

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 601: Another Hallucination

Lucien had only just learnt the matrix mechanics. Also, he intentionally did not refer to the files in his spirit library but inferred it with his memories and understanding. Therefore, it was not as fluent and natural as the papers he wrote before, when he could write more than ten pages without any stop under the assistance of magic. It was quite troublesome this time.

Lucien could've picked Dirac's version of quantum mechanics that was more concise, beautiful and easier for the arcanists to understand, and he could've handled it with the mathematical tools in the previous arcana system. However, the matrix could be applied to a variety of fields in the future. This was the best opportunity to come up with it. After all, he would throw out Dirac's paper in two months and free the arcanists from the maze of matrix.

In the first part of the paper, Lucien spent plenty of time constructing the matrix as a mathematical tool, explaining its definition, rules of calculation, etc. Before he really began the content of quantum mechanics.

Starting from the equations of electron movement, Lucien expanded it mathematically and, through the enormous and intricate calculations of the matrix, based on the observed arcana values, he constructed the whole model into what seemed to be the classic Douglas-Oliver system, except that the means of calculation in the new system was the matrix.

While he wrote with difficulty, Lucien gradually grasped the knowledge about the matrix and had a deeper understanding about the unfriendly, complicated mathematical tool. In the meantime, he had a deeper interest in its arcana significance in quantum mechanics.

Time went by, and the night out of the window was darker and darker. The ground was covered in a thick layer of snow.

After a long time, the paper before Lucien was already a thick pile, and he wrote faster and faster.

Finally, Lucien raised his hand after drawing to a heavy full stop, which marked the end of the main body of the paper and the establishment of the real quantum mechanics, unlike the half-classic and half-quantum amalgamation in the model of the new alchemy!

Lucien did not stop there. Instead, he continued his deduction with the new theory that was matrix mechanics. The quantization conditions that were imposed on electrons were inferred after the complicated but clear calculation!

Soundlessly, Lucien's cognitive world surfaced. Already half-solidified, it was no longer satisfied by the illusionary changes in the soul but filled up the whole library. The stars high above were like lamps illuminating the floor. The spots of elements were displayed as models of atoms. The electrons which moved around neutrons and protons were like an unreal, unpredictable cloud that now behaved as waves and as particles.

The floating light and shadow in the show was like the most hideous and peculiar hell, in which a lot of devils seemed to be roaring crazily. "Stop! Stop! It's going to be the deepest level of hell if you go down any further!"

"Go on! Just go on! You will release the most terrible and unimaginable monster!" The falling snowflakes were like pure angels.

“It will destroy the entire world! And you, vicious sorcerer, your heart will be dug out and air-dried on the volcano!”

The hallucinatory sounds entered Lucien’s ears, but he did not stop. He continued his deduction with the matrix and compared it with the data of the spectral experiments, the empirical equations and the many experiments regarding the new alchemy.

After his cognitive world surfaced, the model of the atom was kept the same. Until the data was perfectly matched, Lucien was not going to change his cognitive world recklessly.

...

Results were accomplished. They matched the experiment results perfectly!

The equations were deduced naturally and fit the empirical equations!

The dark night reached the deepest and most intense moment. Snowflakes were flying like the paper flowers at a funeral, bringing forth desperation, grief, silence and death.

The roars of the devil were more and more ghastly. “You are peeping at the truth of the world! You will be torn apart!”

“I curse you to eternal pain and suffering!”

Angels also threatened him. “You are not opening the gate to Mountain Paradise but the cage of destruction! Sinner! The world will be the opposite of your imagination!”

“Die now! The truth of the world must not be desecrated and approached! Damn arcanist, you will never find anything you want! I will pluck your soul and burn it in fire for ten thousand years!”

Lucien heard the hallucinatory sounds again. Not knowing whether it was because of the unsteadiness of his mind, or the feedback of the real world, or perhaps both, he shook his head, took a deep breath, and came up with the most pivotal equations in matrix mechanics that were most in violation of general mathematical rules: The multiplication of the momentum and the location was not equal to the multiplication of the location and the momentum!

The moment the equation that did not agree with the commutative property was inferred, the roars of devils and the threatenings of angels all became begging:

“End it! Please tear it apart! This is the key to the gate of destruction!”

“If you stop, you will be the savior of the world that will be remembered forever.”

“As long as you stop, I will satisfy all of your requirements.”

In his cognitive world, the model of the orbit of electrons changed again. The electrons in the form of clouds were separated naturally according to three quantum numbers. After moving randomly for years, they finally had their own distribution patterns. Protons and neutrons had similar changes, too, which immediately condensed Lucien's soul and cognitive world that were not very solid yet. The early version of the meditation method based on the wave-particle duality was finally upgraded!

The boundless, intangible, illusionary starry sky appeared again. Attracted by the strange and yet familiar force, the complicated and esoteric cubic symbols of magic appeared in Lucien's cognitive world and constructed into a weird, unimaginable magic model.

Since his cognitive world had half-solidified, Lucien controlled the range of his influence, making it barely possible for outsiders to notice anything wrong. If they looked at Lucien's 'Babel' from the blizzard, they would only see the weirdly shaking light in one of the windows, as if countless devils were dancing.

"Consider the values that do not agree with the commutative property of multiplication as non-commutation values..." Lucien did not stop at all but went on. "...In the meantime, a pair of non-commutation values cannot be determined at the same time. If you know one of them accurately, the other will definitely be uncertain. For example, if you completely understand the speed and mass of an electron, you will lose track of it and can never discover it again..."

"...After deduction, time and energy are also similar. When time is shortened to a single accurate moment, energy will expand and plummet uncannily, and huge fluctuations of energy will appear in the vacuum... Perhaps, such 'vacuum fluctuations' happens around us all the time."

"Ahh!" Miserable screams echoed.

"Wu!" Grievous moans echoed.

After the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle was written by Lucien, the 'devils' and 'angels' became desperate and then vanished into thin air!

The darkness and the snowy land were the same as before, but the snowflakes that had been flying like paper flowers stopped!

In Lucien's cognitive world, the weird magic model had been successfully constructed. It turned out to be a new legendary magic. Based on his intuition, Lucien could tell that the spell that was based on quantum mechanics and the uncertainty principle was a very weird one that seemed able to sabotage determinism, or the law of causality, which the arcanists of this world believed in.

Looking at the result of his deduction that matched the experiment data and empirical equations perfectly, Lucien closed his eyes. What exactly was the difference between the two worlds?

Why was there spirits and magic in one of them and not in the other one?

He had heard hallucinatory sounds twice. The first time, it was when he came up with the Planck constant, which marked the beginning of quantum mechanics, and the second time, he established quantum mechanics. Was it the reason behind everything? His mood might've been unsteady the first time, but he was certainly calm this time.

Lucien had read the introduction to the development of quantum mechanics in the spirit library. After learning a thing or two about the theories that were more magical than magic, more mythic than myths, and more fantastic than fantasies, he believed that he could find an explanation from the path.

“I have to pay a visit to the Furnace of Souls sometime. Perhaps, I can discover the secrets of souls from there and understand why the two worlds are different.” Lucien took a deep breath and made up his mind to visit the World of Souls. He would never be reassured if he couldn’t unravel the secret. He would suspect the reality of this world and that somebody was manipulating everything. Other people might be satisfied as it was, but he would rather die than to accept it willingly!

Of course, Lucien was not a reckless man. He would never go to the Temple of Spirits unless he became level-two legendary and was led by the grand arcanists such as President Douglas.

Calming himself down, Lucien drew out the part about the uncertainty principle and kept it in the internal pocket of the Robe of Grand Arcanists. Then, he eliminated the proof that matched the experiment data and the empirical formulas in the remaining part, planning to let the arcanists finish them. It would be easier for them to accept the theory if the results of their deduction based on the theory matched the experiment results.

After he sorted out the paper and kept it in his storage bag, Lucien realized that it was already six o’clock in the morning, and it was still the most intense darkness outside.

“The night has passed without me knowing it...” His hands in his pockets, Lucien walked to the window and looked at the cold, gloomy night and the snow that was reflecting shimmers. He observed in a low voice, “The darkness before dawn is truly the deepest and heaviest.”

Hardly had he concluded his sentence when an orange light broke the heavy darkness and drove away the coldness from far away.

The sun rose slowly, spraying brilliance that dyed the snow red, making it look like a furious fire that was burning in dreamy and glamorous colors.

The overwhelming snow began to melt, unfreezing the world, as if the ‘fire’ burnt up the obsolete stuff and brought a new order.

The splendid fire spread from before Lucien’s eyes all the way to the infinite horizon. He couldn’t help but narrow his eyes and said to himself: “Dawn is here.”

Yes, the dawn of the new alchemy had come!

Just like the sun, it would never be stopped again. It would illuminate the era with its light and heat!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 602: Hand of Uncertainties

After completing ‘On Quantum Mechanics’, Lucien did not submit it right away. Instead, he studied its applications and analyzed the new legendary spell that was formulated inside his soul. Having received the feedback of the real world, his soul and his cognitive world were both much more steady, and he could already construct the fourth legendary model.

After a month of analysis, Lucien had basically grasped the weird, unpredictable legendary spell. It was an ancillary spell that could map certain features of the microworld to the macroscopic domain. For example, no matter how tough, marvelous or mysterious the enemy's defense was, there would definitely be uncertainties, and it was possible that the attack and weakening spells enhanced by this magic would pierce through it directly.

To be more exact, in that moment, determinism would collapse. No matter how many life-preserving spells the enemy prepared, how many phylacteries they made in advance, and how their life was absolutely ensured by such preparations, there were still odds that they would perish abruptly because of the influence of the magic.

Of course, for Lucien, the stronger the enemy was, the lower the odds would be. There was a 20% possibility that he could destroy determinism when faced with opponents of the same level, but the odds would be lower than one percent if he were faced with Douglas. If he ever encountered Silver Moon Alterna, the chances would be below 1/10000.

"No wonder it gave me such a weird feeling. This legendary spell is truly a marvelous weapon." After the analysis, Lucien scratched his chin with mixed feelings, "But what's the mechanism? Why can part of the features of the microworld be reflected to the macroscopic domain? The interference is ruled out? Why can the interference be ruled out?"

Vaguely, Lucien seemed to have grasped something that concerned the nature of spirits and magic. Also, it was the opposite of his left hand's ability to nullify magic and divine powers.

However, his inspiration disappeared very quickly. Lucien could only shake his head and reconsider the names that Natasha came up for the legendary spell. In the end, he decided to go with 'Evans' Hand of Uncertainties'. The name might be too long, but it didn't matter. This spell did not need to be cast by chanting but could be added to other spells when he cast them. No extra preparations were needed.

But of course, as a result, it would take one more second to cast the original spell, and the consumption would increase exponentially. Supposedly, Lucien could perform forty legendary spells in a battle, but if those legendary spells were attached with the effect of 'Hand of Uncertainties', his spiritual power would run dry after a couple of casts.

After finishing the analysis of the spell, Lucien decided to devote much of his attention in the next month to its construction. Then, he cleaned his paper and went to the Allyn magic tower, ready to submit it to his teacher.

In the past month, the members of the Highest Council were all studying the wave function of electrons. Because of the deficiencies in mathematics and the lack of the notion of spin, little progress had been made. However, Douglas, Hathaway and Brook, as experts of mathematics, already had ideas and began to modify certain mathematical tools. As for the other arcanists, besides their own studies, they were mostly devoted to the design of the magic circles about electron interference and diffraction. It was a pity that they made little progress, either.

Hathaway, Hellen and Klaus all visited Lucien in the meantime. They were curious about the studies in crystals. Lucien, on the other hand, subtly hinted that he suffered setbacks when he tried to deepen his studies due to the lack of mathematical tools and prerequisite knowledge.

After hearing that, although Hathaway and Hellen did not say anything, it was obvious that they intended to research the mathematical knowledge in that aspect.

Perhaps, they would be remembered by future generations for their enormous contribution to mathematics. Lucien was quite optimistic about them, because they were actually much more talented in mathematics than him. Hathaway was among the top three of all the specialists in mathematics in the whole Congress.

In the meantime, Lucien and Natasha's life was just like before. The pressure from the experts of the Church and Kritonia was gradually forgotten as time went by, which made Lucien's life rather comfortable. Apart from his arcana and magic studies, there was music, love, interesting trivia

because of their personalities, the fun when he tortured the students such as Annick and Heidi, and the bad jokes he added during the preparation of the magic tower college, the Lanxiang and the generic schools.

...

Instead of jumping directly to his office, Lucien roamed to the Allyn magic tower with his hands in the pockets of his tuxedo for no other reason other than to watch the red banner hanging outside of the magic tower in person. In the meantime, he considered the things he should work on in March. “Other than constructing ‘Hand of Uncertainties’, I need to start preparing the craft of legendary items. To pick up the skill, I’ve wasted quite a few items in the past half year.”

Although he was an authority in the field of alchemy, Lucien had always been a theorist and barely crafted any legendary items. He was better at mixing drugs than he was at crafting items. But nobody else could replace him to craft a unique legendary item. Therefore, he spent most of the arcana points he earned through new alchemy and the general theory of relativity to materials, increasing his deftness and confidence by repetitive alchemical experiments.

Over the past half year, Lucien had broken too many items and wasted too many materials. Even though he had sold the items that he successfully crafted, his arcana points had been disappearing quickly with few left right now. However, he was more or less confident to craft a legendary item now.

“It’s true that you can only increase your proficiency by devoting money to it...” Recalling the games he played in the past, Lucien thought in amusement. At this moment, he had already arrived at the Allyn magic tower and saw the cheesy red banner hanging on the gate, which was the polar opposite of the body of the tower that was dreamy and exquisite.

“Designated Fields for the College Entrance Exam of Advanced Magic.”

Lucien felt like smiling the moment he saw it. It was too warm and familiar!

Below the banner, a lot of sorcerers had gathered. They were reading the introductory board at the gate excitedly:

“The Holt Magic College has a capable faculty. Many of our teachers work for the Arcana Review Board part time...” The sorcerers were rather excited after they understood what it meant. “Is this a college that targets the low-rank arcanists? Wonderful! It’s such a pain to learn without a teacher. I can’t understand most of the papers on the journals at all.”

“Yes. It was better in the past, but the arcana theories today are drastically changing after every year. I can’t keep up with it no matter how hard I work.”

“The deadline for applications is the end of March. The exam period is from April 1 to April 6... Do we have to pass this ‘College Entrance Exam of Advanced Magic’?”

“This is great! We are no longer scared that the sorcerers with backgrounds and connections will steal our spots. It will be abilities that matter. Let’s see what will be tested!”

“Yes, that’s right! This is the fairest way!”

Hearing their complements of delight, Lucien felt that his lips were twitching. He only hoped that they could retain the thought and did not curse him or ‘College Entrance Exam of Advanced Magic’ in the future.

...

Passing the arcanists at the gate without catching anyone's attention, Lucien reached his teacher's library, only to discover that he was sorting out his paper.

"Master, you've completed your research?" Asked Lucien with a smile.

Fernando looked at him. "Yes, the exclusion principle, but I don't quite understand what the fourth quantum number represents yet. Have you accomplished something in your research, too?"

Lucien took out 'On Quantum Mechanics' and handed it over to Fernando. "It's mathematically resolved, but its actual arcana significance still needs exploring."

Taking over the paper, Fernando asked prudently, "Is it disruptive?"

"No, it is based on the features of particles and the discontinuity." Lucien thought to himself that the most disruptive thing was already hidden inside, but nobody would notice them until its significance was figured out. Also, he had already excised the part regarding the uncertainty principle.

"Particles, non-continuity?" Fernando smiled. "You confirmed the wave feature of electrons, prompting Brook, Oliver and Hathaway to consider from the perspective of waves, but you resolved the problem from the perspective of particles. How interesting."

He opened the paper but frowned at the definition and calculation rules of matrix. The strange and opaque mathematical tool was truly cold and unfriendly. After he read that the multiplication in matrix was not commutative, he suddenly raised his head and looked at the bookshelf on his opposite side. Deep in thought, he said, "The mathematical tool that is not commutative... There seems to be some of those in mathematics in the past, and they were applied to the analysis in the classic system a long time ago. Also, the idea behind your matrix can be traced back to certain things in the past a long time ago, too..."

"Yes." Lucien did not deny it. There were certain mathematical tools in it which he planned to use to deduce the mathematical tools in Dirac's paper. The arcanists today were more familiar with them. After all, the magic world had their own unique achievements, but there was something wrong with all of them, which was the reason why the theories about sets and groups developed rather slowly. So, he was perfecting the mathematical foundation.

Since he was unclear of Lucien's methodology yet, Fernando did not pursue further why he constructed a new mathematical tool instead of using the older ones. He continued reading.

The rest of the paper was extremely difficult to understand. Fernando read it for a long time, calculating and confirming its correctness.

When it was already sunset, Fernando finally raised his head after naturally coming up with the quantization conditions that matched the experiment results based on the new theory. He frowned and asked in confusion, "Everything is good. I'm feeling much better myself, too, but what is the arcana significance in your matrix? What's the meaning of its calculation? Why is there not a concrete model or image?"

Thinking for a moment, Lucien reiterated what he said in the past:

“Experience is untrustworthy, imagination is untrustworthy, and nor are the models and images we imagine; math reveals everything.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 603: Urgency

“Math reveals everything, but eventually it boils down to their actual significance in arcana. We need to learn what the process is and why through mathematics, and what results we can expect according to similar patterns, instead of purely discussing mathematical questions. That’s why we explore the world and seek after the truth.” Fernando confirmed Lucien’s thought but also expressed his own opinion. “For example, until your Evans Geometry became the space-time model of the general theory of relativity, nobody had ever paid much attention to it except for the arcanists of the Tower.”

Lucien had similar opinions on the matter. “Yes, mathematics is our best tool. It is a replacement for our imagination, but in any case, it’s true that we need an explanation about the new alchemy, the internal structure of atoms and the arcana significance of quantum mechanics. While we can boldly make assumptions when we try to explain them, we must confirm them very carefully. So, I can’t give any answer yet.”

Fernando nodded slightly. “Since your mathematical approach has resolved the problem successfully, they must contain the intrinsic significance that you haven’t discovered yet.”

Then, he rubbed his eyebrow and complained. “I can finally be freed from the problems in the new alchemy such as imposed quantization conditions. They have been flying next to my ears like ten thousand flies, making me want to destroy this world. I can finally calm down and focus on the

distribution of electrons. There is so much more to explore behind the exclusion principle and the principle of minimum energy.

Although he did not compliment Lucien's research explicitly, his attitude showed that he was quite happy about it.

Lucien didn't quite agreed with his teacher, because his teacher obviously enjoyed the arguments with other people about those questions."

"Submit your paper now. The arcanists in the field of elements and alchemy are desperately looking forward to it." Fernando brought it up. "As a matter of fact, you can totally use the previous mathematical tools, which would be more reader-friendly. If you weren't my student, I would've torn off the first half of your paper and asked you to rewrite them."

In fact, your student is the one who is barraged by you the most... Lucien thought to himself and smiled, "I remembered that there were similar tools in the previous arcana system after I constructed them, but since I already made them, I decided to submit them at the same time. After the wedding is done, I'll modify them with the previous mathematical tools."

Fernando had been quite used to Lucien's weird habit. "Give it to your students. There's no need for you to waste your time on such things. Right. How is the preparation for your 'wedding' going? That's very important."

Lucien nodded solemnly. "I only need to craft the legendary items now."

"Generally speaking, even if everything is prepared, it will take at least one week to craft a legendary item. If you fail once, there won't be enough time left for you. Remember to borrow 'Thorny Crown' in such a case." Fernando reminded him. This was certainly not a time to be petty.

‘Thorny Crown’ was not as good as a unique legendary item he made himself, but it would also work.

“Even if I successfully craft one, I will still borrow it.” While Lucien could be money-mad, he knew when he should be generous. Also, Natasha’s safety was at stake.

“Alright. I need to get back to my research. Your paper reignited my passion.” Fernando praised Lucien in the end.

Master, you have always been full of passion and momentum. Every member of the Highest Council and every arcanist you have barraged can prove that... Lucien copied the paper and left the library.

Pressing his forehead, Fernando said to himself in confusion, “The multiplication of the momentum and the location is not equal to the multiplication of the location and the momentum. What’s the arcana significance in that?”

...

Forwarded by the alchemical life, Lucien’s paper soon went to Raventi and Gaston.

Raventi, whose legendary advancement had been delayed because of the difficulties in the new alchemy, was considering the wave function of electrons, when he got the paper from the ‘messenger’.

As one of the pragmatists who only acknowledged truth and experiment results, he had accepted Lucien's idea that electrons were a matter they did not know yet, instead of particles or waves.

Of course, he hadn't fully accepted it yet. All the experiment images in the past made him strongly resist the notion of electron waves. He felt that the new alchemy had reached a critical stage, and it could be declared wrong at any moment. His research progress was very slow.

Drawing the thickest paper, Raventi was suddenly shocked. "On Quantum Mechanics? By Lucien Evans X?"

Raventi did not associate the title with the new alchemy but thought that Lucien was studying the force field and the theory of relativity. "Quantum mechanics? A quantized theory of relativity?"

However, whatever the paper was about, Lucien's research product was always worth learning. Raventi began to read carefully. The matrixes at the beginning made him highly uncomfortable, not because they were difficult but because they were very confusing for him who had been used to other mathematical tools. He frowned.

But Raventi's eyebrow was stretched as he read on. He was deep in thought. The matrix was not peculiar, but the idea that Lucien showed in the paper was quite amazing!

As he read, veins bulged on his hands, and his face became rather hollow, because all the brilliance was focused in his eyes.

Suddenly, he put down the paper and calculated according to the content on the paper with his quill.

The white feather shook nonstop, and time flew by. Raventi did not remember how long he had been reading; he only knew that his heart was palpitating in excitement.

Complicated equations were calculated. The moon fell and the sun rose outside of the window.

The conditions and empirical equations of quantization were naturally inferred through the calculation and matched the experiment data perfectly! Crack. Raventi's quill broke in half.

He leaned to the back of his chair, his eyes closed and his face full of excitement and satisfaction.

After a long while, when he opened his eyes again, he discovered that the sunlight of the afternoon was bright and warm, exactly the same as his mood. He picked up his quill and wrote another letter to Morris.

"...At the beginning of this month I remarked that the new alchemy had reached the the most critical moment. It was very close to success, but it was the most dark and dangerous moment. We had to make compromises to a hypothesis that lacked actual proof. Little did I expect that the darkness would fade and the splendid throne of magic and arcana would show up. Lucien is the guy who led us through the dangerous night with mathematics. Like he once said, when we explore the unknown, we can only count on mathematics, which are like lighthouses on the sea..."

The letter that contained his excitement and the copy of the paper were delivered to Morris' magic tower.

Morris was enjoying his dinner when he received the latter. He praised the medium rare steak and opened Raventi's letter casually.

After a few quick glances, his face suddenly became rigid. Then, he blinked to his library, starting to read, calculate and consider with all of his attention.

His servants were all dumbfounded. As a thrifty person, Mr. Morris never wasted any food. What was wrong today?

It was not until the second day that Morris was liberated from the complicated confirmation. He remarked in a low voice, "After I figure out the arcana significance entailed in Lucien's theory, my cognitive world will half-solidify."

His eyes moved randomly, suddenly catching the growing grass and the spring sunlight out of the window, which made him felt exuberant vigor.

"The winter is over."

...

On April 1, Onore, a low-rank sorcerer, came to the examination field prepared by the Sorcerer Administrative Department early. Because the two invigilators were young and beautiful, he couldn't help but steal a glance at them. Then, he heard their discussion:

“Heidi, you want to apply to be a teacher at the Holt Magic College? Are you not afraid that your work in the institution will be delayed?” The lady with a black ponytail asked in confusion.

Heidi replied with a smile, “I’ve read the requirements. I only need to teach three classes every week. There will be enough free time. Also, our teacher is the principal. We have to support him one way or another. Layria, you’re not coming?”

They were now each doing their own research. Lucien barely gave them any specific tasks now after only offering them a general direction.

“You want to promote things like ‘Collection of Evans’ Mathematical Quizzes’, right?” Layria saw through Heidi’s scheme easily.

Heidi smiled joyfully and did not reply to the question. She changed the subject. “All in all, I will teach the foundation of the new alchemy.”

“The original model?” Layria was slightly stunned.

“Well, I will more or less mention the amendments.”

Well, the college will issue the textbooks about the new alchemy, right? Onore was utterly confused about the discussion in the recent half year.

After he finished the magic analysis test in the morning, he encountered Heidi and Layria again when he left. At this moment, they were full of ecstasy and excitement.

“Haha. Our teacher always has astounding achievements if he doesn’t publish papers for a long time. Now, most of the issues have been resolved.” Said Heidi delightedly and proudly.

Layria also said happily, “Although I don’t understand the specific arcana significance of the paper, it at least means that the path works. Heidi, I fear that your textbook of ‘elementary new alchemy’ has to change now. Can you teach it well? Or rather, have you completely understood the paper?”

“Well...” Heidi was lost for words.

Onore was dumbfounded, too. There were major theoretical changes again?

On his way home, he met a lot of excited arcanists and learnt what happened from them. Then, he wrote in his notebook with quite a lot of mixed feelings:

“...The development of arcanists is like a sweeping torrent that nobody can keep up with. Before the exam this morning, the invigilators, the inspectors and the sorcerers who took the test had been talking about the classic model of the new alchemy. Even the textbook was prepared as such. However, everything became different when the exam was over at noon. Everybody discussed quantum mechanics, the reconstruction of the classic model in the new alchemy, and the changes in the textbook...”

“...After only one afternoon, such great changes have happened. The original textbook has to be rewritten even before it is handed to the students. This is truly an age of myths. We have to run to keep up with the demanding pace. Thankfully, there’s a magic college that teaches us everything...”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 604: Stellar Core

Inside the Land of Truth...

Douglas deduced with Lucien's paper in his hands and compared the results with known experiment data. In the end, he put down the paper and pulled his bow-tie, before he asked in confusion, "What do those equations indicate?"

He had read the paper too many times throughout the previous days. He quite appreciated Lucien's ideas that were based on the particle nature and the discontinuity, and he was delighted that the many problems in the new alchemy were resolved. However, as time went by, his delight did not grow into satisfaction and happiness. He was not even as excited as he expected.

That was because for sorcerers, fixing one problem often meant a deeper understanding about a certain arcana field, and more specific models or patterns had been found. Lucien's quantum mechanics, on the other hand, was not so. It was true that results that agreed with actual circumstances could be achieved, and the problems and the quantum numbers recently could be included. However, there was nothing beyond that. It could neither describe the internal structure of atoms accurately nor offer the patterns within. Everybody could only be at a loss after reading it. They knew the results, but they did not know where the results came from.

The matrix was like a gate that guarded the truth of the world. It was mysterious and cold and blocked everybody outside. Although the arcanists in the field of elements and alchemy were

overjoyed, nobody else was as excited as they should've been after the many problems in the new alchemy were resolved.

"The matrix is not difficult by itself. There are similar mathematical tools in the past, but the calculation can be quite a headache when it is melted into the complicated system of the new alchemy." Douglas shook his head in amusement. "Everybody has been locked into the maze of matrix by Lucien. He cannot explain the arcana significance behind it even though he modifies it with the existing mathematical tools."

"However, in any case, we cannot deny the importance of Lucien's quantum mechanics. We just need time to figure out what is hidden below."

Instead of continuing the studies on quantum mechanics, he resumed his effort to get a precise solution to Evans equations of gravitational field. He believed that the solution must contain the mysteries of the sky and the celestial bodies.

Even the grand arcanists of his level needed to be focused on arcana. He probably would spare some of their time to study the new alchemy or the electromagnetic field, but he was still mostly dedicated to the force field and astrology, especially after the general theory of relativity gave him the hope of becoming a demigod.

Same as Douglas, most of the arcanists recognized the complexity and 'unfriendliness' of the new system after the initial excitement. It was like the most celibate lady that coldly rejected all the men who approached her, not letting them know what she thought.

More and more arcanists began to have a headache when they tried to imagine the internal model of atoms and give actual significance to Lucien's quantum mechanics.

However, they would one day regret their attempt to search for the actual significance. They would wish that Lucien had never come up with such a thing, because the truth of the world was also a 'destructive beast'!

In that regard, only several people were different.

After reading the paper, Hathaway calculated for she didn't know how long in the clean, tidy library. The red tea and cookies before her did not change at all. Then, she was deep in thought, her eyebrows furrowed, as she looked for the arcana significance of the system and why the two values did not comply with the commutative property .

After she failed to find anything for now, she immediately gave up random thinking and decided to resolve the problem of two-electron atoms based on the new system, partly to confirm the correctness of the new system and partly to find the arcana significance from real practice.

Fernando accepted Lucien's idea and abandoned the attempt to look for a model for the internal structure of atoms. He focused on the exploration of the arcana significance and combined it with his study on the distribution of electrons.

Vicente and Hellen, on the other hand, began their study by exploring the arcana significance of Lucien's quantum mechanics and the feature that electrons behave as waves.

Inside the Kingdom of Electromagnetism...

After confirming Lucien's paper, Brook nodded in approval first and then devoted himself to his work, trying to give electrons a wave function. If the problems in new alchemy could be resolved from the perspective of particles, why couldn't they be resolved from the perspective of waves?

“Did I miss something? Brook asked himself in confusion. The initial wave function was full of problems.

The more he inferred the wave function, the more he felt that Lucien was right that mathematics should be studied first.

In the Theater of Destruction, Oliver was caught in a similar situation.

.....

Because he had to wait for Douglas, Fernando, Hathaway and Raventi to give the proof on the matrix, Lucien's quantum mechanics was in fact published one month late. As a result, the experiment on electron diffraction to be published in April was postponed to May. Otherwise, the arcanists who could not understand the complicated calculations wouldn't be able to tell the value of quantum mechanics at all.

The issue of March prompted the sorcerers to contemplate on the unknown. Amazed by Lucien's amazing creation, they barely had any difficulty in accepting the idea. In the meantime, Fernando's exclusion principle made the sorcerers who were adept at elements and alchemy overjoyed. Lucien, on the other hand, was making preparations to craft a legendary item. He had also constructed 'Evans' Hand of Uncertainties' into his soul.

On April 1, when the College Entrance Exam of Advanced Magic started, Lucien arrived at the Nekso Palace and was led to the treasury of the royal family by Nekso Palace.

“I almost let Alferris know that I was coming to the treasury.” Lucien said to Natasha in amusement. The guy had ‘borrowed’ his silver moon medal ‘Superconductivity’ for ‘appreciation’.

Natasha had seen Alferris once and learnt of its greediness herself. “Hehe. He definitely wouldn’t leave the treasury again! When it saw the Holm Crown Ring on my hand, it asked me whether or not only ladies could receive such a beautiful and precious ring and men like you could only get broken ‘iron ring’. I suspect that it would’ve been married to the wealthy dragons for their wealth if it weren’t a male dragon.’

After teasing the little crystal dragon, Natasha smiled, “Which legendary material do you need?”

Natasha had told Lucien what was inside the treasury and asked him to talk to other legendary experts. Regarding that, Grand Duke of Orvarit could only shake his head with a smile. Such secrets were usually kept confidential by the king or the queen, who would not even tell their spouse.

Looking at Natasha who was wearing a white long dress, Lucien nodded his head. “The Dragon Marrow Stone. Mr. Oliver wants it in preparation for his life extension ritual in the future. He has a stellar core that is perfect to accommodate the special abilities of ‘Observer of Time and Space’.”

The Dragon Marrow Stone was from the graveyard of dragons. The essence of their decayed bodies were congregated into brown, translucent crystals. Together with the scent of death in the graveyard, the stone was given the features of both life and death. It was one of the most precious materials in the school of necromancy.

If the Dragon Marrow Stone came from a primordial dragon, it would be a legendary material and could prolong one’s life by around a thousand years. Of course, those below legendary couldn’t bear it and would die on the spot.

The Stellar Core was the ‘belonging’ of certain collapsed planets. They seemed to be of zero mass, but they could unleash powerful gravity under special circumstances. In the entire Congress of Magic, only Oliver had one of them. Douglas had gotten one, but he had already used it for his unique legendary item.

“Alright.” Natasha opened the treasury and led Lucien to the Dragon Marrow Stone without any hesitation. Although it was an extremely precious material that could extend life, she did not stop at all.

Playing with the half transparent crystal in his hand, Lucien said jokingly, “Are you not afraid that you can’t find a material to extend your longevity?”

Lucien intended to be gentle, but his words somehow became banter when he spoke them out. But of course, Lucien had already grabbed Natasha’s right hand to let her know what he felt.

Natasha declared like a knight, “I believe that I will definitely advance into legendary!”

Then, she added in a low voice, “I will definitely be a legend that is better than you!”

The determination in her last sentence somehow carried the air of grief.

Lucien immediately smiled.

.....

On April 8, two days before the wedding...

Inside the Atomic Universe, on the weird planet made of iron, Lucien was crafting his unique legendary inside the magic laboratory that was moved over.

The glittering Stellar Core was placed at the center of the magic circle. It was a clear polyhedron the size of a fist, reflecting dreamy rays on every facet.

At this moment, the Stellar Core had been melted into weird liquids. Magic materials were embedded into it from Lucien's pushing, making it writhe hard as if it were giving birth to something.

Lucien understood that the most critical moment had come. Therefore, he closed his right hand and illuminated the magic circles at the periphery according to the advancement ritual of 'Observer of Time and Space' with his spiritual power.

Everything was enshrouded in vague light. Ripples that emitted the air of time seemed to be spreading out.

Then, the light seemed to be attracted by something and collapsed by the Stellar Core all of a sudden. There was nothing but darkness and depression around.

The complicated structure and the indescribable stripes were fed back to Lucien's brain, which caught him rather unprepared since it was the first time he had crafted any legendary item.

Thankfully, he had the complete model of ‘Observer of Time and Space’ inside his cognitive world, and he could still do something.

With a mechanized mind, Lucien calmly powered the model of his legendary class with his spiritual power, allowing it to influence the process of melting.

After the difficult star was passed, Lucien got the hang of it. The spells, the gesture and the connection of spiritual power were completed one procedure after another. In the end, a cluster of silver brilliance burst out from the center of the magic circle, driving away the collapsed darkness!

After the light calmed down again, a ‘silver pocket watch’ appeared inside the broken magic circle. It was the perfect size to be grabbed by ones hand!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 605: Wedding Gift

Just like what Lucien had in mind, the silver pocket watch was in the most rigorous and mechanical style. At the center was the white dial, where mysterious symbols made of different gems represented different times. The black second hand ticked, making the sound that was echoing in everybody’s hearts. Other than that, there was also one thing special about the pocket watch, which was that there was a button on each side of the dial where it was connected to the band. The buttons were emitting metal brilliance.

It also had the cover and the decorations that other pocket watches had.

After he waved his hands, the silver pocket watch flew into Lucien's hands, and the silver chain was clipped to the buttonhole on his waistcoat automatically.

Lucien pressed and closed the cover of the pocket watch. The tick immediately stopped. He raised his thumb and opened the cover again, immediately sensing that he had been surrounded by something mysterious.

Holding the pocket watch with his right hand, Lucien noticed that the black second hand was bouncing merrily inside. He pressed the right side of the button.

After a click, the second hand immediately stopped. The colors around quickly faded away, leaving nothing but monochrome, as if everything had been slowed down except for himself. Nothing could move normally.

It was the legendary spell, 'Advanced Time Stop'!

Crack. Lucien pressed again, and all the vivid colors returned. The world became normal as the second hand moved on.

As Lucien's thumb slid up and down the edge of the pocket watch, the second hand moved faster and then slower, and the speed of the items around followed accordingly.

"This truly fits the characteristics of 'Observer of Time and Space'." Lucien then tried the button on the left side. Immediately, he saw the features of 'black' on the steady planet made of iron. Space

was curved, and the gravity within several thousand meters was extremely chaotic. Other than the spells that directly worked on the body, everything else's track had been twisted.

'Gravity Collapse' could not only deal direct damage to the target but also could be used as a crowd-control spell.

After testing his unique legendary item, Lucien was very satisfied with it. Then, according to the tradition of this world, he engraved the information of the pocket watch into its pivotal magic circle and named it.

"The Moon Timer is a level-one legendary item. Other than the sorcerers who have a deep understanding about time and space, its users must have a half-solidified cognitive world. Even the sorcerers who understand time and space very well must at least have a substantiated cognitive world. Otherwise, their body and their soul would be washed away by time, and they would age and die soon."

"The Moon Timer is a landmark of 'Observer of Time and Space'. Whoever wears it will be immune to the extraordinary abilities related to time and space below legendary. Similarly the spells they cast themselves would not be affected. Instead, such spells will be enhanced and more accurate. The users will also gain a certain amount of resistance against the time control above legendary."

"It is also the lord of time. The aging of its master would be slowed, granting another 520 years of longevity."

"The buttons on the left and the right side can replace spells. By pressing them, it is possible to perform 'Gravity Collapse' (twice every day) and 'Advanced Time Stop' (twice every day)."

“Touching the body of the pocket watch will grant the effect that is partly equal to the abilities of ‘Space Staff’ in accelerating and decelerating the time in a certain range. The number of maximal times of such an ability depends solely on the spiritual power of the user.”

“Twelve ninth-circle spells could be stored inside its dial in advance. They can be activated instantly without consuming any spiritual power.”

“Mysterious of time and space are among the deepest truths of this world. Only wisdom can see through them!”

“From: Lucien Evans.”

After a click, Lucien curled his finger and closed the cover of ‘Moon Timer’. Then, he put it inside the pocket of the brown waistcoat inside his double-breasted suit. The narrow, silver chain extended from it and connected with the buttonhole.

“Thankfully, I had the assistance of the model of my legendary class, or my first craft would’ve failed.” Lucien concluded the lessons just now and understood why the legendary sorcerers’ first legendary item often overlapped their own abilities.

After clearing the residue on the ground, Lucien heaved a sigh in relief.

“Hu. Everything is ready. All we need is to wait for the ‘guest’ to arrive now.”

...

Inside a manor at the suburb of Rentato...

A young man, in clean clothes and a top hat, got off the wagon with his companion who had a mustache. Led by the servant, they entered the living room.

There was no fire in the furnace, because it was no longer needed in the flourishing season of spring. The blue-haired and blue-eyed young man, who looked just like any other native of Holm, opened the magic refrigerator on the wall with a smile and took out a bottle of champagne that had the mark of the royal family of Tria, pouring two cups of wine.

“I have to say that the simplification and popularization of alchemical items that Lucien Evans promoted has indeed made things easier and more convenient. One can enjoy a luxurious and casual life even without magic.” Handsome and warm, he shook the champagne and relished the coolness.

The mustached guy, who was gloomy and solemn, said after a sip of the champagne. “The cabinet is already making plans to work with sorcerers to develop alchemical wagons for short-distance public transportation, which will be complementary with the magic steam train. It will be much simpler to go to most places in the future. The cabinet. Hehe. Prime Minister Russell.”

Many years ago, the sorcerers already had products similar to cement during their alchemy studies. That was why the streets of Allyn were so flat. The roads in major cities in Holm had been gradually replaced with cement ones, too.

“James and his lot are mainly pursuing the advancement on the path of knighthood. They are only interested in returns and do not want to work as a busy Prime Minister... I’m told that Russell is

planning to establish a certain mail system based on such a public transportation system, transforming messengers into a department of the kingdom... I can imagine how prosperous and civilized Holm will be. Kritonia, had you foreseen such changes, would you have been inclined to the Congress of Magic in the beginning?" The handsome young man tore Kritonia's scars unconcernedly.

The mustached young man turned out to be Kritonia, 'Heart of Time'! He seemed to be under perfect disguise!

Kritonia was not infuriated. He looked at the black-haired young man and said, "It's pointless to regret what you have done. Banham, I didn't know that you had a private manor in this place."

"As a night watcher, I have my own life, too." Banham, 'Original Fire', chuckled.

The name was made up by him so that it would be easier for Kritonia to call him.

After the remarks, the room fell into silence. It was not until a long time later that Kritonia said, "Are we really going to take action during Lucien Evans' wedding? Even when they are the most heavily guarded, there will still be Hathaway who is at the peak of legendary. Neither of us can stop Hathaway. Why don't we wait a while longer?"

"The most heavily guarded moment is also the moment when people are most likely to be careless. In other words, we don't have to worry about any other legendary sorcerers except Hathaway. Also, I have finished my 'preparations'." Banham looked rather at ease. "In fact, I almost took action when Lucien intentionally lured us to attack him the last couple of times, but I had to wait before my preparations were accomplished. After they were finally done two months ago, he simply stopped coming out."

“Preparations?” Kritonia frowned. He had been contacting Banham remotely and did not meet the guy in person until a couple of days ago.

The Original Fire chuckled. “I’ll tell you the details before our operation. Hehe. They will be wary of you, me and the other legendary experts of the Church, but they don’t know that somebody else is coming...”

“Who is it?” Asked Kritonia solemnly. He had to ensure his own safety first. Unexpected forces or experts were always worrisome.

“Why do you think I joined the Church?” Instead of giving an answer, the Original Fire asked back.

Kritonia snorted. “Are you going to tell me?”

“No, so you can stop asking.” The Original Fire shook the cup in his hands. “Rest assured. They will definitely be separated from the legendary sorcerers of the Congress of Magic briefly. We will have enough time to take action and retreat.”

Kritonia nodded. “Have you eliminated the insidious dangers with prophecy?”

“Lucien and Natasha have been looked after by Fernando and Hathaway. My astrology only tells me that they do not pose a threat to us. As for the rest, we can only make conclusions based on intelligence and other traces. His Holiness has also asked with prayer. The result is more or less the same. There’s no need to worry. We will be able to escape even if there are accidents.” The Original Fire was rather confident, although he was only level-one legendary and the best legendary items he had were only level two.

Kritonia looked at Banham in confusion, wondering why he was so confident in his 'preparations'. He secretly made up his mind that if the 'preparations' were not satisfactory enough for him, he would immediately withdraw. So, he was more or less relaxed and said, "It still can be dangerous. Although neither of them is legendary, they have the Congus Ring, the legendary items awarded by the Congress of Magic, the Shield of Truth, and the Sword of Truth. Those can also pose a threat to us. We cannot be careless."

When Grand Duke of Orvarit left Aalto, he took away the Shield of Truth 'by the way'. Although he could not lift it, it was possible for him to put it into a storage bag.

"Yes. Lucien and Natasha always create miracles. They escaped from the pursuit of the Demigod-lich when they were only in the senior rank. We cannot be careless." Banham nodded in approval, his smile gone. "We cannot waste time talking to them, we cannot hesitate, we cannot think about capturing them alive, and we must give a fatal blow to them as soon as possible. Alright, Kritonia, go to take a rest now. I'm going to study arcana."

"You? You study arcana?" Kritonia was more or less stunned.

The Original Fire shook his head with a smile. "My cognitive world was broken and solidified back in the age of the ancient Magic Empire. That's why my strength never grew over the past thousand years. I thought decades ago that the situation couldn't be any worse even if I tried learning arcana, and that I could possibly find a way to reshape my cognitive world. Look, even His Holiness can learn arcana to modify his divine powers. Why can't I?"

Then, Kritonia finally understood why the Original Fire's strength hadn't grown for almost a thousand years. He should've already advanced into level two after such a long time, considering that the Demigod-lich was also a sorcerer with ancient heritage but it only took him three hundred years to become legendary.

The Original Fire looked out of the window, smiling: “I hope that our ‘wedding gift’ will satisfy them.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 606: Wedding

On April 10, the sky was blue and everything was basked in the warm sunlight under the gentle breeze, which made them feel slightly lazy.

The square outside of the Nekso Palace had been surrounded by the Sword of Truth’s Knights, who were covered in full silver armor. They blocked the citizens that had swarmed over.

“They’re here! They’re here!” There was no telling who shouted first, but the crowd suddenly fell quiet and focused their eyes on the central avenue that was defended by the Verdict Knights.

Many black wagons that had been painted with the emblem of fire of arcana, pulled by the selected silver Dragon Scale horses, moved onto the outer square of the Nekso Palace.

Tall gentlemen and ladies got off the wagons, wearing the most popular clothes of Holm. Had it not been for the arcana and magic badges on their chest, they would’ve convinced anybody that they were mystery sorcerers, but they only left the impression that they were the upper society who led the trend of fashion.

“They’re gorgeous. The sorceresses are not nearly as pale and slim as the Church described. They are just like any other lady.” A young man was dazzled.

Although there were plenty of sorcerers and apprentices in Rentato, they never revealed their identity in public, so most of the citizens did not know what sorcerers actually looked like at all. Their stereotype that was imbued by the Church had gradually been twisted by Arcana Voice.

A girl nearby, as her eyes widened, also said. “That’s right. I always thought that sorcerers were supposed to be pale, dry, stinky, and liked dissecting bodies at night... Now I realize I was wrong.”

The intelligence workers of the Congress of Magic chuckled in the crowd. Their reaction was exactly what the Highest Council wanted to achieve. Evans’ wedding had been considered a great occasion to display the new image of sorcerers. That was why the most attractive arcanists had been selected as Evans’ guards, and most of the necromancers of the Hand of Paleness had been asked to stay in Heidler city. It was expected that all the ordinary people learn that sorcerers represented civilization.

“But I’m told that the sorceresses in the past are particularly good at alluring people...” Some other men said regretfully.

In the meantime, some girls were feeling pitiful, too. “Don’t you think it’s very cool that a pale, handsome gentleman dissects a corpse attentively? Like Mr. Felipe...”

Regarding that, the intelligence could only shake their heads. It was true that everybody had a different taste. After they were adapted to the sorcerers’ new image, the mysteriousness of sorcerers had to be invoked again.

After the sorcerers all stood on the two sides of the red carpet, the crowd realized that they hadn't seen Lucien Evans, the star of the show today.

When they were confused, roars echoed in the sky, so terrifyingly that everybody shivered in front of the top creature.

Then, the blue sky became dark because a pair of gigantic wings appeared and a translucent shadow fell and landed at the center of the square.

"A dragon!" Somebody shouted.

Living in the capital of the kingdom that was heavily guarded they only knew dragons from tales and news programs.

The dragon held its hideous head high proudly, reflecting the sunlight with its crystal-like scales. Everybody somehow felt that it was beautiful, too!

After the brief shock, somebody pointed at the back of the dragon. "Is there somebody over there?"

"Oh, has Mr. Evans arrived on a dragon? So cool!"

While they uttered their admiration, a kind girl said in a low voice, “Dragons are intelligent creatures. Will they feel humiliated if they are mounted?”

Alferis looked at her and decided that such humiliation should come as often as possible. It drooled when it thought of the glittering gold that it ‘borrowed’, considering whether it should start the business of ‘dragon knight’ in the spare time.

On the back of the crystal dragon, a young man in a black tailcoat flew down and stopped at the front of the red carpet. His face was handsome, and his eyes were deep and dark like a lake that attracted the soul.

“As expected of a great musician!”

“He’s exactly like what the tales described!”

...

The gentlemen and ladies complimented in satisfaction. It was more splendid than they imagined.

Unhurriedly, Lucien walked into the Nekso Palace on the carpet.

The Original Fire, who was hiding in the crowd, nodded at Kritonia. “Hathaway, Winston, and a few other legends are here. We will wait for the opportunity when they are only protected by Hathaway.”

After that, he exited the crowd and vanished.

Kritonia was grim. He had known the Original Fire's preparations and knew that the odds of success were high, but how did the guy get the connections? Through himself or the Church?

Taking a deep breath, he suppressed his doubts and stared at the Nekso Palace, because there was no turning back now.

...

After passing through the palaces, Lucien reached the queen's bedroom. He was amazed by Natasha who was in a white wedding dress.

She had often worn white dresses or knight suits before, but those clothes were too simple. The hazy laces, the fluffy hemline and the pure gloves made her look like a purple-haired angel that was glowing.

"Am I beautiful?" Natasha chuckled. When she spoke, the sacred feeling was gone, and she was still the resolute knight.

Seeing that Grand Duke of Orvarit, Granny Hathaway and Aunt Camil were eyeing him, Lucien found it impossible to be as casual as usual. He blushed and said, "You are beautiful."

Natasha raised her eyebrow in satisfaction and looked at Grand Duke of Orvarit giving mixed feelings. “Father, you will finally see me married.”

Greatly relieved, Grand Duke of Orvarit patted Natasha’s hands. “I’ve finally seen you in a wedding dress. You are as gorgeous as your mother. From today on, you will have your own family. Great, very great.”

“I will always be your daughter.” Natasha blinked and said in a smile.

Grand Duke of Orvarit turned to Lucien. “You are a warrior who removed my worries. I hope that you will always love and look after her in the future.”

Since Natasha was the queen, there was a ritual similar to a wedding inside the Nekso Palace, except that the role of the priest had been replaced by Grand Duke of Orvarit. It would’ve been too hilarious if the Highest Council let the clerics of the Saint Truth host the wedding.

“I will, in the name of arcana and magic.” Lucien said sincerely.

Grand Duke of Orvarit spoke to Natasha again. “You will become his wife. I hope you will always understand and accompany him.”

“I will, in the name of the Lord and knighthood.” Natasha nodded heavily, declaring as a knight.

Grand Duke of Orvarit smiled and put Natasha's left hand in Lucien's hands. "In the name of her father, I bring her to you. Bless your new family."

Holding Natasha's hand, Lucien paid respect to her father, Granny Hathaway and Aunt Camil, and then went out of the Nekso Palace with her.

Passing through the palaces and the garden, they reached the gate of the Nekso Palace.

The man was handsome and steady, and the lady was sacred and glorious. The beautiful couple stunned the two groups of knights and the crowd, who fell quiet to appreciate the view.

Lucien and Natasha raised their crossed hands together!

Exclamations immediately rose:

"Long live the queen!"

"Long live His Excellency Evans!"

The area around the Nekso Palace was immediately roiling with cheers.

...

In the next instant, for safety reasons, Lucien and Natasha went to a platform for the magic steam train instead of riding on the crystal dragon again under the protection of Hathaway. Winston and the rest of them stayed in the company of Grand Duke of Orvarit and other nobles for their security.

Wu! 'Klaus' moved. In the most heavily guarded carriage, Lucien, Natasha, Hathaway, Grand Duke of Orvarit and Camil were left alone. Winston and other nobles were in other carriages.

"Very powerful defense circles have been deployed here." Natasha was very excited; both for the wedding and for the upcoming battle.

Hathaway preferred to stay quiet whenever possible. She looked at Lucien.

Lucien smiled. "It's only equal to the ninth circle and not nearly as good as the defense of the City in the Sky."

"Is that so?" Natasha looked around and asked curiously when she had questions.

Rentato was not far away from Allyn. The magic steam train finished half of the journey very soon.

Natasha looked at Lucien in confusion. They were already close to Allyn. Had the enemy given up?

After they reached Allyn, Lucien couldn't be killed even if the pope arrived in person.

Lucien was about to respond when a crack appeared inside the carriage. The frozen black, white and grey spread out, blasting Hathaway, Grand Duke of Orvarit, Camil, Lucien and Natasha!

A crack of the World of Souls?

The deadly colors raged like a surging river, expanding the crack quickly, which consumed Lucien and Natasha without giving them any time to react.

Hathaway transferred Grand Duke of Orvarit and Camil to a different carriage without any hesitation. Because she had no time to dodge, and the attack did not contain any damage, she was consumed by the crack, too.

After only one moment, the carriage became empty, and the monochrome crack quickly disappeared.

Inside the World of Souls, a complicated magic circle had been deployed next to the rail. On top of the magic circle were three terrifying experts.

One of them was a tall mummy that was enshrouded in yellowish cloth with a gold crown on the head, and one was a skeleton in a magic robe, whose head was surrounded by spinning stones.

Lucien recognized them the moment he saw them:

“The Primordial Mummy! The Lich King!”

“Is the World of Souls taking part in this, too?”

The third of them was a brilliantly smiling young man. It was exactly the Original Fire!

Looking at Lucien, Natasha, and Hathaway, he sneered, “Have you forgotten that the World of Souls overlaps the main material world? We can bridge them with magic easily!”

Natasha felt that everything around her was slowed down. No. She felt that the Primordial Mummy, the Lich King, and the Original Fire were so fast that she couldn’t capture them at all. In the meantime, a glittering river fell from the sky and slashed at her.

It was Kritonia, Heart of Time!

Seeing that the Primordial Mummy and the Lich King stopped Hathaway, the Original Fire cast spells on Lucien who had been slowed.

Right then, his eyes slightly constricted as he saw that Lucien, who was wearing a black tailcoat and a bow-tie of the same color, had brought out a silver pocket watch at some point. The black second hand was ticking, and the gems in different colors were glittering. The tiny chain of the watch emitted vague, silver brilliance.

It was still colorful? A legendary expert? A legendary item?

In the World of Souls, only legends could retain their original colors! Also, he had never heard of such a legendary item before.

When did Lucien advance into legendary?

Greatly shocked, Banham, ‘Original Fire’, cast the spell:

“Fire of Soul!”

Inside his pupils, Lucien smiled like the most courteous gentleman, before his right thumb pressed the silver pocket watch in his hand.

Crack!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 607: A Swarm of Spells

Crack!

As the crisp sound echoed, the blackness around quickly faded away. The colors on every legend vanished, leaving the lackluster greyness. The pure Fire of Soul was frozen, and the Original Fire endured the posture of performing magic.

As for the rest of them, Kritonia was slashing much more slowly, but he was still moving, and Hathaway was struggling to approach Natasha, with blue and grey colors lingering on his body.

The experts who were immune to Time Stop were very rare, and still fewer were those who could resist Advanced Time Stop!

That was why Time Stop had always been the most difficult ninth-circle to learn. Those who grasped 'Advanced Time Stop' had to be legends in time and space. In the entire Congress of Magic, Brook was the only one who could perform it until Douglas understood the relationship between gravity and space-time. Oliver had a good chance to pick it up later, too.

Looking at the Original Fire who was covered in greyness, Lucien suddenly summoned his spiritual power.

The enemy would be in a different time and space when they were under ‘Time Stop’, and he couldn’t directly affect them, but the duration was enough for him to cast multiple spells. When the Time Stop was over, the Original Fire would embrace a storm!

In case that the Original Fire was immune to the spells below the ninth circle, Luxury Cracking did not choose them but simply performed ‘Cracking (Advanced)’, time and time again!

After five times of ‘Cracking (Advanced)’, the frozen black second hand of the Moon Timer began to tick. However, it was not moving regularly but jumping forward, pointing at the mysterious symbols made of gems.

As a result, Lucien activated eight ninth-circle spells that had been stored inside before much faster than usual. There were Cracking (Advanced) as well as spells among them!

In the end, as a precaution that the Original Fire might have equipment that provided immunity to some of the ninth-circle spells, Lucien chanted:

“Space Staff!”

Unpredictable light rippled and gathered in Lucien’s hands, like the scepter of a king. After he nodded, the space around the Original Fire was frozen. He waited for the effect of ‘Time Stop’ to be over.

He had hardly performed the legendary spell when the fading blackness came back. The eternal black, white and grey covered the World of Souls again.

