

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 551: Tide of Time

After returning to the Atom Institution, Lucien was warmly welcomed by Heidi and other students.

“Master, how spectacular of you! You included the Oliver transformation into your system and completely abolished ‘Ether’!” Said Katrina in excitement. Her teacher had been silent for eight months because he was preparing for such a groundbreaking paper!

Heidi complained, “Master, why didn’t you say anything? In the past eight months, we were frequently mocked by the sorcerers of the sorcerer of electromagnetism and the school of Light-darkness.”

Because their teacher was the one who proposed it, and the theory stressed that Douglas’ motion system was its low-speed approximation, Layria and the other students accepted it without much resistance. Of course, about the new view on time and space, they were still at a loss due to their insufficient arcana knowledge, but they were not too overwhelmed.

Outside of them, Lazar and Rogerio smiled at Lucien, their hands in their pockets, and Jerome was holding a copy of ‘Arcana’ in his hands, as if he were waiting to ask questions. Alfalia, Lowi and the other assistants were further away. They were also excited because they indirectly witnessed a paper that could send someone to the throne of grand arcanist as well as a shocking part of history.

There was also the envy for Heidi, Annick and other students in them. As Mr. Evans' students, those people could celebrate it around him happily, while they could only stand far away.

"How could I bring out such a paper all of a sudden? Did you not see the months of preparation?" Lucien intentionally pointed it out, so that his students and friends could think more instead of jumping to any conclusions when they encountered other papers in the future.

Sprint had contracted Annick's head-scratching habit at some point. The arrogance on his face was gone, and only the most sincere admiration was left. "Master, I don't understand much of your paper, but the formula where mass grows with speed seems able to explain the inconsistency between the theoretical performance and the actual performance of the cyclotron, right? Just now, Annick and I adjusted the frequency of the electric field after calculation, and we did obtain particles of higher energy than before! Was your paper inspired by the problem?"

Heidi, Alfalia and everybody else pricked their ears, because 'Allyn Impression' had offered a high reward for the stories behind the special theory of relativity. However, they were also aware that they must be approved by Lucien before they told anybody else about the matter.

"As a matter of fact, after grasping the classic electromagnetic theories, I had been trying to melt Mr. President motion system into it, but a lot of problems occurred. In the end, the light speed experiment gave me an inspiration. After certain intermediate phases that were similar to the Oliver transformation, I inferred those formulas naturally with as few hypotheses as possible. The relativistic effect that you discovered provided a powerful proof for my theory." Lucien spoke of the excuse that he thought of a long time ago.

Annick was enlightened. "At that time, you already speculated mass changes in your explanation. Heidi said that it was impossible!"

The freckles on Heidi's face had mostly gone. Blushing, she glared at Annick in anger and embarrassment. "How could I have known that? That's a field only the senior-rank arcanists understand!"

“However, as my students, you should know what will happen next.” Said Lucien with a smile.

However, the elegant and reassuring smile, in Heidi’s eyes, was as terrifying as the look of the most brutal devil. Their master was obviously hinting that they needed to understand and grasp the special theory of relativity, which meant classes and classes, exercises and exercises!

Looking at the students who seemed to have just been hit by hail, Lucien smiled, “The sooner you grasp the basic transformations and the view on time and space, the easier it will be for you to shape your cognitive world from a higher level without being affected by obsolete theories. However, I need to specify in advance that the theory about time and space is still incomplete. You need to bear in mind that other theories may be introduced in the future to modify the current theory.”

The students, whom he had been grooming since childhood, were most suitable for new theories because they hadn’t understood the old arcana theories well enough. In another couple of years, it would take more time to transform them. They might even be shackled by the obsolete opinions and could not make any creative achievement.

Nodding her head, Heidi calmed down and asked curiously, “Master, are you going to submit the relativistic effect that Annick discovered next time? Many sorcerers in the school of electromagnetics and the school of Light-darkness that I know complain that it is only a hypothetical theory when they cannot fully understand your paper. Hehe, their tongues won’t be tough again after they see the evidence!”

Sprint secretly thought to himself that it remained to be seen whether or not they still had a tongue at all.

Lucien did not reply to her but spoke to everyone, “There are still imperfect parts in the paper. You can join the discussion on it later. Let’s work together to improve it.”

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At the beginning of the Month of Passion, on the fifteenth floor of the Allyn magic tower...

Inside an office of the Arcana Review Board, the few members of the Hand of Paleness gathered.

As an authority on cell memories, Felipe was admitted by the Board without a question after he became a level-seven arcanist. His hands in the pockets of his black cloak, he asked the members of the school of necromancy including Pesor and Tina-Timos while leaning against the wall, “I wonder how Evans will respond to the article ‘On the Mistakes and Paradoxes in the Theory of Relativity’.”

“Alvaro submitted the paper only two days ago. It was very insightful. I don’t think Lucien Evans had any time to come up with a reply. We probably have to wait until next month.” After the shock of light quantum and Brook’s experiments, Pesor had been confused about both the wave theory of light and the particle theory, so he did not show much reaction to Lucien’s paper. If ‘Ether’ was gone, so be it. As for the disruption of the motion system, Lucien had made it clear that it was sublimation and a more comprehensive, unlimited explanation, so he also accepted it without much resistance. After all, for a sorcerer of the school of necromancy, that was not important.

Tina-Timos, on the other hand, frowned. “I heard that Lucien Evans submitted a paper yesterday, but it probably hasn’t been included in the arcana library yet. Although I’m in favor of Alvaro’s opinion, I can only stay neutral until I see Lucien’s response.”

She witnessed the ‘brainstorm’ last year in person.

“He is now a real authority. In the fields he is good at, other people will never feel secure until he replies.” Felipe looked at the badge on his chest. Seven black circles and seven silver stars did not seem far away from Lucien’s allegedly eight silver stars and eight black circles, but for other arcanists, Lucien could already compare to the few grand arcanists and was as notorious as the Lord of Hell. This was not about his level.

Also, he was very close to becoming a grand arcanist. If he perfected or proved either of the two theories, he would immediately be given the ultimate title in arcana and construct his own legendary class.

While they were talking, the latest issue of ‘Arcana’ was sent in. Felipe stood straight and grabbed one copy. Turning to the table of contents, he saw that the first article was not ‘On the Mistakes and Paradoxes in the Theory of Relativity’, or the grand arcanists and legendary sorcerers’ discussion about the special theory of relativity, but ‘An Analysis and Improvement on the Inconsistency of the Actual and Theoretical Performance of the Cyclotron and a Discussion on the Relativistic Effect’, authored by one Lucien Evans X.

Reading the paper and frowning, Tina-Timos heaved a long sigh. “I don’t think that Alvaro can wait for Lucien’s official reply in the next month.”

Pesor put on a bitter smile, and Felipe clenched his fists hard in his pockets, feeling that their gap was now even greater.

He was not close to the Demigod-lich who was his teacher, but he wouldn’t mind avenging his teacher if there was a chance. However, the reality was simply too cruel.

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In the Allyn branch of the Moonsong League, the tower guard took emergency measures after sensing the anomaly in the laboratory.

As a member of the Punishment Department of the Congress, Jurisian arrived at the spot as soon as possible. He saw the headless body in front of the cyclotron, as well as the red-and-white ‘flowers’ that stained the wall, the experiment table and the floor.

“Mr. Alvaro...” Jurisian guessed the identity of the corpse without looking at his badge. He should be the only senior-rank sorcerer whose cognitive world collapsed.

The arcanists who followed him all fell silent.

Right then, Jurisian suddenly had the feeling that space was rippling before him. Then, everything was back to normal, and a laboratory nearby was opened.

Antunes, an eighth-circle arcanist who had lingered for years, walked out with a smile and was slightly stunned by the situation here.

Jurisian understood something. He covered his forehead with his right hand and said, “Congratulates on the substantiation of Mr. Antunes’s cognitive world. You are about to become an archmage.”

Antunes nodded and brushed his grey hair. Having complicated feelings, he said, “Bury Alvaro...”

The tide of time was unstoppable. He could only sigh that Alvaro had been eliminated and feel lucky that he followed the trend.

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At the beginning of the Month of Fire, every arcanist was waiting for the latest issue of 'Arcana', which purportedly included Mr. Evans' replies to certain questions about the special theory of relativity.

Louise, with her white wolf, got the seventh issue of Arcana of year 824 and saw the title that was more peculiar than she thought: Answers to Certain Questions and the '3+1' Dimensional Narration on the Special Theory of Relativity and the Oliver Transformation'.

The paper answered many questions from last month systematically and comprehensively. Admitting that the issues regarding the non-inertial frames of reference hadn't been resolved, it had fixed other parts that were believed to be mistakes and paradoxes. The changing frames of reference and the unintuitive narrations were too dizzying.

"This almost marks the real establishment of the special theory of relativity. When the inertial frame of reference is extrapolated into the universal reference system, Mr. Evans will be acknowledged as a grand arcanist." A level-five arcanist, who could manage to understand the paper, said next to Louise.

His partner nodded in agreement, "However, I think many arcanists who cannot understand the explanations will continue to raise similar doubts. Well, what's the point of the '3+1' dimensional narration on the special theory of relativity that Mr. Evans wrote in the end? Just another math model from a different perspective?"

“The three-dimensional axes plus an axis of time agree with our general perception, but of course, the mathematical transformations are rather complicated. Perhaps, Mr. Evans wanted more people to understand him...” The level-five arcanist was also puzzled.

Louise tried to read the paper. She thought to herself, “Mr. Evans certainly wouldn’t do any meaningless things.”

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Inside the Atom Institution, Lucien was reading ‘Arcana’, when Thompson ‘called’ him.

“Lucien, Juliana and Minsk, whom you proposed that we should monitor closely, suddenly went missing.” Said Thompson in a low voice.

Lucien was rather surprised. The time of action was about to come. What was the incident about?

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Chapter 552: Prelude

“How did they go missing?” Lucien calmed himself down and asked.

Thompson browsed through the reports in his hands for final confirmation, and the noise of paper being turned entered Lucien’s ears. “They were monitored by a senior-rank battle sorcerer and two middle-rank sorcerers. It was discovered that they entered a small church on the west side of Rentato but never left.”

“The senior-rank sorcerer thought that it was just a regular case of Sard’s marginalization on the radical clerics and night watchers and did not think too much. Today, when he saw neither Juliana or Minsk, he was puzzled and entered the church as a mouse, but nobody was inside.”

This place was the Kingdom of Holm, where sorcerers were multiple times more than clerics. That was why Thompson was extravagant enough to deploy a senior-rank sorcerer for surveillance.

“Did they notice the followers and use the church to escape?” Lucien thought of another possibility.

Thompson knocked the table softly. “That’s possible, but the odds can’t be high, because the same surveillance had been conducted in the past several months, during which time they showed no sign that they detected any anomaly. Also, they were acting the same as usual yesterday as they did before.

“What about the clerics and night watchers that have been marginalized by Sard?” Lucien expanded the range.

Thompson chuckled and said gravely, “If they also went missing, I would’ve reported it to the Highest Council because it would suggest that something was wrong with Sard and our plan had to be changed. However, only the two of them are confirmed to be missing.”

Lucien brushed his eyebrow. “There are twelve days to go until our operation. Let’s try to find them without raising Sard’s attention.”

Thompson did not object to Lucien’s advice or reminder. Everybody in the Congress of Magic was guessing when he would become a grand arcanist and enter the Highest Council. Also, his permission was already above the Affair Committee and on par with that of the ninth-circle archmages such as Raventi.

“The extremists are rather steady despite their anger. Sard, as ‘the great prophet’, is truly good at enchanting people.” Thompson briefly described it. As a member of the Affair Committee, the Lord of Storm’s student and a senior-rank sorcerer whose faith had been tested, he knew about the cooperation but was unaware of the specific plans.

Lucien played with his quill, not sure what secrets were lying deeper in the matter, but in any case, Minsk and Juliana were the night watchers who hated him most, both for ‘public justice’ and personal grudge. They could resort to any methods. Therefore, he asked Thompson to increase the protection for Joel’s family.

After the communication, Lucien looked at Arcana before him but failed to concentrate his attention after a long time because of anxiety. The upcoming operation was too much pressure for anyone who was aware of the matter. Even though he was good at keeping calm, he still feel highly concerned now that he was faced with unknown dangers and changes. Of course, more important, he was not alone now, and he needed to consider more. He had his love, his teacher, his students, his friends and his family. There would be dire consequences if the plan failed.

“I need to remind my teacher and inform him of that plan.” Lucien knew that Thompson would report it to Fernando but still decided to go to the Thunder Hell in person.

He was about to leave his office, when Chelly knocked on the door and entered. She asked uneasily and gloomily, “Master, do you have a minute?”

“What is it?” Lucien asked back peacefully.

Chelly shyly sat on the chair in front of Lucien’s desk and crossed her hands. “Master, I have a boyfriend named Jacques. You should know him, right? You signed a magic contract with him before.”

“I do. Is he here to claim the drug to activate his blood power?” Lucien nodded his head.

Chelly said with a smile of embarrassment. “He was very talented and could’ve turned into a knight on his own, but after signing the magic contract, he found it impossible to significantly increase his willpower. His efforts did not pay off after years of work. So, he plans to use the contract as a last resort.”

“If he uses the contract, there will be no turning back or hope for him.” Having found the love of his life, Lucien was rather sympathetic with Chelly and her boyfriend.

Blushing, Chelly said, “That’s why I want to ask for your help, master. I’ve saved a lot of arcana points in the past few years. My father also gave me abundant Thales and materials. Plus the wealth that Jacques earned through mercenary missions, they should be enough to buy the ‘Origin of Blood’ of a senior-rank vampire, but I do not have permission to do so.”

“That’s easy. Also, we signed a magic contract before. I’ll buy it for you when I come back later.”
Said Lucien gently.

Chelly took a long breath in relief. She had been too gentle and proud to ask for it, although it had been on her mind for a while. Now that she got a satisfactory reply after she finally summoned her courage to ask, she was naturally excited. “Thank you very much, master.”

Lucien smiled. “Is he going to complete the ceremony himself after he buys the Origin of Blood. Speaking of which, Jacques is not bad at all. He earned his money through mercenary missions instead of only counting on you.”

“The ceremony is not complicated. I don’t want to add to your trouble, master. I’ll go to the Task Zone to issue a task and invite a sorcerer of the school of necromancy to host it.” When mentioning Jacques, she put on a happy and warm smile without her knowing it. “He used to be a flamboyant knight, but he is much more reliable now.”

When she studied under Lucien, she had been hanging around with the most distinguished gentlemen, so she had a new understanding about the old Jacques. Thankfully, he had changed a lot, and that was why their relationship continued.

Lucien did not say anything yet, when Chelly began to praise and complain about Jacques. “The last mercenary mission he took was rather dangerous. It’s the investigation on a cult. He did not activate his blood power and almost died inside.”

“A cult?” Lucien was rather sensitive about the word.

Chelly nodded. “Although it’s a cult, it’s deeply connected to the Church. It’s an organization founded by certain radical, bottom-class clerics in private. They seem to worship the angel king and have deviated from the doctrine that they could only follow the Lord.”

After living several years of magic life, her faith was almost gone, but she still habitually said ‘Lord’.

Lucien frowned again. “The angel king...” What does Sard want? Is he thinking to cross the Storm Strait and unite the faith of the Church later?

Hearing Chelly tell the full story, Lucien thought for a moment and said, “As the Church and the Congress gradually get the colonies in the new alternate dimensions under control, Holm will definitely be more and more dangerous. You should remind your father to be prepared in case of a total war.”

“Yes, my father has been preparing for that since the family reached the agreement with the Congress.” Chelly did not overthink.

After seeing Chelly off, Lucien reached the thirty-third floor of the Allyn magic tower, planning to go to the Thunder Hell through the fixed transmission magic circle, only to discover that his teacher was in the library.

“You’re here.” Fernando seemed to have foreseen Lucien’s arrival.

Lucien nodded. “I learnt about certain anomalies from Thompson.”

“He told it to me, too, but there aren’t other discoveries yet.” A map of Rentato was placed before Fernando. “This map marks the marginalized extremists, the areas that different nobles are in, and the few parts of the divine power circle in Rentato.”

It was the confidential map obtained from Hathaway.

Lucien walked to his teacher and observed the map. He discovered that the extremists had indeed been marginalized by Sard. From the west side, the closer it was to the Radiance Church on the southeast and the Nekso Palace on the northeast, the fewer radical clerics and night watchers there were. In the district where the Radiance Church was at, there was even none of them. Even Stone’s Knights of Grail had been relocated to the abbey on the northwest. It seemed that they were all set for the Congress of Magic to attack.

“Something doesn’t feel right.” Lucien looked at the map and said, but he couldn’t tell exactly what was wrong. Even astrology could not give him an answer.

Fernando frowned. “This is distressingly smooth. Lucien, Hull-Chulia will take care of the parishes on the north coastline, Erica will control the Duchy of Calais, Vicente will go to the Kingdom of Colette, and Brook will finish the Brianne parish, which hasn’t been attracted by Sard, in person with Holt’s cooperation.”

Hull-Chulia was the ‘Monarch of Fate’, the other legendary sorcerer in Cabin of Palmeira. He had a deep control over the north. Erica was the Master of Transformation and the historian in the Family of Sorcerers, which was headquartered in the Duchy of Calais and deeply associated with the local noble. Therefore, she was the most appropriate attacker. By the same logic, it was not hard to notice the closeness of the Duchy of Calais and the Hand of Paleness by the fact that the Immortal Throne prize was co-awarded by them.

The Moonsong League was headquartered in the Brianne kingdom. There shouldn't be a problem if Brook acted in person with the cooperation of Chelsea Holt, the Moon Scholar.

"We have to banish the clerics and control the parishes as soon as possible, so that the nobles in the few countries cannot vacillate anymore, or the situation will escalate because of their legendary knights and the Grand Cardinals." Said Lucien in a low voice.

Fernando nodded his head. "Speed is what matters most in our plan. Hathaway and I will take care of the Holm parish, Douglas will supervise the battle from Allyn, and the other grand arcanists and legendary sorcerers, as backups, will be ready to join different battlefields at any moment."

"By then, you will not stay in Allyn. I will drop you somewhere near the Nekso Palace. That's the place of balance for the multiple powers of the divine barrier, and it is very easy to be opened. If the situation turns very horrible, you will bring Natasha away taking advantage of the chaos. While Allyn is safe, it will be the enemy's primary target should anything go wrong. You are our Secret, and Nekso Palace has the Sword of Truth. It's not easy for you to be tracked if you act alone. You can hide in the depths of the ocean. When you become a legendary sorcerer, you will be the fire that reignite the Congress."

"This is the scroll of 'Night Travel' that I asked for from Stanis... He has connections in the Dark Congress and got it from a vampire prince. It can help you break the space anchors and barriers."

Listening to his master's plan about the worst scenario, Lucien suddenly felt that the air around him was depressing.

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Chapter 553: Everything Goes Well

Taking over the scroll of 'Night Travel', Lucien intended to keep his smile, only to discover that his face was too rigid to do so. "Master, it can't be that bad. Even if Sard breaks his promise and the pope arrives and performs God's Arrival, he can only kill one legendary expert at the peak of legendary at most. Since they also need to resist the North Church and the Dark Congress, it's already not bad if they can deploy twenty legendary experts, and we have just as many experts in the Congress."

"If the situation escalates, you would have to take the five saint cardinals including Sard and the seven legendary knights in Holm, Colette, Brianne and Colette into account, too. That means almost thirty legendary experts in total. Together with the pope who's a demigod, I estimate that few legendary sorcerers can survive a head-on clash with them." Fernando would rather be prepared for the worst.

Then, he looked at Lucien with a smile in his red eyes. "Don't underestimate the pope. He is still one of the demigods even without God's Arrival. Except for the experts like Douglas, Dracula and Brook, who have been at the peak of legendary for many years, the other legendary sorcerers might not be able to take one hit from him."

As he spoke, Fernando, who had always been either shameless or grave and agitated, sighed with mixed feelings, "Also, God's Arrival is too terrifying. After it locks onto the expert at the peak of legendary, they will be killed instantly, no matter if they are by themselves or gathered together. In order to improve 'Eternal Blaze' to a similar level, Douglas will have to advance into a demigod. That's why the Congress decided to cooperate with Sard despite the risks before the pope's God's Arrival is recovered."

"Otherwise, who's going to block God's Arrival in ten years? I don't think me, Hathaway, Douglas or Brook has the honorable personality to sacrifice oneself for everybody else, but if we join our

hands, we will all be killed. On the other hand, for the seven legendary knights, whether or not the pope has God's Arrival has a strong influence on their final decision."

"Once they are totally inclined to us, it will be the pope's turn to weigh the pros and cons. After all, the most available forces of the South Church will only be equal to ours by then, and it will no longer have the overwhelming advantage. The pope has to consider the possibility of a brutal victory where he is exhausted after using God's Arrival and half of the saint cardinals and sacred knights are killed. That would be in the best interests of the Dark Congress and the North Church."

Lucien nodded and understood that Congress' strategy was to create a favorable situation so that the seven legendary knights would be turned to their side. Then, even though the pope's God's Arrival was recovered, he would have to face the scenario where a third party would take advantage of the lose-lose war.

"Natasha and I have settled on some things. Together with Sard's stimulation, we should be confident in making the nobles completely inclined to us, and the nobles' tendency will definitely influence the legendary knights' decision. Master, how about this..." Lucien proposed a suggestion, which had been prepared in advance, too.

Fernando nodded solemnly, "Whatever its final result is, it will do as long as it increases our leverage. Of the seven legendary knights, five have been more or less inclined to us. Until the situation is clear, they probably wouldn't refuse to communicate with us even if they decide to sit on the fence first. I'll talk to them."

Then, the two of them inferred Sard's actions and plans for different purposes as well as the corresponding countermeasures.

"If that's Sard's purpose, I'll let you know as soon as possible. Let's hope that your countermeasure proves useful. Also, since you are near the Nekso Palace, you should try to help Natasha with the control of the divine power circles in the whole city. That's a critical step to prevent accidents. Morris and other sorcerers of the royal family of Holm will work with you." The Lord of Storm told

him. Deploying Lucien to the place was not just because it was easier for him to escape, but also because of his special relationship with Natasha, who could cooperate with him without concerns.

While the overall defense of Rentato was not as good as the Radiance Church and the Nekso Palace, it was still better than that of Aalto. After it was activated, the controller would gain a major advantage. The facilities that controlled the defense, on the other hand, were separated into two relatively independent parts, one in the Radiance Church and the other in the Nekso Palace. The former would be taken over by the Congress after Sard left the Radiance Church, and the latter depended on Natasha.

Without saying anything else, Lucien nodded solemnly and then asked in curiosity. “Master, why didn’t we seek the cooperation of other forces?”

“Such a plan must be kept highly confidential. If we asked for the cooperation of the North Church or the Dark Congress, the intelligence might’ve been leaked, and the Church might’ve noticed it. Also, they wouldn’t have many choices. They would either wait to take advantage of us after we fail, or attack the territory of the Church when the defenders are summoned elsewhere. It’s impossible that they would join the battlefield recklessly. What we are seizing is exactly the gap. We are going to threaten the Church to back off from a total war.” Fernando explained, “As for the other allies, those who are willing to come will come after noticing the changes, and those who are unwilling to will not come even if we asked them in advance.”

Even within the Congress of Magic, only the members of the Highest Council and the few sorcerers with high permission such as Lucien were aware of the details. Most of the arcanists and apprentices had no idea that something great was going to take place soon at all. Natasha, on the other side, told nobody of the matter but merely directed the nobles to further misunderstand the Church and look forward to a new balance.

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At noon on the fourteenth of the Month of Fire...

On the thirty-fifth floor of the Allyn magic tower, voices echoed nonstop:

“It’s confirmed that Benedict II is preaching in the Holy City and is never away.”

“It’s confirmed that Saints Melmax, Anasta and Maria are around the pope and are never away.”

“It’s confirmed that Auden, leader of the ascetics, is preaching in the new alternate dimension and is never away.”

“It’s confirmed that Varantine, leader of the ascetics, entered a confessional in the Holy City and is never away.”

“It’s confirmed that Vaharall, the Adjudicator, is at the headquarters of the inquisition and is never away.”

“It’s confirmed that Beliel, God’s Glory, is at the North Fortress and is never away.”

...

The intelligence confirmations came in one piece after another, allowing the Highest Council and the sorcerers in the operation such as Lucien to get the situation under control.

“Unable to confirm the whereabouts of Saint Anthony, a giant of the inquisition and a night watcher, and Brentis, the Original Fire who ranks top among the night watchers.”

“Unable to confirm...”

The intelligence was not just about the South Church but also about the North Church as well as the experts of the Dark Mountain Range. The spies that the Congress of Magic sent out all those years had finally proved their value.

After analyzing the intelligence and confirming the situation, Douglas stood up from his seat and walked to the front of the conference room of the Highest Council, before he announced gravely and solemnly: “The operation now begins. Pay attention to your safety!”

“Arcana Above!” Lucien and the rest of them placed their right hand on their forehead.

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At Cocus, the capital of the Duchy of Calais...

Erica, the ‘Master of Transformation’ who had linen-colored short hair, walked out of her black magic tower that looked like an observatory, with the intense vibe of history around her. She was one of the few sorcerers in the Highest Council with ancient heritage. Sometimes, she called herself a historian.

Calculating the time, she walked to the Grand Church of Cocus with a few archmages and senior-rank sorcerers. At this moment, two dragon scale horses galloped by, and the riders shouted intentionally, “His Excellency Yourcenar demands an emergency meeting of nobles.”

Yourcenar was ‘Song of Dusk’, a legendary knight of the Duchy of Calais.

Erica understood that it was part of the plan. Yourcenar wouldn’t do anything until the situation was completely clear.

After only several minutes, Erica and her partners, who seemed rather slow, had already reached the gate of the Grand Church of Cocus which was on the other side of the city. A middle-aged cleric in a white soft hat was staring at her peacefully.

“Torrens, are you ready for delivery?” Erica asked Torrens, the Grand Cardinal of the Calais parish, known as ‘Angel of Wisdom’.

Torrens replied in a smile, “The red robes have been sent by me to inspect the counties. There are only some bishops and reverends inside. Also, the divine power circle has been shut down.”

Erica did not enter recklessly but hinted for an archmage next to her, asking him to summon two senior-rank devils to control the pivots of the divine power circle and the transmission magic circle.

When nothing went wrong, the few archmages and sorcerers all went in and controlled different areas, and Erica stayed in the square, confronting Torrens in silence while waiting for the progress in Rentato.

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At Salyvaor, capital of the Kingdom of Brianne...

Brook, the half-old gentleman who was wearing a white wig and a double-breasted suit with a short black staff in his right hand, walked onto the stairs outside of the Grand Church of Brewston together with Chelsea Holt, a short, silver-haired lady. They walked into it without any tricks.

He was confident enough to kill ‘Beaver’, the ‘Astral Light’, inside even though all the divine power circles were activated.

When he was about to walk into the Church, he looked back at the palace where the king of Brianne was at and said in a low voice, “I hope that Bedrenka and Basor do not make any injudicious decision.”

Bedrenka, ‘Hammer of the Void’ and Basor, ‘Knight of Disasters’, were the legendary knights of the Kingdom of Brianne.

“They would only make a decision when the situation is clear.” Holt, the Moon Scholar who had lived here for a long time, replied with a smile.

Brook nodded and ambled into the church without further ado. He sat on a seat on the third row before the cross and contemplated like the most pious believer while waiting for the moment to come. The red robe preaching on the podium had no idea that a terrible monster who ranked eighth on the Cleansing List was right before him.

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Hull-Chulia in the north coastline and Vicente in Colette experienced more or less the same as Erica did. They took over the grand churches and controlled the teleportation points easily. The legendary knights in the few regions all demanded an emergency meeting of nobles like Yourcenar did.

In Rentato, outside of the Radiance Church...

Fernando, who temporarily had the help of ‘Absolute Defense’ Ataman, a legendary sorcerer, waited for the arrival of Sard with more than ten archmages and senior-rank sorcerers.

They did not wait long when Sard, who appeared to be an ordinary old man, left the Radiance Church easily just like he promised.

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Chapter 554: God’s Guard

The white robe of a regular cleric on his body, and his slightly dirty eyes, made Sard look no different from any old man who was basking in the sun on the streets in Rentato, although the atmosphere around him was indeed profound and gloomy.

He looked around at the empty square of the church and chuckled, “I was worrying that you did not dare to come, Lord of Storm.”

With the vibe of a storm, Fernando snorted, “Why would I not dare come? Would the Church wait and watch while we grow all the while doing nothing? I bet that no waiting is needed at all. The moment the pope’s God’s Arrival is recovered next year, he will launch a total war against us. Therefore, we might as well take the initiative in the battle.”

Because of the rapid development in the past hundred years and the achievements that disrupted the Cannon and the Doctrines now and then, the Congress of Magic had become a major target that the Church struck and suppressed. It was impossible for the Congress to grow in secret while taking advantage of the confrontation of the South Church and the North Church.

When one force was developed to a certain level, it was inevitable to have a war with the previous dominator in order to get room, for further development.

The Congress of Magic had been provoking the Church over the past ten years exactly because they intended to fight a controllable local war when the enemy was not prepared.

When the pope was distracted by the North Church and the Dark Congress and not ready for a general mobilization or a negotiation, the Highest Council was confident to control the loss of legendary sorcerers. Then, they would be certain to win the seven legendary knights over. However, the pope had been rationally suppressing the radical tide within the Church while he made preparations one step after another.

In such a case, the Congress of Magic was under tremendous pressure. Had it not been for the consequences from the incident of the scarlet moon, it was possible that the Congress of Magic would've been beleaguered by the Church. That was why Douglas risked tricking the pope's God's Arrival with the artificial planet experiment. It improved the situation and bought more time for their preparation. Even without Sard's attempt of cooperation, the Congress would have tried to raise a war this year or at the beginning of next year.

As for Sard's claim that the pope estimated that the Congress would only be uncontrollable after sixty years and therefore a total war would burst out in ten to twenty years, Fernando and the other members of the Highest Council did not believe it at all. The pope and the Grand Cardinals were not blind. They couldn't have neglected the rapid expansion of arcana theories in the past few years and stuck to their previous estimation. Also, more important, the pope had already announced a total war because of the new alchemy before the new alternate dimension was discovered, except that the war was later delayed by the search for the demigod.

Therefore, Douglas and other grand arcanists had reason to believe that, now that the situation in the new alternate dimension was gradually stabilized, the pope would focus on removing the Congress of Magic after his God's Arrival was recovered. Perhaps at this moment next year, they would be embracing a total war where the Church was fully prepared. With that in mind, they might as well ferment changes and create a more favorable situation to avoid the dreadful scenario where one legendary expert had to be sacrificed to waste God's Arrival as cannon fodder. None of the experts at the peak of legendary were willing to die. It would raise an internal division of the Congress.

Sard's cooperation provided an opportunity. It was also fit for the Congress' idea to activate the plan this year or at the beginning of next year.

Therefore, the Congress' most detailed plan regarding the operation was about the sudden arrival of the pope with a dozen Grand Cardinals.

Sard smiled. “As expected of the young and vigorous Congress of Magic. The Church has been decayed after a thousand years and can only be revived with fire and blood. Go in now. The barrier of divine power has been shut down. Even the neutral clerics have been sent to Richard by me. Few members are left inside, including Vera Amelton, who will supervise the battle on behalf of me.”

He demanded that the other parts of the Radiance Church except for the transmission magic circle be kept intact for his future usage.

His petty and desirable attitude seemed indicative of his sincerity in the cooperation.

Without the barrier of divine power, Fernando’s spiritual field enshrouded the Radiance Church without any trouble. However, he was prudent enough to ask Donald, the chairman of the Will of Elements, and Thompson, his student to walk in and control the barrier of divine power as well as the massive transmission magic circle first.

The archmages and senior-rank sorcerers soon got the Radiance Church under control. The clerics who watched their actions felt rather complicated.

Although they were more inclined to the Congress of Magic, and they had the idea of change like the North Church under Sard’s enchantment, they still felt at a loss as they watched the Radiance Church, the symbol of the Saint Truth’s control on this side of the Storm Strait, fall into the control of the sorcerers. Their eyes were reddening.

Was it the end of an era?

The massive transmission magic circles were too solid to be destroyed by the archmages. So, Fernando walked towards the Radiance Church in his red magic robe.

At this moment, Sard smiled. “I’ll leave Rentato to relieve your concerns. After you completely control this land, I will come back and be crowned as the Radiance Archbishop.”

Fernando looked at him with his stormy eyes. Without saying anything, he walked by him, followed by ‘Absolute Defense’ Ataman.

Sard chuckled and walked out of the church square in a seemingly slow but actually fast way.

‘Allyn’ had flown to the sky of Rentato at some point. All the rails were retreated, turning it into a battle fortress.

Supervising on the thirty-fifth floor of the pivotal magic tower, Douglas said, “Atlant, keep an eye on Sard.”

The Eye of Curse nodded and opened his closed eyes, in which a bizarrely intoxicating world seemed to be hidden.

The east of the city was the district of nobles. Both the Nekso Palace and the Radiance Church were here. It had a beautiful landscape and a low population.

Before Sard was out, a rider rushed on the broad, unpopulated street quickly on a dragon scale horse. The sun was too fierce at noon, and he barely met anybody before he reached Duke James’ villa.

“Her Majesty demands an emergency meeting of nobles?” Asked James in confusion. Also, the time requirement was so strict that only the nobles in Rentato could participate. Those in other places did not have the time to come back at all.

After confirming the authenticity of the command, Duke James left for the Nekso Palace full of questions.

In a remote corner at the northwest of the Nekso Palace, Lucien waited for orders behind a sycamore, hoping that nothing would go wrong.

“Lucien, don’t be nervous.” Morris flew over with the sorcerers of the royal family of Holm and greeted Lucien on the ground, before they flew in another direction of the Nekso Palace as defenders.

“Mr. Morris, my name is Don’t Be Nervous.” Watching them going away, Lucien replied with his cold humor. When he looked at the spacious villas of nobles next to the street, he couldn’t help but recall Joel’s family, who had been sent to defend a manor at the suburb under Natasha’s arrangement in case they were affected by the warfare.

Juliana and Minsk’s missing still made Lucien ill at ease.

“I hope that Plan E wouldn’t be adopted... It will be best if Plan C is not used, either...” Lucien secretly prayed.

Outside of the Rentato abbey on the west of the city, Hathaway, in a dark red magic robe, stood in the shadow of a tree in silence, waiting for Fernando to destroy the massive transmission magic circles. Then, she would attack and eliminate the entirety of the Knights of the Grail as well as part of the radical clerics in the abbey.

As for Divine Knight Stone, who was only a level-one legendary expert, she was neither careless about him nor too bothered.

.....

On the thirty-fifth floor in the Allyn magic tower, the intelligence from various places were sent back.

“Erica has controlled the Grand Church of Cocus.”

“Vicente has controlled the Grand Church of Blanes.”

“Hull-Chulia controlled the Church of North Light.”

“Brook and Holt are waiting for the order to attack.”

“Confirmed. The pope is still preaching...”

“Confirmed. The few saints are still around him...”

Douglas stood in the front peacefully, not too anxious. Having founded the Congress of Magic and developed it under the extremely unfavorable circumstances, he had seen far too many dangers. No matter how terrible the situation was this time, could it have been worse than when the Congress of Magic was just established?

At that time, some sorcerers were purged by the Church every day, and the organization might collapse any moment!

Suddenly, Atlant said in a gloomy voice, “Sard disappeared...”

Under the watch of the Eye of Curse, Sard vanished into thin air after he left the district of nobles!

Looking at Oliver and the rest of them, Douglas said peacefully, “Inform Brook and Hull-Chulia to attack. Send the few Grand Cardinals to Mountain Paradise or seal and banish them before the legendary knights notice anything wrong. Also, tell Brook that he will return as a reinforcement the moment the battle is over.”

“Hathaway will swap with Davey.”

“We will help Fernando together!”

As the orders were sent, Hathaway disappeared and arrived at the Allyn magic tower. Davey, the ‘Innovator’, took over her mission to stop Stone.

Inside the Radiance Church, the massive transmission magic circles were covered in the holy light.

Standing far away in the atrium, Fernando was about to destroy it with ‘Thunderstorm’.

At this moment, Vera Amelton, who had been supervising the battle from another direction, suddenly put on a smile of sincere delight. Holy light burst out from her body, and her facial muscles twisted and wriggled, turning her into a handsome man that was more beautiful than girls.

The man had long gold hair and a sacred face. White wings were unfolded on his back quickly. One pair, two pairs, three pairs... four pairs... eighteen pairs in total!

He kneeled on the ground devoutly, and spots of light were glimmering among his wings. Behind him, the projection of a seven-floored Mountain Paradise was vaguely appearing, with singing holy spirits and angels, six seraphs and the infinite brilliance on the highest floor.

However, this project was much more blurred than the projection of God’s Arrival. Also, on the highest floor, the gigantic angel who held the Cannon next to the feet of the God of Truth was gone!

“Whoever prays in your name shall not be harmed.”

The man began to pray in a low voice. His body was rapidly obscured, contaminating everything around him with the ripples that did not seem to belong to this world. The ripples quickly spread out and enshrouded the massive transmission magic circles.

Fernando's red pupils slightly constricted: "Mecantron, the Angel King!"

Instead of attacking the massive transmission magic circles in a hurry, he sent a signal calmly:

"Plan C."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 555: Paradise On Earth

After the Lord of Storm sent the signal, a black storm that seemed to be the end of the world suddenly burst out with the massive transmission magic circles as the center, collapsing the pillars and the dome of the Radiance Church that had been strengthened by the divine power.

The buildings on the left were melted like glass, and those on the right were frozen into ice. They were translucent and emitting brilliant colors. Then, coldness and heat were switched, turning all of them into powder or gas.

In the meantime, silver lightning struck the massive transmission magic circles in ear splitting sounds like giant serpents. Every lightning strike carried the terrifying air of destruction. The magnificent electromagnetic power twisted everything around. The wind and the thunder let out roars that astounded the mind.

It was 'Furious Storm', the fundamental magic of Fernando's legendary class!

However, 'God's Guard' that Mecantron had cast with the projection of Mountain Paradise seemed to have kept himself and the massive transmission magic circles in the dream land that only the holy spirits and angels could reach. It was the sanctuary where the God of Truth was going to save the world!

The destructive storm, lightning, heat and frigidness, when imposed on 'God's Guard', penetrated through it without causing any interferences. The ripples that did not belong to this world were still spreading out in blur.

It was indeed as expected of 'God's Guard' and 'The Angel King', the highest angel that had ever arrived and the being at the peak of legendary!

Also, he seemed to have arrived in person this time!

The Congress of Magic and Lucien had thought that Sard had been manipulating the extremists, who were claimed to be enchanted by the great prophet and the reincarnation of the Angel King. Therefore, they had been most cautious of him. It never occurred to them that the Angel King, known as 'God of Truth Jr.', was indeed involved.

Perhaps, he was the big shot behind Sard?

Then, what was their relationship with the pope and the other Grand Cardinals? Was it a trap that they set up together, or was it meant to take advantage of both sides?

Fernando thought quickly while continuing his legendary magic. He pondered over Mecantron and Sard's purpose and was prepared to change the plan.

Without the protection of the barrier of divine power, the Radiance Church was reduced into remains under 'Furious Storm'. Donald, Thompson and the other archmages and senior-rank sorcerers, as well as part of the clerics who were inclined to the Congress, hurried to withdraw. This was a battlefield that belonged to the legendary. They could not participate at all.

Such a change turned the worries in their heart into actual anxiety. At this moment, a peaceful and steady voice echoed from midair. "Fall back to Allyn. The other people will attack with me. While God's Guard is the ultimate of defensive spells and claims to be immune to all damage, it does have an upper bound that it can bear. We can easily break it if we join our hands!"

The man who stood and supported the Congress for hundreds of years came. His familiar and gentle voice pacified Thompson and other sorcerers, who were assured that everything was still under control. The Congress would never suffer a destructive strike as long as Mr. President was alive!

In the sky, Douglas floated on one side, with light glowing in his hands as if a new sun was about to rise, while the other legendary sorcerers stood separately on other directions, in case God's Arrival killed them all at once.

The Element Designator, the Hand of Annihilation, the Witch of Iceland, the Prophet, the Eye of Curse, the Light of Stars, the Sun King, the Alchemy Master... Seeing that the eleven legendary sorcerers of the Congress of Magic had been gathered here, Donald and the rest of them were even more reassured. They flew into Allyn whose locks had been opened.

Allyn had been surrounded by brilliant 'stars'. The City in the Sky that had one of the best locks could be used as an level-three legendary expert at the critical moment. However, its power was not enough to support it for long, unless the 'perpetual furnace', the magnetic-restrained nuclear fusion reactor that Lucien designed, could become a reality.

.....

In the Rentato abbey...

Arthur, tough and aggressive, stood before the radical cardinals, bishops and reverends and declared piously and zealously, "It's time for us to sacrifice ourselves!"

"Only Truth lives forever!" Those cardinals, bishops and reverends kneeled before the cross and began to pray.

Arthur turned around and crossed his arms before his chest. He then lay down on the ground and chanted:

"You are one, and everyone."

“You are the beginning, and the end.”

“You are the creator, and master.”

“... Your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.”

The other cardinals recited after him:

“... Your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.”

Holy light spread out from their bodies gently, dyeing them with bright and clean colors, as if wings were surfacing on their backs. The holy light was connected and expanded into an ocean that surged towards the east of Rentato.

Stone was both surprised and confused at the situation of the Knights of Grail. He asked gravely: “Paradise on Earth?”

It was a divine barrier that was only second to God’s Guard and was on par with God’s Guard. It could transform the land within a certain range into a ‘paradise on earth’. However, it could only be used at a horrifying price. More than twenty cardinals, an equal number of angels, a hundred cardinals and a thousand reverends had to be sacrificed. The ritual also had to be hosted by the experts in the level of seraph.

With the Rentato abbey as the starting point, the ocean of holy light flowed towards the district of nobles on the east of the city quickly. In the next moment, the churches where the radical clerics gathered also yielded holy light. One node after another, the whole area was illuminated.

If somebody were to observe the ground from Allyn in the sky, they would discover that the most massive spots of light were on the east of Rentato, as if many holy spirits and reverends were singing and praying. The more it was to the east, the fewer such light spots there were but the brighter they were. It could be seen with the naked eye that they were divided into six floors.

When the holy light was gathered, it reverberated with the overall divine power array of Rentato. The light was more and more dazzling, until it was connected to the Angel King who performed God's Guard.

"You are one, and everyone..."

"... Your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as it is in heaven."

The enormous, hallowed prayers echoed in the entire Rentato, and the holy light began to twist.

In the sky, Thompson discovered, to his shock, that from the west to the east of the city, the projection of the first floor of Mountain Paradise, the projection of the second floor and so on had appeared. It seemed that paradise had arrived on earth!

Douglas, Fernando and the rest of them felt that they were immersed in the ocean of holy light, and that their spiritual power became inert. Also, they seemed to be separated from the real world. Until they broke 'Paradise on Earth', Rentato could not be damaged at all.

However, 'Paradise on Earth' could only weaken the legendary experts to some extent. The higher level they were in, the less affected they would be. Douglas was soon back to himself and was ready to launch his magic.

At this moment, the massive transmission magic circles suddenly glowed, and thirteen shadows appeared inside.

"Melmax, Anasta, Maria, Augusta, Anthony, Varantine, Arzaro, Astira, Vaharall..."

Five saints, eight saint cardinals or divine knights, and the Angel King, the number and strength of the Church's side immediately surpassed those of the Congress of Magic.

Fernando, however, slightly sighed in relief and dropped the idea of activating 'Plan D'. The fact that only thirteen Grand Cardinals came meant that the pope was caught unprepared, too, and failed to mobilize even more forces in the emergency. It suggested that Sard and the Angel King were not on the same boat as the pope. Even the pope was one of their targets in their scheme.

Therefore, as long as the sorcerers suppressed the attack before more reinforcements came, they would still be able to turn things around. Then, everything would be much easier!

.....

When ‘Plan C’ entered his ear from his monocle, Lucien immediately dropped his previous fear and worries, not considering the danger of this plan anymore.

After activating Advanced Acceleration, he turned into a blurred shadow and rushed towards the Nekso Palace to help Nekso Palace control the overall barrier of divine power of Rentato city. However, Lucien was not in too much of a hurry, as if he were waiting for something before he entered the Nekso Palace.

Hardly had he run for a few steps when the holy light of ‘Paradise on Earth’ drowned Lucien. The suffocatingly dense brilliance slowed down his spiritual power, and his magic strength seemed to be lowered by one level.

Not far away, a coachman observed everything in bewilderment. He extended his hands and tried to touch the ocean of holy light, only to pass through it directly.

It gave both him and his horse a shock. His horse began to rush at Lucien.

Subconsciously, Lucien cast a ‘Deferment’ to stop it, but the coachman and the dragon scale horse were not influenced at all. They passed through Lucien’s body as if he were nothing more than an illusion, without causing the slightest collision!

“This is...” Looking at the twisted buildings and trees around, Lucien suddenly had the feeling that the World of Souls had arrived. They overlapped with the real world without affecting the people and objects in the real world in exactly the same way, except that one of them was silent and frozen, and the other was pure and fervent.

But why was he trapped in it when the coachman was still in the ‘original Rentato’?

“Because only the people who wield supernatural abilities will be pulled into ‘Paradise on Earth’. If you dispel your magic, you will return to reality slowly.” A hoarse voice came from the front, and a woman whose face was full of hatred walked out from the back of a building twisted in the holy light. “But I won’t give you the opportunity to return. The blood of four captains and more than twenty partners will be paid off today.”

“Captains, do you see this?”

Four pure wings grow from her back and perfectly coexisted with the holy light around. However, her strength was highly unstable. It seemed that it would be beyond her control very soon.

“Juliana?” Asked Lucien in a low voice.

“There’s also me, Mr. Professor, your old friend.” On the other side, Minsk, the ‘Red Dragon’ wearing a white tuxedo, also walked out, with the same four angelic wings on the back.

He chuckled. “In the glory of Paradise on Earth, your magic strength is suppressed, and your legendary ring is no longer usable. We will serve you well and make you regret everything you have done.”

“Right, Grand Cardinal Sard wants your Sun’s Corona, the badge that contains the final coordinates of Maskelyne and his fellows.”

Juliana also smiled and said, “After we kill you, your beloved queen won’t live long, and we will send your Uncle Joel and Aunt Alisa to hell to join your company soon. They will tell you how they were killed in tears. Minsk, be wary of his left hand, which can nullify curses. Do not use the divine powers in the curse category.”

“Nullify curses?” Lucien looked at high left hand. Where did they obtain their intelligence?

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 556: Target

Not caring whether they were intentionally easing his wariness or they were fooled by false intelligence, Lucien simply cast ‘Baler’s Transformation’. His muscles slightly bulged, and his body was covered in vague moonlight, further highlighting the shimmers on his silvery and grey left hand.

Before they went missing, they were only night watchers in the level of bishop and knight. They could not bear the arrival of a supreme angel in any case, whose enormous strength would’ve torn them apart. Therefore, the angels from whom they borrowed strength should be the medium ones, which could be proved by the number of wings on their back. In such a way, their current strength was in the senior rank at best. Even though they were enhanced by the barrier of ‘Paradise on Earth’, they couldn’t be in level nine.

Turning to vague moonlight, Lucien lunged at them in countless shadows. He was so fast that they couldn’t tell which of the shadows was his real self.

The wings on Minsk's back glittered, and he was covered in crimson scales. Both his eyes emitted gold brilliance, releasing the intimidation of a top creature. He spurted out a thick red pillar that consumed all the shadows. The high temperature even slightly twisted the holy light.

From Juliana's body, silver longswords with sacred eyes on them suddenly popped up.

They swirled around Juliana, protecting her in the center. Anything that attempted to pass them would be minced into pieces.

It was 'Edge Barrier', the most effective defense against knights in level-six divine powers. The blurred moonlight was cut into pieces by them.

Right then, Juliana's angelic wings were unfolded beyond her control, summoning a pillar of holy light that struck one of the shadows.

Juliana's eyes were suddenly widened, as she discovered that Lucien raised his left and resisted the light outburst that was thicker than his body. What was most unbelievable was that the pillar of light was shattered and melted into 'Paradise on Earth' around.

What's with his left hand?

Hardly had such shock appeared in Juliana's head when she saw Lucien punch the barrier of swords with his left fist.

The silver longswords were revolving and cutting, but they collapsed the moment they touched Lucien's left hand.

Without meeting any hindrance, the left hand punched Juliana's face when she did not have the time to cast any other divine powers.

Crack, crack, crack. Juliana's right face collapsed deeply, spurting out red and white stuff that stained the ground. The defenses and enhancements she cast on herself were utterly useless.

A cluster of pure brilliance dashed out of Juliana's body, trying to flee, only to be extinguished by another punch from his left hand.

Juliana fell backwards, with fear, panic and unresolvable hatred in her widened, frozen eyes.

It was only at this moment that 'Red Dragon' Minsk approached Lucien's back.

Seeing Juliana's miserable outcome, he was grabbed by both hatred and fear, wondering whether he should continue attacking or flee with 'Paradise on Earth'.

After a brief hesitation, he chose to retreat. He would always have opportunities of revenge after the great Angel King and Grand Cardinal Sard succeeded. Only if he kept himself alive could he torture the professor's wife, students, friends and family so that the professor would ask to be killed!

When he turned around, he found that a long, powerful hand pressed at him, so he opened his mouth and spurted out the dragon breath again.

The fire with a horrifying temperature burnt everything, but it died out like a regular candle under Lucien's left hand.

The left hand grasped Minsk's head quickly, and the solid crimson scales seemed to have encountered the most dreadful enemy and ebbed on their own.

Without any hesitation, Lucien exerted his strength. After a crack, Minsk's neck was twisted into two parts.

While his consciousness was fading, Minsk was filled with regrets:

"His left hand does not just nullify curses!"

After the light in Minsk's body was also destroyed, Lucien searched their bodies but found nothing useful.

"Under the enhancement of 'Paradise on Earth', two level-five night watchers carried out the strength of level eights. That's terrifying. However, if the pivot in the Nekso Palace that controls the city barrier is on our side, the influence should be weakened." Lucien drew a conclusion.

The Nekso Palace had two cores of divine powers. One was for internal defense, so that the queen would not be instantly killed by legendary experts. The other was for external defense, which controls the barrier of divine power citywide. If the core in the Radiance Church had been destroyed, this would be the only pivot that could affect the barrier. It was his mission to grasp the pivot with Natasha and Morris.

When he was about to approach the Nekso Palace, Lucien suddenly stopped, as if he was waiting for something. Because his magic ceased, he gradually exited from Paradise on Earth and returned to the normal Rentato.

.....

In the Grand Church of Brewston in Salyvaor, capital of Brianne...

Since there were only two praying believers, the preaching cardinal was more or less sloppy. Suddenly, he saw a gentleman standing up and walking to the back of the church with his black staff.

“You can’t...” The cardinal tried to stop him, only to discover that his fingers were abnormally twisted, and that his guts, muscles, veins and brains were stretched to different directions by the black, terrible magnetic field.

Without a sound, he was split into countless pieces, where tiny light of electricity was glittering.

After one step, Brook passed the atrium, and the projection of the 'Kingdom of Electromagnetism' appeared around him, enshrouding Beaver's residence.

In shock, Beaver blurted out, "Brook?"

It was beyond his expectation that the Emperor of Control would ambush him. Was the man not scared of a total war?

Inside a palace, a stout knight floated in midair and looked at the Grand Church of Brewston far away, only to discover that devils seemed to be arising inside the building that was defended by divine power. Now and then, silver lightning burst out and struck the sky, as if the sky and the earth had been reversed.

"Brook still has other magics. Beaver can't survive long. Are we not going to rescue him, Bedrenka?" A muscular knight who looked like a giant bear asked.

Bedrenka, 'Hammer of the Void', chuckled. "If Brook does not restrain the range of his magic, we can only turn on the divine barrier of the whole city to prevent Salyvaor from being demolished. Beaver is not even a saint, and he is unprepared. How can he deal with the man? Not to mention that Holt is helping Brook. We should wait and see what happens in Rentato. I do not want to face Brook."

"Things are already happening. Poor Beaver. Even if he turns on the transmission magic circle, there won't be any reinforcements. If I were him, I would start running as fast and far away as possible." Basor, 'Knight of Disasters', said coldly, "I'll suppress the nobles and other clerics until the thing that Fernando talked about begins. If it is unconvincing, we'll..."

Bedrenka was about to answer, when his pupils constricted violently. He turned on the divine barrier, covering the city in pure holy light.

After a boom, the Grand Church of Brewston exploded, and the surging flames and light swept across the whole city.

The divine barrier was shattered after a few seconds. The empty land near the church became giant pits.

“The district of nobles would’ve been destroyed if I were one second late...” Said Bedrenka, feeling lucky. “It’s good that we didn’t try to stop Brook.”

A man at the peak of legendary and on the top ten of the Cleansing List was definitely not a joke.

.....

Yourcenar, ‘Song of Dusk’, stopped after forcing Erica and Torrens to move their battlefield out of Cocus, helping neither the Church nor the Congress.

After years of persuasion from the Congress, and under the promise that his life would be extended by three hundred years, he made the decision to wait until further changes.

Watching Erica, who had turned into a rainbow dragon, and Torrens, who revealed his image as the Angel of Wisdom, Yourcenar sighed, “It would’ve been great to just keep the previous situation. Fernando, let’s see how you are going to convince me.”

Similar things happened in the Kingdom of Colette and the northern coastline. The only difference was that ‘Burning Lady’ had been waiting on the north coastline, and Colette’s ‘Life Reaper’ was awed by Vicente, the Lord of the Undead. After all, he was not a saint, and the legendary sorcerers of necromancy was best known for their many ‘helpers’.

.....

Outside of the Nekso Palace, Sard gradually showed up.

He was still at first while he watched the Radiance Church. It was not until the massive transmission magic circles glowed that he walked out of the holy light of ‘Paradise on Earth’. He couldn’t help but put on a smile as he walked to the Nekso Palace:

“It’s time!”

“His Holiness should’ve arrived with the Grand Cardinals. Faced with Douglas and the ‘helpful’ Angel King, he would either fail or perform God’s Arrival at the cost of all his remaining life.”

He had only one purpose since the beginning, which was to make the total war burst out before the pope’s God’s Arrival was restored, and to make the pope die in advance with the help of the Congress of Magic. He was not worried that the Congress of Magic would not cooperate with him, because starting the war early was in their favor, too.

“After the pope perishes and the enemy is slain, it will be the time for me to save the Church with the seven legendary knights. With such contributions and what I have grasped, I will ascend to the throne of pope without any question and truly grasp that secret.” Sard walked to the gate of the Nekso Palace. He was not hoping that the Congress of Magic would be destroyed, but he was certain that some of the legendary sorcerers would be killed, which would help the situation to arrive at a new balance.

He smiled, “So, Douglas, Brook and Fernando, work hard and kill Anasta, Maria, Beaver and the rest of them who are loyal to His Holiness. You will have my thanks.”

When the day comes, without the few Grand Cardinals that the pope groomed as his heirs, and without the radical red robes and night watchers, it was impossible for his scheme to be exposed. Who would believe the rumor from the surviving legendary sorcerers?

“Lucien’s left hand does not just nullify curses. It is rather strange. However, Juliana and Minsk should be able to stall him for a while in Paradise on Earth. After I have the time, I’ll take over Maskelyne’s Sun’s Corona.” He did not seem to think that Juliana and Minsk could return alive. Or rather, he did not want them to survive.

“Until then, let’s start gathering the seven legendary knights from the Nekso Palace.”

“Also, I have to find a ‘culprit’ for the easy conquest of the Radiance Church. After I kill her and get the Sword of Truth, everything will be safe.”

Sard knew very well that the legendary sorcerers were exceptional when it came to how to keep themselves alive. For the clerics, they only had few divine powers, including God’s Arrival and Light of Judgment, that could eliminate the sorcerers’ souls and phylacteries. Things would be much easier after he got the Sword of Truth.

“It is time to butcher the livestock that has been fattened.”

While talking, he extended his right hand and pressed the divine defense of the Nekso Palace. The six angelic wings on his back were unfolded slowly.

Different from the common clerics, his wings of light were stretched and graceful, and the light was sacred and boundless.

In the next, he seemed to be melted into the holy light. He walked through the divine defense without any trouble.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 557: Nonsense?

In Paradise on Earth, not far away from the projection of the Radiance Church...

Led by Saint Melmax, captain of the Temple Knights, the thirteen Grand Cardinals reached Rentato through the massive transmission magic circles.

Because of the supernal attraction in the transmission magic circles, they had been pulled into Paradise on Earth together and felt that their strength had more or less increased. The level-one legendary saint cardinals were improved by about sixty percent.

When the massive transmission magic circles were activated, Mecantron, the Angel King, reported the general situation, claiming that Natasha tricked Sard away and Richard, as a spy, turned off the defense in the Radiance Church. As the fundamental point that supported the Church's control in the area, the church was always guarded by divine power. No enemy could've approached it without causing alarm.

Losing the defense of divine power, the Radiance Church naturally fell into the control of the Congress of Magic quickly. Thankfully, a certain pious cardinal summoned 'Angel King' at the cost of his life. Seeing the emergency, the Angel King preserved the massive transmission magic circles with his unique 'God's Guard'. Therefore, Melmax and his fellows were not entirely unclear of the situation after they were teleported.

The ripples and blurs that did not seem to belong to this world soon vanished. Mecantron and the Grand Cardinals quickly dispersed in case the legendary sorcerers fired upon them.

A natural and harmonious scenery appeared when Douglas' 'Land of Truth' arrived. The brilliant and magnificent stars shone in the sky, twisting the whole space with the enormous gravity.

The thirty-six wings behind Mecantron stretched out, and the projection of Mountain Paradise behind him suppressed 'Gravity Cage'.

Mecantron spoke in a low voice, "Light of Judgment."

On his wings and from the projection of Mountain Paradise, orderly and solemn brilliance burst out at the same time as if everything was being weighed.

Sinners, accept the fairest trial!

The darkness was gone. The chaos and extraordinary forces were gone. The Light of Judgment ruled everything like a sharp sword. With the assistance of 'Paradise on Earth', even Fernando who was far away felt deeply remorseful.

Douglas did not fear Mecantron at all. Unless he ran into the enemy on Mountain Paradise, the guy would only be at the peak of legendary even if he arrived in person. As a sorcerer, he was confident to deal with any enemy at such a level.

"Spacial Providence."

The space was twisted, and Mecantron's 'Light of Judgment' was diminished.

The dispersing force raised a furious storm on the ocean of holy light. It seemed that it was going to be destroyed before long!

Seeing that they had advantage both in number and strength, Melmax did not help the Angel King to fight the Emperor of Arcana. Instead, he prepared to concentrate the forces and eliminate the evil sorcerers one by one!

At this moment, Fernando stood before him. Half of the ocean of holy light in Rentato was suddenly darkened, like an ocean with an imminent storm. The terrifying magnetic field had covered everything.

In the sky, the dark, lead clouds gathered, and world-destroying lightning struck Melmax. The terrible heat and the coldness that was close to absolute zero replaced each other around him, shaking everything.

“He has advanced into the peak of legendary?”

Faced with such dominance, Melmax became solemn and dropped the idea of helping anybody else.

Entirely covered in the silver sacred armor, he raised the longsword in his hand.

The longsword that was glowing in sacred brilliant seemed to be suppressing all evils. Under the sword, any unholy creature would be completely eliminated.

The longsword, named after Melmax, was one of the only thirteen level-four legendary items!

The heat and the coldness disappeared around Melmax, but the ice and the burns on his armor implied that it was not as easy as it seemed.

“Die now, evil!”

With the blood power of ‘Morning’, a sun rose behind him, driving away the depression of the upcoming storm and eclipsing the lightning.

The Church had twelve Grand Cardinals left, four of whom were saints: Anasta, Maria, Augusta and Anthony. However, the Congress of Magic only had three grand arcanists, six legendary sorcerers and one city in the sky. It seemed to be losing.

Oliver, the Hand of Annihilation, was fighting Saint Anthony, the ‘Night Watcher’. Hellen, the Witch of Iceland, blocked Saint Maria. The Eye of Curse, the Prophet, the Light of Stars, the Sun King, Absolute Defense and Alchemy Master were fighting six saint cardinals and divine knights in different directions. They were far away from each other for fear that the pope would come and kill them all at the cost of his own life.

The legendary battle shook ‘Paradise on Earth’ violently, which seemed to be collapsing.

