explain why light carries the features of waves from the perspective that light is particles. Light is wave itself," said Lucien sincerely.

However, Lucien's words did not make any sense at all in Fernando's ears. To him, light's form of existence could be something beyond his imagination, but it still had to make sense!

Thus, he roared. "What about the photoelectric effect?!"

"Light also consists of light quanta. In this case, we don't need to think about it from the perspective of waves." The way Lucien was talking started to become philosophical.

But Lucien was not planning on roaring against Fernando right now, not at all, since he was still far from revealing the final answer. So he said, “Sir, this is not yet a mature theory... I’m still thinking. So it’s not included in the paper.”

Fernando slightly nodded, although he still kept a straight face. He allowed his student to have a rich imagination, but it had to base on solid reasoning. “Comparing to your true viewpoint, I find this paper much more lovable. I don’t want to arcana studies to fall into a philosophical debate in the end.”

Then Fernando knocked at the desk and said, “are you sure you’re going to submit the paper without any experiment support? Be ready to face the attack from most of the arcanists.”

“It’s okay. Without a conclusion, they’ll soon forget about it.” Lucien did not really care.

Looking at Lucien, Fernando shook his head, “Don’t underestimate the perseverance of the arcanists. Some won’t let you go.”

...

Returning to his own office in Arcana Review Board, Lucien saw a paper on his desk. However, as soon as he picked it up, Lucien frowned. Since people got to know how he helped Levski and saw how successful Levski was right now, many arcanists started submitting their own “subversive” papers directly to Lucien, hoping that Lucien would support them so they could become famous overnight.

However, their papers did not even respect basic logic, and Lucien could not even take a second glance at their derivation processes. Claiming that they had overthrown Brook system and Douglas system, the papers were more than absurd. Lucien had to try his best to hold himself back from the

urge to tear down the papers into pieces, throw them on those people's face, and call them "folk arcanists"!

However, after calming down a bit, Lucien still wanted to be objective, since he was well aware of the fact that how destructive prejudice and stereotype could be. He started reading the paper carefully.

It turned out to be worse than ever. The author did not even understand the theoretical system that he wished to overthrow before claiming that he had found its problems. Lucien started to feel that the previous authors were in fact quite sweet, since at least the problematic parts were in the reasoning sections.

"Not bad as a joke though..." Lucien picked up the quill-pen and started marking.

In Sorcerer Administrative Department, there was a totally absent-minded look on Eric's face. He sat still with his eyes staring forward at the void.

Sitting in front of him was a black-haired, blue-eyed, good-looking young man in his early thirties. Words were pouring out from his mouth. "Based on my years of studying, I have located the fatal error in Mr. President's theoretical system in Force Field. My finding is powerful enough to pierce through the seemingly solid system and save all arcanists in the Congress from the misunderstanding which has lasted for hundreds of years."

Eric did not want to say anything else. The man sitting in front of him was a sorcerer specializing in the school of Electromagnetics. Obviously, he knew nothing much about the Force Field theories.

"Unfortunately, most members of the board don't have their own thoughts. All they want to do is to follow the authority. However, now we have Mr. Evans, a young and brave board member who

dares to challenge the errors. I'm sure he'll be able to understand my paper and face the errors. I will earn my honor back," said the man triumphantly and confidently.

Eric touched his thin hair and said, "Peavy... There are still other people waiting... You can come back three days later."

Peavy shrugged. "What a pity. I was going to tell you some details about my theoretical system."

Suddenly, the iron cage burst out white light, and a document appeared inside.

"Hey... I think it's yours, Peavy." Eric called Peavy, who was already at the door.

Peavy was very surprised. "My paper deserves this fast response?!"

He wore a badge for fourth circle sorcerer and one for level-one arcanist.

Eric took a quick glance at the paper. The muscle of his face twitched a bit, and then he handed the paper back to Peavy. "You may want to take a look at it yourself."

Peavy turned the pages, only to find the many crosses in red ink. Following each cross, there were comments and the corresponding correct derivation process. At the edge of each page, there were strange comments such as "Two points are deducted."

Seeing the red crosses, a blue vein bulged in Peavy's forehead. All he could see now were the red crosses.

He quickly turned to the last page, and saw Lucien's comment: "Starting from the full score, 100 points, after deducting all the points for the errors, only 1 point is left. Ten points are given for the clean-looking handwriting. 11 points in total. The standard for passing is 60 points. Therefore, the paper fails to pass."

Lucien had veto power on deciding whether a subversive paper could pass. Also, the paper had been rejected by the other members before as well. Therefore, the alchemical life directly gave the final decision — Fail.

Peavy's face burnt as he saw Lucien's many comments.

In his mind, since all of Lucien's comments were against his derivation and reasoning, Lucien must be wrong!

"Evans has nothing different! He's just another puppet of the authorities! He doesn't want to see a genius like me to rise, doesn't want to see me overthrow the president's system, doesn't want to see me win even more prizes than he had!" Peavy turned around angrily and left the office. There was hatred in his voice.

Eric released a long sigh. In his opinion, the Congress should put these people together, and let them have fun and argue within their own small circle.

...

Since it was Lucien Evans's paper, the electromagnetic golem directly informed Lauren, instead of sending it to his students and the editors of the journal *Light-darkness* .

One day later, archmage Lauren came back to Allyn and started reading the paper.

“Stupid and stubborn! Why is he still bothering with his hypothesis on energy quantum? Ridiculous...” Lauren dropped the paper, looking rather pissed. “How dare he to even try to quantize light?! That’s drawing close to the particle theory!”

Lauren started doubting Lucien’s past achievements, wondering if it was just because of his good luck. The paper submitted by him completely made no sense, and there was no evidence at all!

“I am going to do an accurate photoelectric effect experiment and throw the result on your face!” Lauren’s fury was burning, as the two theories that he believed in were under the attack from Lucien’s absurd hypothesis.

However, after he calmed down, Lauren realized that currently, he was not capable of carrying out the experiment because of the limitation of apparatuses. But this did not mean that he could not give the review comment. So he sat back at the desk and grabbed his quill-pen.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 441: Crisis

Translator: Henyee Translations **Editor:** Henyee Translations

“This is a hypothesis made exclusively for explaining the photoelectric effect. It does not apply extensively as a standard hypothesis is supposed to be, for it cannot be used to explain other phenomena of light. It even contradicts to what the diffraction image tells us. With no experiment as its support, the hypothesis is rather doubtful. It is a hypothesis with logical, succinct, and beautiful reasoning yet goes the opposite way from the true situations...

“Arcanists have made lots of similar hypotheses like this one. When a hypothesis does not have broad application, it usually means that the direction of the hypothesis is problematic. I share the same opinion for this paper...

“I believe that Mr. Lucien Evans is also aware of this fact. He knows that his hypothesis contradicts Mr. Brook’s electromagnetism system, as well as the series of classic photics patterns. This is why he added to the last part of his paper that he is only addressing the instantaneity, while light was still wavelike from the whole picture.”

The more Lauren wrote, the angrier he got. What was preventing him from scolding Lucien right in the face was the fact that Lucien was the Lord of Storm’s student, a member of the Review Board, and someone with many awards. In his eyes, Lucien should be realistic, give up his ridiculous dream pursuing quantum theory, and open his eyes to see the stable and perfect current arcana system.

Taking a deep breath, Lauren continued to write. “... Also, this hypothesis, which seems to be another version of the particle theory, starts from the idea that energy is not transferred successively, which is absurd. Even those who support the particle theory would not agree with this. However, what has to be admitted is that this is a complete paper that can be quite inspiring, and it offers a temporary solution to explain the photoelectric effect. So my review decision would be:

“It is a paper worth of broad discussion, but its value is also limited to this for now. When there is precise evidence support, the review result can be changed. My current suggestion is that one arcana credit and five arcana points should be given as the reward.”

When writing the conclusion, Lauren was being quite cunning. He dared not to speak out his true opinion, because Lucien Evans was very famous and the young genius arcanist also had lots of support from his teacher. If Lauren was not being careful enough, he might lose his job and position on the Board.

Lauren had his reason for letting the paper pass. In the Congress, there were still supporters of the particle theory of light. If he rejected Lucien Evans's paper using the fact that the paper contradicted Brook's electromagnetism system, the same thing would happen to all the submitted papers advocating the wave theory, as the Review Board members supporting the particle theory would reject the wave papers using the fact that they contradicted Douglas' light speed experiment and the photoelectric effect. Therefore, he had to make a compromise. Although wave theory had taken the more dominant position out, the particle theory out there had not admitted its failure yet.

After he finished writing the comment, Lauren picked up his pipe and took a drag. There was a cold smile on his face — He was going to recommend Lucien Evans's paper to Drummond and make him publish the paper on *Arcana* as a paper open for discussion, whether Lucien Evans wanted this or not. This young genius had to prepare himself for the endless criticism and attack.

Because currently no other theory could be found to explain the hypothesis of energy quantum, rarely were there any arcanists who would write a paper refuting it. But now the situation was different: Lucien was directly challenging one of the two classic arcana systems. In other words, he had chosen the opposite side against most arcanists. With classical theories and experimental data, they would not let Lucien get around that easily!

Lauren then wrote a letter to Drummond and sent it. Standing up, he paced back and forth in his study with his hands folded behind his back, and he murmured to himself, “The best way is to

refute his hypothesis by using a hard experiment result. A decisive result will leave Lucien Evans no space for finding excuses...”

...

In the Allyn branch of Moonson League, a unique-looking, middle-aged man was reading a paper. He had lots of electric-arc-shaped tattoos, and there were fine tiny electric currents sparking on his bare head as if he had thick silver hair. His eyes slightly squinted, in which there were electric sparks as well.

“Finally, Lucien Evans has revealed himself as a supporter of the particle theory. Or... is he trying to promote his quantum theory?” Teixeira, the level-seven arcanist and eighth-circle sorcerer, sneered. “No matter what his purpose is, this paper is useless except that it does explain the photoelectric effect. He scraped together the entire paper just for the sake of explaining the effect. Of course, Lucien Evans does not have any hard experiment evidence to support, or his head would have been exploded from seeing the experiment image.

“Lucien Evans had written this much words and formulas in the paper... I’ll let the paper pass but only admit its value for discussion. Heh, I wonder how that crazy hound, Artil, would respond?”

Teixeira then started putting his thoughts down into written words. “... It is undeniable that the paper deserves some discussion, and it offers us a possible direction in explaining the photoelectric effect. Two arcana credits and six arcana points are suggested to be given as the reward.”

Before, Teixeira had nothing against Lucien. But now it was different as Lucien was attacking the system of electromagnetism, which was the foundation of Teixeira’s cognitive world, using the particle theory and the quantum theory.

If it had not been for Lucien's many previous achievements, Teixeira almost started doubting that if Lucien was actually a real arcana genius like what people said.

Putting down the quill-pen, Teixeira picked up the materials on the photoelectric effect, which had been his very interest recently. As he read further, he could not help frowning.

If Lucien Evans's hypothesis was applied, the photoelectric effect indeed could be explained precisely and briefly.

"Why..." Teixeira was rather bothered. "This hypothesis completely contradicts the classic experiment image, but it could explain the photoelectric effect which contradicts with the wave theory..."

...

Unwilling to see Brook, his students, and his supporters, Artil chose to live in the small town which was his hometown. His black, pointy magic tower always attracted lots of attention from the residents and travellers, who were in awe of it.

In his study, the extremely furious look on Artil's face had been replaced by appreciation and ecstasy,

"Haha, Light quantum, light quantum... Don't think I can't recognize you when you just changed the word! It's just another name for the quantum photon in the particle theory! Portions, with a minimum limit... Isn't that particles?!"

“Quantizing light is no more than another exposition for particle theory, and the hypothesis explained the photoelectric effect perfectly! Lucien Evans deserves the reputation given to him! He’s a genius! For sure, he’s the most promising one who’s gonna be a grand arcanist in the future!”

Lucien’s proposal for launching the artificial planet helped Douglas greatly, and now he was explicitly supporting particle theory. Therefore, Artil started regarding him as his most trusted friend.

He felt thrilled imagining how those idiots who supported the wave theory of light would respond to the paper.

Feeling rather refreshed, Artil started writing to Drummond. He gritted his teeth while maintaining a big smile on his face. The only part that he was not perfectly happy with was the last paragraph of the paper, as it sounded a bit hesitant. But it did not really matter. If no one could overturn Lucien’s hypothesis in a year, the fifty thousand arcana points would go to Lucien Evans. In fact, Artil wished that Lucien Evans could have taken away the points already!

After sending the copy of the paper to Drummond, Artil cheerfully thought to himself that now Lucien’s hypothesis of energy quantum had sounded more reasonable to him if he set off and think deeper from the perspective of the particle theory.

...

In Sorcerer Administrative Department, Eric received the review result of Lucien’s paper.

As the witness of Lucien's multiple success, Eric turned the pages out of curiosity. Then his face stiffened, as he was also a firm supporter of the wave theory of light.