The colors on the Original Fire were refreshed. The red, green, white and purple flames bouncing on his magic robe were particularly eye-catching.

He didn't expect that Lucien had already advanced into legendary and would boast a pocket watch that could cast 'Advanced Time Stop'. His eyes constricting, he was braced for a salvo of spells.

"Three legendary spells are not enough to kill you!"

"The spells below the ninth circle cannot affect me!"

"I am immune to Confinement, too!"

His mind sparkled. The Original Fire was hit by a tide of spells before he had the chance to cast any spell. He could only resist them with the spells that he enhanced himself with in advance. As the final security measure, he still had three life-preserving, innate spells!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Light glowed on the Original Fire like fireworks, only to be torn into shreds by the swarm of 'Cracking (Advanced)'.

“He has indeed advanced into legendary!”

If it weren't cast by a legendary sorcerer, most magic effects on his body couldn't be destroyed at all!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The level-eight and level-nine items broke apart into grey powder under ‘Cracking (Advanced)’.

“Why is he casting so many times of ‘Cracking (Advanced)’?”

Although the spells came at the same time, the Original Fire had thought of a lot of things. He suddenly had a bad feeling, but after Time Stop, the spells that Lucien cast earlier overwhelmed him. He couldn't perform any magic at all!

The magic effects were nullified, and the alchemical items were broken. Suddenly, the Original Fire discovered that the space around him was twisting into a maze, but his last alchemical item blinked and offset the space-time change.

“A Maze attached with magic deferment?”

“He has been trying to trap me in a maze so that he can wait for reinforcements to come?”

“Is his Maze a ninth-circle special skill?”

Hardly had he thought of that when the space around him was twisted again. Lucien had prepared more than one Maze with magic delay!

This time, the Original Fire, having lost all his magic effects and alchemical items, couldn't resist it anymore, and found himself in a spacious temple.

The Original Fire snorted angrily. Maze and Confinement were always most troublesome in a battle. By the time he got out of the maze, it was possible that a bunch of legendary sorcerers would be waiting for him outside.

Creating a time gap was the best effect of such spells!

“I've seen too many special mazes. Even the mazes that His Excellency Thanos created himself didn't take me more than twenty seconds. Let's see what you've got!”

The legendary staff in his hands, that was as red as fire, glimmered as he blasted the framework of the maze trying to set himself free as soon as possible so that he could help Kritonia purge Lucien!

It was a shame that Lucien was already a legendary sorcerer. While the special maze was only a ninth-circle spell, it was as steady as a legendary spell. He couldn't break through it for the time being.

At this moment, he had captured the whole look of the maze. It was an empty palace, and the exit was the gate. There were no disguises or a second way out.

“Is it a puzzle?” The Original Fire tried to break the structure while he walked to the gate, only to discover that a few lines of words were written on the water screen on the gate.

“Welcome to Evans’ Maze of Quizzes. You can walk out of this place as long as you answer five quizzes correctly. Before you answer any of them, note that you have three ways of asking for help. Firstly, you can ask for another quiz. Secondly, you can consult the mysterious existence with magic. Thirdly, you can ask the audience... Well, sorry, there is no audience here...”

The Original Fire’s veins bulged. It was a humiliation. Was Lucien Evans so confident of his maze?

Having no time to read the long introduction, he began to solve the puzzles.

“The first question. A barber in a town once said that ‘I shave those and only those who do not shave themselves’. So should he shave himself?”

The Original Fire was immediately stunned. He thought quickly but couldn’t find an appropriate answer. His brain almost exploded because of the logical contradiction.

“Change the question.” He said gloomily, while he tried hard to break the maze.

“The second question. Please prove that every even number that is greater than 2 can be written as the summation of two prime numbers.”

...

Not having the slightest clue, the Original Fire hurried to consult the mysterious existences with prophecy, only to be answered with nothing. It made him curse in a low voice. “Change the question!”

“I’m sorry, but you can only change the question once.”

“...” The Original Fire burst into fury. His eyes bloodshot, he destroyed the maze with magic and spared some of his attention to the question.

As time went by, a miserable and angry roar suddenly exploded inside the maze:

“Ass*ole!”

His voice seemed to be containing certain doubts about his intellectual faculties.

...

On the rail between Rentato and Allyn, the magic steam train pressed forward as if nothing had happened. Grand Duke of Orvarit and Camil, who were transferred by Hathaway earlier, did not understand what had happened. They could only contact the Lord of Storm as per Lucien's instruction before the wedding.

After the line was connected, before Grand Duke of Orvarit said anything, the other side of the line spoke fast. "I got it."

On the thirty-third floor of the Allyn, Fernando, in his red magic robe, chanted the spell, with a storm surfacing in his eyes:

"Regather!"

Sensing the waves of the magic, Douglas also chanted on the thirty-fourth floor:

"Regather!"

'Regather', aside from being triggered passively, could also be cast voluntarily to regather around the target that was set earlier!

However, if the distance was too far, it might not be as fast as a direct space jump. It was only suitable for the scenario where the target's coordinates were unclear!

Fernando and Douglas were surrounded by swirls of air currents before they vanished.

...

After 'Advanced Time Stop' was over, Hathaway recovered first, but the Primordial Mummy and the Lich King weren't any slower.

One of them was a melee undead creature that was immune to plenty of spells, and the other was a spectral sorcerer that had a myriad of weird spells. They were the dominators of the area outside of the Temple of Spirits.

The Lich King's spells, in particular, were different from the current arcana system but close to what the ancient sorcerers were capable of. It was a pity that he was faced with a grand arcanist who had profound magic knowledge. She had cracked all his spells easily.

Therefore, Hathaway had suppressed both of them, though she had only become top legendary two years ago.

Also, Hathaway did not seem interested in assisting Natasha, or maybe it was because she was too busy suppressing the two legendary specters. She stopped approaching Natasha.

Kritonia's longsword slashed Natasha after Time Stop, but it merely passed through her as if she were a shadow.

Countless cracks appeared on Natasha, before she broke apart like a mirror. She then appeared far away, with an additional small and delicate shield in her hands. There was also a weirdly-shaped crown that seemed to be made of starlight above her veil.

“A real illusion!”

It triggered the effect of the Thorny Crown!

Lucien felt that it was somewhat similar to the gravitational lens. The moment Natasha was consumed by the crack, she immediately activated the Thorny Crown according to the plan.

She was only a gold knight and could take two legendary items at most, so she did not bring out the Sword of Truth.

After the first attack failed, Kritonia noticed that the Original Fire had been trapped by Lucien’s Maze and that Lucien had advanced into legendary. Greatly shocked, the very first idea he had was to flee immediately!

But his battle experience calmed him down. Although the Original Fire was trapped and Lucien had become legendary, the experts of the World of Souls had stalled Hathaway, too. Under such circumstances, should he, a level-three legendary knight, be scared of a newly-advanced legend and a gold knight, even though they both had powerful items?

“I’ll leave if I cannot finish Lucien and Natasha in thirty seconds!”

He set a time limit for himself in case he was surrounded by reinforcements and Hathaway after she got rid of her enemies. Also, he was very confident about his power of time and believed that it could disrupt most of the life-preserving spells.

“Space Staff!” Lucien’s low voice echoed again, as he took action to help Natasha.

The space around Kritonia was immediately frozen as if it were about to cage him inside.

You are dealing with me with the power of time of such a level? In a mocking smile, Kritonia, wearing a black tuxedo, seemed to be wandering in a different time and space and directly walked out of the frozen space, before he slashed at Lucien with his glistening longsword!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 608: Bloody Rose

Wearing the black tuxedo, Kritonia seemed to be a traveler of time that was roaming in different worlds. He ambled through Lucien’s frozen space as if the space barrier of such a level was nothing at all for him.

Holding the glistening longsword, he passed the long-distance forged by the monotonous black, white and grey after only one step and blinked at the edge of Lucien's spiritual field, giving the feeling that time was fleeting unstoppably under the silence.

A pure slash was also affecting the mind. That was the strength of a legendary knight!

After he slashed, Lucien felt that everything around him had been slowed down, like slow motion in the movies, except for the sword that was washing and burying the world like a lightning.

Over time, even a planet would walk to the end of its life one day!

Kritonia was very satisfied with the attack. It had been a long time since he launched such a gratifying attack. However, the deterrence of Hathaway, the unexpected advancement of Lucien, and the upcoming reinforcement gave him such enormous pressure that he forgot his body conditions, his family and his remaining longevity. He burnt his life and soul again and resumed his peak status.

He could finish Winston last year partly because the strength gaps between the different levels of legendary were not huge, and partly because he couldn't carry out his full ability due to the aging of his body and his mind. However, he was 'Heart of Time', who executed two legendary sorcerers, one projection of Demon Lord, one legendary sea monster, and one dark legendary knight!

Until the Congress of Magic expanded, 'Heart of Time' Kritonia had been a synonym of legends and epics on this side of the Storm Strait!

The attack seemed to be even more powerful with his gratification. The mud on the dark ground turned into grey dust.

Tick, tock. Kritonia suddenly heard a sound that was not affected by his power of time. The silver pocket watch in Lucien's hand was still recording time accurately despite his influence.

The black tailcoat, the black bow-tie, the silver pocket watch... Lucien did not seem to be in a battle of legends but in a party of nobles, where he opened his pocket watch casually when a beautiful lady asked the time.

Crack!

Heavy pressure emerged out of nowhere, and the blackness around intensified. The sword that buried everything was attracted by the gravity when it almost hit Lucien, distorted and leaning sideways.

“Hehe!”

The colors in Kritonia's eyes were gone as if a river of time was surging forward inside. He exerted his strength and got free from the collapse of gravity, allowing the sword to slash Lucien again after a curve.

“Elemental Protection!” In the time gap created by gravity collapse, Lucien cast the spell. Countless spots of elements glowed on the Robe of Grand Arcanists, gathering into a translucent shield of light that blocked ‘Heart of Time’.

Hualala. The sound of flowing water echoed. The different parts of 'Elemental Protection' suddenly changed, conflicting with each other due to the different speeds and were dissolving quickly under the sword.

However, it fulfilled its destiny to block one of Kritonia's best attacks. Lucien took the opportunity to blink far away and lock onto him.

'Vengeful Gaze!' Lucien's voice sounded difficult and prolonged. It was because the spell was attached with 'Hand of Uncertainties'!

Although he tricked the Original Fire by hiding his abilities and with his 'Moon Timer', the reinforcement of the Congress would be delayed because of the enemy's cooperation with the World of Souls. It was difficult for him to stop Kritonia from running. Kritonia was immune to the space-time spells below legendary. That was why he chose to trick the Original Fire instead of him earlier.

Also, based on various sources of intelligence, he previously concluded that Kritonia was not as strong as level three of legendary, and it wouldn't be too dangerous for him to stall the enemy. However, it turned out that the guy was as dangerous as when he was young.

Lucien's right hand suddenly turned red like the most beautiful ruby. Then, a bloody, frozen ray of light darted out so fast that there was no time for reaction.

However, the red ray seemed to be reaching a different world after hitting Kritonia. Deviating in the watery time, it bypassed Kritonia and left a huge hole on the mountain behind him!

How incredible was that?

Kritonia sneered, it wouldn't be so easy to break his defense. Were it that simple, he would've perished in the battles of legends in the past!

Also, you have just advanced into legendary, and the power of your magic is still far from enough!

He did not blink again but started to melt with his longsword.

In the gloomy, silent black, white and grey; an unpredictable, clear light rose like the first beam of sunlight in the morning, illuminating the world and slashing at Lucien, not restricted by the distance in between at all.

“Undead Rampart!” Since the Robe of Grand Arcanists was still cooling down, Lucien used the Congus Ring.

Wu! Wu! Wu! The spell seemed to have been enhanced in the World of Souls. Countless ghosts and specters gathered into a wall of limbs, where the faces of the soul showed miserable expressions.

The light of the sword, however, turned into an elegant curve and slashed at Natasha who was on the other side!

Even though he had the power of time, it would take him a lot of time to kill a sorcerer, but killing a gold knight was much more simple!

Even though the Shield of Truth could be used passively, she could not raise it more than three times!

Kritonia, who had tricked Lucien into casting a spell, slashed Natasha who could barely move with the Shield of Truth, his hands steady and not shivering at all.

Natasha slightly bowed and raised the tiny, black shield above. Her face was solemn, mixed with the intense will of fighting.

Clang!

In a dull noise, Natasha seemed to be in a different world under the cover of the Shield of Truth. She was intangible and undamageable!

The shield was known as the best defense. According to Lucien's observation, it seemed to be associated with 'God's Guard'.

After blocking Kritonia's attack, Natasha gritted her teeth, with cold sweat pouring out. It could be seen that both of her legs and her hands were shivering. It was obvious very burdensome for her.

She wouldn't be able to resist it if similar attacks came another two times!

Not giving Lucien a chance to lock onto him, Kritonia changed his direction and continued to attack Natasha after the first slash.

Right then, he heard the tick-tock again.

Inside the complicated silver watch, the black second hand was moving joyfully, pointing at the mysterious symbols made of gems of different colors. Lucien pressed it with his finger, and then the second hand was frozen as if the watch had been broken.

The greyness drove the blackness away again, and the area seemed to have entered a different time and space. Everything was so quiet and colorless, save the bright blue and silver clothes on Hathaway.

The grey Kritonia did not stop but slashed his longsword slowly. It could help him resist the attacks when the effect of Time Stop was over.

His eyes gloomy and dark, Lucien chanted:

“Vengeful Gaze!”

Same as before, ‘Hand of Uncertainties’ was attached to it, and his eye shot out the red ray again like a ruby. However, the ray could not affect Kritonia who was in a different time and space right now.

After he cooled down, Lucien cast his spell once again:

“Vengeful Gaze!”

It was another Hand of Uncertainties and another red ray. Because it took him longer to cast the spells, the effect of Time Stop did not give Lucien enough time to cast a third spell.

Hardly had Kritonia seen the ‘reappearance’ of the monochrome World of Souls when two red rays darted at him at the same time!

However, having slightly dodged it, there was still a chance for him to react. The space around him rippled like water. Then, the two ‘Vengeful Gazes’ traveled to a different world just like before and did not return until they passed Kritonia’s body, leaving holes in the mountains far away.

There’s a gap between two levels. You only just advanced and learned the magic. Why do you think you can break my defense?

You might as well transfer your wife when you have the time to attack!

Kritonia snorted and continued to attack Natasha. He sensed that Natasha should be reaching her limits after the attack!

However, he also felt deeply fatigued. His physical strength was fading away, making it impossible for him to remain the three of level-three legendary anymore.

Although he mastered the power of time, he still couldn't outlive time.

"Elemental Protection!"

Suddenly, Hathaway's cold and clear voice came out.

She took the attacks of the Primordial Mummy and the Lich King the hard way in order to cast defense on Natasha.

The light fluttered, and the two legendary specters took the opportunity to suppress Hathaway. However, the two of them had been heavily wounded, too. Except for the gold crown and the 'gems' around the head, all the other magic items had been broken. Even the cloth on the mummy had been damaged, revealing the rotten flesh that was as dark as iron.

Such a battle was more than painstaking.

Smiling, Kritonia was much more reassured. He had been worried that Hathaway was tricking him to stay, but right now, after his attack towards Natasha, Hathaway had been finally stalled by the enemy for real!

The slowly flowing time turned sharp all of a sudden, showing that it could destroy everything. Taking advantage of Lucien's cooldown, Kritonia continued attacking Natasha.

The sword caused different speeds and changes, and the different spots of light inside the light shield were twisting. It was about to be broken under one more attack.

“Vengeful Gaze!”

The cold voice entered Kritonia’s ears and confused him. Was Lucien out of his mind? Why was he still attacking when he had a chance to transfer Natasha?

Lucien’s right hand turned crimson, like Silver Moon Alterna’s ruby eye in the tales. A ray was shot at Kritonia instantly.

The space around Kritonia rippled like water unpredictably. The familiar feeling of defense made him curl his lips.

But all of a sudden, the smile on his lips was frozen because the red ray was not twisted but had hit his chest precisely!

Zi. After a feeble noise, Kritonia’s chest was pierced through by the ray, replaced by a shocking hole, irrecoverable hollow.

How is it possible?

He's only a level-one legend. How can he break my defense?

Even if I have fallen to level two of legendary, I couldn't have been pierced through so easily!

I would have to be 'washed' by Luxury Cracking first because 'Vengeful Gaze' can work on me!

The paralysis effect brought by 'Vengeful Gaze' rigidified Kritonia in midair, his eyes full of shock.

At this moment, Hathaway, who had realized the new situation, abandoned her defense and simply allowed the Primordial Mummy and the Lich King to attack her. Although she was unaware of the effect of Lucien's magic beforehand, she cast a spell calmly:

"Luxury Cracking!"

Crack, crack, crack. The light on Kritonia collapsed, and the longsword had tiny dents, too.

After being hit by three level-three legendary specters, the passive spells on Hathaway such as Magic Order, Spell Trigger and Spell Sequencer were activated, allowing her to disappear and reappear in a different direction.

Because of the influence of 'Luxury Cracking', the paralysis inside Kritonia was gone, but a tall shadow was suddenly reflected in his eyes.

In the white wedding dress, the sacred and beautiful Natasha, with intense fighting will power, abandoned the Shield of Truth, the Thorny Crown, and all the defense, and dedicated all her attention to the silver longsword in her hands.

After the attack, I will have no more defense!

After the attack, one of us will die!

The determination and courage cast Kritonia into a trance, he felt that he had seen himself years ago.

Yes. He was once so tough, stubborn and full of knighthood, but when did he turn into a rotten old man who was scared of death?

The silver sword flashed, and Kritonia had no time to resist it at all. Then, he saw Natasha's pure wedding dress was stained with red traces that looked like a bloody rose.

"Is this my blood?" Kritonia suddenly had a weird feeling of relief, before he fell into the deepest darkness.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 609: Resolution

After the silver sword flashed, Natasha appeared behind Kritonia's back, with a long wound on her right abdomen. The blood with certain silver purple colors flowed out. The counterattack of the power of 'Heart of Time' had already hurt her badly.

The wound recovered particularly slowly as if it were corrupted by time. Together with the fatigue after using a legendary item, Natasha found it impossible to stand where she was. She fell on one of her knees and supported herself with her longsword. Her hands that were wearing the transparent silk gloves trembled violently like an old man.

Kritonia, who floated in midair, seemed undamaged, except that his face was frozen, and the previous shock was still lingering there.

Suddenly, an illusionary wound that did not seem to belong to this world appeared and expanded into countless tiny cracks. In the next, blood splashed and left crimson spots on Natasha's white wedding dress, like roses that were blossoming on snow.

As the stink of blood spread out, Kritonia heaved a sigh, and his body fell apart into countless pieces of flesh, furthering dying Natasha's wedding dress red.

A badge hit the ground. At the center of the badge was a long river of time that surrounded a heart. It represented the glory of the Kritonia family.

The badge was enshrouded by blood, as if it were Kritonia's last concern.

The blood glistened and dripped from the badge like flowing water, but it did not seem to be stopping anytime soon.

After another crack, the longsword, 'Heart of Time', fell on the grey sand. The storage bag, having lost the support of the legendary power, dropped before Natasha in monotonous black and grey.

Natasha was exhausted, and all her wounds were hurting. However, she was so excited that her soul seemed to have been melted into her blood.

"I've finally killed Kritonia and avenged my uncle!"

The attack seemed simple, but it weren't for the paralysis from Lucien's 'Vengeful Gaze' and Granny Hathaway's 'Luxury Cracking', it wouldn't have been possible for her to hit the enemy. If they attacked each other, she would've been killed for sure.

Of course, as a gold knight, Natasha also keenly recognized that she overpowered Kritonia towards the end, which slowed him down when he defended himself. Otherwise, she would've suffered much heavier wounds, and since she had lost all her life-preserving methods, she would die for real if she were killed!

What the attack needed to overcome was the fear of death. She had to create a path of survival by confronting it.

Lucien was relieved and did not cast his 'Elemental Protection' after all. It was meant to add another layer of defense to Natasha at the critical moment. He certainly wouldn't watch his wife die.

The Lich King and the Primordial Mummy foresaw Kritonia's ending when they saw Natasha's attack. Therefore, instead of pursuing Hathaway who had blinked away, the Lich King chanted a weird spell.

The gems around his head were suddenly gone, and the intense greyness of death spread out, enshrouding the environment.

Then, the greyness was gone, and so were the two legendary spectres.

If they did not flee before Hathaway caught her breath, they would never be able to flee!

They could certainly make such a conclusion!

Lucien had only half of his spiritual power left after casting Vengeful Gaze four times with Hand of Uncertainties. However, he did not waste time in having drugs to recover himself, because Hathaway was no longer occupied. The Original Fire was not a big deal anymore.

In the realm of legends, a gap of two levels was already too huge to be neglected, not to mention three levels!

If Kritonia hadn't been too old, and he had powerful assistants such as the Robe of Grand Arcanists, the Moon Timer and the Hand of Uncertainties, he would have been suppressed by Kritonia even if he attacked with Natasha.

The silence in the World of Souls was restored. The monotonous colors and the chaotic mountains were just like before. Lucien flew to Natasha, helping her get back on her feet and stopped her bleeding.

Hathaway, on the other hand, looked at the spot of Maze, waiting for it to run out.

"Deal with the Original Fire first. I'm fine." Natasha picked up Kritonia's storage bag and badge. Pointing at the Sword of Truth, the Heart of Time and the Shield of Truth not far away, she said, "You turn into a legendary knight and kill him with Granny Hathaway first."

She was no longer capable of picking up any legendary item.

Lucien nodded his head and transformed. His face was now even paler. Then, with the Shield of Truth in his left hand and the Sword of Truth in his right hand, he waited for the Original Fire to break the maze.

If he were to cancel the maze himself, the Original Fire would've realized the new situation and escaped as fast as possible. If the guy were caged too long, he wouldn't stay much longer after concluding that reinforcements had arrived.

Inside the maze, the Original Fire had abandoned answering the questions. He counted the time in silence while he tried to break the maze with violence.

BOOM. The maze began to shake intensely.

The Original Fire was delighted at first, but he became grim again. Almost one minute had passed. What would he be faced with?

Would he be surrounded by a bunch of legends, or would Kritonia succeed in killing Lucien and Natasha with his help?

“No, Lucien kept the secret that he became legendary. So, they must’ve been prepared. Also, Kritonia is too old to kill Lucien, unless he tricks Lucien by pretending to kill Natasha.”

“In any case, I cannot take the risk. If I were killed by the Sword of Truth, I’ll be really dead.”

Seeing that he had been caged much longer than he anticipated, he looked at the legendary staff, the legendary robe and the legendary ring he had and looked creepy. “I have to sacrifice them now!”

The excruciating pain in his heart made the Original Fire had the urge of killing himself.

Yes, he began to kill himself. A flower of pure white flames rose from his soul and burnt his body. Holding back the unimaginable pain, he controlled the progress of burning and waited for the maze to be over. In the meantime, he activated the marks in three legendary items.

The more painful it was, the more determined he was in killing!

BOOM. Cracks appeared inside the maze as it began to collapse.

The moment, the frozen black, white and grey appeared in the Original Fire's eyes, he roared and accelerated the burning, making the three legendary items hum and shiver.

After the maze collapsed, Lucien did not see the Original Fire; he only saw a cluster of pure white fire and the expanding staff, ring and robe.

Dangerous!

Lucien blocked Natasha behind his back and extended the Shield of Truth in his left hand. The illusionary colors surfaced, as if the two of them were in a different world.

“Elemental Protection!”

Hathaway's clear voice echoed, and countless elemental spots of light gathered.

In the next, the legendary robe, staff and ring exploded abruptly. Red, purple and yellow, three clusters of fire swept out and razed everything to the ground. Destruction, death, curse, poison, corruption and immolation destroyed all the things on the way.

Despite the Shield of Truth, Lucien could only keep Natasha safe under such a terrible storm and could not press forward. He was unable to slash the Original Fire who was at the center of explosions.

The white fire that was vaguely in the shape of a human howled painfully and angrily:

“I won’t let go of you!”

“I’ll stuff the quizzes into your mouth!”

Then, an illusory sound that seemed to be from a different world echoed: “Advanced Time Stop.”

Black, red, purple, green and all the colors were gone. Lucien saw nothing but a frozen world. Only Natasha and him who were behind the Shield of Truth could move slowly, but they could not interact with the outside world.

After the consolidation was gone, a brilliant shooting star hit the center of the explosions brutally.

“NO!”

The Original Fire cried miserably. Then, his voice came to an abrupt halt with the boom.

The sweeping explosion attacked with the air that could tear apart time and space, but Lucien held the Shield of Truth steadily, preventing himself and Natasha from being hurt. There were only minor cracks on the shield, which could be repaired easily.

It was indeed the best space-time defense!

“Mr. President, has the Original Fire died?” After the explosion, Lucien asked Douglas and Fernando who had blinked to him.

He did not expect the Original Fire to be so decisive. The guy almost escaped.

Douglas nodded his head, but he was still somewhat confused. “His soul should’ve been completely destroyed after it was hit by my ‘Fateful Meteor’, but he seemed to be connected to the World of Souls in a certain way. I’m afraid that he may have other backup plans. However, there’s no way that he can resume his strength as a legend any time soon.”

“The World of Souls has intervened, too... We need to accelerate the exploration in this place in case the scheme worked out.” Fernando feared that part of the members of the Church would collude with the World of Souls.

Hathaway flew over from the other side. She wasn’t really hurt. Looking at Lucien in confusion, she asked, “The questions in the maze?”

The Original Fire recited the questions at the end. It seemed that he had been traumatized.

His lips twitching, Lucien spoke of the few unproven speculations.

Douglas frowned. “Those questions...” He couldn’t think of an answer, either.

“Do you have answers? How can you construct the maze if you don’t have answers?” Asked Fernando in a loud voice.

Lucien smiled. “The answers to part of the questions are that they can’t be proven for now. That the questions can be changed was meant to be misleading.”

If the questions were too complicated or ambiguous, he could’ve got the answers from asking the mysterious existence with magic.

Natasha chuckled. “If he heard the answer, the Original Fire would be infuriated back to life again.”

At this moment, she was holding Kritonia’s storage bag and skimming through the journal inside.

Hathaway, Douglas and Fernando did not say anything, but they were apparently thinking the same thing.

Suddenly, Natasha smiled as she read the journal. “The Original Fire was studying arcana and looking for a way to reshape his cognitive world.”

Lucien was briefly stunned. “Huh? He was studying arcana? I should’ve put the experiment of electron diffraction inside the maze. In that case, his legendary items would be mine, and he would have no chance of resurrection...” Any other disruptive experiments could’ve worked. He felt extremely pitiful that he obtained none of the three legendary items!

“Haha. Evans’ Head-Blowing Maze?” Natasha was greatly amused by the creative idea.

Hathaway looked at Lucien, her eyes flashing. They were obviously saying:

“How insane!”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 610: Married Couple

Douglas was not as straightforward as Hathaway, but his chuckle expressed all he wanted to say.

“This Heart of Time is your trophy. Keep it for yourself.” Fernando reminded them.

Since it was partly protected by the Shield of Truth, and it was a level-three legendary item itself, the rippling longsword, ‘Heart of Time’, was not ruined in the final explosions. Although the cracks were deepened, it still gave the profound feeling of the passage of time.

Natasha looked at it and said to Lucien with a smile, “I already have a Sword of Truth. Heart of Time is of no use to me. You can trade it for other things.”

“There’s no need to exchange it. You can improve the Moon Timer using its parts.” Said Hathaway calmly.

Since he kept his state as a legendary knight, Lucien picked up the longsword and nodded after checking it. “After my abilities in time and space grow, I should be able to upgrade the Moon Timer to level two with this.”

The materials of time and space were always rare. With ‘Heart of Time’, Lucien was spared of the worries to search for materials to upgrade his unique legendary item.

Douglas looked around. “Let’s go back to Allyn. The guests are still waiting for you at the wedding. We’ll talk about the World of Souls tomorrow.”

Hearing that, Lucien looked at Natasha and asked, “Do you want to treat your wedding dress and your wounds first?”

Putting back Kritonia’s storage bag, Natasha held the bleeding badge and chuckled. “No. Blood and wounds are the best wedding decorations for a knight! Nobody has ever worn such a wedding dress before!”

.....

In the depths of the World of Souls, the stretch of black temples rose magnificently like a kingdom. The steeples pierced into the infinite sky.

Inside the palace, the black wall and floor made everything cold and silent. Moving forward along a straight avenue, and passing through the lifeless corridors and gardens, one would reach the largest building. At the center of the building was a borderless grey curtain that did not have an upper bound, in which countless astounding souls were embedded.

Some of the faces in the Furnace of Souls were twisted, and some hideous; some were peaceful, and some were angry. But there was absolutely no sound.

Click, click, click. Weird footsteps echoed behind the curtain and broke the silence.

A ghost moved forward heavily, as if it had weight and a physical body.

When it passed the Furnace of Souls from the back, the ghost suddenly raised its head, revealing a pale face that belonged to ‘Original Fire’ Banham!

A meteor seemed to be lingering in his eyes, making his transparent soul ripple nonstop, as if he would collapse any moment.

The Original Fire extended his right hand and pressed the Furnace of Souls. The ripples were suppressed, and his soul was much more concrete. Then, he gnashed his teeth, “Douglas! Hathaway! Lucien! Natasha!”

He cursed every name angrily.

“My legendary items!”

“Those goddamn questions!”

It was not until a long time later that he turned around to the other side of the temple. His footsteps were still slow, and his feet were still leaving weird sounds on the floor.

Click, click, click. The Original Fire disappeared into the temple.

.....

In the garden behind Allyn, the flowers were all blossoming.

Giant flowers that looked like tulips shook their bodies and sang delightful songs like the best musicians, and the tall trees waved their branches and whipped their trunks, making noise that sounded like timpani. There were also bushes that were playing flutes... The ‘natives’ of the magic garden treated the guests with pleasant songs.

“Oh, this is so dreamy!”

“This is unimaginable!”

“Are they magic plants?”

At the center of the garden was a broad lawn with a red carpet and many pure tables and chairs. All the nobles who attended the wedding were astounded. They all had seen magic plants before, but those plants were all creepy and terrifying. None of them were as joyful as the plants here.

Even the low-rank sorcerers were quite shocked. Those plants could’ve established an orchestra!

As if sensing their surprise and delight, the magic plants worked even harder, spreading the melody of happiness to every corner.

“Fantastic! Magic is so fantastic!” Said Elvin excitedly. He had been admitted by the magic school last year, but he had been more or less frustrated because of his poor performance. What he saw today greatly cheered him. After all, he would grow one step after another!

It was the first time that Joel, Alisa and John had been through this. The contemporary arcanists and the ancient arcanists were indeed different! Their last grudge and shadow against sorcerers faded.

“Why have I never heard of the music before?” Louise appreciated the cheerful melodies with a few noble ladies who were into music.

Julie, granddaughter of Marquis Henson (his title had been promoted by Natasha because of his previous contribution), said reverentially, “His Excellency Evans is one of the greatest musicians, and the queen is talented in music, too. They must’ve composed specifically for their wedding. This feels great. I’m going to play the same songs at my wedding!”

When the girls discussed music lightheartedly, Winston, James and Grand Duke of Orvarit waited anxiously.

“They were swallowed by the World of Souls. Somebody legendary must be behind it...” Said Winston gloomily, regretting that he failed to react sooner.

His conclusion made Grand Duke of Orvarit look even worse. He was unable to speak anything.

Duke James consoled the Grand Duke. “With Her Excellency the Lord of Elements, the queen and His Excellency Evans will be fine.”

“They seem to have taken Granny Hathaway into consideration.” Despite his old age, Grand Duke of Orvarit still called Hathaway as granny. He looked worried.

“I suspect that Kritonia is involved.” Said Winston in a low voice. It was his intuition.

Duke James took a soft breath. “He’s really a problem. However, a level-three legendary knight can barely be killed. Are we really going to wait for him to die of old age?”

They were enshrouded in intense depression despite the joyful music.

Suddenly, two people descended from the sky, with the vague scent of blood.

“Your Majesty!”

“Your Excellency Evans!”

Exclamations rose nonstop, because Natasha’s white wedding dress had been saturated with blood, and silver-and-purple blood was dripping to the carpet from her abdomen. In the meantime, blood was dripping from her hand, too, but it seemed to be holding something.

Because he embraced Natasha and cooperated with her, Lucien's black tailcoat was also stained with glistening spots of blood.

"Were they attacked?"

"Are they heavily wounded?"

The sorcerers and nobles whispered to each other concernedly.

Grand Duke of Orvarit, Winston and James, however, were relieved. Everything was good as long as they were back! Also, they noticed Hathaway, Douglas and Fernando on the other side. It seemed that nobody died.

Natasha smiled at her father and nodded. Then, she struggled to walk forward with Lucien towards the end of the red carpet, where there was an arch that represented marriage in the tradition of the sorcerers.

Because of her heavy wounds, Natasha's every step would make her drip even more blood. She couldn't help but bite her lips hard to hold back the agony. Redness flowed out of her lips, like a weird gloss. Lucien, on the other hand, was only holding her left hand without supporting her, as per her own wish to finish the symbolic carpet.

The drops of blood blossomed on the carpet, but Natasha's back was as straight as ever.

The exciting melodies suddenly changed, turning solemn and sacred.

The scene stunned the guests into silence as they watched them reach the end of the red carpet.

Natasha suddenly turned around and raised her right hand, revealing a bloodstained badge, before she announced:

“I once swore that I would execute Kritonia in person and avenge my uncle.”

“Today, I have received the best wedding gift. With my husband’s help, I killed him in person!”

Blood was still dripping from the badge, and it seemed to be landing on everybody’s heart.

“What? A ninth-circle archmage and a gold knight killed Heart of Time?”

“That’s a legend! A level-three legend!”

The eyes of disbelief were gathered in Natasha’s hands. Many people recognized that it was Kritonia’s unique badge!

“That’s impossible...”

“Did the Congress of Magic helped them?”

Winston looked at Hathaway in surprise. Did she kill the guy?

At this moment, Lucien did not say anything. He raised his left hand and pointed at the sky with a rippling longsword. Then, the environment changed, and a dark, profound cosmos surfaced. However, every planet in the cosmos was made of two different colors according to different ratios, like different elements. They were surrounded by a certain number of illusionary satellites.

It was the tiniest and the greatest. It was one and it was everything. It was exactly the Atomic Universe!

“Is this the longsword, ‘Heart of Time’?”

“His Excellency Evans has already advanced into legendary?”

“What... What kind of speed is this?”

“If they caught the enemy unprepared, together with the Sword of Truth, it’s possible that they could’ve killed him!”

Everybody was shocked. Nobody could foresee that Lucien could advance into legendary so quickly!

Winston, James and Gaston felt that they were going through a dream that was full of the most unbelievable twists and turns.

Natasha waved her right hand again and crumbled the badge into pieces, before she declared solemnly: “The honor and glory of the Hoffenberg family must not be tarnished!”

Nobody questioned her declaration this time. Instead, the bloodstained wedding dress and the tall shadow left a deep impression on everyone. The hideous dress at the beginning had a weird sense of beauty to it now, attracting a lot of ladies.

Sensing that Natasha was running out of strength, Lucien held her hand and walked through the arch, reaching Douglas.

“You’ve been through many dangers, difficulties and unimaginable tests before you finally came to this place. I hereby proclaim that you are a married couple!” Douglas said solemnly and gently.

The marriage in the Congress of Magic was very simple. Now that it was over, the solemn music became exciting and delightful again.

After Lucien and Natasha exchanged their rings again, Douglas smiled and was about to say ‘you may kiss the bride’.

However, Natasha suddenly hugged Lucien at this moment and gave him a deep kiss.

Briefly stunned, Douglas shook his head with a smile.

The vague scent of blood, mixed with the familiar air, came at his face. Lucien was dazed at first, but then he hugged Natasha back and kissed her, forgetting the guests and everything else around.

They were finally a married couple now, a couple who would help and support each other for the rest of their life!

The beautiful scene made a lot of sorcerers raise their hands and close their thumb and their index finger into a square. Pressing it, they kept the scene of the kiss.

Although the photographic magic hadn't been simplified into any alchemical item yet, it was not a difficult task for them.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 611: Plan of Exploration

On April 11, in the conference room of the Highest Council...

The sixteen members, including seven grand arcanists, had already been seated, when Lucien just came in wearing his double-breasted suit. He apologized, "Sorry that I'm late."

"It doesn't matter. Last night was your wedding night. It's perfectly normal to be late." Klaus, the Alchemy Master, said jokingly, "We all understand it."

Hearing his joke, the other people either smiled kindly or showed no emotional change, except for Hathaway who stared at Lucien coldly as if she were blaming him.

Scratching his chin in embarrassment, Lucien specifically explained it for his 'mother-in-law'. "The wound on Natasha's abdomen was corrupted by the power of time. It will take her at least half a month even if she treats herself well. However, she couldn't forget her last attack to execute Kritonia and try to grasp the feeling of burning and melting her will, belief, spirits and bloodline. Fearing that her wounds worsened, I could only try to cooperate with her while stopping her from making drastic movements. She didn't fall asleep from exhaustion until a few minutes ago."

So, I'm definitely not late for the reason you imagine. However, when we were excited discussing and simulating the attack, she expressed her 'gratitude' in other ways.

Hathaway's eyes became gentle. Douglas simply chuckled and said, "There's no need to explain your personal business to us. We are having an emergency meeting today mainly to discuss what happened yesterday. The Original Fire, a night watcher of the Church, was able to invite the legendary spectres of the World of Souls. It makes me wonder whether or not the Church is asking for the cooperation of the World of Souls."

"The South Church, which is determined to purge the undead creatures, is cooperating with the World of Souls? Was it the Original Fire's personal action? He's a legendary sorcerer from the

Magic Empire. Perhaps he had a deep understanding about the World of Souls.” Hathaway analyzed another possibility.

Solemnly and loudly, Fernando said, “Whatever it is, we have to accelerate the exploration in the World of Souls! Those skeletons and bodies don’t seem satisfied with the World of Souls and intend to touch the main material world, instead of calming down after the mysterious existence of the World of Souls fell asleep like we imagined in the past. Therefore, we cannot react effectively without figuring out their details.”

When they discussed, Vicente, the Lord of the Undead, remained silent. Dark red fire bounced in his eyes, as if he did not care about the things in the World of Souls.

Brook said in a low voice, “It’s true that we need to accelerate our exploration, but we have no idea what dangers are hiding behind the Furnace of Souls. We have to press forward prudently. It must be noted that almost ten ancient legendary sorcerers went missing there. Although none of them were peak, most of them were level three. They were the pillars of the Magic Empire and not weak at all.”

After the Congus incident, Lucien wrote the issues about Maskelyne into a report and submitted it to the Congress, allowing them to know the reason why the legendary sorcerers went missing and how the Grand Cross really collapsed.

“Yes. The goal that I set for now is to explore until the Furnace of Souls without pressing any deeper. After we investigate the Furnace of Souls and the peripheral area, we will return. Then, we will clear the unintelligent undead creatures and make a plan for our second adventure to press deeper.” Douglas said rationally and calmly, but he was so confident as if the strong spectres were mere common skeletons.

“But there are almost ten legendary spectres like the Lich King apart from the unintelligent legendary spectres. They are not so easy to deal with. It will be a total war.” After a long silence, Vicente began to talk.

Hearing them discuss quietly, Lucien thought for a moment and suddenly raised his hands. "There's something that I'd like to say."

"What is it?" Fernando looked at him with his red eyes. What other secrets was he hiding?

Lucien brought out the Sun's Corona that he didn't submit earlier. "I found an item of divine power left by Maskelyne in the Grand Cross."

"An item of divine power?" Asked Oliver and Erica in surprise. The Saint Truth hadn't surfaced yet when Maskelyne went missing. Where on earth did he get the item?

Not wasting time to say what he had already said, Lucien went to the topic. "Mr. Maskelyne called it a magic item."

"What?" This time, even Douglas, Brook, Hathaway, Hellen and Davey were shocked.

"I have reason to believe that it is related to the rise of the Saint Truth." After so many things, and after witnessing the pope's improvement on the divine powers, Lucien was finally able to talk about his suspicion honestly and confidently. "Perhaps it has something to do with the speculation I mentioned in the report of the changes of Ell's godhood."

It came from the adjusted amalgamation of many people's feeble spiritual power!

“Well...” After a brief silence, Brook took out a white handkerchief to wipe his forehead. “But the projection of Mountain Paradise is real, and so are the angels. The king of angels is in the Holy City right now. Also, we cannot find a way to perform divine powers. We can’t even create a divine item without godhood.”

“That’s why further exploration is needed. At the bottom level of ‘Sun’s Corona’, Mr. Maskelyne has hidden the patterns of the coordinate changes of a certain place in the deepest part of the World of Souls. That’s probably the area where they went missing in the end. There’s perhaps an answer to everything.” Said Lucien solemnly before he shared the pattern of the changing coordinates.

The World of Souls was too dangerous for him to explore on his own. He had to count on the Congress. In that case, hiding important intelligence would only increase the risk of the adventure that could’ve been avoided.

After reading the pattern of the coordinates, all the members of the Highest Council fell silent, deep in thought.

Lucien, on the other hand, went on. “There’s something else I also need to say.”

“What is it?” Fernando glared at Lucien. How many more secrets did the guy have?

“In the beginning, Rhine was not trapped by Prince Dracula; rather, he conspired with Sard to deal with Tiphoidis, the Master of Argent and the Ice Duke, because he wanted to explore the secrets of the World of Souls, only to be betrayed by Sard during the exploration. That was why he was trapped there.” Lucien corrected certain false intelligence that he had given to protect himself earlier.

Fernando snorted, as if he had guessed it. Hathaway slightly nodded, finally understanding why Sard chose to cooperate with them at the beginning. “What secret is it?”

The fire bouncing in the eye sockets of the Lord of the Undead suddenly grew intense.

“According to the Silver-eyed Count, the secrets to real immortality lie in the deepest part of the World of Souls, secrets that even the God of Silver Moon seek after!” Lucien finally told the secret that he had concealed for a long time. Now that he was a legendary sorcerer himself with a comprehensive combat ability in the level two, he was no longer a weakling at the mercy of any random enemy. He was now capable of sharing the secret!

The news was so shocking that, except for the Lord of the Undead who was even grimmer, the members of the Highest Council barely showed any response. They evaluated the accuracy of the message first.

“...The Lord of Hell’s actions indirectly proved the importance of the secret in the World of Souls.” Lucien mentioned the plan that the Lord of Hell had previously. “I am not certain of this piece of information, either. I’m only reminding you that anything may happen after we surpass the Furnace of Souls. Perhaps, we will be faced with the God of Silver Moon and the Lord of Hell in person.”

“If that’s true, they will be happy to see our exploration and even offer help. If they were willing to take the risk, they would have entered it a long time ago.” After he was back to himself, Douglas smiled, not as excited about the mysteries of immortality as when he saw the general theory of relativity for the first time.

As for the other people, even the sorcerers like Hathaway and Hellen who barely had any facial expression revealed certain excitement. They were also breathing fast.

As he spoke, Douglas looked at the Lord of the Undead. “Vicente, did you know the secret?”

His eyes were clear and gentle, but Vicente was silent for a long time before he finally said, “I inferred that there was such a secret from Adol’s memories. Then, I discovered a relic in Viken based many other memories and clues and confirmed the deduction.”

The moment he said that, Fernando gazed at him with his red eyes.

“That’s all the more reason why we should explore the place. It’s possible that the ‘truth’ of this world is hidden there.” Douglas tapped the table, not blaming Vicente for keeping the information to himself early. “Based on the intelligence from the advance base in the World of Souls earlier, we have learnt that there are approximately ten real legendary spectres and forty unintelligent legendary spectres in the area outside of the Furnace of Souls. It means that we have to mobilize more than eight legends in order to press deeper.”

Brook nodded his head. “If two top legends lead the team every time, another four helpers will be enough. That’s within what we can bear.”

If too many legendary sorcerers were mobilized, the alternate dimensions and the kingdoms would be too weakly defended, which would give the enemies an opportunity to attack.

“Alright. Fernando and I will lead the first adventure, assisted by another four legendary sorcerers. The second adventure will be led by Brook and Hathaway, also followed by four legendary sorcerers. We will explore deeper in turns but do not surpass the limit each time, so that we can press forward steadily until we reach the destination that Lucien described earlier.” Douglas expressed his opinion and turned to Lucien. “Lucien, although it has been less than one year since you advanced, you are now already a grand arcanist and a legendary sorcerer, and you need to shoulder your responsibilities. Of course, you have the right to refuse it.”

Lucien took a long breath. “I would like to join the first adventure.”

The destination of the first adventure was the Furnace of Souls. As could be confirmed by the exploration of Maskelyne and his partners as well as Adol’s memories, the dangers of the journey were still under control. It wouldn’t be as mysterious and dangerous as the rest of the quest. Also, his primary target right now was to take a look at the Furnace of Souls and to touch the enigmas of the soul in order to unveil the differences between the two worlds he lived in.

Also, in such a way, there would be no need for him to participate in the second, the third and the fourth adventure. By the time the fifth adventure began, he would probably in level two or level three of legendary, considering that it would already be super effective if such adventures could be carried out once every year, not to mention that the trophies of every adventure had to be digested before the next adventure began.

When that moment came, his plan was to explore the area far behind the Furnace of Souls and find Maskelyne.

Lucien vaguely had the feeling that the answers to everything would be revealed there.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 612: New Changes Every Day

“Great.” Douglas nodded in great comfort. “Who else wants to join the first adventure?”

“Since it involves the mysteries of the soul, I have to pay a visit in any case.” Klaus, the Alchemy Master, smiled. Of the two crowns in the field of creation, the mysteries of material changes had been partly unveiled by Lucien, but the secrets about the soul were still hidden in the intense smoke. As a legendary sorcerer who was determined to create an intelligent life, he had long been yearning after the Furnace of Souls.

After Lucien and he talked, Vicente, the Lord of the Undead, also said in a low voice, “The realm of the soul is always my interest. I hope to see the Furnace of Souls as soon as possible.”

Hearing that Vicente intended to join, Fernando chuckled and said loudly, “You purposefully deleted Adol’s memories about Maskelyne and Viken, and you hid the secrets about immortality. How can I entrust my back to you without concerns?”

He had always been bad-tempered and straightforward, not fearing that anybody would be infuriated by him.

The Lord of the Undead snorted. “Your good student also kept it a secret for a long time, didn’t he?”

The guy must’ve known that the secrets of immortality were hidden inside the World of Souls earlier than he did.

“He was only a middle-rank sorcerer at that time, and you were already a grand arcanist when you learnt the secret. How could you compare yourself to him? Why don’t you compete with the magic apprentices to see which of you cast spells faster?” Fernando roared in a low voice, with thunder rumbling around him.

Douglas shook his head in a smile. Fernando had always been biased, and only he could yell at his student. “Alright, Vicente, because of your trick with Adol’s memories, you need to make a magic oath to join the adventure, and you need to pay a fine with an equally valuable legendary spell or ritual.”

“The complete memories of Adol must be submitted, too.” Fernando was not willing to let it go.

Vicente took a deep breath, and the dark red fire bounced in his eyes. “Alright!”

Supposedly, it was not a big deal that he kept the secret to himself. Nobody could’ve guessed it, and he would be able to reap more in the World of Souls later. Who could’ve foreseen that Lucien knew about it and would even speak about it?

Did he not know what the secrets of immortality meant? That was the highest achievement in the field of soul and matter. Any wish could be fulfilled!

“I would like to participate, too. Sometimes, transformation and illusions can help everybody avoid danger.” Erica, Master of Transformation, said.

Douglas nodded softly. “I’m very glad that you offered to join the adventure, but since a lot of preparation need to be done, we will leave in two months. Lucien, I have deeper understanding about time and space. Let’s work hard together to upgrade your Moon Timer into a level-two legendary item.”

“Thank you, Mr. President.” Lucien did not refuse. It would take him years if he wanted to upgrade the Moon Timer on his own. At this moment, the stronger he was, the safer he would be. For both himself and his family that had just been established, there was no need to hide the legendary class of ‘Observer of Time and Space’ from the president.

“Alright, those who are to join the first adventure can go back and make preparations.” Douglas announced the end of the meeting.

...

In a Portal to Alternate Realm inside the Allyn magic tower...

As the light was on, Nika, in a black robe, walked out. His messy hair was much neater than two years ago, and he was no longer like a weirdo or psycho. The boy, Aki, followed him and observed the empty hall with great interest.

“Welcome to Allyn. I am Thompson, a member of the Affair Committee.” Thompson greeted them with a smile on the opposite side of the Portal to Alternate Realm.

It was said that the sorcerer was unusually talented with remarkable spiritual power. He had become a fifth-circle sorcerer after only two years of learning. Also, Lucien provided guidance to him before. That was why Thompson had come to greet him.

Nika's countenance was also different from the past. Most of the daze and craziness were gone. He asked with a smile, "Mr. Thompson, is this Allyn, the City in the Sky?"

He reached the oasis after more than a month of journey and then spent half a year passing the ocean before he arrived at the Congress of Magic's branch in the alternate dimension. Because of his amazing spiritual power, he was appreciated by a senior-rank sorcerer in the magic tower, who kept him and taught him elementary knowledge. After his arcana expertise grew, he was sent to Allyn for further studies.

"The view of the City in the Sky is best from the outside." Thompson pointed at the door. "I'll lead you to the Sorcerer Administrative Department."

"I wonder, is Grand Arcanist Mr. Lucien Evans here?" Nika asked expectantly. He had already known that the title for the Philosopher was grand arcanist.

Thompson shook his head. "His Excellency 'Atom Controller' is in Allyn, but he is too busy to meet any outsiders right now. You'll see him in the future."

"What a shame." Nika was rather disappointed. He wanted to thank Mr. Evans for his guidance, which showed him dawn in the overwhelming darkness. "Mr. Thompson, when can I enter the Holt Magic College?"

Thompson clicked his tongue. "You can only enter the college after you pass the College Entrance Exam of Advanced Magic. That is to say, you have to wait for the exam to be held on June 7 next year. You'd better find something else to do during the year. However, there are plenty of books on arcana and magic here. You can pick up knowledge everywhere."

“Well, Mr. Thompson, do you have tasks that have more spare time and are suitable for arcana studies and magic analysis?” Nika intended to pay for his life and his studies on his own.

Thompson also chuckled. “The Congress will offer you certain arcana points according to your magic and arcana level. As for missions, you can be a teacher. Teachers are much needed since there are a lot of schools. They have a lot of spare time, too.”

“Alright.” Nika looked at Aki and felt that working as a teacher would be relatively easy.

Led by Thompson, Nika and Aki stepped into the magic lift and went to the Sorcerer Administrative Department on the first floor.

“Mr. Thompson, is every floor for a special purpose?” Asked Aki curiously. He had already been used to lifts in the Congress of Magic’s branch, no longer the screamer when he took the lift for the first time.

Thompson pointed at the floor on their opposite side. “That happens to be one of the floors that belong to the Affair Committee...”

“Mr. Gaston’s ‘Life Synthesis Laboratory’ is on this floor...”

“Wow, Life Synthesis Laboratory?” The boy Aki was rather excited. Nika also looked at the place with great curiosity.

“Mr. Gaston made groundbreaking contributions to the field of life. He proposed that concept of element structure, maintaining that the nature of an object is not only concerned with the number and quality of atoms but also their structure.” Thompson had benefited a lot from the theory and elaborated on it.

“Structure...” Nika, who had just picked up the basics, was still confused about the cutting-edge concepts.

Thompson pointed at the opposite side again. “The famous Atom Institution is on this floor.”

“The Atom Institution?” Nika had learnt about the Atom Institution that Mr. Evans created in person had been pulling the whole Congress forward like a locomotive even though he was only in a branch in the alternate dimension.

Plus his fondness for Lucien in the first place, Nika was full of admiration and excitement. Aki even ran to the rail and observed the floor against the light shield.

“In fact, there are also laboratories on hormones and psychology on this floor.” Thompson then introduced the next floor. “The ‘Heredity Laboratory’, recently established by Mr. Felipe and a few sorcerers of the school of necromancy, is on this floor. It’s said that they are hugely sponsored by the nobles, but there are no achievements yet.”

Since the alternate dimension had yet to begin the studies on blood power, Nika was even more confused about that. He could only glance at it in curiosity.

...

“Wow!”

As the magic steam train rode out of Allyn and rushed downwards amidst the clouds in the blue sky, the boy Aki finally couldn't control himself anymore and screamed hard. His legs trembling, he didn't dare not watch the small mountains, rivers, forests and manors down below.

It was simply too terrifying and exciting!

Smiling, Nika cast a spell on him to relieve his fear. As for Nika himself, he had been used to the situation after he learnt how to fly.

After they reached the train station, Aki held on to his teacher with a pale face and shaking legs, gagging nonstop.

Nika shook his head and searched for the signs around. “Lanxiang...” His task was to work as a teacher in the first ‘Lanxiang’ school.

Although he was already a fifth-circle sorcerer, his arcana level hadn't even reached one yet. By teaching students, it would be easy for him to increase his arcana expertise, so he was quite satisfied about the task. The most satisfying thing of all was that the school provided a magic laboratory for him.

Very soon, he found the wagon that the Lanxiang school sent to pick him up. It brought him to the east of the town.

This Lanxiang school was quiet but not gloomy. The bright buildings, the silver rails and the flourishing gardens built up a cheerful atmosphere.

The wagon was about to ride into the gate, when Nika suddenly hear rumbling noises. He turned around, only to see a gigantic blue box running at him. In the perception of his spiritual power, the box seemed to be entirely made of iron. It was neither pulled by a Dragon Scale horse nor spurting out steam, and it looked like a terrible iron monster.

“Mr. Nika, this is one of the first vehicles for public transportation that the city hall has introduced. They are developed by Mr. Evans and Mr. Klaus together, who modified and simplified the magic steam train, making it able to move without a railway. However, the two experts still think that it is too clumsy and noisy.” As a member of the Lanxiang school, the coachman was rather well-informed.

Watching the blue box park on the other side, and the young, vigorous teenagers and adolescents get off, Nika complimented sincerely, “This is truly a heaven of magic...”

After he walked into the campus, Nika saw red banners before anything else came into his eyes: “Our Sincerest Welcome to Prime Minister Russell!”

“The First Contest of Alchemical Gears Controlling is about to begin!”

.....

Nika, who felt that the banners were rather an eye-sore, found many stone statues in the garden, with certain words engraved on the pedestal.

“They are the great sorcerers who made major contributions to arcana and magic. Below are the quotations that they once said.” The coachman introduced.

Nika walked over curiously and examined the statues one by one.

“Derrick Douglas: Our future lies in the infinite cosmos.”

...

“Lucien Evans: Your eyes will deceive you, your ears will deceive you, your experience will deceive you, and so will your imagination, but math won’t.”

...

“Yaroran Hathaway Hoffenberg: Achievements speak louder than words.”

Chapter 613 - The Small Folk in the Great Age

Chapter 613: The Small Folk in the Great Age

Ding. The crisp sound found its way into Andy's ears, waking him up from his wonderful dream about the future. He saw a minuscule magic steam train arriving by him.