The other two saints, Anasta and Augusta, after communicating with Varantine, decided that Saint Anasta would keep Hathaway occupied and Astira would resist Allyn, while Augusta joined hands with Varantine to deal with the Light of Stars who was the weakest of all, ensuring that the final attack was one of the divine powers like ‘Light of Judgment’.

Suddenly, an indifferent voice echoed: “Luxury Cracking.”

Crack. Crack. Crack. Crack. The divine items and effects on the four Grand Cardinals were broken and gone, the energy barriers splitting.

After a bam, the charm of ‘Wind King’ on Astira, the weakest saint cardinal of all, was blown into pieces, and tremendous wind gushed out.

His eyes were immediately bloodshot. It was the only legendary item he had!

Cracking (Advanced), the ninth-circle magic, had a one percent possibility of shattering legendary items, and Luxury Cracking, its advanced version, had the odds of ten percent at most. How could he be so unlucky?

Anasta grew solemn:

“She has also advanced into the peak of legendary!”

“Her strength overpowers yours. That’s how it happened. No wonder the Congress of Magic was bold enough to start a war!”

Hathaway’s ‘Element Paradise’ arrived and stalled the two saints. However, she had only just advanced, and it was still troublesome for her to deal with two level-three saint cardinals.

Varantine, who was not attacked, was about to join the battle against the Light of Stars, when he discovered that he was caught in a foggy world. Raventi and other archmages had controlled Allyn to descend and increase the range of the fog, locking him inside.

Astira and Arzaro worked together to deal with the Light of Stars, but the sorcerer had many amazing spells. They couldn't finish him any time soon.

Raventi and the rest of them waited for Brook, the Emperor of Control, to return anxiously. As an expert at the peak of legendary for years, he would be an important leverage to crush the Church's troops.

Melmax, who had forced the Lord of Storm to the defensive, was protecting the massive transmission magic circles from being sabotaged. By the time the pope mobilized other available Grand Cardinals and legendary knights, the Congress' plan would fail. Also, it was possible that the pope would arrive in advance instead of waiting for everybody else.

Because they were not used for now, the massive transmission magic circles gradually exited from the ocean of holy light. Nobody could hit it before 'Paradise on Earth' was broken, which disrupted Hathaway's plan to suppress the two saints with weird spells first before she found an opportunity to break the transmission magic circles.

.....

After Sard entered the Nekso Palace, his seraphic wings flapped and supported him to pass the barriers, allowing him to reach the central area of the Nekso Palace that was protected by the internal defense.

In the next moment, he changed without any hesitation: "Light of Judgment!"

Different from what Mecantron performed, a seven-floored Mountain Paradise surfaced in his eyes, congregating into a decisive, unquestionable light.

You are guilty when I say you are guilty!

Under the light, the internal defense cracked and did not seem able to last. Also, Sard's faith senses had blocked the surroundings. Once Natasha attempted to flee, he would immediately notice it. Besides, he had blocked outbound teleportation with space anchors, in case Natasha had the scrolls such as 'Chaos Teleportation' or 'Portal to Alternate Realm' from the Congress of Magic.

Outside of the Nekso Palace, a thirty-year-old man who had a mustache was shocked and about to stop Sard.

But right then, a tall old man appeared before him. His hair seemed even greyer than before.

"Winston, let's observe for a while longer before we decide whether to follow the Church or the Congress." Said Kritonia briefly.

Winston frowned, "What about Her Majesty?"

"Without Her Majesty, there will still be other kings. There's no need to take the risk recklessly." Said Kritonia indifferently. "You should know her relationship with the Congress of Magic very well. If you save her, it will mean that you have taken the side of the Congress. Are you sure about that?"

Winston was silent.

Boom. The internal defense finally started collapsing after enduring for more than ten seconds. Sard stepped into Natasha's palace.

Natasha had already put on the Armor of Holm, whose silver color added to the air of slaughter in her. A silver grey longsword was placed before her, with no decorations on it at all.

The moment she saw Sard, she shouted angrily, "Grand Cardinal Sard, you..."

Sard did not waste any time in talking. He launched another Light of Judgment, not giving her any hope of resurrection.

Under the Light of Judgment, the first half of the palace was obliterated, but Natasha suddenly picked the sword and raised it before her. With determination in her eyes, she slashed it at the Light of Judgment without backing off.

After a crack, the Light of Judgment was dispersed, and the longsword glowed dazzlingly.

Level eight? No, a level-nine gold knight!

Sard was told before that the Sword of Truth contained the secrets for this bloodline to advance into legendary. Whoever grasped it and understood how it worked would have the hope to be a

legendary knight. It was obvious that Natasha had reached level eight at least a year ago and grasped the Sword of Truth, which upgraded her to level nine!

“Sard, this is all part of your scheme! You want His Holiness to fight the Congress of Magic in advance, so that he will die of exhaustion after performing God’s Arrival, right? You want to be the next pope!” Natasha stared at Sard, her back slightly hunched like a leopard that was about to lunge forward.

Sard snorted. “What can you do even if you know that? Don’t presume that you can block a real legendary expert with the Sword of Truth. How is your useless speech going to help you?”

While talking, he split into four shadows and cast different divine powers from different directions, including ‘Light of Judgment’, ‘Vengeful Storm’, ‘Energy Drain’ and ‘Earthquake’, trying to kill Natasha as quickly as possible.

“Is it useless?” Natasha chuckled.

“Is it useless?”

At the same time, a gentle voice echoed, and a white-haired old man, with a holy crown, slowly appeared with a gold staff. He seemed to have directly torn the space.

Sard’s divine powers, on the other hand, collapsed on their own under his voice.

Sard's pupils constricted violently: "Your Holiness!"

According to Plan C, if Sard circumvented his promise in other ways, Natasha would contact Benedict II through her secret channel immediately!

If they were complicit, Plan D would be adopted. They would play all the trump cards they prepared and see if they could turn things around. If the pope had been tricked but did not trust Natasha, Plan D would also be adopted. If the pope chose to wait, they would determine Sard's whereabouts as soon as possible and reveal the teleportation point that Lucien modified for Natasha's escape to the pope, so that the demigod could observe the situation or even arrive in person through the point!

It was like a Portal to Alternate Realm that had been long deployed, except that it could not break Sard's space anchors without enough power!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 558: Diplomacy

Blinded by greed, and corrupted by devils, Sard, you have betrayed the teaching of the Lord, and you shall suffer for all eternity because of it." Said Benedict II solemnly. There was an amazing pace in his rhythm, as if his voice could wake up one's conscience and make them repent in tears.

He was just as peaceful and calm as before, as if he would baptize and pardon Sard again as long as Sard lowered his head in regret.

Sard, however, knew very well that the attitude was normal in other times, but right now, it suggested that the pope had made up his mind. Rebels were ten thousand times more terrible than heretics, and the rebels who intended to steal his power and murder him were a million times so. Such people must be crushed without any mercy!

There was absolutely no possibility for peace. The reason why the pope spoke with a mixture of language and divine power was to ease his wariness. He had yet to figure out Sard's secrets and supporters yet.

Sard raised his head, his panic a moment ago entirely gone. His beard and his hair stretched out, making him look like a real saint who was going to be sacrificed for the glory of the Lord. He berated, "The popes have stolen the power and honor of the Lord and falsely claimed to be the spokespersons and embodiments of the Lord on earth, whose rank is closest to the Lord! They are the greatest heretics! I've heard the teaching of the Lord and won the support of the Angel King, and I'm going to eliminate the greatest devil that is you today!"

"It seems that your mind has truly been blinded by your so-called secrets." Benedict II raised his staff.

While they were talking, Natasha had seized every moment to conceal the supernatural abilities in her, leaving Paradise on Earth quietly and solemnly. Although she had 'Sword of Truth', a level-three legendary item, she did not have any confidence to survive the battle between the pope and Sard. She only wished that Paradise on Earth could resist their first wave of attacks.

Sard did not say anything else. His vibe changed, and something else hallowed and supreme appeared in his body, allowing him to get rid of Benedict II's lock and blink to the sky.

That performance was definitely the peak of legendary!

“The devil who steals the power of the Lord, accept your trial!”

Holding his staff, Benedict II tore apart the space and followed Sard to the clouds on his opposite side.

“You are one, and everyone.”

“you are the moment, and forever.”

“You are the creator, and master.”

As he chanted the quotes from the Cannon, Sard seemed to be in a different world. Overwhelming, sacred brilliance flowed out of his body while he eyed everything from the high sky.

All the believers in Rentato were somehow moved to tears of joy at the same time. They followed him to pray:

“You are one, and everyone.”

“you are the moment, and forever.”

...

The ocean of light in Paradise on Earth settled, and the tides that were shaking in the battle of legends calmed down. Gentle, pacifying hymns spread out:

“You are one, and everyone.”

“you are the moment, and forever.”

...

On Sard’s face, wrinkles appeared at a visible speed. His skin became lackluster, making him look like a dry corpse. He raised his right hand, and the projection of the seven-floored Mountain Paradise appeared in the sky, eclipsing the sun with its holy brilliance. The wonderful, pleasant songs and praises echoed at the same time, and infinite light began to gather on the infinite cluster of light on the seventh floor.

The familiar scene undoubtedly suggested one thing, which was that Sard was also capable of...

“God’s Arrival!”

As a qualified schemer, his own strength was always the foundation of all plans!

“So, you accepted his strength and got in touch with that secret, too. You took even one more step further than the heretic in the north. No wonder you are bold enough to try to claim the throne. But are you not worried that you will run out of your life force and die?” The pope suddenly said in the most primitive way, both somewhat surprised and feeling that it was within his expectations. “Did you enchant the Angel King, or were you enchanted by him? What did you run into in the World of Souls?”

Sard looked at Benedict II with his eyes that had turned dirty again. “I may not necessarily die if I use God’s Arrival, but I’ll be dead for sure if I am captured by you. There can only be one person in this world who can know the secret. As for what I ran into, you can interrogate me after you catch me.”

Their communication was on the mental level, and it was accomplished in only one moment.

Benedict II smiled and raised the staff in his hand again. The sacred brilliance that was even more overwhelming, supreme and majestic spread out and enshrouded him, while he chanted piously and quickly:

“You are one, and everyone.”

“you are the moment, and forever.”

“You are the creator, and master.”

The believers in Rentato, in the entire Holm parish and in the Holy City, as well as all of the clerics in the few places, were even more moved and delighted. They joined the prayer:

“You are one, and everyone.”

“you are the moment, and forever.”

...

Benedict II’s deep eyes seemed to contain countless brilliant stars that were connected into a cross. Behind him, the projection of Mountain Paradise arrived in hymns and light. It was even clearer than Sard’s. Also, it severely disrupted Sard’s God’s Arrival. It took Sard a long time to stabilize it again.

“You...” Sard was slightly stunned that Benedict II did not have any worries that he was about to die after his vitality was consumed in the spell. Also, this God’s Arrival seemed no different from usual.

Benedict II’s lips curled into a mocking smile. “Do you think I haven’t studied the secret at all after grasping it for so many years?”

“As for death, it is actually not that horrible.”

He was also rapidly aging, but much less severely than Sard did.

“Heretic, accept the trial of the Lord!” Holy light gathered and surged into the seventh floor on Mountain Paradise above Benedict II. In the next, infinite ivory brilliance drowned the sky.

Sard, on the other hand, also cast his God’s Arrival:

“The devil who steals the power of the Lord, accept your trial!”

In the sky, there was absolutely nothing except for the ivory holy light.

It was God’s Arrival against God’s Arrival!

.....

Outside of Rentato, in the backup contact squad of the Congress of Magic that was not covered by Paradise on Earth...

They activated electromagnetism messaging, connected the artificial planets, and sent intelligence to faraway.

Deep inside the Dark Mountain Range, Stanis, under the cooperation of Grand Duke of Orvarit, brought him away from Aalto and threw him into the magic tower successfully. Then, he opened the Portal to Alternate Realm that was prepared in advance and reached a place that was crammed with volcanoes.

He walked straightforwardly into a palace among the volcanoes. Danisos, the ancient dragon of time who guarded the place, spoke solemnly, “Stanis, where are you doing here? Do you want to join us?”

“Danisos, we can talk about that later. I’m here to inform you of a piece of intelligence. The Church and the Congress of Magic are now at war. The pope, Melmax and the other twelve Grand Cardinals are fighting above Rentato. The Angel King has arrived in person, too.”

After a brief silence, Danisos said with deep hatred, “Has he?”

His wife was Aflora, who was killed by the pope with God’s Arrival. Through the connections with the werewolf prince, the Demogorgon of Eyes and the sorcerers of ancient heritage, the Congress of Magic had ‘adjusted’ the order of the guards of the headquarters of the Dark Congress, so that he would ‘happen’ to be here.

If they had asked for the Dark Congress’ help in advance, since many legendary experts in it were also hostile to the Congress of Magic, they might have achieved the opposite of what they sought. Therefore, they might as well attract a top legendary ancient dragon of time first without giving him much time to consider!

“But I think Dracula and the rest of them would rather wait until both the Church and the Congress of Magic suffer heavy losses in their battle.” That was exactly the consequence of the lack of chain of command in the Dark Congress. God’s Arrival was the gravest deterrence.

Stanis smiled. “That’s an excellent idea, but why don’t you have some desserts before the main course? Many places of the Church are now undefended. You will have substantial achievements if you kill one or two saint cardinals or legendary knights.”

Holding back his hatred, Danisos said, “I’ll inform Dracula and Rhine.”

After a while, he said confusedly, “Rhine is gone again...”

.....

Looking at the high sky beyond ‘Paradise on Earth’, and watching the light which seemed to be an ocean that had assumed the sky’s palace, Lucien was rather intimidated. Sard was capable of God’s Arrival, too?

That was beyond all of his expectations!

In the next moment, Lucien stopped worrying about anything but went to Natasha’s palace straightforwardly after passing the external defense of divine power. He didn’t enter a moment ago exactly because he was worried that the pope would wipe him out casually during his arrival.

Since he modified it in person, Lucien was well aware of the weaknesses of the external defense. He saw Natasha, who just withdrew from ‘Paradise on Earth’, rather easily.

Despite her bravery and determination, her right hand that was holding the Sword of Truth was still shivering. She had taken the greatest risks in Plan C!

If the pope was not convinced, she would've lost the best opportunity to escape after Sard arrived. If the pope were suspicious that there was something wrong with her, he could've killed her easily. If nothing went wrong at the beginning, but the blast of their battle was stronger than estimated, making it impossible for her to resist or escape with the Sword of Truth, she would've been killed, too. It was simply too dangerous.

However, how could one cherish one's life in a great cause? Victories without risks could only happen when there were overwhelming advantages. Also, Lucien had wasted a legendary item for her. In that case, why shouldn't she confront the danger like a real knight?

Calming herself down, Natasha said, "I'm fine. Now, I'll summon the nobles for a meeting and influence the decision of the legendary knights, and you will go and control the pivot of the divine barrier of Rentato. Winston will stop Kritonia. He won't help me but also won't resist you, or it will be a sign that he is completely inclined to the Church."

Because of the legendary battle, the nobles who had come were too scared to leave. The Nekso Palace, with the defense of divine power, was the safest spot in the whole Rentato city. Of course, they had been trying to escape out of the city. However, unaware of the mysteries of 'Paradise on Earth', the harder they worked, the more impossible it was for them to achieve their purpose.

"Alright." Lucien did not waste any time in talking. Now was not the best opportunity for romance. He turned around and nodded at a silver-haired man who roamed out of a palace nearby. "Thank you in advance, Mr. Rhine."

The handsome man in a black shirt and a red coat was exactly Rhine, the Silver-eyed Count. He chuckled, “According to my promise, I’ll let you pick a legendary item after I’m freed. Now that you are willing to abandon the opportunity in exchange for my protection to keep Natasha safe for a while, I certainly don’t have a problem with that. I don’t have many legendary items.”

He could use the power of the Silver Moon. Unless the pope was determined to kill him at the cost of his own life, there was a great chance that he could bring Natasha away.

“However, you didn’t tell me the details earlier. If I had known that the enemy would be Sard...”

Rhine raised his head. Looking at the terrible God’s Arrivals in the sky, he chuckled:

“I have always been a petty man.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 559: Dilemma

In the Nekso Palace, at the periphery of the Parliament of Nobles, Richard was waiting with a hundred main supporters for the religious reform.

When two God's Arrivals appeared in the sky and attacked each other, those cardinals and bishops were more confused than ever. They mumbled similar exclamations: "How is this possible?"

"Which of them is the heretic?"

"One of them has to be a heretic, right? Then, why can a heretic use God's Arrival, too?"

"My Lord, is this your test for us?"

God's Arrival, a unique, supreme divine power that solely belong to the pope, proved his identity as the spokesperson of the God of Truth on earth. It was the firmest confidence for the clerics. Even the heretic reverends and cardinals in the north would fall silent when talking about the problem. although the pontiffs had God's Grace, it was not nearly as good as God's Arrival, which could injure and defeat the Silver Moon and the Lord of Hell.

But today, Sard, a saint who had betrayed His Holiness, was also using God's Arrival. Did it mean that it was not the Lord's special grace but a regular divine power that everybody could grasp?

If Sard was capable of 'God's Arrival' because of the Lord's grace, then which of them was the Lord's spokesperson on earth? When two of blessed believers destroyed each other with God's Arrival, which of them was the heretic? Why would the Lord allow that?

Chaos and confusion surged in their hearts, and their faith seemed to be shaking. If they were swallowed by the holy light, the Congress of Magic would definitely grant a prize of special contribution to the pope and Sard for their remarkable work in destroying the faith of the clerics.

At this moment, Lucien questions echoed in Richard's head.

“God loves the people but loves the shepard more? God loves the people but is unwilling to communicate with everybody's mind directly? When you pray, God's solemnity is different in your home and in the church? You can only receive divine powers under the guidance of the clerics?”

“If the pope is indeed the only speaker of God, why did he keep misreading Cannon? Why did he make so many changes to the Doctrines?”

“Both the pop and the Church are the barriers between the believers and God. Whether or not you have the divine power, you should be equal in front of the Lord.”

At some point, he spoke what was in his mind by quoting the Cannon.

The neutral clerics looked at him in confusion at first, but as they listened on, they recalled the doctrines that Richard introduced – to return the right of interpreting the Cannon to every believer!

“Is this the purpose of the Lord's test?”

“This is the real Paradise on Earth that the Lord wants to create! A heaven where everybody can be saved with a devout mind regardless of their age, gender and wealth!”

Their faces became peaceful. In the end, they all shouted after Richard:

“We should make those get out of the way who keep talking about faith and belief but are in fact blaspheming God’s will.”

“Say farewell to those monopolists who are sucking power and wealth from common people’s pure faith!”

“Between Lord and believers, there should be no barriers made by any; there should only be faith, and the faithful demeanor!”

As they shouted out, ivory, gentle holy light spread out from countless clerics. The God of Truth seemed delighted that they finally understood the true meaning of ‘Paradise on Earth’!

Having thrown the mental burden, Richard delightfully felt that he was closer to the Lord. His divine power finally surpassed the threshold that advanced into level nine.

Around him, many clerics had been improved by one level, too.

“This is the Lord’s grace. He’s happy about our choice.” Said Richard joyfully.

Another cardinal smiled, “Bishop Richard, after your religious reform is achieved, you may become a saint cardinal.”

“Our work is not for reward but because of our faith.” Richard waved his hands.

Then, he saw Natasha, with a silver armor and a gold crown, striding in magnificently when the legendary battle outside was shaking the Nekso Palace now and then.

When she passed Richard, Natasha nodded slowly and drew a cross on her chest. “The Lord will always be in our hearts.”

Her tied purple hair moved with her hair, making other people worry that her crown might fall.

“Only Truth lives forever.” Richard understood that they had Natasha’s support and bowed back at her with the clerics.

Natasha did not say anything else. The nobles in the Parliament of Nobles must’ve seen the clergy’s shift. Their faith would be shaken, too!

Inside the Parliament of Nobles, Duke James, Duke Russell and Count Henson looked at the high sky gloomily. The ocean of light and the world-destroying vibe could compare to the shock of ‘God’s Arrival versus God’s Arrival’.

Even though they were inclined to the Congress, their faith had been melted into their blood and their heart. The God of Truth was the unquestionable one true god, except that God created and tolerated everything and did not discriminate against the normal sorcerers.

But now, the self-consistency shook their faith violently. Perhaps, the Lord simply granted the divine powers according to certain rules without caring about anything else like the sorcerers described. Even the schism and the battle of 'God's Arrival versus God's Arrival' were nothing!

The shift of the clerics including Richard gave them another explanation to the phenomenon. They calmed down and were deep in thought.

"I didn't know that Sard was capable of God's Arrival, too..." Duke James spoke to his partner.

Russell replied in a bitter smile, "His Holiness didn't, either. That's why he had to use God's Arrival to resist."

Without any redundant words and analysis, they understood what each other meant.

Rex, Solefen and other conservatives were even more befuddled, not even knowing what was the Lord, the Pope or the Church.

They were mumbling the same as the clerics, dazzled and overwhelmed.

At this moment, Natasha walked in, followed with Camil. It was the first time she had entered the Parliament of Nobles with the silver Armor of Holm and the crown of Holm. The nobles found someone they could count on and were gradually relaxed.

The Sword of Truth in her right hand made Rex, Solefen, James and other nobles surprised that the queen hid her capabilities!

Now that the Sword of Truth had arrived, the last concerns in their heart were gone.

Ignoring the terrible scene outside where magic and divine powers were flying, Natasha said in a low voice: "The emergency meeting of nobles commences now."

Thank you, Pope and Sard. You have added more leverage to my persuasion!

A strange magic item was placed on the podium. It recorded Natasha's voice and let the sound spread beyond 'Paradise on Earth' through a metal tube. Since such a transmission was not supernatural, it left 'Paradise on Earth' and reached a manor in the suburbs.

The sorcerers hurried to broadcast the 'live meeting' to the Parliaments of Nobles in the Kingdom of Colette, the Kingdom of Brianne, the Duchy of Calais and the north coastline.

.....

After the legendary battle began, everybody flew to the sky. Had it not been for the restraint of 'Paradise on Earth', they would have flown to ten thousand meters high like Benedict II and Sard did.

After the air of God's Arrival against God's Arrival came, Saint Melmax was more than puzzled and shocked. Then, he felt great pressure.

"Sard is a traitor? He's capable of God's Arrival?"

"His His Holiness burnt the remainder of his life to use God's Arrival..."

"What exactly happened?"

"Sard is indeed brutal. He intentionally fought His Holiness in the high sky. This is to shake the foundation of the Church's faith! Even if he dies, the Church will be mired in a swamp."

Of course, Melmax also knew that Sard's other purpose was to prevent Rentato and Paradise on Earth from being destroyed.

He used 'Paradise on Earth' to block the legendary battle partly to protect the believers of Rentato. Otherwise, the whole Rentato would've been destroyed just now.

The competition of God's Arrivals twisted time and space. Benedict II and Sard were briefly gone.

Melmax, prepared that His Holiness could not join the battle for now, began to observe the battlefield:

Douglas was on the winning side in the battle against the Angel King. Even the regular magics were as good as legendary magics in his hands. However, the Angel King, with 'God's Guard', had the best defense and kept the enemy occupied. The Emperor of Arcana was unable to prepare more powerful legendary magics.

Hathaway was gradually familiarized with the strength of the peak of legendary. She began to suppress the two saints. As for Oliver and Hellen, they were on par with the enemies.

However, in other places, due to the suppression of 'Paradise on Earth', the saint cardinals and the divine knights of the Church were on the winning side. The Light of Stars, in particular, only survived under Astira and Arzaro's attacks with his legendary items and weird magics, but his death seemed already underway.

The Lord of Storm was also suppressed by him. Although he couldn't finish the guy for the time being, he could still protect the massive transmission magic circles.

They still had the advantage in the battle!

Thinking about that, Melmax looked at the massive transmission magic circles. As long as a few saints or legendary knights came, the seven legendary knights on this side of the Storm Straits would know what to do!

As long as the sign of failure showed up, it would be as unstoppable as a flood!

If Brook returned in advance, it would be more troublesome. More reinforcements would be needed, which would give the Dark Congress and the northern heretics a chance. Of course, if His Holiness returned first, chances were that half of the legendary sorcerers would be wiped out first!

“But why has Fernando never used his ‘Eye of Storm’?” Thought Melmax in confusion.

The Church knew very well that the Lord of Storm had two legendary items, one being ‘Robe of Dominance’ and the other being ‘Eye of Storm’. Since his life was not in danger, it was hard to tell if he was wearing the former, but the latter was a marvelous weapon for attacking. Why did he not use it when he was obviously suppressed?

.....

Inside the Nekso Palace...

When he walked to the control pivot, Lucien did not encounter Kritonia. It seemed that Winston had indeed stopped him. Otherwise, he would have to ask for Rhine’s help. While Rhine was already nowhere to be seen, Lucien believed that he was around waiting for an opportunity. If Sard had left any other plans, he wouldn’t mind sabotaging them by the way. Or rather, it was what he desired to do right now.

The control pivot was right before his eyes, when a silver sword with the terrifying gaps of void emerged out of nowhere and slashed at Lucien.

Under the sword, Lucien's body was torn in half directly, but they vanished like foam.

"Gordon, the Torn Sword..." Not far away, Lucien popped up and saw the man with silver eyes who attacked him just now.

Gordon also said in a low voice, "Seventh-circle magic, Simulacrum..."

The magic could create a real illusion that was half the level of the caster. The illusion had senses, voice, smell, overlapping fate and could perform magic.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 560: Livestream

Hardly had Gordon finished his remark when Lucien performed 'Simulacrum' and suddenly split into two halves. Then, another two shadows emerged from the two Luciens. Four Luciens surrounded him, far away from each other. That was Lucien's real self and 'simulation' both casting 'Mirror Shadow'.

It was truly difficult to fight a sorcerer. Not having any item to cast magic or divine powers, Gordon could only grit his teeth and attack with the intuitions of a knight. Also, a radiant knight of his level had plenty of methods and area attacks.

But before he lunged out, he suddenly heard Lucien talking in a low voice:

“I need reinforcement.”

As he talked, his monocle glimmered.

Reinforcement?

Gordon’s heart was heavy. Were there other archmages or senior-rank sorcerers around? He was suspicious that Lucien was only bluffing, but he was in Rentato, and Allyn was nearby. This place had the highest density of sorcerers in the entire world. The Congress of Magic couldn’t be short of hands in their operation.

Recalling Grand Cardinal Sard who was confronting the pope, Gordon suddenly lost his fighting will. He subtly changed the direction of his attack and flew sideways.

The moment he flew out, the colors around him faded away, leaving only the lifeless black and grey. He was frozen in midair like a bug inside amber.

It was ‘Time Stop’, a ninth-circle magic!

Morris appeared from the midair. Since things were going rather well, and there was even a splendid scene of 'God's Arrival against God's Arrival' – which could be appreciated as a classic opera since he was not part of it after all – Morris was in a rather good. He smiled at Lucien and asked, "How did you know that I was around?"

"The pope and Sard were high in the sky, so I figured that the members of the royal family of Holm were probably around." Lucien certainly wouldn't confess that he was just bluffing Gordon.

Although Lucien had no doubt that Morris and other senior-rank sorcerers would come to help him in thirty seconds after he called for reinforcement, he did not think that they could come immediately. However, if Gordon could be scared away, thirty seconds of his time could be saved. If Gordon was not scared away, he still had the strength of the seventh circle after being suppressed, and he could still last half a minute with his left hand.

Even though Gordon reached level-nine gold knight because of 'Angel Arrival' and 'Paradise on Earth', Lucien believed that his magic could help him resist for at least one minute. It was needless to say that he had 'Orb of Ultimate Destruction', a ninth-circle scroll, and two tubes of 'solidified helium' that could perform Snow Goddess' Whip.

He did not expect that Morris would come so fast. It seemed that his primary target was the control pivot of the divine barrier, too.

Seeing that light was blooming inside Gordon's body and weakening the effect of 'Time Stop', Morris spoke to Lucien, "You will go to the control pivot. Let me take care of him. He's a member of the royal family of Holm after all. It will be more acceptable if he dies in my hands."

Without any hesitation, four Luciens rushed at the control pivot, appreciating the thoroughness of the plan. Otherwise, it wouldn't have been as easy for him to suppress Gordon.

Of course, Lucien also knew that Sard couldn't have arranged for Gordon to defend the control pivot. Instead, Gordon should be a candidate to be the new king after he killed Natasha. It should've been Kritonia, 'Heart of Time', who appeared here!

However, now that Sard was confronting the pope, how 'loyal' was Kritonia to him? Not to mention that Winston, 'Night Walker', would stop him.

In a palace not far away, Winston stood next to the window and seemed relaxed. He spoke to Kritonia, "Sard is confronting the pope. Even though he has God's Arrival as his trump card, the best outcome for him is to die together with the enemy. Your Excellency Kritonia, are you going to attack me?" Since Kritonia was the legendary hero who contributed to the establishment of the Kingdom of Holm, Winston, who only became a legend in recent hundred years, was quite respectful.

"Even if you want to change sides and clear your suspicion as a heretic by contributions, you should wait and see how capable His Holiness is after exhausting himself to perform God's Arrival."

It was about the same as what Kritonia said to Winston earlier. He looked outside in silence, watching Lucien crack the defense outside of the control pivot. The modification in this place involved the legendary knights who defended it. Fearing that it might alarm Sard, Lucien did not work on it, but thankfully, Natasha gave him the structure of the entire divine power circle. It would only take him less than one minute to finish the work.

In the next moment, Kritonia sighed and turned around, walking into the room.

Smiling, Winston looked at Lucien again, thinking if he should give him a hand to save each other time.

Suddenly, he found everything around him slowed down, as if he had fallen into a swamp.

A sword slashed by, but it did not hit Winston, who emerged from the darkness nearby, like the shadow of the night.

“Mr. Kritonia, you...” Looking at Kritonia, Winston hesitated. Thankfully, he kept his usual wariness.

Kritonia sighed. “There’s no turning back after certain things are started.”

“Although I haven’t found a way to advance into the third rank, I should still be able to resist you for a fairly long time. Are you sure you don’t want to wait?” Winston believed that the situation outside would be beyond control even if Kritonia could defeat himself, so he tried the last persuasion.

Unless it was absolutely necessary, he was unwilling to fight ‘Heart of Time’ who was much stronger than himself.

Kritonia shook his head. “You and I are both knights. We understand each other’s determination well. I know that hope is slim, but I have to try to seize it instead of waiting for an outcome. Even if I die, I will die on a battlefield!”

An intense battle began between them, and both of them were pulled into ‘Paradise on Earth’.

Because the battle of legendary knights required more space, they soon broke the defense of divine powers and fought in midair.

.....

Wearing the silver armor and the gold crown, Natasha stabbed the Sword of Truth on the dais before her and glanced around the hall, before she announced solemnly and loudly:

“A war has broken out between the Church and the Congress of Magic. It’s time to make a decision.”

“Are we going to follow the Church to eradicate the evils, or are we going to help the Congress of Magic to banish the radical believers and return the faith to the Lord?”

“If we choose the former, the Congress of Magic will probably escape into the ocean after suffering certain losses. By then, we will be the frontline that confronts the Congress of Magic. I believe that the Church will have to count on us. Together with the northern heretics, a new balance will be reached.”

“If we choose the latter, the Congress of Magic will also have to depend on us and the neutral believers to resist the Church. There will also be a new balance. We don’t need to worry about the assassinations of night watchers anymore. Peace will be restored.”

“The key to victory is in our hands. What’s your decision?”

Natasha halted, and all the nobles understood what the queen meant. The terrible battle outside also reminded them that everything was real.

Also, they knew that, whichever side they chose, their interests would be ensured as long as the side won. So, all they needed to do was not to stand on the losing side.

At this moment, Duke Rex stood and said in a low voice, “Your Majesty, we are all the subjects of the Lord, and our faith is unquestionable. If a new balance is going to be restored and our interests can be ensured either way, why do we not choose the Church, and why do we have to hang around with the evil sorcerers?”

More than half of the conservative nodded. It was exactly what was on their mind. Even many of the liberals would abandon the sorcerers without any hesitation in emergencies, although they could cooperate with the sorcerers to make money.

The hall immediately fell quiet. Duke James clenched his fists and stood up, “Objection! If we follow the Church, will you not be scared of the assassinations from the radical night watchers? Will they tolerate alchemical workshops, telephones, magic crystal maps or radios? Do you want to live as the bumpkins you used to be?”

Although Natasha didn’t talk to him before, Duke James’ cooperation with the Congress of Magic was too deep for him to get away with it. Also, he knew the queen’s real tendency. Therefore, he made a decision rather quickly.

Natasha nodded in satisfaction. It was as expected of the hardcore liberal, who was thought to be trustworthy by both the Congress of Magic and Lucien.

After Duke James' announcement, many liberals expressed their stance. However, they also cleverly implied that they would respect and accept the final decision.

To save time, Natasha pressed his right hand and ended the argument:

"Let me say a few words."

.....

Yourcenar, 'Song of Dusk', stood inside the Parliament of Nobles and listened to the 'livestream' of the meeting in Holm with the king and the nobles. He listened to Natasha's introduction and analyzed the two choices.

"If this is all, we still can't be convinced, and we have to keep observing." Yourcenar spoke to other nobles.

Any noble with a regular head could've come up with the two new balances. For the nobles who were already used to balance, the most important thing was to stand on the victors' side.

A noble nearby nodded and said, "I find clerics more trustworthy than sorcerers. Those sorcerers of ancient heritage have left too horrible an impression on me. I won't choose them unless there are irresistible returns.

In Brianne, Colette, and the north coastline, the Hammer of the Void, the Knight of Disasters, the Burning Lady and the Life Reaper expressed similar opinions.

The Hammer of the Void and the Knight of Disasters, on the other hand, were also observing the situation outside. Brook had finished Beaver and returned to the magic tower of the Moonsong League with Holt, going back to Allyn via the Portal to Alternate Realm deployed earlier.

They were important leverage that could affect the situation!

“Cannot localize Allyn...” Brook frowned. Through prophetic magic, he understood that Allyn was enshrouded by some kind of barrier and therefore decided to return to the suburb of Rentato through Space Jump.

Because Brianne and Holm were not far away from each other, and it would take Brook only several minutes if he were to fly in full speed, Space Jump would only take less than twenty seconds.

.....

Above the remains of the Radiance Church, Fernando, who was suppressed, and Hathaway and Douglas, who were suppressing the enemy, communicated. It was time! They had to seize the opportunity before the pope returned!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 561: Shameless Sorcerers

The one who was fighting against Oliver, the Hand of Annihilation, was a third rank divine knight named Saint Anthony who owned the bloodline called Light. He noticed that, under the increasing power of Paradise on Earth, the grand arcanist's legendary spells, including Annihilation Ball and Cage of Destruction, were becoming weaker and weaker as the oppressive power on Oliver had increased. Therefore, Oliver was slowly moving towards Hathaway, the Lord of Elements, who had gained an edge fighting the two saints.

Saint Anthony knew that, through the power of Paradise on Earth, Saint Anasta and Saint Augusta were by no means Hathaway's rivals, as most of their divine items, except those top ones, and even parts of their bodies had all been completely destroyed or at least severely damaged by Luxury Cracking and Elements Resolve – The fight had cost them an arm and a leg. If it had not been for the holy light covering them, they would be shamefully fighting naked right now in front of the followers in Rentato.

Saint Anthony knew that once Oliver went to Hathaway, his edge would be gone.

Anthony had to stop Oliver, but he was afraid of the power of Luxury Cracking and Elements Resolve. It was true that once the grand arcanists gathered together, the Pope could perhaps be able to kill all of them with one strike, however, Anthony knew that he was totally unable to bear the cracking spells. Facing those spells, only few divine spells could resist the power, including the legendary one called Blessed Realm, but he was a divine knight, and he was not able to use it.

Comparatively speaking, Oliver was obviously much more “adorable” as an enemy as he could not cast Luxury Cracking. Anthony was able to barely bear the power of the ninth circle spell, Cracking (Advanced), on his own with his magic resistance.

At this time, Anthony had noticed that, on the other side, Hellen, the Witch of Iceland, was also approaching Hathaway. Meanwhile, Saint Melmax was pushing the Lord of Storm to move towards Hathaway as well to make the sorcerers gather together.

Anthony thought to himself that since Saint Melmax had been a top legendary for many years. Although he might not yet be as powerful as Douglas, defeating Fernando should just be a matter of time. If he could stay closer to Melmax, Melmax will be able to help them defeat the sorcerers earlier than expected. Also, as all of the sorcerers were now getting closer to each other, Hathaway might be prevented from using Luxury Cracking, as it was a range spell unable to tell enemies. Even if they could not defeat the sorcerers instantly, they would be able to control the situation and wait for the Pope’s arrival.

His plan changed, Anthony slowed down his attack and let Oliver get closer to Hathaway.

Four grand arcanists against five saints, the wild war started.

Anthony got the blessing power from Saint Anasta and Saint Maria, so his strength, speed, force, and defence level had been further improved.

Although magic spells were much more spontaneous and unpredictable than divine power, when it came to giving blessing effects, magic spells were nowhere close to divine power. Therefore, the side with a saint cardinal always benefited greatly in a team fight. Both Anthony and Melmax were exerting their power, Light and Morning, to the extreme. The whole area had been lit up. The four grand arcanists were badly disadvantaged.

To Oliver and Hellen, however, the situation had been temporarily eased thanks to the support from Hathaway. However, this had increased the burden on Fernando and Hathaway who were now controlling the situation with great effort.

Fernando's eyes lit up with bolts of lightning and storm. He shouted,

“Storm Barrier!”

The area of the thunder hell suddenly expanded. It sucked the five saints in where there was devastating black storms, thick bolts of lightning, extreme high temperatures and freezing ice and snow.

Under the storm, meanwhile, the space suddenly fell into utter darkness. The horrible power of strong magnetic field had made the space distorted and the fierce wind was blowing like bitter howling – all to prevent the five saints from leaving. Meanwhile, Oliver, Hellen, and Hathaway were flying upwards.

This legendary spell was one of the two most fundamental spells derived from his demiplane!

“What are they doing? Is Fernando trying to kill himself?” Melmax was slightly shocked. Within ten seconds, he and the five saints would be able to kill Fernando completely as he had been left alone using Light of Judgment!

Out of the battlefield, Oliver and Hellen were standing in the air opposite towards each other, casting the short spell,

“Space Shackle.”

Silently, out of the darkness distorted by the great magnetic field, the space started freezing like transparent crystal.

Hathaway was standing a bit higher than Oliver and Hellen. Her cold, silver-grey eyes looked down upon the darkness below without any emotions.

“You break the barrier! Anasta help me kill Fernando!” Melmax sensed something dangerous, and he made the decision immediately.

.....

Inside the Parliament of Nobles in the Nekso Palace.

All the nobles had stopped talking, waiting for Her Majesty’s speech.

Natasha’s clear voice now sounded deeper, delivering the dignity and prestige of a queen.

“I, Natasha Violet, the queen of Holm Kingdom, the Lord of the Sword of Truth’s Knights, the Lord of Verdict Knights, the Lord of Saint Cross Knights, have decided to cooperate with the Congress of Magic to abandon the radical Church and respect the moderates as the belief of the kingdom!”

Leaving no space for negotiation, Natasha’s decisive tone made many noble members start to feel hesitant. They habitually followed the majesty, and leaning towards the Congress of Magic would do them no harm. A new balance would be able to take shape.

By now, many of the liberals had made their decision: They would follow Natasha.

Meanwhile, Natasha kept going on,

“I don’t want my people to worry day and night that they might be killed by a radical night watcher at any time!”

“I don’t want my people to lose their energy and wealth because their mind is trapped by the Church. Each one of us has the right to interpret Cannon on our own, and each of us shall be able to directly connect to Lord when we pray!”

“I don’t want the Kingdom of Holm to return to the most uncultured, primitive, and darkest period of time. We human beings should, and are totally entitled to enjoy a better life, by illuminating the places we live using magic crystal lights, by making the kingdom smaller when we call each other, when we listen to the radio. Look around, we’re using alchemical items, and the path in front of us has already joined that of the congress!”

“What is your choice, my people?”

All of the nobles remained silent. They were struggling, deep in their minds.

Meanwhile, those nobles who were listening to Natasha's speech in Colette, Brianne, Colette, and the rest of the kingdoms were still having difficulty making their decision. They had indeed benefited a lot from the alchemical items in their much more luxurious life, and it was absolutely horrible for them to go back to their previous life. On the other hand, they had never been through the fear of an assassination given by a night watcher, nor were they worrying about offending the majesty – they all had their own king or queen or a lord.

Bedrenka, Hammer of the Void, and Basor, Knight of Disasters, exchanged a look between each other and both slightly shook their heads. Something was still missing in Natasha's speech, something that was powerful enough to persuade most nobles.

In Nekso Palace, Duke Rex, the president of the parliament, first stepped out and said it out loud, "I am against it!"

"Before all nobles reached their agreement, Your Majesty should not make the final decision first!"

"At this moment, the decision is a matter of life and death. A lord who goes against the will of most nobles is a betrayer, and is thus no longer suitable for being a lord!"

Rex was denying the decision-making power of the queen. And he wouldn't stop here,

"The Pope might be coming back very soon. Are we gonna rush so bad to make our decision?"

“You want to fall into hell and forever look up at Mountain Paradise?”

His words instantly won the support of at least one third of the nobles present, while the rest of them remained silent as they were still waiting for the offer.

Duke James stood up to defend, “Look at the outside world, look at Richard. They are still able to use divine power. This means that this is the will of God!”

Seeing that the liberals and the conservatives were starting to argue again, Natasha lifted her arm and stopped the noise,

“I’m not finished yet.”

.....

After casting Storm Barrier, Fernando started casting again,

“Simulacrum.”

Instantly, he divided himself into six and stopped the five saints from chasing the rest of the grand arcanists.

“Light of Judgment!”

“Miracle!”

“Expel Evil!”

It did not cost the saints much effort to eliminate three of them and then they started breaking the barrier. Meanwhile, Melmax and Anasta got rid of the rest three. Fernando was now completely disadvantaged.

In the sky, the bottom of Allyn suddenly split and a huge, dazzling energy ball fell from it. The light covered something watery inside, but the power coming out of it was beyond dreadful.

Once losing the light ball, the mythal of Allyn suddenly became much dimmer, and it was now even having a difficult time flying.

Varantine seized the chance and set himself free, however, a cold female voice came at this time,

“Silent Blue.”

The air and the holy light he was in got frozen, even including time. Everything had fallen into the cold, silent color of blue.

It was Hellen, Witch of Iceland, who used her legendary spell and trapped Varantine, and she then returned to focus on the barrier. She knew that it would not take Varantine long to get out, and also that she could not hurt Varantine in the trap by any chance, but all she needed was that bit of time!

As the watery ball fell, Hathaway's face, which was glamorously-featured but hardly had any facial expressions, rarely put on the look showing some slight thrill. She started casting the long spell,

"The secret from inside of atoms..."

It sounded like the ethereal voice was hymning, but in Melmax's ears, the voice was more than horrific than anything. He hurriedly turned himself into a flash of morning light and rushed at Fernando together with the sword in his hand.

He had to finish the fight as soon as possible. Meanwhile, Anasta did the same thing by casting Light of Judgment.

The three saints finally broke the distorted magnetic field outside of the barrier, but not yet with the space shackle. At this time, two voices came,

"Annihilation Ball."

“Snow Goddess’s Anger!”

The black magic ball and the freezing snow and ice stopped them from reaching Fernando.

On the other side, facing Melmax’s attack, Fernando did not do anything to defend himself, but keep casting the spell,

“Abrupt Magic Reverse!”

A mirror drawn with sophisticated patterns suddenly appeared in front of him. Behind the mirror, it seemed that there was another world. The spell, Light of Judgment, hit on the mirror but directly reflected back, which almost hit Anasta himself.

Abrupt Magic Reverse was the legendary version of the seventh circle spell, Magic Reverse, which could reflect a single-target spell five times.

However, the mirror could not stop Melmax. The divine power fiercely hacked at Fernando from the other side.

Magic Order, Spell Sequencer, Spell Trigger... A series of defense spells were activated. Fernando disappeared from where he was and then showed up on the opposite side.

It was never easy to kill a sorcerer!

Hathaway's casting had come to the end. The light ball was now very close to the storm barrier and the destructive power within was growing stronger and stronger.

Seventeen legendary sorcerers had been contributing to this light ball in the past entire year! The ball was their material for casting this ultimate spell!

They had reduced the quantity of the material as the full power of the spell would have been too intense for time and space to bear! If that was the case, the entire causal chain in this dimension would be messed with!

This was a strike powerful enough to be compared to that of a demigod!

Somehow Fernando had integrated himself into the storm barrier. He made the barrier burst out the great magnetic power and sucked the saints back in again!

Now the five saints and Melmax were all targeting Fernando. Killing Fernando would be their last chance to break through the barrier.

At this time, a horrible storm formed again in Fernando's red eyes.

What were the advantages that a sorcerer had over a priest?

Long life, unpredictable spells, countless triggers, and well-prepared methods for resurrection!

Before the fight, they had been well-prepared. They were going to defeat their enemies using their greatest strength against their enemies' weaknesses!

"Eternal Blaze was coming. ARE YOU PREPARED?"

"I've got my appendix at home. Do you?"

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 562: The New Era

Outside of the city of Rentato, the scenic view was still picturesque in this scorching July.

The space above the Thousand-lake place swirled and formed a gate. Behind the gate there was a kingdom of powerful magnetic field and electric currents.

Brook, wearing a white wig, walked out of the gate with Chelsea Holt, the Moon Scholar. When they saw that the entire city was still covered in the divine light, which meant that the fight among the legendaries was still going on, they released a sigh of relief, as they finally caught up to them.

At this time, as if he just felt something, Brook looked up and was shocked to find that there was a man in the sunlight in the air, wearing the divine crown and holding the platinum staff.

“Benedict II? God’s Arrival?”

Brook’s eyes opened big, but he still decided to go there.

He did not know where the strong, bright light came from, but he knew that it wasn’t supposed to be God’s Arrival. Benedict II had already used it before!

.....

The energy ball was being pulled to the magnetic field, and it was getting faster and faster. Melmax and the rest of the saints started to sense this extreme danger, as if there was a heavy rock sitting on their hearts, preventing them from breathing.

They did not talk to each other, but together they were all targeting at Fernando. They had to kill him to get out of the barrier before the insane energy ball fell on them!

They were all pushing themselves to their limit. All of them had decided to use Light of Judgment. They were furious. If they were going to die, they needed Fernando to die with them!

Majestic and vast, serious and bright, the three beams of light shot across the sky at Fernando, with the power stirring the holy light like surges and waves.

At this time, no one bothered defending. The remaining divine power was all they had protecting them from being torn apart in the barrier. But killing Fernando was all the hope they had.

Melmax and Anthony had put their power into their swords, ready to wield the legendary-power hack.

However, Fernando was not even slightly deterred. Instead, he flew towards the light!

The mirror with sophisticated patterns appeared again, connecting the two worlds to each other.

Bang, bang, bang!

Three beams of light hit the mirror and then reflected off of it.

The power of Abrupt Magic Reverse still existed!

After Fernando flew towards the light of judgment, the power of the hacking quickly got him.

Blood and flesh spurting, the Lord of Storm was cut into three chunks. Somehow, the magic robe he was wearing was not working at all.

He was not wearing the Robe of Dominance? Melmax realized something. He realized why Fernando never used Eye of Storm.

However, it was too late!

Fine electric currents lit up the three chunks, and they started wriggling! Within a second, they had turned into Fernando again, but three!

Even that could not kill Fernando completely?

Melmax and Anthony had given up the hope that they could finish Fernando within seconds by using Light of Judgment, but killing Fernando was the only way out!

Staring into the distance, Mecantron, the Angel King, looked rather serious. He folded his arms in front of his chest and was about to kneel down to cast God's Guard. Although in this case, he would not be able to launch attacks against the legendaries, he should be able to be safe facing that formidable energy ball – the divine spell would put him into a different dimension temporarily!

However, Douglas, the Emperor of Arcana, would not leave him the chance to escape. The stars pulled the great gravity strong enough for tearing him into pieces. Mecantron therefore had to cast other spells for defense. There was no time at all for him to cast God's Guard.

“I’m not your God. Don’t kneel down in front of me.” said Douglas.

According to the plan, Douglas’s target should have been Benedict II, the Pope, but now it was the Angel King, therefore, it turned out to be quite an easy job for Douglas. In their original plan no. 4, if the pope had been here, and even if the pope was still somehow able to cast God’s Arrival one more time, in the current situation, the pope’s target of casting must have been the energy ball, or all of them, including the sorcerers and priests, would be killed all together.

In the plan, Douglas’s only concern was that he did not know how long he could keep the pope occupied. Ten seconds, twenty seconds, or a minute?

But fortunately, Douglas’s concern had now completely disappeared when the saints’ wasted their chance casting God’s Arrival.

The holy light burst out from Varantine’s body, and the light melted down the dark blue ice which kept him frozen. It was smart of him deciding not to approach the storm barrier. Instead, he chose to cast Light of Judgment towards Hathaway to try to distract her from the chanting.

“Aurora Wall!” said a cold, female voice.

A transparent wall instantly rose in front of Hathaway. The wall was covered in colorful aurora, beautiful like a dream.

The light hit on the aurora wall, and both of them disappeared at the same time.

Hellen, Witch of Iceland, was maintaining the space shackle and, meanwhile, also keeping Varantine fully occupied. That was how far an ordinary saint cardinal was away from a grand arcanist.

The five saints were trying their best, and they indeed had obtained the edge. Within seconds, a series of divine spells hit Fernando directly in sequence. Despite all the defense spells that Fernando cast on himself, the last division of him had been devoured by the holy light.

Was Fernando... dead?

The moment when the five saints started to feel the joy, they realized that the barrier was still there.

A puppet with a strange smile on its face suddenly appeared behind their back, and it then turned into Fernando!

At this time, the energy ball had gone into the barrier, and the devastating power had reached the limit of control!

Fernando's body suddenly exploded and then integrated into the storm barrier. The black magnetic field kept compressing the space, encasing the five saints in all directions.

They were out of time!

Melmax had activated God's Shield and held tight Holy Avenger. He believed that he could survive as long as the spell was not as powerful as God's Arrival.

Then the rest of the four saints did the same thing. Although they were more or less panicking, they had all turned on all the protections they knew to face the horrible impact.

By now, Hathaway had finally finished her long, long spell. She sighed the words like it was a piece of tune,

"Eternal Blaze!"

Instantly, Fernando saw the faces of the five saints lighting up under the power of the energy ball. The five faces were as pale as the finest paper sheet. Somehow, he recalled Lucien's joke,

"Cry, and yell, and then, go to hell!"

The energy ball then exploded, bursting out the brightest light ever that was much more dazzling than anything else in the world.

.....

Inside the Parliament of Nobles in the Nekso Palace.

The nobles, both the Liberal and the Conservative, had all quieted down, waiting for Her Majesty to continue.

Natasha took a deep breath and resumed her determination as a knight. She then pulled out her Sword of Truth and raised it high,

“Here I swear by my soul and my destiny to the Lord of Hell,”

“I’ll return my power to those who follow me. The only things I will keep to myself are the direct royal manors and the power over arranging personnel.”

The nobles were totally shocked.

“I’ll return my legislation and law enforcement power to the Parliament of Nobles, and only retain the power to veto. I’ll never take it back, nor will my offspring!”

“I’ll give the nobles my executive power. The Parliament of Nobles will be able to choose a prime minister every ten years, and the prime minister will form a cabinet to exert the power. I will only, again, retain the power to veto!”

“I’ll give the cabinet the leadership of Verdict Knights and Sword of Truth’s Knights, and only keep the lord titles!”

“The taxation revenue that you gain and the administrative institutes will remain the same, but you’ll be able to decide how to spend the tax revenue!”

“Any one of you who leads the knights as frontiers to extend the kingdom’s territory will be given one third of the new territory as your own manor, and then, one third for the knights, and one third goes to the kingdom!”

...

“All my words and promises will be written in the Code. I, along with the future kings, and queens will abide by the law just as all you nobles! The Congress of Magic will be the supervisor!”

Natasha’s determined words were like strokes to the nobles.

In the past, because of the power of the Church and the Congress of Magic, the nobles had no choice but to unite around the majesty to survive. However, the kingship or queenship had been growing so fast and powerful that the nobles could barely see their own positions. In that circumstance, the nobles could only make constant compromises to keep the balance and to wait for the future change. They never dared to say no.

However, Her Majesty today took the initiative to compromise by greatly reducing the queenship, to the extent that they could never have expected!

Duke James, Duke Solefen, and many of the rest nobles became very excited. The muscles in their faces slightly twitched. The offer was too good for them to reject!

In the noise of electric currents, Natasha's passionate speech got widespread to Colette, Brianne, Calais, and the Northland,

"Here I swear by my soul and my destiny to the Lord of Hell,"

"I'll return my power to those who follow me. The only things I will keep to myself are the direct royal manors and the power over arranging personnel."

...

Yourcenar, Song of Dusk, sprang up from his seat out of great excitement, which was shared by all the nobles around him. What a bright future it would be!

The Grand Duke of the Duchy of Calais put on a bitter smile seeing how thrilled the nobles were.

Hammer of the Void, Knight of Disasters, Life Reaper, and Burning Lady also had similar responses as Yourcenar.

.....

While Duke Solefen, Duke James and most of the nobles had all stood up to support Natasha, there were still a few extreme conservatives being quite hesitant, as Duke Rex had not showed his attitude.

“His Holiness?!” Rex suddenly saw the figure high above in the sky through the window.

However, before he could say one more word, the horribly loud explosion overwhelmed his voice, like countless bolts of lightning striking the earth.

A new sun had risen. It was so hot and bright that anyone who saw it would feel intimidated. The sun represented a brand new life, and its power was driving away the holy light!

Boom!

That explosion just completely wakened the nobles in their mind!

“This is Eternal Blaze, from the Congress of Magic!” Natasha stared at the nobles and then burst out the cry,

“In front of us is the new era. Everything old will be abandoned!”

“My decision. Who agrees? Who opposes?”

The imperatorial aura of the queen made the nobles have to kneel, and also because of the great lures she offered. Seeing that Paradise on Earth was rapidly collapsing and the huge mushroom cloud, the leading dukes started kneeling down one by one, and finally, only Duke Rex remained in his seat.

In the end, Rex released a sigh as he took a glance at the sword in Natasha’s hand. He kneeled down and said together with the rest of the nobles,

“We pledge our lifelong allegiance to Your Majesty!”

.....

With the structure drawing, Lucien easily broke the core defense of the divine circle. As soon as he stepped in, he heard the loud, horn-like explosion. Knowing that the plan just worked out, he had now felt much relieved. He pushed the divine power barrier to its limit to make sure that those ordinary people in Rentato would not suffer from the fight. And he started humming a merry little tune,

“The east gets red, and the sun rises...”

Chapter 563 - The Surging Waves from the New Era

Chapter 563: The Surging Waves from the New Era

In the Parliament of Nobles in Cocus, the Duchy of Calais.

“All my words and promises will be written in the Code. I, as well as the future kings, and queens will abide by the law just as all you nobles! The Congress of Magic will be the supervisor!”

When the nobles heard those words from Natasha, none of them could remain calm anymore. However, a second later, after an incredibly loud explosion, the voice had been completely cut off, and there were only electric currents left.

“What happened?”

“What’s going on?”

“Something happened to Nekso Palace?! Was it because of the war among those legendaries?”

“Was it the Church? Or the Congress?”

Yourcenar, Song of Dusk, looked northwest where the city of Rentato was.

As a legendary knight, he could see the picture: There was that burning sun radiating its endless light and power in the sky, and then an eye-catching mushroom cloud rose.

At this time, Joaquin, the president of Moonsong League, walked in the front gate. His face was lit up with the wild joy. He claimed aloud, "The electromagnetic signal has been interrupted. That means Eternal Blaze had been successfully launched!"

"Eternal Blaze?" Yourcenar repeated the words confusedly. He never heard such a powerful legendary spell.

But he did not ask, knowing that the information Joaquin had was also rather limited. He supposed that all the communication in Rentato had all been cut off.

Joaquin's joy and confidence influenced the nobles. Recalling Natasha's speech, their hearts were thudding like crazy. The drive and excitement they were experiencing were like flames making them feel rather restless. Some of the nobles were now looking at the Grand Duke of Calais, and the rest was looking at Yourcenar, as if they were begging him.

Yourcenar released a sigh and there was no more hesitation. He walked to the Grand Duke and kneeled down on one knee,

"Your Majesty, the old era has ended, and the new one is coming. Please give the order to expel the extreme South Church and only keep the Moderates as the duchy's religion!"

Under his lead, all the nobles stood up and kneeled down together,

“Your Majesty, please give the order to be ready for the new era!”

The voices joined, lingering in the parliament hall like surging waves. No one dared to block it, as the trend was totally inevitable!

The Grand Duke of the Duchy of Calais knew that there was no way that he could reject this. The shackle of the old era had been destroyed, and the new order was forming. At this moment, even the majesties had to obey the trend of the times, or they would be thrown out of their thrones as the nobles would regard them as betrayers who served the Church.

There was no other choice left to the Grand Duke. His family had not yet produced a legendary knight. Therefore, he stood up and announced aloud,

“I, the Grand Duke of the Duchy of Calais, here give the order to expel the South Church but keep the Moderates!”

“Here I swear by my soul and my destiny to the Lord of Hell, I will return the power to you like how the Kingdom of Holm is going to do!”

Yourcenar and the rest of the nobles smiled,

“We pledge our lifelong allegiance to Your Majesty!”

.....

In Salyvaor, the capital of Brianne.

Bedrenka, Hammer of the Void, and Basor, Knight of Disasters, kneeled down in front of the king of Brianne. Behind them were the members of the Parliament of Nobles,

“Your Majesty, this is unstoppable and inevitable. Please make your decision as soon as possible. If the Congress wins the war on its own, we’ll be of no use to them!”

.....

Colette.

No matter how old Life Reaper was, he now looked like a cheerful teenager with light brown hair. However, at this moment, the smile on his face had completely disappeared. And he was kneeling down as the rest of the nobles and said,

“Your Magic, the new era is coming, and we have to get ready. Please give the order to assist the Congress of Magic!”

.....

In Kasvig, the capital of the city union of the coastal Northland.

As the leader, Burning Lady herself was rather inspired by Natasha's speech, as Natasha's words had given her the way to strengthen the loose union. Also, she had got the news sent back from Brianne, Colette, and Calais. Like a red rose, she smiled, and then she stood up,

"The new era is right there. So I am going to assist the Congress of Magic and reform the city union. Does everyone agree?"

The nobles all kneeled down out of joy, "All as you wish, my Lord."

No one dared to say no at this moment.

.....

After the Grand Duke of the Duchy of Calais gave the order, Song of Dusk had left the hall and soared into the sky to find Torrens. He was going to give an extra strike to Torrens, so that the beginning of the new era would mark his name.

However, far before he approached, Torrens, Angel of Wisdom, had quickly dodged to the other side to avoid the breath of the rainbow dragon. After casting the divine spell to make sure that

Erica could not lock onto him for a short period of time, Torrens cast something like Chaos Teleportation and ran away from the battlefield.

Yourcenar was quite confused. How did Torrens know that he was not here to help?

Seeing that Yourcenar had no intention of attacking her, Erica returned to her human form. She smiled, "I was about to run away as well, as anyone approaching right now can be an enemy. It doesn't do harm to come back after making sure who are enemies and who are not."

She got a bit distracted by Song of Dusk's arrival, or she would have been able to keep Torrens here.

Yourcenar realized that Erica was right. Running away was the best option for Torrens no matter if he was an enemy or ally. Torrens could always come back later if Yourcenar was here to help.

"There's no time for acting. I'll stay here to protect Calais, in case Torrens will come back. You go to Rentato." said Yourcenar. Although Torrens knew that it would be more direct and of symbolic meaning if he went to Rentato himself, but the Congress of Magic might doubt his true intention. At this point, the last thing he wanted to do was to distract the congress. Erica going back to Rentato and meeting the legendary archmages and grand cardinals would explain everything, as the teleportation circle connecting Cocus and the Holy City had been destroyed.

Erica nodded, although she was still on her full alert facing Yourcenar. Using Teleportation, she left for Rentato. It was not safe right now using the teleportation circle to go back as the energy storm was too powerful.

In the coastal Northland, the situation was pretty much the same. The Grand Cardinal fighting there also found a chance and sneaked away. But Ines did not get this lucky in Colette, as he was

facing Lord of the Undead. Running away had cost him an arm and a leg. The terrible injury had reduced him from level-two legendary to one, and it was going to be extremely difficult for him to recover from it.

.....

When the dazzling light appeared in the sky, Oliver, Hellen, and Hathaway all instantly turned around and flew towards the opposite direction as fast as they could.