After he skimmed through the paper and read the comments, Eric had the impulse to write something to refute Lucien's idea. However, what happened when Lucien first came up with the periodic table of elements came back to his mind. At that time, Lucien's paper also got a very poor result, but it turned out to be rather valuable later when the new elements were discovered. The two board members that reviewed the paper apologized to him and re-evaluated the paper, giving an extremely high appraisal this time.

"This paper also contains many hypotheses based on the existence of the light quantum... Maybe..." Eric started feeling suspicious, but he soon decided to stop thinking about it. "... I should wait until an accurate experiment comes out..."

...

Under Lauren's effort, although it was still around two to three weeks ahead before the next issue of *Arcana*, all the arcanists had already been informed that Lucien Evans, the young genius arcanist, used the particle theory to explain the photoelectric effect and had put forward the hypothesis of light quantum. Many were hurling abuse at Lucien. But most people, like Eric, were more cautious and chose to remain silent for most of the time due to the many awards that Lucien had won. They were afraid that, if they get too emotional, once Lucien could carry out a solid experiment to support his paper, their head would explode.

Those people's attitude was further shaken when they found out that Lucien's hypothesis indeed could explain the photoelectric effect. Although from time to time, people would whisper criticism against Lucien's hypothesis, they were still waiting, waiting for the final answer.

In Allyn, the intense atmosphere lingered. Even Lazar and the apprentices had felt people's hostility. However, Lucien was not affected by it at all. He was still working on improving his meditation and constructing his sixth-circle magic.

Yet, radicals exist in every population. By the end of the month, Lucien received a thick pile of letters. These were all anonymous threatening letters.

Smiling, Lucien leafed through the letters, feeling like that he had turned into the shared public enemy of Allyn. However, when he saw one of the letters, he suddenly frowned,

“... Maybe I'm not capable of killing you, but what about your friends and students? Take back your ridiculous hypothesis, and admit your fault in front of all arcanists!”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 442: Unjustifiable Self-defence

Translator: Henyee Translations **Editor:** Henyee Translations

Lucien narrowed his eyes, his monocle reflecting the cold light of spring.

The message on the letter was composed of words cut down from newspapers, and the paper had been processed by tracing-proof divination spells. However, the person who sent this letter had obviously underestimated how well Lucien had mastered senior-rank Astrology.

Lucien pulled out the anonymous letter and laid it under his Morning Light crystal ball. There was a forbidding look on his face. He put both hands on the crystal ball and stroked it in a specific rhythm.

The crystal ball dimmed and turned black quickly. Shiny stars emerged inside. Meanwhile, the Arcana Scepter watch that Lucien was wearing also started to be covered by a vague layer of starlight. The miniature sun and constellations inlaid in the plate began to revolve silently.

In the starlight, Lucien saw blurry pictures, which depicted the many steps of how the letter was delivered.

Owl... Allyn Animal Post Office... the Magic Steam Train Company belonging to the Affair Committee... The train... Tracks... Forests, fields, and hills... Cocus, the capital city of Calais... An apprentice that Lucien did not know... A request from a friend...

All the major steps were reflected one by one. Then the letter finally returned, unexpectedly, back to Allyn, back to the Animal Post Office, and to the hands of a restaurant waiter.

At this time, Lucien had used up most of his spiritual power. The pictures became vaguer and vaguer and were soon about to disappear.

Then a next picture came. Lucien could only faintly see a man wearing a black hooded robe handing the letter and some gold Thales to the waiter.

The ring on his left hand, the Origin, lit up in time. A cool refreshing feeling came from it and restored some of his spiritual power. Removing his right hand from the crystal ball, Lucien quickly lifted his Sun Staff.

The Sun Staff could enhance the power of Astrology spells under the ninth circle by one level!

The light from the staff lit up the picture in front of Lucien's eyes. Behind the sorcerer whose face was hidden under the black hood, a misty, distorted star rose. The fine, nebula-like, shimmering lines linking to his Host Star of Destiny were now visible to bare eyes.

"Got you," Lucien whispered in a low voice.

He recorded the features of the Host Star of Destiny and its track. When his spiritual power recovered partly, he figured out who this man was using the help of Sun Staff and Arcana Scepter.

"Peavy Belges, a member of Moonsong League, specializes in Electromagnetics... Egocentric and prone to go extreme..."

Lucien found the name somehow quite familiar. After a while, he recalled that this name was on the paper that he rejected a few days ago.

The man named Peavy definitely hated Lucien for turning down his paper; then his hatred was further stimulated by Lucien's hypothesis about light quantum, so he wrote this letter to threaten Lucien.

When not used for predicting the obscure future, and when an important item that had gone through the processes was at hand, the power of senior-rank Astrology was beyond the imagination of low or middle-rank sorcerers. With the assistance of Sun Staff and Arcana Scepter,

Lucien could divine many things in great detail like an archmage. Also, since the Congress of Magic had Peavy's personal information, the features of his Host Star of Destiny was not at all a secret. After careful comparison, Lucien could find him relatively easily.

Every person had his or her own Host Star of Destiny. However, if the person never studied Astrology, they would not have the host star reflection in their soul.

Therefore, Lucien had been very careful with erasing important traces left after anything he did. If it was not possible, at least he would use some senior-rank spells to cover his Host Star, or turn the black hole side to the front, which was only known by Fernando and Thompson.

Lucien thought about it for a second whether he should report this to the Affair Committee. However, the punishment for menacing, presumably fifteen days of detention, would be too weak to prevent this lunatic from hurting Lucien's friends and students, and it might even further infuriate him. So Lucien shut down this option.

Although most people see Lucien as a young, talented arcanist who was usually very polite and gentle, Lucien never showed any mercy to those intended to hurt his friends and students.

Facing this vicious, overreacting letter, Lucien was determined to overreact to it.

Lucien weighed the cost seriously — With this letter and the information he just collected as evidence, unjustifiable self-defense, in the worst case to him, would put him into prison for six months and cost him a good sum of arcana points as a penalty.

And he made the decision.

Finding the materials he needed, Lucien started to make a puppet, which was essential to his plan. After several hours, Lucien was holding a brownish, creepy puppet. The puppet had long narrow eyes and a tightly-shut mouth. Its arms were so long that they dropped down under its knees. The entire puppet was also covered with unique patterns and symbols which was very similar to the trace of Peavy's Host Star of Destiny.

"You better not try, otherwise..." Lucien said coldly while putting the anonymous letter on the puppet and activating his Arcana Scepter watch.

The constellation symbols on the watch suddenly started glowing together! Some were radiant and enchanting, some were bright and clear, some were broad and cold, some were eternally unchanging...

The seventh-circle Astrology spell, Destiny Interference!

Wriggling, a thin layer of human skin quickly grew out of the lifeless puppet and covered its face. The layer of skin became the face of Peavy, but its eyes were closed as if it was unaware to what was now happening.

Lucien then started casting on the Peavy Puppet.

...

In a garden villa.

Peavy was humming a new piece of music from the most recent play in the town in a very good mood. His high spirit was not because of the melody, but from the pleasure imagining the great panic that Lucien Evans was now suffering knowing that his friends and students were in danger, imagining him running back and forth making sure no one had been hurt.

Lucien Evans would submit the letter to the Affair Committee, but so what?

In Peavy's eyes, this arrogant so-called genius deserved this, for rejecting his paper out of jealousy and attacking Mr. Brook's theoretical system.

He had done some research and knew that only legendary archmages could locate the sender of an anonymous letter. He also had done everything he could to avoid the tracing of most Astrology spells. He chose not to directly attach a self-destroying spell to the letter, since Lucien Evans would definitely notice the magic waves coming out from it and wouldn't even bother to open it, then sending the letter would be pointless.

Not to mention that whether Lucien Evans would ask an archmage to cast spells just because of a threatening letter, even if Evans found out that it was him somehow, he would only be fined a few arcana points and be confined for a few days. The minor punishment would be nothing to him.

Furthermore, Peavy believed that all sorcerers who supported the wave theory of light would be on his side. Maybe Lucien Evans could protect his friends and students right now, he could not do this forever. Lucien Evans had to pay blood for what he had done! Only blood could make him realize his huge mistake!

The look on his face was completely distorted and vicious, as if Lucien had killed his father or cut off his path leading to becoming a grand arcanist. As an experienced fourth-level sorcerer who was experienced in fighting, Peavy was confident with his ability of killing. He knew well that if killing

sites were well-chosen, even a legendary archmage would not be able to get any results with Horoscope.

In such a good mood, Peavy suddenly got inspired. He believed that he had come up with an experiment on testing the photoelectric effect accurate enough for exploding Lucien Evans's brain!

Unable to hold back his excitement, Peavy believed that he would become the new genius after Lucien Evans's head exploded. And by that time, his theory would be long remembered by the entire Congress just like that of Mr. Brook. Needless to say, he would become an almighty grand arcanist respected by everyone!

Walking into his lab, Peavy found his brain extremely clear. The procedures of the experiment emerged readily in his brain. Then Peavy started to reconstruct the magic circles.

The equipment for carrying out the experiment would cost a senior-rank sorcerer months to finish setting up, but he finished it within just ten minutes! Peavy wondered if his long-suppressed talent finally burst out.

With the equipment all set, Peavy started to conduct the experiment and collect data.

A few minutes later, beads of sweat dropped down from his forehead. He could not believe what he saw.

"Impossible... Impossible! Something's wrong!"

The experiment showed clear quanta features!

He hurriedly restarted the experiment all over again, but the result remained unchanged.

“No... No...” Peavy shook his head helplessly.

Bang!

His head exploded. Small pieces of red and white were everywhere on the floor and the walls of the lab.

“Ahhh!!!”

Peavy released a bitter scream and sprang up from the couch. Lips trembling, Peavy murmured to himself,

“Ha..Haha, that felt so real...”

His laughter sounded dry and embarrassed.

Wiping off the sweat from his head, Peavy walked to his lab. The horrible dream he just had reminded him that he had still got an experiment on lightning to do today.

As he walked into the lab, Peavy's heart was still beating fast, and his mind was still a bit confused. He turned on the magic circles while he tried to calm down.

In the magic circle, bolts of lightning grew and began to bounce around within the lab. Peavy, as usual, was about to turn on the most powerful defensive magic circle to shield himself from the lightning.

However, his face immediately paled.

“Why... Why can't it be turned on? Right, it broke yesterday...”

Peavy finally recalled blankly that the defensive magic circle probably had been out of order since yesterday, and he was planning to pay a senior-rank sorcerer from the Magic Engineering Department to come and repair it.

But he just forgot it! He forgot it!

“No!!!”

Layers of defensive spells were activated; pieces of magic items glowed. However, the power of the horrible lightning arc was unstoppable, and it penetrated the spells and items promptly.

Only the bitter scream of Peavy was left echoing in the room.

...

A few seconds after Lucien confirmed Peavy's death, Thompson of the Affair Committee showed up in Lucien's study with a flash of light.

"Who did you just attack?"

In Allyn, a spell used for attacking would be detected by the mythal enveloping the city from above. The Affair Committee would then be noticed to interfere.

"Someone who deserved it," said Lucien gloomily.

Lucien threw the threatening letter and his prophecy result to Thompson. It looked like that Thompson was the designated person in the Affair Committee for handling the affairs that involved Lucien.

When he finishing reading the letter and the result, Thompson figured out what happened. He looked angry as well, and even said,

“Good job.”

Then Thompson restrained his personal emotion and asked, “With these as evidence, we could charge you as unjustifiable self-defense without doubt. You wanna pay ten thousand arcana points, or go stay in the magic-forbidden prison for a year?”

“Arcana points,” said Lucien word by word, his heart aching. All his income from inventing magic crystal light and promoting charcoal would go into this, but it was still worthwhile as he got rid of a lunatic.

Thompson nodded. He wrote down the punishment decision and was about to leave. Lucien could not help asking.

“Those sorcerers that have gone extreme, I don’t think you guys should leave them there in the public. They need a psychotherapy center, Thompson.”

Thompson shrugged. “You have to know, Lucien. With years of dangerous and lonely exploration, many sorcerers have, more or less, turned into psychos. No one will agree with this proposal.”

Lucien wondered if he should propose that the Congress start giving lectures on mental health.

...

“The latest one on Allyn’s Dumbest Ways to Die – No. 17: Peavy used his death to tell us that we should never forget the first and foremost rule in the laboratory manual – ‘Carefully check your equipment and magic circles before starting your experiment,’” said a man with cheerful smile on his face, who was introducing Allyn to the new sorcerers and apprentices on the magic steam train.

In front of him was a beautiful girl who had a white wolf lying beside as her companion.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 443: Reunion

Translator: Henyee Translations **Editor:** Henyee Translations

Outside of the windows, green fields and thriving forests were retreating quickly. Sitting in this steel monster marching forward fast and smoothly, tasting the delicious black pepper steak, Louise felt that she was in a dream. Ever since she arrived in Holm, everything she saw was beyond her imagination.