It was lead grey in general and more than three meters tall. It had only one long carriage that moved between two rails on the ground. However, there was no steam popping up from the locomotive, but only two thick antennas that rose up and connected the black wires established in midair. It couldn't have looked more bizarre.

"A trolley car..." Andy looked at the monstrosity, so amazed that he almost forgot to get aboard.

It was said that the trolley car did not require spiritual power or willpower. All one needed to do was to press or lever certain switches, so even ordinary people could drive them easily. However, since there were not many streets in Rentato that were broad enough to set up the trails, the vehicle was limited to a few lines. For most of the streets, the buildings on two sides had to back off by one meter to give enough room. The work was unimaginable for the cabinet and the city hall right now. Therefore, they would rather promote the buses despite their heaviness, clumsiness and noise.

Ding. Hearing that the trolley car was about to close, Andy shivered and stepped on it. Today was the day that the Lanxiang school began. If he were late, he would lose his bright future.

Pa. The door of the trolley car closed. Andy patted his chest in relief. The daydreaming smile appeared on his face again.

Before he became an adult, he had been working for the alchemical workshops, but his salary every month could only make ends meet. The gap between his dream of magic radios and lamps and the reality was as huge as that between Mountain Paradise and abyss. It seemed that he would live in a slum, eat lousy food, and get married with somebody he barely knew, dying to live just like his parents.

The moment he thought of the hopeless future where there were no changes, Andy often felt depressed. If he had never known how wonderful the world was, he could've accepted such a life in numbness, but now that he had gotten in touch with the outside world through the magic radios, his horizons had been broadened, and he had many more dreams. How could he live such a poor life forever?

A month ago, Martin, William and he went to test their spiritual power talent, only to discover that it was extremely feeble. If they had enormous wealth, there would still be hope for them to become magic apprentices, but it was naturally impossible for them. So, they entered the alchemical workshops in misery and desperation, doing the same labor every day without seeing any hope to change.

The painful days lasted until a few months ago, when he learnt the news that the generic schools and the Lanxiang schools were about to be established. He dropped his numbness and was full of momentum again. Between the two kinds of schools, the generic school required the support of certain wealth. Unwilling to ask for more money from his parents, he did not consider it.

The Lanxiang school, on the other hand, met his demands perfectly. If he graduated from there, he wouldn't need to worry about jobs at all. Every alchemical workshop would want him.

After he became a real alchemical worker, he would be like the dwarfs he met before. His salary would be so high that he could buy a magic radio in a couple of years. Also, he would be respected and have the chance to be promoted into an alchemical manager. As for the alchemical consultant, that was a job only for the real sorcerers and arcanists.

After the setback, Andy's dream to become a sorcerer was shattered by the cruel reality, but he let go of his illusions and had a new dream that better suited himself, and he tried his best to achieve it.

"If you dare not dream about the future, living is no different from death, right?" Thinking about that, Andy clenched his fists, feeling proud of himself for the hard work in the past months. He had finally passed the exams and became a member of the Lanxiang school!

In a rising society and an age of great transformation, even the civilians were full of passion and vigor.

"...Prime Minister Russell has announced that a special police department will be established in replacement of the sheriff system in the past. He indicated that it will better control crime and give the citizens of Holm a safer life. Also, he said that, as a precaution against the potentially threatening criminals such as the dark nights who cannot control their lust for killing, part of the Verdict Knights and the Saint Cross Knights will be appointed as officers of the police department, and the regular policemen will also be equipped with burst guns that the dwarves invented."

The news broadcast of 'Holm Radio Station' came from the front of the trolley car. Similar magic radios had been installed into every trolley car and every bus, so that the passengers could hear the news while they were on their way. Because of the changed life style, the channels such as Arcana Voice had also added a rebroadcast in the morning.

"Burst gun?" Inside the trolley car, many passengers repeated what they heard in confusion. They had never heard of such a thing before. What was it about?

Andy smiled. He knew it very well, because it was manufactured by the alchemical workshop he previously worked in. It was invented by the dwarves there and received Mr. Evans' attention!

Based on the high-pressure steam rifles, and together with the advance alchemical dynamites and simplified magic circles, they had finally created a burst gun that could launch bullets with alchemical dynamite after years of experiments. As long as there were enough bullets, even the ordinary people could use them. Every bullet was as powerful as the ability of a regular knight.

Of course, such weapons were not good enough to deal with the knights, because the shooters could not keep up with their speed. Also, the weapons needed to be reloaded after the bullets were shot out. They could only expect to injure the regular knights if they shot in a row.

However, they were more than enough to deal with the squires of the knights.

Andy also knew that there were advanced burst guns. They were made with better barrels and magic patterns. As alchemical items that were equal to magic bows, they could only be used by magic apprentices and knights, and they would be exhausted after a few shoots. So, until they were simplified, they were only given to the middle-rank and low-rank knights.

Also, Andy was told that Mr. Evans had invented an electromagnetic gun that could launch bullets with electromagnetic power with a terrifying speed and damage. He had named the electromagnetic gun as 'Gauss Rifle'. It was a pity that the weapon was a senior-rank alchemical item that only the sorcerers whose cognitive world had half-solidified and the level-grand knights could use.

According to Mr. Evans, 'Gauss Rifle' could possibly be used by low-rank knights in the future, provided that the research on superconductivity materials made groundbreaking progress, which probably wouldn't happen in the next fifty years.

"By then, the kingdom would be able to organize an enormous group of knights. The regular knights will use Gauss Rifle, and the ordinary soldiers will use the middle-rank burst gun. Only the

senior-rank sorcerers or radiant knights can resist their salvo...” Andy shivered in excitement as he imagined that.

He had to work in the workshops that manufactured such weapons in the future!

“...The proposal about mailmen and mail service is being debated in the Parliament of Nobles. Some members believe that it is useless because common citizens do not have many friends far away, and the nobles, who have their own servants, do not need such a thing, either...”

Andy did not know much about the mail service, but Arcana Voice had repeatedly announced that it would shorten the distance among people and help connect families and friends far away. Also, it would be an amazing experience to get to know more friends through mail. So, he was a supporter of the idea. He mumbled, “Those nobles never consider the civilians, well, except for the few kind nobles.”

Ding. “The Lanxiang school is up ahead.”

Hearing the conductor’s voice, Andy felt that his body tightened and all his hairs were rising. Then, he left the trolley car. When he passed the conductor, he tossed five new copper coins into the iron box before her.

Although the five new copper coins were one fifth of Andy’s daily wage, he felt that the trolley car was worth it.

Also, he had no time to consider the cost, because he was too excited watching the beautiful buildings ahead of him on the cement road.

Basking in the sunlight, the Lanxiang school was dyed gold, giving a sacred and wondrous feeling. Feeling that he would never be able to forget the picture, Andy moaned: “Lanxiang, my dream, I’m here!”

Starting from today, he would step into a new episode of his life, where there was hope and light!

.....

Inside the ‘Atomic Universe’, Lucien and Natasha stood face to face.

“Bring the Shield of Truth. I’m not worried about your attack; I’m only worried about your defense.” Natasha said in a rarely solemn way. “In fact, it will be better if you bring the Sword of Truth.”

Knowing Natasha’s concerns, Lucien nodded. “What about you?”

“I’m looked after by Granny Hathaway, the defense in the Nekso Palace, your demiplane, and Pale Justice. What’s there to be scared of?” Natasha smiled, not as sorrowful as a common lady would be.

Lucien chuckled and brought out a crown that seemed to be forged with starlight. “I’ve borrowed the Thorny Crown for you.”

“When did you borrow it?” Her eyes widened, Natasha asked in amusement.

“When I guessed that you will give me both the Shield of Truth and the Sword of Truth. It is not of much use for me.” Lucien put the crown on Natasha’s head with a smile.

The other two legendary items had been borrowed by Klaus and Erica.

Natasha smiled brilliantly, but then she heaved a sigh. “It’s a shame that I still haven’t advanced into legendary, or I’d be able to go with you.”

She was sensible enough to know that she would only be a burden for Lucien if she joined the adventure when she was not legendary yet.

“It had been only one year since you became a gold knight. You can’t be hasty. Even if you grasp the attack with which you executed Kritonia, it would take years before you have a chance of advancement. That’s perfectly normal.” Lucien rubbed Natasha’s hair.

Natasha nodded her head. “The cruel reality that I cannot partake in an adventure with you has filled me with momentum. I’ll keep on trying.”

Then, she hugged Lucien and kissed him deeply for quite a few minutes. In the end, she spoke in a coarse voice half jokingly, “If you are trapped, just wait for me to save you after I become a legend.”

“However, I believe that you will definitely make it back smoothly.”

After that, Lucien embarked on the adventure with an unprecedented assortment of five legendary items.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 614: Familiarity

Heidler city was dim, gloomy and grey, as monotonous and frozen as the World of Souls.

Before the entrance, Douglas, Fernando, Vicente, Klaus and Erica had all arrived. They were waiting for Lucien.

“You’ve brought the Shield of Truth, too?” Looking at Lucien who had finally come, Klaus speculated with a smile, “Together with the Thorny Crown that you borrowed, you have five legendary items with you in total. That’s quite unprecedented. Even I, a sorcerer who specializes in alchemy, cannot compare to you. Even Mr. President only has four.”

“Mr. President’s items are either top legendary or level-three legendary. Mine are not worth mentioning at all.” Lucien said ‘modestly’.

The number of legendary items were rare partly because the main ingredients needed were too precious and partly because the demand on the crafter was very high. Apart from the legendary sorcerers and the saint cardinals, vampires and primordial dragons could only craft items with their racial talents with a high failure rate. The legendary knights had to count on other people's help. Therefore, few similar objects had been passed on from the Magic Empire, although the number of legendary items had doubled since the last years of the empire.

That was the reason why Hathaway, who was adept at 'Luxury Cracking' and 'Elements Resolve', was so terrifying. She could ruin somebody's life collection easily.

Vicente interrupted their conversation. "Now that we are all here, it's time to go."

"Yes, it's time to go." Said Douglas with a vague smile. He was solemn but not nervous.

After receiving the intelligence about the World of Souls, the Congress of Magic had resolved the problem that the gap was invisible. At this moment, enshrouded in the special magic circle, the twisted gap could be seen clearly. It emitted the intense stink of death and dullness.

Passing through the gap and the curtains of shadows, Lucien entered the World of Souls. Around him was the messy reflection of Heidler city, where the high magic towers leaned on each other like children's toys. Vague greyness was everywhere.

They could find no additional colors in the whole world except from each other.

“It’s been ten years since I first entered the World of Souls, obtained the Sun’s Corona, and learnt that Maskelyne was trapped. I’ve finally begun my quest to explore the World of Souls.” Lucien felt complicated. He had just become an official sorcerer back then.

Because teleportation was suppressed in the World of Souls, they jumped through the seven advance bases and approached the frontier, where they saw Bergner, the Prophet.

He was still wearing a grey hat, and his white eyebrows seemed to be longer now.

“My astrology tells me that the mysterious existence of the World of Souls shows no sign of waking, but there are other dangers in the Temple of Spirits. You must not be careless. Remember, if you encounter great danger, don’t hurry to retreat, and you will only see hope if you press forward.” Bergner spoke of the result of his prophecy that he prepared for two months.

Fernando asked in confusion. “Forward? But our destination is only the Furnace of Souls. We will return after preliminary exploration. I don’t think the legendary undead creatures are an actual threat to us.”

According to Adol’s memories and Viken’s files, there were only four level-three legendary spectres in the area: the Lich King, the Servant of Death, the Primordial Mummy and the Wraith Lord. Douglas would be able to suppress three of them on his own. It was needless to say that there were the Lord of the Undead and ‘Millionaire’ Lucien. It shouldn’t be a problem even if they were surrounded by forty unintelligent legendary spectres.

“Adol was only a senior-rank spectre. He barely knew the area outside of the Temple of Spirits. Also, the rooms, houses and corridors inside the Temple of Spirits are changing all the time. It’s like a living maze. There are possibly dangerous rooms and pathways he did not know.” Vicente argued cautiously.

After he publicized Adol's memories and Viken's files, Lucien finally understood why Maskelynes pattern of coordinates changed. That was because the buildings inside the Temple of Spirits were in constant changes. Even a senior-rank spectre like Adol only knew the changes at the periphery. He had to be led by the legendary spectres when he visited the Furnace of Souls.

Bergner said solemnly, "I don't know where the danger comes from. Perhaps you won't run into any, but you need to be careful."

Douglas nodded and spoke to the team. "Our exploration is divided into two parts. The first part is to reach the Furnace of Souls without causing much noise, like Maskelyne did, and check if the Church is cooperating with the World of Souls. The second part is to return to the edge and clear the unintelligent spectres."

They had discussed the plan before. The reason why they did not clear the enemies before their investigation was that the noise might terrify the intelligent legendary spectres, who would then turn on the defenses in the Temple of Spirits or ask for the help of other forces. In such a way, they wouldn't be able to finish the exploration.

After confirming the plan, the six legendary sorcerers left the advance base and flew deeper stealthily.

About an hour later, Lucien finally saw a gigantic area of blackness. It was a group of magnificent palaces that were countless times larger than Allyn. Their height was inestimable, because their tops stuck deep into the grey sky.

The battle of legends might destroy a regular city, but for this group of palaces, it would be nothing more than the collapse of a palace or a garden.

“The deeper we go in, the harder the materials of the palace will be. Perhaps, the rooms in the deepest part are all made of ‘Wall of Sighs’.” The Lord of the Undead was unusually talkative, apparently eager to explore the Furnace of Souls.

‘Wall of Sighs’ was one of the strongest defensive spells of the school of necromancy. It could not be broken by any attack except for real sunlight. He was only using it as a metaphor.

Lucien was not very keen about that spell, because ‘Eternal Blaze’ was its bane.

In the wilderness outside of the Temple of Spirits, corpses of humans, elves, dragons and sphinxes were everywhere. Their skin had decayed, revealing the muscles and the white nerves. Weird maggots were wriggling in and out nonstop.

Those corpses moved slowly and aimlessly. Since there were no sound or colors, it was like a black-and-white silent film.

“They are all excellent bodies.” As they lowered their height, the Lord of the Undead observed the corpses in great delight, like a child who saw his favorite toys.

Erica cast a spell of collective illusion. In such a way, every undead creature would feel that Lucien and his team were spectres.

After they approached the Temple of Spirits, the six of them landed and walked among the undead creatures in the stink.

In this area, the wandering undead creatures had senior-rank leaders. Some were intelligent, and some were merely acting with instinct.

Suddenly, a cerberus looked at them, as if it had smelled the disgusting scent of life.

It opened its mouth and was about to roar a soundless roar.

At this moment, Vicente glared at it, the crimson fire in his eyes bouncing. Then, the cerberus suddenly crouched and wagged its tail that was made of white bones, obviously terrified.

Around the cerberus, the other undead creatures stopped their movement, too, and made all kinds of weird gestures, as if they were welcoming the return of their master.

“This is truly as expected of ‘Lord of the Undead’.” Lucien truly understood the meaning of the legendary class.

Thanks to the invisible deterrence and the cover of the illusion, it did not take them long before they saw the infinite wall that was shimmering in coldness.

“Six kilometers to the left after the entrance.” Douglas calculated according to Adol’s memories. This group of palaces seemed highly immune to reconnaissance spells.

Therefore, the six of them changed their direction and moved along the city wall. Then, they found a swarm of mummies on their way. Some of them were humans, and some were sphinxes. Their grey cloths had stinky stains.

The two parties approached each other. Because of the illusion spell, those mummies did not sense anything but kept wandering ignorantly.

They were about to pass by each other, when a sphinx in the mummies suddenly halted. With weird and cold brilliance beaming out of its eyes, it suddenly expanded to almost three times its peers. A gold crown that was full of Sun Stones and Moonlight Stones appeared on its head, too, making it look terrifying.

“The Primordial Mummy?”

There were many primordial mummies, but only one of them was intelligent. This sphinx was clearly not it, because its eyes soon became brutal and bloodthirsty in a demonic haze. However, it was still a legendary creature!

The mummy widened its mouth and was about to send the signal of alarm.

Suddenly, a low voice echoed: “Advanced Time Stop.”

There was nothing but greyness before Lucien’s eyes, as if the whole world was frozen. By the time it became normal, he saw quite a few beams of light bouncing on the ancient mummy, before it was destroyed by a brilliant meteor.

Hualala. The sphinx turned to countless pieces. From the broken body, black beetles crawled out.

“Is this the ability of a top legendary? A legendary undead creature has been eliminated instantly, even though it’s only level one.” Lucien thought with mixed feelings, but then he sensed that the mummy was familiar. “Huh. Did I see it from somewhere before?”

“Move on.” Said Douglas peacefully.

Lucien was about to step forward, when he suddenly recalled a few pictures, so he spoke through the telepathic bond. “Mr. President, wait a moment.”

“Is there a problem?” Asked Fernando.

Lucien pointed at the broken body on the ground. “I think I saw it before. I would like to observe it for a while longer.”

No legendary sorcerers would let go of the tiniest clues. So, they waited for Lucien.

After a moment, when Lucien almost remembered the pictures, the black beetles crawled back into the decayed corpse, and the pieces of the corpse began to wriggle and gather towards the center!

“It’s not dead?” Erica was well aware of the destructiveness of the president’s ‘Fateful Meteor’. That was a legendary spell which could destroy someone together with their phylactery!

What was exceptional about the mummy?

Douglas also frowned, wondering why ‘Fateful Meteor’ lost effect. If Lucien hadn’t asked them to stay and observe, he would’ve probably been deceived by the creature in the World of Souls.

Lucien was briefly stunned. Then, he transformed into a legendary knight and drew the silver longsword, slashing the decayed body that had been regathered.

“Ahhhhhhhh!”

Miserable cries were transmitted into Lucien’s soul along the sword, which made Lucien see a peculiar illusion: Inside a monochrome, gloomy mausoleum, countless red and brown ‘spider threads’ were tying a grey coffin. Above the coffin was a rusty ball of light that was stained with blood. After he slashed his sword, the spider threads were cut apart, and the light ball broke into half after violent trembles, vanishing into thin air. The cover of the coffin was knocked open, and a sphinx mummy sat up, howling in pain. Then, it fell apart, disintegrated into a pool of stinky, yellow mucus.

Was it Finks, the King of Sphinxes?

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 615: Speculation

Seeing the familiar view, Lucien immediately recalled the identity of the sphinx mummy before him. It was exactly Finks, the King of Sphinxes that he encountered when he accomplished Rhine's task.

At that time, it was sealed inside a coffin, and it was executed by him with Pale Justice after his resurrection, falling into dormancy again. When he escaped through the gap of the World of Souls, he saw the shadow of its mausoleum, the bloodstained ball of light, and the weird red 'spider threads', which made him realize that it was actually sealed in the World of Souls.

Right now, its real self had been slain by the Sword of Truth through the projection. There was no need to worry about sealing him anymore, because beings which had completely died could not be sealed.

"Is this a projection? Sacrificing the wisdom to obtain the original strength? No wonder my 'Fateful Meteor' failed to destroy it." Douglas said speculatively. 'Fateful Meteor' could destroy all the life-preserving preparations when it was imposed on the real self, but it could not destroy the real self through projections or clones.

Lucien said solemnly, "Perhaps it's not only because it sacrificed its wisdom. I suspect that it was sealed in the World of Souls because somebody intended to extract the power in the light ball of its godhood. Right. It is Finks, the King of Sphinxes."

"Finks, the legend who died ten thousand years ago?" Douglas was very familiar with ancient civilizations. Also, Finks' mausoleum still lied in the southern desert of the Gusta Empire today.

Fernando, on the other hand, grasped the key point in Lucien's words. "The ball of godhood?"

Lucien nodded and described what he saw in Finks' mausoleum and the reflection of the World of Souls.

If it were a few years ago, they wouldn't have known what the weird ball that could not be touched or approached was, but right now, they had absolutely no doubt that it was a cluster of godhood.

After a brief silence, Douglas said solemnly, "So to speak, Finks was possibly not really dead ten thousand years ago. It was actually captured by somebody of the World of Souls and sealed in a specific place to gather the ball of godhood. The projection to defend the Temple of Spirits was only a side effect."

"Hehe. That explains why there were no fake gods in the main material world until the War of Dawn! I checked all the ancient records and discovered no fake gods at all! I was most curious about that. Since there were so many fake gods during the War of Dawn, it meant that the main material world had the conditions to gather the ball of godhood, but why are there so many fake gods in the alternate dimensions but none in the main material world? Because the World of Souls is behind everything." Fernando sniffed.

Erica frowned. "Are you suggesting that every legend or powerful creature who could possibly gather the ball of godhood was noticed by the World of Souls, and they died 'naturally' when they almost succeeded?"

"More or less. According to Evans' report, the mysterious existence of the World of Souls recovered a lot by absorbing the godhood of the same nature. Perhaps, the legends of the World of Souls captured the King of Sphinxes and transformed his godhood in order to awaken him." Vicente said gloomily.

For a legend like Finks, although he would not collect godhood actively, the light of godhood would be naturally gathered in him after he was worshiped by all the tribes of sphinxes. Then, he caught the World of Souls' attention.

Also, since he was not really dead, the spontaneous power of faith would be gathered where he was sealed, making it impossible for future generations to become a 'god'. It should be the same case for 'Amboula', the Lord of Ocean worshiped by the Kuo-toans. Even though the emperor of the Kuo-toans was stronger than him, he could not sense any power of faith at all.

That was why no fake gods had ever appeared after the age of myths. It was not until the War of Dawn that a large group of people began to preach and collect faith.

After a brief conversation, the six legendary sorcerers had basically uncovered the scheme that lingered for tens of thousands of years.

The World of Souls had always been peeping at and threatening the main material world. It was definitely not harmless!

The exploration was much more valuable than anticipated!

"The ritual in the World of Souls is not bad at all. The King of Sphinxes slept for ten thousand years without decaying at all." Klaus shook his head with a smile, dissolving the temporarily frozen atmosphere with a joke.

Lucien smiled. “When you approach the end of your life, you can send an application to the legends of the World of Souls to be sealed. Then, thousands of years later, when your dream becomes reality, you can be woken up again and enjoy everything.”

“Huh, that’s a great idea.” Klaus smiled. “But I still have a long life that I can enjoy and many puppets that are waiting for me. I cannot be sealed in a gloomy mausoleum and defend the Temple of Spirits with a disgusting look.”

Taking a deep breath, Douglas pointed at the secret entrance up ahead, “More terrible things may be waiting for us. We must be careful.”

The corpse of the King of Sphinxes stopped slithering. The swarm of black beetles lost the feelings of a mixture of life and death. They soon turned into grey mucus and melted into the black mud.

.....

The pure black gate was decorated with the gloomy stripes. Emitting unusual coldness, it invoked awe in everybody who saw it.

The entrance was dozens of meters tall, as if it were designed for giants, but according to Adol’s description, it was the smallest door in the group of palaces.

Many senior-rank spectres similar to Adol were floating. They were defending the pathway in puffy long robes.

Douglas frowned. “The spiritual power is blocked in the Temple of Spirits. My magic eyes would be disconnected after they are sent in. It seems that we can only sneak in.”

“Perhaps, the Temple of Spirits is part of the projection of the mysterious existence of the World of Souls.” Vicente suddenly said.

“Very possible.” Fernando, unusually, agreed with Vicente.

Therefore, under the protection of illusion, the six legendary sorcerers went to the gate.

It seemed that Finks was the legend who guarded this entrance. Lucien and the team did not encounter any other experts. Under the watch of the dozens of senior-rank spectres, they entered openly and casually as if they were returning to their own home. Those senior-rank spectres all turned a blind eye to them.

All the palaces were pure black, cold and silent. All the gardens had pale faces growing in them. All the corridors were sealed. All the corners were frequented by stinky spectres... After walking for a long time, Douglas said, “The temple up head is no longer the ‘Lake of Ghosts’ in Adol’s memories. It means that the coordinates have changed. We have to count on ourselves now.”

Thankfully, there was still the pattern that Maskelyne and Viken left. Since it was confirmed that they went missing behind the Furnace of Souls, they would definitely reach the Furnace of Souls as long as they moved on to the calculated coordinates.

After calculating the coordinates according to environmental parameters, the team pressed on. They repeated the process once in a while.

“I feel that time and space is unusual inside the Temple of Spirits.” Douglas suddenly stopped before a temple. “It seems that we have come to a different world.”

Lucien took out his silver ‘Moon Timer’. “Yes, time and space is different. The second hand, the minute hand and the hour hand are all bouncing randomly. The time and space is changing after our every step.”

“Also, the deeper we go in, the slower the time will be. One day here equals five days outside.” Douglas wrote it down on his magic notebook. That was a responsibility of the ‘pioneers’.

Furnace of Souls calculated the coordinates where Maskelyne went missing and the current coordinates. “It wouldn’t be long before we see the Furnace of Souls.”

On their way, the team happened upon four unintelligent legendary spectres. Thanks to Vicente and Erica, they were cheated without any trouble.

“Hopefully, we will find our target after we pass this palace.” Douglas turned into gas and crawled through the gap on the gate of the palace, not triggering any magic circle.

Inside the palace were rows of bookshelves where yellowish books were kept in the intense air of rotting. On each level of the bookshelf, there were three white candles that emanated pale light, adding to the horrible atmosphere in the room.

“A library?” Klaus was rather surprised. “There’s a library in the Temple of Spirits?”

None of those spectres seemed to be interested in books!

His red eyes emitting silver brilliance, Fernando read the books through the covers without causing any change.

“They are the precious books of different ages that have recorded many lost civilizations, including those in the mythological age that we do not know.” After a long time, Fernando said in a low voice.

For sorcerers, books were among the best trophies!

Douglas smiled. “Remember the coordinates of this place and let’s keep moving. We will take away the books when we return.”

It would easily alarm the legendary spectres if they took away the books right now, which would cause unnecessary changes and delay their exploration on the Furnace of Souls. They would have no such concerns when they returned. Also, this place was still in the peripheral area and fitted the pattern of coordinate changes in Adol’s memories. No additional puzzles needed to be solved.

In the light of the shivering candles, Vicente’s dry cheeks that had only one skin was exceptionally horrible. He said, deep in thought, “Something has changed?”

Fernando became solemn. He immediately sensed something wrong with his spiritual power. “Where is Erica?”

It was not until then that Lucien realized that Erica, 'Master of Transformation' who had always been in the team, was gone! She went missing without any of them realizing it!

In the windless library, the fire of the candles were flickering like weird eyes.

A transparent crystal ball suddenly appeared in Douglas' hands. After it glittered, he extended his right hand and suddenly opened an invisible door.

The space changed, and a secret chamber appeared inside the library.

Inside the secret chamber, a demonic man, who had black hair and red lips, was holding Erica and sticking his sharp teeth deeply into her neck. Erica's flaxen eyes lost their vigor, and her face was frozen.

Sensing that the secret chamber was opened, the weird man in a splendid robe turned around abruptly. His unusually pale face and his mouthful of redness were a major contrast. As blood dripped off from his lips, he laughed crazily: "It's been a long time since I enjoyed such delicious blood!"

He thought that Douglas, Lucien and the rest of them would be shocked and horrified, but he saw nothing but smiles of mockery – except from Vicente, who barely had any normal facial expression.

In surprise, he held his neck in pain, as if something was burning his soul from inside. The blood on his lips emitted sacred brilliance.

Erica in his hands somehow recovered. Knocking his hands away, she wiped her neck with her handkerchief and sneered, “Has your mom never told you not to drink the blood of any random guy, particularly not that of a Master of Transformation?”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 616: Coffin

The ancient vampire held his throat, trying to say something but unable to make any sound. Black blood spurted out of his mouth nonstop, and his fair and smooth skin dried as if it were burnt. His crimson eyes were gradually frozen, with regret lingering on, before he collapsed on the ground.

“A Master of Transformation’s blood is the last you try to suck. Tsk.” Klaus clicked his tongue, as if he were sorry for the intellect of this ancient vampire.

Lucien chuckled. “In fact, the Master of Transformation’s blood is the best. If you suck one of them, you will be essentially sucking countless races. But he shouldn’t have sucked Erica’s blood when she became a seraph. He must’ve been desperate about his life.”

“Are you two comedians?” Erica took her handkerchief back and glared at them. Then she said to Douglas, “Mr. President, I suddenly felt a space-time change when I observed the bookshelf just now, and then I entered this chamber and met this vampire. I was worried that he might expose us, but he seemed to be too passionate about my blood, so I simply changed my blood accordingly.”

That was exactly 'Local Transformation'.

"A space-time change..." Douglas repeated. "We didn't notice it at all in the beginning. It seems that the Temple of Spirits is truly part of the projection of the mysterious existence of the World of Souls. That's why the legendary spectres could fool our senses. In the next, we need to be more cautious. Consider our enemy as a demigod!"

Vicente nodded and looked at the body of the vampire. "He seemed to be one of the intelligent legendary spectres, but why was he so stupid? The real vampires are all intelligently capable despite their egotism."

"That's normal. The ancient vampires were created by Silver Moon Alterna, and the other vampires were transformed through the embrace. They absolutely obey Silver Moon and shouldn't work for the World of Souls at all." Lucien looked at his left hand. When he met the ancient vampire just now, it showed no reaction at all.

Fernando stepped forward and examined the body with magic. "Then, it's possible that the vampire was synthesized by the mysterious existence of the World of Souls in other ways..."

"In what ways?" Douglas also stepped close and began his investigation.

The Lord of the Undead and Klaus followed them, touching the skin of ancient vampire that was still partly intact.

"The skin is smooth, elastic, with blood running slowly downwards. The most intense vigor can be felt, but there's no power of the Silver Moon." The Lord of the Undead rubbed the skin like a pervert and observed enthusiastically.

Klaus jabbed the flesh. “Perhaps his intellect was compromised exactly because he was synthesized. He did not know the simple lesson that not all food is edible. Was his soul created or melted?”

‘Melting’ was exactly the way to create alchemical life right now. Many relevant pieces of the soul were used for the combination.

“You do have a point. The vampires like Mr. Rhine would’ve controlled the enemy first, prepared food and wine, and examined the food carefully, before they enjoyed the dinner.” Lucien also walked close.

“Hey, enough!” Erica rubbed his wound that was healing quickly and said angrily, “This is not the time for arcana studies and discussions!”

Huh? The research maniacs finally realized that there were more important things to do.

Seeing that they backed off, Erica smiled, “Besides, this is my trophy. I don’t need to tell you how important the dead body of an ancient vampire is to a Master of Transformation, right?”

Furthermore, after she lived half of her life, she could hold a magic ritual with the essence of the vampire’s blood to extend her longevity.

The crimson fire in the Lord of the Undead's eyes bounced. It was true that Erica took him down on her own. Although she was only one level above the ancient empire, she killed him more than easily because of the guy's lust for blood.

Why can't I ever meet such a stupid vampire?

"Let's move on." Watching Erica collect the vampire's body, the Lord of the Undead said eagerly, as if he couldn't wait to meet a similar moron.

After they returned to the library from the secret chamber, Lucien and the rest of them carried out all their alert spells in case of another accident.

Without triggering the alarms in the library, the six of them passed thousands of bookshelves and left the palace from the other side.

Behind the palace was a peaceful lake, which was connected to the steeped palace by a black bridge.

Being in the World of Souls, the lake was, undoubtedly, grey and dead. It reflected the coldness around and did not have the slightest waves, making everybody uncomfortable.

"It's not the Lake of Ghosts but has a weird feeling." As one of the best experts of the school of necromancy, the Lord of the Undead identified the differences.

Douglas and Fernando also nodded. “It’s like devilized ghosts, similar to Apsis on the Skeleton Land.”

Apsis was the master of the Skeleton Land, the Life Reaper and the Lord of Death. He was a level-three legendary Demon Lord who was once locked and sealed by the Grand Cross.

The team was not delayed by their discussion. They stepped on the bridge quickly.

Then, the lake water suddenly surged. Countless pairs of red eyes stared at the bridge. Whoever stared back at them would lose their vitality and soon become undead creatures.

On the bridge, grey hands groped for Lucien and his teammates who were stepped forward. Those hands were thick, colorless, puffy and gross.

But before they reached Lucien’s feet, they were already mutating under the green light and had countless more fingers, which made them look like the tentacles of a kraken.

Those hands were stuck together as a result, blocking the red eyes below them.

Lucien was rather surprised at the result. He intended to destroy the curse with ‘Professor’s Solitude’, but the mutation turned out to be exceptional. It must be noted that ‘Professor’s Solitude’ could only cause slight mutation after a long time under normal circumstances.

Feeling the urge of research, Lucien blew apart the mutated grey hands and pluck a dozen that were still normal. Wrapping them up, he tossed them into his storage bag.

Blackness appeared next to Douglas' feet, deviating both the grey hands and the crimson eyes. Those who reached Fernando were faced with a dark storm. Klaus' feet turned into the feet of a puppet at some point, which were absolutely steady when the grey hands scratched them. Erica, on the other hand, had the palest face without the slightest vitality. She had turned into a legendary spectre at some point and was grimacing back at the crimson eyes down below. Come on. I'm already an undead creature. How can you transform me?

Hehe. Vicente snorted. The red flames in his eyes bounced, spreading out vague deterrence that froze all the grey hands and the crimson eyes.

"This should be a trap that is designed against the living people. The undead creatures can pass without being influenced at all, but the non-spectres will definitely be discovered regardless of their strength." The Lord of the Undead said in a low voice. The many traps in the Temple of Spirits were a major eye-opener for him. He had never seen such arrangements before.

In the meantime, Erica cast a spell and transformed the team into corresponding undead creatures. They passed the bridge and arrived at the gate of the temple quickly.

The incident did not last long. The Lake of Evil only roiled for a while before it became normal. It did not catch any attention.

.....

The black gate of the steeped palace had uncanny symbols painted on it. They seemed to be representing the sun, or the pale eyeballs.

Douglas performed magic and let his left eye fly out, melting into the grey air and investigating on behalf of him.

They were closer and closer to the Furnace of Souls, and it was easier and easier for them to be discovered!

The left eye snuck into the palace sticking to the ground. Lucien and the team observed everything inside the palace through the picture on the crystal ball while they stayed on alert.

The palace was dark at first, but as the eye moved forward, there was gradually light. However, the light was pale and did not have any temperature.

Then, everything was illuminated. Lucien and the team saw the center of the palace. A pure skeleton in a magic robe seemed to be holding a certain ritual, with a silver cup of red blood on its left side and a creepily-smiling puppet that was enveloped by red spider threads on its left side. There was nothing before him.

“The Lich King.” Lucien recognized the spectre whose head was surrounded by special gems!

He was a level-three legendary spectre, and the master of the peripheral area of the Temple of Spirits.

Hardly had he made the observation in the telepathic bond when the Lich King suddenly raised his head and looked at the eye.

“Not good!”

“We’ve been exposed!”

Similar ideas occurred to Lucien and his partners. Douglas simply cast the spell:

“Advanced Time Stop!”

Crack. The silver cup fell to the ground, the blood was vaporized, and the red spider threads on the puppet were all broken. Countless cracks appeared on the puppet, too. A cluster of flickering light surfaced before the Lich King and was shattered into pieces.

However, they also disrupted the time and space and offset the Advanced Time Stop!

Fernando, Vicente, Lucien and Klaus, in the meantime, surrounded him from different directions.

All the gems on the Lich King’s head were illuminated. He became transparent and disappeared, but there was not the slightest wave caused by teleportation!

“What happened?” Erica was confused. How could the guy have escaped so easily right under our noses?

Douglas looked around. “He hasn’t escaped yet; he’s still hiding somewhere in this palace.”

“Yes.” Lucien agreed with him.

They were the authorities in time and space.

Therefore, the few sorcerers blocked the two gates and began to search carefully, while they tried to sense any waves of messaging.

Soon enough, Lucien discovered a secret door. Above the door was a vertical symbol that looked like a sword.

After checking it, Douglas opened the door and revealed a rather spacious chamber. The chamber seemed to be even brighter than outside.

The chamber was vacant save five black coffins. There were two flat coffins on the left and on the right, in the way they were usually put, but ahead of them was a dark red coffin that had been lifted vertically, as if the master of the coffin wanted to stand forever.

None of the five coffins were longer than the height of a regular person, particularly the vertical one ahead, which was obviously no more than two meters long. In the eyes of Lucien who was wearing the Sun’s Corona, a cluster of sacred, intangible light was floating before or above each of them. Every cluster of light was connected to three similar flickering lines. One of the lines was

extended from the void down below, one extended into the void above, and the last one dug into each coffin.

“Godhood?” Lucien was not surprised to see that.

“Is he hiding in the coffin?” Asked Klaus in confusion.

Douglas suddenly said solemnly, “Look at the floor, the wall and the ceiling.”

Focusing his attention, Lucien saw vintage crosses through the black and grey dust!

The crosses in the style of the War of Dawn!

Based on their pattern, similar stripes could be found on the five coffins, too!

Dum! Dum! Dum

Dum! Dum! Dum

Lucien’s heart was suddenly pounding.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 617: Changes

After hearing Lucien's declaration that he had found the godhood, Fernando, Douglas and the rest of them all activated their special items, allowing them to also see the five clusters of godhood.

At this moment, the cover of the black coffin that had been placed vertically suddenly hit the ground, raising a mist of dust and revealing the 'owner' of the coffin inside!

Faced with such an accident, Douglas, Fernando and the rest of the team were all set to cast spells, and Lucien had an additional silver pocket watch in his hands.

A gold-haired handsome man in a white robe was standing inside the iron coffin. He was tall, his eyes were closed, and his hands were crossed before his chest.

There was not the slightest hint of life in him. He seemed to be dead for years, but his skin was healthy and smooth without any decay. The greatest feature on his face was the hawk nose that made him look very aggressive.

"Ivan?"

Suddenly, Lucien heard Douglas and Fernando's shock in the telepathic bond at the same time!

Ivan?

It was a very common name in the Schachran Empire, but when it appeared with the vintage crosses around, Lucien could only think of one person:

Saint Ivan, the first pontiff of the North Church!

Saint Ivan, the 'culprit' who caused the schism of the Church!

Saint Ivan, who let the capital of the Schachran Empire named after him!

Why was he here?

After only one brief moment, the 'Ivan' inside the black coffin suddenly opened his eyes. That was a pair of eyes that were bluer than the ocean and clearer than gems. They were so deep that all the light around were absorbed by them, resulting in a temporary darkness.

.....

In the Saint Ivan Church in San Ivansburg, inside a secret confessional...

Belkovsky, the incumbent pontiff of the North Church who had the typical huge nose of Schachran, was praying before the cross, when his eyes suddenly widened. His bright yellow eyes were immediately replaced by azure.

“Who broke into the Room of the Holy Spirit?” He said in anger. In the next, his body turned into illusionary light, as if he were melted into the air.

In the Saint Aleksey, the Saint Felix, the Saint Uriel, and the Saint Geno Churches, four Grand Cardinals in the level of saint also opened their closed eyes in the middle of their prayers.

.....

The ball of godhood before the coffin of ‘Ivan’ suddenly flew into his body, allowing bright wings of godhood to be opened on his back. They were purer than the sunlight and more brilliant than the stars!

His nose protruded and turned larger, making his looks the most typical style of the Schachran Empire. His eyes were gradually dyed yellow. Behind his head, the brilliance of godhood displayed various illusionary faces, including Saint Ivan that they had just seen and many strangers that Lucien did not know.

Pa, pa, pa. The covers of three of the coffins that were placed flatly were opened, and three men in white long robes flew out and melted into the balls of godhood before them, flapping the wings of godhood.

The last coffin was still quiet, but something seemed to have flown into the ball of godhood above it, narrowing and lengthening it into an angel of light with yellow eyes.

A record suddenly occurred to Lucien. "...The six grand cardinals—Ivan, Aleksey, Nikon, Uriel, Geno, Felix—launched a surprise attack on Wilfred's Demiplanes Magic Tower. In this intense battle, the six grand cardinals killed the necromancer and destroyed his phylactery... Nikon was killed by Wilfred."

"During the fight against the vicious necromancer Wilfred, the Grand Cardinal Geno, was severely injured by Wilfred's counterattack before his death. Geno's soul was entangled by the power of death. Seven years later, Geno died in Lance, the Holy City..."

"...That day, God stared at the Holy City. Four saints, namely Ivan, Aleksey, Uriel and Felix, and seven saint cardinals, including Salt, Antlers and Siriusius, stood under the illumination of gold light, and accused Gregory of being the living embodiment of the Lord of Hell..."

For a moment, the whole secret chamber was so sacred and dazzling that it was a weird contrast to the silent and monochrome colors in the room a moment ago.

"Advanced Time Stop!"

"Storm Barrier!"

“Torso of Death!”

“Legendary Transformation!”

“Devilish Puppet!”

“Vengeful Gaze!”

Six spells were chanted at the same time. Although they were not sure what was going on yet, it was obviously not something good and had to be stopped immediately!

At this moment, ‘Saint Ivan’ suddenly opened his arms, as if he were embracing the people and the filthy world.

Countless tiny angels immediately appeared around him and sang anthems and hymns that sounded like ‘hallelujah’ that Lucien heard in his previous life.

A giant hole was broken in the monotonous black, white and grey up above. The projection of Mountain Paradise appeared. The light was poured into the body of Saint Ivan through the connection of the ball of godhood, making the wings of godhood even more dazzling and brilliant. His energy soared quickly and soon surpassed that of Fernando and Douglas, reaching the level close to a demigod!

It was God's Grace!

With such changes, time and space shook, and the secret room was enshrouded by holiness. The legendary spells from Douglas, Lucien and the rest of them were dissolved before they were launched!

"Abominations shall be punished." Ivan, whose blue eyes emitted vague yellowness, stepped forward and announcement solemnly, before hallowed light surged out like a tide.

Lucien immediately felt a space-time change, as if he had left the World of Souls and entered the infinite cosmos. He could see the brilliant stars far away, but he could no longer detect Fernando, Erica and the rest of the team who were right next to him.

Right then, Douglas' grave and slow voice echoed. "Gravity Cage."

The darkness of void surfaced, and the vast cosmos was gone. Then, Lucien discovered that he had been teleported. He did not know which palace he was in at all!

"Has Mr. President stopped 'Saint Ivan'?"

.....

Above a certain palace in the Temple of Spirits, the objects and the walls were all twisted and shattered under the terrifying pressure. However, despite the profound and heavy darkness, the transparent wings transformed from godhood did not seem affected.

“I’m told that you found the path to becoming a demigod by the general theory of relativity. I’m very curious about it.” Smiling, ‘Saint Ivan’ opened his right hand and broke the gravity cage more than easily after a single press.

“Paradise of Stars!” A weirdly-shaped celestial globe appeared in Douglas’s hands. As it emitted a brilliant light, it cast the place around him really into a cosmos that was dark and boundless.

It was his unique legendary item that could directly create the lock of ‘Paradise of Stars’ to improve himself and suppress the enemy.

In the meantime, he spread out his spiritual power. “You are not Ivan!”

Since the Congress of Magic had a chance to rise only because Saint Ivan divided the Church, Douglas and Fernando had met Saint Ivan a lot at that time. After a brief identification, he soon realized that something was wrong.

The wings transformed by godhood flapped behind ‘Saint Ivan’, shattering the falling stars in the lock. “Does it really matter? We have been integrated. After we obtain the real immortality, I will be Ivan, and Ivan will be me. We will also be a lot of other people.”

“The inheritance of strength?” Thanks to his experience, Douglas seemed to have grasped something. “No wonder only four coffins are opened. That’s because the last coffin belongs to Geno, who completely perished a few years after he returned to the Holy City. So, he could only be replaced by certain items to pass on his strength!”

“No wonder the ratio of saints is so high in the North Church!”

Saint Ivan smiled. Without any further ado, he carried out his strength close to that of a demigod and suppressed Douglas who only had the assistance of the lock.

.....

Inside the barrier of storms, black tornadoes were sweeping, and countless gigantic lightning was striking, shattering the intense air of death and the frozen black, white and grey. Heat and coldness took turns to destroy everything around.

“Aleksey, Uriel.” A world of storms seemed to have been born in Fernando’s red eyes. Whoever was seen by him would bear unimaginable horror. His barrier of storms surrounded the two white-robed men and the Lich King who was preparing for an ambush.

The two white-robed saints were no strangers to Fernando. They were two of the three saints who followed Saint Ivan to divide the Church. The last of them was clearly Felix.

‘Uriel’, black-haired and black-eyed, shook his head and did not say anything. He merely chanted: “Light of Judgment!”

The wings made of godhood were closed, blowing up a light that seemed to be from the highest part of Mountain Paradise, judging everything in the world.

It was a pity that he and 'Aleksey' were only close to the peak of legendary even though they were melted with the balls of godhood. Together with the assistant of the Lich King, they were only on par with Fernando and were caught in a fierce battle. They were even losing the battle.

The aftermath of their battle destroyed the palaces around, causing the ever-rising terrible howls inside the Temple of Spirits.

In another palace, the Lord of the Undead encountered 'Felix' and was slightly overpowered by the enemy who had melted the ball of godhood. The rainbow dragon that Erica transformed into and the angel of light that the ball of godhood before the coffin of 'Geno' turned into were fighting now in the sky and now in the Lake of Evils very intensely. Although she was one level lower, she had the help of legendary items and the enemy had nothing, so she could still resist the enemy for now.

.....

"Even 'Saint Ivan' is only close to a demigod under God's Grace. He cannot kill Mr. President at all. That's a man who had a head-on clash with a real demigod, the pope, and returned in one piece. Although he may be briefly overpowered, it remains to be seen who the final winner is when the effect of God's Grace is over." Lucien was not worried about Douglas, or his teacher Fernando. "My teacher is an out-and-out top legend. He can escape safely even if he is attacked by the four enemies."

The noises when the balls of godhood were melted were too huge, which informed Lucien of the enemy's capabilities clearly. The angel of light was a level-three legend, and the other three saints were all close to the peak of legendary. Even if they were to attack his teacher together, they could only suppress his teacher for now. Although it would be dangerous for his teacher when the four level-three legendary spectres came to aid, his teacher was certainly not a fool who would wait for the enemy's reinforcements to arrive without doing anything.

“For somebody at the top of legendary, they can leave whenever they are in danger, unless they are stalled by somebody in the same level.” Lucien remarked with mixed feelings. It was actually himself, Erica and Klaus who were in danger. Also, even though Vicente was a grand arcanist in the school of necromancy, it remained to be seen whether or not he could be resurrected if he died here.

Thinking of what happened earlier, Lucien basically guessed who were inside the coffins. “Five saints... It seems that the coffin that was not opened belongs to Geno. He died a long time ago, so they made use of him in a different way?”

.....

Inside the secret chamber, because of God’s Grace from ‘Saint Ivan’, the other people had been separated or teleported. The place fell quiet again.

Suddenly, the coffin of ‘Geno’ was opened, and a white-robed man with bright red eyes slowly crawled out. The decayed muscles on his body began to drop, replaced by newborn flesh and skin.

Looking at the place where ‘Saint Ivan’ and Douglas were fighting remotely, he put on a mocking smile and then walked towards the entrance!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 618: Tycoon Style

Looking around, Lucien saw himself in a round hall with circles of seats like an enlarged Parliament of Nobles. In fact, this place was as big as half of a city. The dome glistened in the pale light, making the cold, black bricks give out creepy colors.

According to the changes of coordinates, Lucien roughly figured out where he was and where the two exits were: To his left, there was a path towards outside, and it would go through the palace that Lich King and the five saints were in; while to his right, the path went deeper, which should be the one leading to Furnace of Souls.

There was no doubt that Lucien would choose to go back. He hoped that he could run into Douglas or Fernando so that he could be safe; and if he wasn't that lucky, he could still leave this place.

After Saint Ivan and the rest of the four saints "resuscitated", the situation had been completely turned around and it was now hundreds of times more dangerous than they thought. Douglas and Fernando might, in their poorest luck, be severely injured, they would at least stay alive. However, for Lucien, Klaus, and Erica, it would be a completely different story. If they got lucky, they would be sealed like Sphinx, and in that case the congress might still be able to save them in the future, but if they were not that lucky, they would be forever gone and only be memorized by history.

Lucien realized that this was the hidden danger in Bergner's prophecy, as he was casting layers of defense magic spells on himself. He warned himself that when the live-or-dead moment came, he should blow himself and destroy all the five legendary items immediately without any hesitation. He had his appendix at home for resurrection anyways!

Under the protection of Elemental Skin, Mental Barrier, and a series of spells, Lucien pushed open the gate on the left. Instantly, the sad and shrill cries went off.

Any existences that could make noise in the World of Souls were without doubt of legendary level!

There were at least seven around! In the distance, there were even more!

Outside of the palace there were ghouls, spectres, mummies, skeleton dragons, and dragon liches like waves rushing in from all directions. They covered the sky, the corridors and paths, lakes and gardens, and among them there were seven extremely strong and intimidating auras.

In the palace in the distance, the roarings and cries were echoing, as if the horrible dead were having their new year concert.

Seeing this, Lucien felt his blood freeze. Although he was not at all close to them, he was still shocked.

Lucien wondered if he could use Advanced Time Stop so he could seize the chance to go through this area. However, he realized that the range of the spell was not wide enough to cover the entire place.

For the first time, Lucien hated that the bloody temple was this spacious! He wished that all the legendary dead could have gathered together, but now there was no chance for him to freeze them at once. Even with the Moon Timer, Lucien could only cast it three times in succession, but that was still not enough.

Those dead creatures had no wisdom. Lucien was not afraid of them one-on-one, one-on-two, or even one-on-five. However, now the quantitative change had led to qualitative change, not to mention that there might be even primordial mummies and servants of Death hiding.

Then what about fighting using guerrilla tactics? Lucien believed that this place was big enough.

At this time, however, Lucien recalled Bergner's words, "Remember, if you encounter great danger, don't hurry to retreat, and you will only see hope if you press forward."

Following his instinct from his Host Star of Destiny and Astrology power, Lucien soon made up his mind. Facing the spectre waves, Lucien adjusted his monocle with his left hand and then reached out his right hand,

"Atomic Fission!"

Meanwhile, Lucien cast Hand of Uncertainties using his soul power!

BOOM!

A huge fireball exploded in the waves of the spectres. The horrible blasts spread out fiercely and off white mushroom cloud intertwined with flames soared.

Hoooooooo! Countless bitter cries suddenly stopped. The scene was like a harvested wheat field, or a huge swirl suddenly emerged in an ocean : A good number of spectres were instantly removed, and there was no way that the vacancy left could be filled in within a short period of time.

The roaring from the seven legendary creatures had also been reduced! Two of them had been vaporized!

The earth was booming and shaking, and the blasts and radiation had reached Lucien. But since he was in the air far away from the explosion, and with all the defense spells he had, he was basically not hurt at all.

The combination of the two spells worked definitely very well. The only pity was that the seven legendary creatures were too far away from each other, so this one single strike only killed two of them. Lucien wished that he could cast the combo several times in a row to send all of the spectres back to hell, but obviously that was not going to happen.

Lucien then dived into the air as fast as he could for the gate on the right side of the temple.

When he was flying, Lucien thought to himself that Eternal Blaze would for sure work even better here since spectres were so afraid of daylight.

Entering the gate on the right side, Lucien found an intact path leading to an old, simply-decorated hall. This place looked like a fane, whose dome was supported by the thick, black stone pillars.

There was no time for Lucien to appreciate the design, as he still needed to disperse the spectres waves after him. Therefore, he started dashing along the only corridor in front of him.

The corridor seemed to be endless. Totally different from those places that Lucien went through earlier, the corridor was free of any spectres. The entire space was so quiet and cold as if everything froze here.

Lucien cast Advanced Fly and Advanced Speed at the same time. To avoid those tricky magic traps, sometimes he jumped up and flew in the air, sometimes he bent and kept down to the floor.

Then Lucien heard the giggle.

The giggle lingered in the empty corridor, and the creepy voice would easily make anyone without protection feel dizzy and horrified. But Lucien had Mental Barrier.

Giggling. Clapping.

The voice was laughing at how Lucien was running for his life.

Lucien's eyes reflected his Host Star of Destiny, and the crystal ball in his left hand became very dark. Suddenly, a flash of starlight lit up and pointed at one of the black walls.

Ninth circle unique spell, Maskelyne's Tracking!

Giggling. Giggling.

The voice slowly came out from the black wall. As if it was alive, it was wriggling on the floor, preventing Lucien from moving forward.

The darkness faded, and the wall had turned into a disgusting creature. It was a pile of rotten flesh, in the color of dark grey. The flesh consisted of countless half-rotten arms. In the middle of each palm of the arms, there was a brownish-yellow eyeball. The hands were those which clapped, and the eyeballs were those which giggled.

Hundred-eye Ghost! Lucien instantly recognized this legendary spectre, as well as its power and how it fought.

Those disgusting, thickly-dotted eyeballs could make its enemies feel desperate and numb.

The giggling and clapping was its language, a language of chaos, powerful enough to dizzy the target and directly influence the target's mind!

Also, this disgusting pile of flesh did have wisdom, the giggling and clapping were showing that it was being sarcastic.

The hundreds of arms extended and came fiercely at Lucien. Meanwhile, the eyeballs had lit up, ready to shoot out different colors of rays.

What was worse, the terrifying roarings were also approaching from behind!

Lucien looked down for a moment and grabbed a fancy silver pocket watch out of his pouch. Then he pressed the small button.

Click.

The hundred-eye ghost's movement suddenly became very stiff. The disgusting arms were now wriggling forward as slow as a snail.

Lucien then cast a series of Cracking (Advanced). Meanwhile, the second hand ticked a couple of times, and a few spells were cast instantly.

Lucien's muscles started bulging, making the double-breasted suit rather tight. His skin had turned fair, and his black eyes were shining moonlight.

His both hands held the silver-grey sword tight. The blade reflected sharp light.

The solidified grey and white started melting and running again, and the black came back. The hundred arms missed their target, and the colorful rays also only hit the floor. Part of the floor had been melted.

Meanwhile, it burst out colorful lights, red, yellow, white, purple... Then, after a sliver flash. The pile of flesh completely stopped moving.

The hundred-eye ghost suddenly split into two and collapsed to the ground. Like it was being torn down by some invisible hands in the air, it was further split into even smaller chunks.

Within a second, Lucien had killed a level-one legendary spectre creature.

Although Lucien did not have the same power compared to that of Mr. Douglas, as he had quite a few legendary items, he was for sure “wealthy” in this way. Therefore, Lucien could fight in a tycoon style.

Such a legendary spectre must have turned the most powerful part of its body into a legendary item, which would not be destroyed by the Sword of Truth.

Among the chunks of white-grey flesh, Lucien found an intact yellow eyeball. It was as big as Lucien’s hand, and it was shining the creepy color.

Lucien could use the eyeball as a good material.

Putting it aside, he then flew towards the other end of the corridor.

After a while, Lucien could finally see the grey gate in front of him.

Hooooooooo!

The horrible roaring came from behind the black wall. A second later, a dark-yellow arm wrapped in bandages had directly gone through the bricks to grab Lucien.

The fingers of Lucien's right hand quickly stroke the pocket watch and the elapse of time instantly slowed down. The moment when the arm paused, Lucien had cast Short Distance Teleportation.