They would not have to be in such a mess if Paradise on Earth had not blocked all the teleportation magic spells.

From a distance, then they all cast the defensive legendary spells that they were good at.

The rest of the legendary sorcerers also had no intention to prevent the grand cardinals from running away. Even if the cardinals all managed to run away from the battlefield, it would still cost them hours to recover and come back. And if they were all killed, the Church would definitely send more powerful grand cardinals here who would do much more damage to Allyn and destroy the legendaries' resurrection tools. In addition, as the Grand Cardinals were not enough close to the central explosion area, the explosion might not be able to kill them but instead, severely hurt them.

Boom!

The "sun" rose, and its light was so bright that it had deprived their eyes of all the colors they could see. Only white was left in their pupils. Then a strange-shaped mushroom cloud slowly rose. After the deafening explosion, the cloud rose in silence but the scene was beyond shocking.

The holy light was dissipated within a second, and then Paradise on Earth started cracking and collapsing like a glass toy.

Mecantron spat out a full gulp of golden blood, and his eighteen pairs of wings suddenly dimmed. The wings were now shaking and swaying like dry tree branches in the horrible storm and high temperature. Paradise on Earth was built based on his power.

When Douglas turned to protect himself from the power of Eternal Blaze, Mecantron seized the chance and kneeled down,

“Whoever prays in your name shall not be harmed.”

The illusionary waves spread out from Mecantron, and his target was the huge-scale transmission circle.

Paradise on Earth kept cracking, as the power of the “sun” extended to every corner of Rentato. The huge-scale transmission circle also started cracking, but at the edge of being completely destroyed, God’s Guard saved it.

Mecantron suffered more from casting God’s Guard. More blood came out from his mouth, and his aura had been greatly weakened.

After completely cracking Paradise on Earth, the remaining energy of the storm kept going. The divine power barrier activated by Lucien had also been severely damaged. In the end, it slowly disappeared.

The west side of the city of Rentato remained almost intact, but the noble district in the east had been razed to the ground. If it had not been that the legendary fight had driven people to the west or close to Nekso Palace, much more severe casualties would surely have ensued.

Nekso Palace was under the core divine power protection. Under the remaining waves of Eternal Blaze, it managed to remain intact.

The nobles looked out from the windows. Their hearts were bleeding – Their houses, treasures, and collections were all gone!

Within the central area of the explosion, the cloud and smoke slowly scattered and disappeared. Melmax, Holy Avenger, was now in a great mess: His legendary armor was now only left with a few pieces hanging, and half of his body had gone from vaporization. Fortunately, the sword in his right hand had not been completely destroyed. But now his power had been greatly reduced to the lowest level as a legendary.

The two saints behind him were even more severely hurt. Anasta and Maria had been burnt black, and now they were struggling to cure themselves.

The power of faith was draining, and their power had been reduced by one rank. They had to thank Melmax for standing in front of them to take the explosion, or the damage would have remained permanent.

As for Anthony and Augusta, who were standing further from Melmax and who were not as powerful as them, had been completely evaporated. Nothing of them remained.

“My two saints...!”

Melmax’s eyes had tears in them.

At this time, as if he felt something, Melmax looked up in the sky. He saw the pope slowly appearing in the sky, who now looked much older.

Finally, His Holiness came back! Melmax was thrilled.

Seeing the arrival of Benedict II, the grand arcanists and legendary archmages were suddenly all on full alert.

Melmax’s joy did not last long, as he sensed that a series of body explosions started happening. The bodies of twenty red robes, over a hundred cardinals, over a thousand priests and the same number of angels exploded one by one, as if the damage occurred to Paradise on Earth had reflected to them.

However, the creepy explosions did not hurt anyone around. The blood, flesh, and tissues joined each other and rose into the sky. A dark-red gate was formed in the air, on which there were messy patterns and symbols.

The gate was suddenly pushed open. A monster reached out its palm.

The look of the monster was beyond description of words. It was all messed up: It had over a hundred eyes, a dozen of heads, hands, claws and feet from countless creatures. The flesh ball was even wriggling changing constantly.

As soon as it appeared, the chaotic, evil power spread out. Its power formed a black ball, and the target was the pope!

While the Lord of Hell formed because of the sins from desire, this thing formed for no reason but just for pure slaughter and devastation.

“The Will of Abyss...” Benedict II’s face went pale.

At this time, the sun in the sky suddenly appeared, and a full moon appeared. Its target was also Benedict II!

They would kill you while you are sick and weak!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 564: Bliss

The unexpected changed stunned the legendary experts in midair. The battle that had been temporarily split because of 'Eternal Blaze' was still on hold. Everybody focused their eyes on the two demigods who were attacking Benedict II, waiting for a final result.

However, the two parties had opposite feelings. The legendary sorcerers were both delighted and worried. The Will of Abyss was known for his fervency and insanity. After the pope was killed by him, he would definitely launch an indiscriminate slaughter and destruction. Then, the area that the Congress was headquartered would suffer heavy losses. Chances were that only Douglas, Brook, Hathaway and the few other grand arcanists could survive.

After all, the pope would consider whether his battle with Douglas would affect the people of his own side. Therefore, it was easy to stall him. The Will of Abyss, on the other hand, did not have such concerns. Even if the devil lords were here, he would still kill them without any hesitation.

"This is something too chaotic to have a real name and cannot be described..." Douglas thought to himself, frowning.

'Will of Abyss' was a nickname that the ancient dragons gave to him so that they could refer to him.

If he was not defeated by the pope, the sorcerers would have to count on the Silver Moon's help.

Silver Moon Alterna, however, was best known for his lack of interest in unimportant affairs. He observed the world like a real world and barely intervened.

“I would have to go up...” Douglas would rather face the pope. At least, the pope would consider his own life cost when he performed God’s Arrival, but the Will of Abyss might detonate himself and spent tremendous time recovering in the abyss. He never counted whether it was cost-effective.

The only thing that reassured Douglas was that Melmax and the Angel King had been heavily wounded. By the time Brook came back, everything would be settled.

The Grand Cardinals had nothing but fear and worries. Should His Holiness perish here, he would be the first pope who died in a battlefield, which would be a major blow to the Church’s confidence. Also, if the enemy won, it remained to be seen how many of them could make it back.

Seeing the new situation, Mecantron dropped the idea of wasting several more legendary experts of the Church. After all, if another few saint cardinals and divine knights were killed, the Church would be attacked by all the enemies, like what the Magic Empire suffered in the past. His plan could only be carried out based on the Church.

“Gather in the transmission magic circles and return to Lance. I will resist them for now with God’s Guard.”

Mecantron’s voice echoed in every Grand Cardinal’s heart, making them less worried. They began to approach the massive transmission magic circles.

Whatever happened to His Holiness, the Church would survive it as long as the Lord’s grace was still there! The Angel King had shown his attitude!

In the sky on the east of the city, 'Night Walker' Winston and 'Heart of Time' Kritonia were also split, watching the falling silver moon and the destructive ball hitting the pope unavoidably.

"Mr. Kritonia, do you see this? The result is already destined..." Winston would rather not fight if he could persuade the enemy to give up.

Kritonia seemed to have grown old by many years all of a sudden. He fell into sorrow and silence looking at the high sky.

The full-strength attacks of the two demigods were about to hit the pope, when new changes happened in the high sky. Overwhelming, sacred ivory light suddenly glowed inside the pope, freezing the time and space around. The silver moon and the chaos could only move forward slowly.

With a peaceful and pious smile on his face, and devoting his body and his soul, Benedict II raised his staff and chanted:

"You are one, and everyone."

"you are the moment, and forever."

"You are the creator, and master."

“After every prayer, his body would become much dimmer. In Rentato, in the cities of Holm and Brentis, in Lance... all the clerics and believers were touched again. They kneeled and followed him to pray in peace and delight:

“You are one, and everyone.”

“you are the moment, and forever.”

...

“His Holiness has used ‘God’s Arrival’ again...” Melmax, Anasta, Maria and other supporters of the pope had obvious grief and pain. They knew the price of God’s Arrival.

With His Holiness’ capability as a demigod, he was not necessarily going to be killed by ‘Silver Moon’ and ‘Abyss’ even if he were heavily wounded, but to banish the two demigods, he still chose ‘God’s Arrival’...

A clear projection of Mountain Paradise appeared behind Benedict II. The holy spirits and angels from the first to the fifth floor chanted, while light flowed out of their body and gathered towards the sixth and seventh floors.

The six seraphs on the sixth floor all crossed their hands and kneeled on the ground, as if they were praying.

In the next, the holy light surged into the top floor, paying tributes to the boundless, indescribable brilliance.

Looking at ‘Silver Moon’ and ‘Abyss’, Benedict II said solemnly:

“This is the fairest judgment from the Supreme Lord. The undead and the evils shall be purged.”

The holy light in the projection of Mountain Paradise burst out. Silver Moon glittered, and Abyss revealed the deepest and most chaotic darkness.

All colors and voices were seized. The legendary experts could only sense the things within one meter with their spiritual power.

Suddenly, a most miserable scream echoed, and everybody’s lost senses were back. Hathaway saw that the uncanny meatball had many deep cracks. Countless limbs, eyes and heads were bursting out. It flew back into the crimson gate as if it were blown by airwaves. Then, the gate quickly rotted and disappeared.

In the meantime, a silver moon rose again, but it was much more lackluster and gradually eclipsed by the sun.

The aftermath rushed towards Rentato unstoppably. Her silver eyes constricting, Hathaway said in a low voice: “Elemental Protection.”

Gold, silver, white and black spots of light gathered into a sphere and covered the city.

“Magnetic Collapse.”

As the voices echoed, another dark, twisting space was added outside of the shield of elements, which absorbed more than half of the aftermath. The rest of it was blocked by ‘Elemental Protection’.

The previous God’s Arrival had exiled the two demigods?

Although they had seen it coming, such a terrifying combat ability still made Douglas and Melmax look around gravely.

High in the sky, Benedict II was still holding his staff.

“Is His Holiness alright?”

All the Grand Cardinals felt delighted.

The delight of the legendary sorcerers who saw that Brook was back, on the other hand, was replaced by heavy pressure. How many ‘God’s Arrivals’ could Benedict II still perform?

Suddenly, as wind passed by, Benedict II's clothes turned into broken light. Then, his hands, feet, torso and head were all shattered into spots of light and disappeared into the air, reflecting dreamy and shocking colors under the illumination of the sun.

Unpredictable hymns and music echoed, as if the God of Truth was guiding his spokesperson on earth to return to Mountain Paradise.

“His Holiness has been summoned by the Lord...”

Melmax murmured. It was the first pope who had died in a battle.

“The pope has perished...”

Douglas immediately realized what was going on. Performing a massive telepathic bond, he commanded other legendary sorcerers, “Surround and kill them!”

The Congress of Magic did not have such a huge appetite at the beginning, because Douglas was well aware of their gap with the South Church. They had never thought to fight a life-and-death battle with the Church.

Their target had always been to eliminate two to three Grand Cardinals with ‘Eternal Blaze’ that the Church did not know about. Through such a deterrence and the Dark Congress’ attack in the back, they could coerce the nobles to take their side and force the Church to end the war and evacuate from this side of the Storm Strait.

In short, they attempted to bolster peace through war!

But now that the pope had died on the battlefield, Douglas naturally changed his target accordingly. His new goal was to kill as many Grand Cardinals of the Church as possible.

.....

On the northeast of the city, Kritonia's face changed greatly after he saw the pope's demise. When Winston was about to persuade him to surrender again, he suddenly unleashed the most intense attacks that almost suffocated Winston.

Then, all the pressure on Winston was gone, as Kritonia flew far away.

"It seems that he doesn't believe he will end well if he surrenders."

"If he wanders out there, the queen will have concerns when she deals with his family members. After all, it's hard to resist the assassinations and sabotage of a legendary expert... This is also sort of a balance..."

"However, Mr. Kritonia, you're almost eight hundred years old. Even though you master the power of time, how much longer can you live? As time goes by..."

Regular legendary knights had a longevity of five hundred years. If they advanced into the third level of legendary, they could live another hundred years.

.....

The gravity around changed and made it impossible for them to move. Melmax immediately understood what Douglas thought. At this moment, only a couple of the Grand Cardinals had entered 'God's Guard' and were about to step into the transmission magic circles. The other people were still far away, including himself and Anasta and Maria behind him.

Suddenly, Benedict II's remaining staff went into a free fall. In a fabulous trace, it passed Douglas' gravitational field and Brook's magnetic field and fell to the ground.

Anasta's eyes became so deep and profound that they were like a bottomless ocean. He somehow extended his right hand and picked the staff precisely.

The seven-floored Mountain Paradise appeared again, and Anasta was enshrouded in the holy light.

Hymns and praise also surrounded him, modifying the environment to be sacred and indestructible.

"A bliss?"

"The Lord has chosen a new pope?"

Since every pope had died of natural causes, there was always enough time for a new pope to be elected and approved by the Grand Cardinals. Therefore, the case where the God of Truth directly chose a pope through bliss, as recorded on the Cannon, had never happened again after the first pope.

Anasta's blackened skin faded away. He was rejuvenated, his vibe soaring unstoppably. Very soon, it was so overwhelming that even Douglas and other experts at the peak of legendary could not compare to him.

"Blessed Realm."

The holy light spread out, drowning all the Grand Cardinals and blocking the attacks of the legendary sorcerers including Douglas, Brook and Hathaway.

The Blessed Realm was shaking and bordering on being destroyed, but it still survived until all the Grand Cardinals stepped into the massive transmission magic circles. Douglas, Brook and other legendary sorcerers, seeing that a new pope had been born, dared not push too far, either.

Although it might take the new pope ten years before he grasped 'God's Arrival', he was an unquestionable demigod!

Witnessing everything, Mecantron became more gloomier than ever

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 565: Aftermath

As the illusionary colors faded away, the new pope, the Angel King and the captain of the Temple Knights inside the massive transmission magic circles disappeared from Rentato.

After the transmission magic circles became dim, Hathaway's usual indifferent voice was mixed with certain complicated feelings as she muttered: "Elements Resolve."

Crack, crack, crack, crack. The massive transmission magic circles that had been seriously damaged under Eternal Blaze were disintegrated into elements, sinking or dispersing, never to be restored.

The facility that supported the South Church's reign was finally gone, marking that the South Church's influence has left the four countries of the straight and the north coastline.

"What a shame. If it weren't for the bliss..." Oliver felt regretful that the result could've been better.

Atlant was barely helpful because illusions and curses that he was good at were useless under 'Eternal Blaze'. However, he couldn't have looked more at ease. Closing his eyes, he smiled, "Oliver, greed is a flaw that other people will make use of. We have secured the control of this side of the Storm Strait without losing any of the seventeen legendary sorcerers, and our strength has been significantly increased after the six legendary knights join us. Are you still dissatisfied?"

His words were not ungrounded, because ‘Master of Transformation’ Erica, ‘Monarch of Fate’ Hull-Chulia, ‘Lord of the Undead’ Vicente, and ‘Hammer of the Void’ Bedrenka had all returned. ‘Night Walker’ had approached, too.

As a result, the legendary forces at the Congress’ disposal amounted to twenty-three, outnumbering the Dark Congress which had nineteen legendary experts. Also, it was much more united than other forces. Even when it only had eighteen legends, it was considered to be an organization better than the Dark Congress, because vampires and werewolves hated each other’s guts, and the ancient dragons were too proud to bother any species other than vampires.

In the meantime, the North Church only had fifteen legends, and only the pontiff was at the peak of legendary. It was weaker than the Congress of Magic, but there were another twelve legendary knights in the northern kingdoms and duchies. All in all, it was stronger than the Congress of Magic in the past, but because of their lack of experts at the peak of legendary, they were not as good as the Congress now.

Therefore, the Congress of Magic became the well-deserved second most powerful force.

Before Oliver replied, he saw ‘Innovator’ Davey return with a legion of Golems. He was a slim, sluggish ‘young man’ that was only enthusiastic when he saw the gadgets he created.

In a bitter smile, Davey said, “Stone escaped.”

Then he added, “I was too shocked by the pope’s demise. He ran before I came back to myself. Half of the Knights of Grail were controlled by me.”

“The Knights of Grail will be transferred to Natasha as per our promise. She’ll ask Richard to transform them into royal knights. If they refuse, then...” Douglas had little mercy for the enemy.

He turned to the other side, “Oliver, you will hunt Stone with Davey. He may be too far away to be caught now, but you can still add to his pressure so that he doesn’t sabotage everything on his way.”

“Understood.” Oliver was regretting that he did not kill a Grand Cardinal in person just now. Excited, he left with Davey.

The sky of Rentato became quiet, as if God’s Arrival and Eternal Blaze just now were only illusions.

Douglas sighed in relief and broke the silence. “I estimated that we would lose one or two legends in the operation, but we have to thank Sard. If he hadn’t consumed Benedict II’s first God’s Arrival, ‘Silver Moon’ and ‘Abyss’ would’ve waited for us to do so.”

“Even though the Dark Congress might not succeed, the Church had lost Anthony, Augusta, Sard and Beaver. After Anasta became the new pope, it remains to be seen if the other three saint cardinals would return to the Holy City. The South Church has suffered heavy losses.”

“I hereby announce that Project Mushroom Cloud has succeeded!”

The postwar silence was dispelled by Douglas’ announcement. For the sorcerers, it meant that they were no longer worried about the night watchers and the enemy next to their headquarters.

Seeing that the atmosphere was enlivened, Douglas chuckled, “Hathaway, ask the sorcerers in the Holm branch to help Richard include them into the new church. Later, we can study the divine powers with the Holmish Church.”

Hathaway nodded and reminded the sorcerers through ancient messaging methods, because the electromagnetic environment was still rather disordered.

Then, Douglas looked at Vicente, Holt, Erica, Atlant, Hellen and Hull-Chulia and said, “Fernando and I tolerated the Hand of Paleness, the Will of Elements, the Moonsong League, the Family of Sorcerers and Cabin of Palmeira within the Congress exactly because we hoped for today to come. Your infiltration in your respective countries was successful. I hope that you can defend your territory in the future and do not let the Church or other enemies get things their way.”

“My only requirement is that the chair and the vice-chair of the branches must be appointed by the Highest Council.”

Douglas proposed the requirement after the triumph while acknowledging the few organizations. Therefore, Vicente and other legendary sorcerers did not object. They were the members of the Highest Council themselves, too.

“Atlant and I will take turns to watch over the Duchy of Calais.” Erica expressed her attitude first, followed by other legendary sorcerers. They divided different areas, like ‘parishes’ in the past.

At this moment, ‘Night Walker’ Winston received a message from the nobles. Knowing their choice, he said with a smile, “Holm is the safest place. I can foresee that my job will be easy.”

In the new situation, the tradition that sorcerers could not enter the Nekso Palace was naturally abandoned. As a result, Hathaway and Davey could take care of the defense of the Nekso Palace while watching over the Will of Elements and the royal magic tower of Holm.

After the brief meeting, Hathaway and Winston reached the Parliament of Nobles, because certain things were still unresolved.

Sheathing the Sword of Truth, Natasha looked at Winston and said, “Mr. Winston, where is Mr. Kritonia?”

“He refused to cooperate with the Congress and escaped from Rentato.” Admitted Winston honestly.

Duke Kritonia’s face immediately became pale, but he also felt lucky that his ancestor at least did not die.

Natasha turned around and looked at the nobles. “Now, I request a trial on a murder case targeting Patrick, the former prince.”

Most nobles looked at her, stunned, not knowing what happened. Duke James was rather worried. Was it finally coming? But Kritonia was still alive!

With the test reports in her hands, Natasha said, “This is the flesh from my uncle Patrick. According to the examination of his cells, the age of his death was at least two years older than his actual age. So, I have reason to believe that Prince Patrick was murdered by accelerated time!”

The murderer was obvious between her lines. Duke Kritonia shook his head in panic, “I don’t know anything. I really don’t.”

Natasha looked at Duke Rex instead of him. “Three people witnessed everything in the Nekso Palace. One was Sard, one was Kritonia, and the last was you, Duke Rex. So, I propose that Duke Rex is to cooperate with the sorcerers and the clerics in their investigation.”

With a bitter smile, Rex shook his head. “That’s unnecessary. I admit that Kritonia did that under the late king’s command. I was an eyewitness and the perjurer.”

“What? My grandfather?” Natasha found it more or less unacceptable.

The other nobles looked the same.

Duke Rex smiled miserably, “The late king had always wanted to rejoin the embrace of the Saint Truth. The prince and him were...”

He did not go on but sighed, “As a noble, I’ve been suffering because I didn’t do anything when my liege was murdered. I feel relieved after the confession. I will answer for my mistake with my death. Your Majesty, I hope that you lead Holm to prosperity.”

Before the two legends could do anything, Duke Rex’s eyes lost colors, and he collapsed on his seat.

Natasha slightly sighed. “Duke Rex’s crime is not severe, and he has answered for it. So, the punishment for the Frenburg family is that their title will be lowered to count from duke. Is there any objection?”

Rex had already died, and the punishment was not severe. Therefore, both the liberals and the conservatives agreed with it and passed the proposition.

In the next, Natasha looked at Duke Kritonia and said, “There is enough evidence that proves Kritonia’s involvement in the murder. Is there anything you want to say?”

Duke Kritonia swallowed and struggled to say, “He did it on his own. I knew nothing. Nobody in the family did.”

The other nobles suddenly grew anxious, fearing that Kritonia would be on a rampage if the queen was too radical, in which case both she and her friends and subjects would be in great danger.

Natasha smiled, “According to the law, Kritonia will be hanged, all the titles of the Kritonia family will be removed, the fiefs and properties will be recalled, and the main family members will be imprisoned for ten years. What do you think?”

She did not propose an exile, because it would only make them reunite with Kritonia in the northland.

It was the fairest judgment that raised no objection. The only problem that was Kritonia, the culprit, hadn’t been captured yet.

Natasha drew the Sword of Truth and declared: “I will execute Kritonia in person!”

It was a goal she set for herself in front of overwhelming strength.

She could've been more rigorous about the Kritonia family, but she understood that she had a father, a partner and a family. Also, as a knight, she did not believe in guilt by association.

At this moment, Richard walked in and said to Natasha, "Your Majesty, cardinals and bishops have been sent to other cities of the realm to gather the clerics. Here are a few bills that I want the parliament to pass. After all, the new church will be highly integrated with the nobles."

"Copy the files and show them to the nobles." Natasha nodded.

After receiving the files, the nobles browsed through them and discovered that they were entitled to a lot of religious rights. Therefore, they passed it without much hesitation. Duke Solefen, the new president of the parliament, announced it for them:

"... The queen, our sovereign lord, her heirs and successors, kings of this realm, shall be taken, accepted, and reputed the only supreme head on earth of the Church of Holm; and shall have and enjoy, annexed and united to the imperial crown of this realm, as well the title and style thereof, as all honors, dignities, prominences, jurisdictions, privileges, authorities, immunities, profits, and commodities to the said dignity of the supreme head of the same Church belonging and appertaining ¹ !"

...

After everything was over, rarely-seen fatigue and sorrow appeared on Natasha's face. It was an unacceptably cruel thing that her grandfather ordered to kill her uncle.

As she walked out of the Parliament of Nobles, Natasha blinked her eyes when she saw the handsome man who was wearing a double-breasted suit. She walked to his front in a hurry and hugged him gently despite the surprised nobles behind her, dissolving her negative feelings with his warmth. Then, she joked in a low voice: "From today on, those who do slanderously and maliciously publish and pronounce that the queen should be heretic or question the legitimacy of her marriage will be guilty of high treason."

.....

On the opposite side of the Stuart, in Stuart, where part of the low-rank clerics gathered, the intense stink of sulfur spread out.

A fuzzy shadow looked at Holm and shook its head. "This monster..."

Since the Angel King used his identity as his cover, he could also develop under the Angel King's name and give a warning to the guys of the Congress of Magic.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 566: Holy Name

Inside ‘Thunder Hell’, in Fernando’s secret chamber...

The amulet of life suddenly turned transparent and glowed, and a section of bloodstained intestines wriggled, split and grew.

It took an entire hour before the Lord of Storm became what he used to be like, and another two hours for him to return to the third level of legendary.

After putting on his usual blood-red magic robe and embedding a weird false eye to his left eye socket, Fernando finally turned on the node of ‘Thunder Hell’ that connected the outside world. It was not because he did not trust Douglas, Hathaway or Lucien, but because of the basic wariness of a legendary sorcerer who had lived a thousand years.

No more than half a minute after the node was opened, the transmission magic circles glowed, and Lucien arrived at ‘Thunder Hell’.

“So soon?” Fernando laughed wickedly. “I thought that you were going to ‘celebrate’ with Natasha.”

Even though Lucien had been quite used to his teacher’s banter, his face was still red. “Prince Patrick was killed under the late king’s order. Natasha was not in the best mood because of that. I comforted her for a while. Then, the King of Nightmare sent Grand Duke of Orvarit over. They hadn’t seen each other for a while, and I was wondering how you were recovering. So I came here.”

“What’s to be worried about? I can fight another battle with the saints.” Fernando revealed his stormy vibe again. Then he shook his head, “Such things are not strange in the royal families. That little girl should’ve seen it coming.”

Seeing that Lucien was casual and could even comfort Natasha inside the Nekso Palace, he naturally knew that the brief war had been over with a satisfactory result. So, he was not in a hurry to ask.

Lucien, however, still looked at Fernando in worry. “Master, why do I feel that you are even more heavily wounded than the Holy Avenger was? You seem to be one step lower now, right?”

The moment Fernando revealed his vibe, Lucien sensed that something was not right.

“The wound on the soul somehow spread to the physical side, but it’s only temporary. I’ll recover in one to two years.” Fernando suddenly grew angry, “While Melmax was stronger than me, I couldn’t have been more heavily wounded than he was if I were in the complete state! I was only wounded because I didn’t bring my legendary items, and my puppets, mirrors and such were used to deal with the five saints.”

That was why he was confident to escape even when he was faced with the pope. After all, he had many legendary items and life-preserving legendary magics.

According to the demise of many legendary sorcerers, the Magic Empire concluded many things that could not be explained with current arcana theories. For example, the Sword of Truth could directly slay the soul, and the attack of pure energy might affect the pieces of soul inside the resurrection device after it destroyed the original soul. If the energy were even greater, and the sorcerer was not defended, they might even be completely obliterated.

The ancient sorcerers had named it ‘causality damage’, which was similar to part of the curses. As for what the fact was, nobody had figured it out yet.

The Highest Council's opinion regarding the center of Eternal Blaze's explosion was that the massive energy would disrupt the causality line. That was why they diminished the energy of the attack, fearing that Fernando would be killed along the way.

Lucien was not convinced by the explanation, but he couldn't think of any other reason yet. He was just an amateur in the studies of the soul.

"Yes, of course." Lucien knew his master to be a proud sorcerer who barely complimented other people. Naturally, he hurried to nod and change the subject, "Speaking of which, the Congress has really used all the stockpiles to trap the five saints. We may not be able to do the same thing again in the future."

The one-time items such as puppets and mirrors were essentially legendary scrolls. They were much rarer than alchemical items of the same level. Even the Congress of Magic, which was best known for their alchemy, had only three of them, which all belonged to the legendary sorcerers. The puppets were from Douglas, and the mirrors were Fernando's collection.

"To keep the losses minimal, other than thorough planning, the most important thing is that you must not be petty about items and scrolls. If you don't want to pay the money, you have to pay your life!" Fernando appeared rather resolute, but the storm in his eyes betrayed him. "If I didn't have the mirror and the puppets, I would've brought the Robe of Dominance and sacrificed it to stall the five saints, but then, the Congress would have to compensate for my loss with a legendary item."

Basically, only legendary experts had legendary items, but the Congress had organized many operations to explore the demiplanes of the ancient sorcerers, excavating the items of the legendary sorcerers who died in accidents.

The legendary items and those crafted with the rare materials from the relics belonged to the Congress. Whoever made special contributions or gathered enough wealth could trade for them. The members of the Highest Council could also borrow one of them when they were out on an adventure.

There were four such public legendary items, which were too expensive even for the legendary sorcerers. As for special contributions, only two kinds were acknowledged. One was the sacrifice that Fernando described, and the other was a paradigm-shifting theoretical system. That was how Fernando earned his Robe of Dominance.

A hundred years ago, when a new grand arcanists emerged at the same time, the Congress almost ran out of legendary items. As more and more rare materials were obtained from the alternate dimensions, the Innovator and the Alchemy Master each created one to make up for the gap.

Lucien had a deep understanding about the use of money again. While the Church was much wealthier than the Congress, things were the contrary in the field of alchemy.

Fernando asked about the result of the battle. “How many of the five saints died? What’s the final result?”

Lucien briefly described the result. Fernando listened and snorted, “Had it not been for Melmax, the four saints would’ve all died.”

After Lucien finished, Fernando slightly frowned and said, “We didn’t lose any of the legends, which was great, but it was quite weird that the new pope arrived at the level of demigod all of the sudden. If the pope did receive the favor of the God of Truth, why didn’t he kill all the sorcerers on the spot? Since he already bequeathed a bliss, it shouldn’t have been difficult to launch a punishment.”

In the past, the popes all died of natural causes, and they had plenty of time to select and train their heirs. Even so, it would take the new pope's one year before they could become demigods.

"Huh, if the pope is really the spokesperson of the God of Truth on earth who can receive the bliss, what about the North Church and the Holmish Church? Why can they also perform divine powers? Why can the pontiff use 'God's Grace'?" Lucien also expressed his questions.

Thoughtfully, Fernando said, "I just realized that something was wrong. Since the new popes would only be at the peak of legendary in one year after their inauguration, why did the three demigods never try to seize the opportunity in the past hundreds of years? The defense of the Holy City could resist one demigod but certainly not two."

Lucien shook his head. If they asked the Silver Moon such a question, there was definitely not going to be any answer.

.....

In the Bright Hall in Lance, the Holy City...

Anasta, who hadn't been officially inaugurated, stood before the remaining Grand Cardinals and said grievously, "The Congress of Magic conspired with abyssal devils and attempted to destroy the world. Thankfully, His Holiness sacrificed himself and crushed the Will of Abyss, saving the pure spirits. I will carry on his last will and eliminate the evils completely!"

That was their official statement on the event. Now that the four countries of the straight and the north coastline had been lost, they had to ensure that their base was steady, and nothing could please the believers more than a pope who sacrificed himself to save the world.

Looking around him, Melmax felt sorrowful. Of the eight saints, two had perished, one had betrayed and died, and one had become the pope. Only half of them were left. As for the regular saint cardinals, one had perished and three went missing, meaning that there were only sixteen Grand Cardinals left now. Thankfully, the Angel King prepared to stay on earth for now to help the Church survive the difficulties.

“We will certainly carry on His Holiness’ last will and eliminate the evils!” The Grand Cardinals drew crosses on their chest and replied at the same time in grief, “Only Truth lives forever.”

Anasta’s voice became slow and solemn, “We have suffered tremendous losses, but we must not lose confidence because of that. This is a test of the Lord, and we will accomplish the final victory with the grace of the Lord. Melmax, you will go find Torrens and other saint cardinals and tell them that, as long as they would like to repent, the Lord will pardon them. They were only on the wrong path because of Sard’s trick, and they can still return to the Lord. This is the Lord’s grace.”

Now that he had invoked Lord’s grace in front of the Grand Cardinals, it meant that Torrens and other saint cardinals had truly been pardoned. Even if he intended to go back on his words, he had to consider whether or not it would chill all of the Grand Cardinals. Also, Sard’s last trump card was ‘Will of Abyss’. Those three saint cardinals couldn’t have known much about that.

In appreciation, Melmax said in a low voice, “As the Lord wishes and your command.”

Only by uniting the majority could the Church recover from the hit.

“I am still not the pope yet.” Anasta smiled and walked to the stairs.

There were only seven stairs in total. When Anasta stepped onto the first stair, the hallowed and unpredictable hymns echoed.

When he stepped on the second stair, the vague holy light sprayed down, making the Bright Hall even brighter.

After his third step, countless angels made of light spots appeared and surrounded Anasta.

After his fourth step, the whole Holy City of Lance was enshrouded in holy light. All the clerics and believers kneeled on the ground and prayed: "...Your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as it is in heaven."

After his fifth step, the projection of Mountain Paradise seemed to have appeared in the sky.

After his sixth step, a beam of sacred light illuminated Anasta directly.

After his seventh step, Anasta, whose back was towards everybody, had an extremely pale face, and his left hand was shivering beyond his control as if he were too old and weary, but everything was soon back to normal. He turned around and raised his staff high towards the many Grand Cardinals.

At this moment, a grave and sacred voice descended from somewhere high and unknown:

“You will be given the holy name ‘Benedict’!”

Anasta drew a cross respectfully and spoke with a voice echoing inside the entire Holy City:

“Henceforth, I will be Benedict III!”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 567: Benedict III’s Target

Of the Grand Cardinals on the ground inside the Bright Hall, besides the legends such as saint cardinals and divine knights, there were also about ten level-nine clerics. They were also Grand Cardinals, and they were talents that the pope and the legendary experts had the highest hope in. They were either leading a small parish or managing different affairs in the Holy City, like the six ninth-circle archmages in the Highest Council of the Congress of Magic.

After Anasta solemnly announced that he was Benedict III, Philip, a level-nine bishop, felt that his mind was clear and forgot there were any other things in the world, when he heard the beautiful hymns and touched the peaceful light. While feeling moved, he felt that a light illuminated in his heart. Then, the light gradually expanded into a projection of a seven-floored Mountain Paradise.

The shadow of a six-winged angel flew out into Philip's heart of belief, subliming his soul.

Inside the Bright Hall, Philip was surrounded by a layer of flowing, incessant ivory light. His vibe soared exponentially, turning the environment clean and holy.

Witnessing it, Benedict III put on a sincere smile. "This is the Lord's grace. We now have one more brother and one more companion to purge evil!"

Melmax understood that Philip had finally 'seen' the projection of Melmax in his mind when the voice of the Lord arrived, and that he had advanced into a saint cardinal.

Inside the holy light, Philip's soul became clear from inside to outside. He raised his head, his eyes pure and delighted, and he drew a cross on his chest. "Only Truth lives forever."

"Welcome, fellow. Let's work harder to make the Lord's kingdom on earth as it is in heaven." Saint Melmax, Saint Maria, Auden and other Grand Cardinals all congratulated him.

Benedict III's had much more grey hair than a moment ago. He said peacefully and firmly, "The Lord's grace has never diminished. We will survive any crisis eventually."

"Melmax, your mission to search for Torrens is now transferred to Auden, and you will lead one Grand Cardinal and part of the ascetics to Aalto to reinforce Philibell and Beliel. Danisos has been disobedient. Maria, you will go to the north with two Grand Cardinals, in case the heretics invades the south. Kati, you will bring two Grand Cardinals to Stuart and reorganize the defense in the Storm Strait with the assistance of the legendary knights." Kati was another female saint.

Because there was no need to defend the four countries of the strait and the north coastline, and they had the assistance of the legendary knights, the Church still had enough hands and did not have to abandon too much territory in the alternate dimensions.

Melmax agreed with the plan. Although the legendary experts of the Church would be focused in the Duchy of Orvarit, the Holy Heilz Empire, Stuart and a few important alternate dimensions, making the Holy City of Lance and the central area undefended, there was still His Holiness, the Angel King and the newly-advanced Philip. Nobody could attack the city abruptly.

After the situation was settled, they would be able to restore the previous practice. Only one or two legendary Grand Cardinals would be left in those places for defense with local legendary knights. The rest of them would be focused in Lance for timely reinforcement and attacks.

Thinking for a moment, Melmax asked, “Your Holiness, Grand Duke of Orvarit is gone. How are we going to deal with the Violet family?”

Benedict III shook his head. “It’s Natasha’s personal action. Punishing the Grand Duke of Orvarit is fine, but striking the entire Violet family might anger the nobles and worsen the situation. So, you and Milton will choose someone from the Violet family to succeed the title.”

“As you wish.” Melmax did not object. He, too, did not want the family known as ‘Shield of Truth’ to abandon the South Church like the family of ‘Sword of Truth’, which would panic everybody.

As Benedict III sent out orders and the Grand Cardinals were dispatched to local places, the dangerous situation after the South Church lost the territory on the side of the Storm Strait, four legends, three saint cardinals and six legendary knights were gradually stabilized, and the Dark Congress missed the chance to bite the Church hard due to their internal strife yet again.

With Philibell, Milton and Beliel defending the place with the northern fortress and the divine power circles of Aalto, Danisos could not secure a victory on his own even though he was at the peak of legendary. There were also conflicts within dragons, and many of them were sleeping. Dracula, on the other hand, was too busy hunting a werewolf prince to bother the Dark Congress.

After Ines returned to Lance and Torrens, 'Angel of Wisdom', joined the North Church, the Congress of Magic's 'Mushroom Cloud' seemed to have died out. With one demigod, two top legends (the Angel King and Melmax', three level-three saints, fifteen legends and thirteen legendary knights in other countries, the South Church remained the strongest force, but it's gap between the North Church and the Congress of Magic had significantly been narrowed.

.....

After he returned to the late pope's library, Benedict III waved his hands, hinting for the few cardinals to leave. He sat on the chair and looked at the new picture: "Benedict II, 602-824."

Suddenly, his face became pale again, and both of his hands were trembling beyond his control. His vibe dropped and rose many times before it was finally stable, but his hair seemed even greyer and his eyes even dirtier.

"'Bliss' is truly hard to bear..." He heaved a sigh.

After he recovered, he looked at the room where Mecantron, the Angel King, was at, as if he could see him through all the divine power circles and walls.

Mecantron, who was as gorgeous as a female, stood next to the window. His long gold hair had dimmed a lot.

He suffered heavy wounds from Eternal Blaze and the recoil of 'Paradise on Earth'. He coughed every now and then, vomiting gold blood that was as intense as clusters of energy.

However, such wounds were not fatal at all for the Angle King. He was recovering at a visible speed.

Benedict III moved his eyes back and put on an uncanny smile.

Then, he stood up and walked to the cabinet of important files. Finding the column that was named 'Douglas', he drew many files from it and read them again: "The target does not seem to reject my speech..." "He often feels lost..." "He is perhaps vacillating..."

"—By Artil."

Reading those files, Benedict III took out the report of 'latest arcana theories' from the column of 'Congress of Magic', trying to understand the description on the special theory of relativity in it. He said in a low voice:

"Although Artil is not around to influence him, it is evident that his motion system has encountered great problems. Perhaps, he is even more lost right now. I should find a chance to talk to him..."

.....

In Antiffler in the Holy Heilz Empire...

Inside the royal palace, Rudolf II suddenly raised his head in his room of prayers. Eighteen pairs of dreamy wings were unfolded behind him, as he said in both confusion and delight, "Is he wounded?"

Recalling the feeling, Rudolf II closed his eyes, turning unpredictable and hallowed.

.....

In the frozen World of Souls that did not have any sound or additional color, Rhine's red coat was rather eye-catching.

Walking in the disordered shadow of Rentato, he said to himself solemnly, "Where did the thing inside Sard's body run to?"

.....

After he left 'Thunder Hell', Lucien returned to the Atom Institution, only to discover that Lazar, Annick and his other students were both scared and happy.

“Master, why did we suddenly declare war on the Church?” Allyn had been spinning like a ball under the energy storm of ‘Eternal Blaze’ after losing most of the momentum, which was a more terrible experience for Heidi than when she passed the Storm Strait on a boat. Her face was pale because of vomiting, and her voice was weak.

Lucien smiled, “Such a thing certainly needs to be kept confidential. There are a lot of spies in the Congress.”

Their families had been moved to Allyn, so the students were all overjoyed after they were back to themselves, announcing that they could finally travel in Rentato and other places. As Lucien’s students, they did not even dare to leave Allyn before they reached the third circle.

Then, Heidi, Katrina and other students asked about the legendary battle just now, and Lucien told them the things he knew frankly.

“Master, did you kill many level-nine clerics? Were there Grand Cardinals?” Katrina was rather confident in her teacher, who had escaped from the Demigod-lich when he was only in the sixth circle!

Lucien shook his head. “How could I join a legendary battle? I only helped Nekso Palace in the Nekso Palace.”

Because he was too weak, he barely contributed to the plan of operation, except that he informed the Highest Council that Nekso Palace could directly contact the pope. Therefore, those old foxes soon drafted a Plan C.

Natasha's speech that she used to convince the nobles, on the other hand, was written by him. On the premises that she reserved the veto right and the levy right on the nobles' dominions, she actually did not compromise as much as it seemed.

"Master, you will become a legend soon enough." Chelly, having received Lucien's help, adulated him in a joyful mood.

Lucien did not say anything else. There were many things that needed to be addressed. Therefore, he surpassed them and entered his own office.

"Layria, did you see the additional iron ring on master's left hand? Hehe, perhaps he won't be single any longer any soon." Heidi observed keenly and remarked.

Then, Layria also realized it. "'Element', the Holmish crown ring on master's right hand, is also gone. Great men are always picked first. How I envy her."

The ladies were immediately refreshed. In the spirit of gossip, they chattered nonstop.

.....

Inside the Land of Truth, Douglas received a report from the tower guard, who stated that Francois, a member of the Affair Committee and a ninth-circle archmage, had come to visit him.

Francois was an ancient sorcerer who followed Douglas to establish the Congress of Magic at the beginning. They had been close to each other. Therefore, Douglas asked the tower guard to let him in after examining him.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 568: Stars Above

In the small living room of the Land of Truth, Douglas met Francois.

Because he failed to advanced into legendary, many magic rituals that could extend the longevity by more than five hundred years were not usable for him. He was rather old, his hair sparse and grey. His skin was full of wrinkles, with spots here and there. But his blue eyes were as deep as an ocean, as if they accommodated the wisdom that had sunk in the passage of time.

“Francois, what brings you here? Are you ready for the lich transformation ritual?” Asked Douglas casually. As a member of the Affair Committee, the man should be occupied in such a moment.

Francois shook his head in a smile, “To be a lich, I will have to abandon the enjoyments and entertainments as a man. I may even become extreme and crazy because of negative energy. It really isn’t the best choice. I haven’t made up my mind yet. I’m still waiting to see if my cognitive world can be half solidified.”

“That’s a great idea. Arcana and magic have been developing at a terrifying speed over the past ten years. Perhaps, new theories or achievements that are suitable for you will be proposed soon, allowing you to solidify your cognitive world after years of accumulation.” Douglas nodded, approving Francois’ decision.

In his mind, the crazy development of arcana began with Felipe’s studies on cell memories and Lucien’s submission of the periodic table. He seemed to have foreseen two new legendary sorcerers. Therefore, when Vicente tried to get Felipe away from the Demigod-lich’s incident, he agreed with it and let it pass.

Francois smiled. “Mr. President, it’s true that new theories or achievements that can break my bottleneck will arise soon, but they are also very likely to break my head, especially if they are from Lucien Evans, the Headcrusher.”

Douglas shook his head with a smile, knowing that Lucien was already ‘notorious’ among the sorcerers. “The advancement he brought forth hasn’t been fully revealed. Perhaps, you will see the value of his new theories in three, five or ten years.”

Francois said in a smile, “Like ‘On the Electrodynamics of Moving Bodies and Mass-energy Equation’?”

Douglas smile was gradually gone. He said at a loss, “Yes.”

Francois continued, “When I saw the paper, I felt that my confidence was destroyed. It was not because I was shocked at Lucien Evans’ talents, but because I was suspicious about myself and the arcana system in the past hundreds of years.”

“Mr. Douglas, I’ve been following you since the end of the War of Dawn. We established the Congress under the suppression of the Church. Your gravity theory and your motion system were the lighthouses that guided me. But right now, one of the two lighthouses has been announced ‘wrong’. I really don’t know what to believe now. I’m like a boat in a storm, with nothing but darkness before my eyes.”

Douglas lowered his voice. “It’s not wrong but a low-speed approximation of the relativistic system.”

The atmosphere became weird, filled with indescribably silence and depression.

Francois looked at Douglas earnestly, “Mr. President, low-speed approximation means that you neglected too many things in your motion system, and there were too many errors. Also, don’t you think that ‘time is space, and space is time’, ‘time depends on matter and is speed’s function’ completely overthrow our understanding?”

“It is indeed different from our intuition. When I saw it, I also felt that my past thousand years were denied.” Douglas admitted rather honestly.

Honesty had always been his attitude towards arcana problems.

Francois said with a heavy mind. “Perhaps it was because our studies were too superficial and too far away from the truth. Perhaps, when we really approach the ‘truth’, we may discover that it is the opposite of what we believe it.”

“That’s true. The more I study arcana, the more ignorant I realize I am, on time, space, mass and energy or even regarding gravity that I’m best at.” Douglas revealed confusion again.

Francois heaved a sigh. “The truth of this world is beyond our imagination. Too many questions can’t be answered, and more and more things point at the same thing. What’s the nature of gravity? How did it appear in the beginning? If your astronomical motion system works, what’s the initial force that made the planets spin?”

“That’s exactly what I’m confused about. Where’s gravity from? How does it spread? How was it created at the beginning? The more I know, the more lost and scared I am. Perhaps I’ve been wrong all this time.” Douglas’ voice was unpredictable.

Francois’ blue eyes turned deep. “Perhaps, we should look for a philosophical explanation. Perhaps, there was indeed a First Cause and a source that created everything. In that case, the system of celestial body motion can be perfected and constructed.”

Douglas did not hide it from his old friend. He said depressed, “Sometimes, I can’t help but think that way. There’s probably really a supreme being and a First Cause, or the whole arcana system cannot be explained from the origin. It’s like a house without the foundation, which will collapse under the gentlest breeze.”

The atmosphere was even more weird. Light flashed in Francois’ eyes as he spoke, “That is to say, your gravity system and your motion system will collapse without the First Cause, right?”

“Yes.” Douglas added, “At least so far, but there may be other arcana explanations in the future.”

Francois said in a low voice, “Then, what’s the origin of this world? Who am I? Where are we from? Where are we going to? Can you find the answers from arcana studies?”

“Not for now. They are still in the category of philosophy.” Douglas shook his head.

Francois also shook his head. “No, they are in the category of theology. As long as you admit that there is a supreme being and a First Cause, all the questions can be answered.”

Douglas opened his mouth and was about to say something, when his pupils constricted. “Who are you? You are not Francois!”

Something emerged inside Francois’ body, making him sacred and peaceful. “You may call me Benedict III.”

“Pope... Why are you here? Where is Francois?” Douglas was not too panicked. In his own demiplane and his own magic tower, he was confident to fight the pope, the Silver Moon, or the Lord of Hell even if they came in person – on the premise that they did not have God’s Arrival. Therefore, he was not scared of the pope who had been projected into Francois’ body in a strange way.

The mysterious magic circles were activated, turning the Land of Truth outside into dark night with stars in the high sky.

Benedict III showed little reaction. He merely smiled, “Francois willingly let me project. Otherwise, it is impossible for me to be projected into an archmage’s body.”

“So, he has been working for the Church. No wonder there were so many leaks. I had always thought that there were spies in the Affair Committee, but I didn’t know it was him.” Douglas felt sad when he was faced with the spy who was of the highest level. The old friend who established the Congress of Magic with me had betrayed his dream and joined his nemesis in the end?

He also felt lucky that Project Mushroom Cloud was only known by a few trusted members of the Affair Committee, and that Francois was not among them.

Benedict III said peacefully, “Francois recognized arcana’s fundamental problem, so he returned to the arms of the Lord. Douglas, don’t deny it. You are already starting to believe in the First Cause and the supreme being.”

“Yes, I can’t deny that I’m more or less convinced by the First Cause and the supreme being.” Douglas replied expressionlessly.

In delight, Benedict III said, “Very good. If you are willing to be baptized, you will be the First Saint of the Church and the pope later. You will know the secrets of demigods and receive eternal happiness.”

Douglas suddenly chuckled. “Just because I believe that doesn’t mean that I will worship the God of Truth.”

“What? Are you not clear about the power of ‘God’s Arrival’? Did you not see the projection of Mountain Paradise? If you are willing to join the Church, I can reveal part of demigod secrets to you right now.” Benedict III was somewhat surprised.

Douglas pointed at the starry sky outside the window. “Benedict III, you probably have never explored space like we sorcerers have, right?”

“So what?” Benedict III did not understand why Douglas said that.

With extreme zealotry and fascination, Douglas stared at the sky. “Only after you’ve been there will you know how boundless space is, and how insignificant you, I, the Silver Moon, the Lord of Hell and the entire world are compared to it.”

“Even if I believe in the First Cause, I don’t believe that such a great being will fight for territory with us and vampires in such a small world.”

“My god perhaps will accept our prayer and pacify our heart, but the ‘God of Truth’, who launches divine power and graces directly and who encourages the Church to compete for resources and territory in this world, is nothing at all compared to the awe-inspiring, infinite space.”

Then, Douglas turned back around and looked at Benedict III.

“So, do you think that he deserves my belief?”

At this moment, the man who built the Congress of Magic from scratch fully revealed his confidence and pride.

Benedict III looked awful. Douglas was indeed lost, but he was lost in a different way.

“I want to know the secrets of the demigods, but I despise your methodology.” Douglas said with a peaceful smile. “One day, you will realize that sorcerers are not the enemies of faith; it’s just that our eyes are not as limited to this narrow place as yours.”

“The future of sorcerers lies in the boundless space, somewhere close to the ‘truth’!”

Benedict III sighed, “To be a demigod is harder than you think. Sometimes, vastness does not mean the truth; beings of higher levels and forms are. Now that you’ve refused my offer, I’ll take my leave.”

“Let Francois go with you. He contributed to the establishment of the Congress of Magic. I do not want to punish him for his doing, but he must leave the Congress.” Douglas also sighed. Benedict III was obviously only a projection. Killing Francois wouldn’t hurt him at all. In the meantime, he intended to ask Hellen, who guarded Allyn, to watch over Francois in case he sabotaged anything.

Without further ado, Benedict III left the magic tower.

When he stepped into the transmission magic circles, Francois’ body suddenly melted into blood stained with holy light. Then, drawing weird symbols, the blood shut down all the space nodes, as if Douglas had turned off the demiplane on his own.

Douglas frowned and tried to open it again, only to discover that it would take him at least two days. He was more or less surprised. “Is this a demigod spell? My demiplane can be temporarily blocked by sacrificing one projection and one ninth-circle archmage?”

He felt rather lucky again. If they had waited for the Church to attack them, such a method that could cage the top legendary sorcerers in their demiplanes could be very fatal. It meant that they

would be divided and conquered. The Congress was far weaker than the Church in the first place. They would be wiped out for sure if they got even more divided.

“Thankfully, we launched the attack in advance and took the initiative. However, what is Benedict III trying to do?” Douglas did not think that he would start a war at such a moment, unless he intended to join the Congress with the contribution of annihilating the Church. Therefore, Douglas was not very anxious, albeit a bit puzzled.

“Although the previous spell was mixed with holy light, it was more like some of the unique, peculiar magics of the ancient sorcerers. It seems that the Church reaped a lot of classics when the Magic Empire was destroyed.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 569: Malicious Purpose (3 in 1)

In Allyn, the City in the Sky...

The Atom Institution paid so well that Blake was able to rent a villa with a garden in the suburbs after only one year. However, his habits did not change because he had come to Allyn, and he could not go to sleep without listening to ‘Arcana Voice’ and ‘News of the World’.

“...This concludes the Congress’ expansion in the four countries of the strait and the north coastline...”

The brisk voice of Lark spread into Blake's ears, making him, who was leaning against the sofa lazily, feel peaceful and delighted from the bottom of his heart. He was integrated into the tranquil night around his house.

Zi, zi, zi. Electric noises echoed from the magic radio. Blake looked at it in confusion. What happened? 'News of the World' should still have half a program left. Was it because of the disorder of electromagnetic signals again?

Rising from the sofa, Blake walked towards the magic radio. He was about to adjust it with his right hand, when an old voice suddenly came out from the radio:

"Mr. President, it's true that new theories or achievements that can break my bottleneck will arise soon, but they are also very likely to break my head, especially if they are from Lucien Evans, the Headcrusher."

Blake was stunned all of a sudden. Mr. President? Did he mean Mr. Douglas? Had 'News of the World' invited him, too? That would be too exciting.

The arcanists who grew up in the Congress had been taught with the president's deeds of establishing the Congress despite all the dangerous through arduous work since childhood. His gravity theory and motion system were also the classics that all the sorcerers worshiped and learnt. After hundreds of years, it was still the two pillars that supported the arcana system. 'Mathematical Principles of Magical Philosophy' was praised to be the most important masterpiece in the history of arcana and magic, and a symbol of civilization that separates darkness and ignorance from the real discovery of the world mysteries.

Therefore, for most arcanists, the president was the mental pillar of the Congress, a mountain that could not be circumvented in the field of magic, and a man who supported the sky of the arcana system. He had been admired by everyone, old and young.

“The advancement he brought forth hasn’t been fully revealed. Perhaps, you will see the value of his new theories in three, five or ten years.”

Yes. It was exactly the president! Both the voice and the tone suggested so!

Blake suddenly grew excited. He had the privilege of listening to Mr. President’s speech indirectly through ‘Allyn’s Past Week’ in ‘News of the World’, which left him with a deep impression. His easiness, generosity and his unreserved compliments for the new talents were absolutely authentic!

“This is fantastic. They have finally invited Mr. President to ‘News of the World’! The only problem is, why is the interviewer an old man with such an unpleasant voice, instead of everybody’s old friend, Ms. Lark or Ms. Nightingale? Their voices alone are an entertainment.”

Some hilarious thoughts occurred to Blake, but he guessed that the man was Mr. President’s old friend, that was why he could invite the president. The two channels had been established for several years, but none of the Highest Council were willing to participate in the talk shows.

“Like ‘On the Electrodynamics of Moving Bodies and Mass-energy Equation?’”

“Yes.”

Douglas' obviously gloomy voice came into Blake's ears, making the smile on his face disappear.

While he very much admired his boss and the manager of the Atom Institution – Mr. Lucien Evans, it was still only limited in the fields of new alchemy and elements. He had been Mr. President's follower when it came to the gravity theory and the motion system. Therefore, he was partly excited when witnessing Mr. Evans disrupt Douglas' motion system, and partly lost because the mental pillar that supported his arcana ideas suddenly collapsed. The arcana world that was clear and visionary became chaotic and obscure.

Also, the disruption of the relativistic space and time over the absolute time and space, and the mind-boggling descriptions, overwhelmed him, who began to question the whole arcana system.

If Mr. President's motion system, one of the greatest classics, was wrong, what else couldn't be?

Thankfully, there was still the awe-inspiring gravity theory!

...

In the broadcast room of 'News of the World'...

'Lark', Samantha, had been reciting her script attentively, prepared to comment on the matter freely a while later, when the door of the broadcast room was suddenly opened.

“Something happened!” The arcanist who walked in spoke palely.

Samantha was both the anchor and the manager whom Lucien entrusted the affairs of ‘News of the World’ to. She hinted that something had happened with her eyes and asked the arcanist responsible for the broadcast to play advertisements.

The arcanist who just entered carried a magic radio with him. He said both in confusion and panic, “Ms. Samantha, your broadcast has been cut off, replaced by a conversation between Mr. President and another sorcerer.”

“What?” Samantha knew very well that Mr. President had never been invited to the show.

She was taken aback by the unprecedented situation for a while.

The new arcanist turned on the radio, allowing everybody in the broadcast room to hear an old voice:

“... suspicious about myself and the arcana system in the past hundreds of years. Mr. Douglas, I’ve been following you since the end of the War of Dawn. We established the Congress under the suppression of the Church. Your gravity theory and your motion system were the lighthouses that guided me. But right now, one of the two lighthouses has been announced ‘wrong’. I really don’t know what to believe now. I’m like a boat in a storm, with nothing but darkness before my eyes.”

His confusion and loss stunned all the arcanists in the broadcast room. That seemed to be the best narration of the questions they had themselves in the past several months. Those who had never experienced mental meltdowns couldn't have understood the helplessness and hopelessness in the words.

Samantha, of the school of astrology and force field, held her breath and waited for Mr. President's answer. He had never offered any comment on the issue before.

"It's not wrong but a low-speed approximation of the relativistic system."

Douglas' voice echoed, just as everybody expected.

Different from the low-level arcanists like Blake, most of the arcanists in the room had the privilege to meet Mr. President when 'News of the World' was praised by him, and they could clearly tell that it was exactly Mr. President's voice and tone. Samantha, who had visited the Land of Truth with her teacher together, was most certain of it.

But Mr. President's answer was too plain and unconvincing, wasn't it? It was just Lucien Evans' quote.

"Mr. President, low-speed approximation means that you neglected too many things in your motion system, and there were too many errors. Also, don't you think that 'time is space, and space is time', 'time depends on matter and is speed's function' completely overthrows our understanding?"

Yes! That's the feeling! The arcanists agreed with him in silence. Give us a model or explanation that we can understand, Mr. President!

“It is indeed different from our intuition. When I saw it, I also felt that my past thousand years were denied.” Douglas admitted rather honestly.” Douglas’ old and gloomy voice came out.

Boom!

Most of the people in the broadcast room felt a thunder bursting out in their heart. His life over the past thousand years was denied... Completely denied...

Even Mr. President’s life was completely denied. What about theirs?

Samantha was brooding in a trance first, before she suddenly realized what was going on. “This can’t be Mr. President’s reply! This is the enemy’s scheme!”

“Brian, you go and find Lucien. I’ll ask Ms. Hellen to activate the powerful interference devices to block the electromagnetic signals from Allyn!”

It was an emergency plan that Lucien came up with before. Having been teleported from Earth, he couldn’t have neglected the possibility that the enemy could counter-brainwash the sorcerers with radios and electromagnetic signals. So, he made quite a few emergency plans.

Although only Allyn could be blocked for now, Samantha had no time to bother the branches and the local organizations!

“The truth of this world is beyond our imagination. Too many questions can’t be answered, and more and more things point at the same thing. What’s the nature of gravity? How did it appear at the beginning? If your astronomical motion system works, what’s the initial force that made the planet spin?”

Samantha’s hand, which was about to touch her communication earring, was frozen. It was the question that puzzled every sorcerer of the school of astrology.

What was the nature of gravity? How would Mr. President reply?

Inertia let her connect to Hellen’s secret frequency while she waited for answers. She said with a voice as predictable as wind, “Ms. Hellen, the enemy’s signals have hijacked ‘News of the World’...”

Hellen, who was defending Allyn on the thirty-third floor, was a woman who looked like an elf of snow. Her lips were blue, but she was surrounded in a weird charm.

Hearing Samantha’s words, she was not in a hurry to activate the powerful interference device in Allyn. Instead, she turned on the radio on her desk, trying to figure out who had infiltrated them in what way, so that they could be better prepared in the future.

“That’s exactly what I’m confused about. Where does gravity come from? How does it spread? How was it created at the beginning? The more I know, the more lost and scared I am.”

Perhaps I’ve been wrong all this time.”

As she listened, shock and a collapse of faith appeared on Hellen's delicate and cold face beyond her control.

Other people might have suspected that the voice was fabricated via magic or divine powers, but as a grand arcanist, she knew very well that after one became a legendary sorcerer, their cognitive world would gradually melt with their soul, and their words would carry their cognitive world's influence and feedback to the real world. Even when they did not perform any magic, their voice still had a unique air, unless they disguised it on purpose.

Unless they knew the constituents of a legendary sorcerer's cognitive world, it was barely possible to duplicate and fabricate the unique feeling. Every person capable of that was the best in the fields of illusion and transformation, like the Eye of Curse, the King of Nightmare and the Master of Transformation, but why would they do such a thing when the Congress had just secured a glorious victory?

Also, two of the six grand arcanists were more or less Douglas' students: the 'more' one was Brook, the Emperor of Control, and the 'less' one was Hellen Paris, the Witch of Iceland.

'Cabin of Palmeira' was a magic group that had controlled the northland since ancient Magic Empire. In its heyday, it had three legendary sorcerers. After it was melted into the Congress, it had developed very sluggishly because they were unused to the arcana principles. Since Hellen was exceptionally talented and had unusual understanding in arcana studies, her teacher thought that she was too good for him to teach and asked Douglas to help with the teaching.

For Hellen, Douglas was like a father who supported the sky of the Congress of Magic and illuminated the path of arcana studies, but now, he was saying 'Perhaps I've been wrong all the time'. How could she not feel that her whole world and her whole life was collapsing? She was so shocked that she even forgot to implement the interferences.

“Perhaps, the voice was fabricated by a demigod...” Hellen tried to explain it.

...

Perhaps I’ve been wrong all the time.”

Felipe was also listening to ‘News of the World’ in his own magic tower inside Heidler city.

At first, he also thought that President Douglas was a special guest, but he soon realized that something was wrong. However, the content of their conversation was so corruptively charming that he listened on uncontrollably.