Magic apprentice could cast spells in public and not worry about attracting the Church; The magic steam train station was built right in the city within the sight of ordinary people passing by; The enormous steel monster, although it carried hundreds of people, could move so fast and smoothly...

Louise thought that only senior-rank sorcerers could get on the magic train, but it turned out that the train was even accessible to apprentices. What she saw right now was completely different from what the old books told her about the ancient Magic Empire.

Louise would have thought that she was already in a new world if she had not seen how people in Holm lived their life: They were just a bit more conservative in dressing, and other than this, they were not different from the people in the Duchy of Violet.

However, to some degree, this was a new world for Louise. Her life had turned to a new page from here!

Louise stroke her black hair gently, her heart filled with determination and hope. She came from an ordinary noble family, where magic had been a secret tradition for several generations. The family members who failed to awaken their blood power would study magic instead. In this case, her family could always access the magic potions for turning a person into a knight. Therefore, there will always be knights in the family, and its status and title could be ensured.

However, all methods and insurances were fragile against the hands of fate. Her family was involved in the war against the heresy in the north, and most male members died on the battlefield. The female members then either married or remarried. In the end, only a very young Louise and her grandfather were left, so some remote relatives started coveting their wealth and title.

Failed to awaken her blood power, Louise had no choice but to step onto the road of magic. The sorcerer recruited and sheltered by her grandfather was her first teacher.

The amazing world of magic attracted her deeply. However, the it could not provide her with peace and safety. Day by day, she lived like a intimidated mouse, worried that someone would discover her secret. Until one day, she found out by accident that the famous musician, Silvia, was in fact the apprentice named White Honey that she knew. She was therefore inspired and started to also use her music talent to cover her secret identity of a magic apprentice.

Then, she inherited the wealth and the mysterious materials from her family, which she used to trade the silver moon magic potion from her teacher and became a formal sorcerer. To hide her spiritual power, she used almost all of her heritage and savings to exchange for the Holy Water and

successfully awakened her blood power, which enabled her to control animals. She also became a quite famous musician because of her blood power.

However, she was still not satisfied with the situation. The fact that her own teacher was killed by the night watchers when exploring relics in the forests caused her to frequently awake from nightmares in the middle of the night. Terrified one day that the night watchers would show up in her room, she desperately studied and worked as a musician, hoping to become more and more famous so that one day she could get to know some major nobles and receive their protection.

“I’m not asking for too much. All I wanted is to study magic quietly in peace. It seems that such a simple wish could never granted.” Each time when the past came to visit at midnight in her dream, she would lament like this.

Yet one day, when the arrival of a sorcerer called Professor opened the gate to a new world in front of her, she finally saw hope. The only pity was that she had to say goodbye to her beloved music and the Aalto Musician’s Association.

“Miss Louise?”

The young sorcerer sitting in front of her woke her up from her memory.

Louise put on a soft smile and said, “Sorry, the amazing magic steam train triggered some memory of mine. Mr. Pan, please continue with the Allyn’s Dumbest Ways to Die... It’s very interesting, and enlightening as well.”

Her voice was like a piece of smooth silk. Elegant and gentle, with a hint of melancholy, Louise was unique from most female sorcerers. There were, of course, female sorcerers who looked even more gorgeous than Louise, but the aesthetic air of a musician was hard to be ignored.

Klein, the young sorcerer whose black hair was combed back neatly, also grinned and said, “that’s right. I could never imagine that there could be so many dumb things happening during experimentation, exploration, and everyday life. I gotta be careful. I don’t want to become a joke between sorcerers after I died.”

Mr. Pan carried the typical features of a Holmish and had a bright smile. “We’re almost there. When you guys have settled down in Allyn, we can have dinner together. I’ve got more stories.”

When Pan was speaking, he took a few shy glances at Louise.

On his opposite side sat Louise, Klein, Zapataro (Flame), and Ricardo (Hanger), who had been absent-minded all the way since he saw the city of Heidler — Some apprentices never leaved Aalto; some died on their way; and in the last, only the four of them, two sorcerers and two apprentices, successfully arrived at Sturk.

Hanger and Flame were actually not qualified for coming to Allyn, since Stuart would only send sorcerers and selected apprentices here. But they managed to be included in the trip by pretending as Philosopher’s students..

“Almost there? I don’t see it...” Louise looked out but saw no hint of a city.

Pan smiled and pointed up. “Allyn is above the clouds. You can’t see it from here.”

Louise nodded and turned back her eyes. After a second of hesitation, she asked with a slight smile, “Mr. Pan, may I ask you a question?”

“You’re more than welcome, Louise. Also, you can just call me Pan.” Pan secretly omitted the “Miss” when addressing Louise.

Louise asked, somehow a bit nervously, “Pan, do you know a sorcerer called Professor?”

Since Professor was on the Cleansing List, she assumed that he should be relatively well-known in Allyn.

Philosopher, Hanger, and the others all turned to look at Pan. Professor was the only sorcerer in the Congress that they knew off.

“I do know him. He’s on the Cleansing List and is a member of the Will of Elements that I just mentioned. But most sorcerers have no idea who he really is, including me.” Pan shook his head.

They all felt a bit disappointed, and Klein asked, “Did you ever guess who he is?”

Before Pan could answer, the apprentices burst out in exclamation.

Outside of the window, the rails went straight up into the air and the train speeded in midair. The green fields, forests, and cities underneath became smaller and smaller.

“It’s a miracle of God...” Klein murmured. Influenced by the Church in Aalto for most of his life, Klein immediately had these three words jumped into his mind when he saw the train flying.

And when he saw the inverted, floating mountain peaks, the cloud-covered magic towers, the beautiful gardens, and the magnificent city of Allyn, Klein did feel that they were all made by a god.

“Welcome to Allyn.” Pan bowed slightly, his left hand on his chest.

Louise murmured dreamily, “this is... Allyn...”

After they filled out in the feedback form of the train, the sorcerers and apprentices got off. They headed for the headquarter in a coach under Pan’s guidance.

Appreciating the scenery along the streets, impressed by the interesting and pleasantly-surprising alchemical items and assorted non-human races, they soon arrived at the Allyn Magic Tower, where they were greeted by Prospell.

Prospell, as usual, could not hold itself back when it saw a beauty.

Although Louise knew that some of the words to her used by Prospell were not that well-mannered, she did not really care. Instead, she was impressed by the fact that an alchemical life could be so lively, and could even seem a bit like a... pervert.

“When you guys reach senior-rank, you’ll have your own magic tower. Then you can make alchemical lives yourself.” Pan grinned while describing the beautiful future, although he was well aware of the fact that reaching the sixth circle was an unachievable dream for most low-rank sorcerers.

“Senior-rank...”

The apprentices and sorcerers knew what it meant — A much longer life, much more powerful spells, and even the chance of exchanging to a younger body.

Pan took a glance at Louise’s white wolf, which was looking around curiously. “Louise, you can take your wolf to the Task Zone to apply to participate in some breeding experiments. I believe that those sorcerers who study blood power, transformation, and companion pets would love to accept your application, and you can also get precious arcana points from it.”

Louise didn’t expect that such things could be discussed publicly, and her face flushed slightly. “In Aalto... castration has to be done for these large animals, in case they become out of control from rutting...”

The white wolf buried its head into the front paws.

“What a pity. But you can still take a look at the task for regrowing mutilated limbs. It takes some time, but it will work in the end...” suggested Pan.

Then he turned to the rest of them. “Alright, we’ll talk about it later. I’ll first take the apprentices to the Apprentice Assessment Department, and then take the sorcerers to the Sorcerer Administrative Department.”

“No problem,” replied Klein, overwhelmed by the surroundings in this silver hall, the style of which was totally different from that of the Church of Truth and the noble’s villas.

Louise was also looking around curiously like a fledgling. She took a few steps and caught fragments of words from two sorcerers walking past.

“... though Lucien Evans is indeed talented...”

Lucien Evans?

Louise abruptly turned around, wondering if she just had misheard it, but the surprised look on her companions’ face told her that she did not.

Maybe it’s just someone with a same name... They wondered and listened more carefully.

“... Ever since he joined the Congress of Magic, he never made a mistake in his magic and arcana achievements. I don’t get it... Why he has to be so obsessed with the theory of light quantum? What a pity...”

“The next issues of Arcana and Magic is coming out. I heard that so far no accurate experiments have been carried out for supporting his hypothesis. Maybe we can start developing papers on analyzing the errors in his paper?”

“... Let’s wait a bit longer... I’m afraid Lucien Evans’s reputation is going to be ruined.”

“... It’s not that bad. Every grand arcanist has more or less made some mistakes. But I do dislike people who support the particle theory!”

...

It sounded that the Lucien Evans they were talking about was a senior-rank sorcerer, therefore, he must be quite old. Louise released a soft sigh, believing that it was just someone with the same name.

She turned to Pan, who was also listening to the discussion attentively, and asked casually, “Pan, is Mr. Lucien Evans very famous?”

“Mr. Evans is a genius! He has won three highest awards in different fields before reaching senior-rank!” Said Pan in the tone of sheer admiration and disatisfaction.

“So he’s a member of the board?” Klein recalled what Pan told him about the three boards.

Pan nodded, “He’s the only one in Arcana Review Board who is at the fifth circle.”

“He sounds like a legend.” Louise smiled. She started getting curious.

Pan was about to say something, but suddenly his eyes fixed on something and he pointed at the gate. “Here comes Mr. Evans.”

Louise, Klein, and the rest of them turned around and froze.

Surrounded by a group of young sorcerers was young man of medium-height wearing a black, double-breasted suit. With his hands set in pockets, a black top hat on his head. and a piece of monocle on his left eye, the young man look even more elegant and handsome.

“Mr... E... Evans...” Louise’s lips moved like she was in a dream.

He was the very great musician, the angel of music who had passed away, Lucien Evans!

He was just dressed in a different style!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 444: Draw on Advantages and Avoid Disadvantages

Translator: Henyee Translations **Editor:** Henyee Translations

Klein's brain started buzzing... Pieces of memory flashed back, and they started joining together to form a whole picture:

Professor's arrival when Lucien Evans was being questioned... It was Professor who launched the attack in the Melzer Black Forest incident, but it was Lucien Evans who benefited from it the most... Professor's unexpected visit during midnight... The trap they set together for Clown... And, the death of the great musician, Lucien Evans!

Everything started making a lot of sense when they saw Lucien Evans, who had already become a member of the Arcana Review Board, standing in the middle of the headquarter hall of the Congress of Magic!

Klein was almost certain that Lucien Evans was the very profound Mr. Professor!

"Prof... Evans..." Klein shut his mouth up before more words came out. Fear seized him: Klein had no idea if Lucien Evans wanted to have anyone knowing who he truly was.

As a consul who had worked in Aalto for more than a decade, he knew how to be very careful, especially when facing someone powerful and of high status.

Hearing Louise's murmurs, Pan asked her quite surprisedly, "you know Mr. Evans?"

“Isn’t he... dead?” Hanger Ricardo and Flame Zapataro exclaimed at the same time in a low voice.

Dead? They witnessed Mr. Evans’s death? Pan knew that they came from Aalto, and he knew that in Aalto a famous musician named Lucien Evans passed away and a grand funeral was held for him. Pan started getting some clues...

Recalling their chat on the train, Pan also felt very shocked.

He knew Lucien Evans, the great musician, whose music pieces were extensively popular even in Holm and Allyn. Although Ode To Joy was a half-religious music piece, and it thus did not become as popular as Lucien Evans’s other works in Allyn, Pan knew that many sorcerers actually loved Ode To Joy very much personally, including himself. They would often sing it in private, more often than any other songs from operas.

Although the two Evans were close in age, Pan still could not relate the genius sorcerer who was obsessed with studying magic and making money by inventing new alchemical items to the elegant and talented musician whose piano performances could be called art themselves. Pan wondered if the newcomers had made a mistake.

Louise quickly shut her mouth as well, just like Klein. Any sorcerer that could survive in Aalto for these many years without converting to the Church as a spy would form the habit of being extremely careful.

At this time, Louise saw that the young genius’ head tilted imperceptibly, then turned to face them completely. Lucien put on a tender smile and, after he said something to the young students around him, started walking towards them at a leisurely pace.

“Mr... Mr. Evans.” Klein was the first one to respond. He bowed to Lucien Evans politely.

Before he bowed, Klein's eyes stopped on the three badges that Lucien was wearing on his left chest: The black one with six silver stars, the silver one with five black circles, and the one which was a hand holding a quill-pen. Klein had known what they meant from Pan.

Lucien smiled. "Finally, you are all here. It must have been a long journey."

They were all very surprised, as they never expected that he would just directly admit who he was!

"Thanks a lot for guiding us, Mr. Pro... Mr. Evans." Klein was the first to recover from the shock.

Lucien looked around and asked, "only the four of you?"

Louise finally calmed down a bit and said with a hint of fear, "we ran into great troubles several times on our way. The closer we got to Stuart, the more dangerous it became. I saw several apprentices killed by the night watchers and pastors."

"There are still people on their way. They have many concerns and couldn't set off as soon as we could." Klein added.