Bang! The black wall fell completely, and the tall, dark-yellow figure wearing the gold crown stumbled out.

Primordial Mummy?

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 619: The Insane Defense

In Temple of Spirits, there were many primordial mummies, but there was only one wearing a gold crown.

That was the king of the primordial mummies, a level-three legendary, the dominator of the fringe area of the temple. It was immune to any spells lower than legendary level, and even some legendary ones!

If one did not know any specific spells that worked or have some particular blood powers, facing this thing would be great pain, even worse than facing a top legendary. As no attack would work at all.

Lucien recalled the pages he had read from before, “The King of Primordial Mummy, afraid of divine light, Sun power, and super-high temperature fire; Not immune to Luxury Cracking and Advanced Time Stop; High level of defense against physical weapon hacking...”

Ticking, ticking... the black second hand of the pocket watch ticked again and again. Lucien did not leave the mummy any chance to make a sound or attack.

Then his thumb pressed down.

Click. The black second hand stopped, and then the world lost its color only grey and white were left. The movement of the primordial mummy froze, as if it was in another space.

Lucien could not cast Cracking (Advanced). Although he could try Hand of Uncertainties, he did not believe that was going to do much help. After all, he was two levels lower than the mummy.

He assumed that his Sword of Truth could only break one layer of the mummy’s defense. In other words, the sword could not really hurt the mummy. Although Sword of Truth was very powerful, its power would still fade after breaking layers of defense.

Also, since the mummy was immune to most legendary spells in Necromancy, Congus Ring could also be quite useless here in terms of attacking.

Immune to death spells and destruction spells, the mummy also would not take Grandeur Obliteration.

...

Lucien quickly ran through the magic spell list to see what he could use here. The moment when he pressed the button, he had been ready to start developing his tactic.

“Elemental Order.”

The spell was cast. In the past several months, Lucien had improved his Elemental Order to legendary level based on Elements Resolve. It was due to the limit that so far only up to four legendary spells could be constructed in his Soul that Lucien had to completely sing the long spell, and also using the complex hand gestures for help. If it had not been that the time had been temporarily stopped, the primordial mummy would have had enough time to kill him twice.

After adding Hand of Uncertainties and Elemental Order, the time-cease effect had approached the end. In the last second, Lucien cast Baler’s Transformation and pulled out Sword of Truth. He then fiercely wielded the sword at the primordial mummy.

Silver light flashed.

Colors resumed. Black of the walls recovered. Pale yellow of the bandages recovered.

Suddenly, countless colorful light spots burst out of the mummy’s body and the tawny-colored bandages quickly resolved. Layer by layer, however, the black rotten flesh was still not yet revealed.

The silver light cut in, and then the primordial mummy released the most bitter howling ever,

“Hoooooooo!”

The awful howling instantly penetrated most of Lucien’s defense spells, making his head painfully buzzing.

This was the horrible power of this level-three legendary monster!

In front of the mummy’s chest, some of the bandages were finally cut into two pieces. The iron-black rotten flesh now had a deep cut in it, and the cut had the power to prevent the rotten flesh from growing back. The tawny dead body oil, giving out the awful, disgusting odour, dropped onto the floor, eating in the floor tiles because of its horrible causticity.

However, the cut was still not deep enough. Lucien speculated that the mummy should be killed with at least another five or six same hacks adding on the existing wound.

But even with the power as a level-one legendary knight after transformation, this one single strike was already Lucien’s full strength. There was no way that he could add another five or six to it – He was not fast enough!

Unless... unless he used Advanced Time Stop. But that would make Moon Timer take a whole day to recover. Lucien would lose his most powerful tool to survive in this dark temple.

“Hoooooooo!”

Dark miasma permeated out of the cut and covered it. Layers of defenses were added again.

Lucien felt frustrated, not only by how troublesome the mummy was, but also about his own indecision. If he could not survive here, there would be no more future. If he had seized the chance and continued the attack by using Time Stop, he could have probably killed the monster already! But now, he had to start all over again!

The defense of the monster was totally insane!

At this time, the arms of the primordial mummy suddenly reached out and extended. It was totally an unexpected attack to Lucien.

Fortunately, Lucien's body spontaneously reacted as a legendary knight. His left arm swiftly lifted the small, black shield.

Bang! The colliding powers stirred the air like water rippling. However, the ripples could not hurt Lucien at all, as if he was in a different dimension!

The primordial mummy suddenly accelerated and split into a few streaks of shadows. The black miasma spread out from its gold crown and filled in the space, corroding everything.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Lucien had to keep retreating to confront the power. If it had not been the Shield of Truth, Lucien would have already lost his shield from the beyond-aggressive attacks. However, even so, the shield had had a few fine cracks on the surface, and the waves in the air were becoming increasingly fierce.

Lucien knew that his spiritual power was far from being fast enough to predict the movement of a level-three legendary. His brain worked fast to analyse what he could do right now.

Baler's Transformation was only a sixth circle spell, and therefore, it was now showing many problems in a legendary level fight. The willpower frontier transformed by spiritual power could not reach the level of a legendary knight. Facing the primordial mummy, the disadvantages were fatal.

Hooooooooo!

To make the situation worse, more angry and desperate howling followed from behind. The waves of spectres and the legendaries hiding in them had entered the hall.

Lucien suddenly put aside the Sword of Truth in his right hand and grabbed the pocket watch floating in the air following him. His fingers gently stroked it.

Although during transformation, he could not directly cast some of the spells, Lucien could still use his legendary items.

The stroke activated the black second hand, and time was interfered with in this area, suddenly faster and suddenly slower. The primordial mummy was affected.

Moon Timer was a level-two legendary item. With its specific usage, its power was close to level-three. Therefore, it worked well on this primordial mummy!

Seizing the chance, Lucien's double-breasted suit lit up. A fist-sized, bright ball was released from the magic robe and it shot out at the mummy!

Boom!

The deafening, horrible blasts carrying rolling flames, white bolts of lightning, and green acid fluid exploded, turning the space into hell.

Hellish Ball! The ancient legendary spell from the school of elements! A spell integrating the power of flame, lightning, acid, and sound waves!

“Hoooooooo!”

The primordial mummy burst out with a painful cry. It was lit on fire, and the invisible electromagnetic waves were also burning its body. However, only one-third of its defense was down.

Its defense was insane!

Seeing that it wasn't really working, Lucien immediately stopped himself from pressing the button. Putting aside the shield and removing the transformation, he cast in a low voice,

"Atomic Universe!"

It wasn't a legendary spell, but a projection of his demiplane, which could interfere with the real world!

In the corridor, a boundless starry sky appeared. Countless elements were following the route of breaking down into pure protons, neutrons, and electrons and then reuniting, from one to a thousand.

The fusion produced a number of huge suns, and the extremely high temperature and dazzling glare was beyond scorching.

"Ahhhhhhhh!"

The primordial mummy simultaneously lifted its right arm and covered its eyes. Black miasma was being evaporated out of its body.

Atom fusion. Eternal Blaze!

Seeing that, Lucien added a series of instantly-cast spells on himself and flew past the mummy as fast as he could.

The fusion was simulated using the projection of his demiplane, and this was unique to the class, Atom Controller. Its power was thus much, much weaker than the true Eternal Blaze, but it was just for intimidating it and creating a chance for Lucien to run for his life.

Lucien did consider that he could seize the chance to initiate another several rounds of attacks, but he decided that he had better run at this point.

Pushing the gate open, there were two corridors waiting for Lucien to choose. But he did not. Suddenly, he split into two. One for each choice, he kept running.

And then there was another fork in the road. Lucien split again.

After three times, the real Lucien had arrived at a maze-like hall. However, the angry, hoarse cursing had also arrived from behind in some distance,

“You’ll never get away!”

Damn! The primordial mummy’s instinct worked so well! Lucien thought that he had got rid of it because he just cast so many illusionary and astrology spells on his way!

Suddenly, he saw a green beam of light. And there was a gold skull in the air.

It was Demigod-lich!

Lucien had to be ready for another round of tough fight. But before he could do anything, he saw Klaus.

Now Klaus looked rather serious, and in front of him there was a girl puppet having blond hair.

Within a second, the beautiful puppet changed into a gold skull.

Then Klaus cast,

“Grandeur Obliteration!”

Silently, the gold skull was ground into ashes. At the same time, Demigod-lich burst out with a bitter cry and was turned into a pile of ash.

Although he had killed his enemy, Klaus could not cheer up at all. His face was very pale. The spell he just used also consumed most of his power and cost him an arm and a leg.

“Lucien?” Klaus was a bit surprised, and then a bitter smile appeared his face, “I wish you weren’t here, Lucien. The thing that’s chasing after you is much more powerful than Demigod-lich!”

“I’m sorry, Klaus. But there’s nothing I can do,” said Lucien, “but now it’s hard to say if you’re gonna be its new target. I suggest that we work together and put it back to eternal sleep again.”

There was no way that they could keep running and running.

Klaus was a bit speechless, “Do I have a choice?”

Klauser could instantly run away, but just as Lucien said, the primordial mummy might turn to chase after him. After all, Klaus was more powerful than Lucien, and thus he was the more dangerous one.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 620: The Sarcastic Smile

Before Lucien said anything, the outrageous air had broken in. One of the black walls in the maze was fiercely pushed open a big hole, and the mummy wearing the gold crown walked out,

“Both of you die here!”

The miasma surrounding the primordial mummy filled the entire space, preventing Lucien's and Klaus' spiritual power from reaching further. It felt like a long time exposure to the miasma would even drain their spiritual power!

Hooooooooo!

While furiously howling, the primordial mummy suddenly grew ten times bigger until it was as huge as a giant. In comparison, Lucien and Klaus were as tiny as two little ants.

Then the wild wind came.

The fierce wind came from the mummy's two fists continuously hitting the ground over and over again like two giant hammers! The black stone pillars collapsed one by one – It would take Lucien quite a while to take down one of the pillars using Vengeful Gaze several times!

“Elemental Protection!” Having no time for transformation, Lucien instantly activated the defense spell the Robe of Grand Arcanists contained.

Colorful element light spots congregated in front of him and formed a half-transparent light shield.

Meanwhile, his right hand stroked the pocket watch and disrupted the flow of time.

“Alchemy Barrier!” Klaus said out.

He had just gone through a bitter fight, and thus there was now a big difference between a level-three legendary and him. Therefore, he also chose to cast the defense spell that he was best at which sheltered him in a iron-black small fortress.

The giant primordial mummy ran through the disturbed time currents. The power of the currents made it slightly deviate from its target, but it still knew what it was heading for!

Bang! The fist as huge as a small hill encircled by fierce blasts hit Lucien and Klaus.

Lucien’s elemental protection cracked, and the great power malevolently threw Lucien at the black wall behind him. Blood spilling out from his mouth, Lucien felt his soul was going through a bad concussion.

The iron-black fortress also cracked. Its many magic circles failed to resist the outrageous power.

Klaus’s defense lasted a second longer, and then the blast also threw him at the same, half-broken wall.

Then Lucien saw the sky – cloudy and grey, but it was the sky! He was out of the temple now! Beside his hand, he suddenly felt the strange, transcendent power, as if next to him there was another world.

Lucien suddenly felt thrilled. He extended his spiritual power out and he “saw” a magnificent black palace whose top directly reached into the sky.

The gate of the palace opened. In the middle, there were layers of hanging veils. Behind the veils, there were countless pale faces with different looks on them, looking rather horrifying.

“Furnace of Souls!” Klaus exclaimed in the telepathic bond, which confirmed Lucien’s guess.

They got lucky here. The punch from the mummy just helped them find the furnace.

Hooooooooo!

The primordial mummy followed them closely, leaving them no chance to catch a breath. The black miasma surrounding it was like the sickle of Death, a sign for their doomed destiny.

It rushed at them at great speed. The last hundred meters was just the mummy’s one single stride!

At this time, the pocket watch in Lucien’s hand dimly lit up. Lucien’s middle finger pressed on it.

Click. A black hemisphere appeared above the primordial mummy and then dropped onto it. It seemed that the hemisphere was in fact incredibly heavy since the giant mummy’s back was now slightly bending forward. It started moving slowly, as if it was wearing a set of shackles.

Seizing the chance, Lucien cast transformation. His eyes lit up, his muscles bulging, Lucien raised the small but thick shield using his left hand to protect Klaus and himself.

“Flood Devastator!” Klaus blurted out.

The grey sky suddenly sparkled. Then, a big hole appeared and black water poured out, drowning the mummy.

For most mummies, they could cause extreme droughts and resist water magic. However, if powerful enough, water magic could also be their weaknesses.

When the flood retreated and left everything on the ground in chaos, the primordial mummy remained totally intact, even including the miasma surrounding it.

Its body bulged again. Roaring furiously, the mummy king cracked the black hemisphere and then its right foot stamped on Lucien and Klaus.

Bang! In the deep, deafening noise, Lucien and Klaus were being protected by the invisible waves in the air, and thus they were not hurt at all.

“Burning Waterfall!” Klaus decided to use the legendary flame spell – If water did not work, then he’d try fire!

The ground cracked with an illusionary, big gap, and the black and white flames surged out all the way up into the sky. The extreme high temperature could even melt the black tiles.

The thick fire pillar caged the primordial mummy and the fire burnt out the monster's bitterest cry. However, when the fire pillar disappeared, although most of the black miasma disappeared and the creepy bandages were burnt black, the mummy was still "alive"!

"At least a dozen more Burning Waterfalls to go... if it's not recovering too fast..." Through Telepathic bond, Klaus asked Lucien, "How long can you stand using that shield?"

Before he could say more, Klaus saw the miasma quickly gathering back.

The defense was insane!

Lucien's arms were already feeling sore, "Like this, maybe three minutes... It's heavy."

The Shield of Truth was also reaching its limit.

"Hellish Ball!"

"The Gloss of the Goddess of Magic!"

...

A series of legendary spells were cast by Klaus, but none of them severely hurt the primordial mummy. Because of the difference between their ranks, the spells did not work very well!

The primordial mummy's punches were like raindrops, making Lucien's arms extremely sore.

The invisible waves protecting them were also going to crack at any time.

Fortunately, the primordial mummy's attacks were quite predictable. The mummy's horrible defense and fighting power were at the cost of the mysterious and unpredictable fighting tact. Its style was completely straightforward and rough.

Klaus took out a puppet from his pocket and threw it at the primordial mummy.

The puppet quickly ballooned into a gold golem. The golem could release toxic flames and smog, and had the same amazing defense and fighting skills.

Also, Klaus summoned his demiplane, Alchemy Paradise. Thus, after the projection landed, the gold golem got a great support. Countless other golems, puppets, and jackstraws followed the golem and charged down the battlefield.

Bang! Crack! Clap! Klaus closed his eyes for a second as he did not want to see the scene.

A few seconds later, the golem together with its allies had been crushed into pieces by the primordial mummy. They were not at all on the same level.

“I’ll take down its defense. Then it’ll be your turn.” said Klaus to Lucien through the bond.

He took a deep breath, knowing that it would be their last chance. If they did not hurry up, when the undead army caught up, everything would be too late.

Lucien nodded rather seriously. He did not say anything, but Klaus could rely on him.

Klaus took out another puppet from his pouch. The puppet was a fine doll with long, black hair and a beautiful, round face. Suddenly, the doll opened her eyes and they directly looked into the primordial mummy’s red eyes.

Somehow, Lucien felt that many invisible threads had fallen onto the primordial mummy and the doll, linking them together by all the joints.

“Replica Puppet!”

This was the old and mysterious spell casting, the black-haired doll started twitching in a creepy way. Then the filthy bandages covered her, and her eyes became bloody red. Within seconds, the puppet had turned into a mini-sized primordial mummy!

Hoooooooo!

Sensing the great danger, the primordial mummy burst out horribly screaming, and its punches went crazy. However, facing the Shield of Truth, the most powerful level-three legendary defense, it would take the mummy a little while to fully break it.

Blood spilled out from the corner of Klaus's mouth. His right hand now looked extremely pale as if it had died. He lifted his right hand and gently poked at the mummy puppet with one finger.

Silently, the miasma started dissipating, and the filthy bandages started falling.

The mummy cried bitterly, and its right fist punched out with terrible momentum. However, this time the fist's target was not Lucien's shield, but Klaus.

The right fist of the mummy punched at Klaus's chest badly.

Klaus's body burst out rays of light. A series of magic effects including Spell Trigger, Magic Order, and Spell Sequencer came into effect. They managed to offset most of the power.

Meanwhile, Klaus disappeared from where he was and in the next second showed up again in front of the furnace. The dodge was narrow.

Despite this, Klaus did not slow down his movements. His finger poked at the puppet again, and his blood also spilled on it.

The filthy bandages completely snapped!

The primordial mummy had given up targeting Lucien. With a huge stride, it was coming for Klaus!

At this time, Lucien lifted his right hand, in which a silver pocket watch was shining. Then he pressed on it.

Crack!

The primordial mummy stopped moving. The entire world stopped.

Moon Timer floating in the air following its owner, Lucien pulled out his Sword of Truth and hacked at the mummy using all his strength six to seven times in succession. His target was the wound he left earlier which had not yet fully recovered.

Then the lapse of time resumed. The colors had come back as well.

After the cold flashes from the blade, the primordial mummy screamed in great agony. The scream made the entire space shake. Klaus's eyes and ears started bleeding because of it.

Lucien was under the protection of his shield. Therefore, he was not hurt.

In the primordial mummy's chest, the deep cut had penetrated its iron-black, rotten body. And the cut was growing bigger and bigger.

Its evil red eyes turned to stare at Lucien. Out of bitter rage, the mummy punched at Lucien.

But it never finished this last punch. Before its fist reached Lucien, the mummy's upper body had split into pieces. The rotten pieces of flesh dropped onto the ground and corrupted into piles of pus and blood.

Lucien's heart was filled with wild joy so intense that he could not use any words to describe. This thing was insane! They had tried their best and finally killed it!

The bandages quickly dissolved in the blood and pus piles, but the gold crown was still shining.

Holding the Shield of Truth, Lucien went up and picked the crown up. He was going to talk with Klaus to see how they were going to split the trophy after they got out.

The fight caused Klaus a lot, including the legendary puppet that he had been hiding for many years. Releasing a long sigh, Klaus's nerves finally relaxed a little bit.

Turning around, he saw the veils behind which countless souls were hiding. Klaus reached out his hand, trying to touch it, to understand the mysterious furnace's secret.

"Furnace of Souls..." Klaus murmured in low voice out of fascination.

Lucien reminded him through the telepathic bond, "Watch out. The rest of the undead can catch up at any time. Cast your defenses again first."

Lucien was right. Klaus dropped his hands and started recasting the layers of spells on himself. Meanwhile, he was still staring at the furnace contentedly.

"Light of Judgment!"

Suddenly, the solemn voice arrived. A beam of divine light dropped from the rooftop and directly hit Klaus!

"Sinner! Confess yourself in hell!"

In the divine light, Klaus's body started dissolving. He turned to look in the other direction, and it was sheer shock that was on his face. He could not believe that his spiritual power and searching spells had totally missed him!

Then his consciousness started fading. He had seen the end of his life.

His vision becoming blurry, but Furnace of Souls was still within his sight. He did not regret. He saw the furnace.

In this enthusiasm, Klaus's body and soul dissolved in the air.

This was totally out of Lucien's expectation. Perhaps it was because he had turned himself into a legendary knight, and hence his willpower frontier had become less thorough.

In great shock and fury, Lucien turned around and saw a young man in a white robe. He had short, linen-colored hair, and his light red eyes were filled with great sarcasm. His right hand reached out and was drawing a cross in front of his chest.

The vertical bar was shorter, and the horizontal longer!

Throne of Magical Arcana

: The Familiar Face

The vertical bar shorter, and the horizontal longer...

The great prophet...

The red eyes full of sarcasm...

The familiar dressing from the North Church...

All the details and memories flashed through Lucien's brain quickly but clearly. He grabbed tight his shield and sword and said in a low, furious voice, "Geno? The Lord of Hell?"

No wonder this mysterious denomination hiding in the North Church could also cast divine spells!

No wonder they could deceive a great number of priests into becoming their followers!

No wonder the Lord of Hell knew so much about the Saint Truth!

"Geno? He died a few hundred years ago. Why do you still want to mention his name? Geno was just a tool, a tool for stealing divine power," the young man in a white robe sneered at Lucien, "only those who know nothing about godhood think highly of godhood. The so-called Saint Ivan, Saint Aleksey... They were all stupid idiots, as they all forgot the most important thing. By the way, you sorcerers are also the same."

The last comment was profoundly meaningful.

Lucien's heart had sunken deep after confirming who the white-robed man was. It was very unlikely that Klaus had survived as he had used two substitute puppets in the previous fights and the power of Light of Judgment was just way too immense, not to mention the fact that it was cast by a clone of the man whose power was of demigod level!

That was why neither of them noticed the man's existence earlier!

Lucien had to face him again, but this time he had no help from the God of Silver Moon. What should he do?

The Lord of Hell did not waste his time. He took a step forward and pointed at Lucien using his right hand, "Light of Judgment!"

You evil sorcerer covered in blood and filth, it is time to accept the ultimate sentence!

The look on the young man's face was solemn and serious. Surrounded by the divine aura, a light beam in the air of ultimate justice dropped on Lucien directly!

At this moment, in this world, no one else resembled the God of Truth more than this evil existence!

The holy light hit the small but exquisite shield and sparked countless fine light spots. The invisible waves around Lucien dangerously trembled, and his feet had sunk into the ground.

When the light scattered, the Lord of Hell commented, “The Shield of Truth is indeed impressive.”

Lucien also felt a bit relieved. The projection, or clone, was not as powerful as the true Lord of Hell. Therefore, he would not be killed within a second.

“The last time you worked with the silver moon and threw at me a big ‘surprise’,” said the Lord of Hell casually, as if he was talking to a random, ordinary person, instead of a legendary sorcerer with abundant powerful magic items, “so I’ve been waiting, waiting for the chance to give the same ‘surprise’ back to you.”

Lucien did not say anything but suddenly wielded the sword in his hands. The blade of the sword burst out bright silver light and the light formed the sharp wind directly hacking at the Lord of Hell.

If necessary, Lucien would rather explode himself to avoid what happened to Klaus!

Klaus only made one mistake, and Lucien could totally understand. Facing the secret of soul and the truth of the world, Klaus had totally forgotten the great danger he was in because of the most sincere passion in his mind as an arcanist. He was an arcanist, and also a real human being, driven forward by this passion to dig further and deeper into the truth.

If it had been Lucien, he would probably have done the same thing.

The silver sword light cut open the power swirls surrounding the Lord of Hell and cut him!

The projection suddenly turned into bubbles and foam. A second later, a few steps away from where he was earlier, Geno appeared again. The small range of space he was in slightly distorted.

Lucien's eyes opened big from the great shock he felt. That was not a divine power, not teleportation. It was just incredible speed!

Before the sword light located him, Geno had moved to the other side. What remained there was just the shadow he left.

That was the speed that the theory of relativity was based on!

However, the speed of sword light was determined by the one who wielded the sword. It was not real sunlight.

"Is that all, my little friend? Geno's divine power is not compatible with my demigod power. It's dragging me making me slow. But you still can't get me?" The Lord of Hell, Maltimus, was still using the eternal sarcastic tone, and then he lifted his right hand,

"Purging Spear!"

A dazzling piece of spear tip formed in the air and then shot at Lucien at great speed. Its divine power had driven away all the death air left by the mummy and the filthy colors. The space was now as pure as a Paradise on Earth, and there was even hymns sounding in the air.

Clang!

The tip of the spear hit the Shield of Truth and the sound of metal colliding sounded crisp but strange. Lucien's left hand started shaking out of control, and the invisible waves protecting him somehow started moving much slower. It felt that there were two separate spaces, but one was much colder and slower than the other. And the two spaces were blending into each other!

The Lord of Hell's power was much more formidable than that of the primordial mummy. The Shield of Truth might be able to last for a while, but Lucien would probably collapse within a minute!

Lucien, however, would not give up. He tried for a second time and the sword light fiercely hacked at the Lord of Hell who seemed totally unprepared.

Again, like wandering in his own garden, the Lord of Hell simply walked away from the attack effortlessly.

Lucien tried again and again, but nothing changed. However, taking the series of legendary divine spells cast by the Lord of Hell using the Shield of Truth had numbed Lucien's hand. He had reached his limit.

At this time, the deafening roars arrived again from the main hall behind. The five legendary undead creatures, leading the huge waves of spectres, were almost here. And behind them, there were more legendary spectres coming!

Lucien's brain worked fast. His route of retreat had been blocked by the spectre waves, and if he wanted to move forward, he had to bypass the Lord of Hell, which was very unlikely to happen.

It was a pity that Lucien had to move slower carrying the Shield of Truth, or he would have been able to directly go through the spectre wave under the protection of this extraordinary shield.

Similar to God of Truth, to make the best use of the Shield of Truth, Lucien had to stand still. If he was going to carry the shield around, Lucien had zero confidence that he could break through the countless barriers.

While using the shield to take down the series of divine spells, Lucien kept extending his spiritual power to search around. Suddenly, he saw the furnace. The many soul faces were looking at him from above. The horrifying faces made the hair on the back of Lucien's neck bristle.

An idea occurred to Lucien after he got rid of the very unfavorable feeling.

According to Adol's memory and Viken's notes, only few legendary undead creatures dared to go through the furnace. If Lucien could run into the furnace, he could temporarily get rid of the threat of the undead scourge. Lucien had to gamble that the Lord of Hell would not follow him deep in the furnace, as the Lord of Hell still needed Geno's body for the bigger plan – Lucien was certain that Maltimus had a bigger plan with Geno's body. Losing Geno's body to kill Lucien by no amount seemed like a good deal to the Lord of Hell, and demons were good at their business.

Then as long as Lucien stayed close to Furnace of Souls, instead of exploring further, Lucien would not run into the great danger that Maskelyne once encountered. After God's Grace expired, Douglas and Fernando would come to look for Lucien, or at least they would lead the waves of spectres away, so that Lucien could get out...

The Prophet also said that, when facing great dangers, he should keep moving forward instead of retreating...

The waves of spectres had gushed in through the big hole in the wall left by the primordial mummy earlier. Among them there were skeleton dragons, liches, spectres, and two more primordial mummies, whose red eyes were extremely vicious and cold.

No wonder Maskelyne mentioned that primordial mummies were common, “lovely” residents here, Lucien thought to himself.

There was no more time for hesitation. Lucien had made up his mind. Putting aside the Sword of Truth in his right hand, Lucien grabbed Moon Timer.

Lucien’s finger stroked the surface of the pocket watch and the time flow in the space was disturbed. The bone arrows and the powerful rays shooting at Lucien were now like kites without strings as they had totally lost their target.

The Lord of Hell was also affected. His movement had become distorted, like a puppet with broken joints.

Seizing the chance, Lucien put aside the Shield of Truth and removed the transformation spell. Then he was going to send himself into the furnace!

In the Temple of Spirits, because of the chaos of time and space, the distance for teleportation was rather limited.

At this time, the Lord of Hell grinned, as if he was watching a comedy. He said to Lucien without being affected by the disturbed time flow,

“Light of Judgment!”

He was just kidding.

The Lord of Hell had always been immune to time manipulation and advanced time stop!

“Elemental Protection” That was the single spell that Lucien could cast.

The flash of light hit Lucien. For a second, Lucien saw many angel figures in the light. His colorful elemental protection shield failed and cracked. And then Elemental Skin was automatically activated responding to the great power. Meanwhile, Magic Absorber started taking in the energy like crazy and Spell Sequencer instantly threw out a number of force field walls as the last lines of defense to protect Lucien.

Against the light of judgment, all of Lucien’s defense layers cracked. Suddenly, Lucien disappeared from where he was and then appeared again on the other side!

Thanks to the series of protection spells, Lucien luckily survived this strike!

In the waves of spectres, one of the undead centaurs shot out a dark-green arrow at Lucien through the many messy time-space currents.

The arrow instantly arrived right in front of Lucien!

“Undead Rampart!”

Congus Ring became dark and formed a death wall consisting of souls and bodies, and the wall disappeared together with the legendary arrow.

Fortunately, Lucien had many legendary items, or he would have been dead already!

The Lord of Hell was now ready for another round of casting. His light red eyes stared at Lucien coldly as if Lucien was just a joke.

Lucien had to try his best. His middle finger pressed down the button on the pocket watch on the left. The black hemisphere dropped on the Lord of Hell brought Lucien a precious second to run!

Lucien burst out,

“Space Staff!”

The shining staff appeared in Lucien's left hand. Lucien lifted the staff and then the time and space within a certain range slowed down further. The movement of the horrifying number of undead paused, and the time shackles within this space had also been broken.

Space waves stirred, Lucien had sent himself directly into the furnace. Without any hesitation, Lucien had gone through the veils. He had no time to investigate the furnace itself!

At this moment, Lucien felt something strange. It felt that there was someone watching him from above coldly.

Lucien turned around, and in front of his eyes there was a face.

In the air, the half-transparent face looked very familiar to him. Black hair, black eyes, and there was also this familiar gentle smile...

Lucien felt that he was looking in a mirror.

A horrifying mirror!

Lucien Evans?

The soul face was Lucien Evans himself!

As if the face sensed Lucien's gaze, the soul face changed slightly, but the new face was still familiar to Lucien!

It was Xiafeng's face. Lucien Evans's previous life!

The two faces blended into each other in harmony.

Lucien felt the extreme coldness in his brain. He was out of breath.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 622: Two Pathways

Below the grey curtain was the pale fire that was burning slowly, like a furnace which was needed to pass the winter in every house.

The face inside the Furnace of Souls, on the other hand, displayed the looks of Lucien Evans and Xiafeng at the same time. They seemed to be overlapping and entangling each other. As he stared

at them, they were now separated, now integrated, and now showing certain strange parts that he had never seen in a mirror.

Why?

How?

After he learnt about the existence of the Furnace of Souls, Lucien once thought that he would not see the ‘projection of his soul’ inside the Furnace of Souls because he had time-traveled to this world, and that he would have one more trump card than other people did. However, the secret of the Furnace of Souls were more deep and horrendous than he imagined. It was not only showing the soul projection of Lucien Evans but also manifesting the look of Xiafeng, who came from Earth and did not belong to this world.

“Is the Furnace of Souls also in charge of the souls of Earth?”

“Is this why I have a Host Star of Destiny?”

“After this puzzle is solved, perhaps I will understand why I time-traveled, and why I was reincarnated inside Lucien Evans’ body...”

Too many thoughts swirled in his head. Lucien vaguely realized that the soul could be explained from a certain perspective, but he had no time to study of the Furnace of Souls. The Lord of Hell was right outside and about to catch up with him. Therefore, he could only extend his hand and touch the Furnace of Souls softly.

Slight coldness was the ubiquitous feeling in the World of Souls. Lucien did not feel anything but that after his touch, as if it were actually in a different world and what stood here were merely a projection, which perfectly matched the intangibleness and transcendence that it showed.

In the middle of his touch, Lucien's right eye suddenly turned red and clear:

"Vengeful Gaze!"

A red ray of light, enhanced by 'Hand of Uncertainties', shot out of Lucien's right hand at Maltimus, who was still in the cage of 'Gravity Collapse', at the speed of light.

Lucien would regret it if he didn't try his luck and attack him when he could!

After he cast the spell, Lucien flew into the temple where the Furnace of Souls was at without looking back. Two pathways appeared in his perception. One of them lost the black and white colors and only had greyness with a certain palpitating sense of danger, and the other was brimming with vague ripples of the void, like something Lucien was quite familiar with. Also it was far more terrifying than the other one, as if a monster that could destroy the world was sleeping there.

"Familiar? Is this where the mysterious existence of the World of Souls is sleeping?" Lucien recalled the poor thing who was tricked by the Lord of Hell and the God of Silver Moon when he was about to wake up. "But the sense of familiarity does not agree with the impression he left earlier..."

Having no time to tell the difference, Lucien subconsciously chose the grey pathway. The danger from the other pathway was too much for him. Even the Lord of Hell and the God of Silver Moon wouldn't have dared to press deep into it.

The pure redness hit Maltimus at the standard speed of light, piercing through the sacred defense of 'Blessed Realm'.

Finally, he couldn't dodge with his terrifying speed now!

However, the 'Hand of Uncertainties' did not work out, and 'Vengeful Gaze' disappeared after piercing through only one layer of defense, not causing any damage to the Lord of Hell.

Inside the hemispherical void, the Lord of Hell suddenly moved his right hand. The cage of 'Gravity Collapse' immediately fell apart.

He watched Lucien disappear behind the Furnace of Souls with his unique mocking smile and shook his head casually, not upset that the guy had escaped at all. He simply mumbled:

"That's weird. Something weird and dangerous seemed to be hidden in that ray spell. Hehe. Lucien Evans, the Secretive, is always up to uncanny things."

Then, he crossed his hands before his chest, and he immediately disappeared.

Hardly had Lucien stepped into the grey pathway when roars of shock and fury burst out from the outside as if he had raised public indignation. However, most of the spectres dared not approach the Furnace of Souls at all. Only a Servant of Death who had a long scythe and a dragon lich from whom mucus was dripping nonstop chased after him in exasperation, surpassing the Furnace of Souls and entering the grey pathway.

“Hooooooo!”

Roars came from all directions. The few legendary undead creatures seemed to have sensed Lucien’s abomination and were approaching crazily.

The bright gems on head of the Lich King, who was dealing with the Lord of Storm with two ‘saints’, suddenly glittered. He sniffed in anger and suddenly withdrew from the battle, teleporting himself to the Furnace of Souls.

Seeing that, ‘Aleksey’ and ‘Uriel’ performed their divine power and escaped in a hurry, not giving Fernando a chance to counterattack. They would be completely overpowered by the Lord of Storm without the help of the Lich King. Also, Ivan’s God’s Grace was about to be over. The deeper they pressed, the more slowly the time would be flowing. Although it didn’t take Lucien long before he ran into the Furnace of Souls, a long time actually had passed outside. The extraordinary skill to improve one’s strength like ‘God’s Grace’ couldn’t last for such a long time.

Fernando did not chase after them but took out his magic crystal ball, searching for the other people. This mission was for exploration and not to destroy the foundation of the North Church. The safety of Lucien, Klaus, Erica and the rest of them was more important.

The crystal ball became dark. Four brilliant stars surfaced inside. One of them flickered before it was enshrouded by the grey fog.

“There are only four Host Stars of Destiny... Has Klaus perished?” Lord of Storms roared furiously, and the thunderstorm around him reduced the palaces into remains. “Lucien seems to have reached behind the Furnace of Souls?”

Only if he were there could his astrology be completely nullified. Lucien’s Host Star of Destiny was almost frozen in the grey mist.

In another palace, ‘Saint Ivan’, whose God’s Grace was about to end, subtly sensed the changes near the Furnace of Souls and the retreat of Aleksey and Uriel. Seizing the opportunity that he was still suppressing Douglas, he flapped his wings and disappeared into countless spots of light, before he sent a message to ‘Felix’ and the angel of light not far away.

Therefore, Vicente and Erica watched their enemy to flee. The two legendary sorcerers had been both overpowered in the battle. Erica was even in grave danger.

“Gather in the Furnace of Souls.” They received a message from Douglas and Fernando.

Because a few intelligent legendary spectres were reaching the Fernando, there was no need for them to hide themselves anymore. After a short while, they were all teleported before the Furnace of Souls and saw Douglas and Fernando who was obviously infuriated. They also saw the tide of spectres in the square before the Furnace of Souls, who were roaring to scare their enemy but did not dare to approach the Furnace of Souls.

“Klaus has perished. He was killed by the Light of Judgment. There’s no telling who did it.” Douglas spoke of the prophecy he made based on the situation. It was very close to the truth.”

“What? Klaus has perished?” Erica asked back in disbelief, feeling rather terrified. Although Klaus and she were not best friends, they were partners in the same adventure. His death perhaps represented her future.

Vicente felt the same way, but he keenly realized something else. “Mr. President, Ivan was blocked by you, and Felix was fighting me. It should be easy to tell whether it was Aleksey, Uriel or the angel of light that did it.”

“Aleksey and Uriel were attacking me.” Fernando sounded like a volcano that was about to break out.

Erica said in shock, “I was fighting the angel of light!”

Who did it exactly? Were there other experts who were capable of legendary divine powers in the Temple of Spirits?

Grasped by the heavy questions, they were not in the mood to study the Furnace of Souls anymore.

Hooooooooo!

The legendary spectres moved forward slowly, as if they were trying to overcome their fear.

Douglas was back to himself. He pressed his right hand. “We can’t delay anymore. Remember the feeling of the Furnace of Souls and study it after we are back.”

Fernando shook his head and bulged his red eyes. “You evacuate first. I’ll search for Lucien. As a top legend, I can certainly bring him back safely as long as he doesn’t go any deeper.”

Even if he couldn’t defeat the enemy, he could still escape.

Erica opened her mouth, only to come up with nothing.

After a brief silence, Douglas pulled his bow-tie. “I’ll go and find Lucien together with Fernando. That way, we will be able to escape from the gravest danger. You will leave the Temple of Spirits and bring back our exploration and the secrets of the North Church.”

“Mr. President...” Erica did not know whether she was trying to stop him or to participate.

Douglas said firmly, “No more talking. Let’s move out!”

Vicente had already moved his eyes to the Furnace of Souls, his skinny face filled with controllable passion. Erica also shift her attention and focused on memorizing the feeling and the details of the Furnace of Souls, before she tried many spells on it.

Hooooooooo!

The swarm of spectres led by countless legendary ones approached. The intelligent centaur archer was among them.

Watching the devastating legends and spectres and sensing the enormous pressure, Douglas heaved a sigh, “Go to sleep now.”

He flew and pressed both of his hands:

“Eternal Blaze!”

BOOM. A bright sun rose where the centaur archer was at. The spectres around were obliterated before they were able to react.

“Eternal Blaze!”

“Eternal Blaze!”

One sun rose after another. The unimaginable storms of energy rumbled in the square that covered dozens of square kilometers. Even though they were at the edge of the explosions, Fernando, Vicente and Erica had to build up their defense.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhh!!!”

Miserable cries echoed but stopped abruptly. Those spectres who hadn't reached level three of legendary couldn't resist 'Eternal Blaze' at all, but their intellect prevented them from fleeing. They rushed at the enemy under their natural instincts.

The whole Temple of Spirits lost the frozen black, white and grey colors. The dazzling brilliant illuminated everything.

After everything died down, the square had become a pit, and the overwhelming spectres had been entirely gone. The roars were no more.

"The world is peaceful again..."

Erica said with mixed feelings. Seizing the opportunity, she and Vicente teleported out of the Temple of Spirits, as it was impossible to directly jump into their own demiplanes from this place.

Observing the Furnace of Souls carefully, Fernando passed it like a storm and entered the grey pathway together with Douglas.

"They have both entered..." "Ivan', who had the typical huge nose of the Schachran Empire, appeared in midair, more serious than ever.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 623: The Realm of Gates

Around ‘Saint Ivan’, ‘Aleksy’, ‘Uriel’, ‘Felix’ and the ‘angel of light’ appeared one after another. They had arrived earlier than Douglas, Fernando and the other legendary sorcerers, but they never entered it.

Belkovsky, what are we going to do?” Aleksey addressed ‘Saint Ivan’ with the name of Belkovsky, the current pontiff in the north. He talked as if he were equal to the guy.

The gold eyebrow of ‘Saint Ivan’ was furrowed, and his blue eyes that carried certain yellowness observed the grey pathway behind the Furnace of Souls carefully. He said, “I suspect that the monster is still inside. Also, without the pattern of coordinate changes left by Maskelyne and Viken, there is no telling where to go and where to find them at all. We can only try our luck.”

He was somewhat scared, as if he had encountered certain things when he explored the entrance earlier. He dare not take the risk even though he could perform God’s Grace.

“Then, should we relocate the Room of the Holy Spirit first?” The eyes of ‘Felix’ were also focused on the grey pathway. He did not look at the entrance that was enshrouded in the illusionary ripples at all, as if he were not interested in what was inside.

After a brief silence, ‘Saint Ivan’ said, “However, I suspect that the Congress of Magic dared to explore the Temple of Spirits because they found Maskelyne’s or Viken’s last belongings. After all, Viken’s nest was on the border of Holm, and Hathaway was there when the Grand Cross lock was broken. If they find the items of those legendary sorcerers and learn how to enter the ‘Chamber of Immortality’, the dream of all the saints in history will never be fulfilled.”

As he talked, he glanced at the pathway that was enshrouded by the illusionary ripples.

Before 'Uriel' and the rest of them talked, 'Ivan' continued, "So, Mikhail and I will go in, and you will relocate the Room of the Holy Spirit. He's a projection based on Geno's item of godhood. It won't be a problem even if he dies inside. As for me, I'm strong enough to return safely."

Mikhail was the 'angel of light.'

"Alright, Belkovsky, don't be careless. We don't know exactly what Maskelyne and Viken encountered yet and why they never came out." 'Uriel' said in a low voice.

He wasn't so sure that Maskelyne was already dead. After all, the further one pressed into the Temple of Spirits, the weirder the flow of time would be. One day at the edge equaled five days outside, and one day around the Furnace of Souls equaled to approximately a week. It should be terrible inside. Although those legendary sorcerers had been missing for a thousand years in the world outside, they probably had only lived a hundred years inside the 'Realm of Gates'.

Ivan smiled. "What happened to them must be beyond our imagination. We cannot determine their status even though we prayed and performed prophecy with their personal items. However, the people of the Congress of Magic are leading the way for me. I'll be able to exit in time should there be any danger."

After a brief discussion, 'Ivan' and the 'angel of light' passed the Furnace of Souls and entered the grey pathways, and the saints including 'Aleksey' returned to the Room of the Holy Spirit, in case the reinforcements of the Congress of Magic traced back to them.

The Furnace of Souls resumed the previous silence. At this moment, the Lich King, with the weird gems spinning around his head, appeared from the wall and stared at the entrance that Lucien and the rest of them entered.

After a while, a transparent ghost flew in. He was wearing a black robe that had glamorous, red patterns on it. "You're not going in?"

Judging from his attitude and his tone, it was not hard to tell that he was equal to the Lich King. He was exactly the Wraith Lord, another dominator at the peripheral area of the Temple of Spirits.

"I will never make it out if I go in." Said the Lich King in a hoarse voice. His previous fury after Lucien broke in had died down.

The Wraith Lord said with an unpredictable voice. "Are you not scared that the Lord will punish us after he wakes up?"

By the lord, he was clearly referring to the mysterious existence of the World of Souls.

"Hermes and Crosos are tracing them. We need to stay on alert in case more enemies break into the temple." The needle-like redness was flashing coldly in the Lich King's eyes.

The Wraith Lord floated. "Yes. Now that Chilaps has been killed by the enemy, the defense at the periphery will be too weak if we also go in."

The two legendary specters looked at each other and hid around, waiting for the 'survivors' to come out from inside and taking precautions against other experts who might break in.

...

The dome was grey, the floor was grey, the wall was grey, the torches were grey, and the fire on them was also grey. Lucien could not see any other colors except from himself, as if he had come to an unreal world.

Having no time to examine why the fire kept on burning, Lucien flew forward in a hurry. After a few seconds, he saw a closed black gate, which was particularly eye-catching in the world of greyness.

Compared to the magnificence of other parts of the Temple of Spirits, the black gate which was only 2.5 meters tall made Lucien feel very close, as if he were back to Holm.

After examining the gate in a hurry and detecting no traps, Lucien opened it with a spell.

As the black gate was slowly opened, the grey hall inside entered Lucien's eyes. Except for three black gates in the three corners, there was absolutely nothing. It was dim and gloomy.

Having no time to consider, Lucien passed quite a few similar halls in a row. He only slowed down when he sensed the change of time and space.

“Those grey halls are too weird. They are all empty, and they all have four black gates in the four corners. If it weren’t for the different decorations and pillars, I would’ve thought that I had been in the same hall all the time.” While casting Magic Order, Spell Trigger and other enhancements on himself, Lucien observed the surroundings. He believed that other people would’ve thought that the grey halls were false and the black gates were the only things that were ‘real’.

Recalling the environmental parameters he collected just now, Lucien discovered, to his surprise, that the pattern left by Mr. Maskelyne also worked in this place, which meant that he could always find his back back.

“But the buildings here are changing too frequently, aren’t they? They will change almost every time after I open two gates.” Calculating, Lucien thought and felt it rather strange. Although his safety could be better ensured in such a way, because the Lord of Hell or the legendary spectres might enter wrong halls when they opened the gates again behind him, he might also run into unexpected dangers, because the hall behind the gate could be the one that the enemy was in.

In this place, the prophecy and reconnaissance spells were greatly suppressed.

“I have to be more vigilant.” Lucien cast another bunch of spells to improve his intuitions. In the previous battle, the three times of ‘Advanced Time Stop’ in his Moon Timer had been used up, and there was only one ‘Gravity Collapse’ left. The ‘Elemental Protection’ from the Robe of Grand Arcanists and the ‘Undead Rampart’ from the Congus Ring had also been used up. In other words, other than transforming into a legendary knight to pick up the Shield of Truth, the legendary defense he could use was only the Space Staff. “I need to find a place to crack the crown of the Primordial Mummy. The more legendary items I have, the safer I will be.”

The hall was only five ‘gates’ away from the entrance. Lucien was not very relieved. So, he picked a random black gate and opened it after careful examination.

In the vague greyness, Lucien suddenly captured a flashing silver light. Alarmed, he immediately spread out his spiritual power.

The grey hall was still quiet, but there was the residue on the floor after a magic circle was used.

The materials of the magic circle were already gone, and the only things left were silver, complicated traces. They were both sacred and scary, as if they were the foulest things in the world. The feeling was very similar to how the pathway impressed him.

“A magic circle that Mr. Maskelyne used? One that I’ve never seen before.” Lucien recorded the residue in his spirit library and searched, only to find no relevant information. It seemed that he would have to crack it from scratch if he wanted to know what it was about. Also, since only part of the traces were left behind, reverse analysis could be highly difficult. Lucien did not know when he could complete it.

After recording the residue, Lucien observed it in general and suddenly discovered that the magic circle constituted the corner of a hexagram.

The hexagram was the most fundamental magic pattern that originated from reproductive worship. Then, it was greatly improved by the ancient sorcerers based on the patterns of the magic creatures. It showed the integration of the body and the soul, as well as the interference of spiritual power on the material world.

“Are there six similar magic circles? But what are they for?” Lucien did not want to stay in this room that was exceptionally creepy. Since the residue had been recorded, he flew to a black gate in a different direction.

Right then, Lucien discovered broken pieces below a grey pillar, so he picked it up carefully with Mage's Hand.

"A fragment of a parchment? A special parchment that has been processed by magic?" Lucien recognized what the broken piece was. Only the parchment processed by magic could've survived years in such an environment without rotting.

There was only one bold word on the grey fragment: "Devil!"

"Devil?" Lucien repeated the word that was written in the language of the ancient Sylvanas Magic Empire. Normally speaking, the word denoted two meanings. Firstly, it referred to the creatures in hell; secondly, it referred to all the dangerous and terrible things in general. "Which does it mean?"

While he considered, Lucien searched the hall carefully again but found nothing else. Therefore, he flew to the black gate as he previously planned and examined it carefully.

The black gate blocked the two halls. Until he opened it, Lucien's spells and magic could not reach the other side of the gate. Therefore, he had to be very prudent. Lucien also made up his mind that he would definitely bring a black gate back for studies when he left, as any arcanists would've done.

After his spell, the black gate moved backwards slowly, and a shadow was suddenly reflected in Lucien's pupils!

Black shirt, red coat, silver long hair and eyes, and a cluster of dark red stain of blood before his chest. He was filled with a weird sense of beauty.

“Mr. Rhine?” Lucien blurted out, slowing down the spells that were ready to be launched.

Rhine, who was leaning against a grey pillar lazily, put on a smile: “Hi, Lucien, we have met again.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 624: Sealed Time

At the beginning of July of 825, it was as scorching as fire.

On the thirty-first floor of the Allyn magic tower, Onore, who had passed the exam and was admitted by the Holt Magic College, observed the Sky Radio Station in the first district with his classmates with great interest. He said rather regretfully, “What a shame. The radio station only broadcasts at night, but the school will be closed after six. Otherwise, we would be able to ask for the autographs of Ms. Lark and Ms. Nightingale. They must be as beautiful as their sound.”

The remaining districts of the thirty-first floor of the Allyn were reserved as the teaching areas of the Holt Magic College because the advanced laboratories in the magic tower could be directly used. There would be no need to establish new laboratories. The dormitories of the students were in other places.

“You can apply for the magic experiments at night.” Clark, another student, said jokingly.

Onore was rather upset. “It’s only been two months since the semester began. I’m still picking up the basics of arcana and magic, and I’m far from qualified to apply for the night magic experiments.”

The Holt Magic College began in May. Students were allowed to select courses on their own and expected to graduate in two to five years. They had a new year holiday but not a summer holiday.

“Exactly. Mr. Evans’ matrix mechanics still confuses me. I have grasped the matrix, and I know how to calculate it, but I don’t understand how and why it works at all. It’s like a pure mathematical work. If I don’t learn the arcana significance behind it, the whole theory is often dizzying for me.” Said Clark bitterly. The matrix mechanics was truly frigidly unapproachable.

Onore shook his head and tried to ease the atmosphere with a joke. “It’s like what Mr. Evans said before. You know every word and every equation, but you don’t know anything at all when they are connected.”

“More or less. The special theory of relativity is the same. I can understand the premises and the deduction, but the space-time relationship that it entails, as well as its application to analyze magic, is too overwhelming for me.” Clark sighed. As for the general theory of relativity, there was only a basic introduction but no specific courses. It was said that there were no more than ten people in the entire Congress of Magic who had basically grasped the general theory of relativity. None of the teachers in the college was capable of teaching that.

Onore opened his hands and was about to talk, when he discovered that a teacher had been standing like a statue, with an issue of ‘Arcana’ in his hand, after he walked out of the lift.

“Mr. Ernesto?” Finding it odd, Onore greeted the teacher.

Pa. The journal in Ernesto’s hand hits the ground. He looked at the students, with panic and fear lingering in his eyes. “You don’t have classes?”

“No. The courses we selected for this week are over. Mr. Ernesto, is this the latest issue of ‘Arcana’?” Asked Onore curiously.

The Holt Magic College had stipulated that the students had to read Arcana, Magic and Nature to learn the cutting edge of arcana and magic studies whether or not they could understand them. Those three journals were ordered by the college and distributed for free.

Ernesto looked at the journal on the ground as if it were a devil and hesitated. “It is, but don’t you believe anything on it just yet until you confirm it with your own experiments.”

“Disruptive theories and experiments?” Onore also stared at the journal, his eyes widened. The head explosions when the light quantum theory was proposed left quite a deep impression on him.

“‘An Electron Diffraction Experiment With Monocrystals’...” Clark read the title of the page on the journal that was opened, confused. “Electron? Diffraction? How can they be associated?”

Because he needed to prepare for the exploration in the World of Souls, Lucien’s electron diffraction experiment was postponed for two months and not submitted to the Arcana Review Board until he was about to leave.

Uncontrollably, Onore picked up the journal and murmured. “Clark, do you remember the earlier issue of Arcana, where the Highest Council discussed Mr. Dieppe’s paper?”

“Mr. Dieppe’s paper...” Clark’s face was twisted as if he were reminded of the most terrible monster.

Onore read the paper greedily and anxiously. He saw the experiment preparations, he saw the experiment process, and the last the final result of the experiment, the familiar and classic pattern of diffraction!

“It’s... It’s true that electrons can behave as waves...” Onore’s eyes lost focus as he spoke what he thought subconsciously.

Thanks to Lucien’s speech and example earlier, he had accepted that the electron was something unknown that was not entirely figured out yet. What he thought was that electrons behaved as waves, not that electrons were waves. That was why his mind was not disrupted yet.

Clark shook his head quickly. “It has to be confirmed with experiments! It has to be!”

Ernesto also nodded hard. He led the students to his laboratory and prepared for the experiment materials according to Mr. Evans’ introduction.

After a long time, when the dreamy image was unveiled before their eyes, Ernesto collapsed on his chair and rubbed his head hard in pain.

It was a major shock for Onore, who suspected that Mr. Ernesto's head would explode all of a sudden spreading the brains everywhere.

Thankfully, Ernesto was gradually back to normal. He looked around in confusion, "It behaves as both particles and waves. What about the real world? I think I can't understand any of the things I know."

Fearing that he wouldn't let it go, Onore hurried to change the subject. "There's a paper on 'Arcana' written by Mr. Evans and his students. They reprocessed the matrix mechanics with the classic mathematical tools. They seem much more clear and concise."

"However clear and concise they are, if we cannot figure out the arcana significance behind the math, they will be just like the 'matrix maze' we are in right now." Clark frowned as he read the journal.

The room immediately fell quiet. Onore couldn't help but recall the uncanny qualities of the electron, which both undeniably behaved as particles and showed the familiar pattern of diffraction. According to Dieppe, protons and neutrons were the same. Then, would the elements, matter and even the world have dual qualities, too?

Looking at the platform, the chair, the floor and the lamp before him, Onore also shook his head. "I don't know the real world anymore, either."

Clark finally observed, "The textbooks have to be changed again."

Onore was amused and recalled what he saw when he took the College Entrance Exam of Advanced Magic. The textbook on the new alchemy that was determined in the morning had to be revised by

the time the exam was over in the afternoon. Now, after only two months, the textbook had to be rectified yet again.

“This is truly a crazy and wonderful age...”

Inside his own laboratory, Dieppe looked at the diffraction pattern in disbelief and remarked in amazement.

After he finished the experiment, he felt the feedback of the real world, which improved his cognitive world. However, he murmured in confusion, “Why is it much less than I anticipated? Did Mr. Evans take most of it because he completed the diffraction experiment?”

It could only be explained in such a way!

What he didn’t know was that Lucien did the experiment in a hurry to stop the changes in his cognitive world and didn’t finish the theoretical deduction at all. That was why he still received part of the feedback.

.....

In the grey environment, Rhine’s red coat was particularly eye-catching. However, Lucien did not ease his wariness. The Temple of Spirits was full of dangers, and Mr. Rhine had always been acting mysteriously.

“I almost attacked just now if I didn’t sense my Origin of Blood in your body.” Rhine said so casually that he was more like attending a concern than having an adventure in the World of Souls.

Lucien also confirmed Rhine’s identity with his scent and the reaction of the Origin of Blood. He asked in confusion, “Mr. Rhine, why are you here? Are you trapped again?”

Rhine shook his head. “When Sard died in the battle against Benedict II, a mysterious piece from his body escaped into the World of Souls. I traced it and reached this place.”

As he spoke, he pointed at the blood on his chest. “However, I lost clues and encountered a transparent monster. I was heavily wounded and only beat it back with the strength of the Primordial Ancestor.”

“It was not destroyed? What’s the level of the monster?” Asked Lucien in surprise. Rhine was at the peak of legendary when he borrowed the power of the Silver Moon, and yet the monster was not killed.