When the founder of the arcane system, the explorer of arcana frontiers and the leader of arcanists spoke somewhat in pain that he might have been wrong all the time, even Felipe, who had always been egoistical, felt unbelievably surprised and lost, too, the brilliance in his eyes dispersing.

“Are you going to tell us that you were wrong in the beginning, when we have made it this far after all the hard work?”

Holding the red cup of wine, Felipe looked out the window. The whole Heidler city was enshrouded in the darkness of night. Lights were flickering like stars, like the unsettled mind of all the sorcerers who had heard the conversation.

Even though he was a necromancer, they still had more or less studied gravity, which seemed to contain the deepest mysteries of the world, and they still respected Douglas, who founded the Congress and the arcana system, from the bottom of their heart. His invention of calculus and his studies on geometric models made the advancement of the sorcerers of all schools much easier and less dependent on drugs and materials.

...

In the headquarters of the Will of Elements, Raventi, who was to safeguard the place tonight, looked gloomy, his face tightened, as he listened to 'News of the World'. It never occurred to him that Mr. President would say such things!

He was in a good relationship with the Tower, and he had profound studies on gravity, too. He understood that the questions like 'Where's gravity from? How does it spread? How was it born at the beginning?' were the ultimate enigma in gravity studies that could not be avoided. He had similar confusion himself.

However, how can you lose confidence and say that you have always been wrong, Mr. President?

It doesn't matter if there are problems. We can solve them one at a time!

How is it possible to figure out all the mysteries at the very beginning?

Everybody has witnessed the development of the gravity system over the past years. The success of the artificial planets further convinced everyone of its validity. Was it not progress but retrograde?

We cannot be impatient about the problems that involve the origins. We have to walk on the solid foundation that is our current research achievements!

Mr. President, you must not lose your confidence!

If you lose your confidence, too many arcanists and even legendary sorcerers will be confused, lost and even desperate.

“Perhaps, we should look for a philosophical explanation. Perhaps, there was indeed a First Cause and a source that created everything. In that case, the system of celestial body motion can be perfected and constructed.”

“Sometimes, I can’t help but think that way. There’s probably really a supreme being and a First Cause, or the whole arcana system cannot be explained from the origin. It’s like a house without the foundation, which will collapse under the gentlest breeze.”

The supreme being, the First Cause, and the arcana system which cannot be established without those concepts... You are not seriously trying to tell us that, Mr. President, are you?

We have been fighting the Church and the believers of the God of Truth for our entire life, only to discover that all our pride and faith depends on the God of Truth after all?

Raventi rose from his chair abruptly, his right hand trembling violently. Finding it impossible to believe that President Douglas said that, he began to identify its veracity with prophecy.

It was true...

Even Raventi, an archmage who had pursued truth and despised hypocrisy for his entire life, looked old and weak. He couldn't believe, nor could he accept, that Mr. President would believe that a supreme being had been dominating everything, in which case the arcana system and the Congress of Magic he established would be a joke, and so would be Raventi himself, who was attached to them.

"Annonis, are you listening to News of the World? Hurry and check if Mr. President's words are true with astrology." Raventi remembered that he was not good at prophecies, so he hurried to contact his best friend.

...

When Samantha was petrified by Douglas' questions about the gravity theory, an arcanist of the school of electromagnetism in the broadcast room hurried to inform Lucien, who was the person with the highest clearances that he could reach out to.

After ending the conversation with Natasha and sending his regards to Grand Duke of Orvarit, Lucien stayed in his office in the Atom Institution and continued the studies on his own magic structure and arcana studies. He felt the passion to work for his family now that they had exchanged their rings and settled their relationship.

Suddenly, Lucien's monocle became hot.

“Mr. Evans, hurry, listen to ‘News of the World’...” A strange male voice echoed in panic, but he could not explain what was going on in his anxiety.

Lucien asked quickly but got no effective answer. He could only turn on the magic radio and set it to the channel of ‘News of the World’.

“That is to say, your gravity system and your motion system will collapse without the First Cause, right?”

“Yes.”

The First Cause? Isn’t it a concept that those theologists invented? Why is Mr. President discussing it with somebody else?

“Then, what’s the origin of this world? Who am I? Where are we from? Where are we going to? Can you find the answers from arcana studies?”

“Not for now. They are still in the category of philosophy.”

Lucien realized that something was wrong as he listened on. He hurried to disconnect the communication and contacted Grand Arcanist Hellen, who was the supervisor tonight.

Beep, beep, beep. The line was busy. He could not reach out to her.

“No, they are in the category of theology. As long as you admit that there is a supreme being and a First Cause, all the questions can be answered.”

Hearing that, Lucien felt more and more terrible. There was no time to contact Ms. Hellen. If anything went wrong, his teacher was always there!

“Hello!” Fernando was not in the best mood after his research was interrupted.

“Master, News of the World has been infiltrated. Somebody from the Church may be alluring Mr. President! I can’t reach out to Ms. Hellen!” Lucien spoke fast.

“News of the World?” As an impetuous man, Fernando had returned to the Allyn magic tower from his demiplane and left for Hellen’s library, fearing that something might happen to her.

As for Douglas, Fernando trusted him as his old friend. It would’ve been reasonable if his cognitive world collapsed because of the new arcana theories, but they were saying that he would worship the God of Truth and join the Church?

Did the Saint Truth, which had just been hit by one ‘Eternal Blaze’, really deserve his faith?

After he pushed the door of Hellen’s library, he saw her mumbling to herself behind the desk. “What’s gravity? What’s the nature of gravity...” Fernando felt that his heart was heavy. What exactly had Douglas said that made Hellen so confused?

He believed that Hellen would never mistake somebody else's voice for Douglas'.

"Francois recognized arcana's fundamental problem, so he returned to the arms of the Lord. Douglas, don't deny it. You are already starting to believe in the First Cause and the supreme being."

The storm that surrounded Fernando came to an abrupt halt. He looked at the magic radio, as if he were looking for Douglas' reply, too.

"Yes, I can't deny that I'm more or less convinced by the First Cause and the supreme being."

Douglas' emotionless voice echoed in the library.

Hellen shut her eyes abruptly, and a drop of tear as clear as ice flowed out. The gravest sorrow was spreading out.

Fernando was stunned and then heaved a deep sigh.

"This is a recording of His Holiness' conversation in Douglas' demiplane. The greatest sorcerer also believes in the supreme being."

A peaceful, smiling voice spread out, pacifying everyone.

“If you wonder whether or not it was fake, sorcerers, you are free to check it with your prophecy and astrology.”

Zi, zi, zi. The electric noises appeared again, and the regular advertisement was restored.

“Jinkela, Jinkela, the best formula! Make your harvest spectacular!”

The room was filled by the hilarious voice, but the atmosphere was more than depressing. Hellen croaked, “I didn’t expect that Mr. President, who had been fighting the Church for his entire life, would believe in gods and question his own arcana theories...”

“No, that was not Douglas’ style! I absolutely don’t believe that someone so close to the truth of the world would believe in the crap like the God of Truth!” Fernando roared, “Hellen, you go find Douglas in his demiplane and see what happened! I’ll find Bergner and ask him to test the veracity of the conversation. The pope is a demigod. He might have methods that we cannot fathom!”

Fernando’s stormy roars woke Hellen up. Yes, suspecting Mr. President blindly without confirming the conversation was not in the spirit of arcana!

...

“Yes, I can’t deny that I’m more or less convinced by the First Cause and the supreme being.”

Clang. A transparent statue on Raventi's desk was swept to the ground by him unconsciously, breaking into countless pieces.

Seeing the many pieces, Raventi felt that he saw the collapse of one of the pillars that supported the arcana system. An irrecoverable hole had been torn in the sky of arcana.

The magnificent, exhilarating palace of arcana seemed to have been burnt to ashes. The whole world became dark.

"No, how could Mr. President think in such a way? Why would he introduce a supreme being..."

...

In Heidler city, the wine cup in Felipe's hands were crumbled into pieces by himself. The ever-rising moans of spectres echoed outside of his room, as if many undead creatures had lost control because of their master's trance.

Wu!

In their sorrowful and terrifying voices, Felipe put on a self-mocking smile on his pale, sickly face. "The founder and perfecter of arcana theories and the spiritual leader of the Congress of Magic has announced that his arcana theories are wrong, and that he believes in a god that controls everything. If that is true, and if that is proved, I'm very suspicious that somebody's head will be blown up. Even if it won't, their confidence of future advancement will definitely be struck.

Perhaps, nobody will advance into legendary for a long time, and it will be barely possible for the legendary experts to improve themselves.”

I may be one of the victims...

Wu!

The ghosts, zombies and mummies were screaming so desperately and painfully.

...

“If you wonder whether or not it was fake, sorcerers, you are free to check it with your prophecy and astrology.”

Frowning, Lucien stepped out of his office and reached the first district on the thirty-first floor, where the Sky Radio Station was located. He had to confirm the situation before he joined his master, or he wouldn't be able to evaluate the influence of the conversation on most of the arcanists.

After he opened the door of the broadcast room of 'News of the World', Lucien saw Samantha clutching her hair and mumbling to herself, “What is gravity? Where was gravity from at the beginning...”

He looked around, only to hear even more voices of confusion:

“Does it suggest that there was really a god who gave everything a push at the beginning...”

“The gravity theory depends on gods...”

“What is gravity? What is the nature of gravity...”

“Gravity cannot be manifested directly at all. In what way is it spread...”

The arcanist of the school of electromagnetism shouted, half overwhelmed and half lost. “Don’t panic, everybody. This is perhaps a recording that the Church fabricated! President Douglas will clarify everything tomorrow!”

Yes, even if Mr. President did say that, we will have to clarify that it was a slander and a lie from the Church! That was the only thing on Lucien’s mind.

“Yes, we will interview Mr. President tomorrow and ask him to clarify it before everyone.” Samantha was back to herself all of a sudden, refusing to believe what she just heard. “Lucien, you’re here? Any news?”

“This is undoubtedly not the truth. I’ll go find Ms. Hellen and visit Mr. President.” Lucien declared resolutely and eased everybody’s anxiety.

Being someone from a different world himself, it was not entirely impossible for Lucien to accept a certain god, but everything had to be founded on repeatable phenomena and experiments. Unproved things were nothing but illusions for him!

In the atmosphere of depression, sorrow, chaos and confusion, Lucien hurried to leave the Sky Radio Station and went to the library of the Witch of Iceland on the thirty-third floor.

The moment he reached the door, Lucien heard his teacher roaring, “Bergner, you’re telling me that it is true?”

“It’s not like your prophecy was never wrong! I’ll find Douglas and ask him in person soon!”

As the terrifying storm rushed to his face, Lucien saw that his teacher was completely on a rampage.

However, Lucien had nothing to worry about other things right now. He asked earnestly, “Master, did Mr. Prophet say that the conversation was true? Did the pope really go to the Land of Truth? Where is Mr. President?”

Holding back his anger, Fernando suppressed his voice and said, “Bergner said that it was something that already happened, and that nobody attempted to disrupt the traces of fate. Therefore, it was very easy for him to tell that the conversation was true. As for Douglas...” He looked Hellen, who was still an ice beauty but who seemed rather reckless – she was trying to open the portal worriedly and impatiently. “The demiplane has been blocked. There’s still no telling whether he closed it on his own or it was the pope’s doing...”

The more he talked, the more difficult it was for Fernando to hold back his urge of roaring. Nothing else mattered right now except for opening Douglas' demiplane and finding him! Everything would still be easy as long as he was not really devoted to the Saint Truth!

Fernando was quite confident about that with his years of understanding about his friend. Therefore, he was not as lost and befuddled as Hellen.

"Really?" Lucien felt that his knowledge had been disrupted. Mr. President had always been a wise and generous senior in his heart. How could he possibly abandon his arcana theories all of a sudden?

Thinking quickly, Lucien suddenly thought of two things. "Master, ask the Prophet to run another test! This is perhaps only part of the truth. Sometimes, part of the truth is the opposite of the whole truth!"

Truth, only truth, and the whole truth – that was trustworthy information was made of.

Covering part of the truth in order to contort the fact was a trick that many people on Earth were good at. Lucien was quite familiar with it and thought of the possibility very quickly.

"Maybe, but if Douglas does not clarify it in person, many people would still be suspicious." Fernando contacted Bergner again, not noticing that Lucien had left the room quietly.

...

Allyn loomed in the sky like a gargantuan monster. Far away from it, a black shadow was staring at it in a smile. If he were any closer, he would be detected by the guarding grand arcanist through the lock of fog.

“Your Holiness, I seem to have smelled the air of desperation and confusion spreading out from Allyn after their confidence collapsed.” The speaker was a tall, grey-haired old man, who was none other than ‘Heart of Time’ Kritonia. He sensed the reactions of the regular arcanists inside Allyn and Rentato with his special abilities. “Your plan worked out greatly. Perhaps, the Congress of Magic has been crushed without a war. I fear that they will not be able to show the hopefulness and vigorousness they used to have for a long time. This is a major blow on their ideology.”

On his left hand, an ever-changing small person was changing nonstop, in which the minds of people seemed to be gathered. Benedict III said with a smile, “In fact, the best result would be that Douglas became a saint of the Church. In that case, the Congress of Magic would’ve split and dispersed, if it did not collapse immediately. Human beings can be very strange. As soon as their confidence is gone, they will feel that they are approaching the end of the world. By then, countless sorcerers will reconsider their path.”

“It’s a shame that Douglas was too arrogant.”

“But this turns out just as good. Perhaps, a few legendary sorcerers whose cognitive world is founded on the gravity theory will lose their heads.” Kritonia chuckled.

Benedict III said, not cockily at all. “The legendary sorcerers are not so stupid. They will not believe it blindly until they ask Douglas face to face. Even though I have misled them into testing the truthfulness of the conversation instead of the completeness, they will still retain the final consciousness. The worst outcome is that they will lose confidence in the arcana system, which will make their future advancements very difficult.”

“But Douglas will be out in two days. Will he turn things around?” Kritonia was thinking to sneak into Allyn when it was in chaos to sabotage things and kill certain talents of the Congress of Magic, say, Lucien Evans.

Benedict III smiled peacefully, “As I said, human beings are strange. If he clarifies it two days later, the suspicion of most arcanists will be deep to the bones. They will only suspect his belated explanation. They won’t believe it and regard his reasons as excuses.”

“Your Holiness, it seems that you are also good at understanding people.” Kritonia adulated him.

Benedict III smiled, “This is also their fate. Before planets were discovered, Douglas’ suspicion about gravity and his tendencies towards the supreme being wouldn’t have caused such great influence. However, the artificial planet plan that Lucien Evans proposed fully convinced all the arcanists of the gravity theory. Hehe. Perhaps, he is truly the Dawnbringer.”

...

Blake did notice when he collapsed into the sofa. His eyes unfocused, his face confused, he heard nothing but humming in his ears. How could Mr. President do that? What happened to the arcana system?

At such a moment, he only remembered one person, the man who frequently disrupted the understandings in the past and who had just modified the motion system. Did he hear what Mr. President say? How was he going to reply to it?

On the thirty-third floor of the Allyn magic tower, Fernando’s loud voice echoed passionately, “Was there really something hidden?”

“What? You can’t tell what the hidden part is? Then why do I need a Prophet?”

He knew that he was being too hard on Bergner. After all, it was done by the pope who was a demigod. However, he had always been cranky after he was agitated.

“Even if we find the hidden content, so what? Mr. President’s suspicion about gravity was not fake... Those questions do not have answers...” Hellen was still trying to open the Land of Truth. Hearing what Fernando said, she remarked gloomily.

Fernando held back the urge to roar at her and went to her side to help her. Suddenly, Fernando looked around in confusion. “Where is Lucien?”

...

After he returned to his office in the Atom Institution, Lucien heaved a long sigh when he recalled Ms. Hellen’s confusion and the many arcanists in the Sky Radio Station’s questions about gravity. He copied his work in recent years from his spirit library as well as the manuscripts of Evans Geometry and tensor analysis based on that. Then, he gathered them together.

I am incapable of participating in a legendary battle, but I can make some contributions when it comes to arcana!

Picking up the pen, Lucien closed his eyes and browsed through his studies on the general theory of relativity in the past years as well as the files in his spirit library that had been unsealed. As the ideas took shape inside his head, his quill fell to the paper and wrote the title:

‘A Relativistic Interpretation and Geometric Description of Gravity and a System of Relativity Under a More General Frame of Reference’

Boom! A thunderstorm suddenly burst out near Allyn!

Looking at the weather change that was only limited around Allyn, Kritonia observed rather in shock, “Is a legendary sorcerer’s cognitive world shaking?”

Crack! A silver bolt of lightning illuminated the dark night!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 570: Weather Change

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The three consecutive thunders made Fernando and Hellen, who was on the thirty-third floor of the Allyn magic tower, slow down their work to open the Land of Truth. They turned around and looked out of the window, observing the lightning that were illuminating this corner of the world.

“Whose cognitive world is shaking?” Hellen’s skin was as fair as ice in the first place, and it was even paler and bloodless right now. Frowning, she commented on the weather change outside, finding it hard to believe.

It was not because the gravity theory was proved wrong, but because the problems regarding the source and nature of gravity raised the confusion of the founder of the field, who even had the idea that a supreme being was behind everything. That was why people questioned the necessity and correctness of the current arcana studies.

The blow on the arcanists depended on their attitude towards Douglas’ authority. To be more exact, the legendary sorcerers were obviously less dependent on Douglas than the ordinary people were. Brook, for example, was an expert who disrupted her teacher’s particle theory.

That was why Hellen was confused. Of all the legendary sorcerers, she was the one who respected Mr. President’s authority most, but she was not vacillating yet. Which dummy had completely lost his confidence without confirming the actual situation first?

If that was what happened, she would wonder how the guy advanced into legendary at all!

Uncontrollably anger and confusion filled Fernando’s face. “Judging from the scale and the feeling of illusion, it’s truly the cognitive world’s influence on the real world, but it is not necessarily vacillation...”

“In any case, let’s activate the defense of Allyn in case of destructive damages and in case the enemy sneaks in during the mess.” After the initial shock, Hellen gradually calmed down.

.....

In the headquarters of the Will of Elements...

Raventi was speaking to the Astrologer who lived in the Tower. Suddenly, the electromagnetic signals became messy and chaotic. Thunder was rumbling obviously.

“Annonis, what’s going on?” Asked Raventi solemnly.

Annonis replied uncertainly, “The weather two thousand meters within Allyn has suddenly changed. A thunderstorm has come...”

“Is it possible...” Raventi did not finish. Gravely, he looked at where Allyn was at and could vaguely see the silver lightning which looked like long snakes in the sky.

“I don’t think so...” Annonis understood what Raventi mean and replied slowly, his voice going down.

“I hope it’s not like what I thought.”

While watching the electric snakes soaring in the sky, Raventi informed Hathaway.

.....

Inside the Sky Radio Station, the half-panicked arcanists were shocked by the thunder, their eyes filled by the lightning. They were obviously stunned.

“Why is there suddenly a storm?” An arcanist asked in a low voice, feeling that the dark, depressing thunderstorm was exactly what was happening in his mind.

The torrential rain poured on their head and raised unreasonable panic. Somebody comforted themselves, trying to be calm. “This is the Month of Passion. Isn’t it normal that a storm happens anytime?”

Boom!

The thunder burst out again, scaring the arcanists. Somebody blurted out, “No, this is not normal. There were no temperature and pressure changes before it!”

If it were not a normal weather change, what caused it?

The arcanists on the spot suddenly saw the lock of Allyn rising, filling all the areas with vague mist.

Together with the huge storm out there, it added to everybody's ominous feeling.

"Don't overthink. If there is anything, the Highest Council will take care of everything. We don't need to be anxious." Samantha tried to make herself sound calm.

If what happened just now was real, she believed that she would have to reevaluate the Church. It seemed that they were not so violent and reckless that they could only get things done with strength and assassination.

BOOM!

The rumbling thunder entered into Blake's ears. Looking at the apocalyptic view outside, he said bitterly with a self-mocking smile, "Has the weather sensed the desperation of the arcanists in Allyn, too?"

.....

Inside his office in the Atom Institution...

Lucien wrote beautiful worlds with the quill in his hand:

"This paper is based on two basic premises, the first of which is equivalence principle..."

“...Through the experiments and proofs above, we can see that all the objects in a gravitational field has the same acceleration, which can be summarized as the equivalence of inertial mass and gravitational mass...”

With the manuscripts he copied and the ideas he accumulated in the past, when Lucien reached a certain paragraph, the paper that was full of words and formulas would fly to him, and he could include them in his article perfectly after the slightest modification.

In such a way, Lucien was extremely fast in writing and connecting his ideas. It didn't take long before he described the equivalence principle and the general theory of relativity. Then, he began the relativistic explanation and the geometric description of gravity.

At this moment, the analysis tools that were completed together with Levski, Milina and other Tower arcanists, including Evans Geometry and tensor, were put into use, making the content esoteric and full of profound mysteries.

In order for the regular arcanists to understand, and to dispel the confusion caused by Mr. President's speech, Lucien added a metaphorical description:

“It can be seen from the geometric model above that space is like an elastic net and the objects in it are like balls that have fallen into the elastic net. Their mass will result to the collapse of the net and the warp of time and space around. Such warping will make other balls of smaller masses on the elastic net to roll towards the ball of greater masses. This is exactly the nature of gravity – warped space-time!”

“Therefore, it is evident that the time and space we are in is not the flat time and space as intuitively described by the Tower Geometry, but a warped space-time founded on the Evans Geometry with a curvature that is greater than zero!”

Boom!

As he wrote on, stars and gravity were changing in Lucien's cognitive world. The luminosity of his Host Star of Destiny was also changing fast!

Gradually, Lucien seemed to see a shadow of a boundless starry sky, which was watching everything from high above. As the starry sky was projected into his cognitive world, countless special and complicated symbols were generated.

His cognitive world flowed fast and interacted with his soul fast, naturally outlining a magic model inside his soul.

The ninth-circle spell, Time Stop!

Boom!

The thunder outside of the window came to an abrupt halt. The lightning stopped, and the rain dispersed in all directions as if it was being blown by winds from different directions.

A layer of profound darkness enshrouded Allyn, twisting the storm, the starlight that darted in, the space and the dark night!

It was a most weird and terrifying scene!

Without any break, after describing his theories with words that common arcanists could understand, Lucien began writing 'Einstein field equations', the core of the entire general theory of relativity!

.....

Looking at the appalling view outside of the window where everything seemed to be twisted, Hellen said in disbelief as her eyes widened, "This is the projection of gravity..."

Fernando nodded his head, as if he were much more eased. "This is the half-solidification of the cognitive world based on the gravity theory!"

When the founder of the gravity theory just expressed his confusion, believing that it had been an out-and-out mistake and that a supreme being had been manipulating everything, a sorcerer was half-solidifying his cognitive world based on the gravity theory?

Did he not hear Douglas' speech?

Or did he find his own path and have even more confidence in gravity?

Inside the Sky Radio Station...

Samantha and other arcanists were all shocked by the creepy scene outside. The dark and twisted space tore the storm apart and spread out vague mist, and black, world-destroying monsters seemed to be lurking in the depths of the mist, waiting for the prey with their mouths wide open.

“What’s going on...” The arcanists murmured.

Samantha thought of something. She said in both shock and delight, “An archmage’s cognitive world is half-solidifying based on the gravity theory!”

Blake, who was inside his suburb manor, was also horrified by what he saw. He had never seen such a mysterious weather before! The twisted dark night, the contorted starlight, and the broken storm – everything was like the end of the world in the bards’ tales!

“What exactly is going on tonight?” Blake said in a low voice, his body shivering slightly.

.....

Far away from Allyn, Kritonia saw that the City in the Sky seemed to be surrounded by a pitch black ball, and that both the starlight outside and the lightnings inside had uncanny contortions. He immediately had a bad feeling.

“This is...” Subconsciously, Kritonia asked Benedict III’s projection.

Slightly coldly, Benedict III said, “This is not a quake of the cognitive world, but the half-solidification of it.”

“Also, it is based on the gravity theory.”

Kritonia asked in surprise, “Did he not hear the conversation between Douglas and you?”

As the quill dropped, the equations of gravitational field was fully demonstrated on Lucien’s paper.

Boom!

Lucien was completely trapped in the transcendent shadow of the starry sky. His cognitive world changed drastically, and the special and complicated symbols began to be connected into a whole!

The magic model of ‘Time Stop’ in his soul, on the other hand, took shape without any trouble as he advanced into the ninth circle!

Boom!

Inside the twisted black storm, illusionary darkness emerged out of nowhere, absorbing the pouring rain, the blowing wind, the striking lightning, the shooting starlight, and the whole ball

that caused the weather change. They were collapsed into the horrendous darkness that seemed able to swallow everything and destroy everything!

“This is...”

Fernando and Hellen looked at the scene, slightly shocked.

“This is...”

Samantha and the other arcanists could not understand the ghastly picture at all.

“This is...”

Kritonia was puzzled again.

Although he was trying to contain himself, Benedict III still gnashed his teeth, “This is greatly different from Douglas’ gravity theory! Is this the true nature of gravity?”

“Who is he exactly?”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 571: Constant Changes

Lucien's cognitive world was still changing drastically. The most obvious sign was that the vertical edge of the space began to twist, turning the space from a cube into an oval sphere, as if a twisted barrier had been added to the periphery.

In the starry space, from both the two Host Stars of Destiny and other illusionary stars, the gravity began to twist the rays of light around. The space around them turned transparent and constricted rapidly, giving everybody who saw it an illusion.

The Host Star of Destiny which looked like a black hole was even more horrifying. When it revolved to the front, all the symbols of wind, fire, water, elements, electrons and others surged at it beyond control. It was an utter mess.

The quill in Lucien's hand did not stop at all, and he gave a few prophecies and proofs according to the previous description and the equations of gravitational field:

“Based on the speculation that the mass of the sun causes the twist of space, it is possible to calculate the redundant precession of the perihelion of the Morning Star, which agrees with observation...

“Based on the time dilation caused by the gravitational field, and subtracting the time-slowness phenomenon caused by the artificial planets, we can conclude that the time on artificial planets are faster than on the ground... which agrees with the adjustment in actual operations...”

“Rays will deviate in the gravitational field. The angle of deviation near the sun is...”

“The redshift of spectral lines...”

After that, his thick paper came to a full stop. Most of the content was from the manuscripts that Lucien accumulated over the past years after some modification.

His eyes half closed, Lucien sensed the stars in his cognitive world. They were connected to the special and complicated symbols and constructed two extremely complicated magic models. He felt that his soul and his spiritual power were entirely absorbed into it after only a quick glance, and he was extremely exhausted and fatigued.

Lucien had the same feeling once when he read ‘Astrology and Elements’ for the first time and witnessed ‘Lord of Elements’ and ‘Prophet’, the two legendary classes.

“A new legendary class...” Not delighted at all, Lucien even frowned. After the half-solidification of the cognitive world, it would be difficult to reconstruct the fundamentals. He had always planned to use quantum mechanics instead of the general theory of relativity as his foundation!

The other legendary sorcerers certainly did not have Lucien’s worries before their advancement. When they reached their level, the constituents of their cognitive world and the path they would like to take were almost fixed. Half-solidification was the last and most difficult step. If he did not have the eighth-circle strength, he might’ve failed due to the insufficient spiritual power.

Of course, after the half solidification, there was one other problem for the archmages, which was to choose a legendary class that matched their cognitive world for easier advancement. Also, constructing basic legendary magics required spiritual power and mathematical knowledge.

That was why every grand arcanist who created a paradigm-shifting theory was easier to advance into legendary than regular archmages. Their legendary class was generated directly inside their cognitive world with the feedback of the real world, and it was an almost 100% match. What they needed was the tremendous spiritual power.

Thinking for a moment, Lucien rose and walked to the cyclotron. Putting a long-prepared metal plate into the magic circle, he placed a paraffin plate behind the metal plate.

Then, while the half-solidification of his cognitive world was not completed yet, Lucien activated the cyclotron and bombarded the metal plate with Helium atomic nucleus.

BOOM! BOOM!

Due to the half-solidification of his cognitive world, Lucien had the illusion that he heard the sound of the Helium nucleus bombarding the metal plate. It was like an intense explosion.

Suddenly, the device behind the magic circle captured the traces of protons behind the paraffin plate and recorded their range and other data.

After the data was out, Lucien calculated with his powerful soul. Conservation of momentum, conservation of energy... The rays that were shot out by the protons gradually revealed their real appearance.

They were of similar masses with protons and could not be captured in the electromagnetic field.

They were exactly the neutrons that the sorcerers had been seeking since 'new alchemy' was published.

Because they were electric-neutral, they were not under the influence of magnetic field and electric field. Therefore, they could barely be discovered directly, and he had to count on similar, indirect ways!

BOOM!

This time, it was the real sound echoing next to Lucien's ears. The cognitive world had intense reactions again, and the nucleus inside finally revealed its true appearance. The protons and neutrons were combined under a certain unknown force.

The intangible and transcendent space arrived at Lucien's sensation again and interacted with his cognitive world, filling the incomplete magic models of 'atomic fission' and 'atomic fusion' quickly.

.....

Inside the 'Sky radio station'...

Samantha looked out of the window in delight. It was truly motivating that an archmage half-solidified his cognitive world based on gravity at such a moment!

The illusionary, all-absorbing darkness gradually dispersed. The storm was weaker and weaker. The weather change came to an end.

"Which Excellency's cognitive world has half-solidified? We have to interview him tomorrow!" Said Samantha in a rarely-seen smile. Her confidence had been greatly shaken a moment ago.

An archmage whose cognitive world had half-solidified, as long as the match of legendary class was above 50%, was very likely to advance into legendary. That was why she began to address him as Excellency.

Another arcanist said delightedly and in relief, "Also, it seems that the new gravity theory is closer to its true nature than the president's. I, for one, have never seen the all-absorbing darkness in any record."

Samantha was about to answer him, when a deafening explosion burst out and shivered the whole Allyn.

Looking out of the window in a daze, Samantha saw that the dark night turned into an abyss. Electromagnetic waves were on a rampage in the sky as visible light, and a rolling fire ball at their center spread out a terrifying storm of energy.

The fireball soared and rose in a mushroom cloud. However, compared to the mushroom cloud of 'Eternal Blaze' that Samantha witnessed the other day, its head was much smaller. The dark air and the fire were dancing with each other.

"What's this?" All of the arcanists were confused.

BOOM!

An explosion even louder burst out. Samantha felt that her ears were humming, and she couldn't hear anything else.

After the explosion, a sun rose from the outside, driving away the darkness and the curses most dazzlingly!

"This is..." Blake rushed to the window from his sofa. If he remembered correctly, that was exactly 'Eternal Blaze' he saw in Allyn the other day!

The only difference was that it was an actual image back then but an illusion right now!

"Is it Mr. Evans? Was he behind the weather change just now?"

Inside the Tower...

Annonis, who was speaking to Raventi, found it hard to close his mouth when he stared at what was before him in stun. How could the half-solidification of the cognitive world based on gravity become based on the ‘new alchemy’?

It was an unprecedented phenomenon in the history of magic!

“Annonis, what were the two noises in Allyn about?”

“I seem to see a sun and a mushroom cloud rising in Allyn, right?”

“Hello, hello! Annonis?”

Raventi’s voice echoed, but Annonis was too preoccupied to reply.

On the thirty-third floor of the Allyn magic tower, Fernando’s eyes widened the moment he saw the mushroom cloud. “It’s Lucien!”

“And I was wondering where he went!”

That was the legendary magic which only Douglas, Hathaway, Lucien and himself were aware of. For the other archmages, even if they could half-solidify their cognitive world with 'new alchemy', they would not be able to construct the model of the legendary magic due to the lack of feedback from the real world. Therefore, even if they could cause a similar phenomenon, it couldn't have been as clear and complete!

"Lucien Evans?" Hellen looked at Fernando, surprised. "He has such a deep understanding about gravity? Also, why is the half-solidification of his cognitive world divided into two phases?"

Fernando gnashed his teeth, "How do I know? He must've hidden a lot of papers to himself again!"

In the sky far away from Allyn, Kritonia looked at the familiar mushroom cloud of 'Eternal Blaze' and asked in confusion, "How many archmages are half-solidifying their cognitive world?"

Benedict III shook his head and said in surprise, "I thought that it was an achievement when Fernando and Hathaway advanced to the peak of legendary, but it seems that it was invented by somebody else..."

When a legendary sorcerer reached the peak, their cognitive world would be completely melted with their soul. It would also trigger weather changes on an even vaster scale. However, they could hide in their demiplanes or alternate dimensions so that the enemy wouldn't know it.

.....

In his cognitive world, the space was half-solidifying under the influence of gravity, and the elements like wind, fire and water were also half-solidifying because of the preliminary completeness of the internal structure. They burst into such an intense conflict that Lucien's cognitive world was shaking!

“The discovery of neutron is not good enough.” Gritting his teeth, Lucien turned on the cyclotron again, except that he took out the metal plate and the paraffin plate this time and replaced them with a clear monocrystal.

Inside the cyclotron, the electrons were powered and darted out.

BOOM! BOOM!

Lucien had the illusion that cannonballs were being shot out again. Also, it was more intense than just now, as if a magnificent palace was collapsing abruptly in the crazy explosion!

For some reason, Lucien suddenly became extremely nervous, as if the simplest and deepest mysteries were about to be revealed.

The electrons hit the monocrystal and revealed a beautiful, dreamy pattern through the alchemical device. It was so shocking and unbelievable!

Looking at that, Lucien closed his eyes full of satisfaction.

It was a classic image of diffraction. As a fundamental particle, electrons revealed a diffraction image that only waves could present!

“Waves and particles, what are you significance if you exist independently without each other ¹ ?”

A quote that Lucien read in his previous life occurred to him. The vast and transcendent starry sky descended again, in a more compatible way with the real world and the cognitive world.

Inside his cognitive world, the electrons outside of the atomic structure spread out. Like a cloud that covered everything, it suppressed the half-solidification caused by gravity.

.....

Kritonia and Benedict III watched the mushroom cloud turn into a dark cloud and enshrouded Allyn with the illusionary, ubiquitous monochrome, finding it impossible to understand it.

“This is a projection of what?” Kritonia expressed his puzzlement again.

Benedict III shook his head but did not reply.

Fernando, Hellen and Samantha watched the same scene from the Allyn magic tower, equally unclear what projected it. However, the cloud was soon gone, and the weather change came to a complete end.

“It should be a regular projection during the half-solidification based on ‘new alchemy’. It may not necessarily be associated with existing theories.” Samantha muttered to herself, soon dropping the ambiguous and brief phenomenon behind.

Also, she had vaguely guessed who it was!

Seeing that the weather change stopped, Fernando said to Hellen, “I’ll ask Lucien to participate in ‘News of the World’, introduce his gravity theory, and announce the half-solidification of his cognitive world, so that everybody can be stabilized from this incident.”

“You will keep trying to open the Land of Truth.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 572: Gratitude

The changes in the cognitive world came to a full stop. Except for the additional special magic models and symbols, it seemed no different from the past. However, if one were to observe it more carefully, they would discover the curves at the edge of the world and around the stars. Also, the light spots of elements everywhere were much clearer. The protons and neutrons were restrained by an uncanny force, and the electrons around them were in the shape of a cloud. When they were observed, however, they were immediately reduced into particles.

As the background, the other three fundamental forces had minor changes, too. The electromagnetic waves and light were connected to ‘wind’, and the uncanny force that restrained the atomic nucleus glimmered with ‘water’.

The internal members of the atom gathered in groups into different magic symbols, turning into the models of 'Atomic Fission' and 'Eternal Blaze', two legendary spells. The two models joined with even more complicated symbols into a dizzying cubic pattern.

"Is this the legendary class based on 'new alchemy'?" Lucien observed with interest. Because he hadn't really entered the realm of quantum mechanics yet, there were no corresponding legendary spells, and it was still the 'fission' and 'fusion' like before.

The fundamental legendary magic was the most basic skill of a legendary class. They were shorter and easier to release, and they were much more powerful than the non-fundamental legendary magics. For a legendary class, there could only be two fundamental magics at first, but as they dug deeper into the field, the number of such magics might grow.

For example, the advanced fundamental magics of 'Demigod-lich Howling' were 'Demigod-lich Howling' and 'Life Ritual', and those of the Lord of Storm were 'Furious Storm' and 'Storm Barrier'.

Lucien's legendary class based on 'new alchemy' was unique in that neither of the two fundamental legendary magics depended on his demiplane. However, 'Eternal Blaze' could only be performed at least in the level three of legendary.

Lucien found two pieces of powerful paper made of elvish rinds, the materials to make advanced scrolls. Then, he copied the new legendary class and its two fundamental legendary magics to it.

Bright, refreshing green light appeared, restraining and recording the mysterious cubic pattern. Of course, due to the nature of the materials, they could do nothing more than recording.

“How should I call the new legendary class?” Lucien pushed his monocle. Not bothering to think, he simply picked the most straightforward name.

As his quill fell on the paper, a few more words were added on one side of the paper.

“Atom Controller”!

As for the two fundamental magics, due to the limited time, Lucien still named them as before: “Atomic Fission’ and ‘Eternal Blaze’

As for the other legendary class based on the general theory of relativity, Lucien decided to keep it as his trump card and only discuss with his teacher about the fundamental magics included in the legendary class.

“This new legendary class will be named as ‘Observer of Time and Space’... The two fundamental magics will be named as ‘Gravity Collapse’ and ‘Space Staff’.” Lucien named them according to their features. It was a pity that it was not the legendary class he was going to advance into. However, after the quantum system was established, it would have its own view of time and space, too.

After putting the paper into his storage, Lucien finally discovered that he had advanced into the ninth circle without him knowing and that he had an addition spell of ‘Time Stop’. Frowning, he thought, “The higher one’s level is, the more weird the so-called ‘feedback of the real world’ feels...”

“Also, the vast and transcendent space was never recorded by any other legendary sorcerers. They also described that something was looking down upon them from somewhere far away and intangible. I also had the feeling, but there was an additional ‘illusionary space’. The feedback of the real world seems to be its interaction...”

Unable to figure out what was going on, Lucien dropped his confusion and opened the door, only to encounter Fernando who had been teleported to his front.

“Let’s talk in ‘News of the World’.” Too impatient to satisfy his curiosity, Fernando brought Lucien to the broadcast room after a blink and asked Samantha, “Get prepared. Continue the livestream of ‘News of the World’. Lucien will be the host!”

“Alright.” Samantha looked at Lucien and the Lord of Storm curiously and turned on the broadcast magic circles without any delay.

The arcanists in the room stared at them in excitement, eager to know the theoretical support of the unusual phenomenon of gravity projection, which could recover their stricken confidence.

Seizing the moment, Fernando asked Lucien, “What new theories have you got?”

Thinking for a moment, he added, “Are they disruptive?”

Lucien’s lips twitched. “Master, I told you before that I was trying to include gravity in the special theory of relativity and extrapolate it to a more general frame of reference. I was still making preparations, but what happened today forced me to finish it in advance. Based on this system, there will be an explanation closer to the truth regarding the nature of gravity.”

“An explanation regarding the nature of gravity...” Fernando seemed relieved. “As long as your explanation is not that a supreme being created gravity, it will be fine. What about the changes that followed?”

Lucien confessed the excuses he prepared. “I stayed in the Atom Institution to run the experiments in search of neutrons. I was too excited after the half-solidification of my cognitive world and thereby completed the experiments, ascertaining the existence of neutrons. Therefore, the legendary class of ‘new alchemy’ was fed back, allowing my cognitive world to evolve that way.”

“That’s too coincidental! You may trick the outsiders, but not me!” Fernando roared in a low voice. He suspected that Lucien had always known how to find neutrons, except that he never did the experiments because he had other purposes, say, obtaining more reference credits with new alchemy. “You completed it at such a moment because you wanted your legendary class to lean towards the new alchemy instead of gravity and the theory of relativity?”

Lucien smiled rather embarrassedly, “Yes. The field of atoms is my foundation and my future direction.”

After accepting Lucien’s explanation, Fernando held back his urge of roaring. “Give me your paper. You go and prepare your speech.”

Lucien nodded and gave his paper to his teacher, before he sat across Samantha.

At this moment, Hellen, in her white magic robe, also arrived at the broadcast room.

“Why are you here?” Fernando glared at Hellen, not caring about the courtesy for a lady at all.

Hellen nodded and greeted him. “Oliver came. He is much better than me in space blockage. So, he is opening the Land of Truth. I’m here to see Evans’ paper.”

She talked in secret messaging, in case the arcanists in the room were panicked.

Fernando raised the paper that he had yet to open, and they saw the long title:

‘A Relativistic Interpretation and Geometric Description of Gravity and a System of Relativity Under a More General Frame of Reference’.

“The theory of relativity...” Hellen recalled that Lucien claimed that gravity would be included in the system. She did not expect that it would be completed so soon.”

The two of them began to read the paper attentively.

Samantha, on the other hand, smiled and spoke to the magic circle before her. “Just now, our radio station was heisted by Benedict III, whose lies may have caused a certain range of panic. We apologize to all the sorcerers for our mistake. In the next moment, Mr. Lucien Evans will clarify what happened earlier to everyone.”

All the arcanists in the room held their breath.

.....

Inside the villa, Blake, who was still dwelling in the consecutive weather changes, suddenly heard the pleasant voice. He then realized that Miss Lark had resumed the livestream.

“What’s the Congress’ explanation on the matter? What will Mr. Evans say?”

Nervous and hopeful, he squatted next to the radio and listened to Lucien’s voice wholeheartedly: “What happened just now was the Church’s scheme. There’s nothing worth talking about.”

Lucien was unaware of what was hidden in the conversation or the president’s actual circumstances. So, he merely dropped the subject.

However, Blake, as well as other arcanists before the radio, found it too unsatisfactory and unacceptable.

Raventi, in the headquarters of the Will of Elements, finally got Annonis’ answer and learnt that somebody’s cognitive world half-solidified. He was immediately relieved. Thankfully, it was not a disaster.

After he learnt the explanation about the matter, the president’s confusion about gravity returned to his head again, making him wonder the true nature of gravity. At this moment, Lucien’s clarification made him frown. It was too ambiguous. Was there really something wrong?

“There’s nothing worth talking about, because Benedict III’s questions do not necessarily depend on the First Cause. I have my own understanding about the nature of gravity.”

What?

Raventi, Annonis, Blake and other sorcerers listening before the radio looked at the black box in shock, as if they were trying to directly see Lucien through it.

Inside the broadcast room, Samantha and the other arcanists were astounded, too. They only hoped that Lucien had done slightly deeper studies on gravity and did not expect that he would answer the ultimate question that overwhelmed Douglas just now. That was one of the greatest enigmas in the field of gravity!

Hellen furrowed her eyebrows. The equivalence principle and the general theory of relativity were easy to understand for her, but the geometric description later stunned her.

In confusion, she said to Fernando, “I know every word and every symbol, but I don’t know what they mean when they are connected...”

Fernando had trouble understanding it himself. “This is an application of Evans Geometry and the related tools of analysis. If you haven’t studied ‘Nature’ in the past three years, I fear that you will find it hard to understand the paper.”

He had studied 'Nature' to check his student's papers. That was why he could manage to follow the paper.

"You should know that I've been trying to melt the theory of gravity into the relativistic system and fix the problem that it cannot be extrapolated to all frames of reference. As a matter of fact, I completed the paper on the special theory of relativity a year ago, and I have been working on the problem since. It was a rather difficult journey, particularly when I realized that the previous geometric system could not describe the theory. It was not until I accidentally discovered that Evans Geometry and the related tools that I worked on could support the theoretical system perfect that I made a groundbreaking breakthrough."

Lucien's unhurried speech eased the nervous arcanists such as Blake, who thought that he might have really found the nature of gravity.

"...When the theory based on the new geometry was about to take shape, I hit the bottleneck again as I couldn't find the answers to many problems. It was not until I heard the conversation fabricated by Benedict III that I was inspired and perfected the final formulas. I have to thank my teacher Fernando, the Congress of Magic, and Benedict III, for helping me obtain the general theory of relativity and the explanation on the nature of gravity."

Most of the arcanists in the room were amused by Lucien's words. Blake and other people smiled, too. Their previous confusion and loss were entirely gone.

Far away from Allyn, Kritonia listened to the electromagnetic signals that Benedict III intercepted and looked at him, who was flickering, in worry.

"Excellent. Well said." Benedict III said emotionless.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 573: Dawn of Astrology

“This is one of the two premises of this paper, which I have named the equivalence principle...”

Blake did not find it hard to understand or accept that gravitational mass and inertial mass could be described as equal under an appropriate measure system. Some arcanists had done corresponding research and obtained accurate data. However, they all considered the equivalence of the two masses as a coincidence and did not study the deeper things behind the coincidence.

Listening to Lucien’s brief introduction to the experiment and the data, Blake felt that his head was swelling. He simply took out a piece of paper and a quill, recording and calculating on the table where the magic radio was placed, as careful as a student who was attending the class of a master.

Most of the arcanists who were listening to the broadcast were more or less doing the same. They did not usually have the opportunity to receive the guidance of someone who was half a grand arcanist. Also, what was reflected in the weather changes just now made them curious and excited, too.

“...This concludes the general special of relativity. In the next, I will deduce and construct the whole system with tools such as Evans Geometry and tensor analysis. Because many complicated notions will be involved, I will only give a general introduction so that you can know what is going on...”

Blake's quill stopped after that. He could understand every single word that Mr. Evans said, but he had no idea what they were talking about when the words were connected. Dizziness spread out in his eyes. Weird, complicated words, symbols and formulas entered into his head without denoting any actual meaning.

It made him feel so lightheaded as if he had entered an obscure dream.

"...I thought that my arcana knowledge was good enough, particularly in mathematics, but today I've realized that I haven't even touched the threshold yet..."

"...Are the senior-rank arcanists working on such stuff every day? But why can I understand half of the articles on 'Arcana'..."

The same questions were echoing inside most of the senior-rank arcanists, too. They had been very confident about their arcana expertise and their intellectual faculty, but they began to suspect themselves after hearing what Lucien Evans said. It was so hard to understand that they could barely follow!

"Conclusion! Give me your conclusion first!"

They shouted in their heart crazily, deciding to listen to the nature of gravity first and study the paper later.

...

In the Tower...

Annonis also heard Lucien's speech from his magic radio soon after the weather changes. He was solemn and even slightly skeptical.

For a level-nine arcanist and a ninth-circle archmage of the school of astrology, the gravity theory was of paramount importance. If he could grasp the nature of gravity and use it to solve certain problems that had been bothering him, he was confident to become a real 'Astrologer'!

However, he retained the basic suspicion until he saw the paper and confirmed it. If the nature of gravity could be found so easily, Mr. Douglas wouldn't have been so lost and confused.

He knew that Lucien Evans could stabilize the storm that Mr. President's speech caused by proposing a theoretical explanation regarding the nature of gravity, so it was normal that he exaggerated it a bit. But he was still hoping that Lucien Evans could really resolve the nature of gravity.

Annonis merely listened and calculated in his head when the two basic principles were introduced, but he became more and more attentive when Lucien began the geometric description.

At some point, a pile of paper and a quill floated before him, helping him record and calculate things. Confusion beamed out of his face now and then.

The abstruse mathematical papers on Nature were useless for most arcanists and did not receive their attention, but Annonis was an archmage adept at the field. He had even published a few similar papers. However, even so, he couldn't understand it any better. The paper was much more incomprehensible than he imagined.

Annonis' library was extremely quiet. Nothing could be heard except for Lucien's voice and the noise when the quill brushed the paper.

Suddenly, Annonis sensed something, only to discover Bergner, the Prophet, had walked in at some point. He was also recording and calculating the paper with ancillary magical circles and quills.

Not asking anything, Annonis focused his attention on Lucien's speech again.

In the headquarters of the Will of Elements, Raventi, due to the lack of mathematical knowledge, could only record Lucien's key points for future reference.

...

Inside the Nekso Palace...

Since she had guided her father in his tour after her father arrived, Natasha did not listen to 'Arcana Voice' or 'News of the World' today. Because the thunderstorm in Allyn was too far away, she did not pay much attention to it and merely thought that it was a local rain. After all, it was very typical in the summer.

It was not until the light of 'Eternal Blaze' illuminated the area that Natasha sensed something wrong. She hurried to contact Lucien. After failing to reach out to him, she feared that she might interrupt Lucien and wisely paused, seeking to talk to Hathaway instead.

After confirming that Lucien and Allyn were alright, she was relieved and turned on the magic radio, hoping to find out what exactly happened in Allyn.

Little did she expect that her most familiar voice would spread out from the magic radio, which made her completely relaxed.

The symbols and formulas were too complicated for Natasha to understand, but they could not stop her from listening to Lucien's speech attentively.

As she listened, she held her cheek with her right hand, and her lips curled into a smile with delight beaming out of her eyes.

...

In the broadcast room of the Sky Radio Station...

Including Samantha, all the arcanists looked at Lucien innocently and ignorantly, as if he were speaking a nonexistent language.

Seeing the looks on their faces, Lucien realized that he had gone too deep. He hurried to end the geometric description and the equations of gravitational field and came to the conclusion:

“From above, we can see that mass causes the curve of time and space, which leads to the phenomenon of gravity. The nature of gravity is the curved space-time. We can make such an analogy...”

While the description of an elastic net was not accurate, it made Samantha and the other arcanists beamed with interest. They more or less understood the nature of gravity.

“That explains a lot...”

“Then, is it a force at all?”

“Can it be proved by any phenomena?”

...

Whispers of excitement and suspicion filled the room. Even Hellen was asking Fernando. That was an interpretation of the nature of gravity from an unprecedented perspective. It seemed to be a problem of the four-dimensional space, about the movement of objects in a curved time and space.

“This is completely beyond my imagination...”

“The model of time and space seems even more perplexing right now...”

Blake and the arcanists who listened to the magic radio were partly amazed by the unbelievable and yet spectacular explanation and partly rather suspicious about it, because the nature of time and space and gravity that Lucien described was too complicated even for people to imagine them!

The Prophet and the Astrologer in the Tower, however, looked gloomy. It was completely in violation of their speculations on the nature of gravity, which was now possibly not even a force.

Thankfully, there had never been an authoritative, well-accepted explanation about the nature of gravity, and they dare not found their cognitive world based on that. That was why it did not shake.

“This has to be confirmed by phenomena!”

“This needs to be proved!”

The two masters of the school of astrology said the same. After Levski Geometry, they had agreed that they must not blindly disapprove something with intuition and experience. However, any theory had to be proved by phenomena and experiments, or they would remain hypotheses.

Every arcanist had similar doubt. They listened to Lucien as he went on, “From the perspective of a curved time and space, it is possible to calculate the redundant precession of the perihelion of the Morning Star...”

The calculation was relatively simple. Many arcanists began to calculate in person as Lucien introduced. The Prophet was so excited that he was almost shivering.

Annonis understood him quite well, because the problem had baffled the school of astrology for a long time. The motion system based on the previous gravity theory did not agree with the observation.

The Prophet was suspicious that the error was caused by other stars there, but no traces of redundant gravity could be found after he explored the place in a space jump.

Many arcanists' hair became white and their face was wrinkled for the question.

The Prophet had got the answer after Lucien introduced the calculation procedures.

"They're the same... It's very close to observation..." The Prophet murmured in excitement, "Is this the true nature of gravity..."

Annonis also got the final data. His eyes were suddenly covered in water, and he lowered his head to cover it, feeling satisfied that their years of hard work finally gained an answer.

The Prophet suddenly spoke loudly, "This is an achievement decades more advanced than the current arcana theories! I have envisioned a great development of the school of astrology!"

“I can now die without regrets after seeing this!”

Annonis held back his excitement and his tears. “Mr. Prophet, how can you die now? I still want to learn and explore the boundless space more deeply!”

After Lucien solved the problem of the artificial planets with gravitational time dilation, Annonis was already convinced of the system. His body shivering, he looked at the Prophet and said, “With Lucien’s relativistic system, the road ahead of you seems clear and bright again.”

“Is yours not?” The Prophet replied with a smile and remarked with complicated feelings, “In the future, nobody will have the courage to say that Lucien Evans made a wrong decision when he chose the school of astrology at the beginning...”

“I’m going to study the paper!” Said Annonis excitedly. He seemed to have seen the dawn of the half-solidification of his cognitive world!

...

In the sky far away from Allyn...

Kritonia rubbed his eyebrow. “So to speak, my blood power is to control the changes of gravity and matter?” He did not understand much of the paper.

Benedict III's shadow, on the other hand, mumbled in a low voice, "Lucien Evans..."

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Chapter 574: Value

Inside the villa at the suburb of Allyn...

Blake completely devoted himself to the calculation of the redundant precession of the Morning Star at the perihelion according to Lucien's formula.

During Lucien's intentional pauses, he wrote quickly, his quill not stopping at all.

Suddenly, he raised his head, his eyes full of shock and disbelief. Then, he rushed into the library searching the arcana and magic books.

He was not a sorcerer who was good at astrology and force fields, and he did not remember the observation of the redundant precession carefully. However, the impression he had about the number was burning inside his head, making him unable to control himself and his head was swollen.

The result of his calculation seemed very close to the observed value in his impression!

What did it mean?

What did it suggest?

One book after another was drawn out by him, only to be thrown away after his casual look. Finally, he found his childhood book from a long, long time ago – ‘Fifteen Conundrums About Astrology’!

His hands shivering, he looked into the table of contents and found ‘The problem that the observed precession of the Morning Star at the perihelion does not agree with the prediction of Douglas’ motion system – Page 39’.

Turning the pages quickly, Blake saw the eye-catching data at first glance.

After a crack, the hard-covered book fell to the carpet with a dull noise. Blake stood where he was like a statue.

The two values were so close. What did it mean?

At this moment, Lucien's voice spread out of the magic radio again:

"After calculation, we can determine the redundant precession of the Morning Star at the perihelion to be... which basically agrees with observation."

His words were filled with such powerful charm that Blake was suddenly back to himself, whose facial muscles were horribly twisted because of his wild joy.

What did it mean?

It meant that the explanation on the nature of gravity had both the theoretical support and factual confirmation!

It meant that Mr. Lucien Evans' general theory of relativity was the theory closest to the truth of gravity so far!

It meant that the problem that baffled Mr. President and many other arcanists was not unanswerable. It was unnecessary to introduce a supreme being for gravity to be self-consistent! Mr. Lucien Evans had offered an explanation that completely surpassed the age and any imagination!

It meant that the path of arcana was not wrong. There were perhaps a lot of unresolved problems, but everybody was always on the path of working them out!

Although he could hardly understand Lucien's general theory of relativity, it did not prevent Blake from deducing and calculating with part of the conclusions. Based on the result, he believed that the theory could explain the nature of gravity. His previous confusion and loss were entirely gone.

Perhaps, it was exactly because he did not understand it that he had no suspicion and directly went for the answer.

The nature of gravity had been explained, and so would the other baffling arcana problems, as long as they forever pressed forward in exploration and research and never gave up!

"Mr. President, have you heard Mr. Evans' theory? I believe that your confusion must be gone now..."

.....

"After calculating, we can determine the redundant precession of the Morning Star at the perihelion to be... which basically agrees with observation."

When Lucien said that, Samantha watched him in shock and excitement in the broadcast room. The problem that bothered the school of astrology for years was resolved in such a way. Also, it proved that Lucien's explanation on the nature of gravity was closer to the truth.

She had been admiring Lucien's talents and achievements, but she was very confident in herself when it came to horoscopes. Because Lucien had never made any accomplishments in this field, she never realized that he had such astonishing, profound and innovative understandings about gravity and astrology.

Looking at Lucien who was speaking casually, she had the same feeling when Mr. President answered questions for her teacher and herself. They were both so calm and remarkable.

In a trance, Samantha thought to herself. After Lucien resolved the time error on the artificial planets by introducing the gravitational time dilation, her cognitive world was suddenly seething. Even though she had only just learnt the basic content, her cognitive world was already half-solidifying. Her teacher, Neeshka, was an authority in mathematics and only second to Levski and Levski in geometry and tensor analysis. So, she was quite good at that field, too.

“This is definitely a groundbreaking paper... No, a paper that surpasses the age!”

Around her, most arcanists looked more or less the same, except that their achievement was not as great as Samantha because of their insufficient mathematical expertise.

However, the panic that Douglas’ speech brought to them vanished. Confusion was acceptable as long as confidence was still there! Lucien Evans’ accomplishment at such a moment showed them the bright prospect of arcana. Even though they could not understand it, the conclusion and the final calculation seemed fine.

Hellen had stopped reading the paper and decided to read ‘Nature’ of the past four years after she was back. She said to Fernando in a low voice, “I seem to have seen another Mr. President...”

“Sometimes, he is not that stupid.” Fernando snorted and intended to criticize his student, but still gave a remark of ‘pretty good’ – for his standard – in the end. Then, he continued reading the paper.

It was the most intricate and abstruse paper he had ever read. He mumbled, “If Douglas sees this...”

In Allyn, in Rentato, in Salyvaor, in Cocus, in the Solar Islands and the Pearl Islands, the arcanists and apprentices, no matter how much they really understood, became refreshed and confident again.

Lucien cleared his throat and closed his backup paper. “This is my opinion on the nature of gravity. It fits the phenomena observed so far, and I have offered a few prophecies to be prove it. I believe that we will have better understanding about gravity and space after the equations of gravitational field are solved.”

Then, Lucien suddenly changed the topic, “However, I can only say that my paper is closer to the truth, but it is not the truth. Flaws about the theory will be found, and it is only applicable in a certain range. Up until so far, what we can grasp is the relative truth but not the absolute truth...”

Seizing the opportunity, Lucien introduced certain notions he talked about earlier again. Samantha, Blake and other arcanists nodded slightly, gaining a deeper understanding about the development of arcana in the past hundreds of years.

“...I believe that everybody can be confused now and then during studies. I had similar situations myself and I still do. I am often lost and sometimes lose confidence... This is perfectly normal. There’s no need to feel that you can’t find any field of research. Too many things are out there waiting for us to study.”

“‘The more you know, the more ignorant you feel you are.’ That’s a philosophical proverb, but I would like to add something else to it. ‘It is exactly the reason why we should work hard and stop

ignorance from becoming our label. Thinking and exploration should be what we are most proud of when we live in this world.”

Clap, clap, clap. The arcanists in the broadcast room applauded. They were already freed from the incident just now. Even if the conversation was real, so what? Everybody could be lost and unconfident now and then, but they could also resume their journey after their mood got better!

Seeing that Samantha was about to talk, Lucien hinted her to wait and smiled, “As a matter of fact, I finished another experiment just now, which proved the existence of neutrons.”

What?

The arcanists in the broadcast room and other places couldn’t close their mouth. While accomplishing such a paradigm-shifting paper, Lucien Evans discovered neutrons?

Was it a night of miracles tonight?

For the sorcerers who were adept at elements, such as Larry, K, Timothy, Ulysses and Annick, they felt blood surging into their heads, and they almost passed out.

The discovery of neutrons meant the fundamental validity of the new alchemy. It meant the age of grand development for the school of elements!

Controlling his body, Raventi listened to the experiment procedures carefully.

After Lucien finished, he rushed into his laboratory as if he had cast Advanced Speed on himself.

Discovering neutrons from the conservation of momentum and energy after collisions had always been his methodology, but the materials had to be tried again and again. He estimated that it would take him three years to finish the experiment. But right now, everything was different. With Lucien's experiment, he touched the edge of neutrons directly.

Finding the materials and making a plate, Raventi turned on the cyclotron and let the Helium atom nucleus hit the metal plate again and again.

When he captured the traces when protons were blown out, he had the feeling that his hands were shaking beyond his control.

When the data was recorded, he felt that his eyes were blurry.

When he calculated that the rays that blew out protons were neutrons, two suns seemed to be rising inside his grey eyes.

BOOM!

Rentato was suddenly enshrouded in clouds and thunder!

“Is somebody’s cognitive world half-solidifying because of Lucien’s paper and experiment?”
Natasha looked at the sky out of the window delightedly and proudly.

Kritonia, after hearing Lucien’s introduction, noticed the weather change in Rentato in shock.
“Another archmage’s cognitive world is half-solidifying? Is it because of the explanation on the nature of gravity or the discovery of neutrons?”

“Judging from the disorder of elements and the shadow of the atomic nucleus, it’s the discovery of neutrons.” Benedict III was also watching Rentato.

Kritonia found it hard to accept. “Before, I only knew that the improvement of arcana studies could strengthen the sorcerers, but can a single paper and one experiment result in such astonishing effects?”

“Does Lucien’s paper and experiment equal five legends?”

“Both the general theory of relativity and the new alchemy are far more valuable than five legends.” Benedict III’s voice became cold. “We did not pay enough attention to Lucien. I will raise his rank on the Cleansing List again and ask ‘Night Executioner’, the top night watcher, to deal with him in person.”