Unlike Louise, who knew the great magician, and Klein, who collaborated with the Professor, Hanger and Flame were not that familiar with Lucien. So they chose to remain silent and listen carefully.

“Mr. Evans, who is this?” Heidi took Annick and the rest of the apprentices to them out of curiosity.

Lucien pointed at Klein and Louise. “They are my friends from Aalto, and they are here to join the Congress.”

Then Lucien introduced his apprentices to Lousie and Klein. “They are my students Annick, Heidi, Layria, Sprint, and Katrina. They are currently working for me in the Atom Institution, and are also temporarily living at my place.”

Hearing Lucien calling all of them his students in front of his acquaintances, Heidi put on a big smile.

After greeting each other, Heidi asked curiously, “Louise, what did Mr. Evans do in Aalto? Every time I asked him, he would just smile but never reply.”

Louise did not know what to do. She looked at Lucien awkwardly, her mouth slightly opened, and her hobby as a lady made her notice that Lucien was wearing three finely-designed rings.

“Mr- Mr. Evans, are you that great musician of Aalto?” Pan finally asked, as he could not resist the curiosity anymore. When he knew Lucien Evans passed away at such a young age, he also felt very sorry with deep sorrow that Lucien wouldn’t be able to compose any more classic pieces of music which would be passed down through ages.

What? Deeply shocked, the apprentices wondered if there was something wrong with their ears! Annick was from Violet, and Heidi was from Syracuse. They both heard of the name before, but never thought that the two Evans was the same person!

“The great musician already died. I am now Lucien Evans, the Demon of Origin, as people call me,” said Lucien half jokingly. Professor ranked the last one on the Cleansing List, and it was nothing comparable to the rank of his true identity. Also, it had been years since the experiment for synthesizing carbamide came out; revealing it right now would not do any harm to Lucien.

Pan took Lucien’s words as confirmation. He glanced at Louise, and saw her nod slightly.

Pan exclaimed in great surprise, “it’s really you, sir! I’m a big fan of your music! It’s great knowing you’re still alive! Are you by any means planning on holding a music concert in Allyn?”

Pan temporarily forgot that Lucien was a annoying supporter of the particle theory and the one put forward the hypothesis of light quantum.

“We’ll see...” said Lucien.

Currently, Lucien had no plan on doing this at all. Right now he was not that eagerly pursuing money or wealth like he was in Aalto, and there was no lady in Allyn whose attention he wished to attract. So there was no point for him to do a concert.

“I’ll be waiting for it!” Pan said excitedly, as Lucien Evans did not reject directly.

“Me too!” For the first time ever, Annick spoke out this loud.

When he was studying hard all alone in Violet, and when he was about to give up facing against the difficulties, it was the Symphony of Fate that gave him the power to proceed!

Layria, Heidi, and Katrina’s face flushed lightly. When they were younger, the great musician Lucien Evans was the prince charming in their dreams. Although they had only seen him on the newspapers’ blurry pictures, the beautiful music triggered endless fantasies. Yet the fact that the person they were dreaming about turned out to be their most respected teacher made them feel a bit strange and embarrassed. Fortunately, they never talked about the great musician in front of Lucien Evans.

“The Demon of Origin? Is that your new title?” Asked Louise, who relaxed a bit seeing Lucien was being very friendly and kind.

Heidi answered proudly, “although the title from the Church doesn’t sound nice, it matches Mr. Evans’ rank on the Cleansing List — No. 53!”

Fifty-third?! Klein, Louise, and the rest two felt that what they just heard was a myth. In the past half year, they had stopped keeping track of the Cleansing List as they had to run for their lives on their way to Allyn. They had no idea since when the Demon of Origin appeared on the list. Lucien Evans must have done something that could threaten the entire Church to get to this rank. If they remembered correctly, such a high rank was supposed to be only for the legendaries!

They thought Lucien Evans had revealed to them his biggest secret when they found out his true identity, but now they realized that this young man who was always wearing a tender smile was much more powerful and mysterious than they thought!

Lucien noticed that more and more sorcerer were slowing down their pace and started to gather around, so he said, "I'll let you guys go for registration right now. We can talk later."

Then an idea came up to Lucien, and he quickly asked, "Klein, Louise... I wonder if you're interested in doing a part-time job for me."

"Part time job?" Louise had no idea how she could be of help for the powerful Lucien Evans.

Lucien said briefly, "I'm preparing a program called Arcana Voice, for the purpose of creating some short music pieces for the farmers, the townspeople, and the general public. I hope you can help me here, Louise. It's hard to find sorcerers like you in Allyn who is both talented in music and currently has some free time."

Lucien would prefer classical music to heavy metal in his program.

Louise was a bit lost, as she did not understand what Arcana Voice was and what a program was. However, working with such an influential sorcerer and musician sounded not bad at all to her, as she could still stick to her hobby of music while studying magic.

So she nodded. "Sure."

"Mr. Klein, I know you were the consul of Aalto, so I suppose that you know some of the secrets of the Church and how their followers are living their life. I hope that you can run a program on this," said Lucien. "... The congress will pay, and the pay will be good."

Klein also nodded without hesitation. “My pleasure.”

“Good. After registration, you two can wait for me in my office of the Arcana Review Board,” said Lucien.

Then he walked to the elevator together with his apprentices and headed for the Atom Institution.

...

In a desolated graveyard in Heidler, the gray fog was rather condensed.

Adol, the spectre, stared at the magic towers at distance and said gloomily, “actions have to be taken to prevent the Congress of Magic from investigating further, or it would be just a matter of time for the gaps to be exposed.”

The new spectre beside looked at him. “You seem to have a plan, Adol.”

Adol nodded. “Did you read the latest Arcana? Lucien Evans has joined the war, and now he’s under the attack from the supporters of the wave theory.”

“So?” asked the new senior-rank spectre.

Adol's voice was dry and coarse. "I know it from Rogerio that Lucien Evans killed a Electromagnetics sorcerer who supported the wave theory after receiving a threatening letter from him. This is our chance. Those wave theory supporters must be furious if they know about this. If we fuel their anger properly, some of them will do things that can greatly infuriate Lucien Evans again. According to his temperament, Lucien Evans will again seek revenge for sure.

"... Then, those who support Lucien — say, Fernando, Hathaway, and Douglas — and those who are on the other side — Brook, Oliver, Hellen, Miranda, and most of the remaining arcanists — will fight against each other. The Congress of Magic will be caught in an unprecedented mess, and at that time, Heidler will be forgotten."

The new spectre's bones clapped. "Great idea."

Then the two spectres secretly returned to the magic tower.

At this time, in the desolated graveyard, several pieces of rotten flesh suddenly started wriggling on the ground like worms and disappeared in situ.

In a newly-built magic tower in Heidler, Felipe opened his hand and stared at the flesh worms on his palm. Very rarely, he looked a bit bewildered.

Although his study of arcana had come to a pause recently because of the limitation on the observation methods, Felipe had progressed some further in magic.

The World of Souls was not a peaceful place. Recalling the scarlet moon incident, Felipe stared at the entrance of the two demiplanes and wondered why Adol still wanted to trust and work with those from the World of Souls.

However, Felipe soon made his decision. He could not see any benefits but only promised danger in betraying the Congress for their suspicious partner, the World of Souls, especially since he was only a new senior-rank.

He quickly found some letter paper and murmured to himself,

“Lucien Evans is out of his mind! This is such a ridiculous hypothesis. I must write to him and teach him a lesson!”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 445: Legendary

Translator: Henyee Translations **Editor:** Henyee Translations

In the garden villa, Lucien looked at the thick pile of letters and released a sigh. After checking them carefully with magic to ensure that they were safe, Lucien opened them and quickly browsed through.

“Felipe?” Lucien looked at the letter in his hand, feeling a bit confused. He had no idea why Felipe would write to him.

Was this for an academic discussion? As younger-generation arcanists that received high hopes, they were both deemed to be of the few that were most likely to become legendary sorcerers. They

were certainly competitors, but they specialized in different fields — Element and Necromancy were two schools quite opposite to each other in some fundamental beliefs. Besides, also they collaborated in private once, they couldn't even be called friends and had never written to each other before. It was very unlikely that the proud Felipe would suddenly write to Lucien to discuss academic problems.

Was this another criticizing or threatening letter? Lucien did not think so either. Although as a necromancer, Felipe was, without doubt, a supporter of the wave theory, as Necromancy perceived the existence of the soul as something close to electromagnetic waves, he was too proud to do such filthy things. If he strongly disagreed with Lucien, Felipe would directly write to the journal and dispute in public.

“Something's fishy...” Lucien carefully checked the letter again, making sure there was no cursing, poisoning, or soul controlling magic on it. Then he even cast Horoscope and activated quite a few defense spells before finally opening the envelope.

It turned out to be just a common dispute letter, in a typical Felipe tone. There's nothing really special about it, even the evidence listed inside it lacked experimental support and contradicted with the classic electromagnetic theory. However, as Lucien read further, he started frowning.

There were simply too many spelling errors in this letter — almost thirty of them, in just a few pages. Although they were just tiny errors which did not hinder the understanding of the letter, Lucien still caught them because he was suspicious about this letter and read it scrupulously.

Lucien spontaneously picked up a quill-pen and started correcting the errors in red ink, which was a habit he formed from reading the apprentices' papers.

Lucien had only read Felipe's published journal articles, so he did not know if this was the very way that Felipe wrote his letters, but he did not think a person as proud as Felipe would send a letter full of spelling errors to his despised opponent. He seemed to be the kind of person who hated to lose face in front of an opponent

Suddenly, Lucien noticed something unusual. His heart squeezed for a second. However, he face looked the same calm, revealing nothing inside of his heart.

He stared at the misspelled words and replaced them with the right letters in his head.

And the right letters formed a few words:

“Spectres conspiracy... particle vs. wave... internal conflict... inform congress...”

Lucien caught some clues, but there were still four letters that he could not make use of.

Although Lucien had not figured out the full information, he had got enough for him to understand the situation: The spectres in the World of Souls were trying to trigger an internal conflict in the Congress utilizing the wave-particle debate war.

As for their purpose... Lucien believed that it was because of the Congress's investigation into Heidler.

Lucien rubbed his chin and thought to himself that this definitely meant something big. Felipe wanted him to inform the Congress, which was probably because Felipe had confidence in neither Lucien nor himself. Facing powerful sorcerers, say, Thanatos and the Demigod-lich, senior-rank sorcerers really had nothing much to do here. The difference between could not be compensated by wisdom and strategy. Meanwhile, Lucien also wondered why Felipe would trust him. What if he was working with the World of Souls as well?

Lucien put the letter back into its envelope and threw it aside. Pacing back and forth in his study, Lucien began to think about how to make the best use of the letter and reveal the deal between the Hand of Paleness and the World of Souls.

Walking to the bookshelf, Lucien took a random glance at the books. Just as he was about to turn around, he noticed the row of language books including ancient Sylvanasian, the common tongue, ancient Meshkatish, elf tongue, devil tongue, demon tongue...

The brilliant moment came; Lucien realized that the meaning of Felipe's last four letters may not be that complicated.

"This letter is the second alphabet of the common tongue; this is the 23rd; this is 11; this is six... so, it's 223, 116." Using the mind of an Astrology sorcerer, Lucien immediately recognized that it was a coordinate pair!

It corresponded to a location within the city of Heidler... It's the entrance of the gap connecting to the World of Souls!

Lucien's plan started coming into shape:

He was going to use the Hand of Paleness to make the Congress find clues about the World of Souls. In this case, he would be safe, as he could directly submit the letter to the Congress and appear as someone who knew nothing else other than the letter. So even if the Congress decided to silence someone, it would not be him.

Meanwhile, he had an even bigger plan in his mind: He was going to expose the dangerous plotters in the Hand of Paleness together with the spectres, so the Hand of Paleness would fall into complete chaos. The Congress could thus seize the chance and incorporate the Hand of Paleness into its system, hence preventing further threats once and for all.

...

Possessing a somber air, the grey gravestones planted on the barren plain looked both lonely and miserable.

In a giant mausoleum, “Thanatos” Vicente Miranda was floating in midair, attempting to turn the powerful golden dragon in front of him into a puppet lich.

He had no flesh; only a thin layer of pale skin covered his the bones. The dark-red cluster of flame in the two eye sockets flickered, and the deadly wind traveling across the plains suddenly came to a stop, so did the legendary-level spell he was casting.

The golden dragon howled in agony and was about to seize the chance to take off and escape!

The Miranda Twelve Life Circles magic circles burst out bright light one by one and restrained the powerful creature within.

Seeing that it could not escape, great determination rose in the dragon’s golden pupils, and its body started inflating quickly.

Bang!

The power of its explosion was so great that the entire mausoleum seemed to be struck by a horrible earthquake! From above fell down the stone pillars, the vault, the walls... and everything.

When stone and dust settled, what was left of Vicente Miranda was only a skull head. Vicente was now quite pissed and even more gloomy, as it had taken him lots of effort to capture a golden dragon close to the legendary level.