Rhine retained his easy smile. “I found it quite odd, too. After being caged in the World of Souls, I have reached level three of legendary. When I fought the monster, it only showed the strength close to the peak. It could wound me but not kill me, but after I borrowed the strength of the Primordial Ancestor, it suddenly became stronger and reached the real peak of legendary. So, it was only temporarily beaten back.”

“It intentionally lured you to use the strength of Alterna?” Lucien analyzed. Rhine’s skill was like Ivan’s God’s Grace. It would take a long time before he could use it again.

Rhine smiled. “Probably, but it isn’t so easy to kill a prince of vampires. Why are you here?”

Lucien introduced what happened earlier and described the residue of the magic circle and the grey piece with the word 'devil' on it.

Pondering for a moment, Rhine said, "I met a similar residue before... Let's check it again. We may find something else."

Therefore, he reopened the black gate that Lucien came from, but the grey hall behind it had changed. Appearing before the two of them was a grey secret chamber.

Time seemed to be sealed in the chamber. Everything was fresh and real. However, after the gate was opened, time began to flow, and the paper, the desk and the utensils decayed quickly.

Different from the grey hall, this secret chamber only had two black gates.

"An alchemical circle? Is this the remains of a magic laboratory?" Lucien was slightly behind Rhine. He was grasped by curiosity and the desire of exploration.

Two items were still intact in the mud. One of them was a broken notebook that had been processed by magic, and the other was the arm of a puppet with weird patterns.

Rhine picked up the arm of the puppet and examined it carefully. Lucien also opened the notebook with magic, turning the grey, broken pages making crisp sounds.

The beginning of the notebook was the conclusions of some alchemical experiments. They were perhaps very precious for the ancient sorcerers, but for the arcanists of the Congress today, those things had been simplified and modified far too many times and were not worth mentioning at all. However, Lucien was intrigued by a solution to craft ‘stand-in puppet’ on the notebook. He recorded it inside his spirit library.

He was about to finish reading the notebook. There were no clues about the current environment. Suddenly, two lines of deep grey words were reflected in his eyes before Lucien had the time to react: “A ghost, an unimaginable ghost, wanders this place!”

“Quite a few partners have gone missing. Perhaps I will be next.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 625: A Weird Monster

“...An unimaginable ghost...”

Compared to the previous notes, the two lines were written very heavily and hastily. The fear and panic between the lines could be easily felt.

“What monster could’ve possibly terrified a legendary sorcerer to such an extent? Also, why didn’t he leave when he still had time? They should’ve already grasped the pattern of coordinate changes

in this place...” Lucien showed no expression on his face, but he analyzed the anomalies in his heart.

Since the guy’s notebook hadn’t decayed at all after so many years without being looked after by anyone, and since the guy established a unique chamber inside the grey hall as his laboratory, Lucien was pretty sure that the writer was a legendary sorcerer. Those people wouldn’t have been terrified even if they had run into a demigod. They might be devastated and defeated, but they shouldn’t have been as scared as a little kid.

What kind of ghost was that?

Somehow, Lucien felt that the creepy feeling caused by the note was familiar, but he didn’t find a corresponding experience in his memories.

With the arm of the puppet in his hands, Rhine observed, as if he were appraising jewelry. “This puppet was made in a unique way. As far as I know, McLeod was the only person capable of that. This should be his last belonging.”

He stressed ‘last belonging’.

“McLeod, the King of Alchemy in the ancient Magic Empire, a level-three legendary sorcerer?” Lucien confirmed with him.

According to Viken and Adol’s files, McLeod was one of the ten or so legendary sorcerers who explored the World of Souls with Maskelyne. It seemed that they indeed ‘went missing’ in this place.

Lucien did not know the specific number of the teammates because Viken did not record any of them and Adol only knew the famous ones among them. He could only infer the rest of them. Obviously, the legendary sorcerers who 'went missing' in the ancient Magic Empire did not all disappear in the World of Souls.

"Based on the files I know, it's probably him." Rhine rubbed the bright green arm of the puppet that was painted with weird patterns.

Lucien smiled, "You are the Observer. Your conclusion is definitely more accurate than mine."

Rhine smiled and tapped the puppet as if he were playing the piano. "This puppet is a rarely-seen one-time legendary item, and it seems that it was not destroyed but dismantled by McLeod purposefully into multiple parts. If we find the parts, we may be able to reassemble it."

"Dismantled purposefully? Perhaps, we can get the important information that McLeod left behind after it is restored." Said Lucien, deep in thought. It was a way in the school of astrology to avoid prophecies.

"There's no telling how many gates and grey halls there are in this place. Since we do not know the specific coordinates of the locations where McLeod stored the parts of his puppet, we may not be able to collect all of them in thousands of years." Rhine passed the puppet over. "This is not of much use to me. You can keep it to yourself."

Lucien had been very interested in the way to craft the puppet in the first place. Also, it was now an incomplete and unusable item. Therefore, he took it over straightforwardly.

He placed his right hand on the puppet and exerted his strength, but it did not move at all. Rhine was obviously clutching the puppet.

Lucien raised his head and looked at Rhine. Didn't he say that he would give it to him?

Looking at Rhine's confusion, Rhine smiled and said humorously, "Are you going to take it without a thank you?"

In the meantime, Lucien saw that his silver, bright eyes became blurry, like the cold dreamy moon in a deep night that could captivate everybody's soul.

Lucien suddenly felt such a strong fatigue that he only wanted to go to sleep.

Not good!

The vampire's talented enchantment!

Why did Mr. Rhine suddenly attack him?

The sound of the Mental Barrier being broken echoed inside Lucien's soul and slightly refreshed him, but Rhine's eyes were like a night sky where a silver moon was shining. He couldn't shift his attention at all.

The vague light of 'Short-Distance Teleportation' illuminated, and 'Spell Trigger' was automatically activated since his soul was under attack.

Right then, Rhine moved his right hand, spreading bright black waves toward Lucien's hand through the puppet, which offset the magic waves and stopped Lucien from blinking away.

'Magic Order' and 'Spell Sequencer' were activated one after the other, but they were both negated by Rhine in weird ways. He extended his sharp teeth and bit Lucien as graceful as a gentleman: "It's very impolite to not say thank you."

Suddenly, Lucien's eyes became clear. As the moonlight bloomed, Rhine's teeth bit the illusionary ripples, which slightly stunned him. In the meantime, he felt that the puppet was now lighter, as Lucien had dropped his right hand.

Lucien felt vague coolness from the Congus Ring on his left hand, which significantly diminished the illusion. Also, the effects such as Spell Trigger bought Lucien enough time!

"You are not Mr. Rhine!" Holding the Shield of Truth in his left hand, Lucien drew the silver longsword with his right hand.

Until this moment, even though Lucien had suspected that Rhine would attack him for a certain reason, he never suspected that Rhine was fake. The guy's scent, reaction to the Origin of Blood, and magic check all indicated that he was the Silver-eyed Count, the Observer. However, Lucien

sensed something was wrong when Rhine nullified the spells such as Spell Trigger and Magic Order through weird approaches.

‘Rhine’ suddenly stopped and leapt away, dodging the attack of Lucien’s Sword of Truth. He chuckled, “We have the same memories, the same appearance, the same blood and the same body. Why can’t I be Rhine? Isn’t that everything that matters for an intelligent creature?”

“You are the unimaginable ghost and devil.” Lucien raised his Shield of Truth and blocked the attack of ‘Rhine’ who blinked before him and scratched the shield with the fingernails that were even colder than metal longswords.

Creak. In the blood-freezing sound of scratching, Lucien cut the enemy’s waist. The overwhelming aura from the sword left a gash on the wall of the chamber.

‘Rhine’ did not react at all, but when the sword hit him, a shadow broke apart. Then, he blinked from the ceiling and swooped like an eagle, with his bat wings unfolding and blocking the dome.

“He is almost as fast as the projection of the Lord of Hell. Vampires are indeed a species best known for their agility and speed. However, his attack is not good enough. It seems to be only level two of legendary at best. That’s far from enough to break the Shield of Truth.” Lucien analyzed the situation calmly. After ‘Rhine’ accelerated, his shadows were everywhere, which made it impossible for Lucien to tell which of them was his real self. He could only resist the enemy with the Shield of Truth but was unable to counterattack with the Sword of Truth.

Clang, clang, clang. The silver auras of the sword cut the grey wall, making pleasant sounds and creating deep cracks one after another.

Looking at those cracks, Lucien was suddenly inspired. “This room is not spacious, but it is very solid...”

“Hellish Ball!” Lucien cast the spell. Then, a ball of light as bright as the sun flew out of the Robe of Grand Arcanists towards ‘Rhine’. As he expected, the ball missed the target and hit the wall!

BOOM!

The soundwaves swept across the entire chamber like an instrument. The greenish acid even corrupted the air. The silver lightning turned the chamber into a forest. Scorching flames burnt everything, making the place look like a real inferno.

No corner in the entire chamber could avoid the massive damage, not even Lucien himself. However, since he was behind the Shield of Truth, he seemed to be in a different world.

Inside the inferno, the illusionary shadows were broken, and the real self of ‘Rhine’ surfaced in the black air.

“Now is the time!” After locking onto his real self, Lucien slashed his long-prepared Sword of Truth.

The silver aura of the sword, in the shape of a crescent moon, broke apart the fire, the lightning and hit ‘Rhine’ who did not have the time to dodge. The black air around him, as well as his body, was immediately cut open.

The gap in the void destroyed every piece of the body, but 'Rhine' put on a weird smile. Then, he pressed his chest with his right hand and slightly bowed, as graceful as a musician who was answering the curtain call.

Without a sound, the body of 'Rhine' collapsed and disappeared, and the arm of the puppet fell to the ground.

After the terrifying view caused by 'Hellish Ball' died down, everything became peaceful and quiet, and 'Rhine' never showed up again.

Without being careless at all, Lucien picked up the arm of the puppet cautiously with the Shield of Truth in his hand, but he did not find any information left by McLeod on it. In the meantime, he was greatly puzzled. "This ghost can turn into somebody else that can trick those who are most familiar with them. It is very easy for him to commit assassinations. However, he is only level two of legendary and slightly stronger than me. Why on earth could he have terrified McLeod? How did he make the legendary sorcerers such as Maskelyne go missing?"

"However, there is something wrong with him, too. He was not completely killed after he was hit by the Sword of Truth..."

Shaking his head, Lucien felt that the whole thing was full of enigmas that were too much for him to explore right now.

"The time here flows more slowly than outside. The hunters must've already entered this place, and the effect of 'God's Grace' should be over now. I can try to return." Lucien did not want to take more risks. Calculating the current coordinates and the coordinates of the entrance according to the pattern, he looked for a way to go back.

At this moment, another black gate creaked and was opened.

Lucien looked over warily, holding the Shield of Truth in his hand. He was confident that it could resist the first attack of all the experts who were not a demigod.

The gate was wide open, and a familiar person entered Lucien's vision. The silver soft long hair, the red coat, the black shirt, the dim red stains of blood on the chest, and the lips that were paler than usual – it was Rhine again!

“Hi, Lucien, we meet again.” He smiled. Then his face changed greatly: “Hey, don't greet me with the Sword of Truth!”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 626: Two Puppet Parts

As the silver longsword shook slightly, Rhine suddenly blinked to the behind of the gate that hadn't been closed, leaving a slowly disappearing shadow behind. He said in both amusement and anger, “You met the monster that could pretend to be someone else, too?”

He sounded more or less relieved, as if he had confirmed that Lucien was authentic.

Lucien looked at him warily. After enhancing himself with Mechanized Mind and Mental Barrier again, he was rational enough to not directly attack Rhine. “Mr. Rhine, how can I confirm that you are authentic?”

You should at least give me an undeniable fact, or it will be better for the both of us if we go separate ways.

Rhine pulled the gate and prevented it from being closed. He said with a smile, “I understand that you cannot tell if I am impersonated by the monster by scent, blood, body or memories. I was injured because of that just now. However, I believe there’s something that the monster absolutely cannot simulate unless he is the God of Truth.”

“What is it?” Lucien vaguely guessed Rhine’s answer.

A pair of enormous bat wings appeared behind Rhine’s red coat, and the vague moonlight glowed, announcing the arrival of the majestic, domineering air of a demigod. A silver moon seemed to be rising in the grey hall. He said, “This is the air of the Primordial Ancestor. That monster cannot fabricate a demigod. The air on your left hand will let me know that you are not fake.”

Sensing the familiar air of Alterna, Lucien was finally relieved. He showed the air of the Silver Moon and the mysterious existence of the World of Souls in his left hand without reserve. “Alright, I’m convinced that you are Mr. Rhine. If the monster can simulate the air of a demigod, I wouldn’t be able to escape even if I was not deceived.”

Rhine coughed, with blood spreading out on his lips. Although internal bleeding was a serious wound for vampires, he simply smiled as if it were nothing important. “It’s a reasonable choice to be cautious. I was hit because I was too reckless.”

“The monster I encountered pretended to be you. What about yours?” Lucien retreated the Sword of Truth and kept the Shield of Truth, retaining his wariness.

Rhine coughed again. “He pretended to be another prince among the vampires who’s very close to me.”

“Oh, so to speak, the monster can simulate both the lives that entered the ‘grey maze’ and the experts outside of this place?” Asked Lucien in confusion. What was the mechanism behind that?

The ‘grey maze’ was the name that Lucien came up with for the grey halls and the black gates.

“Grey maze? Hehe, this place is called ‘Realm of Gates’. At least, the legendary sorcerers who went missing in this place called it that way.” Rhine corrected him. “I suspect that there’s something wrong with this ‘Realm of Gates’. Perhaps, our memories are open in this place. So, the monster pretended to be the prince according to my memories.”

The memories are open? What about the secrets from Earth? What about the spirit library? Lucien considered the problem seriously. Would he see Gundam, Super Saiyans or Starships that are simulated by the monster?

What a spectacular world it would be...

“The Realm of Gates? Mr. Rhine, did you find the things that Viken left behind?” Since he couldn’t discuss the spiritual library with Rhine, Lucien asked another important question.

Rhine shook his head. “I came to this place when I followed the mysterious piece inside Sard’s body. I only found a few fragments before I was attacked. There’s some information on them.”

Instead of keeping it a secret, he tossed a few pieces of grey paper to Lucien.

Picking them up with ‘Mage’s Hand’ carefully, Lucien browsed through them.

“...There are countless black gates in this place. A surprise, and of course, a danger, may be hiding behind every gate. We have named this place ‘Realm of Gates’...”

“...We accidentally found certain weird creatures behind the gates. They are somewhat similar to the research that we conducted before. If we hadn’t already achieved some results, we probably would never have discovered them...”

“...Maybe, we can find a way to get in there by studying those creatures...”

“...Somebody seemed to be here before...”

Lucien recognized the handwriting on two pieces of paper. One of them belonged to McLeod that he learnt just now, and the other was Maskelyne’s.

“Weird creatures? Are there plenty of such creatures?” Lucien said, feeling that his blood was freezing, while he considered the information on the last piece of paper. Somebody was here before Maskelyne and the explorers came?

Rhine closed the black gate and wiped the blood on his lips with a white handkerchief, before he shook his head and said, “That’s impossible. If there were plenty of such monsters, Maskelyne and his lot wouldn’t have discovered them or written those notes in relief at all.”

He meant that Maskelyne and the team should’ve been wiped out soon after they entered. After all, they were not as strong as him, who could summon the Silver Moon. Also, since the team was rather huge, there would’ve been plenty of opportunities for the monsters who were adept at disguise.

“It makes sense. Even you were heavily wounded from the ambush, Mr. Rhine.” Lucien nodded. “Right, Mr. Rhine, how strong was the monster you encountered?”

Rhine folded the handkerchief and put it in his pocket. “He was undoubtedly the peak of legendary. I only beat it back after summoning the power of the Primordial Ancestor. However, if I hadn’t been as carefully, I could’ve escaped even if I could not defeat it.”

After pausing for a moment, he smiled and said, “I am now a level-three legendary vampire.”

“Why was the monster I encountered only level two of legendary?” Lucien was rather puzzled about that. “Did we meet different monsters?”

“If they were different monsters, why did they happen to be one level above ourselves?” Rhine captured the problem keenly. “Apart from the ability to summon the Primordial Ancestor, I am level three of legendary. Without the improvement of your equipment, you should only be level one of legendary, right?”

Being in this place, he didn't know how much time had passed in the outside world, so he wasn't so sure whether or not Lucien, who had been advancing crazily, had already advanced into level two of legendary.

Lucien had the weird familiar feeling again, as if he had encountered the situation before, but he couldn't find the experience that matched. So, he could only ponder for a moment and reply, "Yes, I'm level one of level-one legendary. Perhaps, due to certain special restraints, the monsters can only carry out the strength one level higher than that of the target?"

"That's a possibility." Wearing his usual smile, Rhine encouraged Lucien to go on.

An idea suddenly occurred to Lucien. He looked at Mr. Rhine with a smile, "Mr. Rhine, if my speculation is true, do you think we will run into one monster or two monsters if we move together? Will they be level two of legendary or the peak of legendary?"

"It should be one monster at the peak of legendary." Pondering for a moment, Rhine answered.

Lucien turned away his head 'coldly'. "Then, I think we should go separately."

"Forgive me, but I happen to be going the same way as you all the time." Rhine replied humorously. "Also, an experienced, well-informed Observer can be very useful in this place. Besides, everything we said was just a speculation."

Lucien smiled. “I was also worried that I might encounter a top legendary monster when I act alone, so it will be better if Mr. Rhine deals with them with me. I don’t think we will encounter a monster in the level of demigod, right? About that, Mr. Rhine, I’m planning to abort the exploration and return. This place is not too far away from the entrance. There are only a dozen gates in between at most. Are you coming with me?”

“Due to my heavy wound, it’s obviously unsuitable for me to stay any longer.” Rhine took out a bright green arm of a puppet. “I’m quite lucky to meet you who knows the pattern of coordinate changes. It would’ve taken me forever if I tried to find a way out on my own. This is my advance payment. It’s a part of the puppet created by McLeod in his unique ways. You will benefit a lot by analyzing it.”

Observation and summarization were the strong suits of sorcerers, and arcanists among sorcerers were even better at them. Rhine knew what he was and wasn’t capable of very well.

Lucien’s face immediately became awful. Alarmed, he said warily, “Mr. Rhine, put the arm of the puppet on the ground.”

“Why? Were you tricked by the arm of the puppet as a gift just now?” Amused, Rhine threw the arm of the puppet to the ground and watched Lucien pick it up with ‘Mage’s Hand’.

After he picked it up, Lucien recognized that it was the other arm of the puppet, and they made a set perfectly.

Slightly relieved, Lucien opened the black gate behind him. Appearing before his eyes was a familiar grey hall, with the silver residue of magic patterns on the ground.

“No, this isn’t the previous one.” Lucien soon recognized that the complicated magic patterns constituted a different part of the hexagram.

“Huh, a paper fragment?” Rhine discovered a shallow grey piece and showed it to Lucien:

“NO!”

It was similar to the fragment that had ‘devil’ on it. Hysterical craziness and fear could be sensed from it. While memorizing the complicated magic patterns, Lucien found the right leg of the puppet.

Having collected three parts of the puppet, Lucien was not delighted. Instead, he said solemnly in confusion, “Why are the fragments and parts of the puppet waiting to be discovered by us?”

“There are too many halls in the Realm of Gates. The monster might be unable to find all of them.” Rhine speculated.

Lucien shook his head. “Then, why can the monster find us accurately?”

.....

Inside the grey hall, Douglas and Fernando, surrounded by countless alarm spells, walked steadily.

“There’s nothing but halls and gates in this place?” Fernando looked around. There weren’t any dangers or monsters? That only called for more wariness. This was the deepest part of the World of Souls where many legendary sorcerers had gone missing!

Douglas observed the surroundings and said, “The coordinates are changing fast, but they match the pattern left by Maskelyne. However, as a result, it will be barely possible for us to encounter Lucien. We can only leave marks to tell him to go out on his own and leave the same marks for us.”

“He must be planning to hide for a while before he returns to the entrance. We will return after the time is probably enough.” After discovering that the coordinates of the halls were changing fast, Fernando vaguely guessed what his student had in mind.

As he spoke, he opened a black gate with magic.

.....

“Life sensation?” Rhine speculated again.

Hardly had he concluded his sentence when both of them raised their heads and looked at a black gate warily, which was being opened slowly.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 627: Lucien’s Question

As the black gate was slowly opened, Lucien held the Shield of Truth even more tightly. If it was the monster that was coming, he would probably be at the peak of legendary according to Rhine and his speculation.

The red eyes, the short height, the long magic robe that reached the ground, and the handsome but old face... The familiar look made Lucien blurt out. "Master."

Then, he saw the tall old man behind Fernando. It was exactly the gentle but intimidating Douglas. He said, "Mr. President."

Fernando did not give a reply immediately. He remained silent for almost ten seconds, as if he were confirming Lucien's identity in secret. In the end, he seemed relieved. "You didn't encounter any danger, did you?"

...

Fernando opened the black gate with magic and suddenly sensed two people inside. So, he was even more wary, and the Robe of Dominance, the Eye of Storm and Abrupt Magic Reverse were all ready.

Then, he heard Lucien's voice. "Master, Mr. President."

His worries were greatly eased, but he was careful enough to confirm Lucien's identity with multiple magic approaches. Douglas also checked the uniqueness of the Secretive with his astrology.

...

Although the features such as the air and the spiritual power all told Lucien that it was his teacher and the president standing before his eyes, his previous experience made him full of wariness. Still holding the Shield of Truth as before, he said, "Mr. President, master, there's a monster in this place who can transform into anyone with the victim's every feature. I just encountered him when he pretended to be Mr. Rhine. He even simulated the reaction of the Origin of Blood."

Fernando glared at him. "Are you implying that we are impersonated by the monster? Can he fabricate the projection of my demiplane, too?"

A dark thunderstorm blew around him, and the Thunder Hell had arrived.

Hearing the familiar roars and storms, Lucien felt that his heart was hot, somewhat believing that it was his master.

Douglas, on the other hand, considered for a moment and asked, "Lucien, since the Silver-eyed Count is with you, it means that you have other ways to confirm each other's identity. Do we need to do anything to cooperate with you?"

“We confirmed each other’s identity with the air of the Primordial Ancestor. I don’t think it’s possible for you.” Rhine smiled and answered on behalf of Lucien. “However, the solution is very simple. This place is not far from the entrance. We do not need to go with you. Since both of you are at the peak of legendary, I don’t think anything can stop you from returning. Everything will be clear once we’re out.”

In the dangerous ‘Realm of Gates’ where there was a monster that could pretend to be everybody, people tended to be suspicious of each other. Lucien was not entirely reassured about Rhine even to this moment. Therefore, he totally agreed with his proposal.

Fernando roared. “Nonsense! If the monster is so terrifying, will he watch you two leave without doing anything? You can’t confirm my identity?”

Despite his roars, he remained calm and cleared the way without underestimating the monster.

“In that case, you will go to the entrance first, and we will follow you in case the monster chases after you.” Douglas nodded his head and agreed with Rhine’s proposal.

Therefore, the two top legendary sorcerers stood at the corners of the grey hall and cleared the black gate. Lucien and Rhine, on the other hand, moved to the gate that was on the entrance’s side carefully, each watching over one side. They were finally more or less relaxed when they were about to enter the gate.

Then, Douglas and Fernando moved and followed them.

Their action was absolutely fine, but Lucien was rather anxious. His transformation was about to be over. In order to perform it again, he would need a few seconds to pacify his blood power. Those few seconds would be highly dangerous. He could not make any mistakes in such an environment.

Should he ask his teacher to follow them one hall away? But in such a case, wouldn't he lose the greatest help if he encountered a top legendary monster?

I have to find a way to confirm their identity... Lucien thought quickly.

Rhine was about to open the black gate up ahead. Fearing that they might encounter a top legendary monster, Fernando and Douglas were closer and closer to them.

Then, they suddenly heard Lucien speak, "Mr. President, master, wait a moment."

"What is it?" Fernando seemed angry about not being trusted.

Rhine, on the other hand, looked at Lucien curiously, wondering what he was going to ask.

Lucien asked rather solemnly, "Mr. President, master, how can the atom model with two electrons be resolved with matrix mechanics?"

"Huh..." Fernando and Douglas were both stunned.

...

“The air, the spiritual power and the blood power are identical...”

“His location is deviated from this place according to my prophecy, but that might not be ‘the Secretive’, because many other ways could create a similar effect...”

In the telepathic bond, Fernando and Douglas exchanged their information. They had to be careful. Their past adventures made them respect all the dangerous places instead of blindly trusting their magic, not to mention that this was the deepest part of the World of Souls where many legendary sorcerers had gone missing!

“He should be Lucien, but we can’t be careless even if he is the real Lucien. There are too many sorcerers who were corrupted and lost, weren’t there?” Fernando was not hasty and impatient at all. He had been nearly killed many times because of his personality in the past adventures, and he had learnt to control himself.

Lucien, holding the Shield of Truth, said delightedly, “Mr. President, master, there’s a terrible monster in this place that is at the peak of legendary. If I hadn’t encountered Mr. Rhine and received his help after he summoned Silver Moon Alterna, I probably would’ve been killed by the monster.”

“Let’s get out of this place!”

“Where is the Silver-eyed Count?” Douglas looked around in confusion.

Fernando, on the other hand, frowned and asked, “Only one top legendary monster?”

The word ‘only’ fully demonstrated his confidence and dominance.

“I don’t know. We were separated after the battle. Also, this is the Realm of Gates. There’s no way to locate him at all without knowing his coordinates.” Lucien said in frustration. “Also, the monster may be even more terrible than what we saw. I found some of the last belongings and notebooks left by Mr. Maskelyne’s team. They were full of desperation and hysteria.”

“Notebooks? Last belongings? Let me take a look.” Said Douglas solemnly.

Lucien took out the grey notebook and the greenish item. Canceling the Shield of Truth, he was about to hand it over to Fernando.

“Wait a moment.” Douglas suddenly stopped him. “Deliver it with magic. Don’t come close.”

“What’s the meaning of this, Mr. President?” Lucien appeared confused.

Douglas said gently, “This is the deepest part of the World of Souls where any accident may happen. So, we can’t be more careful. Well, this place is not far away from the entrance. Let’s read them outside. You will go first. We’ll follow you.”

Lucien nodded. “That is absolutely correct.”

...

After a brief daze, Douglas said in amusement, "Aren't there no answers or inspirations to the question yet?"

"That's why I would like to hear your opinion. This is a pure regular arcana communication about the new frontier." Lucien smiled.

Memories could be obtained via special methods, and the blood power and the spiritual power could be fabricated as if they were real. However, Lucien believed that the ability to comprehensively make use of the knowledge in the memories and the mindset that was a sublimation of memories were the most special parts in everybody. It was barely possible for the monster to mimic them. When it came to a new frontier of arcana where no answers had been raised yet, the two idiosyncrasies would be best revealed.

If it were on Earth, Lucien wouldn't be so sure, but this world had souls. Mindset was the closest thing to the soul and was one of the most essential nature of a person. If the monster could simulate that perfectly, Lucien would find it hard to imagine what constituted a person.

"Discussing an arcana problem at such a moment? Are you out of your mind?" Fernando burst into fury.

Lucien said, without giving in, "The monster can only obtain memories, but he cannot comprehensively utilize the knowledge in them to resolve new arcana problems. This is the best way of identification."

Fernando suddenly smiled. “You are such a nuisance. Wouldn’t it be much better if you could just be deceived by me and die? Why do you have to make me attack you?”

His voice was still echoing, when he fell apart like a shadow and melted into Douglas’s body, with a weird smile popping up on his face:

“Advanced Time Stop!”

The grey was frozen, and the vague paleness surfaced. Everything around stopped functioning. Even the alternate space behind the Shield of Truth seemed to be affected and became rather slow, making it impossible for Lucien to wield the Sword of Truth. Besides, the Moon Timer’s weakening of the power of time and space was not as good as he expected. Lucien could only watch ‘Douglas’ in a strange way although his head was still normal.

Was it ‘Advanced Time Stop’ performed by the top legend?

He had been so greatly affected even though he had the Moon Timer and the Shield of Truth!

“Eternal Blaze!”

After the time was stopped, ‘Douglas’ pressed his hands and cast the spell.

If he were to be killed by ‘Advanced Time Stop’ plus ‘Eternal Blaze’, he would definitely die full of regrets!

At this moment, Lucien wondered whether he would be resurrected after he was killed inside this mysterious ‘Realm of Gates’, or would he be forever locked here like a ghost.

...

Lucien nodded. “That is absolutely correct.”

As he talked, he stepped forward, ready to walk past Douglas and Fernando.

Right then, the smile on his face became mysterious. He pointed with his right hand and declared, “Light of Judgment!”

A magnificent and intimidating beam of light seemed to have descended directly from Mountain Paradise, with the power that could destroy everything.

“Abrupt Magic Reverse!” Fernando’s long-prepared spell was performed.

A mirror full of beautiful, enigmatic patterns appeared, as if it were connected to a different world.

After the Light of Judgment hit the mirror, it was reflected abruptly and hit 'Lucien', but it merely broke an illusion.

The 'Abrupt Magic Reverse', which could reflect five spells that targeted individuals, seemed to have reached the limits of its capacity. It was completely broken after being used only once.

In midair, a shadow slowly appeared. He had a headful of white hair, a sacred crown, and a platinum staff in his hand.

"Benedict III!" Douglas couldn't have been more grave.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 628: Psalm of Night

Inside the grey effect of Time Stop, a sliver light suddenly glowed as a vintage hourglass that was engraved with the patterns of a full moon, half moon and a crescent moon flew out of Rhine's pocket!

As the silver sand flowed inside, the effect of Time Stop was gone, but the sand was also reduced into powder.

It was indeed as expected of the Observer who had a copious collection.

However, 'Douglas' had already performed 'Eternal Blaze'. Lucien, having only just recovered from the attack, could only focus the will and blood power transformed from his spiritual power on the Shield of Truth, keeping it before himself and Rhine.

Boom!

The most terrifying temperature vaporized the grey bricks and the illusionary ripples created by the Shield of Truth. The energy storm that seemed able to destroy the world blew both the shield and Lucien backwards.

After only several seconds, the amazing feeling that they were in a different world was gone. The ripples around them cracked and fell apart. The surface of the neat and sacred 'Shield of Truth' was also brimming with the miserable traces of a raging storm, as if it would be completely damaged before long.

Lucien's 'Robe of Grand Arcanists', sensing the temperature and the energy that were infiltrating, automatically triggered 'Elemental Skin' and 'Magic Absorber', crazily swallowing and offsetting the damage.

Suddenly, Rhine's red coat emitted vague blackness that appeared like the deepest night, calling for subconscious reference and compliment.

The black light spread out and slightly twisted the direction of the high temperature, the energy storm and the neutron storm that leaked in. In the meantime, his body became fuzzy like a mist, which enveloped Lucien and brought him into a 'dream'.

In the unimaginable light and heat at the center of the explosion of 'Eternal Blaze', the Shield of Truth, Lucien and Rhine were soon obliterated, but it seemed to be waking them from a dream.

‘Real Dream’! ‘Night Travel’! The vampires’ two talents!

The surging explosion destroyed the whole hall and tore apart the grey wall and the black gate. Bloody liquid dripped from the ceiling and the door, only to be vaporized immediately.

After the explosion died down, the grey wall wriggled as if it were alive, repairing everything on its own. Very soon, the place became exactly the same as before, except that the silver pattern of magic on the floor had been erased.

.....

Inside another grey hall...

Rhine and Lucien suddenly appeared from the void in midair. Unable to control themselves, they fell and hit the ground with a loud noise. Their whole bodies were in pain.

“I’m not dead yet? I weathered through a hydrogen bomb!” The sense of pain made Lucien really feel that he was still alive. In his delight, he did not call it ‘Eternal Blaze’ but used ‘hydrogen bomb’, his most familiar name, in his heart.

“Cough.” Rhine’s hair was a bit of a mess, but he tried to cover his mouth with a white handkerchief. It was not until a long time later that he stopped the intense coughing and regained the ability of talking. “The ‘Eternal Blaze’ you invented is truly a spell that suppresses the undead

creatures. Despite the blockage of the Shield of Truth and 'Psalm of Night', I have been unusually weakened. I probably wouldn't be able to wield much strength in the next hour or so."

That was only because the princes of vampires had strong recovery abilities. If it were any other vampires, their skin would've been burnt and festered, and it wouldn't be healed until a long time later.

"Psalm of Night?" Lucien glanced at Rhine's red coat, on which the dark and peaceful darkness was still flowing. It seemed to be the legendary armor among the vampires which had uncannily fallen from a level-four, perfect legendary item into a level-three, senior-rank one. Had it not been for its defense, Rhine and he would have suffered much more severe damage.

Thinking about that, Lucien looked at the Shield of Truth in his hands. The delicate, well-decorated surface of the shield was full of bumps and dents. Holes caused by vaporization could be found in many places, too. It was obvious that the shield was no longer usable for now.

Lucien was more or less relieved. The shield did not seem to be completely damaged yet, or he would feel a great heartache. Such a high-level legendary item with special defense like 'Shield of Truth' couldn't be replaced at all!

"As expected of the Shield of Truth. If it were any other level-three legendary item, it would have been completely vaporized." Rhine observed the black gates warily. According to their previous experiences, the monster would not show up in the grey hall out of nowhere but would encounter the target after the gate was opened. Of course, that might just be the monster's hobby.

Touching the uneven surface of the Shield of Truth, Lucien said, "It only survived because the mechanism of its defense is different from that of other objects."

He also added in his heart, “That’s why we survived.”

‘Eternal Blaze’ was an area attack. Spell Trigger or other spells might not be able to bring him to the edge.

While talking, Lucien brought a small but complicated alchemical cottage from his storage bag and tossed it in front of himself.

The dark gold cottage grew quickly into a magic laboratory that had a full alchemical platform.

“A portable alchemical platform?” Regaining his ability of action, Rhine observed the magic laboratory with great interest.

Lucien nodded his head. “We have been prepared for everything that might happen in the adventure in the World of Souls, including what we should do after our equipment is damaged...”

This time, Lucien did not need to spend tremendous time searching for materials to repair his magic items like when he was forced into the alternate dimension last time. Instead, he had prepared all the materials he needed according to his gear.

“But we can’t stop here. The monster may come to us at any moment.” Rhine was not as weak as a moment ago. At least, the big wings on his back could be opened now.

Lucien found the necessary materials to repair the Shield of Truth and threw them into the portable magic laboratory with a smile. Then, he put the damaged 'Shield of Truth' on the alchemical platform and sent the repair procedures and requirements into the laboratory through telepathic bond. In the end, he said, "Please work on it, Pittsburgh."

"Not a problem. Master, it will be repaired in half a day." The 'magic laboratory' said delightfully.

Rhine's lips twitched. "So, an alchemical life that can help with maintenance."

"Pittsburgh is the brother of Pinocchio, my tower guard, and an alchemical life that Mr. Klaus and I developed together. Unless he is too severely damaged, he can even repair legendary items, which will save sorcerers a lot of time, particularly during an adventure." Lucien introduced Pittsburgh. He felt rather gloomy when he mentioned Klaus.

Rhine put his handkerchief into his pocket and asked in confusion, "Pittsburgh is Pinocchio's brother because they begin with the same letter?"

"Hehe." Naturally, Lucien wouldn't say that he named the alchemical life in such a way purely because of his bad humor.

After reducing the magic Lab he put it back into his storage bag, Lucien raised his head and looked at the everlasting grey hall, starting to calculate his current coordinates by collecting the environmental parameters. In the meantime, since the Shield of Truth was no longer usable, he naturally did not transform into a legendary knight again, but put back the Sword of Truth and prepared to deal with the dangers with magic.

Suddenly, Lucien changed his face. "This place is very close to the final spot that Mr. Maskelyne recorded. We pressed so deep into the Realm of Gates?"

“That’s a sad coincidence? I was unable to control the direction of Night Travel in that situation. I hoped to fly to somewhere near the Furnace of Souls, but as it turned out...” Rhine opened his hands gracefully and expressed his apology.

“Do you listen to ‘Arcana Voice’, too?” Lucien sensed the style of ‘Arcana Voice’ from Rhine’s rhetoric.

While he talked, he examined a black gate with magic and was prepared to open it.

Rhine combed his silver long hair and chuckled, “It’s a very interesting program. Lucien, are you going to where Maskelyne left his final coordinates?”

Lucien had shared the formula to calculate coordinates with him.

“Yes. To reach the entrance from here, we have to pass almost fifty grey halls. It’s hard for us to avoid the monster over such a long journey. Considering our status right now, we may be unable to escape from it.” Lucien stared at the black gate before him. “In such a case, we might as well go to the spot that Mr. Maskelyne left behind. Chances are that we will find records or items that will unravel the secrets of the monster and give us hope to win!”

The more difficult, dangerous and devastating the situation was, the more determined and unwavering Lucien would be. Even if he was to be killed, he would die on the way looking for an opportunity instead of surrendering to fate!

“I am going to take the monster by his throat!” Lucien cheered himself up in a low voice and opened the gate with Mage’s Hand.

A space of greyness was presented before Lucien’s eyes. Behind the gate was not a grey hall but a grey wilderness where monuments of the same color were standing!

The wilderness was so quiet and boundless that it was like a real world of death.

“Pleasant surprises may be behind the gates...” Rhine repeated what the paper fragments said. As a man with the title of ‘Observer’, he was full of interest in the unusual things. “It seems that behind the black gate is not just the grey hall. There are also worlds like alternate dimensions, in which there are probably precious items and unimaginable dangers.”

Lucien felt a strong toothache. “What a weird world. However, this wilderness full of tombstones is somewhat similar to the ‘Resting Place’, Vicente’s demiplane.”

“Perhaps, the worlds behind the gate are all kinds of places of death. Chances are that we will see duplicates of the nine floors of hell.” Rhine speculated.

Lucien was about to step forward, when he suddenly remembered something else. He asked in confusion, “If the monster could easily find us, why is he still not here?”

“When I was hunted by the monster, I did not have the time to catch my breath at all, and I had to summon the power of the Primordial Ancestor. Hehe. Perhaps, he is too busy dealing with other people to come after us... There’s perhaps only one monster.” Rhine recalled.

“Then, let’s find Mr. Maskelyne’s last possessions as soon as possible.” Enhancing himself with a space defense with the Space Staff, Lucien flew into the world of tombstones.

.....

Inside the grey hall, Douglas and Fernando blinked out. They looked rather hasty, but they were still normal.

“Showing no anomalies or loopholes as both Lucien and Benedict III, it seems that a very uncanny monster is hiding in this place.” Fernando was as aggressive as before, not frustrated because they had to flee in a hurry.

Douglas said, deep in thought, “But the strength he displayed was only slightly higher than that of ‘Ivan’ in God’s Grace. It hadn’t reached Benedict III’s level, or we wouldn’t have escaped in one piece.”

Although he never fought Benedict III before, he had challenged Benedict II once. Without God’s Arrival, the two popes should be on par with each other.

“We were a bit panicked just now. We didn’t have to escape so aimlessly. We could’ve fought the monster and found a chance to retreat towards the entrance.” Fernando evaluated their previous performance and was not satisfied with himself.

Douglas calculated the coordinates and opened a gate with magic. “There’s still time to return right now. You will leave marks for Lucien.”

Although he thought that Lucien could barely survive the attack of a monster who was close to a demigod, he would still try to save him.

After the gate was opened, it was a warm spring behind the gate. However, there was not the slightest sense of life. Seven headless dwarfs were walking towards a forest with a grey coffin on their shoulders.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 629 Life Traceback

“An alternate dimension?” Douglas had thought that this place was made of grey halls that were connected by black gates, and that there would be no other changes. Therefore, he was rather stunned to see this world of exuberant trees.

Fernando flew in first. “It seems that there are many worlds similar to alternate dimensions in the ‘Realm of Gates’ apart from the grey halls. I wonder if intelligent life can be found here.”

“I prefer to think that they are spectres of different kinds, like what we are seeing right now.” Douglas observed the environment and speculated roughly.

At this moment, the seven headless dwarfs, holding the grey coffin that was much longer than their height, reached Fernando and Douglas. They spoke in a dull voice from their stomach, “Are you princes?”

“Huh?” Douglas reviewed his defense and looked at them, interested.

“The princes with heads are bad princes. The princess will blame us.” The headless dwarf in the lead said, his belly fluctuating.

Amused, Douglas said, “Good princes don’t have heads?”

“If you don’t have your head, you will never be upset, you will never be sorrow, and you will never worry about your look...” A coarse female voice suddenly emerged from the grey coffin. The lifelessness around flowed into the coffin through the gaps and congregated into black air that improved the power of death inside to the level of legendary very soon.

Crack. The cover of the grey coffin was moved away, and a headless woman in a pure white court dress stood up, with a weird necklace made of a series of red apples on her chest.

The necklace seemed hilarious, but if one were to observe carefully, they would discover a human face on each of the apples. They were the faces of seven dwarfs and the round face of a girl. It was quite blood-freezing.

ere

“Give me your head! Give me your head!” The headless woman wailed, and the intense air of death began to spread. The soundwaves that could destroy the soul swept out.

Looking at everything without any expression, Fernando suddenly said, “Boring.”

Pa!

As the bolts of lightning hit the ground, the dozens of kilometers around were covered in the forest of thunderstorms. Both the headless prince and the trees were burnt into ashes!

“Headless? I seemed to have seen this custom before.” Douglas recalled the uncanny sense of familiarity. “When we developed the Solar Islands, I encountered the natives of a few clans. They believed that the head of a human was the symbol of life, and that disasters would happen if their head remained after their death. Therefore, the head of the deceased would be cut off and burnt up before they were buried. It’s similar to what we experienced just now.”

Fernando was not involved in the development of the Solar Islands that time. While listening to Douglas’ interpretation, he frowned and asked, “Are we in a dream or an illusion, where the things we are familiar with have been transformed into the weirdest stuff?”

“I am a top legend of the school of astrology. If even I cannot tell whether or not we are in a dream, the enemy can only be someone in the level of the God of Truth. If the ‘gods’ of such a level do exist, do they have to attack us so indirectly?” Said Douglas calmly but confidently. “We are in the World of Souls. The death-related phenomena may be what is unique about it. We need to study the mechanism and the pattern behind it.”

A gloomy wind passed by, and a coarse, miserable female voice screamed behind them again:

“Give me your head! Give me your head!”

The tone of the voice changed, and the ashes on the ground gathered in swirls, refocused into a headless figure!

However, it was not someone in a white dress this time, but a person wearing a white robe and holding a platinum staff!

“This monster...” Fernando bellowed in fury.

Half solemnly and half amused, Douglas said, “Benedict III seems much more handsome without his head.”

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In the grey wilderness that was full of tombstones...

While carrying Rhine to walk forward quickly, Lucien analyzed the crown of the Primordial Mummy. This legendary item seemed to have been specially processed by the Lich King and was not readily crackable like the common items. Lucien estimated that it would take him at least two to three hours.

“Wait a moment.” Rhine suddenly said.

Lucien stopped and let go of Rhine's arm. "Mr. Rhine, did you notice anything?"

Rhine warmed his arms and legs. Part of his weakness seemed to be already gone. The vampire prince's ability of self-recovery was truly astonishing. "Have you noticed the patterns on the tombstones?"

"Aren't they the patterns of the ancient Meshkate Empire?" The Meshkate Empire was one of the three major magic empires. It occupied the area south to where the Gusta Empire was currently located. The magic patterns of the empire were undoubtedly the basics of arcana and were needed in many spells in the school of necromancy. Therefore, Lucien did not feel very strange about that.

Rhine bent down and touched the vintage mysterious patterns on the grey tombstones with his narrow, long fingers. "They are the patterns in the early years of the Meshkate Empire. Because they are similar to the patterns later, and their effect is also more or less the same, only an Observer like me who is a fan of history can tell the difference."

"Is there anything special about them?" Lucien was rather eager to reach the spot marked by Maskelyne, but since Rhine was willing to waste their precious time in this place, he must have a very good reason. So, Lucien asked in the telepathic bond.

Rhine smiled casually, "We are searching for what Meshkate left behind in order to crack the secrets of the 'Realm of Gates' and the monsters. Now that we already find a clue, we cannot let it go easily. Let's not reverse our purpose and our approach. Those patterns are not too special per se, but they indicate that this group of tombstones belong to the Meshkate in the early years."

"However, the 'early years', associated with the tombstones everywhere, reminded me of a most famous custom at the beginning of the Meshkate Empire. It was the ritual of 'Life Traceback'."

“Life Traceback’?” Lucien recalled the famous ritual in the history of necromancy.

Rhine wiped his fingers with a handkerchief gracefully. “Yes, the ritual of ‘Life Traceback’. The people of the Meshkate Empire generally believed that there was a most powerful intelligent creature at the original point. He was perfect and boasted the vastest light of spirituality. He created the species like humans, elves and dragons with his blood power, which made him disappear in the river of time. If anybody sought after great power, they could reverse the process and melt the intelligent lives of different races to approach the ‘Origin’.”

“That was the principle of funerals for the early Meshkate people. They made giants with wood and buried them at the certain of the graveyard. Then, only the clothes of the deceased would be buried in their tomb, and their body would be filled into the wood giant, hoping that they would be melted after their death. Although the custom was gradually gone, many spells of the school of necromancy obvious came from it, such as the stitched body.”

Recalling the spells of the school of necromancy he knew, Lucien nodded his head, “That’s true. Does ‘somebody was here’ on the paper fragment indicate a certain legendary sorcerer of the Meshkate Empire?”

“Possibility, but it’s hard to imagine that a legendary sorcerer would establish such a huge graveyard. Did he have nothing better to do after entering this place through a dangerous adventure? Lucien, you should know that the World of Souls corresponded with the main material world except that the locations are disordered. If we extrapolate the law to the Realm of Gates, can we assume that the Realm of Gates is a mapping for the different customs of death?” Rhine tossed his handkerchief and smashed the cover of a coffin. There was only a black jacket inside, as he expected.

Lucien thought for a moment and said, “That’s a very reasonable deduction, but what does the monster represent? It can’t be the fear of death in every intelligent life’s heart, right? I prefer to think that it’s the mysterious existence of the World of Souls.”

When he said 'heart', Lucien suddenly shivered and felt that he remembered something. But still, something was missing for him to see through the mist. He frowned hard. Perhaps, the difference on the surface had disguised the appearance of his memories, which made it impossible for him to find a similar experience.

"The bottom line is, we have clues about the monster." Rhine smiled and said, "We can only expect the items that Maskelyne left can give us more clues."

Lucien sighed, "Even if we figure out what the monster is and how it was born, the biggest enigma for me will still be why it can exist in such a way, and the arcana mechanism behind

it."

"You are showing more and more characteristics of a grand arcanist." Rhine was amused.

Suddenly, the earth shook violently, as if some monster was crawling out of the underground world. The tombstones collapsed one after another.

Rhine chuckled, "It seems that the 'Origin' in this place has already 'evolved into a powerful spectre. Lucien, he's all yours. If you can't, I'll lend you a few legendary items."

Dangerous air spread throughout the place. After a loud noise, the tombstones were scattered, and mud splashed out. An enormous blue-and-black arm extended from below the earth.

Right then, a blue-and-black giant dozens of meters tall stood up abruptly. Intact intelligent lives could be seen on its arms, abdomen and head. Some of them were humans, some dwarfs, some dragons, some elves, and some were murlocs. Together, they constituted the body of the giant.

The giant's eyes were suddenly opened. Dark red flames bouncing in them, there was no sign of life within its horizons anymore.

Lucien brought Rhine far away from the giant with an 'Accurate Teleportation'. He was terrified by the lifeless greyness where they stood earlier. That was the deepest fear in every intelligent creature's heart.

"It's only a level-one legendary. You can certainly defeat such a slow and unwise creature, Lucien, can't you? Huh, its heart is made of Fountain of Youth. No wonder Maskelyne said that there were many pleasant surprises in this place." Rhine's weakness was not entirely gone yet, but his eyes were still as keen as before.

"Fountain of Youth?" Lucien repeated in the telepathic bond solemnly. That was a material to hold the legendary ritual extend the longevity!

"Atomic Fission!"

BOOM!

A gigantic fireball exploded by the head of the giant, covering it quickly and destroying everything around. A mushroom cloud rolled and soared to the sky.

“Simple and straightforward...” Rhine remarked.

Holding the Space Staff in his hands, Lucien was prepared to control it subsequently. Then, he suddenly recalled something else. “Mr. Rhine, I saw similar tombstones and patterns in the ‘Resting Place’ of the Lord of the Undead. Does it indicate that one of his hidden spells is associated with the ‘Precursor’”

Pondering for a moment, Rhine replied, “Perhaps, he has already built his body into the ‘Original Body’. In that case, he will be much stronger than he appears.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 630: Mirror of Fate

The mushroom, mixed with fire, rose to the sky. The dark air dispersed the smoke, revealing the blue-and-black giant whose head was gone and whose body was more than ragged.

Right then, the intelligent lives of different species that made up the body of the giant were suddenly enlivened. They surged toward the head like a tide in haste, and after only a few seconds, a new head had been created.

“It’s truly tough. As expected of a masterpiece of the school of necromancy.” Lucien pointed the brilliant Space Staff in his hands at the corpses of humans, elves and dragons, which were immediately slowed down like puppets. The speed of the giant’s recovery was lowered.

Then, cold moonlight appeared in Lucien’s dark pupils. He turned into a legendary knight and drew the silver longsword. Flying into the sky, he descended and slashed the giant like a shooting star.

It was not because Lucien did not want to finish it with magic, but because the monster might catch up with them any moment and he could not waste his time. Naturally, the best solution was to directly crush the enemy with the Sword of Truth!

After a flash of the silver sword, an illusionary gap appeared on the giant without a sound, cutting the defense, the dark air and the physical body all at once, before it was divided into countless branches and spread to all the body parts of the giant.

Crack, crack, crack. The dead bodies of the intelligent creatures turned into tiny, broken, rotten meat and fell like an abrupt storm.

In the storm of blood, flesh and mucus, Lucien was surrounded by silver moonlight that vaporized the ‘rainwater’ that fell upon him, while he picked up the broken heart of the giant.

The black heart gradually stopped beating. Then, the flesh on the surface took off one layer after another, revealing the pool of bright green fluids the size of a thumb inside. Intense air of life could be sensed.

Lucien took out a silver teapot that was full of magic patterns and poured the Fountain of Youth into it, before he resealed the container.

“Let’s move on. We are not far away from the spot marked by Maskelyne.” Rhine, more or less recovered, walked over on his own and urged Lucien. For him, the ‘Fountain of Youth’ was of no use at all and even highly poisonous.

Lucien put the magic teapot back and was about to cancel his transformation, when he suddenly heard sobbing that lowered the temperature by dozens of degrees.

Wu, wu, wu. In the blood-freezing cries, tombstones fell, and coffins were opened. The black, grey and white clothes trembled and stood up as if they were alive, before they wobbled to the center.

Their movements seemed abnormal, but they were extremely fast. It didn’t take long before they were integrated into a gigantic doll that was wearing a colorful coat and an uncanny smile, which made Lucien, whose instincts became much keener after he became a legendary knight, sensed a hint of danger.

“What is this?” Asked Lucien subconsciously.

Rhine shook his head. “I don’t know, either. Of all the mysterious customs, I only know one third at most.”

Emitting the air close to level three of legendary, the doll took shape while it chuckled and cried.

“Let’s go!”

Lucien had no intention to fight. Although there would be a chance for him to defeat the creepy doll if he were to carry out all his strength and his items together with Rhine's abundant collections, it would significantly delay them, and it would be a disaster if the real monster caught them. Also, after they killed the doll, other spectres might appear, and the battle might be prolonged indefinitely.

Having no time to cancel the transformation, Lucien grabbed Rhine by his arm and flew forward into the moonlight, illuminating the grey wilderness.

Very soon, a black gate appeared among the tombstones.

“Wu! Wu! Wu!”

The creepy cries and laughter suddenly echoed next to Lucien's ears, dissolving the ‘Wall of Space’ around him that he created with the Space Staff. He was also blown out of moonlight.

Lucien trembled hard, feeling that cold wind was pouring into his clothes and that the physical body of the legendary knight was melting. It seemed that only the clothes like the Robe of Grand Arcanists was not affected. But of course, they couldn't provide any help, either.

Faced with the ‘doll’ that could not be inferred with common sense, Lucien did not turn back but kept on flying at the black gate. In the meantime, he slashed backwards with the Sword of Truth without aiming at the target.

“Wu!”

The silver sword flashed, and the cries countless times more miserable than just now burst out. The freezing wind blowing at his neck came to an abrupt halt.

Having no time to confirm the result or to check the black gate, Lucien simply bumped in.

“Wu! Wu! Wu!”

After he jumped into the grey hall, the cries and laughter came to Lucien’s ears even more loudly. He hurried to summon the moonlight and close the black gate.

Dum! Dum! Dum

The noise of somebody bashing the gate rumbled. The black gate was bent forward, as if it would be knocked open at any moment.

His blood freezing, Lucien calculated the coordinates and traveled among different black gates.

After several grey halls, Lucien and Rhine finally got rid of the mysterious doll.

“The location that Maskelyne left behind is right next to us...” After his calculation, Lucien’s pupils constricted violently. His heart was racing beyond his control despite the pacification of magic.

What would he see there?

Could he find the secrets of the monster?

Would it be something unimaginable, or the omen of horror and desperation?

Rhine, on the other hand, was rather calm. He cleaned his black shirt and his red coat, before he pointed at one of the black gates with a smile. “I believe it’s behind that gate, right?”

“Yes.” Lucien walked over and checked it with magic first. After ensuring that there was no danger, he pushed the gate open slowly.

As the gate moved backwards without a sound, everything behind the gate was revealed before Lucien and Rhine.

“Why?” Lucien tried to control himself to prevent his rationality from being drowned by disappointment.

Behind the black gate was the same grey hall that was exactly like any other halls. There was not even any residue of the silver magic pattern.

“Check it carefully.” Rhine stopped smiling and walked into the grey hall, searching for any traces.

After confirming that the coordinates were correct, Lucien followed him into the hall. Suddenly, he sensed that the Sun’s Corona on his chest rippled, as if it were interacting with a certain object inside the hall.

Following the interaction, Lucien stopped in front of a grey pillar. He examined it with multiple spells.

After a long time, Lucien sighed, “As expected of a level-three prophet. This gate is the best example of hideouts. Without the instruction of the Sun’s Corona, I’m afraid that only the top legends can possibly discover it, and even they will miss it if they are slightly careless.”

As he talked, Lucien activated the secret door and stuck the Sun’s Corona to it. Although Lucien had plenty of ways to crack it, it was the simplest and most time-preserving way to use the Sun’s Corona.

The brilliance of the sun that did not belong to this place glowed inside the grey hall, and a secret door was slowly opened, revealing a messy grey chamber where broken magic tubes, alchemical potions, pots and utensils were everywhere.

It seemed that the master of this place was not in a good mood, or he had left in a hurry, because if a battle of legends had happened in this place, Lucien was very certain that none of them could’ve survived.

The chamber was arranged in the typical look of an ancient magic laboratory. It didn't take Lucien long before he found a hidden desk, on which there were three items: the torso of a puppet, a magic notebook, and a grey mirror where countless mysterious magic patterns were floating.