‘Night Executioner’, the top night watcher, was a legendary sorcerer. Therefore, the Church never included him when it announced its power, but only claimed that it had nineteen saint cardinals, five divine knights (Melmax, Anthony, Beliel, Stone and Vaharall). However, when the Congress of Magic and other forces evaluate the strength of the Church, they would still include ‘Night Executioner’ and consider the number of the top experts of the Church to be twenty.

Kritonia found it impossible to understand the consequences of arcana studies, but the consequences had already happened. “Your Holiness, what’s Lucien’s rank going to be?”

“The thirteenth. The Fallen Morning Star will be right after all the top legends.” Replied Benedict III unemotionally.

After the explosion of ‘Eternal Blaze’, the top eleven on the Cleansing List were all experts at the peak of legendary. Ranking from the first to the eleventh were: the pontiff of the northern heretics; ‘Emperor of Arcana’, Danisos; ancient vampire, Dracula; primordial dragon of time, Danisos; the elvish queen; the Prince of Abyss and Duke of Bronze on the first level of hell; Edwyn Brook, the Emperor of Control; Fernando, the Lord of Storm; Hathaway, Master of Infinite Oceans and Lord of Elements; and Rhine, the Silver-eyed Count, who could borrow the power of the Silver Moon and be as strong as the peak of legendary for a short while.

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Chapter 575: Reward From the Congress

Hearing what Benedict III said, Kritonia said after a brief silence, “Your Holiness, I will assist ‘Original Fire’ in secret as a way to answer for my sins when I was tricked by Sard. I hope that the Church could send someone to rescue the main members of my family.”

‘Original Fire’ was the legendary class of ‘Night Executioner’. The South Church preferred to address the night watchers by their nicknames, and the outsiders preferred their class name.

“I have already felt your repentance. I believe that the Lord will be happy about that, too. When the situation is less intense, I’ll ask Vaharall to send night watchers to help your family. By then, I will grant you the title of duke again with a fief near the Holy City.” Said Benedict III peacefully.

Kritonia was a level-three legendary expert, but he was too eye-catching, and Rentato was watched over by Hathaway, Davey, Winston and other legendary experts in turns. Not far away, it was Allyn, the main base of the Congress of Magic. It was more difficult for him to save anyone than it was for the regular night watchers. He even suspected that Natasha imprisoned the main members of his family exactly to allure him to save them. Chances were that the most dangerous traps had been set up there, and he would be collectively attacked by a lot of legendary sorcerers. Therefore, he had to ask for the help of other forces and wait out the enemy’s wariness.

So, having got the pope’s promise, Kritonia smiled. “Your benevolence is remarkable.”

“With you working together with ‘Night Executioner’, I can already see Lucien Evans’ ending. However, he will definitely be thoroughly protected by the Congress of Magic. You must be careful. A living legendary expert is much more important than a dead one.” Benedict III expressed his concerns for Kritonia and then remarked with mixed feelings, “There probably won’t be any greater achievement in this operation. You will hide in the northland for now. I’ll ask the Night Executioner to contact you.”

He, on the other hand, intended to return to the Holy City and completely ban magic radios for a while.

Until today, although he had recognized the radio stations’ guidance in thinking, he did not expect it to be powerful. If the ordinary believers listened to it all the time, they would deviate from their faith and fall into hell.

However, Benedict III knew that it could not be banned forever. The nobles, after being less restrained, would definitely chase after the luxury entertainment. Therefore, he was thinking to

establish the Church's own radio station and set up divine power circles to monitor electromagnetic signals.

Kritonia grew solemn. "Yes, Your Holiness."

The shadow in his hands were gone, replaced by vague spots of light.

Looking at the spots, Kritonia sighed. Before, legendary knights were highly autonomous about missions and commands, and he wouldn't have needed to do anything to eliminate a eighth-circle sorcerer. However, when one step went wrong, all the steps that followed went wrong...

"I have to establish my own brightness on this path..." Kritonia turned around and left.

.....

Inside the villa at the suburb of Allyn...

As a member of the Atom Institution, Blake understood the value of neutrons perfectly. It meant that the internal model of atoms constructed by the new alchemy was fundamentally valid, and that the sorcerers who were good at elements would embrace a golden age. It was like Mr. Blake turned the school of electromagnetics from an insignificant field into one of the four most powerful schools within the Congress of Magic after he founded the classic electromagnetic system.

“The discovery of neutrons fortifies the existence of particles. After a legendary sorcerer modifies the meditation of photons based on that, my spiritual particle and my soul will soar... As a matter of fact, there’s already hope that I will advance into the third-circle very soon.” Blake thought to himself excitedly.

After Raventi, Gaston, Chloe and Lacie Carter proposed the random molecular movement of liquid and explained the nature of the phenomenon, the question of whether atoms existed had been determined, which made the sorcerers of the school of elements such as Blake improve more or less.

Ding, ding, ding. Something was ringing in his pocket. Blake hurried to take out the mobile communication item and pressed the button at the center.

“Hey, Blake, did you listen to Mr. Evans’ speech just now?” Alfalia asked, her voice shivering.

Blake replied, equally unable to control his feelings. “I did. It’s truly a night of miracles tonight! Two revolutionary theoretical systems have been established!”

“Don’t be so rash. Although the relativistic system can be proved by phenomena, it only means that the conclusion is correct and does not suggest that the procedures to reach the conclusion are so, until the Arcana Review Board examines it. Of course, I personally would like to believe in the explanation about the nature of gravity.” Alfalia tried to make herself sound calm, but she still expressed her admiration in the end.

In his excitement, Blake became straightforward and talkative. He chuckled, “I’m very suspicious that the good sirs of the Arcana Review Board can understand the paper. It may require the grand arcanists to review.”

“I think so, too. Mr. Evans’ basic introduction was already incomprehensible to me... Hu, I can’t wait to confirm the existence of neutrons myself tomorrow...” Alfalia retained the basic rationally and knew she had to confirm the experiment in person. Because of her level, she did not have the advanced facilities such as cyclotron in her house.

Reminded by her, Blake also looked at the Allyn magic tower passionately. “I don’t think I can sleep tonight... After neutrons are proved, there will be three pillars in the field of arcana: Brook’s electromagnetism, Evans’ relativistic system that includes Mr. President’s theories, and the new alchemy...”

“Yes. We need to call him His Excellency Evans now, though.” Alfalia smiled.

Blake replied, his voice drifting, “Yes, His Excellency Evans!”

.....

Because they were on a high floor in the magic tower, Lucien and Samantha soon noticed the weather changes in Rentato.

“Disorder of elements, shadow of atom model... Is it Raventi, Donald or Morris?” Fernando dropped the paper and walked to the window.

In Rentato, they were the only three archmages in the field of elements whose cognitive world bordered on half-solidification.

Lucien also stood next to his teacher and smiled, “Whoever it is, it is a success of the Congress.”

That being said, Lucien secretly hoped that it was Raventi or Morris.

“It’s also your success. The existence of neutrons must’ve been proved.” Hellen’s voice was brisk but not indifferent, as if she were embracing a snow in warm clothes.

She believed that whether it was Raventi, Donald or Morris, they must’ve tested it many times in person before they accepted the existence of neutrons and changed their cognitive world with it.

Now that two grand arcanists were talking, Samantha could only congratulate him with her eyes. The discovery of neutrons and the confirmation of the new alchemy would mean another Holm Crown Ring, but it did not matter. What mattered was that Lucien Evans would be given the glorious title of grand arcanist after tomorrow!

“Congratulations, Mr. Evans.” Samantha said to herself quietly.

After the weather changes stopped, Fernando said to Lucien, “Come to Hellen’s library with me.”

Lucien nodded and followed the two grand arcanists into Hellen’s library. Then he saw Oliver who was trying to break the blockage.

He nodded in greetings. “Congratulations, Lucien, a new grand arcanist!”

Then, he said with a smile of relief, “Your explanation has ended the panic. Also, I’ve sensed that Mr. President is trying to open the demiplane from inside. It’s obvious that he did not seclude himself voluntarily, and there must’ve been other problems with the conversation. With the assistance of the other few legends, perhaps, it will only take a day and a half to cancel the blockage of the Land of Truth.”

Hearing that the president was alive, and the demiplane was blocked by the Church, Lucien heaved a long sigh in relief. Hellen and Fernando were more or less pacified, too.

“Perhaps, your general theory of relativity will help Douglas find his path to becoming a demigod, but I fear that he’ll have to start reading ‘Nature’.” After Fernando was relaxed, he immediately began to joke around. Then, he said before Lucien replied, “The discovery of neutrons proves the correctness of the new alchemy. Although there may be parts that require modification and improvement, it won’t stop you from being acknowledged as a grand arcanist or obtaining a legendary item of the Congress.”

Every paradigm-shifting theoretical system meant the title of grand arcanist. So, the reward of legendary items seemed to be specifically for the grand arcanists.

“Can I choose one tomorrow?” Lucien revealed his obsession with money.

Fernando shook his head. “The Highest Council reached a consensus a long time ago that you would be given the title of grand arcanist for the new alchemy as long as neutrons were discovered. After Hellen proves your experiment, the treasury of the Congress will be opened for your selection. You sabotaged Benedict III’s scheme and revealed the value of the new alchemy. I fear that he will send legendary experts to deal with you. So, if you get a legendary item sooner, your safety can be better ensured.”

“Okay.” Lucien would certainly not turn down such an offer.

Fernando went on. “Your general theory of relativity will be reviewed by me and other arcanists who can understand it. It will be another paradigm-shifting achievement if there’s nothing wrong, and it can also be traded for a legendary item. However, I suggest you choose the ritual of ‘Origin of Magic’ instead of an item.”

He was thinking to invite the Prophet and other Tower arcanists who were adept at mathematics to review it together with himself and Douglas.

“What’s that ritual?” Lucien had never heard of the ritual before. It seemed to be only limited to the Highest Council.

Fernando nodded his head. “You will naturally enter the Highest Council after you become a grand arcanist. So, it doesn’t hurt to tell you in advance. This ritual of ‘Origin of Magic’ provides assistance for the ritual of legendary advancement. It requires the guidance of spiritual power of six legendary sorcerers, in cooperation with rare materials that are as precious as what legendary items are made of, and it is designed for the ninth-circle archmages whose spiritual power is not enough to make a breakthrough. Every such ritual will reduce the inventory of the Congress by one fifth.”

“Your cognitive world has half solidified, and you have a legendary class that is close to 100% match and legendary magic models that are engraved to your cognitive world. There will be high hopes for you to make an advancement with this ritual after you advance into the ninth circle. After you become a legendary sorcerer, it will be terribly difficult to kill you, and you won’t have to be chained to Allyn or Rentato without being able to go anywhere.”

“You can stabilize your achievements with this incident. In two to three years, after you advance into the ninth circle, you will need the magic ritual to help you.”

Because Lucien had been advancing fast and did not have a solid foundation, Fernando believed that it wouldn't be safe for his student to try to advance into legendary until at least ten years after he advanced into the ninth circle. Many accidents might happen during such a long period.

Lucien grimaced. "Master, I am already in the ninth circle."

Huh? Fernando thought that his ears had deceived him. Hellen and Oliver turned around and looked at him, too.

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Chapter 576: Legendary Item

Lucien smiled rather awkwardly, "I had the feedback from the truth of the world when I wrote the paper on the general theory of relativity, which generated 'Time Stop', the space-time magic, directly inside my soul."

The spells that involved time and space were an intersection of the schools of astrology, force field, transformation, electromagnetics and light-darkness. They were extremely complicated. The sorcerers who were not adept at the five schools could only construct the models with their mathematical expertise and spiritual power. They were much more difficult to learn than were the spells of the same level.

Lucien's original plan was to build 'Spell Sequencer', 'Raventi's Flame Hell', 'Meteor Swarm' and other spells he was good at when he advanced into the ninth circle, but out of his expectation, 'Time Stop', the ninth-circle magic that was as famous as 'Cracking (Advanced)', was generated on its own.

"Feedback from the real world..." After slight surprise, Fernando became solemn. Every grand arcanist was used to such feedback, which were repeatable and provable. That was also the reason why they were eager to figure out the mechanism of the feedback.

For the arcanists, writing a paper was the process of closure, which was accompanied by the confidence in the final result. They would finalize certain things that they considered for a long time and melt their spirits into it.

If the sketch and thinking alone could trigger the changes of the cognitive world, the wrong and flawed ideas at the beginning could be highly dangerous. It was possible that a grand arcanist's head might be blown up because of an error he had during his calculation despite his amazing ideas.

Regarding the enigma that only received enough attention a hundred years after the Congress of Magic was founded, Fernando asked for the details and realized that they were the same as before. Therefore, he held back his confusion and said, "Now that you have already advanced into the ninth circle, you can change the reward for your general theory of relativity into the ritual of 'Origin of Magic'. You will stay in Allyn without going anywhere or telling it to anybody. After Douglas gets out of his demiplane and we decide the value of your paper together, we will hold the ritual of legendary advancement with the assistance of 'Origin of Magic' for you."

For the archmages whose cognitive world had half-solidified, the Congress of Magic would reimburse them for the cost of the ritual of legendary advancement, but the archmages who planned to help their cognitive world half-solidify with magic rituals not only needed to pay for the materials and the legendary sorcerers in the ancillary rituals, but also had to cover half of the cost for the legendary advancement.

It was very realistic but equal. No archmages ever burst into fury because of that.

“Master, would there be any insidious problems?” Naturally, Lucien would love to advance into legendary in advance, which would mean that his safety would be perfectly ensured. Otherwise, even though he had two legendary items, his spiritual power would be drained after he used one or two legendary spells. However, if there were too many insidious problems, Lucien wouldn’t mind staying in Allyn and Rentato for ten years. Natasha could pick up the Sword of Truth while level eight, but she also could only slash it two or three times in a battle.

Fernando cackled. “It’s such an expensive ritual that needs the help of six legendary sorcerers. How can there be any insidious problems? Well, the odds of failure are rather high, though. However, I’ll ask Douglas, Brook, Hathaway, Oliver and Hellen to host the ritual with me. That’s the most luxury lineup in the history of magic. The odds of failure will be greatly reduced. Also, since your foundation is not steady, it will take you more time for you to make advancement after you advance into legendary.”

“You have your own meditation skill, don’t you? In such a way, after you advance into the level two of legendary, your foundation will be stabilized. Of course, you are only slow compared to other grand arcanists. For example, Douglas and Brook both reached the peak in only decades. It was much faster than the sorcerers whose match rate is low.”

There was no need to hesitate. Lucien nodded, “I’ll ask for the ritual of ‘Origin of Magic’ after the review of the general theory of relativity is completed.”

In the Congress of Magic, except for the seven grand arcanists, the legendary sorcerers were all below level three of level-one legendary. The Prophet, the Eye of Curse, the Master of Transformation and the Alchemy Master were in level two, and the Innovator, the Moon Scholar, Absolute Defense, the Monarch of Fate, the Sun King and the Light of Stars were in level one. Among them, the Light of Stars, who advanced only thirty years ago, was the weakest of all.

Seeing that Lucien had made up his mind, Fernando summoned other legendary sorcerers to help Oliver, and Hellen went to the laboratory to confirm the discovery of neutrons.

Soon, Hathaway and Brook arrived and asked for a copy of the paper from Lucien. Their mathematical abilities were exceptional and much stronger than Hellen, Oliver and Vicente's. If Fernando hadn't studied 'Nature' earlier, he wouldn't have understood any more than they did. As for the regular legendary sorcerers, only the Prophet had equal mathematical abilities.

"The subscribers of 'Nature' will probably soar tomorrow. At least, I'll be one of them." Brook was not upset that Lucien made his cognitive world break and solidified at all but smiled gently.

Praised as the most incomprehensible journal, 'Nature' had only one thousandth of the subscribers that 'Arcana' did. More people only read it in the library when they needed to.

Even though it was funded by the Tower and Lucien and wouldn't stop publishing, Levski, Neeshka, Milina and other arcanists were quite upset that their work was not appreciated by the public. However, after Lucien's broadcast today, the discussion of the general theory of relativity would definitely be a hit. Everybody would get a copy of 'Nature' in case they couldn't follow other people in their conversations.

Lucien smiled. "Mathematics are the tools and foundations of arcana studies and the brightest gem on the crown of arcana. That was why I decided to establish 'Nature'."

"Yes, many arcanists today only have the mathematical ability to analyze magic models and refuse to work harder." Hathaway was rather indifferent about the discovery of neutrons, because she had realized that neutrons must be introduced to the magic models when she reverse engineered 'Eternal Blaze' and 'Atomic Fission'.

However, she did speak a rarely-seen long sentence. She seemed excited for the explanation of the nature of gravity and the talented idea.

Brook nodded and said, “Your idea that the speed of light is a constant reference is very enlightening, and so is your description on time and space. We have to figure out the nature of things.”

The two grand arcanists did not say anything else because they had to help Oliver get Douglas out.

Lucien waited for a while patiently. A while later, Hellen walked out of the laboratory and declared, “It’s indeed neutron. I’ll bring you to the treasury of the Congress.”

“Lucien, you may think of a tribute for yourself. If you do not want to waste your time on it, Oliver will be happy to do it for you.” Fernando smiled next to the portal.

According to the tradition of the Magic Empire, every legendary sorcerer had their unique tribute. In the age of the Congress, the range had been expanded to all the grand arcanists who hadn’t advanced into legendary.

Tributes were deeply associated with the legendary class and the specific fields. For example, Douglas’ tribute was ‘you are the elect of magic and dominator of space; your light illuminates the path of arcana.’, Brook’s was ‘you are the master of the kingdom of electromagnetism who writes poems for the goddess’, Oliver’s was ‘you let elements return to where they should be; you travel between time and space’, Hellen’s was ‘you are the spirit of snow who dances the most beautiful changes in the world’, and Vicente’s was ‘your eyes put souls to sleep; you are the dominator of death’.

Hearing his name being mentioned, Oliver smiled, “I already considered it for you. ‘You are the truth of elements and the staff that masters space and time’. How does it sound?”

Lucien discovered that it was surprisingly fitting, so he smiled, “It’s indeed a poetic tribute. So be it.”

After deciding the tribute, Lucien followed Hellen to the end of the thirty-fifth floor of the Allyn magic tower. He saw a black gate that was engraved with creepy stripes.

Hellen opened the gate with a magic key and led Lucien into a small room inside.

The room was empty except for four cabinets that contained four items. There was a magic robe which was so dark that it could almost absorb the soul, a grey staff entangled with weird decorations, a transparent crown embedded with seven alchemical gems, and a pair of silver gloves.

“The Robe of Grand Arcanists and the Grasp of Davey are the two legendary items created later, the former being a level-two and the latter being a level one.” Hellen briefly introduced the magic robe and the gloves. “The staff and the crown are both from the ancient Magic Empire. The former is named ‘Boundary of Souls’. It’s a powerful item of necromancy. The latter is ‘Thorny Crown’. It belongs to the school of transformation and astrology. Both of them are level two. However, if you choose a legendary item in the field you are good at, you may be able to improve its level with precious materials later, like your master and his ‘Robe of Dominance’.”

Lucien nodded. He knew that legendary items differed from regular legendary items in that they could grow, although the odds of failure could be quite high.

Reading the introduction to the few items carefully, Lucien abandoned the Grasp of Davey first, because it was only level one. Then, he gave up 'Boundary of Souls', because he already had 'Congus Ring'.

In the end, Lucien abandoned the 'Thorny Crown', which could affect gravity, time and space and which was attached with prophetic magic. That was because he intended to craft his own legendary items with 'Observer of Time and Space', the legendary class he did not choose. Many of its functions would be redundant.

"Robe of Grand Arcanists, a level-two legendary item. Only usable for legendary sorcerers or archmages whose cognitive world had half-solidified, or the wearer's head will explode."

"This magic robe created by alchemy masters can reduce the cooldown of the spells below legendary by two seconds and that of the legendary spells by one to 0.5 seconds, depending on their difficulty."

That was the quality most attractive to Lucien. It meant that there would be no cooldown for him when he used the spells below the ninth circle. Even the gap between ninth-circle spells would be reduced to within one second. It would be sometimes even more cost-effective than legendary spells.

"The master of the magic robe would boast the magic resistance of level-two legendary and a defense of level-nine gold knights against the knight-type attacks like longsword. It will double the recovery speed of spiritual power and provide immunity to confusion and chaos. When attacked, 'Magic Absorber' (8th circle) and 'Elemental Skin' (8th circle) will be triggered."

"Terrible legendary force is also entailed in it, allowing it to perform Elemental Protection twice, Space Shackle twice, Grandeur Obliteration twice and Hellish Ball twice every day."

“In the meantime, it will also bring the user a Spell Sequencer (9th circle), two Cracking (Advanced) (9th circle), and three Ruby Reversing Rays (7th circle).”

“The power of sorcerers is from wisdom!”

“By Veronica Claus.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 577: A Sudden Thought

After he obtained the Robe of Grand Arcanists, the robe of ‘Immortal Throne’ was naturally abandoned by Life Hiding. The reward from the Hand of Paleness was never as practical as it appeared, and even less so after he had the ritual of ‘Life Hiding’. As for the seventh-circle magic, ‘Weakening Ray’, that Lucien was interested in, he could totally construct it inside his own soul.

Not holding back at all, and since he had his waistcoat and shirt inside, Lucien put on the magic robe after leaving a signature on the pivot of the Robe of Grand Arcanists for his own safety.

The moment he put on the legendary item, Lucien felt that it absorbed his spiritual power crazily like a gigantic swirl. If his cognitive world had not half-solidified, his head might have really exploded because of the quake of spiritual power.

After a long time, when Lucien's spiritual power almost ran dry, the absorption finally slowed down, and the dark magic robe shimmered. Then, as Lucien's wished, it turned into a double-breasted suit, and then the doubled recovery of spiritual power began.

Hellen did not say anything, as if she were dwelling in her own world. Just like Fernando said, she was not nonchalant but rather talkative. However, things other than arcana and magic studies could barely raise her interest, which made her look like an icy goddess.

"You have changed?" She was suddenly back to herself. "Evans, what mathematical knowledge do I need to grasp in order to understand your general theory of relativity? Can you give me a list of books?"

"Not a problem at all, but I don't know what books you have already grasped, Your Excellency Hellen." Sensing the flourishing recovery of his spiritual power, Lucien felt that his head was clearer than ever.

Hellen shook her head and smiled, "You are now a grand arcanist, too. There's no need to address me as Excellency. You can assume that I know nothing at all when you write the book list. That way, I will know your mathematical foundation and can make up for what I missed."

"Alright, Hellen." Lucien did not insist on calling her Excellency. Otherwise, how would the legendary sorcerers that were not grand arcanists feel? However, his teacher was his teacher, Mr. President was Mr. President, and Granny Hathaway was always Granny Hathaway. Those were personal relationships and he did not need to consider for anybody else.

Hellen closed the door and led Lucien out of the place. “You will rest in Fernando’s library in the coming days until Mr. President gets out of his demiplane and reviews your paper with the Prophet and the rest of them.”

She had an even higher demand than the Lord of Storm did, not even allowing Lucien to return to his own magic tower or the Atom Institution in case somebody took advantage of the weakness. The accident tonight could be ascribed to her untimely treatment due to her emotional turmoil, so she was even more prudent about Lucien’s safety.

Lazar had no objection. “Then, I’ll tell the butler and Lazar.”

Hellen nodded and walked to the front, indicating that she would not eavesdrop on Lucien’s call.

Leo did not know much about magic, and what happened tonight was a major shock for him. He asked Pinocchio to activate the defense of the magic tower while he tried to reach out to Lucien.

After ensuring that Lazar was fine and everything in Allyn was normal, Leo was finally reassured, and then Lucien contacted Lazar.

“Lucien? Oh, I should call you Your Excellency Evans!” Lazar said excitedly, “Your explanation about the nature of gravity is so cool. How did you connect it with space-time?”

Obviously, he didn’t quite understand the first part.

Lucien said jokingly, “A good sir named Albert told me in my dreams.”

“Haha, you are humorous.” Lazar laughed. “You told me that you wanted to include gravity in the special theory of relativity, but I didn’t do any research in that regard. How idiotic I was! If I had made any ancillary tools, my arcana level would be raised now.”

His arcana credits were almost level five. The benefits from the new alchemy and other breakthroughs in the elemental field were running out, too.

Lucien patted his suit and said, “I found it strange, too. I asked you to work on the special theory of relativity, but none of you did anything except for Annick and the students whom I supervised.”

Lazar tried to smile. “Time, space, energy, mass and transformation of frames of reference are too difficult to understand. However, the special theory of relativity is like a lovely kid compared to the dizzying general theory of relativity. I’ll keep working on it.”

“Just, your students almost went crazy in excitement. They almost blew up my monocle when they failed to reach out to you. You have completely conquered them.”

Lucien’s lips curled. “That’s not a good thing in arcana. ‘Master is dear to me, but dearer still is truth’. Lazar, I will help my teacher review papers in the following days and won’t go to the institution. You will be responsible for the daily operation.”

Lazar accepted it quickly and then said, “Allow me to forget our friendship for now and pay tribute to your great achievements that have surpassed the age. You have explored the future road of arcana and driven away the clouds that loomed in the sky of arcana. The general theory of relativity and the new alchemy are both the most splendid accomplishments in the history of magic. The former is particularly so.”

After the call with Lazar, Lucien contacted Natasha.

“...Your Excellency, you are the master of time and space, the controller of stars, and the doorkeeper of the truth of the microscopic world.” Natasha was delighted when she heard Lucien’s voice.

Although she did not understand the general theory of relativity, she had learnt its great significance from Hathaway, Lucien and Morris. Therefore, she made up a tribute as a joke.

Lucien smiled, “You were listening to ‘News of the World’, too?”

“I already listened to ‘Arcana Voice’ and ‘News of the World’ when I was in Aalto.” While magic radios hadn’t been promoted to the opposite side of the Storm Strait, she was certainly not short of such gadgets. It was a source for her to learn the news about Lucien. “As a matter of fact, I always feel that arcana studies are interesting. I can learn them for fun when I am free, although I am not talented in spiritual power.”

Natasha had the necessary knowledge, and she did feel that the arcana studies and experiments were enjoyable. So, she intended to give it a shot, although she did not expect to make anything out of it, and she did not plan to devote herself to it.

Lucien chuckled. “I can teach you as long as you can control the magic circles and the alchemy devices. Let’s see if you can become an experiment disaster creator.”

The two of them began to chatter aimlessly as they talked. It was not until Hellen looked at him from the end of the corridor that Lucien was back to himself. “Because of the accident, I may not be able to return to Rentato for the time being. Send my apology to the Grand Duke.”

“I know. Granny Hathaway told me everything briefly. You just stay in Allyn and don’t go out recklessly. I will sort out the relationship of the parliament, the cabinet and the nobles in the meantime. Then, I will go to Allyn and visit your institution and magic tower!” Said Natasha. Then she added in secret, you don’t know that I’m already a level-nine gold knight yet, and that will be a huge ‘surprise’.

Lucien chuckled. “My students have always wanted to meet the queen. Alright, I’m going to hang up.”

“Okay.” Natasha replied with her biyin, before she said in a low voice, “My grand arcanist.”

After ending the call, Lucien suddenly remembered something. Natasha, Annick and other people must’ve contacted him many times, but he had neglected the scorch for various reasons. As it turned out, he had no idea who had tried to reach out to him, which might make him miss a lot of things.

“Contact management and ‘Missed Calls’ are needed...” Lucien considered the modules to avoid the problem.

It was not difficult to devise a storage circle, but it would significantly increase the requirement and price for the alchemical communication item. Also, alchemical life was made of melted souls. It was better at intelligent management instead of calculation. Therefore, it was necessary to develop computers based on magic.

Although legendary sorcerers were as capable as the computers at the beginning phase, Lucien was very certain that they could compare to the first generation of Galaxy-level computer even if they were combined. He could not abandon the development of computers just because they were not very useful at the initial phase. After all, the semiconductor elements had already been discovered.

While thinking, Lucien hurried to catch up to Hellen.

Hellen eyed him strangely but did not say anything. For her who was dedicated to arcana and magic studies, Lucien's previous calls were too much a waste of time. Why couldn't he just tell them what to do straightforwardly?

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In the next day and a half, Lucien seized the moment to construct the second ninth-circle spell in order to stabilize his strength.

A regular ninth-circle spell only took two to three days to be diagnosed even if the mathematical foundation and the arcana and magic knowledge were good enough. However, Lucien had 'Snow Goddess' Whip' that he created on his own. He had mastered its structure a long time ago. Therefore, before Oliver and other legendary sorcerers opened the Land of Truth, he had already successfully constructed it inside his soul and stabilized his stance in the ninth circle. In the meantime, he became the ninth-circle arcanist who grasped the fewest seventh-circle and eighth-circle spells.

Up until now, Lucien had only constructed nine seventh-circle spells, namely: Evans' Freezing Ray, Magic Reverse, Antimagic Ray, Finger of Death, Simulacrum, Forcecage, Energy Immunity, Chaos Teleportation, and Lightning Storm; and nine eighth-circle spells, namely: Magic Order, Maze, Elemental Skin, Mental Barrier, Space Lock, Advanced Curse, Advanced Spying, Strong Magnetic Blast, Foresight.

Suddenly, Lucien felt space turbulence spreading out in waves. So, he hurried to go to Hellen's library.

The moment he entered the room, the fully closed portal of teleportation was opened. Douglas stepped out from inside and nodded at Fernando, Oliver and the other legendary sorcerers. "Thank you for your trouble."

Lucien smiled. Everything was good as long as the president was alright.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 578: Ritual

Seeing that the few grand arcanists and legendary sorcerers had been gathered here, Douglas asked concernedly, "Did Benedict III do anything in the past few days? I think he must have a good reason to expose his secret and lock me inside my demiplane. Did he tamper with our conversation to deceive people or allure someone of the Highest Council?"

Lucien secretly raised his thumb after hearing the president's questions. Even though he had been caged inside his demiplane, he was still able to infer most of the things.

Of all the legendary sorcerers on the spot, Fernando had the most seniority and least concerns. He said loudly, “Douglas, however confused you are about the nature and source of gravity and the initial cause, you can’t lose your confidence and explain everything with a supreme being, can you? It doesn’t matter even if you have ten thousand whys, but it will be horrible if you can’t come up with a single question but get satisfied with explaining everything with gods. The speech that the Church quoted almost deprived all the arcanists in the Congress of their confidence.”

Douglas slightly frowned. “Benedict III hid the latter part of our conversation to disrupt your minds?”

“I admit that there are times when I am confused, lost and can’t see the way ahead, but when I return to reality and find that there are so many problems waiting for me to resolve, I’m full of momentum again. Also, a supreme being does not equal to the God of Truth. It may be a synonym to the truth of the world. The space is so vast and boundless, and our world is nothing at all compared to it. How can I worship a god that fights for believers and resources in such an insignificant place?”

Fernando smiled. “That’s the Douglas I know. I told them that you wouldn’t demean yourself by worshiping the God of Truth.”

Hellen quietly patted her cheeks and heaved a sigh of relief. Brook, Hathaway and Oliver looked more or less relaxed and delighted, too.

In the rising period of an organization, many contradictions would be covered by the thriving appearance.

Not wasting any time, Douglas asked straightforwardly, “The whole Congress was affected? Was it through the Sky Radio Station. I’ll clarify it first and announce Benedict III’s vileness to everyone.”

He wondered if a delay of one and a half days had made the lie unfalsifiable.

“There’s no need to rush. The influence has been cleared. Why don’t you tell us what exactly happened?” Fernando was eager to know the details.

Douglas looked at everybody in confusion. “Cleared? Didn’t you say that almost all the arcanists in the Congress lost confidence, Fernando?”

That was a rather severe situation.

Because of his relationship with his teacher, Brook had been listening quietly without saying anything. Hathaway never talked whenever she could avoid talking. Hellen felt too guilty to talk. Oliver, finally, picked up the topic. “Mr. President, they lost confidence because the arcanists saw that even you, the founder of the gravity theory, were baffled by the nature and source of gravity and looked for philosophical and theological answers. They had suspicions about the road they were on, but after somebody explained the nature of gravity, everybody was refreshed. Naturally, their panic was gone.”

“That’s good.” Douglas didn’t realize what he heard first. Then, he turned his head and said, “Wait, Oliver, what did you say? Somebody explained the nature of gravity?”

He looked at the Land of Truth and asked tentatively, “I was locked inside the demiplane for a day and a half, wasn’t I? Did the time flow at a different speed in the outside world, and decades have actually passed?”

There had been absolutely no sign of an explanation on the nature of gravity, so the news was so shocking to him that he suspected it was because of different time speeds. Otherwise, how could a theory have popped up after only one and a half days?

“You were locked away for one and a half days. However, Lucien had worked on it for years. He proposed a theoretical explanation on the nature of gravity. The deductions based on his theory match the observed redundant precession of the Morning Star at the perihelion and the adjustment to synchronize the time in the high sky and on the ground of the artificial planets.

After a brief daze, Douglas asked in a hurry, “Where’s the paper? Let me take a look!”

At this moment, he forgot everything he planned to do.

Hellen gave the copy of the paper and Lucien’s book list to Douglas. “Here you are, Mr. President.”

Taking over the paper, Douglas browsed through it. His calmness was gradually gone, replaced by devotion. Shadows surfaced around him, constructing the ancillary computation circles.

He scratched his head now and then, making his neat hair messy.

Understanding his earnestness about the question, Fernando did not interrupt him despite his usual impatience.

After a long time, Douglas pulled his bow-tie, half confused and half enchanted. “I get basically what it says. The nature of gravity is the curved space-time caused by gravity. I saw the geometry on ‘Nature’ before, too. But is the deduction legitimate?”

As one of the greatest mathematicians, Douglas had already grasped the many new methods including tensor analysis after only browsing through 'Nature'. However, it was impossible for him to understand the general theory of relativity for the time being.

Fernando answered, "At least, Bergner and I did not find any flaw in the mathematical deduction, except that the methods that Lucien adopted in certain parts are rather clumsy and inconcise."

"Curved space-time... mass... energy-momentum tensor... the curvature of space-time is transmitted as waves..." Douglas mumbled the content in the paper, caught in the state of ten thousand whys again.

Lucien, Hellen and the rest of them kept absolutely quiet and did not interrupt the president. It was not until a long time later that Douglas was finally back to himself. Taking a deep breath, he walked to Lucien and patted his shoulder, "I dare not say immediately that your theory is correct, but you have undoubtedly proposed a paradigm-shifting idea. The greatest achievement of the Congress of Magic in the past ten years is your participation. I regret that I did not insist on my idea and let Fernando become your teacher."

"My everything is based on your foundation, Mr. President." Lucien replied with a smile.

Douglas shook his head. "Oliver, I or somebody else could've come up with the special theory of relativity some time later, but the general theory of relativity is definitely a treasure that depends on an individual's giftedness. Without you, it probably would have taken hundreds of years before the theory was proposed and perfected."

"Personally I thank you very much. I seem to have found my path to advance into demigod. After I confirm the thoroughness of the deduction and obtain part of the solutions, I may be able to touch

the gate of demigods. As for how many years it will take for me to pass the gate, that's a different matter."

"So, Douglas, after you confirm the paper, come and help Lucien with the ritual of 'Origin of Magic'." Fernando interjected. He had already invited Brook, Hathaway, Oliver and Hathaway, who were on the spot.

Douglas had never been more surprised in the past thousand years than today. Shocked, he looked at Fernando and Lucien, "Are you suggesting that Lucien has already entered the ninth circle?"

"What do you think? The truth of the world gives copious feedback to such great achievements." While Fernando was reluctant to compliment his student himself, he was rather happy when other people did so.

Douglas shook his head with a smile. "Lucien, if your advancement succeeds, you will be the youngest legendary sorcerer in the history of magic. Let's begin the ritual in a moment. Even if the paper proves wrong later, I'll cover the additional cost of the ritual to express my thanks for Lucien."

"What happened with Francois and Benedict III?" Fernando asked.

Douglas briefly introduced it and said with confusion in the end. "Francois was a sorcerer from the ancient Magic Empire. He loathed the Saint Truth and thought what the Church did regarded as blasphemy now and then. That's why I never suspected that he surrendered to the Church. Also, there was no holy light when he died."

"Something is wrong. Francois was the oldest member of the Affair Committee. He had high clearances and abundant allowances. He only never made a breakthrough because his cognitive

world couldn't half-solidify and he didn't dare to take risks. Such an archmage couldn't have been bribed." Oliver, as a member of the Highest Council who managed the Affair Committee, frowned and said.

"I found it strange, too. If Francois was unwilling, Benedict III couldn't have projected himself into Francois' soul over such a long distance. Also, Benedict III's spell to block the demiplane in the end is in the style of the ancient Magic Empire..." Douglas said something else that was weird.

Including Lucien, everybody discussed for a moment and paused when they failed to find an answer.

Since it was not night and radio time yet, Douglas proposed that the ritual of Origin of Magic and the ritual of legendary advancement be started now. Fernando and Hellen agreed with him. Brook, Oliver and Hathaway were worried that it might be too hasty, but they did not strongly object.

...

After half a day of preparation, in the hall on the opposite of the conference room of the Highest Council on the thirty-fifth floor of the Allyn magic tower...

The moment he entered the room, Lucien felt that he had come to the boundless space. The darkness was overwhelming and ceaseless, and the brilliance of the stars raised his deepest reverence.

When he looked more clearly, Lucien felt that the trajectories of the stars were too complicated for him to capture. It was actually a direct projection of the sky of fate!

“Lucien, find your Host Star of Destiny and stand below it.” Douglas’ voice came from the depths of the starry sky.

Lucien closed his eyes, and the projection of the Host Star of Destiny appeared inside his soul. Through the subtle interaction, he stepped forward and stepped below it after several minutes.

The star was dazzling but surrounded by the deepest darkness. Other people might not notice it, but Lucien could clearly sense the terrifying, all-absorbing air of destruction.

After he stopped, the six grand arcanists moved the circle for the ritual of Origin of Magic, each standing in one corner of the biggest hexagram.

“Are you ready?” Douglas asked gently.

Four top legendary and two level-three legendary grand arcanists – Looking at the astonishingly luxurious team, Lucien nodded his head slightly. Holding back his emotions and closing his eyes, he said peacefully:

“I am ready.”

From today on, his fate would enter a new track.

From today on, he would no longer be a target that anybody could plot against.

From today on, his life would be a real legend.

Do you hear fate knocking on the door? Go and take it by the throat!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 579: Demiplane

Before the complicated feelings in his heart died away, waves of spiritual power, after being adjusted by the ritual of ‘Origin of Magic’, flowed toward him gently at Lucien’s own frequency.

In the meantime, the whole deep, boundless sky quaked slightly. The mysterious force was concentrated on the projection of Lucien’s Host Star of Destiny. Because Fernando hosted the ritual in person, the ‘star of mysteries’, the terrible darkness behind it that seemed able to absorb everything, was not neglected.

The projection of the Host Star of Destiny hummed and shivered with noises that were inaudible to ordinary people. In the meantime, Lucien summoned his cognitive world in meditation, allowing the bright and dark Host Star of Destiny inside shake at the same time. As they were synchronized, Lucien had the feeling that the real world was ebbing, and that his cognitive world was surrounding his body and his soul.

After the half-solidification, Lucien's cognitive world was already able to influence the real world as he wished. Therefore, Lucien gradually spread out the feeling and changed everything around him.

At the center of the ritual, the stars were vaguely curved. Symbols of elements flashed in different colors, with the internal structure made of protons, neutrons and electrons. They split and gathered, producing the myriad of elements in the material world, before all the elements were gathered into the pure iron universe.

Lucien's legendary class, 'Atom Controller', did not seem to overlap with the path of quantum mechanics that he intended to walk on, but quantum mechanics were based on the exploration of the microworld after all. The studies on the electron alone had produced amazing and unbelievable achievements. Then, the strong nuclear force and the weak nuclear force, the last two of the four fundamental forces, were recognized, before the basic model of particles was developed and the electromagnetic power and the weak nuclear force were united.

Therefore, the shabby model of atomic nucleus was deepened and developed into a standard model of particles without changing the foundation.

After a while, the pure influence of the cognitive world 'touched' Lucien's body for real, making him feel the tremendous power.

Surpassing his body, his cognitive world and his soul met in the material world. Under their influence, the starry magic models constructed inside his soul all glittered with bright and dreamy brilliance.

Lucien felt that his soul was shaking, and that his ability to think and control the cognitive world plummeted. It was ten times more difficult for him to continue the modification of his soul with the cognitive world.

The magic models were vaguely curved like real stars, which gradually raised Lucien's viewpoint and gave him a strange feeling that he was looking down at himself from somewhere high.

The quake of the soul was even more intense. The edge became blurry and was connected to the unpredictable cognitive world. Then, it expanded into a fleeting cloud that intended to enshroud the cognitive world from the outside. At this point, Lucien's spiritual power almost ran dry, but the spiritual power of the six grand arcanists proved by the ritual of Origin of Magic was as incessant as an ocean, ready for him to squander.

With the lofty feeling, Lucien recovered from the shock of melding with his spiritual power. He watched the cognitive world collapse and develop into his soul, containing the magic models.

As a result, three curtains were formed. The soul was at the outermost level, then it was the cognitive world, and there were plenty of magic models inside the cognitive world. He felt that he was in control of everything.

Dwelling in the fabulous feeling, Lucien suddenly felt excruciating pain. He knew that the most difficult test had come, especially when his soul hadn't reached the standard of legendary yet!

His cognitive world suddenly expanded, tearing holes in the soul at the outermost level.

The pain from his soul almost made Lucien give up, but he gritted his teeth and tried to enjoy it while he repaired his soul with the power transmitted by the ritual of Origin of Magic!

Very soon, the pain arrived at the peak. Lucien felt that his soul was full of wounds. Also, the Origin of Magic could not repair his soul as fast now.

If it were any other time, Lucien would've passed out, because the pain surpassed what his body and his soul could bear. However, his mind and his soul seemed separated right now. There was no sign that he was falling into a coma.

Lucien knew that the pain would be gone if his mind returned to his body, but the ritual would also fail if so.

Having no time to recall his life experiences or curse fate, Lucien had only one thought in his head, which was to persist, persist and persist!

At some point, the unimaginable pain gradually weakened, and the 'resistance' of his cognitive world was gentler and gentler. Although his soul was riddled with holes, it was still powered by the Origin of Magic.

Lucien was about to heave a sigh in relief, when unpredictable colors that did not belong to this world glittered. The spirit library that had accompanied him since his rebirth appeared!

Inside the spirit library, all the books were unsealed. Then, the library was smaller and smaller as if Lucien were flying higher and higher, until it was replaced by a beautiful, dreamy planet that was covered with a blue ocean.

Is it Earth?

Lucien had complicated feelings.

Earth was also smaller and smaller as Lucien flew higher. The sun, the eight planets and poor Pluto were connected into a line like a picture.

Is it the solar system?

Lucien's feeling of looking down at everything did not stop. Even the solar system was reduced in size. Countless stars gathered into a surging river.

"Don't dwell in the illusion. Navigate the power into the cognitive world in your soul." Fernando's strict voice echoed next to Lucien's ears. They couldn't detect the changes inside Lucien's soul, but they could infer Lucien's phase from his apparent behavior.

Illusion? Is it an illusion?

Lucien was very confused, but he directed the overwhelming power of the Origin of Magic into his soul without delay, towards the struggling cognitive world.

The humming stopped, and a terrifying energy storm was raised in his cognitive world. The magic models such as 'Atomic Fission', being irrigated by them, shined one symbol after another and melded with the soul, like the magic models from the first circle to the ninth circle!

Boom!

In the soundless explosion, 'Atomic Fission' was quickly constructed without any additional control. That was the 'privilege' of a grand arcanist who had a legendary class and a fundamental spell!

The energy continued surging, but the shimmer of 'Eternal Blaze' already made his soul about to explode. Then, it fell quiet and showed no more reaction.

Even though it was a basic legendary spell, Lucien needed to be level-three legendary in order to construct it, or his soul would not be able to bear it!

The energy was still flowing. The complicated signals of the legendary class, 'Atom Controller', glowed with the 'Atomic Fission' at the center, until they were gathered and unleashed unimaginable spiritual power, repairing and improving his soul.

Lucien sensed the rapid growth of his soul. It turned from weak to succulent and was even about to explode.

Without panicking, Lucien gathered the energy storm and his spiritual power and released them to the void outside!

Tides rumbled, creating a tiny demiplane in the void before him.

The demiplane quickly expanded, absorbing the materials from the advancement ritual of 'Atom Controller' while changing according to Lucien's cognitive world. This was a boundless space where every star was made of two parts in different colors and surrounded by a certain number of illusionary 'planets'. They seemed to be everywhere, but when one observed more carefully, they would be only in one spot.

Among them, the planet that represented iron was larger and larger, turning into the place where Lucien's magic tower would be located.

The demiplane shivered and gradually stabilized. A space node was directly connected to Lucien's soul, so that he could jump to his own demiplane wherever he was as long as nothing was interrupting teleportation. His life was much safer.

After the demiplane was completely steady, Lucien opened his eyes, only to discover that the illusionary sky of fate was gone, the materials in the advancement ritual were gone, and the materials for the ritual of Origin of Magic became ashes.

Sensing his influence on the real world and the terrifying strength, Lucien asked in delight:

"Is this the power of legendary?"

Fernando asked with a loud voice, "What's the name of your legendary class?"

"Atom Controller." Replied Lucien with a smile.

“The name of your demiplane?”

Approach Science ¹ ... Lucien almost blurted out. Holding back his amusement, he said, “The internal structure of atoms is somewhat similar to space. The microscopic world is like a fractal universe. So, it will be named as ‘Atomic Universe’.

“An integration of the smallest and the largest. Good.” Oliver praised him.

Douglas smiled, “You’d better be adapted to the changes of your soul and your spiritual power after you’re back. The day after tomorrow, you will participate in the meeting of the Highest Council for the first time.”

“Yes, Mr. President.” Lucien was as respectful as before.

Fernando walked out together with Lucien and suggested solemnly, “You need to choose your legendary spells wisely. The level one of legendary can only support three legendary spells. The capacity will grow to six as your strength increases. So, you need to choose them appropriately with consideration of your needs in attack, defense, escape, control and all the other aspects.”

“Master, I understand. I’ll pick the legendary spells judiciously after I’m stabilized.” Lucien nodded.

It was common sense for legendary sorcerers. As their level advanced, they would be able to pick up more legendary spells, and their demiplane would be more complete. The level two of legendary supported ten legendary spells at most, and the level three, fifteen. For the top legendary experts

like the president, they could wield twenty-one spells. Also, every advancement in level involved a better integration of the soul and the cognitive world and a strong solidification of the cognitive world.

Fernando nodded, “Keep your advancement a secret for now. Don’t tell anybody except your queen. We won’t tell it in the Highest Council, either. After all, the title of grand arcanist is enough for you to enjoy all the privileges. In such a case, the Church will be ‘surprised’ if they plot against you.”

The Lord of the Undead was not invited partly because he was in the alternate dimension and partly because the Hand of Paleness was not very friendly to Lucien. It was for the sake of confidentiality.

.....

Inside Babel...

Seated on the sofa lazily, Lucien turned on the magic radio and listened to the president’s speech:

“...I admit that I was very confused about the nature of gravity, but the supreme being I referred to was the truth of the world and the law of the universe, which had nothing to do with gods...”

“...On the path of arcana, I have as many questions as any of you do. I am often lost, and I have to grit my teeth in my exploration and research. The only difference between you and me is that I have walked further than you for now, but it’s possible that some of you will exceed me in the future. Therefore, I do not represent the truth of arcana; your logical, flawless deduction and observation, as well as your strict experiment data and results does. Only the arcana studies based on such things are of actual significance, and the other notions are still in the category of philosophy...”

“...The universe is so vast that we have to stumble forward in fear, but we will never give up...”

“...This time, Benedict III has shown his understanding and application of the magic from the ancient Magic Empire. It suggests that he is much more underdeveloped than we are, and that they are in the bloody, primitive phase. It means that we are on the correct path...”

Listening to the president’s speech quietly, Lucien put on a smile.

(End of Volume VI)

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 580: The Highest Council

In the morning two days later, Lucien, who had been stabilizing his strength inside Babel, came to the thirty-fifth floor of the Allyn magic tower early and opened the door of the conference room of the Highest Council.

The conference room was no different from any other conference room that Lucien had seen. They were equally spacious, and they all had a common long cherry desk at the center. The only thing special was that the twenty-four chairs were made of precious materials. Their velvet plating was

emitting luxury and yet low-profile redness. Different patterns had been engraved on the back of the chairs to indicate the identity of the members. Among them, there were the storm with lightning, the crown of arcana and magic, etc.

“Evans, here.” Klaus, the Alchemy Master who was always wearing a mischievous smile, pointed at the chair on his opposite side.

He was the legendary sorcerer who came earliest, followed by an alchemical puppet in the appearance of a little girl.

Lucien looked over, only to discover that the back of the chair was the pattern of the internal structure of atoms, where electrons surrounded protons and neutrons, like an infinitely reduced version of the celestial bodies motion system.

“The classic model that is soon to be outdated...” Remarked secretly, Lucien nodded at Klaus and sat in his spot.

“Mr. Klaus, you seem to have been here for a while?” Seeing that they were alone in the conference room, Lucien asked in smalltalk.

Klaus smiled casually, “Evans, you are already a grand arcanist. Such courtesies are unnecessary. Just call me Klaus. I’m a person who prefers to arrive early. Every time I wait for other people, I feel that I have additional time, and I can think, idle by and enjoy the luxury of freedom without being disturbed. This is a wondrous feeling, don’t you think? You are an early person, too?”

“Yes. I’ll be anxious when I think that other people are waiting for me, but when I wait for other people, as long as they are not late, my mind is peaceful and my head is full of inspirations after I

come early.” Replied Lucien with a smile, not expecting them to share the same feeling in that regard.

Klaus opened his hands. “We understand life and enjoyment better than they do. However, for me, the luxury time is over, because there are so many questions that I would like to discuss with you the moment I see you. The new alchemy is full of intoxicating charm. It is even more addictive than all of my puppets, golems and alchemical lives.”

“If the questions are about the new alchemy, I would be happy to discuss them with you.” Said Lucien with a smile.

Klaus knocked the table. A pair of metal arms suddenly fell from the ceiling with a cup of hot red tea. Then, the creature said respectfully, “Your Excellency Klaus, your favorite ‘Count Red Tea’.”

“Evans, what’s your favorite drink? Ask them to prepare it.” Sipping the red tea, Klaus went on. “As a matter of fact, after reading your deductions based on protons, the periodic table, the relative atomic weight and the equivalent elements, I had absolutely no doubt about the existence of neutrons. Its discovery was only a matter of time. However, I do have a lot of confusion about the tracks, transition and radiation of electrons.”

As I expected... Lucien was not surprised at Klaus’s confusion. After asking for a ‘Sky Blue’, he said, “There are indeed many problems in that regard. We can discuss them together.”

The smile on Klaus’s face was gradually gone. “First of all, the electronic transition you described is a quantum process. That is to say, when it jumps from one orbit to another, there will be no journey in the middle at all. It will simply blink to the destination. Is it some sort of space jump or teleportation? Is it what our space magic is based on?”

Because space jump, teleportation and barrier could never be explained, the space magic had been developing very slowly and had an extremely high demand. Even the South Church and the Congress of Magic did not have the wealth to deploy too many permanent transmission magic circles. They could only manage to connect their headquarters to the capitals of the countries. As for the local provinces, counties and cities, they had to count on the primitive way. Things were only improved after electromagnetism messaging, wired phones and telegrams were developed.

“Perhaps yes, perhaps no. I haven’t really studied it yet. The transition of energy level is just a preliminary explanation. There may be better theories to describe it in the future. We can only approach the truth step by step but cannot claim that we already have the truth.” Lucien did not expect Klaus to ask such a sophisticated question.

Klaus nodded, knowing that the problem wouldn’t be resolved anytime soon. After all, the energy level and transition of electrons was still a theoretical speculation in Lucien’s new alchemy and had never been observed in an experiment yet. They could only be inferred based on the observed phenomena.

“The question is, why do electrons have orbits, and why would they ‘transit’? Gravity makes the artificial planets spin around the world and creates their orbits, but the electromagnetic power will only make the electrons hit the nucleus.” An indifferent voice echoed at the gate. Hathaway, beautiful but strict, had arrived early, too.

The studies on the new alchemy had been in the phase of searching for neutrons or other anomalies previously. Although there were such problems, it was not the mainstream. However, after the discovery of neutrons, the explanation of the orbits and transition of electrons became a top priority for the grand arcanists and the legendary sorcerers. Also, it could be seen from her fluent description that Hathaway had considered the problem for a while.

Rubbing his eyebrow, Lucien said, “The electromagnetic power probably does not apply to the microscopic realm. Some other forces are playing a role. Orbits and transitions are just a hypothesis for now. We can only confirm whether it is true based on experiments.”

Those grand arcanists and legendary sorcerers were truly smart. Their questions precisely hit the flaw of the new alchemy in the description of the atomic structure.

“The electrons, neutrons and protons must have certain built-in qualities that cause the orbits; we cannot add orbits to the electrons and dictate that they move according to that.” Hathaway observed, not satisfied about Lucien’s explanation.

“Also, the new alchemy can only describe the simple structure of a single electron. It cannot explain the complicated structure where more electrons are involved. Your theory to explain the original alchemical reactions with the exchange of external electrons fits the reality well, but it cannot be included in your model.” The Lord of Storm, as impatient as ever, had also arrived early.

Lucien rose to greet his teacher. Then he shook his head with a smile, “Forgive me, that model is still premature and has to be perfected by more arcanists.”

Fernando nodded. He sat down and said, “I often feel that deeper mysteries are hidden behind the problem.”

The four leading persons in the field of elements and alchemy began a comprehensive discussion on the new alchemy. In the meantime, ‘Absolute Defense’ Ataman, ‘Eye of Curse’ Atlant and other legendary sorcerers also came.

By the time Douglas walked in with his staff and the meeting was about to begin, the discussion about the new alchemy finally died down.

Lucien took the opportunity to ask Hathaway. “Granny, when will Mr. Raventi advance into legendary?”

In the past days, Lucien had been trying to reach out to Raventi, only to no avail. Natasha was too busy dealing with the parliament, the cabinet and himself to learn the details, either.

Hearing Lucien calling herself as granny like Natasha, Hathaway spoke as indifferently as before, although her right index finger bounced slightly. “Raventi returned to his magic tower and cut off all communication with the outside world. He is devoted to the reorganization of his previous knowledge, hoping to completely grasp ‘Elements Resolve’ that he parsed earlier as soon as possible.”

‘Elements Resolve’ was Hathaway’s unique spell. It was not submitted to the Congress, but the members of the Will of Elements could learn it with their contribution. Lucien planned to exchange the Will of Elements’ reward for him after he became a grand arcanist and a legendary sorcerer for the spell and improve his ‘Elemental Order’ with its reference, changing the latter into a legendary spell.

As for the legendary class, ‘Atom Controller’, Lucien also planned to submit it to the Congress and the Will of Elements in exchange for more legendary spells. Becoming a grand arcanist would be rewarded by legendary items, and becoming a legendary sorcerer would mean that they could pick a legendary spell from the Congress freely.

“I hope that Mr. Raventi advances successfully.” Lucien prayed for him sincerely.

Both ‘Lord of Elements’ and ‘Atom Controller’ should have a high match rate with Raventi’s cognitive world. For him whose cognitive world had already half-solidified, the higher the match rate was, the more hopeful it would be for him to advance into legendary. As soon as he mastered ‘Elements Resolve’, he would be able to try advancing.

Klaus smiled on the opposite side, “Soon, every meeting of the Highest Council will be the end of the world...”

He was rather ambiguous, but since he was looking at Fernando, Lucien immediately understood what he meant. Before, his master had often kept the meetings of the Highest Council in terrible storms on his own; if Mr. Raventi, who was as much a roarer as his teacher, also joined the meetings, it would definitely be the end of the world.

Fernando glared at Klaus, ‘terrorizing’ him to lower his head and evade the pressure. Then, the man said in a low voice, “Evans, you are very creative in inventing and simplifying alchemical items. Let’s communicate more often.”

At this moment, Douglas stood up and looked around at the other eighteen members of the Highest Council, before he said:

“The meeting today is mainly to welcome Lucien Evans to join us.”

Clap, clap, clap. Everybody applauded. The Lord of the Undead, the Monarch of Fate, the Sun King, Donald and another ninth-circle member, were out on missions and not present in the assembly of the Highest Council.

After Lucien stood up and greeted everyone, Douglas smiled. “Our first motion is, when will the ceremony for Lucien’s advancement into a grand arcanist be held?”

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Chapter 581: Ambitious Lucien

When Douglas asked the question, he was looking at Lucien. Naturally, it was his own thought that mattered in such celebrations.

“The celebrations for the previous few arcanists were all held together with the celebrations for their advancement into legendary. Holding it twice will be too troublesome and waste too much time. Also, I feel inappropriate to celebrate when I am not a legendary sorcerer yet. So, let’s hold the celebration after I advance into legendary.” Lucien expressed his opinion.

Although being congratulated in ceremonies was a delightful experience for most people, and the arcanists in the past were no exceptions, holding celebrations repetitively for the same reason would turn joy into numbness and eventually torture.

Also, during the celebration, the Elf’s Royal Palace, the Elder Council of the Druids and the friends of the Dark Congress would definitely send their legendary experts to come. When he got in touch with them closely, it would be easy to expose the fact that he had already advanced into legendary. Then, the enemy would avoid the major mistake in intelligence and be much better prepared against Lucien.

Fernando leaned against the back of his chair and nodded, “I agree with Lucien. Although grand arcanist is the most appreciated and glorious title within the Congress, only legendary means the fundamental improvement of life. It’s a sublimation that every class acknowledges.”

Now that Lucien himself and his teacher said the same thing, the other members of the Highest Council naturally did not pursue it any further.

Douglas nodded in approval. “I had been worried that Lucien would be arrogant because of the two major achievements during the ‘night of miracles’. I’m happy to see that he is as modest, cautious and rational as before, and that he understands the importance of his own strength.”

Lucien tightened his facial muscles to prevent himself from laughing out loud. The president was certainly not bad at acting at all!

“However, the fact that Lucien has become a grand arcanist should not be unannounced. Otherwise, the other arcanists in the Congress would be misled into thinking that we do not welcome the growing young people.” Douglas went on, “I propose that ‘News of the World’ and ‘Arcana Voice’ announce the news in their program to make as many arcanists, nobles and ordinary people as possible know.”

“What about the previous methods? Should they be applied?” A thick book, evidently one on the list that Lucien gave to her, was placed before Hellen. She was reading it so carefully that she was only sparing part of her attention to the meeting.

That was her meeting habit. None of the Highest Council felt anything strange about it. Except for the critical subjects and the discussions that involved herself, few things could drag her out of the world of arcana and magic studies. However, since it was her turn to guard the Affair Committee in the next five years, she would have to instruct the Affair Committee regarding similar matters, so she had to ask.

The previous methods of the Congress of Magic was to inform the local branches and ask them to forward the news to the sorcerers and apprentices in their jurisdiction. Also, the cover of every journal would be added with a line that specified who was granted the title of grand arcanist for what by the Congress for three issues in a row.

Douglas said affirmatively, “It was my special proposal just now. The previous ways will also be adopted.”

“Part of the sorcerers do not have the habit of listening to the radio. There will be sometime before the journal is released. So, I propose a letter be sent to the magic tower of every senior-rank sorcerer to tell them Evans has become a grand arcanist.” Said ‘Prophet’ Bergner, who was wearing the typical grey, pointy hat of the Tower.

The Congress of Magic did not have many senior-rank members. According to Lucien’s impression, there were only about five hundred of them. It wouldn’t be too troublesome to send a letter to each of them. So, none of the Highest Council objected to the Prophet’s suggestion.

Douglas announced after a smile, “The first subject is now over. On behalf of the Congress, I now give Lucien the title of grand arcanist.”

While talking, he took out an emblem and handed it over to Lucien. It was rather similar to the arcana badge, except the darkness was more profound, and the background was glittering stars, making it look like a real and vast sky.

It was a unique badge that represented a grand arcanist and included the permissions of the Highest Council. Although it only had the magic effect of ‘Free Movement’, it could mobilize the power of the magic towers in Allyn.

After Lucien put the emblem on his chest, applause echoed again. It marked that he had officially become a grand arcanist and a member of the Highest Council.

“The second subject is how to effectively control the four countries of the strait and how to diminish the foundation of the Church’s faith.” Douglas stopped smiling. “You must’ve witnessed

Benedict II's two God's Arrivals. It is not hard to say that, even though the power of faith was not why it was so destructive, the prayer of the believers and the clerics were at least a trigger to perform it. If the faith of the general public is diminished, it may be difficult to cast God's Arrival or other divine powers."