However, he soon calmed down and flew back to the main hall of the mausoleum. Landing on a giant black coffin, he illumined the vault, and countless stars lit up.

A moment ago, when he was dealing with the dragon, he suddenly had a great sense of danger and thus became distracted. As a result, he was almost backfired by his spell. Although the backfiring turned out to be more startling than dangerous, he still lost the dragon and his body as a cost.

When one reached the legendary level, no matter whether the sorcerer was good at Astrology or not, he or she would purposefully pay great attention to make up for it. Even if the power of Astrology conflicted with their body constitution or soul, a legendary level sorcerer would still try to find a same-level astrological magic item for compensation. Otherwise, a legendary sorcerer who specialized in Astrology could become their most dreadful enemy at any time!

The power that Astrology could give became one of the prominent advantages for being a sorcerer over being a caster or a knight. Unless their talent includes prophecy-like powers or they possess similar legendary items, a knight or a caster could only rely on intuition to predict danger within a small range, but would be completely blind when facing the unknown hiding threats in the broader sense.

Vicente Miranda's spiritual power was not in conflict with Astrology. Therefore, although he did not study Astrology in depth, what he knew were enough for him to use and actually greatly surpasses that of the other legendary sorcerers who did not have the title of grand arcanist.

Against the black vault, the tracks of the stars was rather clear. The remaining skull head of Vicente bobbed in the air, and soon figured out the result:

“Storm... Tumult... Fernando... Destructive strike...”

The two flames in the skull flickered several times, and then Vicente said to the darkness,

“Congus, Rogerio, Demartes, Adol... Come and see me.”

The lid of the black coffin opened fiercely. A giant corpse surrounded with black smog sprang up. In the smog, countless layers of bodies made up the giant corpse. Those were all bodies of intelligent creatures — human beings, elves, dwarves, demons...

The huge corpse which was as tall as half a mountain possessed an extremely dangerous air, as if it could absorb all life power. Vicente's skull landed on top of it, like a pale crown.

The corpse's eyes suddenly opened wide, and two clusters of dark-red flame lit up in the eye sockets.

Only silence and darkness were left in this space.

...

On the thirty-third floor of the headquarter of the Congress.

“Sir, I received a letter from Felipe,” said Lucien straightforwardly to Fernando, who was strolling back and forth in his study.

“What letter?” Fernando asked with a strange look that was both serious and confused.

“He used a secret message in the letter, telling me that the Hand of Paleness has made an agreement with the spectres in the mysterious black and white space. They are going to stir internal conflict within the Congress using the debate war over the particle and wave theory to gain benefits. Felipe worried that the mysterious space could go out of control. Thus, he’s on the Congress’s side and told me the coordinate pair for the entrance of the space.” Lucien spoke briefly and clearly, but purposefully described the Hand of Paleness as the initiator.

Fernando nodded slightly. There was a hint of anger in his voice. “So that’s why...”

“What is it, sir?” Lucien was quite surprised by Fernando’s response. From what Lucien knew about his teacher, Fernando was supposed to be beyond furious right now.

Fernando looked out of the window and said in a low voice, “five minutes earlier before you arrived, Vicente came with Congus and the others. He asked to call for the Highest Council meeting.”

“What?” Lucien had no clue what was going on.

Fernando snorted. “Vicente has caught all the spectres in the Hand of Paleness that came from the mysterious space, and put all the blame on Congus, Rogerio, and the others, claiming that they misled him. He then confessed all the secrets in the World of Souls, and told me that it is a space full of great dangers, so we have to take time to explore it.”

“... What about Mr. Congus? What did he say?” Lucien could not believe what just happened. He had arrived here as quickly as possible after reading the letter. How could so many things happen within such a short period of time? Had they caught Felipe?

Fernando shook his head. “Congus and his people took all the blame, but they denied doing any damage to the Congress. Hiding some secrets itself won’t bring them any severe punishment. The next step is to investigate those spectres...”

Fernando paused a bit, and then cast a glance at Lucien,

“If you don’t know how to cover yourself using Astrology, don’t ever plan on turning against a legendary sorcerer again, especially when you are trying to pose a threat to their life.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 446: Result of the Investigation

Translator: Henyee Translations **Editor:** Henyee Translations

Lucien's mind became blank for a second, and then he finally figured out what Fernando was indicating.

“Sir... are you saying that Vincente sensed what I was plotting? Even it was just a thought?!”

That was too much for Lucien.

So far, Lucien had gained access to most materials under legendary level in the Advanced Arcana Library, but his knowledge of the legendary was still limited to what was in the book *Astrology and Elements* — the promotion of two legendary classes and the construction of the corresponding legendary magic spells. Lucien did hear more from Fernando, however, they were just pieces of information. He had no concrete knowledge that could form a complete picture of the legendaries at all.

Therefore, Lucien was very surprised with Vincente's god-like omniscience. Although he did realize Baron Habearo's conspiracy using Horoscope before, at that time, Baron Habearo had already started taking actions and they were in the same castle. This time, Lucien had just used ten minutes on conceiving the plan and hadn't even had the chance to discuss with Fernando. However, Thanatos had sensed the upcoming danger and made the faster move.

Fernando said with a serious face, “reaching the legendary level brings qualitative change to life. When the War of Dawn just began, in the Church's description, a legendary was equal to a demigod. If your plan would really work and threaten Vicente's life, the tiny deviation in his track of destiny would be amplified in his cognitive world into a very strong warning.”

Fernando paused a bit here, thinking of some possible examples to make Lucien treat this more seriously.

“When you were trying to save the Observer, when you were planning on distracting Dracula, did you ever think about killing him? Did you ever had a plan that could result in his death?” Asked Fernando.

“No,” Lucien answered. From the beginning, his very and only aim was to save Rhine, which had nothing to do with Dracula the Vampire Prince. If Dracula had not gotten in his way, Lucien would have stayed away from him as far as he could, and Natasha would not have had to take such a great risk.

Lucien could never kill a legendary like Dracula on his own, unless he had more legendaries on his side. He even rejected Natasha’s proposal for using Sard to kill the vampire prince.

Thinking of this, Lucien finally realized why Rhine made the entire plan like this way — It was not until the God of Silver Moon and the mysterious existence from the World of Souls started fighting did Lucien realize what he was truly facing.

From the Sphinx Mausoleum to the underground palace of the Sun King to the altar of the Kuo-toans, Lucien only knew that he had to help Rhine break free from the trap so the World of Souls could become less of a threat. Rhine never told him the entire story. Obviously, Rhine was trying to keep Lucien safe from activating the mysterious existence in the World of Souls’ sense of danger. Fortunately, since Its power had not fully recovered yet, they managed to get by.

Lucien then recalled more: The King of Nightmare found the complicated math problem deep in Lucien’s brain due to his own actions; The King of Sphinx, when Lucien faced It, had not fully wakened up from Its thousands of years of sleep; For Sard, Lucien was just using his hands to kill Clown, but never thought of harming him; And for the other legendaries, including his teacher and the president, Lucien was always being very careful and constantly foreshadowing when he put forward those subversive papers.

Seeing the thoughtful look on Lucien's face, Fernando knew that his purpose had been achieved. "So, if there's a next time, do not draw any plan on your own. Come to me directly."

As if he were not fully assured, Fernando added. "But submitting a subversive paper is different. It has to be reviewed first, and sufficient cushioning is always necessary."

In Fernando's eyes, his student, Lucien Evans, was someone who could throw at people head-exploding papers at any time.

"Legendaries can't sense the danger brought by subversive papers?" Lucien was confused again. This was different from what he thought.

Fernando's red eyes gazed at Lucien. "A half-solidified cognitive world, its fusion with the soul between the unreal and real, and its interaction with the reality and the star sky of destiny... These are what will happen to a sorcerer when reaching the legendary level. These, together with the inverted image of Host Star of Destiny and the legendary level Astrology knowledge, are the sources of a legendary's ability of knowing approaching dangers. If a subversive paper could cause danger to a legendary, the paper must be in conflict with his cognitive world. In other words, his cognitive world does not accept this result, and will thus not regard it as a threat. Therefore, it can not be sensed."

"I see..." Lucien finally understood it to some degree, and then he asked worriedly, "then... will Thanatos know that it was me? What about Felipe?"

Being the enemy of a grand arcanist was even worse than turning against a legendary, because a grand arcanist had countless secret ways to take away one's life, not to mention that Thanatos was a grand arcanist specializing in Necromancy, cursing, and life conversion.

Fernando grinned. “Idiot. You forgot you are ‘the Secretive’? Very possibly, the result of Vicente’s Horoscope fell on me. This actually makes more sense, as in consideration of the close relationship between you and me, your plan will most likely be carried out by me. So, no worries, if Vicente can’t trace to you, he can’t trace to Felipe.”

That diverged quite a lot from the truth ... Lucien nodded, but in the next second, he started worrying again, “But Sir... Thanatos will resent you for this.”

“So? Do I look afraid?” Fernando’s eyes opened big. “... Alright, you may go now. I need to attend the Highest Council Meeting discussing this, and then investigate the spectres from the world of black and white.”

“I wonder what’s their plot...” said Lucien curiously, wishing to know if he had become one of their targets, as he had killed one dumb senior-rank spectre in the cave of the dwarf relic.

Fernando’s scowled. “If you should know, you will know. But I don’t think we’ll be able to get anything valuable — The spectres were sent by Vicente, and the memory left in the him mind must have been modified by him. What we could see will be what he wants us to see.”

Lucien suddenly recalled that Vicente Miranda was also the top expert in brain and soul memory. Only those mind-playing-fancying octopuses living in the Dark Mountain Range could be a possible match to him. Thanatos was especially good at intruding the mind and browsing memories, and even modifying and deleting them.

Fernando and Douglas could tell which part of memory was fake, but they would not know which part was missing.

.....

Sitting in his office, Lucien was reading the selected investigation result sent to him by Fernando.

The spectres were trying to cause an internal conflict in the Congress using Lucien. If Felipe had not sent the message, it would have turned into big trouble.

Without Felipe's betrayal, Lucien would not have had the plan; without his plan, Thanatos would not have sensed the danger, and then the Hand of Paleness's plan might have worked. In this case, Lucien would become the one in the biggest trouble.

However, Lucien was also much safer now because of what happened. Anyone who dared to use Lucien's hypothesis as the excuse to trigger any controversy would be regarded as a suspect or even a spy by the Congress.

"They knew more about the World of Souls than I do, and they are well aware of the great danger in the deep. The scenes retrieved from the memory of the spectre named Adol about the deepest place of that world shocked all the members from the Highest Council..."

Lucien could not access the information about what they saw, but Fernando made it clear what actions the Congress was going to take: They had decided to develop new magic spells for detecting the gap entrances of the World of Souls by tracing the memories and features of senior-rank spectres that they collected from the investigation. They would build stations close to those entrances and then take their time to explore further. Only until they located the new world which the God of Silver Moon and the mysterious existence from the World of Souls fell in, found the power pieces of the Gods, and gained results from researching them would they go deeper into the World of Souls.

It seemed that Thanatos was not yet completely on the World of Souls's side as he was not planning on luring the legendary sorcerers into the deepest. However, nothing about Mr. Maskelyne and Mr. Rhine being trapped in the deep part of the World of Souls was mentioned, which made Lucien wonder if it was because Adol did not have the access right to knowing it.

Lucien had been about to, when the Congress found out that Rhine was trapped by Dracula in the World of Souls, play innocent in front of Fernando. Now, there was no need for this.

The rest of the investigation result amused Lucien: Several conflicts within the Hand of Paleness were purposefully caused by the spectres from the World of Souls.

Lucien could imagine how furious Thanatos was after knowing this, but the good thing was that Thanatos would now be aware that the spectres also had some evil intents towards the Hand of Paleness.

Lucien was more assured now, knowing that the Congress had known what they were facing.

After Lucien finished reading the report, a small cluster of fire lit up above his fingertips. The parchment was burnt into ashes and then flushed down the pipes.

Standing up, Lucien was about to leave Atom Institution when Lazar also walked out.

"You stay here late, Lucien." Lazar took a curious glance at Lucien from head to toe. "... Can't relate you to a great musician. Totally can't. I thought you only know magic and arcana! I know several

music pieces of yours are quite romantic... say, To Silvia, and Moonlight! Why are you still here? Some of your music lovers must be waiting to visit you at your home. I'm sure some noble ladies from Rentato are looking forward to meeting you in person!"

"This's why I'm still here." Lucien rubbed his forehead.

Lazar made an exaggerated sigh. "What a waste!"

Then he put on a funny look and asked, "so what about the rumors... You and the princess of Violet are in love? Is that why you're not interested in those beautiful ladies?"

Lucien never expected that Lazar could be this gossipy. But facing the question, Lucien also did not want to deny, so he chose to remain silent.

Lazar understood, and made a prolonged "Ohh".

"One in the east, and one in the west. One in the Congress, and one in the City of Psalm... Difficult, I must say, brother. You keep the hard work and become a legendary as soon as possible. Then you can lead the Congress to defeat the Church and go all the way to the City of Psalm. Then you have the Princess!" Lazar kept talking as they walked out together.