"'Mirror of Fate'. This is truly Maskelyne's laboratory." Rhine recognized the mirror after the first look. He explained to Lucien casually, "Maskelyne once worked together with McLeod, hoping to create a legendary item that could reflect the river of fate. However, even a demigod wouldn't have been capable of that. They only managed to craft an item that could only be used limited times. However, it proved very effective in the first two usages. The first time, it predicted the whereabouts of the Thanos belongings very accurately, and the second time, it predicted that he would be trapped.

"So, a legendary item of the school of prophecy." Lucien realized that Rhine knew more than he thought he did. He examined the Mirror of Fate casually.

"'Mirror of Fate', a level-three perfect legendary item, can tell what happened in the past rather accurately and predict a future scene less accurately. It is a reflection of the river of fate and shouldn't exist in this world. It will be broken after five usages."

"Times used: Four."

"Everyone's fate is preordained, but the eyes of mortals cannot see through the heavy fog."

"By Waldo K Maskelyne."

"There's only one time left. It seems that Mr. Maskelyne used it after he was trapped here." Holding the Mirror of Fate, Lucien said with a heavy mood.

Rhine smiled, "If it were me, I would've predicted the secrets of the monster with the Mirror of Fate, too. I wonder if he found anything."

Not in a hurry to open the notebook, Lucien picked up the greenish torso of the puppet. "Why would a part of McLeod's puppet appear in Mr. Maskelyne's laboratory?"

"Perhaps, Maskelyne found it as a clue after McLeod 'went missing'." Rhine looked around and suddenly smiled. "This place has been processed by Maskelyne. The time flow is as fast as the outside world. Even if the monster will arrive soon, we will have enough time for our recovery."

Lucien still did not open the magic notebook. Solemnly, he said, "I have two questions."

"What are they?" Rhine asked.

"The first question is what I had before. Why did the monster not destroy those remnants? I don't think they could've escaped the monster's attention, right?" Lucien clenched his right fist and tapped his jaw. "Let's think reversely. Why did Mr. Maskelyne and his teammates leave scraps, notes and items in the end as their final attempt? Were they certain that the monster wouldn't destroy them?"

Rhine did not say anything but listened to Lucien's analysis quietly.

"The second question. There are so many grey halls, and yet we found the paper fragments, the puppet parts and the residue of magic so easily. Wasn't it too much of a coincidence?"

“You think that the monster was misleading us on purpose?” Rhine pursed his lips.

“That’s possible, but what’s the point? Because it can’t defeat us?” Lucien suspected that the monster was deepening the illusion or the dream through hints, but he could still open his spirit library.

Taking a breath, Lucien said in a low voice, “There may be clues in the notebook.”

Opening the magic notebook, Maskelyne’s familiar handwriting appeared:

“...Through the Mirror of Fate, we found one of Mr. Thanos’ secret laboratories. The experiment he did there were truly incredible. It was a major inspiration for us...”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 631: Notes

“...The path to ‘immortality’ has been unraveled before us. If our ‘experiment’ goes well, we will surpass the longevity limit of human beings...”

“...During our experiment, I accidentally discovered a strange and interesting world where there are undead creatures everywhere. The messy reflections of everything in the main material world except life can be found... After a few explorations, I discovered magnificent palaces deep inside the World of Souls, which were defended by the spectres that were more than the number of the legends in the three magic empires. Thankfully, most of them were unwise. I was able to sneak in and see the ‘curtain’, or maybe ‘furnace’ if you will, that indicated the true nature of souls...”

“...When I studied the curtain of souls, a primordial mummy in a gold crown discovered me. His defense was truly unbelievable. I was unable to escape and could only hide in the grey pathway behind the curtain of souls. I dared not approach the entrance on the other side because I had a strong sense of danger. A prophet can never survive without believing in his intuitions.”

“...This place is almost a ‘world of gates’. There are infinite grey halls and black gates. Thankfully, many unusual worlds lie behind certain gates, in which there are uncanny monsters and precious materials...”

“...I discovered certain familiar and strange magic patterns, and a world that I cannot believe. I can’t even imagine why it exists here... My research and experiment have made significant breakthroughs, but my sense of danger is stronger and stronger. Perhaps, I should invite a few friends to explore it with me. The primordial mummy outside should be sluggish already...”

“...After a long communication, Viken, McLeod, Solins, Albert, Illinois, Eugenia and some other friends understood the value of the World of Souls and joined my team. Wilfred, on the other hand, was otherwise occupied and could only wait for the next operation...”

“...The nine of us are from different empires. We are as strong as one third of the whole magic society when we go out together, but I strongly felt uneasy before I left. Therefore, I performed divination with the Mirror of Fate, and I saw my possible fate as well as ‘the non-believer who roams between light and darkness’...”

The content so far was similar to the notebook that Lucien read inside the Grand Cross lock, but it was more elaborate and detailed. Lucien was informed that of the nine legendary sorcerers who explored the World of Souls, five were level-three legends, and four were level-two legends. They perhaps did not amount to one third of the total number of legendary sorcerers, but they were more than one third when it came to strength. No wonder their disappearance collapsed the three magic empires.

“Nine legendary sorcerers went missing here. The Realm of Gates is truly a dangerous place.” Rhine was not far away from Lucien. He stayed on alert against the gate while he read the notebook. “However, they were not as strong as your team in general. There are no more than ten top legendary sorcerers in the entire history of magic.”

Lucien nodded and did not say anything. He kept on browsing through the magic notebook and cracking the crown of the Primordial Mummy.

“On the third day inside the Realm of Gates, we found certain weird ghost creatures that were similar to our experiment results. Had it been otherwise, we could’ve barely discovered them... I believe that our experiment will make more breakthroughs after we study them...”

“On the fifth day inside the Realm of Gates, Viken found certain strange items. Somebody was here!”

“...The ‘Chamber of Immortality’ as mentioned in the items has been determined to be the entrance enshrouded in illusionary ripples, because that’s the only place which matches the description. The secrets of immortality! I never thought that we could get in touch with the secrets of immortality! I was only trying to break the limit of life and become somewhat undead! Viken, McLeod and Eugenia are too excited to say anything right now, not to mention other people... Has the owner of those items reached the Chamber of Immortality and achieved real immortality?”

“The discovery exalted us. We cannot calm down enough to do the experiments. So, we decided to explore the Chamber of Immortality first...”

“On the ninth day inside the Realm of Gates, we watched Solins and Eugenia disintegrate and disappear in the pathway leading to the Chamber of Immortality which was beyond our imagination... They had been through so many dangers, but they died while confused and helplessness... No! We will not stop! They must’ve been full of regrets when they died. Perhaps, we need special ways to pass the channel?”

Lucien took a breath. It seemed that two legendary sorcerers died on the other pathway.

“On the tenth day inside the Realm of Gates, we calmed down to study the strange items. After consuming the Mirror of Fate again, we finally discovered the enormous, hidden laboratory...”

“It was actually Mr. Thanos who came, studied the weird ghost creatures, and searched for a way to enter the Chamber of Immortality earlier than we did!”

Lucien’s finger bounced. Thanos, the Sun King, was really one of the toughest people during the last years of the ancient magic empires. Even the World of Souls and the Chamber of Immortality were discovered by him at the beginning!

He was known as the strongest sorcerer of the school of astrology, and he was praised to be a demigod, but he perished during the prime years of his life. Everybody who reads history would feel sorry for him.

In history books, the demise of the Sun King was exactly the seen as the beginning of the decline of the magic society.

“So, the Sun King did not perish but went missing in this place. The Sylvanas Magic Empire must’ve announcement that he died in an experiment to pacify the people.” Lucien had a weird feeling of satisfaction after solving the history puzzle.

The Sun King went missing here... Suddenly, the words struck Lucien’s head like lightning. The sense of familiarity immediately congregated into a crazy tide that broke the dam of memories.

“Right, the Sun King’s ‘Devil’ experiment! Those whom the Devil project will be stronger than themselves! For the people of lower ranks, the improvement brought by the projection may be several levels, but for those in the higher ranks, the improvement will only be two levels, one level or even half a level. The domain of legends should be the same! No wonder I felt it so familiar that the ‘monster’ happened to be one level about the target!”

“However, the ‘Devil’ is projected into one’s own heart and increases one’s own strength, whereas the monster in the Realm of Gates exists in reality and improves its own abilities. That’s why I didn’t think it through at the beginning!”

Noticing Lucien shock, Rhine asked, “What’s up?”

Through the telepathic bond, Lucien talked about his speculation.

Rhine stopped his casual smile and was deep in thought. “The seven primeval devils... I once explored the primeval relics in the deepest part of hell. Now that I think of it, they were rather similar to this monster. They also couldn’t reach the level of demigods, also couldn’t be destroyed easily, and were also good at prying into the mind and memories. However, this monster does not affect our mind and personality or ‘improve’ our strength. Instead, it is weirdly separated from us. They are different in nature.”

“Perhaps, it cannot be projected into the mind of legendary experts and could only deceive and fight externally. From that point of view, I’m beginning to understand why those legendary sorcerers were so crazy and hysterical in the words they left behind. They must’ve been affected and compromised by the monster because they were not strong enough, and their personality was twisted.” Lucien continued his speculation.

Rhine nodded his head. “Fair enough, but why did the monster not destroy the notebook and the scraps, and why could we find them so easily?”

He asked the question that Lucien had before.

“To create panic?” Frowning, Lucien ventured. “Let’s keep reading. Perhaps, the answer to the puzzle is behind.”

“On the eleventh day inside the Realm of Gates, Viken proposed that we delete everything about this experiment on our own notebook in case of any careless exposure, and that we should only read the files in the laboratory. I couldn’t agree more. So, I deleted certain things that I wrote before, and I may have to skip them in my future recording... In the end, allow me to pay respect to Mr. Thanos. Although he failed, he has illuminated the path forward for us. He deserves to be called the greatest sorcerer ever, and his demise is the greatest loss in the history of magic...”

“On the fifteenth day inside the Realm of Gates, we collected the ‘weird shots’ and began to create a medium according to Mr. Thanos’ approach, exploring how it could work on us to transform our ‘status’ in order to enter the Chamber of Immortality...”

“On the twenty-sixth day inside the Realm of Gates, something went wrong in the experiment. The ‘medium’ we created became a terrifying monster, an apparition that wandered inside the Realm of Gates! We only managed to beat it back by joining our hands...”

“On the twenty-ninth day inside the Realm of Gates, Viken was horrified and wanted to leave. He kept telling us crazily that the devil was more terrible than we thought...”

“On the thirtieth day inside the Realm of Gates, Viken ‘went missing’. What a coward...”

“On the thirty-first day inside the Realm of Gates, Albert went missing. Has he also deserted?”

“On the thirty-second day inside the Realm of Gates, Illinois also went missing. Things may be trickier than we thought. I suggest we leave the Realm of Gates first...”

“In the afternoon of the thirty-second day inside the Realm of Gates, we were deceived by the monster... It is really terrifying, and it can mimic any other person... McLeod went missing, too...”

“On the thirty-fourth day inside the Realm of Gates, we have been blocked by the monster. Also, we accidentally discovered the puppet parts that McLeod left behind. Perhaps, he is trying to say something... I think I can predict the monster’s weakness with the Mirror of Fate, right?”

“...The two of them went missing, too. The Mirror of Fate gave me a fuzzy hint. Based on the things that I already know, I think I’m onto something. It is not a monster, not a ghost, not a primeval devil that we feared, but a...”

Maskelyne’s journal came to an end. The most critical part had a long trail of ink, as if something happened and he had to leave the secret chamber in a hurry, never to return again.

The most critical sentence was not finished! Lucien almost tossed the magic notebook to the ground. Why couldn't you just write a few more words, Mr. Maskelyne?

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 632: Unexpected Encounter

Rhine was amused by the situation. "Maskelyne must've thought of something of paramount importance when he wrote to this part, to the extent that he ruined the chamber in his emotional turmoil. He didn't finish his speculation and simply left in a hurry, not bothering how it would upset the future readers."

"I think so, too. Considering that no battle of legends happened here and nothing was intentionally damaged, it's not hard to tell that Mr. Maskelyne left voluntarily but hurriedly." Lucien calmed down and restored the battle from the traces.

Rhine looked around and said, "It means that what Maskelyne was eager to do was more important than finishing the clue. It's perhaps the key to destroying the monster."

"However, how much time would it have taken him to finish the name with the help of magic?" Lucien answered his own question. "No more than one second."

Rhine examined the long ink mark left by Maskelyne so carefully that he almost brought out the magnifying glass. "The mark is indicative enough of Maskelyne's shock. By logic, he couldn't have been too stunned to finish the name when he already finished the deduction, unless something happened outside, or a new clue suddenly occurred to him..."

Lucien thought of something. "Perhaps, Mr. Maskelyne thought of an important detail that he neglected, which entirely disapproved his speculation. So, he left in a hurry to search for other clues to confirm it. He was so shocked towards the end because his new speculation was beyond his imagination. He didn't finish his previous speculation because it was wrong."

"A very bold hypothesis and a very reasonable explanation." Rhine complimented. "However, I believe that the monster is related to Thanos in any case, because the guy was a monster himself, just like you."

He acted as if he was Thanos' best friend.

"I suspect so, too. I found Thanos' incomplete journal in the underground palace of the Sun King. I speculated that the Sun King found a way to transform himself into the seven primeval devils and eliminated the negative influences of such transformation in the way that the fake gods gathered godhood. Such products should probably be able to transform into anybody according to memories or negative feelings other than being projected into someone's body."

The more Lucien talked, the faster he became, as if Thanos were already the culprit. However, Lucien was chilled when he thought that someone close to a demigod a thousand years ago was the murderer.

Rhine asked in confusion. "I know that he studied the primeval devils. I even provided some of the files for him. I know how godhood is gathered, too. But what do you mean by negative feelings?"

“It’s about the other secret chamber that you didn’t discover, Mr. Rhine...” Lucien explained the temple where the Sun Staff was discovered.

Rhine chuckled, “He kept a lot of his discoveries to himself. Judging from Rudolf II’s projection, he might’ve found ways to break the previous limit by transforming into the seven primeval ghosts. Well, do you think the monster matches the features of ‘Thanos Demon’? If you know everything at present, you will completely grasp the past and the future...”

“...Theoretically speaking, I don’t think ‘Thanos Demon’ can exist in reality. If it exists for real, the computation load and the energy required will be unimaginable.” Lucien answered Rhine’s question from the perspective of arcana. In the meantime, he thought to himself, if it was ‘Thanos Demon’, I’ll release ‘Schrodinger’s cat’!

Rhine clicked his tongue. “Perhaps, it’s only a simplified version. Alright, what are we going to do?”

“Mr. Maskelyne’s journal was cut at the critical part, but the files about how the monster was created must be still in the laboratory left by Thanos that they mentioned, if they are not destroyed by the monster yet...” Thinking for a moment, Lucien was full of momentum again. “The ancient sorcerers such as Mr. Maskelyne perhaps couldn’t tell anything wrong from the experiment records, but we the modern arcanists certain can!”

Seeing Lucien’s determined face, Rhine chuckled, “You could’ve activated your blood power with your resolution even if you failed to become a sorcerer. Hehe. With everything coming to this point, we can only go to Thanos’ laboratory now. The problem is, where can we find it?”

Lucien brought out the Mirror of Fate. “It can tell the past accurately, at least much more accurately than the prediction of the monster’s weakness.”

Since Maskelyne only got fuzzy hints, Lucien dropped the idea of predicting the monster with the Mirror of Fate.

Holding the magic crystal ball in his left hand, Lucien swiped the Mirror of Fate with his right hand and cast the intricate spell.

The grey Mirror of Fate rippled, and a pair of numbers appeared among the waves.

“We have the coordinates of Thanos’ laboratory now.” Lucien smiled.

After a crack, the Mirror of Fate fell apart, but it disappeared into light instead of hitting the ground in pieces.

“We’re going now?” Asked Rhine.

Lucien shook his head. “Time here flows as fast as the outside world. We must seize the chance to recover the legendary items.”

While speaking, he picked up the torso of the puppet and stabbed the two arms and the leg back into it.

“I’ll eliminate my weakness, too.” Rhine nodded, leaning against a bookshelf.

After a few hours, the gold crown on Lucien's right hand emitted vague black air.

"The Primordial Mummy's crown? What's the effect?" Rhine opened his silver eyes, which were already back to normal.

Lucien clicked his tongue. "The Primordial Mummy did not leave any information. I can only tell that it can be transformed into gloves, armor or boots. It offers a physical defense that is close to the peak of legendary, as well as immunity to many negative legendary spells. However, one's head would be more or less slowed if they wear it."

The habit to leave information inside the magic items began from the Magic Empire, so that it would be easier for the future generations to take over the items. For example, Lucien picked up the Mirror of Fate after examination more than easily. The Primordial Mummy and the Lich King, as undead creatures, obviously did not have such a habit.

"It's a nice match for the Sword of Truth. After all, a knight does not need to think in a battle. As a matter of fact, the standard barbarian legendary warrior is also very strong." Rhine joked. "Should we wait until the Shield of Truth is repaired?"

"That's unnecessary. Now that we have super gear for defense, there's no need to wait for the Shield of Truth to be repaired." Lucien made up his mind. The Moon Timer and the Robe of Grand Arcanists wouldn't be restored in another half day. He couldn't afford waiting any longer.

While talking, he turned into a legendary knight and put on the crown as a pair of gloves.

Rhine stood straight and said, “Let’s go!”

The heavy wounds caused by the monster hadn’t feel healed, and he hadn’t eliminated the weakness caused by Eternal Blaze yet. He could only carry out the strength around level three of legendary. He couldn’t summon the Silver Moon for now, either.

After leaving Maskelyne’s secret laboratory, Lucien and Rhine passed the grey halls and black gates as quickly as possible, ignoring the unusual worlds that showed up once in a while.

When they pushed one of the black gates, Lucien’s Host Star of Destiny suddenly shivered, and he felt a strong sense of danger. So, he raised the Mummy Gloves without any hesitation.

From the other side of the gate, a solemn voice echoed. “Light of Judgment!”

Through the gap of the gate, Lucien saw ‘Saint Ivan’ and ‘the angel of light’!

They had launched the attack the moment they saw that the gate was being opened!

An overwhelming beam of light descended from the heights, judging all the evils!

It was the second time that Lucien came across ‘Light of Judgment’. Last time, it was performed by ‘Geno’, the reincarnation of the Lord of Hell, but it was carried out by the pontiff of the North Church right now!

In the surging sacredness, Lucien's metal gloves spread out intense black air, but it melted quickly.

The light hit the gloves, raising the most splendid fireworks.

The gloves cracked in huge noises. The 'angel of light' on the opposite side also performed the divine power: "Purging Spear!"

The brilliant and cold spear of light was thrown at Lucien who was resisting the Light of Judgment. At this moment, ten fair and long fingers appeared before Lucien and grabbed the spear of light, extinguishing it.

Rhine had come to Lucien's rescue in time!

As the Light of Judgment disappeared, Lucien felt that his hands were soft and knew that the gloves were too seriously damaged to be used again anytime soon. After all, the Light of Judgment countered the items of the school of necromancy.

"We have to escape as soon as possible, or we will die for sure!"

Countless thoughts occurred to Lucien, but his action was not affected. A silver pocket watch appeared in his right hand, and its ticking sound echoed inside the grey hall.

Crack. Lucien pressed the watch with his middle finger, and a hemisphere of void immediately appeared next to Ivan, slowing down his subsequent attack.

Taking advantage of the opportunity, Lucien performed 'Accurate Teleportation'. As a portal of space was opened and closed, he blinked to another black gate, followed by Rhine.

Right when Lucien pushed the black gate, the wings on Ivan's back got rid of Gravity Collapse, flapping arrows of light at Lucien.

Before him was the unopened gate, and behind him was the scorching horror. Lucien gritted his teeth and knocked the black gate without dodging, lunging through it.

Pa. 'Elemental Skin' was damaged, 'Magic Absorber' reached the limits, and the effects brought by 'Magic Order' and 'Spell Sequencer' all collapsed!

Eventually, Lucien got rid of the remaining power of the arrows of light through 'Short-Distance Blink' in 'Spell Trigger. Together with Rhine, he opened the black gates and escaped aimlessly and unstoppably!

"Go after them!" 'Ivan' was rather infuriated after failing to kill a level-one legendary sorcerer in an ambush.

As he fled crazily, Lucien opened black gates one after another. Thanks to the rapid locational changes of the halls, they finally got away from 'Ivan' and 'the angel of light'.

“This gate looks somewhat weird. There are vague black-and-white patterns on it.” After they were slightly eased, Rhine noticed a rather strange black gate.”

Lucien calculated the coordinates and realized that it was not the spot of the laboratory. So, he speculated, “Perhaps there’s a special world behind it. Let’s run a few more grey halls. The distance is not long enough yet. ‘Ivan’ may still catch up with us.”

His life was truly at stake just now. Even someone as calm as Lucien was rather scared when he thought of it.

Rhine opened the weird black gate with a smile. “Let’s go to the world behind it.”

As the gate was opened, infinite holy light leaped into their eyes, and they were surrounded by the beautiful hymns.

In the middle of the overwhelming holy light, a seven-floored, mountain-like world was vaguely appearing, with countless angels flying around it.

Lucien’s mouth was widened, and he forgot how to close it.

Rhine’s smile was frozen on his face. He murmured to himself in self-mockery:

“This is getting serious now...”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 633: Horns of Paradise

In the middle of the vast holy light and the pleasant hymns, the hallowed angels danced. Lucien believed that he would never forget such a shocking scene, if he could make it out alive at all.

Subconsciously, Lucien only wanted to say I'm sorry and this mail is for the next door... While all kinds of bizarre thoughts occurred to him, Lucien's actions were not affected. He turned around and shouted in the telepathic bond, "Run!"

In the meantime, the power of moonlight burst out, as he tried to shut the gate that was engraved with white patterns.

At this moment, a solemn voice echoed inside the mountain-like world of holy light.

"Evil invaders!"

On the sixth floor, an angel with six luminescent wings flew out and stared at Lucien and Rhine with his gold and blue eyes from far away. He then took out of a gold horn and put it next to his mouth.

Wu! Wu! Wu!

The magnificent sound of the horn immediately resonated throughout Mountain Paradise. The angels that were playing instruments and praising the true god were alarmed and swarmed out with their weapons.

Wu! Wu! Wu!

Hearing the horn that was both refreshing and full of determination to fight, Lucien secretly said 'crap'!

It an exact scene depicted in the Cannon of the Church. It was the horn of judgment and salvation, followed by the final ruling. It was the real 'Light of Paradise'!

Wu! Wu! Wu!

Along with the sacred horn, the seven-floored Mountain Paradise emitted clear brightness that spread out quickly, turning the whole world into an ocean of holy light and joyful paradise!

The speed of light was so high that Lucien and Rhine were drowned by the tide before they had the time to cast 'Accurate Teleportation' or 'Night Travel'.

The holy light was not concrete, but Lucien had the feeling that he had sunk into a deep ocean without any magic. It seemed that he would be drowned by the thick light any moment.

The transformation of legendary knight was canceled, the many magic effects on Lucien were canceled, and his spiritual power was suppressed. His lungs seemed to be filled with 'seawater', making him feel heavy and have trouble breathing. He was inhaling and exhaling 'holy light' through his nose, his mouth and his pores nonstop.

Thankfully, the light of paradise merely canceled the magic effects and suppressed his spiritual power but did not deprive Lucien the ability to cast spells or move his body. Stumbling, he opened the black gate and rushed away with Rhine.

Rhine was much poorer than Lucien. Black air was popping up from his body, making him more and more transparent. Had it not been for the protection of moonlight on his body, he would've dispersed in the light of paradise like any other vampire princes. However, he had basically lost his combat ability, and he was now changing into the shape of a human and that of a bat!

It was like the Congus Ring on Lucien's left hand, which had lost all the color and could not be put into use any time soon.

The spells of acceleration and flight were activated thanks to the ability to save spells in the Robe of Grand Arcanists. Dragging Rhine with him, Lucien passed the grey halls in a fuzzy shadow, opening the black gates nonstop.

This time, Lucien did not bother with what weird worlds were behind those gates at all. However weird and creepy they might be, could they compare to Mountain Paradise?

The horn stopped. The angel with gold and blue eyes looked at his five partners on the sixth floor and announced, "Chase after the evil!"

According to the Cannon, he was the Child of Light, the Angel of Judgment, the Angel of Justice, and the leader of all the angels except for the Angel King. He was close to the top legendary, and his strength would be improved by half a level if he were to fight within the influence range of Mountain Paradise.

Four of the five seraphs stood up and drew crosses on their chest. "Only Truth lives forever. Evil shall be purged!"

According to the Church's files, every seraph was in the third level of legendary, and three of them were almost at the peak.

The sacred wings behind the four seraphs flapped, allowing them to blink from Mountain Paradise to the grey halls. Immediately, the ocean of light seemed to have encountered someone it deeply loved. It turned into countless spots of light that surrounded them. Every spot of light was a tiny angel that was praising them wholeheartedly.

"The light of paradise lingers in the evils. They cannot get away. All that matters is which of us will catch them. Arvin, which direction are you going in?" A seraph with burning eyes and a red-cross sword in his hands asked.

He was Clement, the Angel of Fire. He was also known as the Godly Fire and the Purging Angel. He was at the peak of legendary.

A seraph whose eyes seemed to be a starry sky pointed at one of the black gates. "I'll go in this direction."

He was Arvin, known as the Godly Eye, the Angel of Inspiration and the Angel of Wind. He was also close to the peak of legendary.

“Why?” Clement asked subconsciously. They seemed well aware of the pattern of change in the Realm of Gates and not scared that they could catch up with Lucien and Rhine.

Arvin, gentle and handsome, smiled, “It’s my intuition.”

As he spoke, he flapped his wings and appeared before the black gate, but he did not open it until a few seconds later.

Clement did not ask anymore. Arvin was the Godly Eye, the Angel of Inspiration and the ‘Acolyte’ who was closest to the river of fate. His intuition was obviously a most convincing reason. Therefore, they went after the enemy from different directions.

The ocean of light ebbed, and peace and quietness were restored in the grey hall.

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Breathing was more and more difficult. Watery holy light seemed to have filled the air, his blood and his internal organs, giving Lucien the feeling of the drowned that he would rather forget.

Vicente's medical box, Advanced Treatment, Air Filtering Bubbles and other spells were performed, but Lucien only felt that part of his symptoms were eliminated, and it would take forever long before he completely got rid of the illness. However, in this dangerous Realm of Gates, the creepy monsters, the powerful seraphs and the horrifying pontiff might be after them in the next second.

Time was very precious and was what Lucien needed badly right now!

As he cast his spells, Lucien also discovered that the light of paradise was corrupting and suppressing his spiritual power, making it difficult for him to carry them out.

"As expected of a demigod-level divine power supported by Mountain Paradise." Lucien looked at Rhine who had turned into an unconscious bat. None of the legendary items on him were activated, and he did not tell Lucien how to use them, either.

Holding the moonlight bat that Rhine turned into, Lucien rushed and treated himself with magic. Ten minutes. Ten minutes was all he needed to get rid of the light of paradise! After all, it was not backed by Mountain Paradise anymore!

The black gate was opened, and Lucien's pupils constricted abruptly. Inside the grey hall stood a sacred and handsome seraph whose six wings were flapping slowly with a touch of sunlight and a gentle breeze. A vast cosmos seemed to be lying in his eyes.

He stood here at such ease as if he had seen through Lucien's route and was waiting for him on purpose.

"The Angle of Wind!" Lucien recognized him and cast a spell without any hesitation:

“Vengeful Gaze!”

At such a moment, even the delay of one second would’ve killed him. He had to attack while looking for an opportunity to escape!

‘Hand of Uncertainties’ and ‘Vengeful Gaze’ were activated at the same time. Lucien’s left eye became clear and bright like the most beautiful ruby, shooting out a red ray that hit the Angel of Wind!

After he launched the attack, Lucien suppressed the remaining holy light inside his body and activated ‘Chaos Teleportation’ on the Holm Crown Ring.

A gentle breeze whirled, covering and dissolving the red ray, which was soon gone before Arvin, the Godly Eye.

He sniffed softly, as if he sensed something weird in the spell that did not work. Then, he pointed at the enemy, “Confinement!”

Countless gentle breezes blew between the two grey halls, disrupting the space and eliminating waves. Lucien was unable to escape through teleportation!

“Space Staff!” At such a critical moment, Lucien could only react accordingly without thinking about anything else!

The ripples were gathered into the staff of a king. As Lucien tapped, all the gentle breezes were shattered. Then, he activated 'Grandeur Obliteration' on the Robe of Grand Arcanists!

Tiny black spots that contained the intense power of destruction appeared before the Godly Eye, but his face did not change at all. His six wings were fully unfolded, and the light of the sun filled the hall, neutralizing the Grandeur Obliteration.

"Regather!"

Lucien activated the life-preserving spell on him!

It was a legendary spell that was cast on his soul in advance, so it was not nullified by the light of paradise!

Disappearing from where he was, Lucien was ready to 'regather' with Natasha.

However, when he appeared again, he was still inside the hall, except that he was before another black gate.

There was indeed no space-time connection between this place and the outside world!

The disappointment did not crush Lucien, because he had got away from the Angel of Wind at least. His figure suddenly split into many Luciens who ran towards different gates.

Arvin sniffed. Playing Illusions in front of the Godly Eye?

“Godly Eye!”

Countless brilliant stars glowed in his eyes, breaking the images of Lucien and revealing the real Lucien who was about to open the black gate and escape.

Lucien had a silver, delicate pocket watch in his right hand. Sliding his thumb on the dial quickly, he slowed down the black second hand, and the time around was decelerated accordingly.

Hehe. Arvin snorted again. The sunlight and the gentle breeze that covered the whole hall burst out simultaneously, blowing away the change of time and space.

The Angel of Fate was naturally good at space and time!

“Sigh of Wind!” Arvin seized the opportunity and attacked with divine power.

A bluish wind rushed over with the air of judgment.

“Space Staff!” A dreamy staff was gathered before Lucien again, building a space barrier for him.

As the Sigh of Wind hit the space barrier, cracking sounds echoed nonstop, and it was broken after only one moment. Because of the gap of almost three levels, Lucien’s Space Staff could not entirely resist the attack even though it was quite powerful.

Lucien did not give up in such a desperate situation. He planned to transform into a legendary knight and sought for a chance of survival with the Sword of Truth!

Cough. At the critical moment, the holy light that filled his lungs like water played their role. Lucien had trouble breathing, and his magic was halted.

Seizing the opportunity, Arvin announced solemnly, “Pacification of Wind.”

Heavy. His soul became so heavy that Lucien found it barely possible to keep his eyes open.

I can’t sleep! I can’t sleep!

Clinging to the last bit of consciousness, Lucien made up his mind that he had to blow himself up in order not to be hit by the Light of Judgment!

Would he be resurrected in his magic tower if he detonated himself inside the Realm of Gates?

“You are very tough. I’m respectful of you even though you are evil. Few people have fought so long under the influence of the light of paradise.” Arvin walked toward Lucien and extended his long and fair right hand. “Purging you will be my respect for you.”

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Inside the mysterious world of death...

Douglas and Fernando were suppressed by Benedict III who was transformed from the ‘monster’.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 634: Twisted Face

The two top legendary sorcerers and one monster which was close to the level of demigod were engaged in such a fierce battle that the whole world behind the gate was shaking in its aftermath. The air of destruction spread out everywhere, and the space seemed to be collapsing at any moment. The weird and lifeless forest of death had become a real place of doom.

Similar to many legendary sorcerers from the ancient Magic Empire, Douglas' head was surrounded by brilliant gems that looked like artificial planets. Some of them were gold, some azure, and some were the purest red.

Those gems glittered and established terrifying 'domains' as he chanted and cast different spells.

His tailcoat turned into a black, grave long robe in the classic style of the ancient Magic Empire. Deep and dark brilliant flowed on the surface, blocking the ocean of holy light created by 'Monster Benedict III'.

Two things were floating before him. One of them was 'Lackluster Celestial Globe', his unique legendary item, and the other was a thick book that had a black background and silver patterns. As the pages were turned, legendary spells were cast nonstop.

Faced with the monster that could not be inferred with common sense, Douglas put all his legendary items into use. Two of them were top legendary, and two were level-three legendary!

Fernando's right eye left the redness and turned dark and gloomy, like a vortex at the bottom of the ocean and a source of destruction. It blew out high-energy storms and cast the weird curses in the cosmos.

That was exactly what turned the forest of death into a land of doom!

The red magic robe on his controlled everything around. He fought for the control of the environment with Benedict III that was transformed from Benedict III as if he were a master of the place. In his right hand was a dark scepter that Lucien had never seen before.

The scepter wriggled as if it were alive, but its movement was devoid of any pattern, leaving the impression of chaos as if a bottomless abyss was arriving. After every time Fernando used it, it would create a huge area of chaos in which everything including space itself would be destroyed.

The two top legendary sorcerers used all their trump cards, but they still could not defeat the 'headless pope'. Blessed Realm, Light of Judgment, Purging Spear, Horn of Paradise, Cleansing Fire, Saint Cross, Sigh of Wind, Godly Eye... He cast the most powerful divine powers casually and even suppressed Douglas and Fernando.

Douglas was slightly scared, not because of the monster's ability – even if it were the real pope, he would still be confident to return in one piece as long as the enemy did not perform God's Arrival – but because he did not understand the status of the monster! Generally speaking, such evil and creepy monsters were suppressed by the divine power by nature, but this monster could perform divine power like the real pope!

"This is truly a monster beyond imagination." Douglas observed in mixed feelings inside the telepathic bond.

Fernando had even more trouble dealing with the enemy, but he was not very anxious. "Let's find a chance to retreat towards the entrance. It cannot stop us!"

"Okay!" Douglas couldn't agree more. The plan of the adventure this time ended at the Furnace of Souls. There was no need to waste time on an unimaginably weird monster. Also, if Lucien hadn't been killed by the monster yet, he must be approaching the entrance while the monster was stalled by the two of them!

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At the beginning of August, even the wind was scorching.

Inside the conference room of the Highest Council, Douglas, Fernando and Lucien, who hadn't returned yet, were discussed again.

"I believe we must organize another team to rescue them." Brook, the Emperor of Control, crossed his fingers and looked at other members. "I'll lead the team this time. What do you think?"

He was both exhausted and unusually excited. In the past few months, from the perspective that electrons were waves, he had vaguely touched another path to resolve the problems in the new alchemy. Had it not been for certain mathematical issues and part of the inexplicable experiments, he probably would've achieved something. However, at the moment of life and death for the Congress of Magic, he still dropped his experiment resolutely and decided to organize a rescue team.

Considering that the legendary spectres at the peripheral area of the Temple of Spirits had been mostly cleared by Douglas and his team, Brook believed that the Congress of Magic was strong enough to crush the rest of them now. What they needed to pay attention to was the people of the North Church, but that problem could be settled through communication and negotiation. After all, the Congress never intended to destroy the secret chamber where they were based. If they were also interested in the secrets behind the Furnace of Souls, it was possible that the two parties could even cooperate.

There are no eternal friends or foes but only eternal pursuit of interests. Brook believed that Lucien's remark was applicable for the North Church which was rather close to them in the first place.

“I suggest we wait for another month.” Vicente, the Lord of the Undead, said coarsely. “The time flows particularly slow near the Furnace of Souls. I suspect that it’s been only one day inside. Mr. President, Fernando and Lucien may be on their way to the entrance. Organizing a rescue team recklessly is actually a major risk for the Congress.”

He craved the secrets behind the Furnace of Souls, but he was also scared of the unknown great danger.

“I agree with Vicente. We’ll wait for another month. Then, I’ll go with you, Brook.” Oliver nodded his head and showed his attitude. It was not because he was a coward but because the operation was not necessary yet. Two top legendary sorcerers couldn’t have been lost inside so easily, particularly not when the mysterious existence of the World of Souls had fallen asleep again.

Also, similar to Brook, he was at the critical moment of making a breakthrough on the wave function of the electron.

Hathaway looked behind at Natasha, who had been specifically invited for the meeting of the Highest Council this time, and said emotionlessly, “The Prophet does not have the vision that Lucien is in danger of death. If they do not return in one month, we must go to rescue them immediately. I’ll join the team, too.”

A consensus was soon made. Brook heaved a soft sigh and said to Hathaway, “You provided a genius idea about the atom model with two electrons. This is a victory of matrix mechanics. I don’t doubt its value now, but I still don’t understand the arcana significance behind it.”

“It’s not a big deal.” Said Hathaway taciturnly.

Brook looked at Natasha again. “I hope you can understand our decision, because it’s hard to confirm that they are in danger. Of course, I’ll stay in the peripheral area of the Temple of Spirits in case they need reinforcements.”

An adventure team could play a bigger role in a rescue operation, but an individual at the peak of legendary would find it easier to escape from dangers if they were alone. That was why Brook decided to pick them up on his own instead of organizing a team immediately.

“I understand.” Natasha’s face was resolute, and there was not the slightest waves in her silver eyes. She rose and said, “Mr. Brook, forgive me, but I have to leave now. I have to practice my blood power and my skills. Complaints can never solve any problem. I have to use what I am good at.”

In Atom Institution...

Holding the latest issue of ‘Arcana’ in her hand, Katrina said to Annick in delight, “Ms. Hathaway has pointed out the path to resolve the atom model with two electrons. That’s the brilliance of a genius. Haha. It also proves that correctness of our teacher’s matrix mechanics.”

“I thought about the problem before, but I didn’t have the faintest clue. Is this an example of the gap between a grand arcanist and me?” Katrina remarked.

Annick, Layria and the other students had also read paper. They were amazed, too.

“Although our teacher’s matrix mechanics is complicated and lacks actual significance, it is without a doubt the correct path from the perspective of the particle nature and the discontinuity.” Said Sprint, his eyes glowing.

“We will find the actual significance someday.” As she spoke, Heidi suddenly chuckled, “The textbooks of the Holt Magic College on the new alchemy have to be changed again!”

As per Principal and Professor Lucien Evans, she was now a glorious teacher of the college.

“Right, Annick, what are you and Sprint working on that is so mysterious?” Since they were close to each other, Layria asked curiously without holding her question back.

Annick did not keep it a secret. “We may have found an explanation to Brooks unusual splitting phenomenon by introducing the concept of electron spin whose quantum number is one half. However, there will be weird problems if we infer it based on that. The spinning speed of the electron surface will be much higher than the speed of light...”

“Huh?” Chelly and the other students were all confused.

“We have to ask our teacher after he is back.” Sprint said, not very confident about his discovery.

Heidi, on the other hand, looked at the blue sky out of the window.

“When is our teacher coming back?”

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Lance, the Holy City.

When Rhine opened ‘the gate of Mountain Paradise’, Mecantron, the Angel King who was inside a prayer room, suddenly opened his eyes. Gold fire seemed to be burning inside his pupils.

“Who is it?” He bellowed in fury. Thirty-six pure wings were unfolded one after another, filling the entire room. Then, spots of light emerged from his wings, making the room hazy and blurry like a dream.

Gradually, the dream was gone, and so was the Angel King.

Benedict III, in his library, did not do anything. He simply watched the void before him with a gloomy face, half amused and half infuriated.

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“...Purging you will be my respect for you.”

When he heard that from Arvin, Lucien, whose soul and head were both dizzy, had the illusion that the guy’s voice came from a different world. It seemed that his life wasn’t real anymore and was about to fall apart.

He could not delay anymore and had to blow up himself immediately!

Arvin walked to Lucien slowly and said in a low voice, “Are you planning to detonate yourself? But I’m afraid that it’s barely possible for you to do that under the influence of ‘Light of Paradise’ and ‘Pacification of Wind’.”

“Sleep and rest. All your sins will be expiated.”

He was very certain that Lucien had no ability to resist anymore.

Lucien tried his best to perform a suicide spell, but his spiritual power, corrupted by the light of paradise, like rusty gears and could not function at all.

No! I can’t give up like this!

When Lucien was about to try again, he sensed heat on his chest as the Angel of Wind approached him. Then, the waves of ‘Light of Judgment’ before him were suddenly gone!

In his shock and suspicion, Lucien saw Arvin’s twisting face with his blurry and shaking eyes. The guy struggled hard and pressed his head hard with both hands, while he spoke with an old and pained voice that was entirely different from the sacred and gentle tone a moment ago:

“The... Sun’s... Corona?”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 635: Manufacture

Lucien was half asleep and half awake right now. He felt that everything around him was floating, and all the sounds were extremely far away, as if they had reached his ears after passing through countless worlds.

Therefore, after the unusual and pained voice of ‘Arvin’ entered Lucien’s ears, it took him several seconds before he realized what was going on.

“The Sun’s Corona?”

“Arvin, the Godly Eye, knows the Sun’s Corona?”

“Also, he is acting so abnormal and creepy!”

Countless spells seemed to be bursting out inside Lucien’s sluggish head. A quake from the deepest part of his soul spread out and restored his consciousness briefly. He asked in a shivering, feeble voice of disbelief: “Mr... Maskelyne?”

“Ahhhhhh!” The moment he heard the name Maskelyne, Arvin covered his head and screamed miserably, as if he were struggling in the greatest agony.

The breeze and the scorching sunlight around him went out of control, sweeping across the whole hall as blades of wind and arrows of light.

Lucien’s brief consciousness was suppressed by ‘Pacification of Wind’ again, he seemed to have understood something in his heart, but he found it impossible to think. At this moment, the blades of wind and the arrows of light hit him without any exception. Some even broke through the defense of the Robe of Grand Arcanists and injured his body.

Wounds opened on his body, but no blood flowed out, because it was either vaporized by the light or dried by the wind. The excruciating pain helped Lucien to suppress Pacification of Wind and Light of Paradise again. He was ready to knock into the black gate behind him and fight for a chance of survival. Arvin was clearly not in the best state for communication right now.

It was a pity that the Light of Paradise was a suppression in the level of demigod. Although it was not powered anymore and mostly resolved by the previous magic, Lucien still had no hope to eliminate its negative effects when he was severely affected by Pacification of Wind. Therefore, hardly had he opened the gate behind him when his spiritual power and his soul became slow again.

Pa. When the sound that Lucien knocked into the black gate entered Arvin’s ears, his pained struggles came to an abrupt halt as if a crazy ringing clock had been closed. The wind blades and the light arrows in the whole hall were immediately gone.

Arvin raised his head. Arvin's face was still twisted, and his eyes that were as profound as cosmos were extremely hollow. Gold tears dripped from the corner of his eyes in vague sacred brilliance. He mumbled, "Don't come close to me! Don't come close to me!"

"What's the meaning of this?" Lucien thought with a slowed mind.

Arvin seemed to be trying to control himself and did not talk anymore. He flapped the six holy wings on his back, and the ivory holy light bathed Lucien like the love of a mother, warm and peaceful.

The drowsy feeling was instantly gone. Lucien was as refreshed as if he had just finished meditation. Arvin had canceled the effect of 'Pacification of Wind'!

Without its suppression, Lucien was able to overpower 'Light of Paradise' quickly. Although the influence was not entirely soothed, he was back to the state before he fought 'Arvin'. He was now capable of casting legendary spells or picking up the Sword of Truth as a legendary knight.

During only one minute, Lucien had been through hope, struggles and dawn again. He was fatigued after taking a turn at the edge of the precipice of death, but he had learned a lot of things, too.

"Arvin is probably Mr. Maskelyne, but judging from his appearance, he seemed to have been crafted by someone into a seraph alive. His shallow consciousness and memories were erased, and a brand-new personality was built with many curses and restraints. That's why he is in such conflict and such pain when his subconsciousness is awakened!"

After his head became clear, the thinking ability of a grand arcanist was also back, allowing Lucien to analyze the status of Arvin, or Maskelyne.

Lucien was chilled the moment he thought of what might've happened to the guy. His outcome wouldn't be any better if he were also captured by the 'monster'! He would rather die than embrace such a miserable ending. What could be more brutal than one's self-consciousness being wiped out, leaving the physical body to live as an empty shell?

He was certainly not Mr. Maskelyne, who had predicted that something might happen to him with the Mirror of Fate and therefore left the Sun's Corona behind, hoping to awaken the deepest consciousness at the root of his soul with it somebody. If Lucien ended like him, it would probably never be possible for him to recover.

"It seems that the Sun's Corona is associated with a lot of valuable memories for Mr. Maskelyne. That's why his deep consciousness was recovered the moment he sensed it." Lucien had carefully examined the Sun's Corona after he became a legendary sorcerer, and as far as he could tell, he was pretty sure that nothing else was hidden inside the Sun's Corona. That was why he made such a deduction.

It was like the props in a hypnotization session, and the hypnotized would be woken up the moment they saw the devices. "It seems that Mr. Maskelyne planted a lot of psychological hints in himself when he was crafted into a seraph."

"When he said don't come close to him, he was probably being literal. If a stranger comes too close, the defensive instincts of his body will be triggered, and the personality of 'Arvin' will overpower 'Maskelyne' again. In that case, I will be in grave danger again." Lucien analyzed the previous situations and decided that he must not stimulate 'Arvin' with his words. Weighing his tone, he said, "I got the Sun's Corona and the note from the Grand Cross lock, and I've come after I become a legendary sorcerer as I promised."

Arvin's eyes were hollow and unfocused, but his lips vaguely curled into a miserable smile. "You have finally come, the non-believer who roams between light and darkness."

His voice was as weary and poignant as before.

Hu. Lucien heaved a sigh in relief. He was finally confirmed that the guy was Maskelyne from his answer! By the same logic, the other five seraphs and the Angel King must be the other six legendary sorcerers. The number matched perfectly.

“Is there anything I can help you with?” Lucien tried not to mention the monster, the Sun King or Thanos.

Maskelyne spoke, as if he were in a dream. “I only predicted what might happen, but I didn’t know that it would be so strong. I can barely escape now that my real self is restored, and neither can you. Leave now. Come back again after you become a demigod.”

“But I have already been stranded in this place by the monster. I have to know its secrets if I want to leave.” While he talked, Lucien was prepared that Maskelyne might lose control of himself.

He must’ve been crafted into a seraph by the monster of the Sun King at the beginning, didn’t he?

While Lucien observed seriously and attentively, Maskelyne pressed his head again as he expected. His face was hideously twisted, and he didn’t calm down until a long time later. Then, he cast a divine power, “God’s Gift!”

Vague holy light fell into Lucien's body with the pleasant hymn. The intense air of life convinced Lucien that it was a divine power to eliminate negative states and treat wounds. So, he did not resist it with the Space Staff.

Other than the legendary Art of Resurrection, God's Gift was the best divine power for treatment. Lucien felt that his wounds were healed at an unimaginable speed. The light of paradise that saturated his body faded quickly. Although its level was above 'God's Gift', it was not powered anymore, and it was being dissolved by a seraph who understood its features very well. Therefore, Lucien was completely out of its influence after only twenty seconds.

The divine power was so marvelous that even Rhine was cured, too. The effects of the Light of Paradise was gone, and he was not further wounded at all as the common divine powers of recovery would've done to him.

"I'm restrained by many powerful methods, and I cannot discuss certain things, or I will immediately be self-destroyed." Maskelyne spoke to Lucien's speculation. "Go to the laboratory. I left the Mirror of Fate exactly to navigate you to the laboratory. If you find enough notebooks and items, you should be able to resolve certain secrets and understand the way to escape."

Hu. Lucien took a breath in relief again. There was indeed a way to deceive or circumvent the monster!

"It's a pity that the critical part on your notebook is missing, or the whole thing wouldn't be as enigmatic as it is right now." Lucien observed with mixed feelings.

Maskelyne's lips moved, and his eyes glittered in fear again, as if he had recalled the most terrible nightmare. He shouted devastatingly, "It's not him; it's him! It's not him; it's him!"

He appeared to be out of control, and wind blades and light arrows were all over the hall again. However, Lucien was not as helpless as a moment ago. He forged a space wall with the Space Staff to defend himself.

It's not him; it's him? That was truly ambiguous... They were both the pronouns for males in the ancient language of the Sylvanas Magic Empire. That was not helpful for Lucien's analysis at all, because he did not know who Mr. Maskelyne's first suspect was.

A moment later, Maskelyne defeated 'himself' again. Taking out the leg of a puppet, he tossed it at Lucien. "Go to the laboratory. Go to the laboratory. One day, you will understand everything from the experiment log."

"Why do you believe that there are experiment logs in the laboratory? Aren't they destroyed yet?" Lucien picked up the leg of the puppet. It was indeed another part that McLeod left behind.

Maskelyne's lips curled, and he put on a miserable smile again. "The fact that you found my Mirror of Fate and my magic notebook suggests that part of the experiment logs are still left in the laboratory."

In the end, he added, "Sometimes, the enemy you think may turn out to be your best ally."

It was still intricate and perplexing. Lucien had absolutely no idea what to make out of Maskelyne final advice.

Maskelyne did not wait for Lucien to ask questions again. It seemed that he could barely suppress the personality of 'Arvin' anymore. He unfolded the angelic wings on his back and spoke solemnly, "God's Hourglass!"

A pure and sacred hourglass popped up in midair, in which brilliant sand fell from the top. The space-time around was immediately changed and became as fast as the outside world.

“Hurry to recover yourself. This only equals to several minutes in other places of the Realm of Gates. I am not strong enough yet and can only make the changes based on the main material world.” Maskelyne struggled to open the black gate and walk out, obviously giving Lucien the time to recover himself. Perhaps, he would be Arvin, the Godly Eye, when he returned!

Several minutes in the Realm of Gates... were enough for the Moon Timer, the Robe of Grand Arcanists and the Shield of Truth to be restored!

Lucien was refreshed with hope and ambitions again. Thanos' laboratory, I'm coming!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 636: Threat

Perhaps because Maskelyne covered for them, nobody disturbed Lucien and Rhine's recovery, which helped them survive the most difficult moment smoothly.

“Although the Mummy's Gloves are not usable, the Shield of Truth will do. Sometimes, the Shield of Truth provides even better defense.” Lucien took out the Shield of Truth from the alchemical cottage and inserted the Mummy's Gloves into it.

In terms of pure physical defense, the Mummy's Gloves were better, but the Shield of Truth's defense was based on time and space and was less likely to be breached. Also, it wouldn't slow down his mind as the Mummy's Gloves would, which was definitely not an enjoyable feeling for an arcanist who couldn't survive without his brain.

Rhine regained the look of a human. He cleaned his collar and his silver long hair, as if he were about to go to a dinner. "I'm mostly recovered save the wounds caused by the monster at the beginning. Even if we run into Ivan, there's still a chance that we can flee in one piece."

"Then, let's get out of here fast. It will probably be Arvin who returns later." Lucien checked the Robe of Grand Arcanists, the Moon Timer and the Congus Ring again to confirm that they were in perfect condition.

Rhine nodded his head. "Although I'm not scared of fighting Arvin right now, we may be attacked by the six seraphs together after we are stalled by one of them, considering that they have a deep understanding of the Realm of Gates. Also, with Mountain Paradise nearby, it is much easier for them to summon projections. Almost every one of them is half a level stronger here."

"I didn't know that Mountain Paradise lies inside the Realm of Gates..." Lucien opened the black gate. Sensing the slowed time, he stepped out.

Rhine followed him. "Essentially speaking, Mountain Paradise is a beautiful wish of most human beings about their afterlife. It's sort of a death custom, too. Hehe. From the deepest and heaviest death and darkness, the most sacred and exuberant life and brightness are born..."

"But the question remains whether Mountain Paradise came into being naturally or had to do with Thanos and Mr. Maskelyne's experiment..." Lucien spoke of his speculation. In the meantime, inside his cognitive world, the Host Star of Destiny began to spin, and the black swirl that seemed

able to swallow all rays of light moved to the front, absorbing, deviating and disrupting all the traces.

Rhine seemed to have sensed something. He moved faster and walked next to Lucien. Turning his head to the side, he said, "I feel that your track of destiny became fuzzy and disordered..."

"Mr. Maskelyne is one of the greatest prophets of the school of astrology, and he is now empowered by the 'God of Truth' and 'Mountain Paradise'. We have to be prudent, or we may see Arvin waiting for us in the hall behind this black gate after we open it." Lucien smiled but did not explain the things about the Secretive.

Passing through the grey halls, Lucien and Rhine approached the place as hinted by the Mirror of Fate.

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Successfully getting rid of the 'headless pope', Douglas and Fernando returned to the entrance according to the pattern of coordinate changes, leaving a lot of secret marks for Lucien on their way.

After they opened a black gate, Douglas suddenly looked around in confusion, "I've sensed a familiar smell."

"Not Lucien's..." Fernando identified it carefully, before he suddenly remarked, "It's Mecantron, the Angel King!"

“Why was he here?” Douglas found it hard to believe. “Was he fabricated by the monster?”

He examined the owner of the smell with his ‘Lackluster Celestial Globe’, adding the monster as a variable this time.

After a while, Douglas said in a self-mocking smile. “There’s an 80% chance that it was the Angel King, and a 20% chance that the monster fabricated him. Does astrology help at all? My conclusion would have been the same without it.”

He knew that his prophecy had been severely affected because the monster was too powerful. It was also partly because he hadn’t prepared enough.

Looking at the black gate where the smell disappeared, Fernando proposed, “Should we try to trace him?”

Having encountered the monster twice, he was now more confident in escaping from the danger. Also, he was still worried about Lucien.

“Are you not worried that you will see Mountain Paradise and meet the God of Truth in this place?” Douglas said jokingly. “The Angel King must’ve only just crossed this hall. We can try to trace him, but we must not be delayed too long. If we don’t find anything in ten minutes, we will return immediately. Perhaps, Lucien is waiting for us at the entrance.”

“Alright.” Fernando knew that he was only using tracing the Angel King as an excuse to continue the search for Lucien.

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“It’s not far away from Thanos’ laboratory now, and we haven’t met a single enemy on our way. I’m starting to think that we are not so unlucky after all.” Rhine was more and more skilled in calculating the changing coordinates. He made fun of himself and Lucien.

Remember how ‘speak of the devil’ worked, Lucien chuckled, “Mr. Rhine, you must not make such a statement when we haven’t arrived yet, or we may encounter an enemy after we open this black gate.”

Rhine’s lips twitched. “I can’t be so unfortunate, can I?”

As he spoke, he opened the black gate.

Suddenly, his face changed, and his body collapsed into countless little bats that flew in the hall.

A long black scythe, mixed with a mysterious air, passed space and time and slashed where he stood just now, and pale flames arose on the ground, melting the grey bricks into weird, transparent liquids.

“An enemy is really here...” Lucien did not know what he should say about Rhine and his luck. Two legendary spectres were drifting in the grey hall. One of them was wearing a black cloak, with surging black air on the surface and a pair of eyes that looked like red fire, and the other was a rotten dragon dozens of meters long that was spewing out grey fire. “The Servant of Death, the Dragon Lich...”

The former was a level-three legendary spectre and a Life Reaper who specialized in head-on battles but had the assistance of many quasi-magic abilities. The latter was a standard mage but was also not bad at melee fighting.

Without any hesitation, a delicate silver pocket watch appeared in Lucien’s right hand, whose thin chain was connected to the button on Lucien’s clothes with vague metal colors.