"Whatever the result is, it is at least what we should work on. What do you think?"

Grant, the Light of Stars, said straightforwardly, "We can strike the faith in the God of Truth like how the Church hunted sorcerers in the past."

He was a tall, slim, middle-aged man without a beard. His eyes were like the most brilliant and pure stars, which filled him with amazing charisma.

"We can't." Erica, 'Master of Transformation', objected, "The clerics in the four countries of the strait and the north coastline are building a mild church. Also, our control is far from flawless. Reckless actions will only result in turmoil and give other enemies opportunities. You should know that the North Church has been keeping distance from us since we controlled this area."

Having operated in the Duchy of Calais for years, the Eye of Curse and her were deeply associated with local nobles. They were the pro-nobles within the Congress.

The Eye of Curse followed. "If we strike the mild believers, we cannot dissuade other clerics and nobles in the future. We have to achieve our purpose in more approachable ways."

"I agree with Erica and Atlant." Crossing his fingers, Brook said solemnly. "I believe that you must've noticed that, because of 'Arcana Voice', the ordinary people's faith has reduced a lot in the past years, which can be seen by their frequency of their liturgical sessions and their daily talk. So,

I believe that promoting magic radios and increasing the attraction of the programs are by far the most effective methods.”

There were plenty of sorcerers and apprentices in Rentato, which allowed the Congress to detect the changes of the ordinary people quickly.

Hearing Brook’s opinion, Holt and the other members of the Highest Council looked at Lucien. He was the one who invented broadcast and who settled the programs. He was the authority in broadcasting.

Lucien did not back off but said after rolling his quill for a while. “It’s very reasonable to deploy two channels right now. Together with the two channels that the Hoffenberg family and the Kingdom of Holm are going to establish, we don’t need more programs. For the ordinary people, they are busy with life during the day and do not have the time for radio except the night. If there are too many channels in the period, they will be distracted from ‘Arcana Voice’.”

“The most important thing we should do is to lower the cost of magic radios and promote it to most families.”

“In that case, we should ban the personal radio stations.” The Moon Scholar added.

Klaus, as the Alchemy Master, offered his professional opinion. “We have received another batch of dwarf artisans, but they are not enough. It will take even longer for us to train our own workers. Therefore, in the foreseeable future, even if the cost of magic radios is lowered, it still cannot meet the demand of popularization.”

“If there are more mechanical products that can replace the functions of part of the magic circles, we may be able to make breakthroughs.”

“Natasha, James and I had a plan about the popularization.” Lucien proposed their discussion last year. In the end, he said, “Apart from that, I have some other thoughts.”

“Feel free to speak. You always have new things that amaze us.” Douglas hinted Lucien to continue with a smile, and none of the Highest Council objected.

Lucien coughed and said, “The magic radios cannot be popularized partly because of their cost and partly because ordinary people earn too little to afford them. By the same logic, a society based on such a foundation makes it impossible for us to reap more wealth. Although the nobles are rich, there are simply too few of them.”

“We should work with Holm, Brianne and other countries and come up with a five-year alchemy industry boosting plan. Through our investment and inventions, the jobs with better pay will increase, so that the ordinary people will earn more, and the overall wealth of the society will grow.”

“Lucien, you have the potential to be the prime minister of the kingdom. Your idea of the overall wealth of the society is not bad.” Klaus said half jokingly, “The problem is that most ordinary people are incapable of working in the alchemical workshops.”

The alchemical workshops in the magic society had much a higher demand than the factories in the industrial age, because the ordinary people in the industrial age were already reasonably educated.

Lucien smiled, “Why are they incapable? Because they lack the necessary knowledge and skills, which can be made up by education. I believe that the education in the kingdoms where teachers teach individuals in private is too obsolete. We should promote magic schools and let more people improve themselves by learning. Also, as soon as they know more things and their horizons are widened, they will definitely be less devout.”

It was exactly Lucien tried to do since the beginning: change society and change the fate of the ordinary people!

“Yes, the more knowledgeable someone is, the less likely they will be a pious believer.” Fernando nodded slightly and said, “Before, we couldn’t promote schools because the area was not under our control. It’s about time.”

Lucien added, “I suggest that schools be divided into two kinds. The first kind offers five-year education, where language and common sense in arcana, magic, biology, religion, history and law will be taught. I call it generic education. The Congress of Magic and the kingdoms will cover part of the cost, and the ordinary people will cover the rest. While their fundamental abilities are improved, we can also directly select the people with great arcana talents from schools, which will be easier than the past.”

“The second kind is the professional education designed to provide talents for the major alchemical workshops. The alchemical workshop will cover all the cost, the Congress will provide teachers, and the kingdoms will waive their taxes. The ordinary people will sign an apprentice contract before they enter such schools and have to go to the corresponding alchemical workshop after their graduation. I have named such schools ‘Lanxiang ¹’.”

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Chapter 582: Transformation of Identities

“Lanxiang, what does it mean?” Asked Oliver in confusion. He was familiar with the different languages and cultures in many different countries in the alternate dimensions, but he was helpless in front of Lucien’s made-up words.

Lucien said solemnly and sincerely, “Although such schools are based on the apprentice system, they are undoubtedly a brand-new form on their own. The students do not depend on anybody else, and they will be paid after they enter the alchemical workshops, except that their wages are lower and their contracts are longer. Therefore, I have created a brand-new term for them – Lanxiang ¹. It’s a name for such schools that contains the meaning of dream.”

“What’s your opinion?”

With his eyes closed, Atlant said with a smile, “I strongly agree with the idea to promote generic schools and vocational schools, but there is one problem. In the apprentice system, as long as you raise an apprentice, the apprentice will have to work for the alchemical workshop for free for ten years. All you need to prove is accommodation and food. However, this Lanxiang... Lanxiang demands the alchemical workshop to pay for the education in advance and for the apprentices’ work after their graduation. I don’t think they will take it willingly unless the Congress and the kingdoms browbeat them.”

“Mr. Atlant, times have changed. The apprentice system in the past can no longer meet the demand of the current alchemical workshops. I don’t think you need me to explain it. It can be seen by the fact that the apprentices of the Congress almost all became students in schools.”

“I’ll talk to the few companies I have shares in and ask them to invest in the first Lanxiang. In a couple of years, when their cost is lowered and their market is expanded under the support of incessant professional workers, the other alchemical workshops will probably be still short of hands. The early investment from the companies on their education will be retrieved from the profits they make.”

Lucien made the gesture that he was not forcing anybody to do anything. It was always difficult to make other people pay money. Thankfully, he was no longer the young man who lobbied for environmental protection. Right now, he had become a member of the Highest Council who had his own forces and his wealth. He could totally leave other people behind and set an example for them to follow.

Also, the actual cost wouldn't be too much. He could ask Natasha to allocate a redundant abbey to him as the school, and issue tasks with his arcana points to make the sorcerers and the graduated apprentices teach. Also, starting from the second year, he would arrange for the students in the school to work in the alchemical workshops as 'interns' in their spare time, so that part of his early investment could be recovered.

Seeing Lucien's attitude, Atlant and the other sorcerers who were still skeptical were relieved. He nodded in a smile, "Indeed. Time has changed. The old stuff should be buried in the past. I suggest that the Highest Council vote regarding 'Lanxiang'. We will encourage the alchemical workshop to invest but won't force them to. Evans, if you want to build any, count me in."

Douglas clapped his hands softly. "I agree with the idea, too. The Allyn Telephone and Telegram Company and other corporations owned by the Congress will invest first as examples."

Since the investment was not forced, all the members of the Highest Council raised their hands. The atmosphere was rather harmonious.

"There's one other problem. Is the support of the Congress and the governments enough to popularize the generic schools? Will the students be out of jobs after their graduation? It must be noted that the apprentice system can almost meet the demands of everybody except for the alchemical workshops. Also, unlike the students of 'Lanxiang', they won't be built to fit in a certain alchemical workshop. If they spend a huge fortune only to discover that their life has not improved at all, it's possible that they will hate us and rejoin the embrace of the God of Truth. That's against our wish." Atlant was good at figuring out what people might think.

Lucien smiled, “Mr. Atlant, the change of time is a chain reaction. When the number of alchemical workers grow, the social wealth increases, and the alchemical items that shorten the distance among cities are invented, the whole social structure will definitely go through qualitative changes. Perhaps, one job will be subdivided into many professional jobs, and many things unimaginable in the past will appear. But of course, we will control the scale of the generic education. It will have to suit our wealth and social condition.”

“Then, I have no objection. Evans, you are not reckless at all.” Atlant did not know much about social development, but his old partner, ‘Master of Transformation’, was an excellent historian. She agreed with Lucien’s prediction that social labor would be further divided. After talking to Atlant silently, she made him drop his suspicion.

The discussion about the generic schools went on for a while. Under the glorious banner of striking the faith of the Church, the Highest Council passed the motion, albeit stressing that it must not overstep the line.

“I would like to say something else.” Lucien discovered that he was more and more like a leader. “I suggest we regulate the alchemical workshops in terms of overwork and child labor. The alchemical workshops must not overly exploit the workers, which will push more people to join the Church. It will be best if the working time is limited to ten hours every day. Children can be hired as workers, but their work should be settled according to their age...”

Because of simplification and promotion problems, the alchemical workshops were still underdeveloped, and the workers were in relatively good health. Therefore, Lucien believed that regulations should be made before the alchemical workshops enjoyed the benefit of exploiting workers. It would be much easier this way.

As for child labor, it was only a helpless compromise. Due to the lack of a good charity system, many orphans needed a job in order to survive. He could not pursue his dream without bothering the actual circumstances, which would only hurt them.

“I don’t think we need to talk about such trivia in the Highest Council.” ‘Absolute Defense’ Ataman stopped Lucien from talking on. “Regulating the alchemical workshops and better treatment for workers are suitable for our goal to renovate the image of sorcerers, but all we need to do is to propose the idea. Leave the details to the Affair Committee.”

Oliver also interjected, “Evans, you are now also a member of the Highest Council. You can ask the Affair Committee to draft a law according to your idea first and then show it to everyone. There’s no need to discuss the specific clauses right now. Everybody’s time is precious.”

Lucien nodded slightly, hinting that he was still adapting himself to his new identity. He was no longer a specific executor of orders, but a proposer, reviewer, decision-maker supervisor.

However, after hearing Oliver’s words, Lucien remembered how he lobbied against the pollution problem again. In order for the Affair Committee to pass a similar regulation, he visited and talked to so many big shots. In the end, he had to introduce his opinion in the conference room of the Affair Committee and accept their questions. He was not even involved in their decision-making process but could only wait for a result. However, right now, Oliver asked him to let the Affair Committee draft a regulation as if it were not important at all.

“Is this the feeling of standing on top of all the sorcerers...” Lucien remarked with mixed feelings.

In the Highest Council, the chairman of the Affair Committee was the grand arcanist who supervised Allyn and got changed every five years. The vice-chairmen were Oliver, Ataman and the Sun King, who were good at battles or handling affairs. They would lead the external operations or exploration in the alternate dimensions.

Since the regulation of the alchemical workshop did not involve any immediate loss, the other members of the Highest Council did not object to it. They discussed more about the control of their territory, the construction of the three strongholds and the number of airships.

Lucien did not know much about them and simply listened. After all, even the seemingly clumsy airships were absolutely different from what he imagined. Although they were slow, many magic circles and divine power circles had been established on them, making them air fortresses. General attacks could not damage them at all. They had the advantages that planes did not.

As for the large planes, it was unnecessary for the senior-rank sorcerers, and for those below the senior rank, magic steam trains were a better option to connect more places with railroads.

Without him knowing it, the meeting approached the end. Lucien spoke again, "Everybody, right now, the highest honor in every field of magic belongs to different organizations and countries instead of the Congress, which is highly irregular. Since the most glorious title of arcana and magic is the grand arcanist granted by the Congress, the highest honor should also be a prize issued by the Congress. Also, since the arcana is developing faster and faster with more and more achievements, our standard should be more strict. Not only must the laureates have historic accomplishments, but they also need to have their own theoretical explanation on them."

"If the Congress agrees to set up such a prize, I would like to sponsor it with one third of my dividends to encourage the development of arcana and magic."

After he became a legendary sorcerer, most of the materials he needed were too precious to be bought and had to be exchanged with other items. Therefore, dividends were actually not that important for Lucien. He might as well use them to make up for his notoriety as the head-crushing devil.

"You would like to offer one third of your dividends?" Douglas looked at Lucien, surprised.

Because the Allyn Telephone and Telegram Company was still in the phase of infrastructural construction, Lucien's dividends were more than ten thousand Thales. One third of them were almost a huge sum of sponsorship.

Lucien nodded solemnly. "Yes. That's my wish."

"What about you? Do you have any objection?" Douglas looked at other people, mainly Hathaway, Atlant and Hellen.

Hathaway replied briefly, "It's not bad that the Congress sets up a prize."

They did not need to spend their own money after all, and the standard was so high that probably nobody would win the prize in decades. So, other people did not object to it now that Douglas was tempted.

Douglas chuckled, "Now that everybody agrees, we will set up the prize that contains eleven schools. As for the name, it will be named as Lucien Evans Prize, subdivided into Evans Prize in Elements, Evans Prize in Astrology, etc. The reward will be a level-eight perfect magic item."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 583: Selection

This is so deja vu... Lucien almost failed to control his facial expression after hearing Douglas' proposal. He blurted out, "Mr. President, there's also pure mathematics!"

"Ah, I almost forgot. Mathematics is the brightest gem on the crown of arcana and magic. How can we forget that? Now, there are prizes in twelve fields in total." Douglas patted his forehead and said humorously, "Lucien, your proposal was a bit late, or you could've won Evans Prize in Elements and Astrology for the discovery of neutrons and the introduction to the general theory of relativity."

Lucien waved his hands unconcernedly, "I have too many magic items for me to use now. So, the rewards are not important. If it's about fame, with the Lucien Evans Prize, I believe I will be remembered together with every prize winner."

'Superconductivity', the Silver Moon Medal, and 'Quanta', the Ice & Snow Medal, had both been issued. However, Lucien had plenty of badges on his chest, and those two did not have special magic effects that could make up his shortcomings. Therefore, he did not wear them in case of interference but kept them in his storage bag.

"Only the arcanists who have won too many awards can be as generous as you." Oliver smiled. Playboy or not, he was one of the few members who were good at talking in the Highest Council. The rest of them all lacked social skills even though they looked normal. For example, Brook, the No. 2 person, was gentle and open-minded, but he was a bit unapproachable.

As for Fernando, Vicente, Hathaway, Hellen and Davey, who did not even look normal, they were naturally even worse.

After teasing Lucien, Oliver turned to Douglas. "Mr. President, I don't think prizes according to schools fit the current situation. It's obvious that the new alchemy will involve electromagnetism, and the general theory of relativity includes many other schools, too. Should we regroup the Evans Prize into a few prizes of larger ranges?"

Douglas nodded in approval, “Well said. When I read Lucien’s general theory of relativity, I obviously sensed the content of multiple schools. In fact, I think that all the concepts belong to the arcane system, and one Evans Prize in Arcana will be sufficient. But obviously, it will not be very convincing.”

“Why not? Elements, electromagnetism, light-darkness, astrology, force field, alchemy and thermodynamics all study the law of the world. It doesn’t matter to call it Evans Prize in Arcana. Illusion, transformation, summoning and necromancy are more about the specific things made of material and energy. They will be covered by the Evans Prize in Magic.” Brook remarkably, didn’t object to it because of their history.

Lucien thought for a moment. “Why do we have to divide them according to schools? The accomplishments that reveal the laws of the world will be awarded with Evans Prize in Arcana, those which are more practical and applicable will be awarded with the prize in magic, and together with the prize in mathematics that is about more abstract accomplishments, there will be three prizes in total.”

“I suggest the studies in the school of necromancy that benefit the body and the soul and the studies on the mind in the school of illusion be combined into one prize, because they are all in the category of meditation. It will help us reshape the image of the sorcerers.” Atlant proposed.

Lucien scratched his chin. Evans Prize in Medicine? Please don’t come up with any stranger stuff. If there was a prize for peace, he would propose that it be awarded to his teacher and Granny Hathaway for maintaining world peace with ‘Eternal Blaze’ and human bomb.

“Very good, Arcana, Magic, Mathematics and Medicine. Four prizes correspond with four fundamental forces.” Douglas made the decision and received no objection. “Alright, the meeting is now over. You will finish the mission given to you or send them to the Affair Committee.”

Hardly had he completed his sentence when he was gone. Lucien, who hadn't stood up yet, was rather shocked. Mr. President was too fast a runner, wasn't he?

"He's devoted to the review and learning of the general theory of relativity. You'd better be braced for the attacks of ten thousand whys." Fernando said to Lucien, not surprised at all. Then, he left and returned to Thunder Hell directly, as space teleportation was forbidden in the conference room.

Fernando was also trying to understand the general theory of relativity, but the discovery of neutrons distracted his attention. He was busy working on the many problems in the new alchemy.

The other members of the Highest Council left without any delay, proving what Oliver said earlier: everybody's time was precious.

"I suspect that the power that restrains neutrons and protons is one of the two fundamental powers that haven't been confirmed." Hathaway said thoughtfully.

Lucien nodded slightly. "I think so, too."

It was not until he spoke that Lucien realized Hathaway had walked to the door without waiting for him to answer at all.

"So, she was only talking to herself." Lucien scratched his chin.

Oliver walked over. “Do you want me to give you a ride to the Affair Committee?”

“Thank you, but no, Mr. Oliver. Thompson is there.” Lucien refused with a smile, knowing that he was looking for an excuse to go to the Affair Committee.

Oliver opened his hands. “It seems that there’s nothing I can help you with. Lucien, I’m told that you established Evans Music Prize when you were in Aalto? Are you interested in setting up a prize in arts with me?”

Oscars? Lucien was almost choked by the Sky Blue he was drinking.

“Mr. Oliver, I have just given away one third of my wealth. I fear that I don’t have the ability.” Lucien subtly refused Oliver’s offer.

Oliver smiled, “It seems that I have to work on my own now.”

He merely felt that only a great musician like Lucien was qualified to set up a prize with him, but he was not forcing Lucien to.

After Oliver left, Klaus stood up and said with a smile, “I’m used to arriving first and leaving last. Evans, you said that the Lucien Evans Prize requires more strict standards. Will the candidates only be qualified after their theory and discovery blows up other people’s heads?”

“Mr. Klaus, you are truly humorous.” Lucien smiled awkwardly. He was simply too infamous!

After Klaus left, Lucien intentionally coughed aloud. There were only himself and Hellen, Witch of Iceland, in the room.

Hellen was so devoted to Evans Geometry that she did not catch Lucien's cough at all.

Having no other choice, Lucien kept coughing.

Hellen still showed no response.

"Ms. Hellen..." Lucien simply called her.

Hellen finally raised her head in confusion. "What's up?"

Then, she looked around and asked in a daze, "Is the meeting over?"

"Yes." Lucien was rather embarrassed. He was not nearly focused enough compared to her.

Hellen nodded without any surprise, as if she were used to it, and simply resumed studying.

“Ms. Hellen...” Lucien called her helplessly again.

Looking at Lucien with her bright blue eyes, Hellen asked confusedly, “What’s up? Why are you still here?”

“Didn’t you say that you would bring me to select a legendary spell after the meeting is over?” Lucien tried to keep his smile.

Hellen remembered her promise. She cleaned the books, paper and quill before her and then tapped the ring on her left hand, so that she would know clearly what things she needed to ask the three committees to do.

“Follow me.” Then, without any delay, Hellen brought Lucien to a secret library on the thirty-fifth floor.

“According to the standard, you may choose one spell.” Hellen had always been short with words.

Presenting the advancement graph of the legendary class, ‘Atom Controller’, and the two corresponding basic legendary spells, Lucien asked, “What if I submit them?”

“Two basic spells can be exchanged for two, and the legendary can be exchanged for two. You may choose five in total.” Hellen’s attention was finally attracted after she saw the items, but due to regulations, she could only confirm that they were legendary for now. If she wanted to learn them, she would have to trade for them.

Lucien stepped into the library and saw legendary spells and uncanny rituals on the book shelves.

According to the statistics of the Congress, 156 to 165 legendary spells had appeared so far. Some were racial-specific spells, like the vampires' 'Real Dream', and some were the trump cards of the legendary sorcerers, such as Hathaway's 'Elements Resolve'. Those spells were not in the library. As a result, there were only 87 legendary spells for choosing.

Among them, the legendary spells that had little to do with his legendary class could barely be learnt, and the conflicting ones could never be learnt, unless his arcana expertise soared.

In the next few years, Lucien could only construct three legendary spells in his soul. So, he had to choose widely.

"My Atomic Fission is a ranged attack that includes high temperature, energy storm and curse, so I don't need to choose a massive-destructive spell. Also, the 'Space Staff' that I intent to build can provide acceleration and deceleration, which can help me escape and control. I can drop the spells in that aspect, too..."

Lucien only had a basic understanding about the terrifying spell based on the general theory of relativity. Chances were that it could really manipulate time and space as he advanced.

"Spells about barriers and locks... My teacher promised to teach me 'Storm Barrier', and I don't need to pick them." Looking at the names and effects of the spells on the shelf, Lucien considered carefully, "What I need most right now is a legendary spell that attacks individuals..."

As he made up his mind, Lucien soon found three candidates: 'Snow Goddess's Anger', 'Vengeful Gaze' and 'Vaporization'.

In light of the fact that he already had freezing spells, Lucien preferred the latter two to increase the diversity of his spells.

‘Vengeful Gaze’ could create terrible, high-energy lasers with an excellent penetration, while ‘Vaporization’ could put the target in high heat. Even a legendary sorcerer could be vaporized if he did not take any defense.

“Vengeful Gaze can penetrate most defenses. Also, it is very fast and hard to avoid...” It didn’t take Lucien much time before he made a choice. It would be the third legendary spell he was going to construct.

Later, Lucien selected four legendary spells he was going to study later, namely ‘Mental Fulmination’ that affected thinking, ‘Mirror of Fate’ that was prophetic, ‘Reunion’ that could save his life and ‘Abrupt Magic Reverse’, the best magic defense.

Lucien had thought to choose ‘Luxury Cracking’, but he had ‘Elemental Order’ that could be exchanged for ‘Elements Resolve’ and ‘Cracking (Advanced)’. So, it appeared redundant. ‘Elements Resolve’ and ‘Cracking (Advanced)’ combined could help him deal with most situations.

‘Reunion’, on the other hand, was a spell that was cast on the user in advance and would be triggered when the user’s life was threatened. It would teleport the user back to the place where Reunion was cast. The effect could last one month, so it did not have to be constructed inside the soul and could be cast before every quest. It made an excellent combination with Space Staff. However, the magic could work on three people at most and could not protect more people.

...

Inside the villa that Heidi and Katrina bought together, they were enjoying the red tea with some of their girlfriends while waiting for 'Arcana Voice' to start. Listening to the programs of the two frequencies everyday was their favorite lifestyle.

"...Before our programs begins, allow me to announce a piece of news. Mr. President has granted Mr. Lucien Evans the title of grand arcanist today on behalf of the Highest Council in honor of his paradigm-shifting contributions with the new alchemy. His tribute is..." Nightingale's exciting, sweet voice echoed.

"Huh? Our master..." Layria, Katrina and Chelly mumbled. After the discovery of neutrons, they already knew that their teacher would become a grand arcanist, but they still found it hard to believe after they really heard it.

Heidi, on the other hand, exclaimed in joy, "A grand arcanist! His Excellency Evans!"

Lenka and their other friends looked at them enviously. "Twenty-six years old... A grand arcanist that is only twenty-six years old..."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 584: Benefit Society

“He has accomplished two revolutionary achievements and won the title of grand arcanist at only 26. I’m afraid that nobody will ever break Mr. Evans’ record. Mr. Brook was in his forties when he became a grand arcanist...” Patricia, another lady, had blond hair and looked like Katrina’s sister. She spoke as if she were in a dream, her voice full of admiration and compliments.

Katrina was back to herself hearing what her friends said. With a brilliant and excited smile, she said, “In fact, since new alchemy was proposed, we had been speculating when our teacher would become a grand arcanist. Our general opinion was that it would be thirty years old. Hehe. Even so, our teacher’s record would be amazingly tantalizing. Nobody expected that he would win it at only 26...”

Because they met their teacher when they were teenagers, an age gap of five years felt like the gap of a whole generation. So, they always regarded him as a senior. After they became his students, they were naturally even more respectful and scared. Also, because their teacher was too mature, it was hard for them to remember his real age – Lucien had already changed his age back after his identity as a musician was exposed.

Today, after hearing that he won the title of grand arcanist, she suddenly recalled that he was only 26! She was almost 22 herself, and she only had the hope to become a middle-rank sorcerer. They were of the same generation with a gap in age, but their actual gap was so huge that she could only look at his back in admiration!

“Haha, I’m a grand arcanist’s student!” Heidi was more simple and straightforward, not covering her pride at all.

Lenka looked at them with complicated feelings. “Mr. Evans must have his own legendary class now. Perhaps, you will be a legendary sorcerer’s student in ten years.”

“With Mr. Evans’ talents, he will be a top legend in forty years at most.” Patricia congratulated them. “You will certainly be in the senior rank under his guidance by then. Please don’t forget us.”

In the Congress of Magic, grand arcanists were more important than legendary sorcerers because they could almost always become legendary and it was easier for them to reach the peak.

“In fact, there will be no major difference now. Our teacher’s guidance won’t change...” Layria said in delight while secretly she complained that the only difference would probably be more insane exams.

Patricia held a cup of red tea but forgot to drink it. “How can there be no difference? Things will be much more convenient for you now. For example, there will be no dangerous, mandatory missions. Other sorcerers will prefer to exchange their trophies with you. Your life will be full of such invisible benefits.”

“That does not change our teacher’s strictness. The monthly report on research progress, the mountain of exams, the piles of papers to be reviewed, the prosaic magic exercises... I’m swooning when I just think about it.” Chelly rubbed her forehead. She was admitted by the magic school not because of talents but because of her connections. So, she had to work harder to make up for her shortcoming.

“I would rather suffer that.” Lenka blurted out and then covered her complicated feelings with a smile. “I mean, many sorcerers and apprentices would love to bear the pain in your place. You must cherish the opportunity.”

Heidi nodded solemnly, “Although we complain, we never work less. It’s the luckiest thing in our life to meet our teacher and become his student. We cannot squander our bliss.”

“Well said.” Katrina and Layria looked at Heidi rather in surprise, not expecting her to be so serious.

Then, Heidi put on a ‘creepy’ smile and declared, “Therefore, after I become a senior-rank sorcerer and have my own students, I’ll let them know what ‘lucky’ is. I’ll show them the Evans quiz, tests and exams. No, not just my students, I’ll introduce them to the magic school and make everybody enjoy them!”

Katrina’s smile was frozen. Was it ‘benefit the society’ that their teacher said?

Patricia’s eyes shined. “Heidi, can you let me try the exercises that Mr. Evans gave to you? I’m very curious about those fearful tests.”

Patricia had been craving for the guidance they accepted, but the private lecture was every teacher’s secret. If she asked recklessly, they probably wouldn’t be friends anymore. Now that Heidi mentioned it on her own, she naturally did not let go of the chance.

Heidi remembered that her teacher said that the tests would be compiled into a book for popularization later. So, she chuckled, “You want to give it a shot? I’m very strict. You have to finish it on time!”

“Really? I’m willing to try them however strict you are!” Patricia said in delight.

Lenka followed, “Can I try them, too?” Her voice was shivering.

The other few ladies expressed the same wish, and intense sympathy beamed out of Katrina and her fellows’ face.

When Heidi sorted the exercises, Lenka said gloomily, “Why did we enter the Alborg magic school at the beginning? If we hadn’t know you earlier, our life could’ve been totally different...”

“Our teacher said that this is a time of changes. Whoever is less restrained by the past and the intuitions will improve rapidly. So, you have plenty of opportunities. The future has only just begun.” Layria encouraged them.

Patricia nodded solemnly, “Mr. Evans is right. That’s probably why the groundbreaking contributions in the past ten years were all accomplished by young arcanists, like Felipe, Larry, Ulysses, Jurisian, Jerome and you.”

“We were just lucky. While young people are less restrained by experience, it’s difficult for them to make great achievements because of their unsolid knowledge foundation.” Katrina reminded them. “Those older arcanists may transform their thinking and understanding about the world after digesting the recent achievements. We must not overlook them.”

“The Congress has decided to set up a prize that represents the highest honor of arcana and magic. Thanks to Mr. Evans’ sponsorship, the prize has been named as Evans Prize. It’s subdivided into Evans Prize in Arcana that represented the law of the world and the mysteries about material and energy, as well as...”

“Evans Prize in Arcana, Magic, Mathematics and Medication... I wonder who will win it first...” Heidi, Chelly and the rest of them looked at the radio, yearning for it.

...

“...Mr. President has granted Mr. Lucien Evans the title of grand arcanist today on behalf of the Highest Council in honor of his paradigm-shifting contributions with the new alchemy. His tribute is...”

Inside the radio, Nightingale, Lark and other anchors were all announcing the news in their different tones.

“The youngest grand arcanist in history, and probably the youngest legendary sorcerer later...” Gaston broke the weird silence in the library and heaved a sigh. “Who could’ve thought that the first-circle sorcerer you met would become a grand arcanist? I only appreciated his potentials when the periodic table was proved and thought that he could become a senior-rank sorcerer one day. As it turned out, after I’m only improved by one level, he’s already totally different from the past... The eighth grand arcanist, His Excellency Evans...”

Eight years for a senior-rank sorcerer was like one year for the ordinary people.

Larry, sitting on his opposite side, said in a smile, “A few years ago, I envied him deeply and was even jealous of him in private, but right now, all the jealousy is gone. I chose a wrong target. We are not competitors of the same level at all. I can’t even see his back now.”

“It’s good to recognize yourself, but there is no need to feel humble. The new alchemy and the theory of relativity have opened the gate to a new epoch. There are certain infinite mysteries up ahead. As long as we explore hard, we will have a lot of achievements, too.” Gaston comforted his student in a smile.

Larry nodded in agreement. “I’m going to study the orbits and distribution of electrons in the new alchemy.”

“Me, too.” Gaston was satisfied about his students’ keenness.

...

In Heidler city...

Listening to the radio, Felipe looked out of the window aimlessly like a statue.

“Grand arcanist... Grand arcanist...” The same broadcast raised different feelings. Felipe was lost and frustrated first, but then his pride was rekindled. He could not be left far behind.

“Lucien mentioned that his modification would be based on the diffraction of X rays...” Felipe decided to learn more about electromagnetism and improve the magnifying magic on his own to meet his demand.

...

In a secret cave that was comfortably and splendidly decorated in the wilderness on the north coastline...

Kritonia listened to the radio on the sofa solemnly. “Lucien Evans has become a grand arcanist, and probably a legend in a few years...”

With his level-three legendary, he didn’t have to hide. But the Hoffenberg family had Hathaway who was at the peak of legendary, so he had to be prudent.

At this moment, the fire in the furnace suddenly grew into the shape of a human.

“Original Fire.” Kritonia sensed it the moment the fire changed. He was amazed by the sorcerer with ancient heritage. ‘Original Fire’ was only level-one legendary, but he never discovered the guy until he was near.

Although he wouldn’t be ambushed, it indeed called for wariness.

A hoarse voice echoed from the fire. “He has become a grand arcanist. We need to plan an operation. If we postpone a couple of years, we will be faced with a legendary sorcerer, which will be much more difficult.”

“But we have to wait until the Congress of Magic is less vigilant.” Kritonia nodded in agreement.

...

In Babel, Lucien received Natasha’s electromagnetism messaging.

“I heard the broadcast that you’d been promoted into a grand arcanist. Does it mean that you do not need to participate in the review of papers?” Asked Natasha joyfully.

Lucien smiled. “Do you want me to go to Rentato?”

“Hehe. You disrupted the pope’s scheme only a few days ago. It will be too dangerous for you if you are out of Atom Institution. Also, I’ve been curious about your Atom Institution and your magic tower for a long time. So, I will go to Allyn tomorrow!” Natasha understood the situation quite well.

Lucien chuckled. He was thinking to discuss schools, labor laws and Kritonia with her, and she had decided to come to him on her own so cooperatively.

“Do you not welcome me?” Hearing Lucien’s chuckle, Natasha said jokingly.

Lucien replied with a smile. “Of course I do. My friends and students have always wanted to meet Her Majesty. There’s something that I want to discuss with you, too.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 585: A One-Day Trip in Allyn

After the call with Natasha, Lucien did not clean his room and his laboratory for the visit of ‘Her Majesty’, like any other single gentlemen would, because Leo, the servants, the golems as well as the tower guard were enough to make every part of the magic tower clean and tidy.

Also, Lucien was a very organized man himself. He had kept all the experiment materials in his own way in case of mistakes during his experiment.

Lucien focused his attention on the Sun’s Corona. During the last couple of days, he had already cracked the last two barriers and grasped the level nine item.

The second to last barrier could only allow Lucien to perform a level nine divine power named ‘Bane of the Undead’, but the last barrier contained the coordinates of the mysterious land recorded by Maskelyne.

The mysterious place was inside the World of Souls and seemed related to the senior-rank spectres. It was possible that the greatest secret of the World of Souls that Rhine talked about was hidden there.

The information left by Maskelyne included more than ten parameters that were associated with the actual circumstances. Only after he obtained the environment data of the World of Souls could he calculate the mysterious place whose coordinates changed all the time.

“I’m already a legendary sorcerer. Exploring the secrets of the World of Souls and rescuing Mr. Maskelyne should be put on my agenda right.” Without Maskelyne and his gift, he could’ve died on the journey to Stuart. Also, any arcanist whose goal was to explore the world would have to visit the World of Souls sooner or later.

Of course, Lucien did not intend to go there anytime soon. He would wait until the six legendary spells were engraved into his soul and go together with others of the Congress of Magic. That would be the safest way.

“I’ll apply to check the intelligence in a couple of days. My permissions should be enough for me to check the information from the senior-rank spectres like Adol...” Lucien began to study Space Staff and analyze ‘Vengeful Gaze’ after making a decision.

.....

The next day in the morning, Lucien waited outside of Hathaway’s library on the thirty-third floor of the Allyn magic tower.

Soon, space-time ripples spread out, and Lucien smelled something familiar.

Soundlessly, the door was opened, and a tall lady walked out. Natasha was wearing a white hunting suit and long pants, which agreed with her vibe and look and made her even more attractive.

Looking at Lucien’s daze, Natasha pressed her chest with her right hand and bowed, “Your Excellency, you are the truth of elements and the staff that masters space and time.”

“My lady, you are my truth.” Lucien tried to be humorous although he was somewhat regretful. He had gotten much taller, but he was still several centimeters shorter than Natasha. Thankfully, it wasn’t too obvious now.

Standing next to Lucien in a smile, Natasha observed the Allyn magic tower. “This place is more beautiful than I remembered. It’s simplistic and magnificent. The mysterious patterns and the silver brilliance constitute a dreamy style.”

“The Allyn magic tower always leaves an ineffable impression on every sorcerer or apprentice after their visit. Your Majesty, your knight will show you the Atom Institution first.” Lucien extended his right hand as an invitation.

Natasha chuckled, “That is a mysterious, forbidden area all nobles and citizens talk about. The deepest secrets of the world seem to be hidden there.”

Under the introduction of ‘Arcana Voice’, the regular citizens were quite awed by the Atom Institution who had many major discoveries.

Since there wasn’t any pressure or danger, Natasha was rather relieved and asked about everything she saw.

Their conversation and laughter caught the attention of Hellen, who opened her library and asked, frowning, “This is...”

Natasha did not have any badge of magic or arcana on her chest.

“She is my fiancée Natasha and the queen of Holm. You must’ve met her before, Ms. Hellen?” Lucien introduced, although it appeared that Hellen did not know Natasha.

Natasha also said courteously, “Ms. Hellen, I heard a lot about you from Granny Hathaway. You are one of the most admirable ladies to me.”

Hellen’s eyebrow loosened. “So, you are Natasha. I saw your image and heard your name before, but I never associated them.”

Lucien tried to hold back his laughter. It was obviously not something that Ms. Hellen was interested in.

Now that the identity of the guest was confirmed, Hellen shut the door of her library without any smalltalk and continued dwelling in her world.

“Ms. Hellen has the most delicate look among all the females I know.” When they stepped into the life, Natasha praised with a smile.

Lucien’s lips twitched. “Why do you care about her looks...”

“What else should you care about?” Natasha felt that it was only reasonable. Then she realized what was going on. “Rest assured, I’m absolutely loyal. I won’t have any other thoughts during my appreciation.”

Lucien touched the hair behind Natasha's knight hat without a word. What he needed to worry about was truly different from that of common men.

At the edge of life, Natasha pointed at the thirty-first floor. "Isn't the Sky Radio Station. I like Nightingale and Lark's voices. How do they look?"

Natasha asked similar things a few years ago, but Lucien, fearing that he would have more competitors, simply replied to her with excuses. After all, he was not qualified to catch the attention of the Violet Countess back then.

"They are not in the Sky Radio Station during the day." Lucien explained.

"What a shame. But I'll stay in Allyn tonight. Will you show me the Sky Radio Station?" Asked Natasha with great interest.

Now that they had settled their relationship, Lucien naturally did not have his previous worries. He smiled, "That's not a problem. I am still the manager of the Sky Radio Station in name."

.....

Inside the Atom Institution, Lazar, Heidi, Alfalia and other people waited excitedly and anxiously. They had seen the queen's image in the newspaper but never met her in person. Also, it was a sign that Mr. Lucien Evans had officially ended his single life.

In such an atmosphere, the gate of the institution was opened. Heidi keenly saw her teacher walking next to a purple-haired lady.

“She’s so gorgeous...”

“How beautiful!”

“No wonder our teacher fell in love with her.”

“They are really a match.”

Natasha’s look fitted the appetite of the ladies on the spot, who believed that she had certain masculine beauty that differed her from the female sorcerers.

After Lucien’s cough, Katrina and the students were back to themselves and bowed respectfully, “Good morning, master. Good morning, Your Majesty.”

Alfalia and Lowi pressed their chest and their forehead. “Your Excellency, you are the truth of elements and the staff that masters space and time. Good morning, Your Majesty.”

After that, Lucien introduced his friends like Lazar and Jerome and his students like Annick and Layria to Natasha one by one.

After the assistants left, Heidi summoned her courage to ask, “Your Majesty, how did your relationship with our master begin? All the sorcerers in Allyn are curious about it!”

“Just say that you are curious about it, lovely little girl.” Natasha looked at Heidi with a vague smile. “Long story short, I pushed your master over.”

Heidi and Layria both raised their thumbs. How majestic! Being straightforward seemed the best solution to deal with a mild man like their master!

“You seem quite free today.” Lucien interjected. “I’ll give you another mission. You can study the mechanism of the ancillary computation circles.”

Heidi looked awful. Their teacher had obvious translated his embarrassment into a task.

“If you want to know the details, I’ll tell them to you later.” Natasha followed Lucien to the laboratory with a smile.

After she entered the laboratory, Natasha saw the sharp, cold and simple alchemical devices inside and the indescribable patterns on the experiment platforms, giving permanent shock.

“This is entirely different from my mother’s laboratory. It has more... beauty of the space.” Shocked, Natasha tried to express her feeling.

“Such is the charm of arcana and magic. Come here, try this cyclotron.” Lucien shared his studies with Natasha.

After activating the cyclotron, Natasha saw the dreamy traces of electrons in the cloud room. She exclaimed in amazement, “Are they tiny electrons?”

Lucien was about to answer, when the voltage part of the cyclotron suddenly broke down.

“It’s not my fault...” Natasha didn’t think she had made any mistakes with the operation.

Lucien checked it. “It’s regular attrition. Come here and try this magnifying magic circle.”

A moment later, Natasha said innocently again, “This is really not my fault.”

“Of course. It’s also regular attrition...”

After Lucien’s tour with Natasha, three alchemical devices and two magic circles crashed. Although they took up less than one percent, it was still the attrition of almost one month.

“Perhaps they are scared of me?” Scratching her chin, Natasha carefully looked for an excuse for such an anomaly.

Amused, Lucien said, “Soon enough, you will be given the title of ‘Experiment Device Destroyer’.”

“It’s definitely because I was not lucky today!” Declared Natasha resolutely.

.....

Lucien showed Natasha the central area of Allyn and returned to his magic tower at noon.

“This is more whimsical and fantastic than the Atomic Institution... Well designed.” Natasha was shocked by Lucien’s ‘Babel’ again.

“Nice to meet you, masteress.” ‘Pinocchio’ greeted her.

Very interested in the wisdom of alchemical life, Natasha looked at Lucien and asked, “You didn’t teach him?”

“Of course not.” Lucien secretly raised his thumb at Pinocchio.

Pinocchio replied proudly, “I am the smart Pinocchio!”

“I remember that Pinocchio was a puppet whose nose grew long if he told lies in your tale.”
Natasha chuckled, “Was it a metaphor that you tricked many people?”

Pinocchio said loudly, “No, I’m not a lying puppet; I’m the honest Pinocchio. Yes, very honest!”

Lucien pulled Natasha into the magic tower with a smile and stopped her from further teasing Pinocchio.

After visiting the magic tower and the magic garden, they returned to the living room and waited for lunch.

When Lucien was about to discuss schools and laws with Natasha, Natasha suddenly rose and closed the door of the living room, before she looked at Lucien with a mischievous smile.

“What’s up?” Asked Lucien in confusion.

Natasha kept her smile. “Let me tell you a piece of good news. By perceiving the rules inside the Sword of Truth, I have already advanced into level nine. I’ve finally surpassed you again.’

Born a knight, she was very happy that her strength would be higher for the time being. She knew that Lucien, whose cognitive world had half-solidified, would surpass her eventually, so she decided to make the best use of the years while she had the ‘dominance’.

Therefore, she rubbed her fists eagerly. “I’ll hug you in exactly the same way you did to me! I’m going to relish it!”

While talking, she sensed Lucien’s mood carefully. She would give up if he disliked her being too pushy. It was the fundamental principle of their relationship.

Lucien was delighted at Natasha’s improvement at first, but then he simply stood there with a smile.

Seeing no objection from Lucien, Natasha intentionally walked to Lucien slowly and extended her hands at him with wicked laughter.

But all of a sudden, Natasha realized that Lucien was as terrifying as a pillar that was deeply rooted in the earth and could not be moved. Then, she sensed an enormous force on her back and her legs, before she was swept off her feet, unable to resist.

She waved her hands and feet crazily, trying to free herself, but his arms were like two unbreakable manacles.

“You have already advanced into legendary?”

Natasha was back to herself and asked in disbelief, her eyes widened. She was both delighted and panicked, both awed and upset.

.....

The dinner was much later than scheduled. Looking at Natasha who was unusually exhausted, Lucien said in a great mood, “I’ll entrust the regulation of the alchemical workshops to you.”

Blushing, and with persistence burning inside her body, Natasha swore that she would try to become a legend!

She nodded her head. “I’ll ask Duke James to propose a bill to the parliament. Right, the intelligence department mentioned that the dwarf craftsmen are worshiping a mysterious God of Steam. Why do I have the feeling that it has something to do with you?”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 586: Plan

Lucien had almost forgotten about the dwarfs. After Natasha asked, he remembered what happened and said with a smile, putting down the caviar next to him. “Didn’t I tell you about the adventure in the Night Highland?”

“Yes, that was very wicked of you. You added an additional layer of defense outside of the vampire count’s defense core to make it even more ‘solid’!” Natasha was chuckling about it even right now. Lucien was full of such bad humor, but she liked it!

Lucien was quite proud of his reactions back then, too. “That time, in order to trick the dwarfs into coming back, I intentionally pretended to be their God of Steam after they mistook me for him, and I even ‘showed’ them an illusionary gods’ realm – Atlantis. Inside of it was my imagination about the future of the alchemical industry. Hehe. At that time, I even imagined that alchemical bombs that looked like rising suns were created by the great development of elements and alchemy. You know what happened later. Reality is always more unbelievable than fantasies. We already have “Eternal Blaze’.”

Now that they were talking about dwarfs, Lucien briefly explained what ‘Atlantis’ was to her.

Natasha was stunned first at Lucien’s answer, then she laughed so hard that she lay on the table. “And I was wondering what the dwarfs were worshiping. It turns out that they were worshiping an alchemical bomb. Haha. How hilarious! I have never seen such a funny religion before!”

They’re just nuclear-bomb believers. I’d seen a lot of them when I played games in the past. Lucien smiled at Natasha as she laughed aloud.

Trying to control herself, Natasha said while laughing, “According to the intelligence department, those dwarfs have been devoutly worshiping silver... Haha, silver iron bombs since ‘Eternal Blaze’ exploded a while back, crying about god’s favor, Atlantis’ arrival and such. They also tried to find out who performed ‘Eternal Blaze’, because they believed that he was the envoy and the saint of the God of Steam.”

“If they learn that it’s a spell I created, I will be reduced from ‘God of Steam’ into an ordinary person.” Lucien shook his head. A weird idea occurred to him. If the dwarfs perfected their doctrines and rituals, would the power of faith be gathered toward him? Or would it directly be gathered to ‘nuclear bombs’?

Lucien had no desire in becoming a god yet. He had learnt a good lesson from Ell. However, he had always wanted to study the congregation of the power of faith. If the gods were unveiled, the deeper mysteries of the world would definitely be revealed.

After talking about the dwarfs' assimilation, Natasha wiped her lips with a napkin. "I'll allocate the additional abbeys to local city halls as the locations of the generic schools."

After the South Church evacuated, the number of believers had reduced a lot. In order to control them, Natasha had confiscated part of the abbeys and real estate of the Church, which built up the queen's treasury. That was why she approved Lucien's plan without any hesitation. She was using her private possessions and did not need the approval of the Parliament of Nobles.

"After the schools you and the Congress establish raise talents after talents, I believe that the royal family will be more steady." Lucien said, smiling.

Natasha put down the napkin and looked at Lucien. "It's your plan, and I definitely support you. Besides, you convinced me."

Lucien nodded solemnly, "If nothing changes, and society remains as ignorant and underdeveloped as it used to be, will there be any joy in accomplishing success? What's the point of becoming the leader of a bunch of pigs? A real arcanist should facilitate the progress of society and make mankind more civilized, giving everybody an opportunity to enjoy the convenience brought by the alchemical items. That will be the greatest achievement for them..."

Hearing Lucien's heartfelt speech, Natasha became quiet and focused. He looked more charming than ever.

After Lucien finished, Natasha responded with a brilliant smile, “Yes. Being a queen in a poor, underdeveloped country where most people don’t even know how to write is not nearly as pleasant as seeing the country flourish.”

Looking at Leo and two maids who were serving nearby, Lucien rose with a smile. “Let me show you the scenery of Atlantis.”

Natasha was stunned at first, and then she realized that Lucien had something else he wanted to say. Therefore, she picked up her hat and followed Lucien into the living room unhurriedly.

After Lucien turned on independent magic circle, she asked solemnly, “What’s up?”

“Nothing important. Weren’t you ‘angry’ that I didn’t tell you when I advanced into legendary?” Lucien looked at Natasha with a smile.

Natasha blushed as if she recalled something. Then, she coughed and thought quickly. “Are you planning to hide the fact that you are already legendary in order to deal with the legendary experts that the Church will possibly send to kill you?”

Lucien raised his thumb. Natasha had always been keen about that. “Yes. We have to eliminate as many legends of the Church as possible. If I set it to public, they will probably never take any action. After all, a legendary sorcerer can barely be killed. Besides, you are still being threatened by the shadow of Kritonia. I’m thinking to resolve the two issues at once.”

Knowing that Lucien was doing this mainly to help her deal with Kritonia, Natasha meant to object first, but she abandoned her idea after seeing Lucien's firmness. She smiled, "The problem is, you can always plan to assassinate somebody else, but you can't always be braced for assassinations."

"That's why we need to attract all of them." Said Lucien without any hesitation. As long as they misevaluated his strength, he would be able to stall them until Mr. President, his teacher and Hathaway arrived.

Natasha scratched his chin. "Kritonia and the possible assassins of the Church can't be fooled so easily. They are very experienced. They will discover our flaws and take advantage of them if we do anything wrong."

"Yes. We can't wander about randomly. There has to be a justifiable, unquestionable reason." Frowning, Lucien said.

Natasha began to consider how to create such an 'opportunity', too. Suddenly, her eyes glittered, and she clapped her hands. "Wedding! Our wedding! While Granny Hathaway and the Lord of Storm will be present, the wedding will be rather crowded and messy, which will give the assassins a chance."

"Everybody knows our relationship. It's perfectly normal to hold a wedding now that the situation is steady again." Lucien nodded in approval.

Natasha added. "We can go one step further. For example, you are a grand arcanist, and I am a queen. Our wedding should be equal. We can hold one wedding in the Nekso Palace and another one in Allyn, or you can come to the Nekso Palace to fetch me, my father, Aunt Camil and the other members of the royal family to Allyn. In such a way, Granny Hathaway will be our only protector on the way. There will be a chance for assassination."

Weddings were supposed to be held in churches, but since Lucien was a sorcerer, churches were naturally not suitable.

“If the Church takes action, it will probably be the Original Fire or one of the other giants of the inquisition. According to their record, they are all bold and careful. The only problem is whether or not Kritonia will work with them. If not, how can they spare enough hands to keep Granny Hathaway busy? We need to make two different plans.” Said Lucien quickly. The two of them soon settled on a framework after their discussion.

In the end, Natasha asked, “How long will it take before you can engrave the remaining two legendary spells in your soul?”

“Half a year at least, and eight months at most.” Lucien said his estimation.

Natasha nodded and smiled, “Then, we will hold the wedding on April 10 next year, the day when we were separated for the first time. I’ll release the news first. Is the time enough?”

“It is.” Lucien believed that the time was enough for him to craft his unique legendary items, but the problem was that he did not have enough precious materials.

As if she guessed what was Lucien’s mind, Natasha chuckled and said, “Now that the wedding date has been settled and you are really my fiancée, the treasury of the royal family will open for you. I hope you can find legendary materials that you need. If not, you can trade the materials inside with other legendary sorcerers, say Granny Hathaway or the Lord of Storm.”

Even though the royal family of Holm had a history of hundreds of years, it boasted no more than five kinds of legendary materials.

“About that...” They were so precious that even such a petty person as Lucien also hesitated. However, after seeing Natasha’s firm, smiling eyes, he immediately let it go and said with a smile, “Okay.”

After they settled on that, Lucien felt something was wrong and scratched his head. “So to speak, we have already agreed on our wedding? Nobody has proposed yet, right?”

Wasn’t it too irregular?

Natasha was briefly stunned. “Huh, do you want me to propose to you?”

After saying that, both she and Lucien were amused. They had unique experiences, unique personalities and a unique relationship. Why did they have to pursue regularity?

Natasha extended her right hand and grabbed Lucien’s left hand, before she declared in a low voice:

“If they really dare to come, the blood of legends will dye the carpets of our wedding red!”

“That will perhaps be the most unforgettable wedding.” Lucien agreed with a smile. Then he reminded her, “You must be very, very, very careful in the coming months.”

...

They spent the afternoon inside the magic tower. At night, when Lucien was about to bring Natasha to the Sky Radio Station for a secret visit, he suddenly received Samantha's message. "We have found a strange channel. It seems to be a radio station that the Church established recently."

"Is that so? I'll come by and see what it is about." Lucien and Natasha looked at each other, both noticing the curiosity in each other's eyes.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 587: Thanos Demon

On the thirty-first floor of the Allyn magic tower...

Although the magic tower was automatically closed and nobody was allowed to enter at night, Lucien was naturally not bound by the rule as a grand arcanist. Leading Natasha, he jumped from 'Atomic Universe', his demiplane, to his library on the thirty-third floor, before they stepped into the lift.

The magic tower at night was more quiet than usual. As they walked inside the silver corridor, their footsteps echoed loudly, further adding to the quiet and creepy atmosphere.

Hardly had Lucien and Natasha entered the area where the Sky Radio Station was at when a giant white wolf ran out. After realizing that it was Lucien, it immediately crouched and wagged its tail.

“Good morning, Mr. Evans. Good evening, Your Majesty.” Louise, who was wearing a daisy-colored dress, saw Lucien and his companion, too, and greeted them.

Hearing her sweet and familiar voice, Natasha asked in delight, “Are you Ms. Nightingale? I love your program. Huh. Aren’t you Louise, the missing musician of Aalto?”

She recalled the new musician of Aalto from her delicate face and her symbolic white wolf.

“She is the musician Louise. However, I think you must know her other alias, Mercury, Apprentice Mercury.” Lucien introduced her to Natasha.

Natasha tried to say something, but she eventually shook her head. “The Musicians’ Association of Aalto should be renamed to the Sorcerers’ Association of Aalto. Is it easy for musicians to become sorcerers, or do sorcerers prefer to disguise themselves as musicians?”

She had known Apprentice Mercury through Sylvia before she knew Lucien, but she did not know that Mercury was also a musician who escaped to Allyn!

It’s not the Sorcerers’ Association of Aalto but a prep school for ‘international students’... Lucien secretly remarked.

Louise replied, “That was because a great musician and grand arcanist set an example for me. Your Majesty, you’ve come to visit the radio station?”

Natasha looked at Lucien with a smile and laughed warmly, “I asked Lucien to bring me here because I like the voices of you and Ms. Lark. I didn’t expect that I would run into you. Your real voice is even more pleasant than it is on the radio.”

“That’s because the radios are not good enough.” Lucien defended the radio station.

Louise smiled sweetly and politely, “It’s an honor to be appreciated by the queen, but ‘Arcana Voice’ is about to begin. You’ll have to excuse me. Mr. Evans, Samantha is waiting for you at the conference room.”

“Sorry for delaying you.” Natasha said joyfully, “I’ve bumped into Ms. Nightingale immediately after coming. It seems that my bad luck is over.”

She was talking about the disaster in the laboratory in the morning, and the unexpected counter-dominance from Lucien.

“It’s been a while since I saw you so courteous.” Lucien made fun of her while he led her to the conference room.

Natasha glanced at Lucien. “My manners are reserved for ladies. Hehe. You will have a chance.”

The two of them talked and laughed, but Louise sighed in the broadcast room. “The queen and Mr. Evans knew each other a long time ago. They must’ve been a couple since they were in Aalto... Now, they are finally together despite all the adversities...”

She saw clearly that Lucien and Natasha were both wearing a ring on the third finger on their left hand. Natasha’s ring was even the famous Holm Crown Ring, ‘Element’.

...

After he opened the gate, all the arcanists bowed at him. “Your Excellency, you are the truth of elements, and you master the staff of space and time.”

“There’s no need to be so troublesome. Everybody’s time is precious.” Lucien raised his objection humorously and then pointed at Natasha. “This is Natasha, my fiancée and the queen of Holm.”

All the arcanists were refreshed by the first-hand news. Mr. Evans had acknowledged the engagement with the queen? Also, they secretly complimented Natasha’s beauty and vibe, because they had seen few female sorcerers that were charming in such a way.

Briefly stunned, Samantha put on a sincere smile. “I didn’t know you were engaged. I wish you happiness forever.”

Natasha smiled, “Are you Ms. Lark? Your voice is more pleasant than the sound of a real lark. I am your loyal fan.”

“It’s my honor.” Samantha resumed her calmness and spoke to Lucien, “Mr. Evans, it’s indeed the Church’s radio station. Its name is ‘Sound of Salvation’.

As she talked, the whispers of the arcanists gradually stopped, and the sound from the magic circle came into Lucien and Natasha’s ears clearly.

“We believe that there must be something that every race and every occupation can accept. That is the virtues such as benevolence, generosity, honesty and bravery; that is the holy light that the Lord favored; that pacifies our minds and protects us from the sins of this world. The evil sorcerers and dark knights, who violate the common sense, are corrupt and destined to be destroyed...”

“...We are brothers and sisters, and we will be saved when we pray in the name of the Lord. This time, we have invited the believers of different social classes. They will tell you about beliefs and virtues.”

“...I am a destitute believer. In my place, sickness and injury often mean death, but I survived a major disease because my neighbor, the reverend of my area, treated me and took care of me without asking for any reward. My health and my mental peace were recovered...”

“...I was always anxious in the past, but after the reverends talked to me, I calmed down and enjoyed unprecedented peace...”

...

“The next program is ‘The Cruel Magic You Do Not Now’. In this war of Rentato, the evil sorcerers summoned abyssal demons by sacrificing humans alive, which was atrocious. Allow me to repeat the details for you...”

An arcanist laughed, “The Church is completely copying our creation!”

“That’s the only way for them to establish it so quickly. The anchor is also a female with a pleasant voice.” Another arcanist replied with a smile.

“Don’t underestimate the Church’s understanding about arcana, but the programs are still not lively and attractive enough.” Lucien nodded. “Ask someone to monitor the channel, but don’t be distracted by them.”

“Understood.” All the arcanists replied.

“...Our fate has been preordained by God. Everything is destined. Only by believing in the Lord can we be saved...”

All the arcanists showed obvious despise, which arouse Natasha’s interest. “Guys, this is the Church’s definition of fate. What’s fate in arcana and magic? How accurate is your prophecy?”

Her mother was not good at astrology. Naturally, she did not know much about it.

As a senior-rank sorcerer of the school of astrology, Samantha said solemnly, "Fate is also prearranged according to astrology, but the God of Truth has nothing to do with it."

"Why?" Natasha looked at Lucien and found it hard to accept that fate was unchangeable.

Lucien hinted for her to listen first and ask later.

"I wonder, has Your Majesty ever heard of 'Thanos Demon'?" Samantha tried to explain it as simply as possible.

Natasha shook her head. "No."

Since Lucien just got started with astrology, he was not clear about 'Thanos Demon', either.

"At the last years of the Magic Empire, the sorcerers believed in determinism, which was also known as the law of causality. They believed that as long as all the conditions and parameters that influenced a thing were known, the result of the thing could be inferred deterministically through all kinds of patterns. When there's a result, there's a reason; when there's a reason, there's a result." Samantha basically introduced the law of causality. "As arcana develops, the idea is even more prevalent that as long as conditions and data are given, we will be able to get a definite outcome."

Seeing that Natasha was still confused, another male arcanist added with an example. "Your Majesty, assuming that I have a Thale in my hand, and I toss it out randomly, either side of it could hit the ground, right?"

“Yes.” Natasha thought and replied solemnly.

“No, it’s not true. After I toss it, as long as I know the force, the quality of the Thale, the moisture, the wind and other conditions, I will be able to calculate which side of it will hit the ground according to Douglas motion system. There’s no other possibilities.” Declared the arcanist proudly.

Arcanists explored the world, summarized patterns, and then predicted the world with their discovery. That was exactly the charm of arcana!

Natasha thought for a moment. “I got it. The moment when the Thale is tossed, all the influence factors are determined, so the outcome is destined.”

“That’s good. That’s exactly determinism and the law of causality. ‘Thanos Demon’, on the other hand, was a concept that the Sun King came up with.”

Samantha returned to the original topic. “He considers the current status of the world as a consequence of the past and a cause for the future. So, assuming that there is a very powerful demon who knows the status and patterns of everything, it will be able to infer all the things that happened in the past.”

“Also, it will be able to predict all the things that will happen in the future. The future will be as fixed as the history. That’s exactly ‘Thanos Demon’. It tells us that the fate of this world was destined the moment it was born. We cannot predict the future only because we know too little and grasp too few patterns.”

Natasha found it impossible to accept the law of causality. “But hearts are unpredictable.”

“No. Everybody’s personality is affected by the environment. Or rather, their personality is shaped by many factors, and a fixed personality, together with all the other factors when a decision is made, will yield a destined answer even if hearts are unpredictable. Your Majesty, have you never guessed the enemy’s possible reaction in a battle?” Samantha said calmly.

Natasha nodded her head but shook it later, not knowing how she should argue.

Samantha put on a proud but sad expression. “Every arcanist in the school of astrology is proud that they can see fate and sad that they cannot change it. It is cruel and cold, but it’s also a fact. When there is a cause, there’s a consequence. Everything has been decided by the past.”

The discussion on fate was over, and Natasha fell silent. It was not until they left the Allyn magic tower that she grasped Lucien’s hand and asked, “Lucien, do you believe that fate is preordained and unchangeable?”

It was a terrible and devastating feeling!

“No.” Lucien replied with a smile. After his spirit library was unsealed, he had been learning quantum mechanics.

Natasha did not expect that Lucien would give a reply so quickly and firmly. Turning around in a daze, she said with a blossoming smile, “Me, too. I believe that we can change our fate to a certain degree. Hehe. I should’ve foreseen your answer. The soul of resistance that has never changed since the Symphony of Fate is what I appreciate and like most about you.”