When they walked into the elevator, Lucien saw Felipe standing in front of them, wearing a black long coat.

“For the new arcana badge. That’s why I’m here.” Felipe’s adjusted the level-six arcana badge in front of his chest a bit. His face was cold without the slightest hint of smile.

Since the Influence Factor was applied, Felipe had gained much more credits.

Lucien suspected that Felipe was waiting here specially for him. Obviously, Felipe had not fully calmed down from what happened a few days ago.

Lucien laughed knowingly. “It’s a bit disappointing seeing you’re still alive.”

Felipe snorted, although in his mind he was now much more relieved. Soon after he sent the message, Thanatos suddenly took a series of actions. It posed beyond great pressure on his nerves and made him feel like that he was a cornered beast. Luckily, he always had a strong mindset so he stopped himself from jumping out in front of Thanatos.

“I’m working on developing a new magic spell for amplification. If things work well, maybe three or four years later, we’ll have a much better version of it. A senior-rank version,” said Lucien, looking straight ahead.

Felipe’s eyes slightly looked aside, and his hands in the pockets clenched tightly. “What are you trying to imply?”

“I’m preparing a programme. I hope you can come to be my guest host.” Lucien had a mischievous smile on his face. Lucien did not want to owe Felipe anything and he did not wish to make friend with Felipe at all. Lucien hoped that he could pay Felipe back as soon as possible, so he could call it even.

Felipe did not quite understand. “Programme? Guest host?”

“You’ll see,” Lucien answered mysteriously.

Then he walked out of the elevator with Lazar and stepped into the main hall.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 447: Arcana Voice

Translator: Henyee Translations **Editor:** Henyee Translations

In the year 823 of the Saint Calendar, at the end of the Month of Dormancy (February), in the district of Sardni in Rentato.

The district of Sardni was originally a small fishing village where the fishermen and merchants selling Storm Strait fishes resided. Then the district thrived because of the development of the related industries of producing, sorting, and selling preserved fish products and the close relationship between the Kingdom of Holm and the Congress of Magic. During the second expansion of Rentato, the district was included in and named after the local bream called Sardni.

However, as magic stream trains between Patray harbor and Rentato started gaining their popularity, wealthy merchants had gradually took control of the local fishing industry using fresh goods and low prices. The monopoly put the local small shops and markets out of business. Some

local fishermen gave up what they had done for decades; some were now working for the major merchants; some landed in the miserable situation of being unemployed.

Fortunately, the promotion of all kinds of alchemical items saved the unemployed. The newly-built alchemical workshops accepted them and, within just several years, Sardni turned into a half-fishing, half-alchemical district.

In the dark night, dim candlelight came out from the windows of the poor houses and shanties along the street where magic crystal lights were still unaffordable. However, the street lamps connected by the spiderweb-like electric wires were warm and bright. The light produced by the lamps intertwined with the darkness of the night.

“Shame on you!”

A teenager around fourteen or fifteen spat on the ground, staring at the young couple snuggling in the darkness behind a lamp. Although due to the conservative style of the Kingdom of Holm, the couple was simply hugging and whispering to each other, and never did anything else too intimate like kissing or caressing, there was still strong envy and longing in the teenager’s eyes.

“Andy! Stop looking! *It* ‘s starting soon!”

A low voice came from behind the nearby trees along the street.

Startled, Andy hurriedly turned around and saw his three friends’ head sticking out behind a thick tree with great caution.

“What? It’s starting...” The look on Andy’s face suddenly changed. He looked both nervous and excited. It seemed that they were doing something dangerous but thrilling.

He carefully approached the tree and grumbled. “William, Mickey, Martin... Why don’t you come earlier?”

The brown-haired Martin giggled. “How dare we interrupt you? You’re definitely peeping someone dating.”

“Yup,” the blond William cleared his throat, “... Spring has come, and creatures start getting restless, including Andy, who’s already in heat...”

“You wanna try this?!” Andy was pissed off, his hand clenching into a fist. Embarrassment filled up in his blue eyes.

“Shh!” Micky, the shortest one among them all, hurriedly pressed down Andy’s hand.

Andy took a deep breath and sealed his mouth. He pointed to the direction where they were about to go.

“Let’s go, or we’ll miss Miss Nightingale’s song at the beginning,” said William yearningly.

Martin put on a look of disdain. “William is in heat as well.”

Giggling, the young lads secretly sneaked into the darkness and moved forward stealthily.

As they turned around the corners and traversed the trees, their voice quieted down and their breath became heavy.

They came in front of the row of low houses in a quiet corner of Sardni, and headed towards the two-story to the end.

Pulling up the collar until it covered half of his face, Andy knocked six times at the pace of two short and three long.

The door opened silently. A middle-aged man looked around in great alert, and eyed the boys to come in.

Andy, Martin, Micky, and William knew this place well and they did not need any guidance. The living room was already filled with people, a lot of people. In a circle, some were standing, some were sitting. All the curtains were drawn close; only a candlestick lit up the room with its flickering light, which seemed quite vulnerable. The atmosphere was ideal for telling a horror folktale and for one to take place.

Among the people, there were adult males and females, kids, seniors, teenage “in-heat” boys like Andy, and several blooming adolescent girls.

Exchanging a look, the boys thrust their way forward into the crowd and finally came beside the teenage girls after the great effort.

One of the boys grinned a bit shyly. “Scarlet, Selma... Good to see you two here.”

The blonde girl gave him a stare and put her finger on her lips. “Shh... Quiet. It’s gonna start.”

Hearing that, the boys instantly quivered. They temporarily put aside the attempt to get close to the girls, but started waiting patiently and expectantly.

The owner of the house, the middle-aged, serious-looking man in an old white shirt, came to the center and started fiddling with the strange box the size of a head.

The grey box was engraved with mysterious patterns, on which there was a row of black buttons and two knobs. There were also two metal sticks on top of it that looked like ram’s horns. They were of half-meter long and also had weird patterns and symbols.

No one talked when the man was working on the box. No matter men or women, young or old, no one spoke a single word. They held their breath, as devout as praying in the church. To them, the box was divine.

Hiss... The familiar electric current noise came.

People in the room instantly sat up or stood up straight.

From the box came a female voice that sounded far from them and wasn't very clear. But with the man's patient calibration, the quality started getting much better:

"Good evening, everyone, this is FM 592.6M, welcome to Arcana Voice. Now it's ten at night in Allyn and I'm your friend, Nightingale. Glad to have you in the next four hours, my friends."

The sweet female voice tickled the boys' hearts, making them wonder how beautiful Miss Nightingale must be.

"So the first section of today: General Knowledge in Everyday Life. I'll introduce you to a healthier and wiser lifestyle and help you stay away from all the possible traps in your life.

"... In recent months, in Rentato, as well as other cities in Holm, many illegal merchants are selling 'radioactive' toothpaste and body shampoos, claiming that those products are more fashionable, work better, and can help bring us longevity. Is that true?

"To find out the truth, let's start from the paper written by Mr. Lucien Evans, the member of Arcana Review Board, senior-rank arcanist, the three-time winner of Holm Crown prize, winner of the Immortal Throne, Arcana Scepter, and Ice & Snow Medal. Mr. Lucien Evans wrote the paper titled A New Element Which Emits Electron Currents and Two Other Rays three years ago, but it was not until five months ago did he publish it. It was also the very paper that won him the Ice & Snow Medal. In this paper, he coined the term 'natural radioactivity'. He believes that some elements with unstable structures might emit new elements and electron currents."

"Selma, did you hear it?! Mr. Evans is not only the composer of our favorite music pieces in the Music Gallery, but also a great scholar who has won so many awards! You know the great musician in Aalto? They have the same name!" Exclaimed Scarlet full of admiration.

After listening to the programme for over a year, Scarlet was aware of the value of the awards mentioned. And she was not the only one who felt beyond impressed in the living room. Gasps of admiration and praises filled the space.

Andy, however, held an ambivalent attitude towards this Lucien Evans. He did admire Lucien Evans's talent, but Scarlet was the girl he liked.

People in the living room knew what Miss Nightingale was talking about, as it had been several months that they lived under those merchants' constant promotion. Using the merchants' words, those 'radioactive' toothpaste could effectively remove the stains on their teeth and make their teeth white again, and the new elements contained in the toothpaste could keep them fit and healthy. According to the merchants, many nobles had started using the new toothpaste.

"... To seek for the truth, we have talked to Mr. Evans, who made a thorough explanation for the term, 'natural radioactivity'. According to Mr. Evans, while emitting new elements and electron currents, these ingredients also release 'curses', which can make your hair and teeth fall as well as weaken your body and disrupt your blood circulation. The new elements and electron currents emitted will also do severe damage to your body." said the sweet voice.

The listeners were shocked and terrified.

"... This kind of damage is not only limited within you. Newborn babies can suffer from malformation because of the radioactive substance. So please, everyone, DO NOT buy those products sold by those dishonest and mercenary people. DO NOT buy them simply because many are using them"

Miss Nightingale paused a bit and then made the conclusion. "Using Mr. Evans' words: While the Saint Truth corrupts your entire life; Radiation corrupts three generations in your family!"

The listeners were scared and shocked, but they also felt lucky that Arcana Voice had told them the truth. Their mind was completely occupied by the idea that they had to throw away the toothpaste as soon as they went back home, so they were not in the mood to object to the religious part in Lucien Evans' comment.

Suddenly, Scarlet whimpered. "I've been using it for a month... What if... "

Miss Nightingale continued. "To relieve our listeners, the good news is that since the added dosage in the toothpaste and shampoos is very small, if there is any, once you stop using it, no sequela will be left."

The listeners in the living room all released a sigh of great relief!

"After the wonderful melody, Mr. Philosopher will bring us the 'Unravel' section. Based on his thirty-eight-year experience as a consul, Mr. Philosopher will tell us stories about those pastors and cardinals he used to interact with, showing us that underneath their sacred aura, they do have their own feelings and desires, just like every human being." introduced Miss Nightingale.

"Wow! Affair with nuns again?" Andy got excited.

A brawny guy whose arm was as thick as Andy's thigh looked back at him and joked. "Maybe it's with boys like you."

Before Andy could refute, the strange box called radio started playing a peaceful, relaxing melody.

“Mr. Evans’s light music, City in the Sky,” said Scarlet in a very low voice, afraid that she might interrupt the wonderful music.

After the following few sections Unravel, Approaching Arcana, and the Magic Room, Nightingale’s sweet voice came back again, “Next section is Body Secret, and I know it’s the part loved by many of our listeners. Tonight, we are lucky to still have the authority in the study of the human body, Mr. Felipe, to be our guest speaker.”

“I like Mr. Felipe. He’s cold, but I like it!” Selma beamed with joy.

“Hello, Mr. Felipe.”

“Good evening, Nightingale.”

“As it is known to all, the human body starts to develop fast at the age around twelve, and great changes ensue. This stage of life can bring great bothers to many teenage boys and girls. So, Mr. Felipe, I wonder if you can talk more in details about the changes and make them understand that these are just natural changes and there’s nothing to worry about.”

“ ... ”

“Mr. Felipe?”

“ ... ”

“Mr. Felipe... Sir! Please calm down...”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 448: “Truth of the World”

Translator: Henyee Translations **Editor:** Henyee Translations

The listeners exchanged looks between each other, having no clue what was going on. Pauses did happen in the past when there were ‘technique issues’ or mistakes made by the hosts, but tonight was different.

The owner of the house who was in charge of the radio was a magic apprentice sent by the Congress of Magic, responsible for promoting radios and taking in listeners, and now the corner of his lips on his serious-looking face curled up slightly, as he knew what was going on: Obviously, the director of the programme never told Mr. Felipe in advance that he would be asked to talk about pubertal development. Cold and short-tempered as Mr. Felipe, it was no wonder that he would react like this.

Hiss... the electric current noise cut off the programme. Before the middle-aged man decided to tune the radio again, Nightingale’s sweet voice returned,

“Sorry, my friends, our sincere apologies. Our guest speaker, Mr. Felipe, has left because of his personal emergency. We’ll have Mr. Ricardo continue with the topic. Mr. Ricardo is also an expert arcanist specializing in studying the human body...”

The voice was the same pleasant to ear but now there was a slight hint of fear.

“... Mr. Felipe has left...” Scarlet sighed and felt very disappointed. She really liked Felipe’s low and charming voice, especially his tone which carried the just right amount of arrogance.

Her friend, the pretty and petite Selma, shared her feeling, but she soon realized what just happened. “Mr. Felipe doesn’t like the topic! No wonder he remained silent and left!”

Then she covered her cheeks with both hands and said in both curiosity and excitement, “... But it must be so cute if Mr. Felipe took the topic! I bet his face would flush! Oh my... He’s so adorable just leaving like this! So cold and proud!”

The middle-aged house owner’s face twitched a bit when hearing the teenage girl’s words. He could not help wondering how Mr. Felipe would respond if he had heard the comments. They would probably disturb him more than the puberty topic.