Crack. Before the Servant of Death and the Dragon Lich cast any spell, Lucien already pressed the button with his thumb.

Pure paleness infiltrated the greyness in the hall. The dancing bats in the hall seemed to have been confined by invisible shackles, and the giant scythe wielded by the Servant of Death moved forward one frame after another as if it were in slow motion like in a movie. The Dragon Lich and the grey fire next to its mouth were frozen where they were.

Cracking (Advanced)! Cracking (Advanced)! Lucien did not bother with the Dragon Lich but cast Cracking (Advanced) on his own and with what was stored inside the Moon Timer after attaching ‘Hand of Uncertainties’ to them. Then, he performed ‘Evans’ Maze of Quizzes’ that was enhanced with magic delay and Hand of Uncertainties!

After doing everything, Lucien transformed into a legendary knight, picked up the Sword of Truth, and slashed at the Servant of Death!

At such a moment, he could not consider saving his trump cards but had to defeat the enemy and finish the battle as quickly as possible!

The frozen paleness soon dispersed. The swarm of bats was recovered first. They flew to the Dragon Lich and bit its body and soul from all directions.

Rhine seemed to have guessed that Lucien would deal with the Servant of Death first, so he stopped the Dragon Lich for him in cooperation.

The weird scythe hit Lucien, only to cut an illusionary shadow apart. When the effect of Advanced Time Stop was about to be over, Lucien had already changed his location with the Shield of Truth in hand.

The darkness flowed from the black cloak of the Servant of Death, nullifying the spells of Cracking (Advanced) that Luxury Cracking cast. Suddenly, the darkness burst out like fireworks. One of the many 'Hands of Uncertainties' finally worked and destroyed the defense of the Servant of Death!

Crack, crack, crack. The sound of items being broken echoed around the Servant of Death, which almost made Lucien feel sorry. In the meantime, he regretted that he hadn't learnt 'Luxury Cracking', or it would have been dissolved into nudity and only had the legendary scythe left!

Then, the silver sword flashed, and a terrifying crack appeared on the black cape, tearing apart the last defense.

Because the cloak blocked the attack for a moment, right when the Sword of Truth was about to chop the Servant of Death, its body suddenly turned transparent, before it became smoke and fled away, dodging the fatal attack.

“Ahhhhh!” The Servant of Death’s most regretful cry of his losses burst out. The pale smoke was gathered. Holding the gigantic scythe, it slashed down unpredictably in an even more mysterious atmosphere.

Pu. When the scythe hit Lucien’s Shield of Truth, only a dull noise was raised.

Lucien, who seemed to be in a different world, felt that a cold breeze was blowing at him. It passed the Robe of Grand Arcanists and his physical body and blew directly at his soul. He couldn’t help but tremble in the coldness.

“According to Adol’s files, the scythe of the Servant of Death purely attacks the soul and is extremely difficult to resist. Had it not been for the Shield of Truth, I probably would’ve been injured.” Lucien thought to himself.

Now that the scythe missed the target, the Servant of Death became a pale fire that surrounded Lucien in the waves of void. It also dispersed now and then to dodge the attack of the Sword of Truth.

The Moon Timer’s cooldown was over. Lucien put back the Sword of Truth and held the ticking pocket watch with his right hand again.

At this moment, the Servant of Death suddenly turned into smoke and rushed to where Rhine and the Dragon Lich was fighting, before it went to the black gate and left with the Dragon Lich in panic.

“He’s gone?” Lucien hadn’t even pressed the button of ‘Advanced Time Stop’ yet when he discovered that the Servant of Death had disappeared. As a level-three legendary expert, it was surely a fast escaper!

Rhine landed and chuckled, “‘Advanced Time Stop’ plus ‘Sword of Truth’ is truly an unreasonable way of fighting. Also, your ‘Advanced Time Stop’ was launched by the Moon Timer, your unique level-two legendary item, which had the power of almost level three. The Servant of Death was greatly affected by it and would’ve been killed completely if it stayed any longer.”

He thought that the Servant of Death was reduced to ‘nudity’ because Lucien brought certain gear that had the ability of Luxury Cracking with it, or it wouldn’t have been scared of the Sword of Truth’s attack as much and would have resisted it with its own defense.

“I’m very satisfied that I can scare a level-three legend away.” Lucien put his Sword of Truth back with a smile. It was certainly for the best not to waste the ability in his Moon Timer. Who could tell what other dangers were lurking inside the laboratory?

Rhine looked around in the grey hall. “When we discovered them, they seemed to be examining something, didn’t they?”

He checked the environment with his abilities. Lucien also canceled his transformed and helped him with magic.

“The smell of Sard, and the marks of the mysterious trace...” Rhine suddenly stopped.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 637: Hello My Old Friend

“Sard...” Lucien confirmed Rhine’s judgment from the feedback of his magic.

Although the former Grand Cardinal of the Orvarit parish and the ambitious schemer had lost his body and his soul under God’s Arrival and only had a mysterious piece left, there were still plenty of secrets surrounding him. For example, why could he use God’s Arrival, what did he obtain from the Realm of Gates, why could he escape from the monster, how he cooperated with the Angel King, and what the mysterious piece was exactly.

Rhine smiled, “I came to the Realm of Gates to track him but lost clues after I encountered the monster. However, now that I’ve given up and I’m devoted to the mysteries of the monster, his traces have unexpectedly shown up again. What a treacherous thing fate is.”

“I believe that the most important thing for us right now is to go to Thanos’ laboratory and figure out the secrets of the monster.” Lucien was interested in Sard’s piece, too, but they had to stay focused in this dangerous Realm of Gates without being distracted easily.

Rhine did not object. He smiled in self-mockery. “You open the gate. I’m worried that I’m still haunted by bad luck.”

Lucien meant to say that they were the same, because it was he who opened the gate when they encountered Ivan. However, he remembered that what lay behind the gate Rhine opened was ‘Mountain Paradise’, which was definitely much more severe. So, he nodded his head and said, “Alright. At the very least, the enemy that we encountered after I opened the gate could still be gotten rid of.”

The rest of their journey was peaceful and quiet. The terrifying monster seemed to have forgotten them. As they approached Thanos' laboratory, Rhine suddenly halted and said in confusion, "The traces left by the mysterious piece again..."

Sard had only a mysterious piece left and was incapable of covering his traces. It was only reasonable that he was sensed by the people who entered the same hall. However, the odds were few to none for them to enter the same hall in the Realm of Gates!

"Is Sard's destination Thanos' laboratory, too?" Their first encounter might've been coincidental, but now that they'd met again, Lucien couldn't help but wonder if they were going the same way, and the only reason why they were going the same way was that they had the same destination!

Rhine maintained his graceful smile. "Possibly. I'm very curious about his past. How did he pick up God's Arrival? Perhaps the secret lies within Thanos' laboratory."

After three grey halls, they discovered Sard's smell and traces again, which further assured them of their speculation.

Several minutes later, Lucien and Rhine stopped before a black gate that seemed no different from others.

"Is Thanos' laboratory behind this gate?" Not confident about his calculation ability, Rhine asked for confirmation from the specialist.

Lucien nodded his head solemnly. “Mr. Rhine, be prepared. Great dangers might be looming inside. My Host Star of Destiny keeps giving me premonitions.”

“Of course. The laboratory of a top sorcerer must be carefully defended.” Known as the ‘Observer’, Rhine had abundant adventure experiences.

Hardly had he finished his sentence when a black gate nearby shivered and creaked.

Lucien and Rhine had been wary that somebody might break in. They almost attacked with their instinct, but the gate remained closed after the creak, showing no sign that anybody was coming, as if it was just their hallucination a moment ago.

“I smell Sard.” As a vampire prince, Rhine had a particularly keen smell about living creatures.

“He wanted to come in?” Lucien corrected himself subconsciously. “No, he just left.”

In the final hall that led to Thanos’ laboratory, Lucien and Rhine also discovered Sard’s traces and inferred that he had already entered the laboratory, but as it turned out, he went to a different place and intentionally made a noise?

“Is he tricking in order to ambush us?” Rhine speculated Sard’s purpose.

Lucien shook his head. “Is it necessary? He could’ve ambushed us inside Thanos’ laboratory. It’s the place that we have to go to.”

Suddenly, Lucien had an uncanny intuition. So, he brought out his crystal ball and performed astrology. Out of his expectation, he got a fuzzy result. “Follow Sard...”

“Well?” Lucien and Rhine looked at each other, equally surprised.

“Should we try following him? We will return in three minutes whatever happens. It will not delay our exploration in Thanos’ laboratory.” The sorcerers of the school of astrology all pay enough attention to their prophecy. That was why Lucien made the proposal.

After completing the general theory of relativity, his ability of astrology had greatly improved and was as good as the level-one ‘Prophet’.

Thinking for a moment, Rhine fell into a weird silence and nodded his head. “Alright.”

Therefore, the two of them opened the door where the noise came from and, within their expectations, found the remaining scent of Sard. Then, following the scent, they passed two grey halls and stopped before a black gate that showed no anomalies.

Having been calculating the coordinates all the time, Lucien suddenly said in surprise, “Behind this gate is also Thanos’ laboratory!”

“We’re back after a detour?” Said Rhine in amusement. Had they been tricked by Sard?

Lucien shook his head. “This should be another entrance.”

“Sard wants us to enter through this entrance?” Rhine stopped smiling and opened the black gate warily, his legendary items all prepared.

As the gate was moved backwards, a magnificent and splendid laboratory was unfolded before them. Mysterious patterns, cubic models, weird magic circles, and broken mirrors that were embedded on the grey hall could be found everywhere.

The laboratory was as huge as the entire Nekso Palace, with many pathways that led to different rooms. Broken pieces were scattered on the ground.

The laboratory gave a feeling of devastation because almost everything was damaged, as if a legend of battles once broke out in this place, and the laboratory was not destroyed as a whole only because the strong defense. Even so, most of the patterns, magic circles and divine power circles had been wiped out. The alchemical platforms had been razed to the ground, too.

Pure and scorching brilliance flowed around the laboratory. It was the boundary of the defense, but there was a path before Lucien and Rhine through the defense. It seemed to be a secret channel that somebody established before.

“Sard wanted to save our time in destroying the defense?” Rhine walked into the laboratory.

Lucien followed him and observed the surroundings. “But his scent is gone from here.”

“Leave him alone. There should be experiment logs in the rooms that weren’t destroyed.” Said Rhine calmly.

At this moment, the door of one of the grey rooms was opened.

Similar to other places in the Realm of Gates, the doors here blocked the spread of spiritual power. Unable to identify who was coming out, the two of them split and prepared their attack.

Inside the grey room...

Banham, the Original Fire, heaved a long sigh in relief. He gnashed his teeth half in joy and half in fury, “I’ve finally recovered... Lucien Evans? Natasha Orvarit? I won’t let go of you. You made me lose all my legendary items. I count on the last thing I would like to use to avoid the utter demise!”

As for Derrick Douglas who gave him the final death blow, he subconsciously chose to forget it, because their gap was too huge.

“After I return to the Holy City, I’ll apply to His Holiness for a legendary item.” Thinking of his future arrangements, the Original Fire opened the door and was ready to leave.

The Church had collected many legendary items after killing many legendary experts. Since the Original Fire lost his possessions during a mission, he certainly should be compensated.

Hardly had he opened the door when the projection of the Original Fire's Host Star of Destiny trembled, giving him a strong sense of danger. In the meantime, his pupils constricted violently, as he saw the handsome man in double-breasted long suit standing inside the 'main laboratory'. The guy was smiling at him warmly with a monocle on his face.

Such an attire and such gentleness did not befit this place but a lively dinner hall!

"Lucien Evans..." The Original Fire moaned to himself. He almost thought that he was hallucinating because he hated and 'missed' the guy too hard.

In the next, with his abundant battle experience, he split into five shadows and fled without any hesitation, casting 'Chaos Teleportation' to every shadow.

"Space Staff." The broken brilliance was gathered in Lucien's hand into a rippling staff. As he pointed the staff, all the space ripples in the laboratory were calmed down, forcing the Original Fire to withdraw from the void. He hurried to chant, "Fire of Clones!"

Suddenly, his body turned into a pale fire that surrounded Lucien.

His original body, in the meantime, blinked to the entrance of the laboratory and opened the gate in delight.

However, his face was frozen after the gate was opened, because it was another Thanos' laboratory behind the gate, except that it was not Lucien Evans but a handsome man in a black shirt and a red

coat who stood at the center. Smiling, he bowed gracefully, with vague moonlight spreading out of his silver pupils.

“Are you satisfied with my Real Dream?”

The Original Fire stopped in shock. Lucien’s voice echoed behind him. “I’m very curious why you are here. If you choose to accept my magic restraint, maybe I’ll consider letting you live.”

Before him was Thanos’ laboratory, and behind him was still Thanos’ laboratory. The Original Fire did not know which side was reality and which was a dream at all.

Hearing Lucien’s words and looking at the delicate pocket watch in his hands, the Original Fire changed his face gloomily. In the end, he finally nodded his head and said, “Alright, you can use magic...”

Hardly had he finished his sentence when his face was twisted and his eyes were bloodshot. He clutched his own neck brutally and roared in disbelief, “W-Why?”

Sensing the drastic changes in him, as if a powerful being was about to arrive, Lucien knew that it was not good and simply cast the spell, “Vengeful Gaze!”

Lucien’s left eye was crimson and clear. A ray of light shot out. Enhanced by ‘Hand of Uncertainties’, it hit the Original Fire who hadn’t been completely transformed.

They were on the same level, and the enemy was just recovered. The Hand of Uncertainties worked out, allowing the red ray to pierce through the defense and transfix the forehead of the Original Fire who was still struggling.

Rhine also splashed into countless bats that swooped at the Original Fire who had collapsed, covering him completely.

By the time the black bats dispersed and regathered into Rhine, there was nothing left on the ground anymore, and the power that intended to arrive failed.

“Who could it have been?” Lucien looked at Rhine in confusion.

Before Rhine replied, noises echoed in Thanos’ laboratory again, and a familiar scent spread out.

“Sard? The mysterious piece?”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 638: Peculiar Magic Circle

Lucien and Rhine looked at each other, both noticing the surprise on each others faces. Sard was intentionally exposing himself? Where was he leading them to?

Although he hadn't recovered the ability to summon Silver Moon Alterna because of his wound, Rhine felt that he was still in good shape, and 'tycoon' Lucien was rather confident about himself now that he had all his equipment. Therefore, the two of them split and approached the corridor where Sard's scent spread out in full wariness.

Sard's scent began to move among the pathways, until it reached an inconspicuous grey room that could've been easily neglected.

The door of the room was not closed, allowing Lucien and Rhine to see clearly what was inside from the outside. At the center of the room was a deep pit. There were countless unimaginably eerie magic patterns, mixed with the symbols and divine power, at the bottom of and near the pit.

Those patterns and symbols were not superficial but extended below the floor, beyond the wall, and into the void, spreading nonstop. The whole room seemed to be covered in a magic model, giving both a sacred and weird feeling.

At the bottom of the pit, the fuzzy, translucent grey piece was pulled into the shape of a human, who toddled towards the center.

"This is the most complicated and incomprehensible magic model that I have ever seen." Lucien had 'Eternal Blaze' that only level-three legends could learn, the 'Hand of Uncertainties' that was beyond the imagination of the arcanists today, and he had witnessed the defense of Allyn. However, this magic circle eclipsed all of them in terms of complexity. Also, it was only the tip of the iceberg. Lucien believed that the patterns that disappeared into the void, the floor and the wall were not really gone but connected to the whole Realm of Gates and World of Souls in a certain way. They were of the same structure!

Lucien was confident to make such a statement as a grand arcanist.

Rhine looked rather weird, as if he had remembered something. In the end, he said, “I once saw part of the pattern from Thanos. I didn’t know that he had already begun the studies on such things back then.”

Sard walked very slowly at the bottom of the pit, not nearly as swift as just now. So, Lucien had the time to consider whether or not to stop him, as well as the time to ask curiously, “Mr. Rhine, you and Thanos were good friends?”

“I like to make friends with talented young men and watch them grow. I will even transform my favorites into vampires. So, I have a lot of good friends, and Thanos was one of them. Of course, he was also the most monstrously brilliant one. Hehe. You are already better than him in terms of arcana.” Said Rhine in a smile.

Lucien thought for a moment and said with mixed feelings. “As expected of the Observer. When you open the history book and point at a random name, you can say that you knew him and watched his growth. That must be a special and enjoyable feeling.”

“That’s one of my few hobbies now.” Rhine said, “It’s a pity that I didn’t witness the growth of Douglas, a great person who can compare to Thanos, if not even better. After all, he established the path of arcana through the greatest difficulties and rescued magic. After only four hundred years of development, his group has reached the level that the ancient Magic Empire achieved after thousands of years, and it has an equal number of top legends to that in the prime days of the Magic Empire.”

“Why? I admired Mr. President the first time I read his inspiring questions and believed that he was one of the greatest people. I don’t think that you didn’t see it, Mr. Rhine?” Asked Lucien in confusion. That was an Observer who supported many young men.

Rhine shook his head. “Douglas was not very distinguished in the last years of the Magic Empire and in the beginning of the War of Dawn. Perhaps because of his habit of asking questions and his unusual mindset, he was not appreciated by any other sorcerers in Antiffler. Also, he was not very strong himself and only advanced regularly. Naturally, he was eclipsed by the many geniuses at that time. That’s why I overlooked him and didn’t get to know him at all.”

“The arcana system he established, on the other hand, is the domain that I don’t have the slightest clue about. So, the grand arcanists and the legendary sorcerers who were raised in the Congress of Magic were not witnessed by me at all, except you.”

Lucien’s curiosity was satisfied. Seeing that Sard was about to reach the center of the pit, he asked, “Should we stop him?”

“Can you identify its function? I believe that this magic circle is the pivot of the laboratory, but we cannot test it ourselves. However, if the magic circle transforms subjects into monsters, Sard will definitely attack us after his transformation...” Rhine seemed eager to find out what Sard wanted.

Lucien shook his head. “I can only tell that it is associated with resurrection, as can be seen how the Original Fire came back to life after he was smashed by ‘Fateful Meteor’. As a matter of fact, it is common sense in magic that the more delicate, complicated and powerful a magic circle is, the more easily it can be sabotaged during the operation. We can see what Sard is up to first. If anything goes wrong, we will interrupt it at the critical moment. If the magic circle is defended the moment it begins, we will destroy it immediately!”

“Alright.” Rhine hated Sard in the first place. He couldn’t agree more after hearing Lucien’s explanation.

The shape of the human transformed from the grey piece that lay inside the hexagram at the center of the pit. The magic lines around him glowed one after another, emitting pure silver brilliance.

After all the magic lines were illuminated, the intense, frozen air of death surged in along the patterns on the floor and the wall, bringing in silence and coldness.

“It indeed takes advantage of the power of the World of Souls.” Lucien took the opportunity to record and analyze the magic circle.

Right then, the patterns that stretched out to the void was painted with sacred and overwhelming light. A holy and vast tide also flooded into the pit.

“The power of Mountain Paradise...” Lucien couldn’t have been more surprised. Death and life? Evil and holy?

He was not bold enough before. That was why he failed to infer that the magic circle would extract power from Mountain Paradise!

The monotonous black, white and grey and the pure brightness were melted with Sard’s translucent figure as the center. Then, they entangled in an unimaginably weird state. As Lucien’s observed, they now revealed the frozen black, white and grey, and now revealed the lively and agile ivory brightness.

Enshrouded by them, Sard's body changed quickly. It was now extremely dim and now seemed to be blessed with flesh and blood. Gradually, the feeling of flesh and blood was stronger and stronger.

"It's really resurrection?" In the telepathic bond, Rhine asked.

Suddenly, the most overwhelming and supreme light surfaced inside Sard's body, and the pleasant hymns resonated in the room. The entanglement of life and death was immediately disrupted, and the line between evil and holiness was drawn.

Sard's body was reduced into a grey piece again, which seemed to be made of infinite regrets and desperation.

"I deserve better..."

In the vague, miserable cries, the grey pieces collapsed all of a sudden, and Sard completely disappeared from this world.

Both Rhine and Lucien were rather taken aback by such a change. It was not until a long time later that Lucien finally remarked, half in mockery and half in shock, "Sard attracted us to come to this place with so many efforts, just so that he could die in front of us?"

Rhine hated Sard's guts in the first place and was only puzzled by his sudden death. He was immediately amused by Lucien's words. "He was probably really trying to die before us."

After the mockery, Lucien reviewed what he saw and took a deep breath. “At least, I have a basic speculation about the effect of the magic circle. It should be more than resurrection... Was Sard trying to tell us the function of the magic circle with his resurrection?”

“What a pity. He didn’t know that God’s Arrival was so powerful that it lingered to this moment. He was such an ambitious, brilliant and stealthy schemer, but he could only cry that he deserved better in the end.” Rhine felt rather complicated that the schemer who once deceived him ended up like that.

Lucien shook his head. “His biggest problem was that he did not recognize the trend of history. The Congress is developing faster than he imagined, but he went against the trend. If he had truly decided to divide the South Church, it’s possible that he’d already be a top legendary pontiff right now. The trend of history is unstoppable. Whoever stands in its way will be crushed.”

After the observation, Lucien suddenly sensed something wrong. “Mr. Rhine, if Sard were confident about his resurrection, there wouldn’t have been no need for him to attract us to come. He could’ve got in touch with us after he was resurrected, because either of us might’ve killed him when we lose control of ourselves. If he were not confident about his resurrection, he could’ve told us what he wanted to tell us in advance.”

Reminded by Lucien, Rhine was deep in thought, “Are you implying that he attracted us to come under somebody else’s instruction for the purpose of letting us see this magic circle, and that it didn’t really matter whether Sard survived or died in the end?”

“Yes. The guy who instructed him must be the guy who enabled him to use God’s Arrival.” Lucien nodded his head. “But I can’t figure out who it can be. The Angel King is incapable of God’s Arrival himself...”

Looking at the magic circle that had stopped, Rhine said, “What’s your opinion about the function of this magic circle?”

“Let’s find the experiment logs first. I need to confirm my thoughts.” Contemplating, Lucien left the grey room and opened the other ancillary laboratories and libraries, searching for all the files that remained.

Just like Maskelyne suggested, although the main laboratory had been destroyed, some of the experiment logs were preserved. They were arranged by Lucien and Rhine in the order of time.

On the intact mirror in one of the rooms, Lucien and Rhine’s image was reflected. They began to read the intermittent experiment logs, because many of the logs had been ruined, from the beginning.

Some of the experiments were Thanos’, some were left by Maskelyne and the other legendary sorcerers earlier, and only the last of them were written after the explorers entered the Realm of Gates.

“Phase of Preliminary Preparation: We accidentally captured a strange creature in the alternate dimension that was similar to the gods in the tales. Perhaps we can call it ‘fake god’.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 639: There’s Only One Truth

“...Based on our research, the fake god’s extraordinary abilities and the way such abilities are used are entirely different from magic or blood power. It is different from magic creatures, as well, and calls for more studies...”

“...After locating one of Mr. Thanos’ relics with ‘Mirror of Fate’, we discovered that he had also conducted research on gods and was much more advanced than us. He had secretly preached for a hundred years and gathered the power of faith through special items... By grasping his research files, we made groundbreaking developments in our research, and we established certain religions on our own. Also, we separated and recruited Mr. Thanos’ believers...”

Here, the experiment logs that described the way to make the special items had been entirely destroyed. Frowning, Lucien kept on reading. The record matched his conclusion before. After all, for religions that required time and population to accumulate the power of faith, it was impossible for them to suddenly soar. It was unreasonable that the Saint Truth and many other religions of fake gods emerged out of nowhere during the War of Dawn and became very powerful. There must’ve been a period of development that took decades if not hundreds of years.

Also, in the main material world, all the creatures that had hoped to gather godhood would be coveted and captured by the World of Souls, which would then fake their natural death. To dig out the mysteries of faith, one had to begin by discovering the fake gods in the alternate dimensions, exactly like how he encountered God Ell and the like. It also matched the history that Thanos conquered all the known alternate dimensions except hell and the abyss and led the magic society to the pinnacle and answered the question as to why so many underdeveloped alternate dimensions were conquered but no fake gods were ever discovered. It was because they were all intercepted by the Sun King who kept them a secret.

“...During my research, we found the World of Souls, and I also created the first special magic item with the gathered godhood – the Sun’s Corona. It’s a mark that I’ve embarked on the path to be a real god. I’ve made the first step towards the mysteries of this world and the dream of an everlasting life...”

It was indeed created by the gathered godhood. Lucien tapped the paper on which the experiment logs were recorded. It meant that, if the sorcerers could not find a way to steal the godhood of the God of Truth but try to create a divine item by establishing a religion to gather godhood, it would

take a very long time. It would be impossible to shake the foundation of the Church using the fact that sorcerers could also create divine items.

“...I found a world that is beyond my imagination in this place. In the deepest and most quiet death, there was a sacred and overwhelming world of light, in which the brightness was twisted into a seven-floored mountain. Countless angels with pure wings on their backs and transparent holy spirits were dancing and singing... Was it angels, holy spirits and Mountain Paradise that Mr. Thanos envisioned? The worlds behind the black gates are a natural reflection of the death customs in different cultures. Then, could it be just like them, and it is derived from the collective consciousness of the believers of the Sun God? But it's still a surprise to see it here...”

“...The exploration on the Chamber of Immortality failed. I think I understand why the existence of the World of Souls sleeps near the chamber, and why there is so much concrete evidence suggesting that the secret of immortality lies there. Those things couldn't have been spread out without the exploration of the pioneers... Even the demigods suffered severe wounds in the pathway of immortality and had to recover from the river of fate over a long time?

“...We used the Mirror of Fate again and discovered Mr. Thanos' remaining laboratory. We read his experiment record...”

In the next, it was some notes that Thanos left behind:

“I've found a way to surpass the pathway of immortality, which is to transform myself into a weird status that is similar to ghosts and the primeval devils. Only by doing so will I be immune to the overwhelming power of disintegration and collapse inside the pathway. This happens to be what I've been working on. Chamber of Immortality, I'm coming!”

“...After many unimaginable dangers, I finally opened the door of the Chamber of Immortality, but was it the secret of immortality behind it? Why couldn't I be convinced at all? What did it mean exactly? Was the God of Death tricking me? But the traces of immortality everywhere and all the things around proved that the secret of immortality must be behind the door!”

'God of Death' was a random name that Thanos came up with for the mysterious existence of the World of Souls. As for the way of transformation and the dangers to be faced, the former was destroyed, and the latter had never been recorded by Thanos. At that time, he must've thought of another possibility and began his attempt to surpass the level of demigod.

"...Is it because I'm not strong enough that I cannot see the secret of immortality? Also, there are many insidious problems if I turn into a demigod by transforming into something similar to the primeval devils through gathering the power of emotions. Something may go terribly wrong! It's time to make another attempt. As long as I surpass this test and become the real Sun God, everything will be better. By then, I will surely be able to see the secret of immortality as a real god, won't I?"

"...I'm all set to become a real god. My approach is to completely melt myself with Mountain Paradise where godhood is gathered and solidified. This is a very dangerous step. Thankfully, I've made all the preparations. I created a perfect body and projected a bit of my essence into the body. If the melting fails and I am swallowed by Mountain Paradise, will I be reincarnated in him?"

No more notes from Thanos could be found again. It was back to the experiment logs of Maskelyne and his partners.

"...We didn't know that Mountain Paradise was created by Mr Thanos. He found a world of death that had angels. Then, he melted the special item with which he collected godhood into that world, thereby creating a Mountain Paradise that was much more powerful than he thought! Its magnificent power reached the peak of demigod, and as the power of faith increased and many holy spirits arrived, it gradually broke the limits of demigod..."

"...Mr. Thanos must've lost all his self-awareness when he melted himself into Mountain Paradise. To be more exact, he was dissolved and completely perished... He became a real god, exceeded the limits of demigod, and reached the apex of this world, but he does not know how strong he is. He can only function according to the preset rules like the most accurate magic circle. He does not have consciousness or a soul. No, it isn't correct to say that he does not have consciousness. He has

consciousness that is hidden inside everybody's heart, a result of the influence of the power of faith..."

"...Mr. Thanos only left a platinum staff behind, in which are the rules that he set for Mountain Paradise. Because his real self has become a real god, his staff is enshrouded by the most powerful will. We can only crack it and grasp it gradually. By the time we can use it freely, we will be wielding the power of a real god!"

"...Mr. Thanos' preparation for his resurrection seemed to have failed, too. After the perfect body was woken up by us, he does have any memories or self-awareness about the Sun King anymore. He is a brand-new intelligent life. Of course, thanks to the projection of the Sun King, he is making crazy improvements in strength. Perhaps, he will reach the peak of legendary earlier than all of us. According to McLeod's proposal, we have given him a new name: Mecantron, which means the deputy sovereign of paradise and the young Sun God. It matches his real identity perfectly..."

Reading that, Rhine couldn't help but chuckle, "So, Mecantron is Thanos. No wonder I always feel that he is familiar. I thought it was because every pure beauty looked familiar to me..."

"Mecantron is not technically the Sun King. His soul, his consciousness and his memories, everything he has is different." Lucien believed that even Mecantron wouldn't think that he was Thanos, the Sun King and the 'God of Truth'!

Hardly had he finished his sentence when Lucien's head hummed as if it had been hit by a gigantic hammer. Seizing the key to the problem, he mumbled, "Mecantron is Thanos' reincarnation, Mecantron..."

"What's wrong?" Rhine was somewhat puzzled. Wasn't it what the Sun King acknowledged in his notes himself and what Maskelyne and the other sorcerers recorded in their experiment logs? Could somebody have fabricated it?

Lucien said, in both shock and confusion, “If Mecantron, the Angel King, is a reincarnation of Thanos, the Sun King, then only the six seraphs were actually made out of legendary sorcerers. However, seven legendary sorcerers went missing!”

It was simple math!

“Perhaps, the first product failed during the production?” Rhine became solemn, too.

“No...” Lucien murmured. Countless memories flashed in his head.

The puppet that was divided into ‘six parts’ by McLeod...

The residues of the magic circle in the grey hall that represented the different components of a hexagram...

Maskelyne left his secret laboratory in a hurry when he almost finished his conclusion, leaving only a mark of ink that indicated his shock...

‘Maskelyne’ shouted miserably, “It’s not him; it’s him!”

Viken took away the most important part of the files in the Sun King's underground palace, which was a relic that Maskelyne and the other sorcerers did not discover...

Viken's most weird 'Special Summoning Ritual'...

It was Viken who proposed to erase the experiment descriptions in their magic notebooks, and it was Viken who went missing first...

The monster shared a lot of similarities with the primeval devils. It seemed to know everybody's memories and feel the deepest feelings in their heart, and it was one or half a level stronger than the target...

"Viken..." Lucien seemed to see a grey-haired old man sneering at him. He said fuzzily.

Rhine's ears were keen enough for him to catch it. He repeated, "Viken? It was him?"

Lucien had connected all the clues and made many deductions. His shock was gradually gone. His eyes dark and profound, he pushed his monocle and said solemnly and confidently:

"Although there are many things that we haven't figured out yet, there is only one possible truth!"

The grey mirror on their back suddenly became clear, and a blurry shadow protruded.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 640: The Monster's Real Strength

Lucien had a strong sense of danger, and the shadow of his Host Star of Destiny shook his soul violently. Therefore, while shouting 'watch out' in the telepathic bond, he performed the fastest short-distance teleportation.

His body disappearing where it was, Lucien blinked to the door of the ancillary laboratory, only to discover that the dusty mirror had become clear, and a blurry, twisted shadow was protruding and walking out of it!

It demonstrated its dominance without any reserve, upsetting Lucien and nullifying the Mechanized Mind, Mental Barrier and other spells on him.

It was the air of that monster!

It was the pressure of the demigod level!

"It's finally here?" During their two skirmishes, the monster had shown its air when it failed eventually and when its two shadows were melted. Therefore, Lucien recognized that the grey blurry shadow was the monster that guarded the 'Realm of Gates'!

Rhine's figure broke like a dream, and the dark shadow at the door of the laboratory was regathered into him.

In the telepathic bond, he said with unprecedented solemnity, "Demigod. This is the pressure of a real demigod..."

His conclusion had always been that the monster was not as strong as a demigod, or it would've already killed him. However, it seemed that the monster had merely been tricking the people who intruded in the Realm of Gates, letting them approach the end of their life in desperation and pain.

Having witnessed 'God's Arrival' and welcomed Alterna to possess him, Lucien understood the pressure of demigods very well. He did not need Rhine to remind him but simply cast his spell. "Space Staff!"

Time flowed much faster around him. His body split into many identical Luciens, who fled to different directions of Thanos' laboratory at full speed.

The monster snorted. "You are trying to deceive me with illusions that are not even legendary?"

The transcendent, overwhelming air arrived with its voice, making time and space back to normal. All the real illusions were shattered.

From the void, Lucien's real self appeared. He did not give up even though he was faced with a demigod. A delicate and exquisite pocket watch appeared in his right hand, whose black second hand ticked forward.

Crack. As Lucien pressed his thumb, paleness arose from the greyness around, and everything was slowed down.

The monster, whose face was changing all the time, was utterly unaffected. It completely left the mirror and approached the two of them, its voice of mockery entering Lucien's ears across the different time and space.

"If you were a top legend, your 'Advanced Time Stop' might have influenced me a bit. Alas, you are not. Do you believe that I can completely kill you with a random attack? That's the gap between a demigod and the non-top-legends."

Rhine's legendary items to resist 'Advanced Time Stop' had been consumed, and he was now caught in the effect of time stop and stood like a statue. Lucien's head was an utter mess. He was grasped by deep desperation. The monster was beyond what he was capable of dealing with. If he had met the top legends who were not immune to 'Advanced Time Stop' and 'Gravity Collapse', there would be a chance for him to escape with the special features of the Realm of Gates, but it was not going to happen now that he had run into a demigod!

The monster had abandoned the feature that it was only one level or half a level stronger than the target and simply attacked with full strength. Now that he thought of it, the Moon Timer only worked because it played by the 'game rules' when he encountered the Rhine that the monster faked!

In his desperation, the toughness in Lucien's heart and his never-to-give-up belief made him grit his teeth. "Nothing is absolutely certain! I'm going to fight the odds! What about demigods? Can they be more horrifying than fate?"

“Vengeful Gaze!”

“Vengeful Gaze!”

“Vengeful Gaze!”

In the effect of time stop, three crimson rays that were attached with ‘Hand of Uncertainties’ shot out of Lucien’s ruby left eye.

...

Dum! Dum! Dum! Dum!

In the magic tower inside ‘Atomic Universe’, Natasha, in a black knight suit, stood before the piano and pressed her narrow, long fingers hard, as if she were venting her emotional turmoil and encouraging herself to fight.

Dum! Dum! Dum! Dum!

Natasha's eyes were slightly red, and her face with brimming with determination. The rhythm of the Symphony of Fate swept over astoundingly, panicking the servants around and making them feel like swallows in a thunderstorm that could not resist the horror of nature.

Why did I waver? Why am I not confident in advanced into legendary? Why do I feel that I'm utterly useless? While playing the piano, Natasha asked herself, gnashing her teeth.

...

The effect of 'Advanced Time Stop' was over, and the crimson rays hit the defenseless monster at the speed of light. Then, it penetrated through the monster as if it had hit a cluster of smoke and reached the wall, raising a swirl of scorching light.

"This is..." The monster suddenly sounded rather scared, as if it had sensed something, but then it laughed. "If you were a top legend, the weird spell that you secretly added might've hurt me for real. I've never seen, nor am I capable of simulating, such weird stuff. However, it's a pity that you are not."

"Alright, let me show you 5% of my capabilities."

The overwhelming, terrifying storm of energy suddenly burst out. The monster waved its hands and launched an attack in the way of a knight.

"Elemental Protection!" Lucien activated the Robe of Grand Arcanists in a hurry.

The colorful spots of light were gathered into a translucent layer of defense and protected Lucien's body.

Crack. The energy storm was blown at the shield of 'Elemental Protection', breaking it apart and hitting Lucien heavily.

Elemental Skin, Magic Absorber, Stone Skin, Energy Immunity and other spells were activated one after another, finally weakening the energy storm to the point that it could not stop Lucien from blinking.

Even so, Lucien, who had blinked to door of another room, felt like vomiting blood. He had been heavily wounded!

"How about it? Are you desperate now? I love the taste of desperation most. Haha. This is merely 5% of my capabilities." The monster laughed aloud and approached Lucien and Rhine like a cat playing with mice, while it controlled the defense of Thanos' laboratory, forbidding teleportation inside.

Suddenly, it stepped forward, shattering the platforms, tables and other things like a dream. Rhine, who was at the door, stepped back, with blood flowing out of his mouth.

"Real Dream? It's a shame that you are not Dracula. I can wake you up from your dream by the sheer suppression of my overwhelming strength." The monster laughed gloatingly. "Come on. Bring out all your spells and naturally-endowed talents. I like tricking with people most. I will cast you into the deepest desperation."

Lucien struggled to suppress his wounds with magic. Then, he turned into a legendary knight, raising the Shield of Truth and slashing the silver longsword!

Desperation?

I'll never be desperate or give up as long as I have the slightest consciousness!

...

The exciting music made everybody shiver uncontrollably, but Natasha suddenly pressed the keys hard, resulting in an unharmonious noise. Then, she picked up 'Pale Justice' and walked out of the magic tower firmly.

I don't need to finish it to know what I should do!

Until it is over, I should practice, practice, and practice! Even though the chances are one thousandth, I should still strive for it! Weakness and desperation are pointless!

...

The silver longsword cut the monster like a crescent moon. The gaps of void soon tore it apart, but very soon, the pieces were regathered into a twisted shape of a human, who mocked wickedly, "As expected of the Sword of Truth. It's a shame that you are only a level-three. If it were a knight with the blood power of 'Sword of Truth' at the peak of legendary who attacked me, I might have perished just now. It's a shame that you are not."

At some point, a small, neat black bow appeared in Rhine's hands, and a bloody broken arrow had been placed on it.

After he drew the bow, the bloody broken arrow was shot out with the intense air of destruction.

The monster stopped laughing and said in a low voice, "Space Protection!"

Many overlapping spaces seemed to have appeared next to the monster. After passing a lot of them, the broken arrow finally disappeared into the void.

"Not bad. As expected of the Observe with an abundant collection. I didn't know that Malhanu's destructive bow was in your hands." The monster praised. "However, you forgot that I only said that top legends might've hurt me. I didn't say that they could certainly hurt me. Hahaha. How about it? Isn't it very fun?"

Malhanu's Bow was a top legendary item known as 'Godslayer', but it had a high requirement on the user. After Rhine shot the arrow, the blood all over his body seemed to have been drained. He became dry and slim.

"Godslayer's Arrow, I'm capable of that, too!" The monster launched another attack. A bloody broken arrow flew out of its hands and shot at Lucien who was protecting Rhine with the Shield of Truth.

When the bloody broken array hit the Shield of Truth, it dissolved the illusionary waves immediately, as if it had knocked down a whole world!

As the unimaginable pressure came at him, Lucien could not hold the Shield of Truth anymore. He was blown away into one of the grey rooms.

...

Inside 'Atomic Universe', Natasha, holing 'Pale Justice', was fighting in the cosmos with the planets of elements as her imaginary enemies. Beads of sweat dripped off her forehead, reached her eyes, and fell from her cheeks.

As she slashed her swords out, terrifying gaps appeared on the planets.

Natasha did not shout to vent her fury after her every attack. Instead, all of her feelings, determination and blood power were melted into her attacks.

You ask me if I will waver?

You ask me if I will give up?

You ask me if I am desperate?

My longsword will give you answers!

...

“If your Shield of Truth had reached the level of ‘God’s Guard’, my previous attack would’ve been in vain, but it’s a pity that you are not Mecantron. Now, have you gained a full understanding about your insignificance and uselessness?” The monster mocked.

Lucien fell on the floor. Before him was the pit where Sard died just now. He almost slid and dropped to the bottom of it.

The magic circles around emitted cold brilliance and circulated just like before, as if no battles were going on at all.

“Sard died here just now. Are we also going to...” Lucien had a terrible feeling. The monster’s intentional heavy thudding seemed to be reminding them of the arrival of death.

“It’s great that the monster likes talking and tricking people, or we would’ve died after the first attack.” Lucien held back his ominous feeling and looked for a chance of survival from that aspect.

If you want to play, we will play with you!

Thinking hard, Lucien's eyes were suddenly frozen. At the bottom of the pit where Sard died, the head of a puppet had appeared at some point.

"It wasn't here before..."

Sard's death...

The paper scraps and the puppet parts that they had obtained easily...

Maskelyne's undestroyed notebook...

The coincidental encounter with 'Mountain Paradise'...

The experiment logs in the laboratory...

After he saw the puppet head, all of Lucien's questions surged out and got connected. A lightning struck in his head and illuminated everything.

Laughing, the monster walked to Lucien and Rhine. "What now? You've given up resisting? You're desperate now?"

Lucien stood up. As if he were faced with not a demigod but a dog, he cleaned his bow-tie and his suit while he smiled, “Why would I resist?”

Rhine looked at him curiously. The monster also stopped and sneered, “Where’s your fighting will and your resolution a moment ago?”

Pressing his chest with his right hand, Lucien bowed:

“Sometimes, the enemy we think may turn out to be our best ally.”

“Thank you for preserving the experiment logs, the magic notebook and the puppet parts.”

The monster’s laughter stopped.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 641: Your Show and Mine

“What are you talking about?” The monster did not attack after it stopped laughing but looked at Lucien solemnly.

Lucien pushed his monocle and said, “Mecantron, the Angel King, is an incarnation of Thanos, and the six seraphs are made from six legendary sorcerers at the beginning. Based on all the clues, we can conclude that the mastermind behind the curtain is Viken, the Sovereign of Disasters, who was the first to go missing.”

‘King of Calamities’ was both Viken’s legendary class and his nickname, meaning that he caused disasters to the world, life and people.

“And?” The monster seemed really interested in Lucien’s deduction.

“Since the platinum staff, an important item that Thanos left behind, is in the hands of the pope instead of the Realm of Gates, it suggests that somebody did leave this place with the platinum staff that can master the power of Mountain Paradise.” Rhine helped Lucien go on.

Lucien nodded. “Therefore, without other clues, we may consider the pope as the schemer Viken. However, there is a paradox in our deduction.”

“Oh, what is it?” The monster asked very cooperatively, showing no sign of launching an attack.

“As the victor at the beginning who crafted six legendary sorcerers into seraphs, he was actually betrayed by the Angel King and Sard. What does it indicate? It indicates that he could not control Mountain Paradise and the Realm of Gates effectively.” Lucien had no doubt that Viken was an out-and-out demigod now.

“Viken lost control over Mountain Paradise when the situation was entirely manipulated by him, which means that something else had happened back then, and that a certain being here which was strong enough to resist him prevented him from coming to the Realm of Gates often. However, if he didn’t come often, his control over the Angel King and the seraphs would be gradually weakened. Also, the being that resisted him would surely try to influence the Angel King. As a result, betrayals were inevitable.”

Lucien talked casually, as if he were not in a life-and-death battlefield but on a podium giving a speech.

“Are you implying the existence of the World of Souls?” The monster chuckled.

Lucien looked at the monster with a smile. No. Waiting for his resurrection and return in the pathway of immortality, he was obviously unable to shoulder such an important responsibility. I was talking about you. It was you who scared Viken, making him dare not to come to the Realm of Gates often.”

Before the monster replied, Lucien raised his left hand despite Rhine’s surprise and pointed at the monster. “If it weren’t for you, why would the paper scraps, puppet parts, magic notebooks and experiment logs been kept intact without being destroyed by Viken?”

“If it weren’t for you, why would we have run into so many clues so easily and coincidentally?”

“If it weren’t for you, why would Sard have happened upon the Angel King?”

“If it weren’t for you, why could he have left the Realm of Gates safe and sound?”

“If it weren’t for you, where would the mysterious piece inside Sard have been from? Why would he have intentionally directed us to this place, allowing us to watch the magic circle?”

“If it weren’t for you, why would you have wasted so much time talking, giving us the chance to escape, in our previous battles?”

One coincidence was acceptable, but there must be other reasons if there were too many of them!

Rhine realized what was going on and looked at the monster. “You did that in order to reveal Viken’s real face and look for helpers to deal with him?”

The monster fell into unusual silence and did not talk.

Lucien looked at the monster solemnly. “I don’t think you are guarding the Realm of Gates willingly. In fact, you are controlled by Viken and implanted with many restraints. That’s why you cannot leave and why you need external help.”

“I think the experiment did not go wrong when Mr. Maskelyne and his partners created you with ghosts. In fact, it was Viken who tricked them with the devil transformation methods that he inherited from the Sun King. So, you had to follow his instruction after you were born and help him capture the other six legendary sorcerers.”

“I think you would’ve been another method of resurrection that Thanos left behind if Viken hadn’t seen through it. That’s why you are a demigod-level being and why you could ‘help’ Sard to perform God’s Arrival!”

“I think that Viken’s restraints must’ve been flawed since you are also a demigod. That’s how you got out of his control when he left the Realm of Gates to develop the Saint Truth. However, the restraints do exist, forcing you to kill every creature that enters the Realm of Gates and forbidding you from telling everything to us. That’s why you remind us in different ways and give us a way of survival by useless talks.”

Staring at the monster, Lucien declared, his words shooting like cannonballs:

“I think that the battle in Thanos’ laboratory was between Viken and you. You didn’t fail, and he didn’t win. You got to preserve part of the experiment logs!”

“That’s why Mr. Maskelyne and McLeod were reminded by you in the end and recognized who the real culprit was. That’s why he told me that the enemy we think may turn out to be our best ally!”

“Am I right, Mr. Monster?”

After a brief silence, the monster suddenly chuckled, “You’re wrong in some parts. For example, until you found Thanos’ laboratory and identified Viken, I could only demonstrate the strength one or half a level higher than the target’s, or I would lose the ability or memory retrieval and mimicry. That’s a natural limit.”

“So, you have admitted the rest of my theory, Mr. Monster?” Lucien smiled.

The monster laughed, “You are very smart, but it’s a pity that I still have to kill you.”

The monster didn’t really have a choice.

As if he did not hear his death sentence, Lucien said casually and gracefully, “It’s alright. You don’t need to kill me. I’ll die on my own.”

“Will you?” The monster sounded rather strange.

Lucien pressed his chest with his right hand and bowed again as a gentleman.

“I won’t waste your time, Mr. Monster?”

As he spoke, he stretched his arms into a human-shaped cross. His suit was unbuttoned, and the thin chain of his watch extended all the way to the pocket of his waistcoat.

Then, he fell backwards, his hair dancing crazily in the wind.

Behind Lucien was the gigantic pit full of magic patterns, and the destination of his free-fall was the center of the bottom of the pity!

Suddenly, a cluster of black bats flew over and pulled Lucien. Rhine had finally understood what Lucien was trying to do.

Surrounded by the countless bats like a cloud, Lucien fell to the center of the magic circle with his arms opened.

“Mr. Monster, I wonder how should I call you?” The patterns in the magic circle around Lucien glittered one after another, and he asked the final question.

As it watched Lucien fall backwards, the monster put on a smile of satisfaction, its face getting clearer and clearer.

Then, he looked at Lucien who lied at the bottom of the pit. His appearance became entirely clear inside Lucien’s monocle. He was a gloomy-looking old man with grey hair.

“A long time ago, my name was also Viken...”

What? Lucien looked at him in surprise. Suddenly, the broken puppet occurred to him.

The magic pattern was entirely illuminated. The monotonous, silence black, white and grey and the clear, flourishing ivory power surged and gathered again. Death and life, evil and holiness, darkness and light, they entangled Lucien and Rhine weirdly.

.....

Inside a grey hall in the Realm of Gates, traces of destruction were everywhere. Even the wall and the black gates of several halls nearby were also ruined. Liquids were dripping out and repairing them.

“This ‘Realm of Gates’ is alive?” Fernando looked around and said in surprise.

Douglas also observed the wall and the gate in curiosity. “Why is the Realm of Gates alive? What exactly is such a life form?”

“Stop asking questions. Let’s track the Angel King. It’s not easy to wound him so heavily. We cannot let go of the opportunity. After we catch him, we will know why he appeared in the World of Souls and the Realm of Gates.” Fernando urged him. If they could learn the secrets about the Realm of Gates from the Angel King, it would help them to locate Lucien.

Douglas moved his eyes back and said solemnly, “Alright.”

Just now, they entered deep into the Realm of Gates by tracing the Angel King and caught up to him in this grey hall. Joining their hands, they heavily wounded the Angel King who hadn’t reached the influence of Mountain Paradise yet. If it weren’t for the powerful ‘God’s Guard’, Mecatron could’ve barely escaped. After all, Douglas was on his way to becoming a demigod, and the two of them were well prepared for the attack.

The prepared sorcerers were always the most terrible enemy!

.....

Inside one grey hall, seeing that he had gotten rid of his pursuers, Mecantron stopped and planned to stabilize his wounds with the divine power.

Many feathers on the thirty-six wings on his back had fallen. Gold blood was all over his lips. Obvious and devastating wounds were everywhere on his body. Even the recovery ability of the Angel King could not heal them immediately. He had apparently been hurt deeply.

“I’ll let you know my wrath after I enter the influence of Mountain Paradise!” The Angel King gnashed his teeth. His strength would be half a level higher when he was around Mountain Paradise, and the enhancement did not have a time limit.

Just when he performed the divine power, his face was suddenly twisted. His gold pupils were now bright and now dim. Holding his head tightly, he cried, “Who is it? Who’s projecting into my body?”

He was surrounded by holy light, as he tried to resist the unknown attacker who was attempting to occupy his body.

A solemn and grave voice echoed. “It’s not easy to wait for an opportunity so that you can be wounded again. You may call me Rudolf II, or Thanos, my previous name!”

“What?” Mecantron was totally surprised. He immediately lost control of his mind. After brief chaos, his gold pupils became clear again, and the wounds on his body were quickly healed.

Shaking his head and getting used to his body, ‘Mecantron’ sneered, “Who would’ve written the real method of resurrection on a notebook? I only had to grope for the path of advancement again because of my incomplete memories, or I wouldn’t have waited for such a long time at all.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 642: Status Transformation

The Lich King and the Wraith Lord, who were hiding near the Furnace of Souls, kept an eye on the Realm of Gates, ready to attack anyone who had escaped out of there.

Suddenly, they saw that the Servant of Death flew out with the Dragon Lich in a cluster of smoke.

“Did you kill them?” The Lich King appeared from the void. Although he knew that the Servant of Death could not kill Douglas, he still couldn’t help but ask.

The Servant of Death put down the Dragon Lich who had been heavily wounded by Rhine. Two red spots were gathered in the smoke, as he spoke casually, “We didn’t, but we could not linger any longer, or the monster would’ve killed us.”

He secretly gnashed his teeth. A while before, he thought that he was the hunter, but he found that the prey inside were all terribly brutal. Even the two young 'gentlemen' who looked weak could've killed him with their equipment. He probably would've completely perished if he hadn't reacted quickly enough. It was all thanks to the protection of the 'Lord' that he was not killed!

"We have fulfilled our responsibility. The 'Lord' will not blame us." The Lich King comforted the Servant of Death as well as himself.

...

Enshrouded by the two opposite, incompatible powers, Lucien felt that his soul, body, spiritual power, clothes, rings, badges and pocket watch were all caught in an amazing state.

The transcendental feeling of looking down at everything from high above that he had when Alterna arrived occurred to him again, allowing Lucien to transform towards that direction. He seemed to be away from the material world as well as the spiritual world and was observing himself from a very high perspective in a state where the two worlds coexisted.

It was an indescribable thing, because his soul, his physical body, his spiritual power, and his consciousness were all inside the magic circle. It was impossible for him to see himself from the outside world!

But the feeling was so real, and it was similar to the feeling that somebody looked at him from the high cosmos when his cognitive world received the feedback. The only difference was that his perspective had been moved to the 'guy' who observed him from the high cosmos indifferently.

His soul and his physical body had uncanny, unimaginable changes. They were now ubiquitous like clouds in the sky, and now compressed into concrete matter.

“This is...” Lucien, who observed himself transcendently, vaguely realized what was going on, the real ability of the magic circle, and its relationship with the Furnace of Souls... Those were perhaps things that even the Sun King did not know even though he was the one who established the magic circle.

“Comparing such a transformation with Silver Moon’s arrival, I can tell that they have major differences despite the apparent similarities. Also, they are both short of something critical. Is that why they are only demigods and why Alterna and the others cannot pass the pathway of immortality?” Nobody had more experience than Lucien did in this world. He had abundant theories and hypotheses that he could verify with.

After being used too many times, vague cracks had appeared on the patterns in the magic circle. It seemed to be breaking after several usages. Only the Sun King was capable of renewing it, and other people must spend a tremendously long time on cracking it first.

Suddenly, Lucien’s body and soul seemed to be melted. Generating an enormous attraction force, they pulled ‘Lucien’ who was observing himself indifferently from high above into his body.

The transcendental perspective was immediately gone. After a brief dizziness, Lucien resumed his consciousness. He opened his eyes and saw the monster who was looking at him.

“Very good. You are already ‘dead’.” The monster put a smile on his gloomy, slim face. “As a matter of fact, I was worried that you could not be transformed by the magic circle, because there are too many things in your soul that I cannot perceive and pry into. It seems that you have many enigmas in your body.”

“That’s a different matter.” Lucien stood up with a smile. He discovered that he was in a weird ghost state. He could be dispersed and regathered at any point, and he was still level-one legendary. All his items were still on him. He even had a perfect ‘substitution puppet’.

Rhine had also been transformed into a similar state. He chuckled, “This magic circle gives me a similar feeling to the Primordial Ancestor’s. It seems that the mystery of Thanos’ advancement is in it. Hehe. I thought that I could be promoted into a demigod after the transformation.”

“How could it be so easy to become a demigod? I am a demigod because Viken and I are the two sides of the same entity. We are the different forms of the same demigod. That’s also a problem of this path. Thanos experienced the same. That’s why he tried to become a real god despite the risks. However, Mountain Paradise was merely a combination of world energy and the power of faith. It was powerful but not of a high level, and it only had the qualities of a real god when Thanos’ consciousness was melted into it.” The monster did not dive into the details. It seemed that he was forbidden from telling the secrets even though his listeners were ‘dead’.

Lucien did not pursue any further, fearing that the monster would kill him if he triggered a certain restraint. However, he could guess what happened. Viken must’ve been a top legend before he entered the World of Souls and was looking for a way to become a demigod. What was left in Thanos’ laboratory gave him a complete approach. So, when the monster was being created, he separated part of his soul and melted it into the monster with his virtual personality, transforming it into his clone. He let the monster deal with Maskelyne while he took the chance to become a demigod using the Sun King’s possessions.

Something must’ve gone wrong during the process. As a result, the monster gained certain self-awareness, and Viken got rid of all the other problems, turning into a more perfect demigod than Thanos. Otherwise, it would be unexplainable why Thanos had problems all the time whereas Viken led the development of the Saint Truth for a thousand years.