“Exactly. One has to be take the initiative consciously.” Lucien said in a low voice. Then, while Natasha was slightly confused, he stared at the sky solemnly: “The law of causality must die!”

Because we need to live!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 588: Special Issue

Although Natasha did not quite understand why Lucien became so serious all of a sudden, his opinion on the law of causality and his firm attitude still made the terrible feelings in her heart melt like snow under the sunlight. A world where everything was predestined and unchangeable was a most desperate and lifeless one.

Sensing the warmth of his hand and hearing his solemn voice, Natasha soon regained her natural-born optimism. Not bothering with the subject anymore, she smiled, “Are you planning to create an opera for me?”

“How did you know?” Lucien was somewhat surprised.

Natasha chuckled and said, “My eyes are very keen. I saw a manuscript, Valkyrie, on your bookshelf in your library this afternoon, and I think it’s for me.”

She did not show any modesty about 'Valkyrie' and thought matter-of-factly that it was for her.

Lucien heaved a sigh. "I planned to hire a troupe to perform it for us in honor of the anniversary of our mutual confession of love on my birthday, but I didn't have the time of creation because of Sard and the incidents later. Also, the libretto is more difficult to create than I thought, and the music is even more so. I've only completed one third so far."

Although it was based on the work from Earth, it was basically a brand-new masterpiece, which made Lucien run into a lot of difficulties.

Natasha smiled, not bothered at all. "That's alright. We can wait until next year, or the next year, or the next, and so on. Speaking of opera, I'm planning to sponsor the Musicians' Association of Rentato and rebuild a capital of music."

She was a real lover of music. Now that she couldn't return to Aalto for now, she planned to make Rentato a holy land of music, too.

"If I have time, I'll offer guidance to the musicians of Rentato." Lucien was already confident enough to say so. While the creation of Valkyrie was difficult, it allowed him to fully make use of the music knowledge that he had learnt. He was almost as good as Victor now.

His rapid progress benefited from the avant-garde music knowledge in his spirit library, as well as his sharpened mind after his soul became stronger.

Natasha took a deep breath of the gentle breath on the street and said humorously, “Then, on behalf of the musicians of Holm, I thank you in advance, master. If you don’t mind, I want your Uncle Joel to enter the association and bring the latest music trends and development of Aalto to this place.”

The smuggled Music Review and Herald of Symphonies naturally could only reflect what was on the top and could not let the musicians learn the real fundamental knowledge.

“I certainly wouldn’t mind as long as Uncle Joel is willing to.” Lucien had already learnt from Natasha that, after the initial excitement of a noble life, Joel began his music learning again. He worked so hard that he did not look like a middle-aged man at all.

Natasha looked at Lucien and said with a vague smile, “In fact, I talked about Joel only because I wanted to ask you when you were going to meet him. There shouldn’t be any danger now that the Church has retreated. According to the intelligence personnel who protected them, they had obviously changed their stance regarding sorcerers and clerics, thanks to Arcana Voice and the convenient alchemical items. They probably wouldn’t overreact. Also, they must be missing you. To know more about you, they often stay late and listen to ‘News of the World’ that they do not understand at all.”

Lucien’s heart was suddenly filled with warmth after hearing Natasha’s words. It had been only eight years since he came to this world, but it felt like an entire life. So, he answered in a low voice, “I’ll visit them in a couple of days.”

“Be happy. You should feel happy about that.” Natasha made a gesture of encouragement and then changed the subject. “Mr. Great Musician, do you have any revolutionary music principles? You have always been best known for your creativity. I find it intolerable that you haven’t produced any innovative works in years.”

Lucien smiled at her. “Why not? I have associated music creations with mathematics.”

“Huh? Music and mathematics? How can they be associated?” Asked Natasha in surprise. Music was a realm where the mind was absolutely free, while mathematics the most rigorous and suffocating. How could they be associated? It was not about the categorical, conceptual stuff like equal temperament but creation!

Lucien chuckled. “That’s why it is revolutionary. I have abandoned the traditional structural factors, such as theme, logic, motive, sentences, verses, and sequenced the substantial elements, such as rhythm, pitch, density of notes and timbre, with the permutation and combination in mathematics. Then, I created according to such a rule.”

“That sounds cold... but interesting. What’s the result?” Natasha knew that it wouldn’t be mainstream, but she had always been eager to try everything. Naturally, there wasn’t any objection from her.

After that, she added in with mixed feelings, “This is so arcanist!”

“I’ll show you some of my works after we are back.” They were the sequential music works that Lucien created when he was relaxing his brain. Later, they could also be applied to electronic music.

“Okay. If they are good, you will teach me how to create them tonight!” Said Natasha with great interest.

Lucien intentionally twisted her meaning and made fun of her. “Tonight? You seem to be avoiding something, don’t you?”

“Really? Do I look like an escapist to you?”

...

On the second day, after he saw Natasha off, Lucien returned to the Atom Institution in delight. There are many experiments he needed to confirm.

“Lucien, looking good!” Lazar was holding a journal, with a ‘I-totally-get-it’ look on his face.

“‘Arcana’ has been issued in advance?” Lucien recognized the cover, but the Highest Council only asked the journal to publish the news that he had been promoted to a grand arcanist on the cover and did not ask it to publish so many days in advance.

Heidi was still upset about the additional mission yesterday. She said gloomily, “Master, this is a special issue of ‘Arcana’. The discovery of neutrons proved the new alchemy. To celebrate the paradigm-shifting theoretical system, they have published the special issue that contains the papers over the past year including the predictions in the new alchemy and part of the experiments.”

“...There are also questions about the imperfect parts of the new alchemy.” Said Annick after a brief silence.

Sprint, on the other hand, was a bit angry. “Master said that the new alchemy was just a framework, and that there were many unresolved problems. So, why did they collect all the

problems on the special issue instead of publishing them next month? I feel that they are questioning your new alchemy, master.”

“What’s wrong about that? Every theory is perfected and fortified by suspicion. I would be uneasy if there isn’t any suspicion. Besides, there are indeed many problems that the new alchemy haven’t been resolved yet. For example, it cannot describe the atomic structures with multiple electrons, and it cannot predict the intensity and width of the spectral lines.” Lucien understood the limitations of the new alchemy perfectly and replied without being disturbed at all.

Katrina nodded. “The problems you mentioned are all in the journal.”

Lucien took over the journal, only to discover that the silver lines on the black over were constructed into several lines of words. On the top was ‘Arcana’, and below it was ‘This issue is published in July of 824 to celebrate the establishment of the new alchemy and to congratulate Lucien Evans on becoming a grand arcanist.’

On the next page, it was the comment that Douglas wrote. “The new alchemy has undoubtedly achieved a glorious triumph. It has changed our age and will forever be remembered by the arcanists. I suggest an additional reward of 15,000 arcana credits and 500,000 arcana points.”

After him, it was the opinion of the two reviewers, Raventi and Prado, at the beginning. “Now, we can give all of our compliments in our previous review to Mr. Lucien Evans.”

In the end, Drummond, the general editor of Arcana, wrote on behalf of the journal, “Recently, the new alchemy has swept across the Congress like an unstoppable flood. Every new phenomenon and every experiment result matches its ‘prophecy’ perfectly.”

“it is now the highest law in the field of alchemy and elements and a key to open the gate of the Creator. Alchemy is no longer an illusion without theoretical guidance.”

“Through the new alchemy and the general theory of relativity, I have envisioned the arrival of a golden age. It is not only an age when we can really create gold but also an age when arcana and magic thrive and talents emerge.”

“500,000 arcana points... That’s not bad.” Lucien said satisfactorily. Arcana credits were useless for him now, but arcana points could be traded for legendary spells and legendary rituals (one million arcana points for one legendary spell’. That was an advantage that Thale did not have.

The first half of the journal was made of the published papers, such as Jurisian’s discovery and explanation on the splitting of spectral lines under strong magnetic field, and the second half included questions about the new alchemy that nobody paid attention to before, such as Fernando’s question about the distribution of external electrons, Hathaway’s question about the energy level and orbits, and Klaus’ question that the system could only explain the single-electron structure... Almost all the leaders of elements and alchemy, after expressing their support and appreciation of the new alchemy, cautiously raised their doubts.

Looking at the myriad of questions, Lucien smiled at Sprint who was rather angry at the beginning. “Does anger help you at all? What you should do is to come up with your own ideas to resolve the questions. I hope you begin your real study on Arcana by answering those questions. It doesn’t matter if you make mistakes, but it will be terrible if you don’t have the guts to join the discussion. Your minds are more active and less restrained. It’s possible that you can fix the problems with ideas that never occurred to us before.”

“Understood, mater!” Hearing their teacher’s encouragement, Sprint replied first, his disobedient eyes full of fighting will.

Annick, Heidi and the other students also became excited. Joining the discussion and argument of the grand arcanists, legendary sorcerers and senior-rank sorcerers about the new alchemy was exhilarating enough when they just thought about it.

...

At night, Lucien arrived at the district of nobles in Rentato. Looking at John's villa that was ablaze with lights, he took a deep breath and walked to the gate.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 589: A Magical Life

The spacious villa was surrounded by a high wall, and the black bars made up the gate at the edge, which was guarded by two soldiers in silver hauberks. They were opening the gate for a splendidly-decorated wagon.

"They're holding some sort of ball?" Lucien was not one of the crazy sorcerers that did not understand the life of nobles. Considering the exuberant lights inside the villa, he realized what was going on inside immediately.

After briefly hesitating if he should come later, Lucien made up his mind. He was already at the door. What's there to worry about?

Magic waves shimmered on his body, and Lucien walked towards the gate unhurriedly.

Because nobles cared about dignity and manners, they would come on wagon no matter how close the ball was to their house. Therefore, Lucien, who approached like a civilian, was obviously not an invited guest. The two soldiers looked at each other and intended to stop him.

But all of a sudden, they felt that Lucien was full of gravitas and grace, with the badge of the Hoffenberg on his chest. So, they lowered their heads and welcomed the honorable guest.

“A simple spell is enough to pass the guards...” Lucien shook his head as he passed the gate. Those guards could only resist ordinary people. Thankfully, the knights of the intelligence department should be in the dark, but they obviously knew him. “I need to set up some traps in case the Church attacks Uncle Joel.”

Although the Church wouldn’t be as blatant as Argent Horn, it was better to be safe than sorry. The night watchers did not lack lunatics.

It was scorching in July, but Rentato, only several hours away from the ocean, was rather cool at night. Lucien walked on the road in the evening wind as if he had melted into the window. None of the wagons before and behind him noticed the roamer.

The garden was not huge. Lucien soon reached the villa, in which the magic lamps had all been lit, making the building look splendid.

The common night view on Earth looked particularly eye-catching in this place.

Above the stairs, Alisa, as strong as before, welcomed the guests with a few maids in her choking dress.

“The noble ladies are more than usual...” Lucien spoke to himself in confusion. Then, he took a breath and walked to Alisa.

Alisa was observing the ladies who had come to the ball in delight and greeting them warmly.

After years of noble life, she was no longer as clumsy as before. Her son, John, was a grand knight that Her Majesty brought from Aalto, and had been given important tasks. Naturally, the nobles showed her enough respect and felt honored to be invited to her ball.

“Viscount and Viscountess Trenna, Lady Kalie, welcome to the ball.” Alisa greeted the new guests with a smile, with exceptional warmth towards the tall, gentle girl who had blond hair and blue eyes that were different from the natives of Holm.

Viscount Trenna knew why Alisa held the ball as well. He nodded with a smile, “It’s an honor to be at your ball, my lady.”

Kalie also responded with the courtesy of nobles.

“It’s going to take a while before the ball begins. Bring Viscount Trenna to the guest room so that they can take a rest.” Alisa asked her servant.

After Trenna's family got in, Alisa put on a smile again, ready to welcome new guests, but the familiar black-haired and black-eyed man on the stairs stunned her. She rubbed her eyes, feeling that she was in a dream.

She had never seen him wearing a double-breasted suit before, but it fit his body and his vibe perfectly. Her emotions surging and her eyes reddening, Alisa mumbled, "Little Evans?"

"Aunt Alisa." Lucien stabilized his mind and walked to Alisa with a smile.

Alisa shook her head in disbelief again, mired in the ecstasy of reunion and the shame of the previous betrayal. "Little Evans?"

"What's up, Aunt Alisa? You don't recognize me?" Lucien smiled.

His friendly attitude made all of Alisa's feelings except for excitement and joy go away. She forgot the demeanor of nobles that she tried hard to pick up and cried in the same way as when she was in the slums.

Rubbing her eyes, she spoke quickly, "Little Evans, are you really back to see us? I thought you hated me for betraying you."

"I asked you to do it, didn't I?" Lucien hugged Aunt Alisa with a smile. "For me, you are my family."

“Oh, this... this is fabulous.” Alisa observed Lucien in excitement, “Little Evans, you are taller, much taller!”

She measured Lucien’s previous height with her shivering right hand. Now that years of depression and guilt were released, she dragged him into the house, “I... I need to tell Joel and John that Evans is back!”

The servants looked at their hostess weeping with curiosity and dared not remind her to welcome the guests. They had to find the butler to replace her.

On her way, Alisa wept and chattered, believing that Lucien was taller but slimmer and less healthy. Many guests were distracted by them, wondering what had happened.

When they were about to reach the guest room, Alisa finally held back her tears. Then, she patted her forehead, “I... I forgot that John had duty in the Nekso Palace and Joel was invited to the Musicians’ Association!”

“It’s alright. I can wait for them...” Before Lucien finished, Alisa already said in excitement, “I need to tell them that you are back. I’m going to tell them right now! Little Evans, take a rest in the guest room. I’ll give them a call!”

As she spoke, she rustled to the library, completely forgetting to direct Lucien to the guest room first.

Looking at how overwhelmed Aunt Alisa was, Lucien didn't mind being 'forgotten' by her at all. He shook his head with a smile and thought that he should've come back sooner.

As if it were his own house, Lucien walked into the guest room without getting lost. He saw Viscount Trenna's family and a few other noble guests, who were bonding with each other until the stranger came in.

At the center of the guest room, a weirdly delicate machine was spinning a round plate and playing clear, pleasant music, filling the room with an enjoyable atmosphere.

Nodding at them as a greeting, Lucien walked to the wall and opened the hidden refrigerator. The lights inside immediately illuminated the drinks.

Lucien opened a bottle of champagne unhurriedly and put a piece of ice into his cup. When he was about to close the refrigerator, a male voice in the period of change echoed from his back. "That is a magic refrigerator, alchemical item invented by the great Lucien Evans, who makes coolness readily enjoyable in the hot summer."

Huh? Lucien felt strange that his name was being used in such a way and did not know what to reply.

The boy behind him had the typical look of Holm. His eyes were black and his eyes were blue. Seeing that Lucien did not reply, he thought that Lucien did not know the origins of the refrigerator and therefore introduced warmly, "The productivity of such items is very low. Only the great nobles have the privilege to use them. I only saw them before at other parties."

"Well, the popularization of alchemical items is the idea proposed by the great alchemist Lucien Evans. It has fundamentally improved our life, hasn't it?"

The boy seemed to be Lucien's great fan. He was rather amiable, too.

"Of course, I like such a life." Lucien looked at the boy with a smile.

The little boy was very happy after being approved. "Viscount Wesley is one of the queen's most appreciated knights. So, he has plenty of cutting-edge alchemical items. My cousin, for one, loves the magic gramophone. It allows us to enjoy wonderful music without a band and even to go to sleep in the company of music."

He pointed at Kalie when he talked. The cousin he mentioned seemed to be referring to her. Wesley, on the other hand, was John's last name.

Noticing that Lucien was looking at her after the boy pointed at her, Kalie smiled courteously, "The magic gramophone has only just been invented. This is the first time I've seen it. I like it very much."

The boy added delightedly, "That is also a design proposed by Mr. Evans."

Lucien nodded. He knew about it much better than the boy did. He introduced the idea of magic gramophone to the Will of Elements a few years ago, but it never worked out due to the lack of excellent storage materials, until a few months ago when Gaston's laboratory accidentally discovered a natural resin that they could use. Then, magic gramophones finally appeared in this world.

“As a matter of fact, Viscount Wesley has another unique alchemical item.” Kalie seemed to be fond of the magical life, too. Suddenly in the mood of talking, she pointed at the silver box hanging high in the room and said, “I saw this at Duke James’ house before. It’s called magic air conditioner. It can make summers cool and drive away coldness together with the furnace during the winter.”

“Really?” The boy had never noticed the ‘magic air conditioner’ before. Bulging eyes, he observed it with great interest.

Kalie smiled and said, “You can feel the cool breeze from it. It is also a masterpiece of Grand Arcanist Lucien Evans.”

“Oh, really? That’s so awesome!” The boy ran in the room in excitement. “Cousin Kalie, I’m going to study magic in the future. I will be a great sorcerer and a great alchemist!”

Viscount Trenna made fun of his nephew. “Holk, try to win a Holm Crown Prize.”

“Well.” The little boy shook his fingers smartly. “The Holm Crown Prize is not my target; Lucien Evans Prize is! When we join parties later and people ask who I am, you will have the honor to introduce Mr. Holk, the laureate of Evans Prize in Arcana. Uncle, let me tell you something. Cousin Kalie wants to win a Lucien Evans Prize, too, except that her goal is Evans Prize in Medicine.”

“If we have two laureates of Evans Prizes in our family, we will be able to strut around proudly.” Amused, Trenna looked at his daughter.

Kalie was more or less embarrassed now that Holk revealed her goal in front of a stranger. Changing the subject, she ask Lucien, “Mister, how should we call you?”

Lucien scratched his chin with his right hand. “You may call me Lucien Evans.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 590: A Common Noble’s Hope

Pu. The boy Holk was drinking the iced Sky Blue, but he spewed it out with a total lack of manners after hearing Lucien’s reply. Viscount Trenna and the other nobles, on the other hand, became solemn and eyed Lucien suspiciously, communicating with each other in silence.

Kalie smiled subconsciously and was about to say ‘what a coincidence that you are also a Lucien Evans’, when something flashed in her head. Her mouth opened, and she was unable to say anything.

Although she had never seen Mr. Lucien Evans or his portrait, the nobles who were inclined to the Congress of Magic had already spread the look of the grand arcanist to all their fellows: black hair, black eyes, medium height, handsome face, and flawless demeanor.

Since there were plenty of young men who fit such a description, Kalie did not notice anything wrong at all when she just met Lucien, but after he introduced himself, the description seemed to be matching the real person perfectly. The same black hair, the same black eyes, and the same gentleness!

Crossing her hands, Kalie asked with a shivering voice, “Is Your Excellency Elemental Order?”

Lucien’s legendary class ‘Atom Controller’ was unknown yet. Therefore, Kalie only asked him with his alias ‘Elemental Order’, like Douglas and his ‘Emperor of Arcana’.

“I don’t think anybody would impersonate me.” Replied Lucien with a smile.

“Really?” Having no time to wipe his lips, Holk looked at Lucien with such glittering eyes that Lucien was reminded of Alferris, the little crystal dragon.

Lucien nodded with a smile but did not offer any proof. He would not cover his identity on purpose, nor would he prove his identity with some sort of magic if he was suspected. After all, he would not be affected at all whether or not those people believed him.

Kalie was still suspicious, but her father already said with a brilliant smile, “Your Excellency, you are the truth of elements, and you master the staff of space and time. Praise the changes you bring to our life. We lived like barbarians and did not know what civilization was until now.”

Is it really His Excellency Elemental Order? Kalie asked her father with her eyes. As she recalled, her father never met Evans before, either, or he would’ve recognized him just now.

Trenna nodded at his daughter in secret. They knew much more than Holk and Kalie. They knew that His Excellency Elemental Order was from a slum in Aalto, and that the Wesley family was also from a slum in Aalto...

After all the details were connected, they naturally confirmed Lucien's identity. Also, he saw the two rings on Lucien's right hand. They were exactly the renowned 'Holm Crown'.

"I only bolstered the progress. As a matter of fact, such a social change is inevitable as arcana develops." Lucien added in his heart, [particularly when the Congress needs the support of the nobles and the general public to resist the Church.]

Holk grew excited after the adults confirmed the stranger's identity. He scratched his head but did not know what to say. In the end, pushed by Kalie, he finally rushed to the desk and picked up a pen and a piece of paper. "Your Excellency, can you give me an autograph? It will encourage me to study magic!"

In recent decades, because of the popular operas, people of Holm were more and more enthusiastic about excellent singers and actors. The trend to give flowers and ask for autographs had already started.

Amused, Lucien took the paper and wrote something on it.

While writing, Lucien secretly complained about the limitation of the age. If he had invented magic cameras or even included the function in the mobile communication item, Holk wouldn't have just asked for an autograph but said, "Your Excellency, can I have a selfie with you?"

Not expecting that his idol was willing to give him an autograph, Holk was exalted. He thanked Lucien non stop when Lucien gave the paper back to him. Kalie also looked at the paper curiously.

On the paper were two curly words: "Good good study, day day up, to Holk."

“From: Lucien Evans.”

Huh? Holk and Kalie were both dazed, feeling that the sentence was rather grammatically weird. But the boy was too overjoyed to care about it and simply folded the paper, putting it in his pocket.

Viscount Trenna was also excited, but he retained a casual smile on the surface. “Holk has been asking to study magic since years ago, but we dare not cross the line when the radical believers were still here. Now, we can finally send him to Allyn for studies. Your Excellency Evans, could you tell us which magic school he should go to?”

Most importantly of all, becoming a sorcerer meant losing the right of inheritance back then.

“Really?” Holk was even more excited. He looked at his uncle and his father and became hysterical after receiving an affirmative reply.

Lucien said simply, “It depends on the fields Holk is interested in.”

“Elements! Alchemy!” Declared Holk resolutely.

“In that case, Douglas Magic School and Alborg Magic School are both okay.” Lucien knew them rather well from his teaching experience.

Kalie summoned her courage and asked, “Your Excellency Evans, is... is it too late for me to learn magic now? I’m already an adult... If I want to learn medical magic, which school should I go to?”

“It’s never too late to learn as long as you have determination and the basic talents, but medical magic requires company with cadavers. You need to think carefully. Allyn Magic School is best in that regard.” Lucien said honestly. Then he asked, “I heard you talking about alchemical items just now. You seem to be fans. I wonder, what other products do you need? Feel free to talk. I’m just seeking inspiration.”

“I want to fly! I want an alchemical item that enables ordinary people to fly!” Holk always envied sorcerers and radiant knights who could fly.

Well, planes, or Doraemon’s bamboo-copters 1? Lucien smiled at other people.

Kalie had been braced to deal with bodies and therefore was not terrified. However, fearing that it was too much for her mother, she focused on the subject of alchemical items, too. “I hope that magic records can be popularized so that we can enjoy music in our own house.”

Trenna smiled. “What I want most is naturally the popularization of the alchemical drugs that can prolong longevity, but...”

He didn’t think that it could be easily simplified.

“Magic steam trains are not popularized enough. Other transportation devices are needed, too. We nobles can use wagons, but it’s too burdensome for ordinary people.” Baron Stevens said.

As they talked, rapid footsteps echoed. Alisa appeared at the door and said with reddened eyes. “Evans, John is back!”

When she called, the guards said that John had returned, so she waited at the gate after informing Joel. Thankfully, John returned to his home after only several minutes.

John appeared behind Alisa. He looked rather tall and strong in the silver armor. Seeing Lucien, he stepped forward in excitement and raised his right fist, as if he were going to punch Lucien’s shoulder like how they greeted each other in the past, but he stopped rigidly halfway. The change of identities and the years of separation made him rather overcautious.

Lucien walked to him with a smile. He also raised his right hand and punched John’s right shoulder: “It’s been a while.”

John sincerely smiled and did the same to Lucien’s shoulder with his right fist: “It’s good to have you back.”

He did not say anything else. One simple sentence had melted the alienation between them after years away from each other.

...

The ball had officially begun. Alisa went out to greet the guests, and Lucien, Joel and John stayed in the guest room to catch up.

“Evans, was it your recommendation that got me into the Musicians’ Association?” Joel asked, half drunk. His gold hair had turned grey.

John smiled at his joyful father. “Dad, the ball only just began, and you have already had a bottle of golden rum. That can’t do.”

“I... I am happy that Little Evans is back!” Joel spoke with a thickened tongue.

Lucien chuckled. “Uncle Joel, I think this is only an excuse for you drunk. Aunt Alisa must’ve been strict on you.”

“Little Evans, you didn’t understand my question.” Joel tried to deviate.

Lucien shook his head. “Natasha felt that you were good enough to teach the musicians of Rentato a ‘lesson’.”

“Her Majesty has keen eyes.” Joel was proud of his progress in music.

“Where is Elvin?” Lucien suddenly remembered Elvin.

Joel smiled. “Elvin didn’t want to join the ball and went to the manor out of the city with a few friends. He can’t activate his blood power, but he’s very interested in alchemical items recently. Can he still learn magic?”

“Send Elvin to Douglas Magic School and have a try. I’ll talk to them.” Then, Lucien added, “I don’t have much time to teach right now. My teaching style is not suitable for him.”

“I know. That’s why we only want send Elvin to a magic school.” John said.

Joel looked at John. “Care about yourself before you care about Elvin. You are one year older than Evans. Go to the ball now. I’ll accompany Evans.”

John, despite his usual calmness, blushed and did not know how to react.

Seeing that, Lucien tried to resolve the awkward atmosphere by giving a key to Joel. “Uncle Joel, this is the key to my villa in Allyn. You can spend your vacation there... This is the address of my magic tower...”

Joel nodded and did not ask.

Urged by Alisa, John finally stood up and said, “Lucien, talk to you after the ball.”

“Go now. I’m almost married, and you don’t even have many female friends.” Lucien nodded at the door with a smile.

Briefly stunned, Joel said with a smile, “I hope that Her Majesty and you are happy together.”

John followed with mixed feelings. “The memories of childhood seemed to have happened only yesterday, but everybody has grown up and has their own families in the blink of an eye. Time gives everyone a different future...”

Yes. Some of the memories in Aalto were clear, as if they just happened, but some were blurry, as if they were from last life. How treacherous time is!

...

Year 825 came with freeing winds.

With Arcana, Magic and other journals in his hands, Annick walked into his house in deep thought. “There are more and more modifications on the energy level, orbits and quantization of electrons in new alchemy, but they seem more and more aberrant and are even in violation of the original thought.”

“Should we look for a different approach? Have you forgotten anything? Sprint, in the hall, also frowned.

Recently, including the grand arcanists and the senior-rank sorcerers who raised doubts, everybody had been modifying the model in the new alchemy. However, as more and more

problems were discovered, they all had a feeling that the new alchemy had walked to a dead end, and that certain things had to be abandoned in order to find a way out.

Annick closed the gate and looked at Lucien's magic tower. "Master seems to have noticed the problem, too. He hasn't published a single paper in the past two months."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 591: The Early Released Monster

Sprint did not quite agree with Annick's theory. "Our teacher must've been devoted to the improvement of his magic level and is trying to advance into the ninth circle. After he reaches the ninth circle, the Congress will have plenty of weird rituals that can help him become a legendary sorcerer."

Improving two major levels consecutively through rituals had a failure rate of more than eighty percent. Therefore, Sprint believed that the best solution for his teacher to become a legend was to advance into the ninth circle on his own first. As for whether or not the further advancement after the ninth circle would succeed, Sprint had absolutely no doubt about that. With a legendary that perfected matched his cognitive world, the legendary magic models that were engraved inside his cognitive world, and the experience and assistance of so many legendary sorcerers, there was no way that their teacher could fail.

"Yes, you're probably right." Annick did not insist on his opinion. "Our teacher did not come by the Atom Institution often. He must've been focused on improving himself."

That was the reason why they were less burdened in the past months. Other than continuing the study on the theory of relatively, they only had the mission of analyzing the mechanism of the ancillary computation arrays. It had been a while since new exams and tests came. They almost missed it.

About the review of papers, since Lucien had become a member of the Highest Council, his job in the Arcana Review Board was automatically canceled, and they no longer needed to review the papers.

Sprint took over the journals Annick bought and browsed through the table of contents. Suddenly, he saw a paper with a particularly long title: 'The Complicated Splitting of Spectral Lines in Weak Magnetic Field and Its Contradiction to the New Alchemy', by Brook.

In the past year, they had been trying to mend the new alchemy. Although most of their ideas had been disapproved by Hathaway, Raventi, Joaquin and the other grand arcanists, the argument still made them achieve a lot.

In such a way, they perfectly integrated the knowledge that Lucien taught, the exercises he gave, the experiments he assigned to them, and the brilliant ideas in his head. They really became young people with the potential to be senior-rank arcanists, instead of vases that were backed by their teacher.

Therefore, Sprint became rather solemn after he saw the title. He turned to the corresponding page on Magic and read it carefully.

"How... How... How can there be such splitting? The quantization model of the new alchemy does not seem to apply to it..." After a long time, Sprint spoke to himself rather gloomily.

Thankfully, everybody knew that the new alchemy was not perfect enough. The sorcerers who built their cognitive world based on it were mainly focused on the simple structure of protons, neutrons and electrons and did not involve the specific energy level. That was why his cognitive world did not shake.

Annick, hearing his murmur, also took over Magic solemnly. In the meantime, Sprint gasped hard and went to the laboratory to confirm the paper. As his teacher said, even the grand arcanists were not to be entirely believed when it came to arcana!

Annick was covered in cold sweat as he read on. His slim space was even more pale, as he realized that his current knowledge could not explain the phenomenon at all.

Did something really happen to the new alchemy?

Holding the journal tightly, Annick also went into the laboratory.

When it was almost dawn, the two of them walked out their laboratories exhaustedly and both saw each other's bitterness.

"The framework of the new alchemy is definitely correct." Sprint stressed it. Protons, neutrons, electrons, and the fundamental force that had been named as strong nuclear force by their master had all been proved!

Annick nodded. "However, the energy level and orbits of the quantized electrons seem to be in serious trouble. Perhaps, we should abandon the flawed concept and think from a different perspective."

After half a year of repetitive argument and research, they had learnt that they had to let go of certain things when it was necessary.

That was perhaps the young men's advantage. It was obviously impossible for an arcanist who had been devoted to a theory for decades to suddenly drop their persistence and specialty.

"Let's try to resolve the problem through energy level and orbits without adding more hypotheses. If we can't, we'll try different approaches." Sprint said solemnly. "We'll ask our teacher after the holiday. He definitely has unusual ideas."

They had sensed their significant growth every month in the exploration and argument about the new alchemy, but they also discovered that the gap between them and their teacher was getting greater. Their teacher could answer their every question from a reasonable perspective.

"Alright." Forgetting to sleep, Annick went to the library with a copy of 'Magic'.

The same thing happened in Katrina and Heidi's house, as well as the magic towers of Hathaway, Morris, Raventi, Gaston and other upper-level arcanists.

In Thunder Hell, however, Fernando was obviously agitated, which made Thompson, Chloe and other students who came to wish him happy new year prudent.

"Master, happy new year." Thompson was already level seven and had hope to enter the ninth circle.

Glaring at them, Fernando roared, “I’m not happy at all! I don’t understand Brook’s anomalous splitting phenomenon!”

Brook discussed with him after he discovered the phenomenon and wrote the paper later.

Chloe, who had the air of a poet, asked carefully, “What is it about, master?”

As an authority in thermodynamics, he was not as good as such an unreasonable man as Lucien, but he was already level eight and in the eighth circle. However, he hadn’t read Brook’s paper on the new issue of ‘Magic’ yet.

“Don’t you mention the goddamn paper! I would rather that it be that I’m a poet, a playwright or a playboy, so that I wouldn’t need to consider the goddamn paper!” Fernando expressed his fury, and all of his students narrowed their eyes and turned their heads around, like boats that caught a terrible tornado on the ocean.

Thompson hurried to change the subject. “Master, why is Lucien not here?”

“He came with Alferris earlier. They already left.” Fernando was more or less composed now.

Chloe asked curiously, “What’s his opinion on the paper?”

Hardly had he asked the question when he sensed Thompson's scorching eyes. He immediately realized that he asked the last thing he should've asked.

Fernando's face was twisted again. "He also admitted that something was greatly wrong with the new alchemy. He believed that new quantum numbers had to be introduced to explain it. His original system couldn't do anything about it. I would rather he never proposed the new alchemy!"

Roars attacked him like a storm. Chloe couldn't have regretted it more.

...

In Raventi's magic tower...

After Dieppe left his teacher's library, he remembered nothing but the unusual splitting of spectral lines and how his teacher was running calculations with his eyebrows furrowed.

"My teacher is almost ready to advance into legendary. He shouldn't be distracted by anything else right now." Thought Dieppe worriedly. As the best of Raventi's students, he was already level six and in the seventh circle. Although he was not as young as Lucien, Felipe or Larry, he was obviously still in his prime years compared to other sorcerers.

In the end, Raventi chose Hathaway's class of 'Lord of Elements', which had been partly modified based on the achievements in protons, neutrons, electrons and the strong nuclear force. After all, the new alchemy, on which 'Atom Controller' was founded, was far from mature. Nobody was willing to take the risk except for Lucien who was utterly unreasonable.

Dieppe shook his head as he thought. The discussion on the new alchemy was a temptation that no sorcerers who were devoted to elements, alchemy and matter could overcome. He probably couldn't have resisted it, either, if it were himself.

After he was back to his room, Dieppe was still thinking the unusual phenomenon about the energy level and orbits of electrons and how it could not be extrapolated to more complicated atoms. He couldn't fall asleep after a long time.

Upset, he stood and paced, recalling the discussions in the past half year.

"...Imposed quantization... Imposed electron orbits... Imposed energy levels... Unobservable orbits and energy levels... There are many unresolved problems. We have to find a new way out!"

Hathaway's greatest suspicion about the new alchemy echoed in Dieppe's heart. He calmed himself down and asked himself to abandon the complicated ideas and start from the simplest question. "If we do not impose anything, we should start from the natural, built-in qualities of electrons. What qualities of electrons have been confirmed? Mass... charge quantity..."

"Mass..." Dieppe suddenly recalled the theory of relativity, which was also quite heated recently. It was said that Mr. President had almost understood the general theory of relativity and was about to give a comment. However, what 'mass' reminded him of was actually the mass-energy formula that seemed to have contained the deepest mysteries of this world!

"If there is mass, there will be intrinsic energy; if there is energy... and electronic transition radiates or absorbs photons... I think they can be connected... Quantization of angular momentum..."

After ruling out a long of wrong thoughts, Dieppe gradually calmed down, and his eyes were opened. He sat behind the desk and wrote on a piece of ordinary paper with his quill. The night was dark and cold outside.

As his ideas flourished, lines of words appeared on the paper. Dieppe's face was gradually frozen, as if he found it hard to believe his deduction. That was a perfectly reasonable and logical deduction, but how could he have possibly achieved such a terrifying and preposterous result?

For the first time in his life, he had the urge of tearing his own paper apart. The dark night outside was like a monster that was about to engulf him, making him feel chilly.

"The premises are not wrong, and the deduction is not wrong, either. I might as well carry on..." The urge in his heart made Dieppe grit his teeth and continued writing. He paused now and then to consider and correct his mistakes.

When it was about midnight, his ideas were completely clear, and he finished the paper without any stop.

But after it was done, he did not feel the slightest light. There was nothing but shock and even tears on his face.

How could electrons be waves?

How could electrons, which had so many undeniable features of particles such as mass, momentum and particle traces, be waves?

A huge snow began to fall outside of his window, enshrouding Dieppe in unprecedented coldness. Would anybody else agree with the conclusion that he found hard to believe himself?

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 592: Waiting

Sitting in the study, Dieppe was overwhelmed by his own endless thoughts from his own deduction, as if he was in a nightmare.

He kept going through the entire process over and over again, trying to find the problem. He could not stop murmuring,

“How is it possible that electrons take the form of wave?”

A while later, he started asking himself,

“How can it be?”

Then his confusion beat all the other thoughts, and Dieppe started studying the implications of his findings,

“Why wave...?”

The heavy snow was silently falling outside of the window. The dim light coming out from Dieppe’s place, however, looked enthusiastic in such bad weather. The frustrated look slowly disappeared from Dieppe’s face and was replaced with the look of contemplating.

“...If that’s the case, it seems that all microscopic particles in motion have their corresponding frequencies and wavelengths. Why is that...” Dieppe’s brows frowned tight. Suddenly, he recalled Mr. Evans’s words from the two separate papers.

“...Perhaps we should be more open-minded facing the argument.”

“...Since it is for certain that light has both a wave nature and particle nature as it is supported by solid experiment results, why don’t we combine the findings together? Perhaps it can be explained by Wave-particle duality.”

The latter showed up in a simple paper, and Lucien Evans was saying this in an uncertain tone. Therefore, the words rarely left a deep impression on the readers. But the word concept of dualism had deeply stuck in Dieppe’s brain, and now everything made sense if the duality theory was applied.

He took a long, deep breath, as if he was going to release a world-shattering monster. He finally put it this way in his script, “So here is the conclusion we can draw: Wave-particle duality does not only exist in quantum photons, but also all the microscopic particles in motion, including protons, neutrons, electrons, etc. They all have their corresponding wavelengths based on the energy they carry. In other words, they all share the duality.”

Finishing the sentence, Dieppe had been deprived of all his strength. Even that, he could not help thinking, “If those microscopic particles all share duality, what about those macroscopic objects in motion?”

That was a ridiculous deduction. Dieppe looked at himself and was amused by his own crazy thought.

Then he turned to think about something else: Special relativity could be applied to New Alchemy as well. The two systems were not completely separate from each other. Instead, somehow they could come together. Maybe they would promote each other, like... New Alchemy based on theory of relativity?

Dieppe slowly calmed down, and the strange thoughts began to disappear. But the paper in front of him was still like a huge heavy stone suffocating him.

Standing up behind the desk, Dieppe walked to the window and pushed it open. Coming to him was the freezing cold wind.

Dieppe shivered in the cold wind, but his brain was refreshed. The skyline had lit up. The world was covered in a layer of snow, as if it was a brand new one.

“It’s dawn now...”

Dieppe sighed to himself.

...

During breakfast time, Dieppe did not see Raventi, his teacher. After some hesitation, he went directly to Raventi's study.

Dieppe knocked on the door.

"Come in." Raventi knew that it was Dieppe outside from the magic circle.

Pushing open the door, Dieppe walked in quietly. He saw that Raventi was walking out of his magic lab. It seemed like he had been verifying Brook's paper all night.

"What is it?" Raventi asked directly.

Dieppe hesitated. He felt nervous, worried, afraid, and very self-conscious. He did not think that his teacher would accept his findings.

"Speak it out!" Raventi was also used to roaring.

Dieppe gritted his teeth and took out his paper, “Sir, this’s my latest paper. Please... have a look.”

Without any firm support from a solid experiment, the paper was very unlikely to shake Raventi’s cognitive world.

“I don’t see where the hesitation comes from.” said Raventi in a loud voice, as he took over the paper.

Raventi did not have much experience in this. If it had been Fernando who was going to read the paper, he would have definitely asked whether the paper had anything to do with being subversive, and how subversive it would be.

Dieppe opened his mouth silently but could not say a word, as he had no idea how to respond. He could not simply confess his concerns and worries in front of his teacher.

Raventi started reading this short paper, as he walked back to his desk. Suddenly, he stopped, and the look on his face quickly changed. There was shock, confusion, and even anger.

Dieppe silently took a step back. He could feel the horrible pressure coming out from his teacher, a top sorcerer whose cognitive world could affect the material world.

After a long time, Raventi pulled himself out of the paper and turned to stare at Dieppe,

“You’re telling me electrons are waves?!” roared Raventi.

Raventi’s voice was deep and low, as if there was a horrible storm hiding inside.

“Yes... in fact all microscopic particles...” Dieppe stammered.

“You’re telling me electrons are waves?!” roared Raventi.

“After weighing the mass, catching the track, and making sure that electrons do have momentum and comply with conservation law, you’re telling me this?”

“Then why don’t you tell me those married noble ladies who are also mothers are in fact males?!”

...

Raventi’s roaring made Dieppe keep stepping backward until his back hit against the door. Although Raventi’s analogy sounded correct, it did not seem right to apply the duality to the macro world.

“Some special magic creatures are hermaphrodite. Once gaining the blood power, human beings can also...” murmured Dieppe.

As Raventi's dark grey eyes stared at Dieppe, the elements in the space rippled chaotically like water.

"Follow me to the lab," said Raventi.

Dieppe wiped his face and followed his teacher silently. Raventi stopped in front of the cloud chamber invented by Lucien Evans, and he turned on the cyclotron.

"Now you tell me: What are those beautiful tracks left by electrons? You still want to tell me that electrons are waves?!" Raventi shouted at Dieppe again.

Dieppe did not have to take a look at the cloud chamber. He knew how the tracks looked very clearly.

Dieppe took a deep breath. He did not answer his teacher's question, but instead, he repeated, as if he was assuring himself, "Electrons also show the features of particle. They are both waves and particles."

In Raventi's ears, Dieppe's words were totally ridiculous. Basically, his student was saying that a man could be both male and female, tall and short, live and dead.

The war between particle and wave theory had been going on for ages. How was it possible that both of the viewpoints were in fact correct?

Raventi was about to lash out a few more questions at his student, but when he saw his student's red, tired, but still determined eyes, Raventi calmed down a little bit. When it came to arcana, he only followed logical reasoning and experiment support.

Raventi recalled the entire deductive reasoning in Dieppe's paper, and found that there was no problem in it.

"Maybe you mixed a couple of formula. I need some time." Raventi's tone softened slightly.

Knowing that the finding was hard to accept to his teacher, Dieppe nodded in frustration, "Take your time, sir."

As the one who did the deductive reasoning, even Dieppe himself was having a difficult time believing it.

Seeing the run-down look on his student's face, Raventi took the paper with him and walked out, "This paper isn't long. I'll send it to Morris and Gaston to have a look to see what they think. I'm not always correct."

This was always Raventi's belief. A student should never follow his teacher blindly.

Dieppe had hope in his chest again.

So the entire morning Dieppe was waiting rather nervously for the letters to come back. When the letters were back at noon, he hurriedly rushed to Raventi's study,

"Sir, what did they say?"

Raventi answered expressionlessly, "According to Morris, your deduction is bold and reasonable but it strays away from reality. No experiments or models can support it. There's no way that waves and particles can exist together."

Dieppe's hope collapsed again.

"According to Gaston, your hypothesis is based on imagination, as there's no evidence support from any experiments."

Because it was Raventi who sent the paper, both Morris and Gaston chose to use softer comments.

Dieppe fell back to a chair. And he started doubting himself again.

"Your paper is hardly persuasive, even for those who insist wave theory, as their main argument always focuses on electromagnetic waves and photons, not electrons. They will be happy to see your hypothesis, but they neither could offer you solid support."

“If the gap is narrow enough, we should be able to see electron diffraction, just like waves.”

Dieppe was still insisting.

Raventi nodded in his mind, approving the spirit Dieppe showed. However, Raventi also believed that he should not let his student’s mind wondering like this. So he said,

“I will send your paper to Lucien, the authority in this field. If even he says no...”

“Then perhaps it is wrong.” Dieppe’s eyes lit up with the flame of hope and expectation.

He added in his mind, “...but I will still wait for the solid experiment result showing disapproval.”

The pet messenger sent away the paper, and Dieppe started waiting restlessly again. The last time he was this nervous was when he was still an apprentice waiting for his spiritual power talent to be checked.

“I don’t need the support from those wave theory believers...” murmured Dieppe.

“If there’s going to be some people agreeing with me, Mr. Evans will definitely be one of them. But what if the paper even seems to be ridiculous to him...?”

“What will he say?” Dieppe kept asking himself.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 593: Raising the Curtain

In the study of Babel.

Lucien was lying in his armchair with his eyes closed. In front of him, there was a glass of water which had not been touched. In fact, he was reading the quantum mechanics books in his spirit library, especially those regarding matrix mechanics. At the same time, he was also calculating something.

Even for Lucien right now, matrix mechanics was very difficult. It required lots of patience and perseverance to dig in, and its coldness and complexity could easily drive away any beginners.

Lucien could have first thrown out matter waves and then Schrödinger equation. In this way, he could use a much easier way which was more familiar to most arcanists, especially those in the school of electromagnetics and light-darkness, to start introducing wave mechanics. Wave mechanics was also a major branch of quantum mechanics, and it could solve most problems in the current new alchemy system.

In this case, Lucien had to start from wave theory. However, Lucien had been regarded as one of the representatives of particle theory. If Lucien chose to abandon those arcanists who had been

believing in him, this might lead to many of his friends and acquaintances having their heads explode. Lucien had to avoid it, of course.

Therefore, Lucien had to refer to matrix mechanics which based on particle theory and discontinuity theory to solve the problems facing new alchemy. After particle theory supporters were totally convinced of their belief, Lucien would throw at them matter waves and electron diffraction to make them gradually ready to accept an extra add-on: wave-particle duality.

Matrix mechanics and wave mechanics sounded like another battlefield launched within the war between wave theory and particle theory. But in fact, they were equivalent to each other in terms of math, different expressions based on the same theory.

Lucien felt the word “matrix” rather fashionable to him, and he believed that it was because of the movie, the Matrix.

Closing the book he was reading, Lucien took a deep breath and started drafting on the paper sheet to clarify his own understanding.

Although the past six-month effort was enough for Lucien to master basic matrix mechanics, he had not yet tried to do the deduction nor the experiment. Therefore, he had not received the feedback from this world. Also, half of his time over the six months had been used on constructing the legendary-level magic models.

Space Staff was relatively easy to him. After his soul recovered, Lucien had only spent less than two weeks on it. The other spell, Vengeful Gaze, was also almost completed, as Lucien used the knowledge on laser and had successfully simplified it.

The room was filled with light scent. Natasha had left. They were not living together, because they were not yet married and they were still working on their big plan for Kritonia. From time to time, Natasha would come and stay in Allyn for several days, and sometimes it was Lucien's turn to visit the Grand duke in Nekso Palace and stay there.

They were using Hathaway's demiplane, leaving no chance for Kritonia to take advantage of. They frequently visited the Land of a Thousand Lakes as if they were not worrying about their own safety. And indeed nothing dangerous ever happened to them there.

Taking a deep breath, Lucien was quite cautious about the upcoming wedding in several months. If Kritonia and his people did not jump out on their wedding, Lucien had also made up his mind to show Kritonia his legendary power to intimidate Kritonia. There was no way that they had to live in this extreme caution. And if that was the case, Lucien and Natasha had better just move into his demiplane, where they would definitely be much safer. Lucien could always set up a space jump spot in Nekso Palace and one in the Magic Tower of Allyn.

Lucien pulled himself out of these thoughts and put down the quill-pen. When he was about to return back to his work on analyzing Vengeful Gaze, someone knocked at his door.

Lucien knew that it was Leo, who was holding a letter standing beside the door on the other side.

"Come in." said Lucien.

"Master, this's a letter from Mr. Raventi." said Leo straightforward, who knew that Lucien never like hearing people gabbling when he was studying arcana and magic.

“Put it on the desk.” Lucien was not surprised. He had been in contact with the top leaders of the Will of Elements and some arcanists he knew. In the past six months, Raventi had been writing to him frequently discussing new Alchemy.

After Leo closed the door, Lucien finally picked the letter up. His Host Star of Destiny was telling him that this letter had brought him something significant, and something bad.

Lucien unfolded the letter and his first glance had instantly seized his full attention. The bold hypothesis looked very similar to matter waves, also known as the de Broglie waves, to him.

Who had released the terrible monster already? Lucien never expected this, but he knew that things like this would always happen. He could not predict everything.

Lucien kept reading further as what happened had already happened. As he was reading, he thought to himself very carefully how to minimize the impact.

Lucien thought to himself that from wave theory, this could be regarded as the standing wave on the track. In this case, the number of fixed tracks could only be an integral multiple of wavelength, and then quantization made sense... As he was thinking, he rubbed his brows.

After a while, Lucien put the letter down on the desk and sighed to himself, “This world also has bold arcanists who are full of imagination. Fortunately, he has not done electron diffraction experiment yet, or I have to use the power of a grand arcanist to delay the submission of his paper. Countless heads will explode if the time isn’t correct.”

If Lucien would just directly throw the arcanists this paper, he knew for certain that at least one third of the highest-ranked arcanists would not be able to take it. Some of them would explode their heads, some’s cognitive world would be broken and solidified, and the rest would also get lost

for a long, long time. After all, all the previous findings and experiments were showing for certain that electrons were particles. No one ever doubted it.

But Lucien decided not to delay the submission of the paper, as there was no solid experiment support yet. He wanted to exert his authority to make arcanists treat this problem seriously. When they were mentally more prepared and after they put enough thought into it, Lucien would introduce electron diffraction experiment.

So he wrote down his response,

“A hypothesis full of amazing imagination...”

.....

Before dinner time, the winter sun already sank below the horizon, and it was now completely dark. Dieppe walked back and forth anxiously in Raventi's magic tower and his mind was full of weird and even completely contradictory thoughts.

“If Mr. Evans agrees with me, then is that saying electrons are indeed waves? That's incredible... but no evidence can support it...”

His finding came from bold deduction, therefore, Dieppe was also suspicious of it. If Mr. Lucien Evans did support him, he would still have a hard time accepting it. Electrons were waves – This was something ridiculous even to the ordinary person, and also to the person who put it forward.

“If Mr. Evans doesn’t agree with me, perhaps I am truly wrong.”

In this case, the world would go back to normal, and it would be a relief to Dieppe as well. However, he would also be unwilling to accept it, as this bold paper derived from his years of hard work and the spark of his wisdom.

“Then no matter what, even if Mr. Evans is not on my side, as long as he can’t point out any obvious error in my paper, I’ll stick to my paper and find an experiment to support it. I’m not giving in.”

The conflicting thoughts almost drove Dieppe crazy. He realized that he was still expecting Lucien Evans’s approval, as he kept encouraging himself.

Why did it take so long? Dieppe looked at the window again. He had repeated the action over a hundred times since noon.

Although he understood that Mr. Evans must be very busy with his magic and arcana study, Dieppe could not help waiting expectantly.

At this time, he saw a familiar bird flying towards the magic tower. He was thrilled and dashed to Raventi’s study. He even cast on himself Advanced Speed.

After several seconds, Dieppe was already sitting in front of Raventi, waiting for the messenger’s return.

“You’ve been waiting for this?” Raventi looked at Dieppe seriously.

Dieppe nodded, but could not say a word.

At this time, this cute little messenger finally arrived through the window. Raventi took over the letter it was carrying and opened it slowly.

Dieppe stared at the expression on Raventi’s face. He had to force himself not to cast a spell to probe into Raventi’s brain to know the answer earlier.

Raventi directly turned the paper to the last page and took a glance at it. And then the look on his face changed. There was confusion and solemnity.

“What did Mr. Evans say, sir...?” Dieppe could not wait any longer.

“Hum...” Raventi’s voice was a bit trembling, and he started reading the letter to his student,

“Lucien said: ‘It’s a hypothesis full of amazing imagination, which leads us to the other possible aspect of electrons. The truth of the world has been covered by a heavy, black curtain, preventing us from seeing what is hiding behind. Maybe this paper is pulling up a corner of the curtain and showing us a small part of the truth...’”

Dieppe’s head buzzed. Indeed, he hoped that Mr. Evans would agree with him, but he never expected such an approving comment.

Pulling up a corner of the curtain and showing us a small part of the truth... That was amazing!

The wild joy struck Dieppe fiercely. The approval and support from an authority was terribly important to a hard-working individual. But soon Dieppe calmed down as an arcanist, and he murmured, “But I still need an experiment to support it.”

Raventi nodded, and he kept reading, “... I would like to believe in the fact that wave-particle duality can be applied to all microscopic particles. This is the path to end the long-time war between particle and wave theory. However, no matter how bold and sensible a deduction is, experiment support is always indispensable. I suggest that the paper be submitted immediately to the arcanists in the school of electromagnetics for publication, so that everyone knows the extraordinary work that you’ve been working on and start experimenting.”

“I totally have no problem with it! It’s good!” Dieppe hurriedly said in a trembling voice, his back extremely straight.

Raventi, however, was still confused,

“Electron... waves?”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 594: Attention

Following Lucien's suggestion, after writing down "electromagnetism" on the front page of the paper, Dieppe had submitted it to Arcana Review Board. It was said that every groundbreaking finding would receive the feedback from the true world, so he wondered when that would happen to him. Perhaps he had to wait until an experiment that supported his finding was available...

In his understanding, the broad application of wave-particle duality was a breakthrough close to general theory of relativity and new alchemy in terms of significance, and as important as the discovery of the periodic table of elements, so the feedback should occur. However, he also understood that without a solid experiment, he would not even believe in it himself. Therefore, the feedback from the true world had not arrived yet.

"Electromagnetism. To Mr. Marcus and Mr. Yana," said the cold, metal-like voice of an alchemical life.

The paper had been sent to the two authorities in the school of electromagnetism. Since it was a paper developed by a high-ranking arcanist, it wasn't sent to their students or editors, but directly to their desks. After they finished their own studies, they finally had the time to pick the paper up.

Marcus looked quite young despite the fact that he was already a high-ranking sorcerer. He had bright red hair and always wore a pair of black gloves like those night watchers. He would not take the gloves off even when doing experiments or practicing magic spells.

"A Hypothesis Based on Light Quantum Theory and the Study..." Marcus read the title of the paper, frowning. His black velvet gloves gently striking the front page of the paper, Marcus was a bit confused and felt a bit reluctant to read further, as the discovery of light quantum had messed up his understanding of electromagnetic wave again.

But he still opened it and took a few glances at it. After knowing the premises that the hypothesis based on, an interested smile appeared on his face, "That's something..."

The paper was dozens of pages long, and the content was not tough for Marcus. It did not take him long to finish reading it.

"Electrons are waves? Interesting. Dieppe applying the duality to a brand new level... Good for him," Marcus grinned, as he could imagine how pissed the supporters of particle theory would be, but he soon released a sigh, "but it's still a hypothesis that is waiting for solid experiment proof. Who knows when such an experiment can come out..."

Honestly speaking, Marcus did not really believe in Dieppe's paper, although the paper did cater for his taste. After verifying the deduction process himself, Marcus wrote down.

"Bold, amazing hypothesis. It's an adventurous attempt to approach the truth of the world and therefore is for certain very subversive. I'll give the paper these comments: Groundbreaking, extremely important, worth broad discussion, and universally-applied in terms of microscopic particles. However, as it remains to be a hypothesis based on deduction, I suggest that, for now, ten arcana credits and two hundred arcana points be given, and further award can be granted when a solid experiment is available."

Marcus did not give the paper the comment of being groundbreaking as the paper was from Lucien's wave-particle duality.

Finishing the writing, Marcus put the paper back in an envelope and started reading other papers. In his eyes, no matter how interesting the paper was and how well it catered to his taste, it was still unworthy of his major attention and time. Maybe in his spare time, he could give some thoughts to the possible experiment, but so far he had no clues at all. And there were still lots of important things waiting for him to do.

Meanwhile, in Yana Aamir's study, the short, brown-haired man was so amused that his back bent forward, "Electrons are waves? Good for Dieppe for his imagination. I bet Raventi had given him some good lessons!"

But he had to admit that the paper was indeed interesting, and he was happy to see how those particle theory supporters felt after reading the paper. In the future, if they kept mentioning Mr. Evans's light quantum theory, they could use this paper to fight back. But then he shook his head: The hypothesis was still waiting for experiment proof, and the experiment might not be able to come out in decades, or there simply was no such an experiment. If that was the case, the paper would be forever forgotten by history.

He had seen some bold hypotheses, especially after Lucien Evans's a series of successive subversive findings. However, none of them could present any conclusive proof, and therefore, they remained to be bold hypotheses.

Yana had to restrain himself from giving the paper high comments. He finally put it down this way, "Interesting, genius imagination. It is the most inspiring paper that I have read so far this year, as it has broken the restraints from our old belief. However, with out experiment proof, this innovative, extremely important, and universally-applied paper which is worthy of broad discussion still remains as a fancy. At this point, I will give it eight arcana credits and a hundred fifty arcana points. I hope that all arcanists can join for the experimentation."

Although he was saying that all arcanists should try to develop a valid experiment, Yana himself quickly turned to work on other things. Before he could finish all the tasks that had been piling up, Yana was very unlikely to verify the hypothesis.

The result soon returned to Dieppe. He was not surprised by the poor, nine-credit award. If it had been Dieppe himself reviewing the paper, he might just give one or two credits as the award. Obviously, the two board members loved his hypothesis.

Then Dieppe started thinking which journal he should send his paper to, Electromagnetism? Light-darkness? Or Common Arcana? Dieppe knew that there was no way that he could publish his paper on Arcana and Magic, as in this paper there was only a hypothesis. As for Element, the editor would definitely tear his paper into pieces if he dared to send it.

When he was thinking, his servant came in and brought him an invitation letter for contribution.

It was from Nature.

Because of the profound influence of general theory of relativity, in the recent half year, the subscription volume had also been increasing rapidly. Now it had been the most authoritative in math, ranking the same level with Element and Astrology, and therefore it was a very good option for the paper.

Dieppe instantly accepted the invitation, and one of the reasons was that Mr. Lucien Evans was this journal's honor editor. It seemed that the journal was trying to gain some influence outside of the realm of mathematics to become a comprehensive journal like Arcana and Magic.

...

Marcus and Yana let the news out on purpose. Therefore, within two weeks, some well-informed arcanists had known that there was such a paper available and bought it.

Staring at the paper in front of him, Larry felt a bit amused. After reading through it, he felt that he was in a dream. He wondered if it was because Dieppe wanted to scare people that he threw at people such a bold and nonsense hypothesis.

Gaston was quite close to Raventi, and therefore, Larry also knew Dieppe relatively well. He grinned and shook his head, and then put aside the paper.

In Department of Battle Sorcerer, sitting in his armchair, Jurisian was also amused by the paper. He kept grinning that the muscles in his face even felt a bit sore. Jurisian did not mind the paper, and in fact, he liked the hypothesis. However, if the paper was proved, a new round of head-explosion would surely ensue, just like what happened after the hypothesis of light quanta was confirmed. However, this time they did not have another three years to get prepared.

Jurisian put aside the paper. He would try to design an experiment when he got time.

In Atom Institution, Sprint was also reading Dieppe's paper. His status had been improved a lot since Lucien Evans joined the Highest Council. He disapproved of the paper since he did not believe that this subversive hypothesis would come true at all. After all, there was only one Lucien Evans, and not everyone could make overturning but also reasonable hypotheses.

In the students' eyes, the paper was a joke. They were those who first knew of the existence of electrons, and also those who had done most of the experiments on electron. All the experiment results had shown the particle property of electron already. When the hypothesis of light quantum was first put forward, it still more or less made the slightest amount of sense because of Ether theory, but this time, it was totally different.

"Nothing supports it." Heidi agreed.

Annick tried to say something, but he also felt that the hypothesis was indeed ridiculous. So he nodded like the other students. But he finally added,

“I mean... If we’ve got time, we might still want to work on designing an experiment magic circle based on the electron wavelength given in the paper to see if there is any diffraction or interference. Only experiments explain everything.”

Although Sprint disliked this crazy hypothesis, as Lucien’s student, his attitude remained cautious, “Yes, we can deny it using an experiment. But so far there’s nothing like this matching the given wavelength.”

“Doesn’t do any harm to give it a try. It’s practice.” Heidi grinned.

The students had reached the agreement, and they had no intention of telling this to their teacher. In their eyes, the paper did not deserve too much attention, not to mention their teacher’s attention.

However, when the grand arcanists finished reading the paper from Dieppe, they were much more alert and worried than ordinary arcanists, since the hypothesis did stem from light quantum hypothesis, and therefore, it could be possibly correct, but due to the limitation on current research methods, they could only try to improve some existing magic circles in their spare time. After all, they were too occupied by their own studies and arcana research.

...

The beginning of February had arrived, and Lucien had successfully constructed Vengeful Gaze within his soul.

As a member of Arcana Review Board, Marcus had the earliest access to all the latest journals for this month. But he would not read all of them, just simply Arcana, Magic, Electromagnetism, Astrology, Element, and Nature. As for the rest of them, he would first read the digests first to decide if he would dig in further.

Picking up Arcana, without surprise, Marcus saw the headline on the cover:

“Vol.2, 825, to praise the birth of general theory of relativity, a great theory put forward by Mr. Lucien Evans who leads us to the truth of gravity.”

This was what an epoch-making arcana find deserved.