After her excitement calmed down, Selma was suddenly struck by a thought. “What if Mr. Felipe never comes back in the future?”

“I think he will be back... Don’t know for sure... But next time the topic’s gonna be different,” said Scarlet.

Meanwhile, their eyes flashing, Andy and the rest of the teenage boys had been fully absorbed in the topic. Tonight's topic had answered a lot of questions in their mind which they dared not to speak out. And when it came to how a girl's body would change during puberty, imagination seized them.

"... That's too much!" Scarlet covered her ears and moved closer to the other girls, as if she did not want to listen to it. However, her hands were not covering her ears tight at all.

The rest of the girls who were elder finally realized what the changes were and why they took place. When they went through the changes, the girls were scared and very nervous, having no idea what was going on, and it was not until today did they finally figure out and get to know how to take better care of themselves.

The married aunties took a step forward to shield the young girls. They glared at those men and scolded,

"Hold your eyes back! Go back and look at your wife and mother!"

So those men in the house looked away. Many of them then thought to themselves that extra care should be given to their women just like what the arcanist had just said, as every month's suffering could be this bad...

After the section of Body Secret, followed a voice full of passion,

“Apollo magic crystal light! Hold light in your own hand! Have electric wires set to your place now and receive six months of free electricity! What are you waiting for? Grab your wallet and apply! Visit local town halls, branches of Gift from Elements, and Holm Mineral Union Bank for more information!”

Because of today’s topic of Body Secret, people in the room today were not as tense as usual. Although they still dared not to talk aloud, the look on their faces was quite relaxed. While the ladies were sitting together, whispering, the teenage boys were also chatting and taking glances at the girls from time to time secretly.

“Jinkela, Jinkela, the best formula! Make your harvest spectacular!”

After several ads, Nightingale’s beautiful voice came back,

“Now let’s have Music Gallery take the lead for introducing the second half of tonight’s programme. Relax in the wonderful melody and put aside all your exhaustion and tediousness from the day. Tonight we have Mr. Evans’s latest piano opusculum, Free Mind, a piece of light music but with mild passion.”

As Arcana Voice started to be known to more sorcerers and nobles, Lucien’s music talent was also revealed. Thus, he put forward his principle for choosing and composing music: Get closer to citizens, to farmers, and to all the ordinary people; From the grand, structural symphony pieces, develop more light music pieces which were simple, romantic, short, but still beautiful.

He composed many pieces of light music by himself, and also copied some from the masterpieces of Earth, including Castle in the Sky. The public’s response was mixed, but those who were close to Lucien and knew his “great musician” identity understood the situation, as it took time for the transition in styles.

Now it had been three years, and the quality of Lucien's own light music pieces had become much better. They had gain wide popularity among common citizens and young nobles who fancied romance. The fine teahouses along the streets had started to play these music pieces to create a romantic and elegant atmosphere to attract guests, and it turned out to be quite useful.

"A new piece from Mr. Evans?" Scarlet said excitedly, her fingers crossed together against her chin.

All the listeners stopped chatting. They were common citizens, and rarely did they have the chance of visiting a concert hall to listen to music played by a real musician, but now Arcana Voice offered them this precious enjoyment. Although they did not know much about music, they were aware of the heartfelt appreciation in their mind when they first heard the light music pieces.

The melody was wonderful and refreshing. The keys jumping like little fairies pulled the listeners into a quiet and peaceful realm surrounded by nothing but mountains and trees, where birds presented their soft chirping and the stream played its crispy splashing.

The listener's mind was washed and cured, as they were in the gentle and soft embrace of mother nature, where both their body and soul could take a rest.

Leaves and branches revealed the traces of wind. The wind was free, free to travel to wherever it wanted. The wind made these people who had suffered in their lives and were restrained by their religious belief felt that they have this ticklish feeling in their hearts, that their hearts were covered with a layer of dust, so the hearts could not go with the wind freely. But yet they had not realized what exactly this layer of dust on their mind was.

The free wind gradually faded, yet the sweet aura created by Free Mind was still lingering.

"Beautiful...!" Scarlet murmured as if she was still in the dream.

Too excited to say a word, Selma simply nodded hard.

“After Free Mind, let’s listen to the light music piece, Streamside, composed by Miss... Louise.” Nightingale introduced.

When mentioning the name, Nightingale paused a bit.

Music had relaxed the listeners’ spirit greatly, and now their peaceful mind was open to almost everything.

The silvery voice said to the listeners,

“Now, welcome to our section, the Voice of History. Today, our young historian Mr. Pande will unravel some of the secrets in the War of Dawn and the unknown facts about the Inquisition.”

“I do have a book compiled by the Church here, called Hunting Sorcerer, and I do believe that the lines in the book are reliable,” said Pande in his piercing voice, “... If a person lives alone and rarely talks to other people, he or she is a sorcerer, without doubt; If a person often shows up on parties and is outgoing and cheerful, then obviously, he or she is just pretending to avoid suspicion...”

The listeners’ faces turned pale as Pande was talking.

It's so scary! The Church was suspicious of everything!

As the listeners of Arcana Voice, they could never be enough careful! Otherwise, if the Church knew — No! — if they suspect about this, then...

“Alright, I know the history might be quite heavy, so here comes our most favored section, the Thousand and One Nights! Previously, Harry, the poor boy from the slum, finally arrived at the amazing magic school of Pesancho, and then a series of interesting stories followed...”

Listening to the story, Andy said to his friends, “A poor lad can become a sorcerer. What about us...?”

The cheerful story made them long for the life in a magic school.

The adults were also very impressed. “Those sorcerers are living an even better life than the nobles! They are enjoying food from all over the world, and the cheap, practical alchemical items have made their life much easier and pleasant...”

Their hearts were full of admiration, and they had also learned a lot. Their horizons had been greatly broadened. If any upstart merchant dared to show off his knowledge in front of them, heh, after listening to Arcana Voice, they were not that easy to be fooled!

“... You see? Transformation, Illusion, and Necromancy are not as dark and horrible as you think...” said a listener in low voice.

Some sections in Arcana Voice aimed at eliminating people's fear and hate towards magic caused by ignorance.

"Knowing brings understanding; Communicating connects the world" — this was one of Arcana Voice's tenets.

A fruity voice boomed out from the box. "Welcome to Man and Nature... On the savannah in the south, the rainy season has just passed..."

...

In the middle of the Boundless Ocean, in the Solar Islands branch of the Congress of Magic.

A young sorcerer couldn't help but laughed when hearing Nightingale asking Felipe to calm down. Leaned against the back of the chair, the sorcerer was listening to Arcana Voice. His spirit had been lifted and now he was in quite a good mood.

He was receiving the signals using the low-frequency band made specifically for long distance transmission. Arcana Voice had made his life on the island instantly became much more colorful and exciting.

When Arcana Voice ended, he sat up straight and switched to another band.

A serious and clear voice came. “Welcome to Truth of the World...”

The young sorcerer named Blake listened to it attentively. For sorcerers like him who lived far away from Allyn and Rentato, getting the most up-to-date information wasn’t easy at all. The delivery of the journals including *Arcana* was much slower than to the major cities, since in most cases, magic steam trains and boats were used for delivery. Transmission magic circles were used only in rare, important cases.

Living on the island, Blake belonged to one of the last groups of sorcerers to receive the journals and messages, which often took a month longer. He could not stay up-to-date with the latest currents in the Congress, and knew nothing about what was going on in Allyn except what were on the journals.

However, the living cost here was much lower than in Allyn and Rentato, and they could make twice more in these remote areas as there were few local sorcerers. They needed money and materials to get promotion, so they did not want to leave.

The birth of Truth of the World solved this big problem.

“... Then, we’re going to review the major news in Allyn in the past week.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 449: The Past Week In Allyn

Translator: Henyee Translations **Editor:** Henyee Translations

“Monday, the thirty-second ring of Holm Crown prize finally found its winner in the Year of 822. Mr. Jerome was awarded for his discovery of X-ray. He is the second winner of Holm Crown prize from the Atom Institution after Mr. Evans.

“... In the Atom Institution, Mr. Jerome always remains a low profile. He does not seem to be as brilliant and eye-catching as Mr. Evans or as talkative and open-minded as Mr. Lazar and Mr. Rock, nor does he have the same solid academic foundation as Mr. Evans’ students do. Then what made him gain such a great achievement? How did Mr. Jerome, a simple and honest gentleman in the eyes of the others, became a level-four arcanist and third-circle sorcerer, became the winner of the thirty-second Holm Crown ring?

“It’s our great honor to have Mr. Jerome here today to answer these questions. Hi, Mr. Jerome, thank you for being with us today.”

Blake, who had the typical light blue hair and dark blue eyes of the Solarians, listened to the radio very attentively. Except for the discovery of X-ray, the news about the Atom Institution in recent years basically had nothing to do with Jerome. His name was always at the bottom, attracting little attention. However, all of a sudden, he had won the top award in the School of Element and had become the envy and model of thousands of arcanists.

The rich male voice answered, “in many people’s eyes, I am not a talented arcanist. I am not a match for Rock and my colleagues, not to mention Evans. Therefore, many arcanists believe that my achievement came from the favor of the Goddess of Luck... that an accident of forgetting the fluorescence piece led to an even more accidental achievement.”

Blake nodded. He also thought so, and it was not because of feeling jealous. The paper published on Arcana last year proved that Jerome’s finding was more of an lucky accident than a discovery guided by developed theories.

“Then what do you think, sir?” Asked Lark, the host of the section, genially.

Jerome smiled. “Indeed they are all right. But I have to add something here: Before I found X-ray, I had already conducted the related experiments for a thousand two hundred and twenty-seven days. When Lazar, Rock, and the students believed that there was nothing more to explore, I was still working on it using my own spare time.

“At that time, I never expected anything big. I was doing so simply because there were still things I did not understand. I am not smart, but I am proud of my diligence, perseverance, and patience, which are the only things that I can rely on.

“Maybe arcanists like me are not the ones to come up with those earthshaking theories which required much imagination, but we can lay the most solid foundation for the high tower of Arcana and add details to it. People like us are also valuable and promising.”

Jerome’s words were simple but not plain. His words motivated Blake greatly. Diligence, perseverance, and patience... Blake repeated the words to himself in his mind.

“Diligence, perseverance, and patience...” Lark also repeated the words in the radio and smiled. “Thank you for sharing, Mr. Jerome. I believe what you just said is a great encouragement to many arcanists, including me. Anything else you’d like to share with us?”

“Umm... First of all, I’d like to express my many thanks to Mr. Evans, whose great talent in arcana is known to all. Working with him has offered me much to learn. No matter what others say about his light quantum hypothesis, I believe in him. He was the one who offered us free access to all the facilities in the Atom Institution and encouraged me when I felt like giving up. Therefore, I named the ray using the letter ‘X’.”

Jerome continued emotionally. "... Also, I'd like to say 'thank you' to my wife, Vera. Her love and courage have been accompanying me all the time and giving me the power to do the tedious experiments over and over again. Without her support, I would never have been able to win the prize. She shares the ring with me."

"That's so sweet. The couple also just got their first baby! Let's wish them an even sweeter and brighter future!" Lark said sincerely and then turned to the other guest speaker. "... Today, we also have the president of the Will of Elements here, Mr. Morris Hoffenberg. Welcome, sir. So, for what Mr. Jerome just said, how do you feel about it?"

"Diligence, perseverance, and patience... These are very good qualities, regardless of talent." Morris had a deep and charming voice of a mature man.

Lark agreed, and then asked, "So Mr. Morris, we had received lots of letters from our listener this week, and they shared one question — Why wasn't Mr. Evans rewarded with the prize?"

"Mr. Evans's paper on radioactive element, which won him the Ice & Snow Medal, should further win him Holm Crown prize for at least two times: one for proving that electron is part of an atom's inner structure, and the other for leading us into the microworld and showing us the change of matters by discovering the new element Helium. His research is beyond exciting; it made us believe that we're on the way mastering matters, which used to be the forbidden zone of Gods. But why didn't such an important paper win the prize?"

Morris remained silent for a couple of seconds and replied, "proving that electron is part of an atom's inner structure is a follow-up of the discovery of the electron. After discussion, we believe that this finding should not win Holm Crown prize again as Mr. Evans already has the ring Electron..."

“The emission of a new element does involve how matters produce and change, but it hasn’t been proved yet. When Evans can prove that a radioactive substance can be turned into another element due to the radiation of a new element using a solid experiment, the prize will go to him again. Hopefully, he will be able to put forward a whole set of theories explaining the complete structure of the atom and how matters change.”

... So the next Holm Crown prize ring for Lucien Evans would be able to cover all of his achievement in this field... Morris thought to himself.

Lark did not take in Morris’s words easily. “I’m afraid this isn’t convincing enough, sir. Mr. Ulysses won the thirty-first Holm Crown prize ring with his paper on measuring electron charge, and Mr. Lucien Evans’s discovery is of the same great value, isn’t it?

“... In some of the letters, some arcanists believe that it was you who prevented Mr. Lucien Evans from winning Holm Crown prize one more time, sir, since he has already won the prize three times. They are suspecting that you see giving the award to Mr. Evans again as a waste of money and resources. Facing these rumors, do you wish to clarify yourself, Mr. Morris?”

“This is a totally absurd and groundless accusation. Openness, fairness, and impartiality have always been our principles when deciding the winners. Evans was also present during the discussion. He didn’t have any problem.” Morris sounded offended, and then he paused a bit. “Time’s up. I will answer no more questions. And I will not attend such absurd interviews anymore, unless you show more ‘sincerity’ when making the appointment.”

Blake wondered why Morris sounded a bit self-conscious.

“... Alright, that’s all for our review of last Wednesday. Now, let’s take a look at what happened last Thursday.

“... Frictions took place again between the Congress’s patrolling magic steamboat and the Saint Truth’s airship. As we’re getting closer to locating the mysterious dimension, the number of frictions is continuously increasing. We must be prepared.

“After the downfall of the ancient Magic Empire, countless sorcerers suffered day and night under the brutal hegemony of the Church and were almost erased from the ground. Fortunately, the establishment of the Congress reversed the trend. Therefore, the confrontation is irreconcilable. Every sorcerer should bear this in mind. Any attempts trying to ingratiate himself with both sides are beyond foolish.

“We shall retreat no more. Behind our back is Allyn!”

...

“... Leading almost a hundred elementalists and necromancers, Mr. Donald, the member of the Highest Council, the president of the Will of Elements, recently paid a visit to the royal elf court and the Druid Elders of Stroop forest. Elder Malfurion offered Mr. Donald and his companies a warm welcome. Both sides exchanged opinions on recent situations and issues and reached an agreement. Together they attended the grand ceremony Spring Sowing, which took place in the manor close to Stroop forest and where Jinkela No. 822 first revealed its veil in front of people.

“The Lord of Storm, member of the Highest Council, has submitted his paper on his experimentation using helium atomic beams to bombard a thin foil of metal. Some particles in this experiment scattered further than others. Based on this finding, the Lord of Storm has overturned the atom structure model proposed by Her Excellency Hathaway, in which electrons are believed to be inlaid in the atomic nucleus. According to His Excellency Fernando, the inner structure of an atom should resemble the celestial bodies motion system suggested by Mr. Douglas, the president of the Congress, that is, electrons spinning around the atomic nucleus like planets around the sun. The macroworld has overlapped with the micro!”

Blake suddenly sat up straight out of astonishment.

The tiny atom's inner structure was similar to the system of the entire universe! How amazing and wonderful this world was! Fernando's theory again brought out the aesthetics of science! Blake could not help wondering if there was a universe within each atom and whether if there were also life forms living there. He knew that the theory of Magic Fairy was once very popular in the ancient Magic Empire.

The truth of the world was beyond fascinating!

"... On the other hand, His Excellency Edwyn Brook, the Emperor of Control, member of the Highest Council, has also put forward that since the electrons are charged, when they spin around a nucleus, they should radiate out electromagnetic waves. Due to this loss of energy, the structure can never exist with stability..."

Blake put some thoughts into it and then nodded, as it did conform to the classic electromagnetism theory. He was a bit disappointed.

"... The Lord of Storm also said that this is so far just a rough model, and improvements have to be made for sure. But most elementalists believe that even the current rough model has already qualified the Lord of Storm for being the next winner of Holm Crown prize in the following year."

...

"Saturday, reliable source confirmed that the Emperor of Control, who returned a year and a half ago, has finished his project of improving the magic circle for accurately measuring light quantum. Meanwhile, Mr. Lauren, member of Arcana Review Board and the winner of Ice & Snow Medal and Silver Moon Medal, has also told us that the same achievement has been made by him after three years of effort. Soon he will fight back against Mr. Evans's light quantum hypothesis using the experiment result..."

“According to our survey, arcanists who advocate the wave theory are getting very excited, while many arcanists on the side of the particle theory are worrying about what will be coming to them and have refused to further respond to our questions.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 450: Everyone's Experiments

Translator: Henyee Translations **Editor:** Henyee Translations

“It has been three years since the Debate War between Wave and Particle was launched again after Mr. Douglas's light speed experiment posed strong doubt against the existence of Ether and reached its climax by Mr. Evans's light quantum hypothesis, and it shows no sign of calming down. Thus, it has officially become the third War between Wave and Particle in history.

“When we look back at the previous two rounds of confrontation, Mr. Brook and his team have come close to completely defeating the particle theory. In the past a few years, supporters of the particle theory relied themselves on the last piece of straw, constantly telling themselves that the existence of Ether had not been confirmed, to prevent their own cognitive world from collapsing. However, the particle theory has recently picked up its momentum again using the light speed experiment and the light quantum hypothesis, even launching a new round of attack against the wave theory. The light speed experiment and the photoelectric effect have become two heavy burdens on those wave theory supporters' mind, yet so far they could not find a proper answer to them.”

Lark briefly introduced the history of the War between Wave and Particle, which made the young Blake feel the blood pulsing through his veins. Holding his fists, Blake wished that he could punch in the faces of the few sorcerers who were still being stubborn. Meanwhile, he vaguely heard some nasty comments made by other sorcerers coming from the open window. Obviously, in this place, not a single particle theory supporter could be found.

“After three years of brewing, the war is perhaps reaching its final stage. His Excellency Mr. Brook and Mr. Lauren have both completed the improvement of the magic circles and are now ready to conduct an accurate photoelectric effect experiment. If the data and images obtained can prove that the light quantum hypothesis is wrong, then the particle theory has to retreat back to its previous status again, using only the light speed experiment to sustain its last breath.”

“This is going to be one of the most meaningful experiments in the history of the Congress, and the result of the experiment will direct us further into the truth of the world and tell us where to make our next step. Today, with our guest arcanists from the Congress, we are going to exchange some of our ideas and attitudes on this...” Lark’s crispy and passionate voice turned to the invited guests present. “Good to have you all here. I’m Lark, the host of Allyn’s Past Week.”

“It’s very nice to meet you, Miss Lark. You’re as beautiful as your voice.” said a male voice a bit excitedly.

The rest of the male arcanists sounded a bit shy and greeted Lark in a dull tone.

“Nice to meet you, Lark. I’m a fan of Allyn’s Past Week, and you’re even more beautiful than we thought,” said a female voice, on behalf of the rest of the guests.

Lark responded in her sweet voice. “Thank you all very much for your support. So, ladies and gentlemen, how do you think of the following experimentation on light quantum which is about to be carried out by Mr. Brook and Mr. Lauren?”

“Well, we’ve been waiting for this for so long, you know... Ever since Mr. Evans put forward his hypothesis, we’ve been waiting for someone to step out and prove that the hypothesis is wrong, as we’re not capable of doing so ourselves before reaching senior-rank. It has been three years, and the day will finally come, the day that we can refute this absurd hypothesis righteously. I believe

that Mr. Brook and Mr. Lauren will give us an accurate and convincing result,” said the loud male voice, who seemed to be quite talkative.

“I’m very delighted to see that the magic circles have been improved. I’ve been fed up with those who keep talking about their particle theory.”

“The results will prove the wave theory.”

The male arcanists answered one by one.

“Although I personally think highly of Mr. Evans, and I’m very impressed with his great achievements, as well as the fact that he has won the four highest honors before reaching senior-rank, I don’t think his hypothesis is correct. I mean... even Mr. Evans can make mistakes. And I do feel that the rare mistake made by Mr. Evans has made him more approachable...” The soft female voice seemed to want to continue but was cut off by her companions.

Hearing their answers, Lark further asked, “it seems that no one believes that the experimentation result will favor the light quantum hypothesis. Does the wave theory of light really have such a solid foundation? It has been three years, and no other theories except Mr. Evans’s hypothesis could explain the photoelectric effect. So far the light quantum hypothesis has conformed with all the results yielded by those less inaccurate experiments, and one of Mr. Evans’s prediction has even been proved correct. Are you really so sure that the result will prove the light quantum hypothesis wrong?”

“Absolutely.”

“Yes, for sure.”

“Without a doubt.”

...

The arcanists all answered affirmatively, but somehow there was a bit of uncertainty emerging in their voice.

Blake loosened his grip and started putting more thoughts into it. What Lark just said was true. Yes, it had been three years, yet no other theories but Mr. Evans’s hypothesis could explain the photoelectric effect. All the experiment results were saying that Evans’s hypothesis was correct. And meanwhile, several attempts aiming at explaining light speed experiment had failed. The existence of Ether had become a question.

Was the wave theory of light completely correct?

Would the experiment’s result overthrow the light quantum hypothesis? Or the opposite?

...

A slightly dry and wrinkled hand pressed the button on the radio and turned it off when the signal had been replaced by the noise of electric currents.

Barek turned around and saw his teacher, Brook, staring ahead at the distorted magnetic fields and flashing electric arcs outside of the window, his hands folded back in the manner and air of a dominator. Carefully taking in a breath, Barek asked, "Sir, did you listen to Allyn's Past Week?"

"Yes, I did," answered Brook, who wore a wig and looked like an elegant but old-school gentleman. "The programmes are interesting. As usual, Evans makes good achievement in every field which he would like to put efforts in. But I'm not very used to his humor and the new words that he created."

"It's becoming a new trend. Using the new words has been popular among younger sorcerers in Allyn, Rentato, Cooks, and even in the Solar Islands. It seems to have already become a trend, and whoever not joining in is falling behind," said Barek, and then, looking more serious, he asked hesitantly, "so Sir... You must have listened to the interview done by Lark, right?"

"So?" Brook turned around and looked at his student.

Barek tried to be brave. "... I'm worried... about the experiment result."

"Make your point," said Brook calmly. When it came to arcana, he preferred to be straightforward.

Barek weighed his words, and said, "I've done a couple of experiments before, and all the results favor the light quantum hypothesis, which now seems to be the only explanation for the photoelectric effect. I'm afraid that the accurate experiment result might not be on the side of the wave theory. So, Sir... I hope that when you conduct the experiment, you can put aside your beliefs. The wave theory still has its chance... we still have the diffraction image and a whole set of theory..."

Brook's jade-like eyes behind the gold-rimmed glasses looked at Barek attentively. Finally, when Barek started sweating a bit, Brook looked away at the window again. It seemed that his green eyes could see through his demiplane and see the dark evening of Allyn in early spring.

"It's going to rain." Murmured Brook.

...

In the headquarter in Allyn, on the thirty-first floor, which was a section specially for the Sky radio station.

During midnight, Truth of the World had come to the end. Arcana Voice had ended earlier, so no the entire floor was very quiet.

After drinking a tube of potion for throat protection, Samantha, who used the name Lark in the radio, walked out of the lounge in a good mood and was ready to go home.

As soon as she walked out, she saw that Lucien Evans was greeting the rest of the arcanists working for Truth of the World. She kept her serious and indifferent look, but asked curiously in her silvery voice,

"Evans, why are you still here?"

It was very late. Ever since the two programmes started running smoothly, Lucien had never come here during midnight. What was going on tonight? Was it because of Mr. Brook and Lauren's experiment?

"Just finished some experiments in the institution. I know you all are still here, so I decided to drop by." said Lucien briefly.

"Experiments? On the photoelectric effect?" Samantha got even more curious.

Lucien shook his head. "No, Mr. Fernando's experiment inspired me, and I was using helium atomic beams to bombard some gases to see what I could find. Also, I used electron currents to bombard gold foil."

"You're being too honest, you know? I might steal your idea." Samantha slightly lifted her brow.

Lucien smiled. "This isn't something fun. I had to sit there staring at the flashing light spots for a long time to seek for the traces, never knowing when I can find something, if there's any."

"Umm... I feel that your honesty comes from the fact that you've already found something." Samantha revealed a small smile.

Lucien shook his head again and laughed. "You just simply don't take my words. By the way, the programmes have been very successful. You and Louise have become the lady in the young arcanists' dream. The only thing is that staying up late all the time isn't something good."

“It doesn’t matter to me. I’m an astrologer, and I’m very used to staying up late watching the stars. Now the programmes are recorded at night, so they can be aired on the next morning...” said Samantha, who was silent for a while as she saw the six-circle badge on Lucien’s chest. “... It’s late. We can go and grab a bit, so you can better carry on your experiment.”

Lucien answered, “thank you, but I need to head back now. When my magic tower is ready, I’ll invite you all to come for dinner to thank you for the great effort running the programmes.”

Lucien then turned around and left. When his figure disappeared around the corner, Samantha released a light sigh.

Coming back to the institution, Lucien walked back to the lab, turned on the magic circles beside the alchemical viewer to continue with the experiment, and recorded the data.

Beside his right hand on the operation desk, there was a pile of papers left in the corner. The papers were mostly covered under the other assorted stuff on the desk. But at the bottom, one sentence could vaguely be seen,

“Above are the accurate data record of the photoelectric effect experiment and its image.”