Flipping the page, the front page was Douglas’ and Bergner’s final review result and comments:

“This is an epoch-making theory, which reveals it to us that the nature of gravity is curved space-time. Despite the complexity of the deduction, it is so well-conceived and rigorous that no errors exist. The calculation result based on the theory fits perfectly in the data of morning star precession when it approaches the perihelion and how time elapses faster on an artificial planet. Therefore, we can say it with confidence that the theory offers so far the closest description of the truth of gravity and thus it is one of the most significant findings in the history of magic!”

“If my objectivity can be ignored here, I will give it the top honor. The general theory of relativity carries unmatched theoretical beauty and it will lead the development of arcana to a brand new level.”

“The system of general relativity had led us into the most basic yet deeply-hidden nature of arcana, where the stunning truth of the world is partially revealed to us. I suggest thirty thousand arcana credits and eight hundred thousand arcana points be given to Mr. Evans for his relativity system!”

“It’s a night of miracles. What happened at this very night will be remembered forever by the upcoming generations and they will picture and praise this very night using their biggest interest and most vivid words.”

Marcus took a deep breath. He was slightly shocked by the reward but he also agreed that it was reasonable. The theoretical system of relativity was the most simplified and beautiful discovery in electromagnetism, and it solved the most difficult problem that had bothered arcanists generation after generation.

Marcus flipped through the pages. All the papers were on or about general theory of relativity. He then put the journal aside because he had to stay fully concentrated when reading general theory of relativity, so he was going to save it until later. The entire theory was still very difficult for him.

After reading Magic, Marcus picked up Nature. He wanted to read the papers on Evans Geometry and tensor analysis.

Taking a glance at the content page, Marcus saw a familiar title, A Hypothesis Based on Light Quantum Theory and the Study.

He slightly frowned, as he never expected that Nature would publish such a sheer hypothesis. He wondered if Dieppe had used any tricks to get the paper published.

Turning the page, Marcus was surprised to see the comment from the editor under the title of the paper,

“...Maybe this paper is pulling up a corner of the curtain and showing us a small part of the truth...”

The contributing editor was Lucien Evans.

Marcus’s hands suddenly felt numb. The journal dropped from his hands on the desk.

“... pulling up a corner of the curtain?”

Marcus repeated the comment in low voice. He could not believe his eyes. Although Lucien Evans did not necessarily mean being always correct, such a comment from him was enough to make most arcanists look at this paper again and put more attention to it!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 595: Unexpected Debate

Inside his office...

Marcus picked up the issue of 'Nature' that had fallen on his desk and began to read Dieppe's paper carefully from beginning to end.

This time, he was more focused and devoted more attention to it than when he first reviewed it. It was not until a long while that he finally tapped the table with his black gloves. "If electrons are regarded as quasi-waves, it will be possible to explain the energy levels and the orbits of electrons in the new alchemy. No wonder His Excellency Lucien Evans attached such great importance to Dieppe's hypothesis."

It was what he was thinking and nobody could hear it. Even though Marcus, who hated the light quantum theory, was unwilling to call Lucien as Excellency, he couldn't help but recall the great significance of the theory of relativity when it explained the electromagnetic phenomena in the motion system; as well as its awe-inspiring description on the nature of gravity when he thought of the name, and therefore added Excellency subconsciously.

"In any case, this assumption is still too bold. It has to be confirmed by experiments." Marcus put down the journal and left the office, ready to return to his own magic tower. "The authority and pillar of the particle theory actually require the idea that electrons are waves to modify the energy levels and the orbits. This is the best irony. Didn't he see this coming when he proposed the light quantum theory?"

For the arcanists who were often shocked, they wouldn't have survived to this day if they blindly believed other people's opinions without confirming them. Therefore, although Lucien was an absolute authority, Marcus wouldn't believe his opinions easily. Everything must be based on experiment phenomena and data.

The sole influence of Lucien's note was that the attention for the paper had been raised to the highest. That was the closest path to the reality of the microworld.

If he could devise and complete the experiment, confirming electrons' nature of waves, he would receive unimaginable returns and probably share Evans Prize in Arcana with Dieppe!

His strength, fame, future, and position would all improve significantly!

Inside the magic tower...

Yana looked at 'Nature' before him in amusement. "I didn't see it coming that His Excellency Evans would give such a high remark. Is it an encouragement that we should keep an open mind?"

"Electrons are waves... This is truly an epoch of fantasies. Thirty years ago, whoever claimed that atoms were waves would've been mocked by every arcanist, including even those who believed in the nature of energy. But right now, tsk..."

He was not laughing at anyone but merely expressing his shock. Then, he was in deep thought, searching for the possible ways of devising an experiment.

Even the sorcerers of the school of electromagnetism who were glad about Dieppe's assumption were rather hesitant. It was needless to say that the arcanists found it unacceptable.

In the headquarters of the Will of Elements...

Larry, K, and Gaston were also confused when they read 'Nature' of this issue. After a while, Larry smiled bitterly, "Am I too conservative, or is the world changing too fast for us to follow?"

“I believe that nobody in the Congress could follow it.” Gaston shook his head. “Lucien must’ve seen the dawn of the distribution of electrons in the new alchemy from this hypothesis, but as he said himself, experiments were still vital. Since there are still no experiments, it remains to be seen whether or not electrons are waves.”

Said Gaston as Larry and K listened, and it felt extremely weird. Why could such a question as ‘are electrons waves?’ have possibly been asked?

It was as weird as somebody asking ‘are humans made of waves?’.

K nodded and scratched the back of the chain. “If we alter our opinion just because of a hypothesis and Lucien’s confirmation, our opinion will be barely an opinion. Also, all the current experiments prove the particle nature of electrons. There’s no doubt about that.”

“That’s the attitude we should hold.” Said Gaston approvingly, but he also frowned. If the problems in the new alchemy could be resolved if electrons were regarded as waves, the hypothesis would also be partly true.

Also, it was impossible to perfect the new alchemy based on the hypothesis so soon, and there was no sign that the wave experiments about electrons could be improved. Regardless, Gaston began to worry about which of the two fundamental theories in the field of elements and matter he should abandon; the particle theory, or the new alchemy?

“This is truly an era with so many changes and peculiarities that we can barely adapt to it.” Sighing, Gaston decided to depend on experiments. He had to be prepared for the outcome that the particle theory or the current model of the new alchemy was wrong. As a result, his strength would probably halt until he found a new path.

Larry also sighed. “If it is confirmed that electrons are waves, I won’t be able to understand this world. What exactly is the wave-particle duality, and why? Am I too stupid, or is this world too crazy?”

...

In Atom Institution...

Lazar, Heidi, Annick and the rest of them were all stunned, with ‘Nature’ in their hands, not in their working state at all.

At this moment, Lucien, who had just come in, awakened all of them. They surrounded him, and Heidi asked impatiently, “Master, do you agree with Mr. Dieppe’s hypothesis that electrons are waves?”

“If we acknowledge the wave-particle duality of light, why can’t it be extrapolated to microscopic particles? It can transform the imposed quantization in the new alchemy into an intrinsic quality of electrons.” Lucien thought for a moment and decided to explain the obscure notions in Dieppe’s paper. “Disperse now. I’ll explain it to you.”

The arcanists good at electromagnetism and waves would naturally think about the orbit model of electrons after they saw Dieppe’s paper and his remarks, and whether or not the quantized energy levels and orbits could be deduced without any imposition.

In confusion, Heidi, Alfalia, and the rest of them dispersed and followed Lucien into the conference room.

“First of all, this is an unconfirmed hypothesis. We have to be highly suspicious about it. I’m very glad that you didn’t believe in my remark blindly.” Lucien approved their attitude first and eased their anxiety.

Lucien put his hat on the desk. “However, it doesn’t mean that we can’t try to resolve certain problems with this hypothesis. If the hypothesis can answer certain contradictions perfectly, we will have to pay more attention to the hypothesis. That’s the reason why I gave it such a remark.

“...If electrons are regarded as stationary waves, then, bounded around the atomic nucleus, they can only exist with orbits that are multiple times their own wavelength. In such a way, quantized orbits are no longer imposed on electrons but their intrinsic quality..”

After Lucien’s speech, Sprint and the other arcanists, who were involved in the perfection of the new alchemy, nodded in agreement. Hathaway’s accusation that their quantization was imposed was always an unavoidable issue. Now, there was finally the dawn to resolve the problem. But why did it have to sacrifice the particle theory?

“Master, all of our experiments undoubtedly confirmed the particle nature of electrons.” Annick expressed his opinion subtly but firmly.

Lucien nodded with a smile. “I never denied the particle nature of electrons.”

“Then, how can they appear as waves?” Encouraged by Annick, Sprint and Katrina both asked.

Lucien smiled, “Why can the light both show the nature of particles and yield the classic image of interference and diffraction?”

“That’s probably because some other reason makes particles show the nature of waves, say, the vibration of their location. It may also be because when many special waves are gathered in nodes, they show the nature of particles.” Annick was not shy when it came to arcana discussion.

Lucien shook his head. “Possibly, but I need to correct you about something. Waves and particles are conceptions that we impose on electrons and light. They never claim that they are particles or they are waves. We can totally call electrons by a different term, say ‘the thing whose form of existence is unimaginable’.”

“Name is just a symbol that people come up with. What can we really grasp? Experiment results and our observation, or rather, the nature they show.”

“Waves and particles are defined based on the previous experience and may not apply to the microworld. In order to explore a new realm, we have to learn not to be restrained by obsolete experience and thinking.”

Seeing that his students and assistants fell silent, Lucien smiled. “I’m here for the meeting of the Highest Council. This is all for now. You can try to confirm or overthrow the hypothesis with experiments. It’s a hypothesis after all.”

“But the wavelength of electrons...” Lazar said in a headache.

Lucien pointed at a book on the shelf. “Read the book on crystals. Jerome, you should know that Mr. Morris discovered the diffraction of crystals when he illuminated them with X rays. The wavelength of X rays is short. We can start from there.”

“But electrons’ wavelength is even shorter.” Complaining, Rock went for the book. The other people also searched for files regarding the diffraction of crystals.

Looking at their back, Lucien shook his head. Unless they were terribly lucky, it would be barely possible for them to discover the diffraction of electrons. That was because the Congress of Magic’s study on crystals was abnormal, which boiled down to the slow development of mathematics.

The study on crystals had to be supported by the group theory, and the group theory was based on the development of various fields in mathematics, such as the ‘number theory’. The Congress of Magic’s studies on ‘group theory’ and ‘number theory’, on the other hand, was rather low. So, the study on crystals was mostly based on accidental discoveries and lacked systematic theoretical support.

Thankfully, After Levski Geometry and ‘Nature’ were established, Douglas, Fernando, Hathaway, the Prophet, the Astrologer, Milina, Neeshka, Samantha and many other arcanists had devoted their talents to pure mathematics; boosting the development of the ‘group theory’, the ‘number theory’, and other frontiers to different extents. It was a shame that they hadn’t fully constructed after such a short time. It would probably be enough if they had another ten years.

Because of the delay in the institution, Lucien was among the last few who entered the conference room of the Highest Council. The first thing he saw was his teacher’s terrible eyes were a storm was raging.

“Crap. My master can’t be thinking that I’ve completed the experiment, right?” Lucien felt that it was quite possible. In his teacher’s mind, he was always a person who only gave remarks when he was prepared.

“There are no experiments that confirm the wave nature of electrons yet...” Hathaway suddenly spoke and stared at Lucien with her indifferent and solemn eyes. All the other members, including Hellen and Vicente, looked at Lucien, too.

Lucien heaved a sigh. Were they going to discuss Dieppe’s paper before the meeting?

This was truly the ‘regularity’ of the meetings of the Highest Council...

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 596: Unique Landscape (2 in 1)

“Indeed there aren’t any.” Lucien admitted ‘frankly’.

Hathaway was silent for a while as if she were organizing her thoughts. “I think that your remark was too high and would result in reckless and impractical illusions. Although, it is possible to infer certainly imposed quantizations naturally if the hypothesis that electrons have the nature of waves is applied to the model in the new alchemy; remarking a hypothesis that is not based on any experiment or phenomenon will not help build up a serious and down-to-earth atmosphere.”

Her words were not very organized, but Lucien managed to follow. Since some of the problems in the new alchemy could potentially be resolved if electrons were considered waves, she was not as stubborn about Dieppe’s hypothesis as he imagined, and she was already more or less prepared. After all, the perfection of the new alchemy was more important; it was the direction of her future road.

Also, she described that electrons had the nature of waves instead of saying 'electrons are waves'. It was clear that she ascribed it to the special quality of certain particles, exactly like the supporters of the particle theory's explanation on the image of interference and diffraction of light quantum. While those speculations were full of contradictions and received no attention, Hathaway could certainly learn a thing or two from them.

What she really wanted to disapprove was Lucien's remark, which she believed was too high. It must be noted that any bold, unbelievable hypothesis in the past was based on the discovery of problems and flaws, which prompted the connection in thinking. For example, Lucien's light quantum hypothesis was based on the fact that the wave theory of light could not explain the photoelectric effect.

Dieppe's hypothesis this time, on the other hand, was purely the product of a broadened mind. The wave-particle duality of light was suddenly extrapolated to all the microscopic particles, but it remained to be seen whether or not light was made of particles, and there was no sign that it was not the unique feature of light. How could the duality be extrapolated in the world of particles so recklessly and blindly?

Most importantly of all, the hypothesis could only resolve the puzzles in the new alchemy so far, unlike the light quantum hypothesis which explained the photoelectric effect clearly and fitted all the existing experiments even though no pertaining experiments were made. Therefore, Hathaway didn't think that Lucien should give such a high remark to the paper. It would encourage other arcanists to propose purely theoretical and imaginary hypotheses about the phenomena that had absolutely no problems before, and the atmosphere of careful exploration, research and application would be completely ruined.

To put it simply, she felt that Lucien's over-compliment on Dieppe's hypothesis would result in a trend of speculative arcana studies.

Everybody in the Highest Council was well aware of Hathaway's language abilities. Fearing that Lucien might not get the point, Oliver even specifically added, "When you remark Dieppe's paper as

utterly ungrounded, the other arcanists will feel that it is an opportunity they can take advantage of because they can accuse that a classic theory is wrong without discovering any problem first. Then, based on the hypothesis, they can get a correct deduction in mathematical methods. As for how ludicrous the final result may be, they wouldn't care about it at all."

"For example, I can make accusations about you being a spy of the Church without any proof. When I have that premise, I can explain everything you have done with it. Then, through the rigorous but partial deduction, I prove that you published the disruptive papers with the purpose of blowing up the heads of more sorcerers or even to directly kill us the members of the Highest Council so that the Congress of Magic can be eliminated. Don't you think that it is preposterous? Why did you encourage such an action?"

Lucien said carefully, "I gave the hypothesis that electrons are waves such a high remark because I was inspired by it and saw the dawn of resolving the problems in the new alchemy. If the hypothesis can resolve the problems in the new alchemy, it will be proved at the same time."

"Also, if photons can boast the nature of waves, why can't electrons, neutrons, and protons? In the microscopic domain, such a hypothesis has its own logic and is not purely based on imagination."

Lucien always had his own persistences when it came to arcana discussions. He could not acknowledge that his remark was too reckless, or that Dieppe's paper was too bold and impractical just because of the accusation of two grand arcanists. That would've been unfair to both himself, who wrote a professional and authoritative remark, and to Dieppe who had such hard work.

He insisted on it even though he hadn't confirmed it with experiments. The theory that deserved his remark must have its merits. However, if its flaws were pointed out, or if it was disapproved by experiments, he would certainly not be too obstinate to change, either.

"Since when has light been acknowledged as particles?" Vicente, the middle-aged pale man wearing a black cloak, said coldly, with crimson fire bouncing fiercely inside his eyes.

Looking at the Lord of the Undead, Hathaway said, “Admit it or not, the photoelectric effect and the Brook scattering experiment are right there indicating everything clearly.”

“But I think the scattering experiment and such can also be explained from the perspective of waves. For example...” Oliver spoke what was on his mind, constructing special waves that could show the nature of particles.

Douglas, on the other hand, frowned and said, “No experiments and theories can support your idea so far.”

“It’s a possible direction to work on.” Said Brook concisely.

...

For a moment, due to the argument of the wave theory and the particle theory, the whole conference room of the Highest Council was filled with noise. Gradually, the argument grew more and more intense, and they even had emotional fluctuations.

“Construct your special composite waves first, Oliver.” When Klaus talked, countless spots of light were appearing on his back and forming the illusions of different alchemical items. There were golems, puppets, floating cities, alchemical fortresses, magic steam trains...

Oliver shook his finger. “However you view it, this is also one way to explain the photoelectric effect and Brook’s scattering experiment. Also, before you discuss my question, you’d better take

another look at the particle theory. Perhaps, there have never been any particles. They're just the special forms of waves."

Scenes of destruction were created around him one after another, enshrouding the conference room in the air of the end of the world.

"If particles are all waves, are the elements made of those particles waves? Are the lives made of those elements waves? To be more exact, are we waves?" Vicente did not quite agree with Oliver about the conclusion. As an authority in human body and soul, he found it hard to believe that bodies were waves. How could the body, which could be felt so real, be waves?

Peaceful, everlasting black monuments were growing on the carpet in the conference room. The silence of death covered everything.

Oliver waved his hands, hinting that his words were not considerate enough. He said again, "To be honest, although I appreciate Dieppe's hypothesis, and I want to give him the high remark that he has opened a corner of the curtain that covers our world, I am not convinced that electrons are waves up until so far."

While talking, he used magic to construct the movement of electrons inside the cloud room. The bright white drops of fog constituted the spectacular traces of electrons, filled with the air of dream and astonishment.

"I am not bold enough to believe that the electrons are waves when they have the distinctive tracks of particles. However, since Lucien agrees with Dieppe's hypothesis, does it mean that he also agrees that wave is the nature of light?" As he talked, Oliver looked at Lucien.

He was attacking Lucien's light quantum theory with his own remark.

“As I said, electrons perhaps will behave as waves under special circumstances, like when they are bound around the atomic nucleus.” Hathaway took Lucien’s side this time.

Hellen was one of the few legendary sorcerers whose cognitive world did not surface as projections. She had been listening to the argument of the supporters of the particle theory and the sorcerers of the wave theory in silence. At this moment, she couldn’t help but interject, “As a matter of fact, I have been quite confused ever since the light quantum hypothesis was proved. Why does the light show both the nature of waves and the nature of particles? Should we view the problem from an even higher level as Evans said before?”

“It can be explained from the perspective of waves...” Oliver reiterated his opinion. Nobody could become a grand arcanist without insistence.

Seeing that the two sides were about to start a ‘frank and friendly conversation’ again, Douglas hurried to hint them to shut up with his gesture. The extraordinary views in the conference room were immediately gone, turning it from hell back into the real world.

“The competition of the particle theory and the wave theory has lasted a long time. There’s no need to waste our time on it today. Since Lucien insists that his remark was appropriate, and it is not the result of the paper’s review, after all, I don’t think there is any need to discuss it any further, right?” Douglas looked around at everyone.

Oliver nodded slightly. “I’d like to ask something else. I believe everybody else is also curious. Lucien, in your mind, is light waves or particles?”

“Also, is electron waves or particles?” Added Vicente coldly.

Hathaway, Hellen, and the other grand arcanists also looked at Lucien, rather curious about his real stance in arcana.

Lucien had been observing the conference room that was completely different from any meeting ever since the extraordinary views appeared. That was the unique landscape that would only appear during the assemblies of the Highest Council.

At this moment, hearing their questions and sensing everybody's look, Lucien did not refuse to answer. Instead, he looked at his teacher who was slightly abnormal in concerns, before he asked back solemnly, "What is a wave, and what is a particle?"

Huh? The members here were at least ninth-circle arcanists. Not expecting that Lucien would ask about such elementary concepts, they were all more or less stunned.

"Lucien, this is not your teaching moment, although you were nicknamed 'Professor'." Said Oliver, who felt he was humorous.

There was nothing but two crimson flames in Vicente's eye sockets and a thin skin that covered his cheekbones on his face, making it hard to tell his real feelings. "The definition of wave and particle can be found in any introductory books of arcana. Our time is too precious for that. If you don't want to answer the questions, just remain silent."

"Wave is a phenomenon. It is definitely based on the summary of the actual waves in nature and applied to arcana studies. The specific definition is..." Hathaway did not bother Vicente and briefly described the definitions of wave and particle.

Smiling, Lucien said, “It is very obvious that the definitions of wave and particle come from us. They come from the empirical conclusions we drew on the world of reality that is readily observable.”

“What’s the problem with that?” Crossing his fingers, Brook stuck his hand to his chin, as if he had guessed something.

Douglas, Bergner, and Hathaway seemed to have remembered something and were deep in thought. However, Hathaway’s face barely changed, and it was unnoticeable if she was not carefully observed. Fernando, the Lord of Storm, remained as silent as before.

Instead of giving a straight answer, Lucien looked at everyone and said, “I would like to tell a story first if you don’t think it’s a waste of your time.”

“Not a problem at all.” Oliver had always been tolerant about stories.

Now that he had spoken, the other members of the Highest Council certainly would not object to such a small matter. Besides, they believed that Lucien was not telling a random story to distract them from the current subject but definitely had his own purpose. Furthermore, the previous arguments and questions were all about arcana but not against Lucien personally. As long as the question could be explained clearly, did one story really matter? It wouldn’t hurt even if he had to tell ten of them!

“A long, long time ago, there was a king who hunted a dragon. Delighted, he put his trophy outside of his palace as a symbol of his bravery so that every noble and civilian who passed by could see it.” Lucien spoke unhurriedly. “One day, a group of blind people, who never knew anything about dragons before, learned of the matter. Curious about what dragons looked like, they came to the palace together and touched the dead body of the dragon.”

Hearing that a group of blind people tried to figure out what dragons looked like by ‘touching’, Oliver, Klaus, and other members of the Highest Council, who were relatively open-minded, all smiled. The rest of them, on the other hand, speculated what might happen.

Lucien went on. “One of them touched the wings of the dragon under the assistance of the guards. He immediately declared joyfully, ‘Dragons are terrible, gigantic bats!’”

“No, dragons are huge lizards!” Another one of them who touched the scales of the dragon argued. Before he became blind, he had once caught a lizard and felt its scales.

Most of the members in the Highest Council were amused after hearing the first guy’s declaration, but they all became solemn after the second guy’s reply. Douglas, Hathaway, and the rest of them who were more or less prepared nodded their heads.

“There’s no need to talk about the answers of the other blind people now. I only want to ask one thing: are dragons bats or lizards?”

“Neither.” Hellen basically understood what Lucien meant but still replied carefully.

Lucien smiled, “Therefore, light and protons are neither waves nor particles for me. The only thing that can be confirmed is that they are matter. Of course, I prefer to call them particles.”

“Neither waves nor particles?” Oliver frowned and asked, “Are you suggesting that they are actually something else?”

Looking around in the conference room, Lucien said, “We cannot see the electromagnetic waves including the invisible light, nor can we see the particles in the microscopic scale. When we study those aspects, we are like blind people. So we can only depend on the phenomena we can observe, instead of imposing the empirical definitions and concepts on them.”

“Take light for example. If we do not consider it as waves or particles in advance, we can describe it in such a way: this matter shows the obvious features of waves as well as the features of particles, its frequency is to a certain degree, and its speed is different in different mediums. It is not important what the matter that boasts such qualities is called. It can be defined as anything. As for why it shows both the features of waves and the features of particles and how the two categories of features are combined on it, that’s what we should study on our next step. Everything must be based on experiments and actual phenomena.”

“We are arguing here before we have applied the conceptions and definitions of the past to the microscopic domain mechanically, which is the place closest to the truth of the world. I once said that our experience would deceive us. This is one of the examples. On the other hand, such deceptions are not only reflected in our studies but also in our interactions with other people.”

After saying that, Lucien looked around at the members of the Highest Council who had different expressions before he said solemnly:

“Only if we learn to temporarily abandon our previous concepts and depend on the actual phenomena and the experiment results can we ‘see’ the truth of the world in the microscopic domain.”

After Lucien finished his talk, the conference room was caught in a weird silence. Everyone thought about different things.

“But how are we going to study the microscopic domain if we don’t have any concepts? We have to process and construct the experiment phenomena and results into a system.” Oliver agreed with him, but he was still very suspicious about it.

Lucien replied simply. “With mathematical tools.”

“How do we know what mathematical tools to use if we don’t know what it is?” Vicente did not quite agree with him.

“We can apply the previous conceptions and definitions that can be directly observed, to the experiment results, and cannot apply them to those which cannot be observed. However, we can run deductions based on the experiment results, propose speculations and hypotheses, and then testify them with strict experiments later.” Lucien expressed his opinion. He had formed and fortified the idea because of the influence of weird things such as magic, soul, and feedback in reality and his studies in the quantum theory.

“So, you are still guessing that electrons are waves? But there are no experiments that can confirm it.” Vicente went on. After a huge detour, they returned to the original subject.

Douglas nodded his head and said, “I think that Lucien does have a point. We see an object when the light is reflected into our eyes on its surface. The magnifying magic is based on the same optical mechanism. However, light can interact with electrons and result in their ‘transition’, which means that their status is altered. Therefore, up until now, there is barely any way for us to directly observe the microworld, and we can only conclude based on the experiment results before we explain the conclusions. It’s true that we cannot introduce too many previous concepts when we explain the conclusions, which will restrain and blind our minds.”

“However, the assumption that electrons are waves is still too impractical. At least, no experiments so far have any sign to prove it. They show the features of particles without any exception.” Oliver shook his head, and Hathaway, as well as the other grand arcanists, agreed with him. At the very

least, the nature of particles was the obvious experiment result, and it was difficult to associate waves with the distinctive traces.

However, they also preliminarily accepted that the previous concepts could not be blindly applied to the microworld in arcana studies.

“Can we only see the truth of the world if we abandon the previous concepts?” Said Brook in mixed feelings. “But since we have been learning arcana and receiving conceptions and definitions since childhood, it is possible that we apply the previous concepts to our studies without us knowing it. Besides, it is possible that introducing the previous concepts will make things easier.”

Douglas looked at his pocket watch and said, “It’s already late. Lucien has also expressed his opinion. You may talk in private.”

“Yes, I’ll try to reconstruct the model in the new alchemy with the notion of electronic waves and build its wave function to see if I can resolve the problem and confirm the hypothesis.” Brook was rather interested in the direction as if he had found a way to reshape his cognitive world.

Oliver also nodded. “I’ll also put my thoughts into the concept of electron waves and try to establish their wave function. Let’s hope we can get something.”

Hathaway didn’t say anything. She was always silent if she could.

Vicente smiled at the Lord of Storm in a mocking smile, “Old pervert, why didn’t you say anything today? Did you not want to roar at him because he’s your student? That’s very unlike you, who has been very insistent in truth in the field arcana.”

It was not until he said that that the other members of the Highest Council realized that the Lord of Storm hadn't spoken anything so far! In the past, when such arguments took place, the conference room would definitely be swarmed with thunder, lightning, storms, and roars. Why was it so unusual today?

Fernando seemed to be holding something back. After a glance at Vicente, he glared at Lucien, "Bring it out. They should be braced for the blast now."

"Bring what out?" Lucien pretended that he did not know what Fernando was talking about.

"Bring what out?" The other members of the Highest Council were full of suspicion.

Fernando roared aloud all of a sudden, "I knew you completed the experiment when you gave the remark! Bring it out! Show us what the truth of the world is, and how the previous concepts should be abandoned!"

"You think we can't take such a hit from a realm that is full of unknowns?"

The experiment had been completed? Oliver, Klaus, and the rest of them looked at Lucien in shock. Was it really completed? Then, didn't Lucien's attitude suggest... How was it possible?

Even the legendary sorcerers like Hathaway and Hellen, who were usually nonchalant, were more or less surprised, which finally made them look like human beings that were made of flesh and blood.

Douglas looked at Lucien solemnly, “If you have completed it, just bring it out. Nobody here is so narrow-minded and stubborn.”

He added in his heart: that is, most of the supporters of the wave theory are not. The rest of them were more or less mentally prepared because the hypothesis seemed able to resolve part of the problems in the new alchemy.

Lucien looked at them in silence. After they all nodded in approval, he took a deep breath, before he brought out a huge monocrystal and established the magic circle casually, so that the image could be directly manifested.

Brook did not say anything. Raising his hands, he launched the electron currents.

Time seemed to be frozen. There was nothing but depression and silence. Soon, the magic circle glowed and displayed the classic image of the diffraction pattern of X rays!

In everybody’s eyes, the image was so familiar and beautiful, but also so astounding and unbelievable!

“This is...” Many people exclaimed what was on their mind subconsciously.

BOOM!

Lightning was dancing, and thunders were rumbling. A black storm consumed the sky.

The dark magnetic field around was twisted, and the invisible electromagnetic waves were more disordered than ever.

Stars arose and emitted dazzling brilliance, twisting the space around them and releasing gravity.

White, black, gold, silver... Elements in different colors gathered into a tide that looked like an ocean.

In the peaceful and quiet land of eternal sleep, black tombs rose aslant, brimming with the stink of death.

The dark universe was vast and boundless. One planet perished after another, caught in the infinite waves of destruction.

Snowflakes fell down. The temperature of the whole room dropped by almost a hundred degrees. Transparent ice was everywhere.

All the extraordinary views surfaced and churned the conference room, congregating into a terrifying scene where light in different colors weaved and where destruction and death danced together!

BOOM!

In the illusionary sounds of thunder and destruction, they turned around and looked at Lucien at the same time, only to discover that Lucien was still standing there with his hands in the pockets of his double-breasted suit. He repeated what Brook said in an extremely low voice:

“Only if you abandon your original concepts can you see the truth of the world.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 597: A World Beyond Fantasies

The truth of the world?

Although Lucien’s voice was very soft, the dozen members of the Highest Council in the meeting were at least ninth-circle archmages, and they caught it perfectly. Also, his voice was more astounding than the rumbling thunder and the destructive collapses in their ears, as if it were exploding directly in their head.

Only by abandoning the original concepts could you see the truth of the world?

Was it the truth of the world?

Electrons, which had been behaving as perfect particles, displayed the most classical pattern of diffraction when they bombarded a crystal!

It was as absurd as a dark, silent and cold night when the sun was high above and sunlight was everywhere!

It was like a sacred and beautiful angel turning out to be a stinky and hideous devil!

Was it the truth of the world?

Was it the truth that was more unbelievable than imagination, weirder than magic, and more unpredictable than gods?

At this moment, including Douglas, all the grand arcanists who had the strongest interest in the mysteries of the world couldn't help but shake their heads. This had completely disrupted and refreshed their understanding of the world. Everything was so bizarre that it was like the strangest monster!

As for the other legendary sorcerers and archmages, some covered their mouth and some held their hands tightly as if they were going to crumble the item in their hands. Somebody bit their lips hard to confirm that it was not their illusion.

They had been pursuing the truth of the world, but when the truth was partly unveiled, showing them parts of it, they ended up backing off out of fear.

Was it the truth of the world?

This was utterly different from their daily experience and intuitions!

It made them feel that they did not recognize the world before them anymore!

Suddenly, thunderstorms, starlight, and snowflakes vanished. Douglas, Brook, Hathaway, and Fernando quickly established their magic circles, preparing to confirm the experiment.

Even though Lucien had set up the magic circle right before their eyes, and even though Brook had launched the electron currents in person, they would not believe it until they had confirmed it in person!

“Use monocrystal...” Lucien suddenly reminded them and briefly described the monocrystal.

Hathaway nodded and prepared according to Lucien’s description. So did the other members of the Highest Council.

Soon, more than ten complex magic circles were set up, and gigantic monocrystals were placed at their centers. Brook, Fernando, and other sorcerers launched electron currents directly or with the assistance of magic items.

Without a sound, the beautiful and intangible image of diffraction appeared in Brook's magic circle, followed by many others. The conference was so quiet and still that it looked like a weird painting.

BOOM!

Rumbling thunders roared again, and the views of elemental tides and alchemical haven reappeared. The blobs of light were so fuzzy that they seemed to be collapsing soon.

Thankfully, everything became quiet after several seconds. The members of the Highest Council held back their intense emotional turmoil.

For Brook, Oliver and other supporters of the wave theory, it was not a destructive blow at all but a huge benefit. They were only too astounded by the unimaginable situation to keep calm.

Hathaway and the other supporters of the particle theory—thanks to the previous debate—were already prepared that it was the special behavior of particles. Also, it could be used to address the problems in new alchemy. Therefore, their cognitive worlds were not broken and solidified.

Of course, that was also because they were the top experts in the world and had a much greater knowledge and self-control than other arcanists.

“The microworld is eerier than we imagined.” Vague shock still lingered on Hathaway’s face. She looked at the image of diffraction in complicated feelings.

“Yes.” Douglas waved his hands and removed the magic circle he set up, before he remarked, “In the past, we thought that the microworld is just a reduction of scale, a subdivision on atoms, and a realm made of microscopic particles and that we can apply the concepts, equations and motion systems of the macroscopic universe to it, too. Little did we know that the microscopic particles were different from anything we know themselves.”

“Yes, it boasts amazing qualities. The waves that show the features of particles, the particles that show the features of waves, and the matter Lucien said that is neither waves nor particles are all too unbelievable.” Oliver still tried to explain it from the perspective of waves.

Brook heaved a sigh. “It seems that we really have to abandon the previous concepts. This is truly an incredible ‘world’.”

Lucien smiled with his hands in his double-breasted suit. “Only because it is so eerie and incredible that it is the truth we have been trying to approach, isn’t it? It is impossible to introduce the notions we have observed in reality into the microscopic world.”

“I have the feeling that the microscopic domain will change our worldview again and again. It will let us know what kind of secrets are buried behind the tangible world we know.”

“The wave nature of electrons is enough to shatter my worldview. Evans, you are truly a Destroyer of Outlooks,” said Klaus in bitterness.

Lucien smiled and said to Douglas, Hathaway, and Fernando. “The myriad of spells are already incredible for the clerics, the knights, and the ordinary people, but our imagination is even more unbelievable than our magic.”

“The mysteries of the microworld, on the other hand, will be more bizarre than our imagination, because our imagination is based on our experience and knowledge, and most of them do not apply to the microworld. Even the most imaginative person cannot figure out what it’s like over there.”

“But such a domain is closer to the truth and deserves our fascination.”

Douglas closed his eyes as if he were dwelling in the image of diffraction just now. “If the truth of the world were not filled with secrets, why would we have explored and researched for hundreds of years, and why would we consider it the greatest pleasure even though we may die because of it?”

“After the initial shock and disbelief, I’m more interested in electrons, light, and the microworld than ever. I can’t wait to figure out the imaginable matter.” Brook also praised the microworld that was more fantastic than fantasies.

Fernando cursed. “I don’t feel good about it. It seems that my previous studies are rendered worthless, but it also fills me with drive because I haven’t found or learned anything yet! The truth of the world is like a boundless starry sky, and I’m merely playing on one of the planets picking up random gems by accident.”

Vicente, on the other hand, looked at Lucien and asked, “Since microscopic particles behave as waves, why do we not show the features of waves when we are made of particles but exist concretely? Dieppe’s paper can be extrapolated to macroscopic matter.”

“Perhaps, it’s because the wavelength is too short to count.” Thinking, Oliver replied.

Lucien said solemnly, “As I said just now, in this microworld, much of our experience and common sense is no longer applicable. Perhaps, a certain change happens between microscope and macroscope that diminishes the feature of waves.”

Hathaway pinched her chin with her thumb and her index finger, a similar action of thinking to Natasha’s. It seemed to be their family tradition. “An object with mass, electric charge and momentum now behave as waves. We need to review this world. What happens when atoms are combined into elements that stops us from seeing a macroscopic world of wave-particle duality?”

Hellen forgot the books, manuscripts, and quill before her and observed the diffraction experiments that the members of the Highest Council made. Then, she found an alchemical device that could capture electrons and launched electrons to it through a strong magnetic field, creating flashing fluorescent points.

Frowning, she said, “No features of waves can be observed at all in this experiment... If electrons show both the feature of waves and particles, why can we only see one of them at a time?”

In fact, every grand arcanist had a hundred thousand questions. After the quake of their cognitive world, Hathaway and Hellen were soon enthralled and asked a series of questions.

Lucien, on the other hand, secretly clicked his tongue. They had found the most essential, incredible and eccentric problem of the wave-particle duality of electrons so quickly. They truly had extraordinary arcana intuitions!

Thankfully, they did not expect Lucien to answer them right now. Instead, they considered on their own, utterly secluded from the outside world.

It was not until a long time later that Douglas knocked on the desk and woke them up. “Those problems cannot be resolved any time soon. We will study the nature of electrons after we return.”

“Let’s move on to today’s next subject. It’s about establishing an advanced magic school for the remaining districts on the thirty-first floor of the Allyn magic tower. Right now, arcana is developing faster and faster, and more and more knowledge in mathematics is needed. Since the apprentices and low-rank sorcerers have to learn by themselves after they graduate, they are having more and more trouble at keeping up with the trend. Therefore, we need an advanced school where we can teach distinguished apprentices and low-rank sorcerers on a large scale.”

The issue had been discussed before but was not really resolved. However, after the grand development of arcana in the past ten years, Douglas believed that it was high time.

“Later, a member of the Highest Council will be the principal of the school. Tasks will be issued to the senior-rank senior-rank arcanists and middle-rank arcanists, who will teach in turns. It will be the best if the members of the Arcana Review Board can often hold lectures for them, too.”

Lucien’s lips twitched. *Should I promote my title as Professor?*

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Chapter 598: New Mode of Teaching

“Indeed. The courses at magic school today can give the apprentices enough fundamental knowledge for them to become official sorcerers, but the arcana and magic knowledge needed for low-rank sorcerers to rise higher is now getting too enormous and complicated for them to learn and grasp on their own. That’s the reason why the population of middle-rank sorcerers hasn’t increased much in the past ten years, despite the sharp increase in senior-rank sorcerers.” Brook nodded and agreed with Douglas’ proposal.

It indicated that the new arcana theories and achievements did not lower the difficulties between the low rank and the middle rank, and the ratio of advancement was the same as before. However, for part of the distinguished low-rank sorcerers, their advancement was much easier after they picked up the new arcana theories, like Annick, Heidi and the other studies who had been taught by Lucien with cutting-edge knowledge.

Oliver, on the other hand, was slightly worried. “Graduated apprentices and low-rank sorcerers are the foundation of Congress. If all of them study in the advanced school, the Congress as a whole will inevitably be paralyzed.”

While the senior-rank sorcerers, archmages, and legendary sorcerers were capable of various spells, they certainly wouldn’t waste their time on chores. The daily operation of Congress was based on tasks that were mostly carried out by the apprentices and the low-rank sorcerers. They allowed Congress to run smoothly.

“Therefore, we are establishing a school with a capacity of no more than a thousand students. We will select the talents in certain ways and consider expanding the school if everything goes well, but it must now affect the operation of Congress. After all, the arcanists of higher levels have their own business, too. Too many advanced schools will be a burden for them.” Douglas spoke of his plan. He had already evaluated the number of possible teachers.

“Select them in certain ways? Like the apprentice test?” Fernando was rather concerned about that. Hellen, on the other hand, was dedicated to her own research again.

Amused, Lucien said, “The College Entrance Exam of Advanced Magic? Subdivided into mathematics, language, magic analysis, and theoretical and application of magic of the eleven schools?”

He only joked when he remembered his ‘past’ experience.

“The College Entrance Exam of Advanced Magic? Huh, that will be the fairest way. At least, it will be fairer than the recommendation from the middle-rank sorcerers.” Douglas rather agreed with exams.

Cheating would certainly be rare under the supervision of magic. Fairness could be ensured to the largest degree. In comparison, when the candidates were recommended, the middle-rank sorcerers and the administration of schools were often inclined to recommend the students they knew, appreciate or were associated with. The abilities in arcana and magic often came last.

Therefore, Douglas nodded and said, “Let’s set up the College Entrance Exam of Advanced Magic. The Affair Committee will decide what specific knowledge and practical abilities are to be tested.”

Lucien rubbed his eyebrow and covered his eyes, while he said to himself in amusement, *I was just kidding...* However, it was likely that the tests and quizzes that he compiled would become popular very soon.

“There’s no need to test everybody with the knowledge of the eleven schools, is there?” Vicente asked, “Mathematics, different magic vernaculars, magic analysis, preliminary alchemical abilities, and practical research and battle abilities are mandatory. Then, the test-takers can choose three schools to be tested on their own. After all, everybody has their specialties and interests.”

Fernando argued loudly and vehemently, “The trend is that the schools are more and more closely connected. The wave-particle duality is combining electromagnetism and elements in the microscopic realm. Those without a broad view of knowledge cannot participate in deeper studies in the future.”

“They can consider it after they are admitted. After all, they will be kicked out of school if their scores are terrible. It will give them enough ‘momentum’ to make up for their foundation.” Oliver smiled.

“But that’s in violation of the original purpose to set up the advanced school. If they can learn well by themselves, there will be no need to establish advanced magic schools,” said Hathaway slowly, her shock gone moments ago.

Lucien had always respected Hathaway. He added, “We can slightly change the mode of teaching. We can ask the Arcana Review Board to list the dependencies of knowledge that is required to dig deeper in a certain domain of a certain school for the students so that they will know what is needed for their future.”

“Also, the curriculum of the advanced school can’t be like the school of apprentices. The students will not be organized into different classes but given enough freedom. For example, the knowledge I mentioned can be combined into different courses and taught by different teachers. Then, the students can choose the teacher according to their progress and their foundation. Those who have spare time and who are more capable can also take more courses to broaden their knowledge.”

“In such a way, they will no longer be restricted by their initial choice. After all, they are not little kids but distinguished apprentices and low-rank sorcerers. Our goal is to let the talented students finish learning as soon as possible, let the students who are not talented but hard-working take their time to learn, and let the lazy and undevoted students have a chance to make up for their mistakes by broadly choosing courses.”

Lucien did not say anything about their test. It would be the best answer if they could advance into middle-rank sorcerers and arcanists after education in the advanced magic school.

After that, Lucien noticed that all the members of the Highest Council were looking at him. He asked subconsciously, “What’s up?”

“I didn’t know that you were good at teaching. No wonder Katrina, Layria and Annick are so excellent,” said Douglas in a smile.

Fernando also chuckled. “He was already best known for his unique teaching style when he was a teacher in Douglas Magic School, although he was blamed for being unorthodox.”

Lucien’s teaching pattern was now popular in every magic school. After all, he was already a grand arcanist. Mimicking the successors was a fashion in every society.

Douglas nodded. “This plan is excellent. Also, it makes the release of tasks less difficult. Lucien, why don’t you work as the principal of the advanced magic school? I hope you can establish a successful new teaching pattern.”

Lucien looked around, only to discover that they all avoided his eyes. He immediately realized that they were not interested in it at all. That was why they remained silent when they talked. He nodded and said, “I’ll only be responsible for the new pattern. The daily operation should be supervised by another senior-rank arcanist, and the specific affairs can be completed by hired middle-rank sorcerers.”

After that, Lucien began to complain. *Manager of the Atom Institution, leader of the Sky Radio Station, and principal of an advanced magic school..* . His part-time jobs were truly weird in an unusual manner.

“What should this advanced magic school be named?” Douglas looked at Oliver.

Lucien interjected again. “Since it is different from regular magic schools, why don’t we name it using the word ‘college?’”

“Let’s call it Holt College.” Oliver liked giving names best.

‘Holt’ was the ancient Asso word for ‘arcana’.

The other people were not interested in names, and Lucien was too lazy to propose a name like ‘Hogwarts’.

After the name was settled, the discussion went on. Since there was no more argument, the meeting was over very soon.

“When will Evans’ experiment be published?” In the end, Hellen was back to herself and simply asked without caring whether or not it had been discussed.

Douglas said solemnly, “I believe that ‘arcana’ should sort out the debate in the meeting and publish it as a heuristic article. Lucien’s narration will help them accept the wonders of the

microworld. There shouldn't be a massive collapse of cognitive worlds again. After all, it has only been several years since electrons were discovered."

"However, people who are stunned after their world is shaken will probably be all over Congress. The most extreme of them will probably be very suspicious about themselves and unconfident in arcana and magic, which will also make their strength halt.

Day was night, and particles were waves. Such ideas made people question the reality of the world and the effectiveness of their exploration. It only left them convinced that the universe was dominated by mysteries!

"Alright, we will publish Evans' experience in the April issue." Hellen nodded.

Klaus chuckled. "Evans, it will be the time of your wedding."

Lucien rubbed his lips. Was his wedding going to be inaugurated with blood and brains?

However, it was not exactly his fault. That was all because of Dieppe's paper, and he had only completed the experiment! It's like nobody blamed Brook for the head explosions caused by the light quantum hypothesis!

Of course, Lucien believed that few people, if any, would really suffer such an accident. After all, the debate about the model of the new alchemy still remained unabated.

“I’m going to return and study the wavefunction of electrons.” Oliver left in a hurry. Despite his marriage failure that inspired him with a series of poignant works, his dedication and passion in arcana studies were not affected at all.

Brook and the rest of them also left. After the wavefunction of electrons was figured out, they would probably be able to truly establish the model of the new alchemy and describe the mysteries of material changes.

Fernando, who left last, asked Lucien to follow him. After they reached his library, he finally looked at Lucien and said, “You must’ve already resolved the problems in the new alchemy to a certain extent, haven’t you?”

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Chapter 599: Furnace of Souls

Lucien replied rather innocently. “I was inspired by the amazing result that electrons had the features of waves. So, I modified and abandoned some thoughts I had in the past.”

“You resolved the orbit problem by regarding them as waves?” Fernando knew that quantized orbits would be inferred naturally if so.

Lucien shook his head. “The problem might be resolved in such a way, but I have some other thoughts. If they don’t walk out, I’ll reconsider from the perspective of waves.”

“You are not comparing electrons to waves?” Fernando had always been serious in arcana discussions. He wondered what Lucien could have possibly come up with from the experiment.

Lucien said rather cautiously, “It’s the epistemology behind the phenomenon. Like I said before, the problems within the atom should only be handled based on the phenomena and results that can be observed. We cannot consider the previous concepts that are not directly observable, such as orbit, as our basis, as we can only describe electrons as matter with the features of waves and particles.”

“Then you inferred it with mathematical tools?” asked Fernando rather interestedly.

Lucien nodded. “Yes. I ignored the arcana significance of certain things and associated problems within the atom with the problems in reality through mathematical tools.”

“Didn’t you say that the microscopic realm could not be associated with the real world?” Fernando was puzzled.

Lucien smiled. “That’s why I used mathematical approaches. The microworld and the real world indeed abide by different laws, but when the laws of the microworld are extended to the real world, our observation will agree with the classical laws. Otherwise, it will be inexplicable why we exist in reality instead of turning into waves. Therefore, we should not consider the arcana significance of the laws but focus on constructing a model that is similar to classic theories with pure mathematical tools, making the solution identical to the experiment, before we discuss the actual significance of the model.”

“This is the most primitive and classic approach, but we have long forgotten it,” Fernando remarked with mixed feelings. In the beginning, before the concepts took shape, many theories had been constructed based on the explorations and experiments via such means. There were functions

first before the actual significance of functions was discussed. However, as there were more and more theories and concepts, while it was easier for the arcanists to explore the world with previous concepts and definitions, they were also restrained by such ideas in the meantime. “Where do you plan to begin?”

Lucien did not hide. “From the sum of the information in the atomic system that we can observe or the general status of the system—if you will—I will introduce a state function and use the observable arcana concepts as operators. By operating and changing the state function with it, I will have corresponding results, which must be a match with the experiment results.”

Fernando was silent for a while as if he were considering what Lucien meant. In the end, he could only compliment, “A very amazing idea. Introducing the state function in thermodynamics into the atomic system, and regarding the observable arcana concepts as the operator, those are inspirations that only the avid lovers of mathematics can come up with. However, cold and complicated math models will never be generally accepted until they reveal their arcana significance.”

He did not ask for more details since Lucien didn’t ask him, because it was Lucien’s work. “You’ve found a new approach. You should be able to construct a theoretical system soon. I look forward to your bringing good news to my studies.”

“Master, what are you working on?” asked Lucien curiously.

Fernando said gravely, “Two directions. The first is the abnormal splitting experiment. I discovered that it could only be resolved by introducing a half quantum number, which doesn’t agree with our understanding that quantum numbers can only be integers. The second is that I was inspired by my previous studies and believed that there can’t be two identical electrons in an atom. That is to say, at least one of their quantum numbers is different.”

So far, three quantum states regarding electrons had been discovered.

“That seems able to resolve the problem of the distribution of electrons, as well as the electronic exchange in the old alchemical reactions. Mr. Gaston’s studies in life synthesis will have certain theoretical support.” Lucien did not expect that his teacher could find out the Pauli exclusion principle ¹ so quickly.

Not too delighted, Fernando nodded his head. “There’s still a long way ahead. As you said, this is a realm that was unimaginable in the past. Also, it will be my turn to supervise the advance base in the World of Souls next year.”

Ever since the Lord of the Undead betrayed the World of Souls, the Congress had established bases near the gaps of the World of Souls in Heidler city to explore the World of Souls. Because they were suspicious that the disappearance of Maskelyne, Viken and some other legendary sorcerers was related to the World of Souls, their exploration had been very prudent. It took them several years before they finally reached the depths of the World of Souls. Also, one legendary sorcerer, usually a grand arcanist, guarded the base all the time, except for special occasions like the time when war was waged against the Church.

“You must be careful, master,” said Lucien in concern. The World of Souls was as dangerous as hell. When he checked Adol’s memories with his permissions in the Highest Council, he saw the most unimaginable and astounding picture.

In Adol’s memories, black, white and grey covered everything in the world of silence that was devoid of any sound. At the center of this world was a magnificent, splendid palace that was half the size of Holm. The high steeple pierced into the sky and extended into the void, connecting the sky and the earth of the World of Souls.

In the areas that Adol could reach, terrifying specters were everywhere. There were primeval vampires and mummies, there were Wraith Lords, and there were ‘Servants of Death’, which was the name of a specter and was not about the real God of Death. There were also skeleton kings, dragon liches and ‘demigod-liches’. The number of legends was almost close to the sum of all the three biggest groups. Thankfully, most of the specters were unintelligent and acted according to

instinct. They could barely be manipulated by the intelligence specters, either. So, they were not as strong as Congress as a whole.

Of course, Congress couldn't devote all the legends to the exploration, which would give the South Church and the North Church an opportunity. Also, nobody knew what kind of monsters were hiding in the areas deep inside the 'Temple of Spirits'.

Among them, what shocked Lucien most of all was the 'Furnace of Souls' inside the Temple of Spirits. Located in the deepest parts that Adol could reach, it was a gray curtain that dangled from the intangible heights of the Temple of Spirits like a wall. Inside it was the frozen faces of souls, which were sometimes peaceful and sometimes twisted. Some of them were even swirling around the white fire of soul.

Those souls were so dense that Lucien suspected that their number surpassed the population of all the intelligent creatures in the world.

Also, except for part of the intelligent, legendary creatures who could touch the Furnace of Souls by the bliss of the mysterious existence of the World of Souls, embed their subordinates into it, and burn them with the white fire, the senior-rank specters including Adol could only see it but could not touch it, just like when the sorcerers saw the tantalizing ball of divinity during their advancement. It was high above somewhere that they could never reach.

Adol had scrutinized the Furnace of Souls, only to discover his face somewhere high above. He had already been caged inside the Furnace of Souls!

Even though he was a specter that had few feelings, his spiritual power still shook violently, making it difficult for him to carry on his exploration.

Perhaps, the mysteries of souls are hidden behind that. That was the only idea Lucien had after retrieving and reading the files.

Fernando glared at Lucien rather impatiently. “Up to this point, few of the legendary specters in the periphery are at the third level of legendary. We have also set up communication methods. The mysterious existence in the World of Souls has fallen asleep again. What dangers can I possibly run into? Just focus on the model of your new alchemy!”

After he left his teacher’s place, Lucien went directly to the Affair Committee, and the record of the discussion in the meeting began to spread among a few arcanists.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 600:

Darkness Before Dawn

When he arrived at the Affair Committee, Lucien happened upon Norman, Douglas’ student, who was one of the members.

“Your Excellency Evans, you are the truth of elements...” Norman greeted him according to the rules of the Congress.

Lucien smiled. “Such trouble is unnecessary. It’s too much a waste of time. When I met the Excellencies before, I only paid tribute to them the first time we encountered.”

“Mr. Evans, is there anything you want the Committee to do?” Norman asked, “In fact, you don’t have to come in person. You could’ve contacted any member in the office or asked us to go to your library.”

Lucien pointed at the conference room. “Certain things can be better explained with a face-to-face conversation.”

Describing the arrangement regarding the Holt Magic College, Lucien looked at Norman and asked, “Is there anything unclear?”

“Your Excellency, this is a wonderful thought. I have never seen such a teaching method before. As a graduate from the magic school myself, I could’ve saved one year of my time if I had the chance to choose courses and teachers on my own.” Norman praised the new pattern. He certainly had astonishing gifts to be picked by Douglas.

Lucien thought to himself. If he proposed the method to anybody else, they might be thinking that it would ruin the atmosphere in schools and sabotage the traditional teacher-student relationship, like the dilemma he encountered when he was in Douglas Magic School. However, Norman gave it a very high remark based on his personal impression almost without any analysis.

“The apprentices are mostly very young. Making choices on their own only means self-indulgence. Different age groups require different ways. It’s certainly not the best solution to just let them do whatever they want.” Lucien rose. “The studying period of the college will be two years. They can graduate in advance or apply to delay one year. You will draft the details.”

“Alright. I’ll summon the members and discuss it with them soon.” Norman had already recorded Lucien’s instruction in the magic circle.

When Lucien was about to leave, a middle-rank arcanist walked in, “Mr. Norman, Her Excellency the Witch of Iceland has sent over a confidential recording stone. She asks the Committee to sort it out into a paper.”

“A recording stone?” Norman looked at Lucien strangely. Was there anything else that the Highest Council wanted them to do?

After Gaston invented magic gramophone, many other arcanists developed similar products. The recording stone was one of them. It was much simpler and more convenient than in the past.

“It’s some of the discussion during the meeting.” Lucien stopped leaving and decided to observe Norman. Although he was certain that the discussion would not result in an earthquake in the sorcerers’ cognitive worlds according to logic and prophecies, he still needed to infer other people’s possible acceptable based on the reaction that Norman had after hearing the recording, so that he would know how to publish his papers.

Seeing that Lucien sat down again, Norman thought that he had other instructions regarding the content in the recording stone. So, he hinted for the middle-rank arcanist to leave first, and he activated the recording stone after turning on the sound-blocking magic circle in the conference room.

“There are no experiments that confirm the wave nature of electrons yet...” Hathaway’s clear and cold voice came over.

Norman immediately realized what it was about. They must be discussing Dieppe's paper and Mr. Evans' remark.

As the argument went on, Norman became more and more focused. Quite a few arcanists expressed their opinions. For example, if the particles were waves, why were humans not waves when they were made of particles? He also agreed with Hathaway's theory that particles' special vibrations showed the feature of waves.

By the time Oliver asked Lucien's opinion, Norman glanced at Lucien who was seated on the chair comfortably, finding it hard to believe that he just asked 'what are waves' and 'what are particles'.

However, after Lucien explained his idea with the motto of 'the blind feeling the dragon', Norman became more solemn than ever, as if he were considering the most complicated problem. He mumbled to himself, "Bats, lizards, waves and particles... This is truly an unprecedented perspective..."

The recording came to a halt before Fernando talked. Norman was still deep in thought, as if he were trying to understand Lucien's opinion.

After a long time, he finally remarked half in delight and half in bitterness. "Mr. Evans, thanks to your perspective and your easy-to-understand metaphor, even if the electrons are proved to be waves in the future, I wouldn't need to worry that my cognitive world would collapse."

Then, he spoke of his own understanding, seeking Lucien's approval. "...We can consider it as something that we haven't completely recognized. We cannot define it with part of its features but can only describe it in a certain range. Day is not night, but the sky can behave in two statuses that are day and night. The different time of observation results in its different appearance."

It was much easier than directly accepting that particles were waves. Sorcerers were always reverential about the unknown. They described it only according to their experiments.

Naturally, Lucien could not say that the 'sky' was actually a superposition state of 'day' and 'night.' Seeing that Norman accepted it rather well, he rose and said, "This is the discussion about certain problems at present. The main purpose is to ask the arcanists to keep an open mind about the unknown. They must not introduce the previous concepts blindly, or they will never see the big picture."

"Arcana studies are important, but the methodology of arcana studies seem equally important!" Said Norman with mixed feelings.

Lucien nodded his head with a smile. That was exactly the methodology, to wit, the ways and the attitude with which one observed and processed problems.

Seeing that Lucien was about to leave, Norman led him to the door and remarked somewhat gloomily, "Can the problems in the new alchemy only be resolved if electrons are regarded as waves? It makes me feel that the new alchemy has reached the most difficult moment. There's barely any hope. The only dawn that can be seen is unacceptable under the system."

The existence of materials was real. Even Norman, an arcanist who was more inclined to the wave theory, found it more or less unacceptable to introduce the concept of waves to matter. He felt helpless and frustrated about the dilemma surrounding new alchemy.

"You forgot again. It is just a mysterious material that shows the features of waves." Lucien bid him farewell. It was impossible to change one's mindset overnight.

After seeing Lucien off, Norman rubbed his cheeks. “They feel so real. I find it hard to believe that they are waves...”

...

As the chairman of ‘Will of Elements’, Morris soon got the heuristic paper after it was published. Browsing through it, he put on a self-mocking smile. “The new alchemy on one side, and electrons as waves on the other side. This is really a tough choice.”

“Master, this is the third time that you have made the same remark, during the one hour that I discussed questions with you.” Florencia said, more or less complaining. “Why are you so concerned about the problem? Just because it can be explained from the perspective of waves doesn’t mean that it can’t be explained from the perspective of particles. Instead of worrying about that, you should devote more of your attention to your research. However, you sound less hesitant than the previous two times.”

She was a member of the Affair Committee who was better at doing things than research.

Morris smiled. “You are very keen. Lucien explained electrons from a new perspective. It’s not unacceptable even if they behave as waves.”

“Is that so?” Florencia asked for the paper and read it carefully. In the end, she smiled and said, “The early discussion was truly intense, but Lucien does have a special way of thinking. That must be the reason why he has presented so many revolutionary achievements... I rarely see anybody simplifying the question with only one metaphor.”

“Perhaps, this is the true nature of the wave-particle duality.” Morris heaved a sigh. “However, judging from Lucien’s meaning between the lines, he is more inclined to resolve the problems in the new alchemy with waves, too.”

“The cornerstone of elements and the fundamental code to describe particles have to address its problem with waves. What irony.” Florencia chuckled but looked rather gloomy.

Morris rose and walked to the window. Looking at the grey sky and the depressing, overwhelming snow that blocked his vision, he remarked, “The new alchemy is exactly experiencing such weather right now. There are huge snowflakes in every direction, and nobody can see a way out. We can only grope while we step forward. Even the unacceptable and nonnegotiable things in the past must be clutched as long as they indicate the way out.”

“This is a dilemma for Lucien as well as all the other elements in the field of elements and alchemy. We are like trapped beasts that have to resort to all means possible in order to break out of the siege and see the dawn again.”

Florencia also walked to the window and sighed. “I hope that such confusion, depression, coldness and loss end as soon as possible, so that we can pass through the infinite dark night and reach the dawn where everything is dyed red by the sun.”

“The darkness before the dawn is the deepest and thickest.” Morris observed. It was also the last obstacle before the half-solidification of his cognitive world.

...

Raventi, Gaston, LockLynn, Marcus and other senior-rank arcanists felt more or less the same when they read the heuristic paper. On one hand, Lucien’s example made them more open-minded

towards particles, allowing for a shift of their mindset; on the other hand, they were all frustrated by the bottleneck of new alchemy.

Were they going to ask for the wave theory's reinforcement after their endeavors in particles proved in vain?

If even waves could not address all the problems, would the model of new alchemy be completely wrong since the very beginning?

In the unknown world of pure darkness, the new alchemy seemed to have reached an intersection that would decide its own fate!

"Perhaps, we are already approaching success, except that there is only one correct way in the darkness around us. If we walk on the correct way, we will ascend to the throne of magic and arcana after one step and master the mysteries of matter, but if we go the wrong way, we will fall into a bottomless abyss and crash into pieces." Looking at the depressing blizzard out of the window, Raventi suddenly had a feeling: The most critical moment for the new alchemy has come. Would it rise and illuminate everything like the sun, or would it fall like the moon and let the darkness re-embrace the world?

...

At night, having replied to plenty of letters, Lucien re-entered his library and sat on his chair. Then, he brought out the tremendous experiment data.

Plans could never keep up with changes. Lucien shook his head and picked up his quill, starting to write: On Quantum Mechanics.

Outside of the window, snowflakes were dancing in the coldness and darkness.