“Did Viken separate himself and create a ‘monster’ as a way to eliminate most of the insidious problems because his research was better than Thanos’, or was it a coincidence?” Lucien preferred

the first guess. Viken couldn't have seen it coming that the monster also became a demigod after he became a demigod, which made it impossible for him to melt the monster.

The monster was rather talkative, perhaps because he had been suffocated for too long. "In order to become a demigod on this path, you first need an alternate dimension or a world behind the gate that high matches you. Then, you have to boast enormous power of faith. After that, you have to find a way to melt them. In the end, you transform the two things with the force of feelings that have been gathered earlier. The odds of failure are very high. There can be many insidious problems. The strength may be higher than the natural-born demigods, but it is not as good as their strength in nature."

"Hehe, but we can all use 'God's Arrival'. Maltimus and Alterna wandered outside several times but dared not come in. Only the brainless Abyss barged in without thinking."

Lucien became rather solemn. He was capable of 'God's Arrival', too? It was not entirely impossible based on the fact that Sard could use 'God's Arrival' with the mysterious piece. Therefore, he asked in a low voice, "Mr. Monster, neither you nor Viken easily used 'God's Arrival'. It couldn't have been because you feared that you might die. Was it because you were wary of each other?"

Demigods, to some extent, boasted an external life. The recoil on the soul and the body was certainly not a big deal. Therefore, Lucien speculated that the more 'God's Arrival' was used, the weaker the soul would be and the more likely that they would be swallowed by 'themselves'.

In that case, Viken, or the pope, would be even more terrifying than he thought. He was probably the strongest of all demigods if he had his platinum staff.

The monster smiled but did not reply. There was no telling whether he would rather not say it or he had been restrained. "So, you'd better not try to become a demigod in this way. You don't want to fight yourself every day, do you?"

Lucien smiled. "I have my own direction. I will not walk on the path that is possibly wrong."

He was not certain that it was wrong because his research hadn't proved so. He was merely rephrasing Silver Moon Alterna's narration.

Also, based on his knowledge and his feelings just now, Lucien vaguely thought that Thanos and Viken had both regarded assistances as the key but ignored what was really critical to becoming a demigod, exactly like what the Lord of Hell mocked before.

"You seem very confident. Then, I wouldn't project myself into your body and help you perform 'God's Arrival', which will make your soul corrupted by me. Alright, such a status can last ten minutes. When you turn back, you will no longer be the intruder now, and I won't kill you. However, you'd better not touch other things, or my restraints may be activated and get you into serious trouble." The monster reminded him. For him, it was already a success if Lucien could learn Viken's secrets and make it out alive.

He didn't find Douglas and the rest of them because they were too strong and tended to be greedy. The monster knew desires very well.

Lucien nodded his head. "Alright."

He was truly confident about himself. Just now, the status transformation gave him the hope of improving to level-two legendary very soon. More importantly, he vaguely understood and grasped something through the ritual, which shed light on his future development.

“I suggest you take a look at the Chamber of Immortality.” The monster suddenly said, “Most of the dangers on the way have been eliminated by Thanos, Viken and me. You should be able to reach it safely. It’s a shame that none of us understood what we saw. That’s why Viken has been eager to capture the Silver Moon and the Lord of Hell, hoping to find a way to make up for the insidious problems from them.”

Rhine smiled. “Are you resorting to the strategy of numbers, wagering on the possibility that some of them could see through the mysteries of immortality?”

“Don’t be so blunt.” The monster turned into Rhine’s look and teased him, showing no sign that he was a murderous monster. However, Lucien was still quite wary of him. He understood people very well, was born from an assortment of feelings, and melted part of Viken’s negative personalities. He was a natural ‘devil’. He was only so convivial because he was stranded in this place. If he made it out alive...

Lucien nodded. “In fact, I would pay a visit to the Chamber of Immortality even if you didn’t mention it, Mr. Monster. It’s not easy to be transformed into such a state.”

Rhine naturally had no objection. That was his purpose when he explored the World of Souls for the first time.

When Lucien and Rhine went to the pathway of immortality through the Realm of Gates, the monster smiled and said to himself, “I have to fight other people now...”

Thanos’ laboratory became quiet again. From the pure, scorching light of the defense, a shadow suddenly crept out. In a white long robe with scarlet eyes and an eternal mocking smile on his lips, he was exactly ‘Geno’, the embodiment of the Lord of Hell!

“Had I known this, I would have come in directly instead of covering my trace with the air of Silver Moon on Lucien.” The Lord of Hell shrugged with a smile and jumped into the pit, activating the magic circle again.

Obvious cracks appeared as the magic circle began to function. After this time, the magic circle probably could never be used again.

...

Recovering from his wounds, ‘Mecantron’ snorted, “Hehe. That monster Viken wanted the emperor with the blood power of ‘Angel King’ to stall Mecantron? That’s really the greatest joke!”

As he spoke, his wounds were recovered, and his body was twisted into unpredictable transparency.

“What’s inside the Chamber of Immortality? I can’t remember it at all...”

“However, I do remember that this is the way to go into the Chamber of Immortality...”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 643: Pathway of Immortality

To go from the Realm of Gates to the Pathway of Immortality, one did not need to leave from the exit and enter the other side, as a certain black gate was already connected to the Pathway of Immortality. Thanos and Maskelyne suspected that the weird ghosts entered the Realm of Gates from this place, because they obviously carried the feature of the Pathway of Immortality.

After the monster intentionally changed the pattern of changes in the Realm of Gates, Lucien and Rhine saw a world of surging grey dust the moment they opened the black gate. There was a straight road leading to the depths of it.

It was not until this moment that Lucien and Rhine realized why McLeod, Maskelyne and the other legendary sorcerers failed to escape. It was because the monster boasted the ability to manipulate the changes in the Realm of Gates. When they reached the coordinates of the entrance that they calculated, they would discover that it was the laboratory that they just left. How devastating it must've been!

Lucien was rather scared of such a future. If the monster hadn't been against Viken, even a demigod couldn't have escaped from the Realm of Gates and could only return from the void after their demise over a long time.

That was probably why the Silver Moon and the Lord of Hell dared not explore Thanos' laboratory in the Realm of Gates.

"I didn't know that the pope was Viken, the King of Calamities who dominated Holm and Brianne..." Lucien said with mixed feelings. Gregory I, Charlie II or Benedict III had been possessed by Viken either before or after they became the pope. "Also, the restraint of his 'God's Arrival' was only 'himself'..."

The grey dust was blown away by Lucien with his spiritual power before it hit him.

Rhine narrowed his eyes against the sand. “Everything is still under control as long as he doesn’t find an opportunity to swallow the monster. Your ‘Arcana Voice’ should work hard on disseminating ‘secrets of the pope’ in order to deal with Viken.”

“We’ve smeared the pope too hard before, claiming that he was the embodiment of the Lord of Hell, a villain who loved little boys, or a disguised evil sorcerer. Those ‘secrets of the pope’ do not sound very astonishing without undeniable proof.” Lucien finally knew how the boy in The Boy Who Cried Wolf felt.

Rhine couldn’t help but laugh at Lucien’s remark. “That’s only because your programs pursue nothing but novelty. At the very least, you have a complete story chain this time. Those Grand Cardinals will certainly be more or less suspicious.”

Then, he said rather relaxedly, “With the general theory of relativity, Douglas will be likely to become a demigod. Then, it will be impossible for Viken to destroy the Congress of Magic. So, time is on your side. The more you delay it, the better. There’s no need to bring it out even if you have proof, in case Viken counterattacks desperately.”

“Yes, a prolonged battle is in our favor...” Lucien then shook his head. “There are many obstacles for Mr. President to become a demigod. For example, although many solutions to the gravitational equations in the general theory of relativity are pointless, I believe that some of them correspond with the astronomical phenomena in the cosmos. Mr. President will not become a demigod until those phenomena are found.”

Not hearing Rhine’s reply, Lucien turned around, only to discover that he was confused.

“Mr. Rhine?” Lucien asked in the telepathic bond.

Rhine gasped. “What are gravitational equations? What are astronomical phenomena?”

Lucien suddenly realized that there was no astronomy but only astrology in this world. He was about to explain, when Rhine shook his hands in fear, “We will still be good friends if you don’t talk about arcana.”

It was a line in a certain tale that Lucien made up in Arcana Voice. He had borrowed it for his own use.

Lucien was immediately amused. At this moment, a black gate enshrouded in illusionary ripples appeared.

The two of them moved fast and reached the entrance of the Pathway of Immortality in only one minute.

“The Chamber of Immortality...” Rhine heaved a sigh.

Lucien was excited, too. What was hidden inside the Chamber of Immortality? Why was everybody who opened it so disappointed? Where was the weird feeling of familiarity from?

Holding back his excitement, Lucien checked the gate and opened it.

The gate moved backwards slowly. An ancient path appeared before their eyes. It had no decorations or traces of bricks, as if it were in an intangible other world.

“Perhaps, ‘God’s Guard’ is a divine power that Thanos created with the Pathway of Immortality as the model...” Lucien somehow recalled the Angel King’s ‘God’s Guard’.

Rhine nodded with his symbolic smile. “They are very similar.”

As he spoke, he made the first step. Surrounded by the illusionary ripples, he walked on the Pathway of Immortality as if he were sinking in water.

Confirming that they would not be disintegrated in their current states, Lucien also stepped in.

The high, profound, cold and indifferent feelings came from where his body touched the ripples. Lucien had the illusion that he was about to be melted.

Suddenly, Lucien discovered that the Pathway of Immortality was gone, dispersing into a boundless cloud. As a result, even he could not maintain the appearance of a human being. He was expanded into a form that existed everywhere but could also be determined in one location.

Then, the spread collapsed. The Pathway of Immortality appeared again, and Lucien’s body was compressed, too. At this moment, he had reached the turn of the Pathway of Immortality next to Rhine.

The telepathic bond was already gone. Controlling himself, Rhine struggled to say, “You felt the changes, too? Do I look different?”

“No, I don’t see any changes, but I assume we would’ve been disintegrated if our states weren’t transformed.” Lucien realized that they could talk via the purest waves.

Rhine cleaned his clothes habitually and said, “Let’s continue.”

After they took the turn, they saw a palace that had all kinds of eerie patterns engraved on the wall. They confounded whoever saw them.

Thankfully, most of them were already destroyed. That was why Lucien and Rhine could bear it. They passed the palace quickly.

“They must’ve been destroyed by the demigods like Thanos and Viken.” Lucien was rather scared of those weird patterns, which seemed to be designed to swallow the creatures in their current states.

Rhine nodded. “Since Monster Viken allowed us to come here, it means that he believed we wouldn’t be in great danger. So, let’s not panic whatever we may run into.”

After opening the gate, Lucien and Rhine were spread and collapsed again, passing through the Pathway of Immortality and reached the second palace.

The second palace was utterly empty. Right when Lucien thought that the place had also been sabotaged, he heard vague noises.

Who is it? Lucien turned around, only to discover that a man in a double-breasted suit was smiling at him warmly. It was exactly himself!

An illusion?

Surprised, Lucien decided to ignore it and simply went at the exit of the temple.

‘Lucien’ smiled casually. His muscles bulged, and he slashed with a silver longsword!

Lucien almost couldn’t stop himself from using the Moon Timer or teleportation spells, but then he remembered Rhine’s reminder and decided to wait. After all, he still had the passive magic effects!

After the sword flashed, ‘Lucien’ and Lucien passed each other without any contact.

It was indeed an illusion! Had he attacked, would the illusion become real, and the real become the illusion and stay here forever?

Rhine encountered the same, except that his enemy was a monster that he thought to be a guard of this place. Thankfully, he also held his defense and took the attack the hard way.

After they left the temple, Lucien and Rhine passed four Pathways of Immortality and reached four different temples, in which the traces of ruins could be found.

They were rather astounded. If they encountered a real enemy, and they took the attack without any defense, they would probably be in danger. Illusions were really tricky!

Opening the gate before him, Lucien suddenly widened his eyes. It was a forest with tall trees and vigorous animals?

It was totally unlike the World of Souls or the Pathway of Immortality!

Another illusion?

Lucien observed the surroundings and looked for an exit, when he heard ‘meow’.

A cat? Lucien turned around, only to discover that a black, silver-eyed kitty was looking at him attentively.

“Where’s Mr. Rhine?” It was then that Lucien realized that Rhine was gone!

“Meow!” The cat made another sound.

Lucien said, deep in thought, “You know where Mr. Rhine is?”

As he spoke, Lucien only heard the same ‘meow’.

What’s going on? Lucien immediately reviewed himself, only to discover that he had become a yellow-and-white cat, too!

“The other cat is Mr. Rhine?” Lucien looked at where he came, planning to retreat first, only to sadly discover that the entrance was gone!

He was about to write on the ground to communicate, when he felt that his neck was grabbed. He struggled with both hands and feet, only to no avail. Rhine was the same!

A mean woman laughed aloud, “You two food-stealing thieves have been caught! You’ll be my dinner tonight!”

An illusion?

Lucien began to think. Such weird things should happen here.

Calm down! Calm down! Lucien told himself.

Brought to a cabin by the women, Lucien and Rhine were cut in the neck before they had a chance to escape.

Lucien almost passed out from the excruciating pain. He saw blood dripping from 'his' body.

Such pain should be an illusion!

Lucien tried to resist, but it seemed too late. 'Cat Lucien' died helplessly after a struggle.

Lucien, however, discovered that his consciousness did not disappear. It was still undergoing the agony and could pass out any moment.

What's going on? Lucien did not have the habit of passing out. He would rather stay conscious as long as he could!

The cat was skinned and chopped. Every cut seemed to be on Lucien's body. The pain was like nothing he had ever experienced.

Not having a spell to eliminate the pain, Lucien could only hold it back, unless he chose to pass out.

The meat of the two cats were mixed up and thrown into a pot that was full of potatoes, before it was placed on the fire.

Lucien's consciousness seemed to be attached to one piece of the meat. He felt that he was being scorched and boiled. The pain was truly indescribable!

Lucien felt that he could pass out every second, but he managed to make it to the next.

After a long time, a spoon appeared in the pot, fetching the peculiar food of cat meat with potatoes onto a wood plate.

Holding his pain, Lucien observed the cabin, trying to find a 'gate' to leave, but there was absolutely nothing abnormal.

Where's the opportunity? Can I only find it if I choose to pass out?

At this moment, the hostess picked up a fork and stabbed into 'Lucien', chewing him up into pieces.

Every bite seemed to be on Lucien's soul.

Lucien did not know how he weathered through it. By the time he was more or less clear, he was already ‘flowing’ towards the hostess’s gullet pushed by the tongue.

Suddenly, Lucien discovered that the throat of the hostess was a red gate!

That was the exit!

The gate was opened, and everything became normal. Lucien found himself standing before the Pathway of Immortality he entered the first time. Before him was a grey stone door.

There was another Pathway of Immortality from another direction, where the Furnace of Souls outside could be seen. On this Pathway of Immortality was a cluster of frozen black, white and grey that was now dispersing and now gathering. One seemed to be seeing infinite death the moment they saw it. Even a legendary expert like Lucien could not free himself.

A swarm of black bats flew over and blocked Lucien’s vision, breaking him away from the attraction of the mysterious existence of the World of Souls.

Rhine was regathered and said solemnly, “Don’t approach any ‘demigod’ that cannot control themselves.”

Nodding his head, Lucien recalled what happened and had a deeper understanding about the creepiness of the Pathway of Immortality. “If we passed out, we might’ve really died before the Chamber of Immortality.”

Rhine observed the surroundings, noticing deep grey traces that carried the transcendental, intangible and unapproachable air of demigods, but they also had the additional sense of immortality.

“Are they the traces of immortality?” Rhine spoke in a low voice.

Looking at the Chamber of Immortality before him, Lucien had an unusual sense of familiarity. He extended his right hand and pressed the gate.

What was behind the gate?

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 644: Mysteries of Immortality?

What was behind the gate?

‘Mecantron’, the Angel King who was standing on the other end of the Pathway of Immortality, also asked himself. What exactly was the mysteries of immortality that so many experts tried to touch?

Rudolf II, who had already turned into ‘Mecantron’, did not bother with his current form. He narrowed his eyes and thought to himself, “After I learn the mysteries of immortality, I’ll find a chance to kill Lucien Evans and Rhine Carendia. I don’t think that the Silver Moon can arrive at this place.”

The mysteries of immortality obviously could not be shared!

As for why he did not attack the two of them immediately, Rudolf II was certainly glad that somebody eliminated dangers ahead of them. Who knew what was behind the gate of immortality?

What was behind the gate?

The Lord of Hell, hiding inside the Pathway of Immortality in a weird form, looked at Lucien and Rhine up ahead and the ‘Angel King’ nearby, and asked himself.

The World of Souls had always been inconspicuous. Even in the age of myths, he only detected that there was such a secret world but failed to find the entrance. He never really got in touch with the World of Souls for real until the Master of Argent discovered the place by accident. At that time, the mysterious existence of the World of Souls was almost recovered and showed the traces of immortality to the Lich King and his other subordinates.

Therefore, he also learnt about the Chamber of Immortality and part of the secrets of the Saint Truth. Their thousand years of planning and failures were all for this moment!

As long as the gate was opened, the mysteries of immortality would be unfolded before him!

Although they were natural-born demigods, the Lord of Hell believed that Silver Moon, Abyss and himself gained the initial self-awareness only when the age of myths began. They were not part of the creation of the world and life. So, they did not know much about how and why the world came into being.

Also, he had the vision that, even though he would not die as long as hell existed, the hell would rot and be destroyed with the entire world someday. Nothing was really everlasting. That was why he was so passionate about the mysteries of immortality.

As for the mysterious existence of the World of Souls, the Lord of Hell believed that he gained his consciousness in the same period, but he perished inside the Pathway of Immortality that he found in his hometown before he had the chance to share the glory of the age of myths. He could only return after a long time. However, trapped by himself and the Silver Moon, he fell into dormancy again. His life was truly miserable.

“The mysteries are only for me, Maltimus, the Lord of Hell! I have already understood the mysteries of transformation. I’ll arrive in person and erase Rhine Carendia, Lucien Evans and Mecantron before the Silver Moon reacts!”

By sacrificing the body of Geno, the Lord of Hell was confident to arrive in person at a non-main-material world!

What was behind the gate?

Lucien and Rhine were so enthralled by the question that their soul was almost suffocated. Why were Thanos, Viken and the monster disappointed? Would he see something different?

The grey door seemed to be as heavy as a whole palace. Lucien used a lot of strength to open a tiny gap.

The moment the gap appeared, the door suddenly lost weight and moved backwards, revealing what was inside the Chamber of Immortality to Lucien and the rest of them!

There were no walls, bricks or any object inside the Chamber of Immortality; behind the door was the most vast cosmos that was emitting a supernatural, condescending air.

Profound darkness was all over the cosmos. Stars radiate their brilliance and gathered into bright constellations, which only added to the coldness and boundless feeling of the cosmos.

Lucien was stunned at first. He extended his right hand subconsciously and penetrated through the stars without meeting any hindrance. They seemed to be here but were not here, just like the Furnace of Souls.

However, it had a weird sense of compatibility with this world.

The galaxies inside the cosmos changed like a movie, zooming in nonstop until a familiar star appeared before Lucien. Familiar still was the blue planet next to it!

“This is...” Lucien’s pupils constricted abruptly, and a weird sense of familiarity surged.

Is it Earth?

It is Earth!

This is the cosmos I was in before I transmigrated!

“Is this the mystery of immortality?” Lucien blurted out, with intense shock and confusion.

“Is this the mystery of immortality?” Rhine sounded apparently surprised, disappointed and confused. A silver moon suddenly rose from his back, and the air of Silver Moon in Lucien’s left hand jumped out, accepting the illumination of moonlight.

Everything about Lucien had been transformed into the weird ghost state. The cluster of air was no exception. It grew into Alterna very soon.

“A projection has arrived...” When they encountered the monster, Lucien speculated that Alterna would help him deal with the monster through Rhine, but it did not happen. He did not know that Alterna would arrive with a projection by Rhine’s summoning and the air in his left hand.

So, that was why Alterna left air in his left hand. That was really ‘visionary’!

Alterna appeared as innocent as before. Looking at the cosmos inside the Chamber of Immortality, she said in a daze, “Where’s it mean? Is this the mysteries of immortality?”

“Is this the mysteries of immortality?” The Angel King asked uncontrollably in his surprise and disappointment, his voice reaching Lucien’s ears.

“Is this the mysteries of immortality?” the Lord of Hell’s smile of mockery was frozen on his face.

If he intended to appreciate the cosmos, he would have enjoyed it after a space jump! What mysteries of immortality was that?

He did not try to contain himself. Such ‘mysteries of immortality’ were not enough for him to sacrifice the body of Geno!

As the Lord of Hell, he had always been a standard merchant who considered costs and returns.

It was only when he spoke that Lucien realized that he had been tailed by a series of enemies. However, since the Silver Moon was here, his life was definitely not in danger.

Turning around, he looked at the cosmos and the blue planet that he couldn’t have been more familiar with. He frowned and thought for a moment, before he was relaxed. “Is this the mysteries of immortality?”

“What do you see?” Asked Rhine.

Do they have to become real gods in order to see the mysteries of immortality like Thanos said?

Lucien admitted frankly, “A vast cosmos, many stars that shine like the sun, and many planets that do not glow.”

“We’re the same. Is this the mysteries of immortality?” Rhine said in a self-mocking smile.

Alterna moved her eyes away and looked at Lucien. “Thank you for your trouble so far.”

Rudolf II, seeing that the mysteries of immortality were just that, and the projections of the Silver Moon and the Lord of Hell were both here, dropped the idea of killing the two enemies. He snorted, “The mysteries of immortality are just a scam!”

While talking, he hurried to retreat to the Realm of Gates.

The Lord of Hell naturally lost the interest of fighting, too. Such mysteries would’ve been overpriced even if they were exchanged for one of his attacks. Although it was an acceptable business to control the Angel King, the Silver Moon was watching and the guy was already vigilant. There was a good chance that he would escape with God’s Guard.

As for killing Lucien for ‘revenge’, the Lord of Hell had the idea until the Silver Moon arrived. He could only hold the thought back and mocked, “Is this the mysteries of immortality? Thanos was a dummy! How long are you going to keep watching it? Do you think you can see through it?”

Until they saw the truth, everybody tended to think that they were the most special one.

In his laughter, the Lord of Hell left the Pathway of Immortality.

After the Lord of Hell left, Rhine calculated the time. “Let’s go out, too. If we turn back in this place, we may be killed directly.”

Lucien moved his eyes away from the cosmos. Closing his eyes, he said, “Alright.”

Alterna brought Lucien and Rhine out of the Pathway of Immortality. Confirming that the Lord of Hell had left, she nodded at Lucien as a gesture of ‘gratitude’ again. Then, she dispersed and recalled the power of projection.

At this moment, Fernando and Douglas also went out of the entrance of the Realm of Gates. They saw Lucien and Rhine.

Fernando was secretly relieved. Then he roared, “How did you come out from that way?”

Hearing the familiar roar, Lucien suddenly had many complicated feelings. Was the adventure going to end just like that?

Looking at the Furnace of Souls and the chamber at the end of the 'Pathway of Immortality', Lucien thought to himself, "Mysteries of immortality...?"

.....

On their way towards the advance base, Lucien told his experiences to Douglas and Fernando.

Solemnly, Fernando considered the things about Viken, while he yelled at Lucien, "You didn't know that the Lord of Hell was following you? If the Silver Moon didn't arrive, you would have been in serious trouble!"

"If the Silver Moon didn't arrive and we fought there..." Lucien murmured.

"What are you suggesting?" Fernando didn't quite understand what he meant.

Lucien shook his head, hinting that he did not mean anything, but he thought to himself, "...I might not have been the one who was in trouble."

"Inside the vast cosmos, other than stars and planets, there are also black holes..."

In his cognitive world, the locations of black holes and enormous stars swapped nonstop.

.....

Inside the Chamber of Immortality, the infinite cosmos changed without a moment of rest. Suddenly, a cluster of darkness that did not reveal any light surfaced. As the unimaginably terrifying force of attraction spread out, the door of the chamber was closed after a huge noise.

The Pathway of Immortality resumed eternal peace again.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 645: Return (2 in 1)

In the monotonous world of black, white and grey, Douglas, Fernando and Lucien did not perform a direct space jump but flew with intimidating pressure. Even the least unintelligent spectres knew better than to mess with them.

“Gather the power of feelings to transform himself into a status similar to the primeval devils, and then become a demigod by combining the power of faith and the energy of space... Mr. Thanos truly deserves to be one of the greatest sorcerers in the school of astrology. He’s the first expert who has ever advanced into such a level other than the natural-born demigods...” Although Douglas was born in the last years of the Sylvanas Magic Empire, a period that was far away from Thanos’ reign, he had learnt a lot about him in his life and his research. Therefore, he showed Thanos enough respect.

He had a lot of mixed feelings about the matter. The road to becoming a demigod had been presented before him clearly. It would be hypocritical to say that he was not tempted. Actually, few people could control their feelings well under such circumstances.

Fernando took it relatively well. It hadn't been long since he reached the peak of legendary, and he was still far from qualified to make the step. Douglas differed from him in that Douglas had been a top legend for hundreds of years and he was praised to be on par with the Sun King before the Sun King's demise. If he was willing to, he could gather the power of feelings and restore the magic circle in a decade, so that he could 'borrow' the power of Mountain Paradise to become a demigod with the help of the monster – that is, if his transformation did not fail.

However, the problems that Thanos and Viken had after they became demigods had been shown to him obviously. In his own cognitive world, the road from the general theory of relativity, although not very clear yet, had shown a bright and promising prospect. In decades, it was possible that he would be able to become a demigod without any concerns. Therefore, it was not difficult for him to overcome his greediness, particularly when his original path just showed the light of dawn and was far from devastating.

“In my opinion, they were simply overwhelmed by their desires, and what they did was purely stupid. The primeval devils were not demigods themselves. What's the point of transforming into their status except for the convenience to accept the power of faith?” Fernando did not hesitate at all but berated Thanos, a predecessor in the Magic Empire, straightforwardly. “Of course, the work has its own value, which is to give us the examples of failure!”

“However, Viken who can actually use ‘God's Arrival’ many times is an absolute danger. We do not have the ability to resist him yet. Therefore, besides working hard to also turn ourselves into demigods, we need to study the path on which he became a demigod in order to find his weakness.” Douglas said prudently. Nobody except the monster knew how many times Viken could use ‘God's Arrival’ in a row. “We cannot give up thinking on this path altogether just because it failed. It's high time that we included the primeval devils into our research.”

Lucien nodded his head. Studying the primeval devils would help him grasp the mysteries and essence of the status transformation and the reality of the world. “One day, I will explore the primordial relics in the deepest level of hell.”

Since the Lord of Hell was very interested in him, Lucien certainly did not have the courage to go to hell until he became a top legend.

“As long as you can provide enough benefits, the Lord of Hell wouldn’t mind even if you killed a certain duke of hell, much less ‘trivial’ things such as breaking his projection. However, we must be cautious that he may be preparing schemes in secret for greater benefits.” The Lord of Hell was no stranger to Douglas, who had explored hell many times. “After this thing is over, I’ll go to the primordial relics in the deepest level of hell to collect ‘resources’ for our research. You needn’t take the risk.”

“Mr. President, rest assured. What we achieved from the adventure is enough for me to digest for a long time. Also, until I become a top legend, I would rather go to the abyss than the hell.” Said Lucien sincerely.

When Fernando heard ‘what we achieved’, he remembered the Chamber of Immortality and murmured, “The mysteries of immortality is a picture of the cosmos? What kind of mystery is that? Is it true that only if you are stronger than demigods can you see through it?”

“I don’t think so. The picture of the cosmos, as well as its intangible and unapproachable nature, perhaps contains a certain secret that is related to immortality.”

“Fernando, have you forgotten that we haven’t discovered any planet in space to this day? We cannot see anything even if we look down at the worlds below, as if they are covered by something. However, the picture of the cosmos is hidden inside the Chamber of Immortality. Those two things may be related. If we solve the puzzle, we may be able to touch the mysteries of immortality.” Douglas analyzed the situation in the Chamber of Immortality from purely the perspective of arcana.

Lucien said thoughtfully, “The picture of cosmos inside the Chamber of Immortality perhaps really has something to do with the failed discovery of planets.”

However, their relationship might be the opposite of what people imagined. Lucien had certain guesses and considerations, but he needed more theories and phenomena to confirm and modify them.

Exploring the truth of the world required both bold assumptions and careful confirmations. Neither of them could be missing!

Fernando argued habitually. “That’s not necessary. Doesn’t the general theory of relativity specify that light will be curved in the gravitational field? Perhaps, the locations of the planets that we calculated based on starlight have huge errors from actuality.”

“That’s very possible.” Douglas and Lucien both nodded in approval. Lucien, for one, knew for sure that the phenomenon of ‘gravitational lens’ existed. Of course, it still needed the verification of astronomical phenomena and ‘field tests’.

Receiving no objection from them, Fernando immediately lost the interest in further discussion on the matter, so he changed the subject. “There’s also a related phenomenon. When we explore the end of the Boundless Ocean, we should reach the other side of the Dark Mountain Range according to Douglas’ theory. However, when the legendary sorcerers explored the Boundless Ocean or the Moonlight Ocean on the other side of the Dark Mountain Range, they would eventually return to a certain area on their way no matter how they navigated themselves. It is impossible to confirm that our world is a sphere by circling around it.”

It was one of the most famous enigmas after Douglas proposed the motion theory of celestial bodies. Lucien knew about it before and suspected that it was because of space folding, but he had always been puzzled by the reason. However, after he opened the Chamber of Immortality and saw the picture of the familiar cosmos, he had certain speculations. He thought to himself that it was

time for him to explore the end of the Boundless Ocean after he digested what he earned in this adventure.

As he spoke, Fernando mocked the Lord of Hell ruthlessly yet again. “Maltimus has always considered himself as the smartest creature, but in my opinion, he is just as brainless as Abyss. How can the mysteries of immortality be just there for everybody to see and learn? The mysteries of immortality should be a phenomenon, one that is the same as quality of elements, nature, geography or biography, except that the puzzles regarding immortality are contained inside. One can only learn what they are through research!”

“Maltimus laughed in disappointment without asking any questions after he saw the picture of the cosmos, which suggests that he is only slightly smarter than Abyss, and he cannot get rid of his nature as a low-IQ creature!”

Master, you are so mean. That’s the classic arcanists’ way of thinking. How can the Lord of Hell boast that? Lucien shook his head with a smile.

Douglas looked more or less the same. You criticize me for asking too many questions and laugh at Maltimus for not asking questions. It seems that one can never be right.

He shook his head in amusement. “Alright, let’s drop the picture of the cosmos inside the Chamber of Immortality for now. We still have to focus on the current arcana theories. Perhaps, after we figure out the mysteries of the microworld and the macroscopic space, the mysteries of immortality hidden inside the picture of the cosmos will be naturally answered.”

“That is the most correct approach.” Lucien agreed. Then, he thought of something else. “Mr. President, regarding Thanos and Viken, should we spread the secrets on a large scale to shake the foundation of the Saint Truth’s faith and raise the suspicion of the Grand Cardinals, or should we keep the secrets to attract and talk part of the clerics into taking our side?”

“Spread them on a large scale? It’s been years since ‘Arcana Voice’ was founded. The believers are already used to the rumors of the Church. A lot of them are even more unbelievable than what we have. The result probably won’t be very good.” Douglas said thoughtfully.

That was for the few countries on this side of the Storm Strait and the north coastline, because every block had a few magic radios in those areas. The owners of the radios were either members of the Congress of Magic or had the habit of listening to it with the crowd. As a result, the coverage of ‘Arcana Voice’ was greatly expanded. Also, after the Kingdom of Holm and the other countries were inclined to the Congress, the ‘manor broadcaster’ and ‘square broadcaster’ that Lucien invented played the role of popularization very well, giving most civilians a chance to listen to ‘Arcana Voice’.

As for the countries across the ocean such as the Holy Heilz Empire, except for the big nobles who were not restricted, magic radios were barely be found in the common households. It was neither capable nor necessary for the Church to popularize a divine item of similar functions. They had only been broadcasting from the churches to attract the believers to pray. Therefore, ‘Arcana Voice’ had barely any coverage in those areas. The spies sent by the Congress of Magic still had a lot of work to do.

In Lucien’s eyes, that was almost a spy drama.

Fernando added, “The Angel King was in the Holy City before. His return suggests that Viken might know that his secrets have been revealed. He will certainly be ready that we may try to influence certain clerics. We cannot be careless.”

“Why don’t we do both? We will disseminate the half-real stories through ‘Arcana Voice’, shaking the foundation of their relief and leaving Viken the impression that we haven’t figured out all the secrets, while we keep the central intelligence to ourselves, looking for opportunities to convince the clerics to take our side.” Pondering, Douglas said, “This is a matter of paramount importance. Let’s discuss and decide later in the meeting of the Highest Council.”

As they talked, the three of them had reached the advance base.

Inside the defense magic circle, Brook, in his white wig, looked at the three of them and pushed his gold-edged glasses. Heaving a sigh of relief, he said, "It's good that you are back..."

Bergner, the Prophet who was still wearing his grey pointy hat, also smiled, "Two top legends couldn't have perished so easily."

...

Inside 'Atomic Universe', Natasha was still practicing arduously every day, leaving only a tiny proportion of time for her recovery.

'Pale Justice' flashed, and a terrifying gap appeared on a planet of elements, spreading out countless tiny cracks. The little planet that had been sabotaged by her seemed unable to take it any longer and was about to collapse.

Clap, clap, clap. From the airless darkness, applause came over.

Natasha turned around in surprise, only to discover a young man in a black top hat walking out of the profound space. With a smile of relaxation on his handsome face, he said, "You seem to have made progress again while we were separated."

Rubbing her eyes, Natasha became solemn. “Devil, take this!”

The sword was slashed at him. Lucien was rather scared. Had Natasha been enchanted by something?

Before he figured out whether he should take the attack or knock her out, the light of the sword was suddenly gone. Natasha flew to his front and hugged Lucien, sticking their faces to each other. Her breath was slightly hasty, and her voice was brimming with intense happiness. “Exactly the smell I’m familiar with!”

And exactly the formula that I’m familiar with¹? Lucien thought to himself and felt very warm and happy about Natasha’s passionate welcome. He exerted his strength and held her tightly, before he said in a low voice, “Were you worried that I might run into danger?”

“Of course, you are my husband and my love. How could I not be worried after you went missing behind the Furnace of Souls?” In a good mood, Natasha admitted frankly without any hesitation. She leaned backwards and observed Lucien very carefully. In the end, she said with a brilliant smile, “You were not hurt, were you?”

“Not at all. I even obtained many great things.” Lucien smiled and kissed Natasha’s lips. “I got the Fountain of Youth, the Mummy Gloves, the main eye of a legendary Hundred-eye Ghost, a substitution puppet, and several hands of curses.”

Then, Lucien looked around and teased, “You’ve been practicing hard to save me after you become a legend? Since you are still not legendary yet, have you been vulnerable, unconfident and loathing yourself recently?”

Lucien only made such jokes with Natasha.

Natasha tried to smile. “Am I that kind of person? I’ve been very confident. I would become a legendary knight if you were missing for another month!”

“Then, who played ‘Fate’ in the magic tower?” Lucien revealed her ‘ruthlessly’.

Natasha moved her beautiful eyes away and held Lucien’s head with both hands, giving him a long kiss.

“How about it? Do you feel my confidence?” After their mouths were separated, Natasha said while trying to catch her breath.

Lucien’s breath was also unsteady. He chuckled, “I do. With such progress, you will become a legendary knight in a few years.”

In a few years, there should be a chance for him to reach level three of legendary.

“I’ll be able to explore with you by then.” Said Natasha firmly, “In order to make advancements in the realm of legendary, let’s not consider children for now, shall we?”

Lucien nodded softly. “You have my full support.”

Then, he leaned his head forward and exhaled next to Natasha’s ear before he chuckled. “However, you need to make it up to me.”

The itch on her ear reminded her of certain things that she would rather forget, resulting in the hectic flush to Natasha’s cheeks.

...

Inside the Atom Institution, Sprint and the other arcanists were busy with their respective experiments. Suddenly, they heard a familiar, smiling voice. “I’m delighted at your diligence.”

Oh, our teacher is back? Heidi turned around and said happily, “Master, welcome back! There are so many questions that we would like to ask you.”

Because the exploration in the World of Souls had been kept highly confidential, they had no idea about the dangers that Lucien had been through and merely thought that it was a common business trip. Therefore, they were not particularly thrilled and excited after seeing him back.

Observing Heidi with a smile, Lucien said to Annick and the other students. “Has the original Heidi been taken down and replaced by a devil? It’s unbelievable that she is asking questions on her own initiative!”

“That’s because we made a major breakthrough in the research program that you gave Chelly and me.” Declared Heidi proudly.

Lucien raised his eyebrow. “The analysis on the mechanism of the ancillary computation magic circles?”

“Yes!” It seemed that Heidi could not wait to present her works.

At this moment, Sprint turned around and said to Heidi, “Our teacher is only just back. We have to report the important issues to him.”

“What important issues?” Asked Lucien in confusion. Natasha didn’t mention anything about it. However, she had been purely dedicated to her own practice and improvement of late. It was perfectly normal that she did not know what had happened.

With a brilliant smile, Katrina said, “Congratulations on winning the first Evans Prize in Arcana with Mr. Dieppe, master, for the remarkable contributions you made to the wave-particle duality and the electron diffraction. The name of the medal is exactly ‘Duality’.”

While she spoke, she displayed the appearance of the Evans Prize in Arcana with the manifestation magic. The medal had a black background on the upper half, which was embedded with a silver planet that represented the macroscopic world, and a silver background on the lower half, where the black symbols of atom were painted to indicate the microscopic real. It had a certain charming air with it.

That was the basic appearance of the Evans Prize in Arcana that Lucien designed based on ‘Tai Chi’. The word ‘Duality’ had been embedded at the center.

“Why is there image? Who accepted the award on behalf of me?” Lucien speculated that the Congress of Magic held the award ceremony in advance in order to cover the fact that he and some major legendary arcanists had gone missing.

Layria couldn't help but grimace when she recalled it. “It was the little crystal dragon who accepted it for you.”

They were already rather familiar with Alferris, the little crystal dragon.

I'm sure that he brought the medal straightly back to his own home. It's like feeding a goat to a tiger... Lucien shook his head with a smile. He was not particularly interested in the medal, but in order to restrain Alferris' greediness and to build up a healthy dragon-ality, he had to demand that the dragon return the medal to him at some point.

The students reported the important matters that happened in the Congress of Magic to him, as well as the research achievements recently that were worth paying attention to and the operation of the Holt Magic College.

After hearing their report, Lucien asked Blake, Lowi, Alfalia and the other assistances about their updates, before he finally went to the meeting room and convened the regular meeting. After Annick and the other students became middle-rank arcanists and sorcerers, there was no need for one of Lazar and his partners to stay in the institution all the time. Therefore, they had been away to accomplish the mandatory mission this year together.

Heidi was not in a rush at all anymore. She spoke frankly, “Master, Sprint and Annick proposed a hypothesis regarding the unusual splitting phenomenon of the spectral lines.”

“What hypothesis?” Lucien vaguely guessed what it was. He looked at the two of them with a smile.

Annick replied, somewhat embarrassed, “It’s because of the electron spin. However, according to the result of our calculation...”

The more he spoke, the lower his voice became. Sprint simply helped him to finish. “The speed of the electron spin on the surface that we calculated was ten times the speed of sound...”

His voice was loud at first, but he also lost his confidence as he approached the end.

“Give me your manuscript.” Lucien asked for their manuscript and read it carefully.

Heidi spoke for them, “Not just now, many arcanists who work on the new alchemy feel that something is wrong with the concept of electron spin. Also, hasn’t the model of the new alchemy presented by matrix mechanics abandoned the notions that are not readily observable such as orbits? Where is this spin from? This is almost identical to the astrophysical system again.”

“However, this spin model explains the splitting phenomenon perfectly and matches the other experiments. As for the classic image that it corresponds to, it is not necessarily the same as the spin of planets that we think. In the microscopic domain, we can only understand things based on math and experiment data. Since it is not necessarily the spin as we know, it’s possible that the speed in the spin does not carry signals and energy, just like the wave speed of electrons in Dieppe’s paper. This is not in violation of the theory of relativity.” Lucien said roughly and inaccurately. “You may submit the paper to the Arcana Review Board.”

“However, you may encounter a lot of suspicions later. I suggest you deal with the spin problem with matrix mechanics first and see what you can get. I’ll work on this aspect, too.”

“Alright, master.” Annick was more confident after receiving the approval of his teacher. Sprint, on the other, was greatly relieved. He was going to submit the paper even if his teacher did not agree with him.

After resolving their question, Lucien looked at Heidi and asked, “What about you? What’s the major breakthrough that you have achieved?”

Heidi suddenly became shy. “It’s not exactly a great breakthrough. When we analyzed the ancillary computation circles, we discovered that they could help with calculations because the results of different functions had been stored inside them in advance. After we gave the information, they searched for the answers in their storage, and ran simple calculations with the answers... In fact, we reached the conclusion by reading the relevant papers. However, we have gone one step further and described every specific procedure in the whole process.”

“There are too many functions and almost infinite results after they are calculated. It seems that the ancillary computation circles can only play a role in regular problems. Huh. Do you have any ideas on how to improve them? We can try to make them accomplish such a process in most of the problems: we give data and instructions, and we receive a result very soon. That way, it will be easier to popularize them among the magic apprentices.” Lucien said solemnly.

Heidi asked in confusion. “In order to fix most of the problems, we have to store more functions and more results for their calculation, which will have a higher demand on the magic circles and make them even more expensive, just like how the ancillary magic circles we use are different from those you use. This is the opposite of the purpose of popularization.”

Chelly nodded her head in agreement. They seemed to be two different directions of development.

“That’s why I said that you needed an idea. Has it occurred to you that the mechanism of the ancillary computation circles is different from the logic order of our regular thinking and calculation? Have you considered reconstructing the ancillary computation circles according to that and replace most of the functions of our brain with alchemical materials and electronic circuits?” Lucien tried to give them more inspirations.

Developing portable, diverse terminals of magic was one of Lucien’s goals in this direction.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 646: The High-End, Sophisticated New Project

Lowi, who was listening nearby as an assistant, repeated curiously, “Reconstructing the ancillary computation circles according to the logic of regular thinking and calculation? Mr. Evans, thinking can be a really complicated process, which does not meet the demand of popularization, either.”

During the regular meetings, Lucien allowed everyone to speak freely as long as they raised their hands. This was meant to build an atmosphere of brainstorming where everybody could be inspired. It was also a way to improve himself. After all, Lucien knew very well what research achievements really belonged to himself so far. He could not slack off about improving his arcana expertise. As for the improvement on spells and alchemical items, Lucien believed that he had done quite an excellent job.

“Complicated procedures can be simplified. We finish every calculation by subdividing it into many steps. The thinking process is also the same. Here’s my idea. We can break down the processes of our daily thinking, control and calculation and look for the simplest procedures they have in common. Then, we can store them inside the ancillary computation circles as instructions. When we need to use them, they will be invoked and reassembled into a whole process. In such a way, most of the situations can be simulated.” Lucien did not direct his students but proposed the idea himself, because the idea was rather ahead of the current knowledge and trends.

Chelly was rather interested. “It sounds interesting. If the ancillary computation circles can simulate most scenarios, will they be able to mimic intelligent life in a rather convincing way? Is it possible that we cannot tell that it is a machine if we talk to it without being informed?”

“Mimicking an intelligent life without a soul? Sprint felt that Chelly was overthinking.

Heidi glared at him and defended her research partner. “What’s impossible? It’s just a simulation. As long as enough reactions are stored in advance, it will be barely possible to tell the difference.”

Layria frowned. “However, many complicated factors decide how someone will react to a certain issue. I don’t think it can be simulated.”

At this moment, Lucien nodded his head. “That’s an interesting thought. If you are interested in it, you can work on it later. If the ancillary computation circles are improved to the point of artificial intelligence, what will happen if the alchemical life is melted into it?”

As he spoke, passion flashed in Lucien’s black pupils under the monocle. Would it be Skynet?

Listening quietly nearby, Katrina raised a question. “Master, isn’t it too troublesome to break down a complicated process into many procedures and reassemble them according to a specific order?

We could've done the same thing many times when the ancillary computation circles finished it once."

As for the phrase 'artificial intelligence', they could understand its meaning literally and were not confused.

"This will be the research project for you." Lucien smiled. "I have a preliminary idea. Since we can control the lights by designing different circuits, can we also apply them to the improvement of magic circles? The circuits have two states: on and off. Can we represent information with only the two states, like the esoteric passwords that many sorcerers made before?"

Ever since the school of electromagnetics was separated from the school of elements, circuit design was no longer new to everybody. Many sorcerers had applied them to improve the electric channels in their magic circles. Also, as more and more magic circles that could transform hydroenergy into electricity were established, the infrastructure of electric wires began on a large scale. The invention of magic circle lamps as well as electricity-powered alchemical items even informed the common civilians of what they were. Many new professions that based on the new inventions had been born, like 'circuit maintainer'.

The rapid development of electromagnetism messaging also allowed for more and more encryption methods.

Heidi said in delight. "Electricity is much faster. It's possible that a complicated process can be finished very quickly. However, how are we going to turn on and off the circuits?"

"Represent all the information with on-or-off states..." Chelly began to consider the binary system.

Heidi shook his head at Heidi's question. "How can we control them? That's what you need to work on. I think you can start from two aspects, namely magic and alchemical materials. Some elements we discovered recently show special conducting features. You can find them and see if they are helpful. Katrina and Layria are the authorities in that regard."

The two girls had been working on superconducting materials and material changes in the extremely low temperature. They had also discovered many new features of elements by the way.

Hearing their teacher's compliment, both Katrina and Layria shook their head, blushing. "We are no authorities yet. It was only because we had plenty of experiment materials..."

"Modesty is good, but you also need to be confident about yourself. Who's willing to participate in this project of artificial intelligence?" Asked Lucien with a smile.

After the study on the improvement of ancillary computation circles was changed into the study on artificial intelligence, it immediately sounded high-end and sophisticated. That was exactly the ultimate skill that every specialist who was good at tricking funding must grasp.

Heidi and Chelly had been working on the direction besides the field of elements and atoms. Interested by the sound of 'artificial intelligence', they raised their hands. Katrina and Layria also wanted to join, but the projects in their hands all required abundant, repetitive experiments in order to yield results. Also, they had to study the new alchemy and the theory of relativity. They simply did not have the energy for a new project.

Sprint and Annick were uninterested. They had been completely enthralled by the microscopic new alchemy and the macroscopic theory of relatively, which were closest to the truth of the world. What could be more fun than exploring the mysteries of the world?

“Mr. Evans, I am interested. Can I participate in the project other than working as an assistant?” Lowi summoned his courage and asked.

Lucien nodded his head, giving his approval.

Alfalia had been Heidi’s assistant in the first place and was close to the delightful innocent girl. So, she also applied to join the project. Blake naturally followed her.

The meeting went on, and the subject returned to the new alchemy, on which the Atom Institution was founded. Everybody reported their experiment data and conclusions.

.....

‘Mecantron’, the ‘Angel King’, walked inside the Realm of Gates gloomily. Suddenly, greyness gathered before him into a white-haired old man, who smiled at him. “You’re back from the Holy City?”

‘Mecantron’ looked at ‘Monster Viken’ and said, “How could anyone have barged into Mountain Paradise? Have you picked a good candidate, instead of knocking them out, transforming them, projecting into them and throwing them to me like you did to Sard?”

“Sard couldn’t infer the whole thing from the clues. Naturally, I could only throw him to you for you to ‘guide’ him. This time, it’s different. Lucien Evans has the Sun’s Corona. He could easily connect the clues after I directed Maskelyne to meet him. He didn’t disappoint me, either.” ‘Monster Viken’ grimaced. “Isn’t it good? This partner is much more promising than Sard. The force behind him is also much more powerful.”

“That’s why I am concerned. Will the Congress of Magic retain the Saint Truth and allow us to spread faith after they remove Viken? I fear that they will covet Mountain Paradise, too...”
‘Mecantron’ was also gloomy. “Why didn’t you project into his body to control him in secret?”

‘Monster Viken’ kept the mysterious smile. “I cannot see through Lucien Evans. There’s something in him that scared me. That’s why I didn’t dare to project. Also, he has the Silver Moon’s air. My projection would be removed when she arrives.”

“The Silver Moon?” Asked ‘Mecantron’ in surprise.

The monster nodded his head. “How could the Silver Moon not peep at the mysteries of immortality when there was a chance to? The guy from hell was behind, too! It was because I hoped that as many people could see the mysteries of immortality as possible that I didn’t bother them.”

‘Mecantron’ was even more surprised. “The Lord of Hell was here, too?”

“Mecantron, do you think Lucien Evans came here on his own? Do you think that the legendary sorcerers of the Congress of Magic were so unlucky? Even Maskelyne managed to reach the Furnace of Souls in secret, but they ran into the Room of the Holy Spirit ‘by accident’... Too many coincidences always suggest inevitability.” The monster sneered. He knew a thing or two about what happened in the Temple of Spirits although he could not leave the Realm of Gates.

After a brief silence, Mecantron said coldly, “It seems that the legendary spectres in the World of Souls are not only related to the North Church but also conspiring with the Lord of Hell...”

“They have too many partners. ‘My’ student the Original Fire, the Hand of Paleness in the Congress of Magic, the Dark Congress, the Vladimir family in the Schachran Empire, the Mother God of the Earth Cult...” The monster said unconcernedly. “There’s no need to worry about the Congress of Magic. When Viken is weakened, I’ll be stronger!”

“Let’s wait and see. I’ll heal my wounds in Mountain Paradise first.” ‘Mecantron’ nodded and passed through the grey halls, pushing open the gate of Mountain Paradise.

Looking at the world of overwhelming holy light, and thinking about the monster out there, ‘Mecantron’ put on a vague smile of mockery.

Then, his thirty-six white wings were unfolded, and he flew back to the seventh floor under the welcome of the angels and the holy spirits. Kneeling next to the foot of the ‘God of Truth’, he fell asleep peacefully.

In his palace in Antiffler, Rudolf II opened his eyes, and the air around him changed. He remarked with mixed feelings, “I’m finally back to the peak of legendary now.”

Inside the Temple of Spirits, ‘Ivan’, the northern pontiff returned to the Room of the Holy Spirit in frustration, even more impressed by the horror of the monster. He walked into the coffin while he asked in confusion, “What exactly is it protecting? Mountain Paradise, like the Lich King said?”

The cover of the coffin was moved back, and the Room of the Holy Spirit resumed peacefulness. However, nobody discovered that the coffin of ‘Geno’ was empty.

After a while, a cluster of smoke snuck in without a sound and crawled into the coffin of ‘Geno’ without alarming anyone.

In the Holy City, after confirming that the Angel King would not return for now, Benedict III spoke to the red robe who was waiting inside his library. “Inform the Grand Cardinals that we are going to have an emergency meeting.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 647: A Corner of the Age

At the end of the Month of Scorch (August), in the civilian district of Rentato...

After his parents went to work in a seafood company and a workshop of lamps respectively, Longman read the books that he bought recently alone at home, while he thanked the God of Truth and the arcanists from the bottom of his heart.

Ever since the wicked, radical clerics were banished by the Congress of Magic and the moderates came into power, the previously expensive books were much cheaper. Even the boy of a common household like himself could afford one or two books every couple of months. That was an unimaginable luxury in the past. As a lover of books, he felt that even the sun was brilliant and warm nowadays.

From Arcana Voice, Longman learnt that paper had been invented hundreds of years ago. After a long time of modifications, their price had been significantly lowered, and so was the printing

technology. However, to monopolize knowledge and the channel of communication with the Lord, the radical clerics blocked the printing technology and encouraged hand-written copies, thereby keeping books at an extremely high price. Apart from the nobles and the great merchants, it was terribly difficult for the common civilians to learn words and knowledge. It was thanks to the secret dissemination of the Congress of Magic that the average knowledge level of Rentato reached this standard.

Now, times had changed. While knowledge was precious, it was not entirely unaffordable anymore, because the workshops and the major nobles are in dire need of laborers who had basic knowledge.

He browsed his books. It was a book that described the common creatures in nature with life-like illustrations. Longman, who had learnt to read from his father, was quite interested. His father had been promoted to be a middle-level manager of his company from a common worker. After that, his father had been taught how to read as well as the knowledge about the fishing industry.

“Werewolves, kobolds, goblins, giants, barbarians, Dudu birds...” Reading the book, Longman felt that he was now in the great outdoors appreciating different creatures who shared similar parts but had their own fascinating idiosyncrasies. “It’s totally worth it to buy this book with my months of savings!”

Dum, dum, dum. Somebody knocked on the door, waking Longman up from the ocean of knowledge.

“Who is it?” He asked loudly, sitting straight and feeling rather anxious. I’m a boy alone at home. If it was a burglar, a thief, or a brutal ‘night watcher’ as described by ‘Arcana Voice’...

Dum, dum, dum. A male voice echoed as he continued knocking the door. “Open the door. I’m a mailman of the kingdom. You have a letter!”

Longman was immediately relieved, laughing at himself for listening to so many horror stories from Arcana Voice that he was apprehensive even during the day. Didn't burglars, thieves and night watchers only appear at night?

Opening the gate, Longman saw a young man who was smiling gently. He was wearing a dark green suit and carrying a heavy bag. There were two letters in his hands.

"Your letters." The mailman said with a smile.

Longman took the letters. He saw the delicate stamp on the envelope first. Those were among the first batch of stamps that the kingdom issued, on which the images of Her Majesty and Mr. Evans, as well as the amount, were painted.

"This stamp is beautiful. I need to cut it out for collection..." Thought Longman subconsciously. Then, he saw the sender, realizing that the letter was written by his aunt who was married in Paphos County. He immediately felt very happy. His aunt had always been closest to him before she was married. However, her husband worked in Paphos County. Although it was not very far away from Rentato, correspondence hadn't been easy because they had few trustworthy friends who were willing to carry the letters for them. They often communicated on a yearly basis.

Now, everything was different. Longman saw the amount on the stamp on the envelope and discovered that he could afford one letter every month with his allowance.

Thank the Lord, thank Her Majesty, thank Mr. Evans, thank Prime Minister Russell, and thank the postal department of the kingdom... He drew crosses on his chest and read the second letter. His eyes were immediately widened. "Admission notification? The First Generic School of Rentato?"

Ah? Ah! I've been admitted!

Longman felt such enormous ecstasy that something seemed to have exploded inside his heart. He kept saying thank you to the mailman, his eyes turning blurry.

Since it was only experimental, the royal family and the Congress of Magic had established merely two generic schools in Rentato, which were named as 'First' and 'Second'. Therefore, since the tuition fees were affordable for civilians, too many people were dreaming to go to the two schools. The rate of enrollment was probably less than one percent!

Thankfully, Her Majesty had set up the fairest way of admission: the College Entrance Exam. That was how he could distinguish himself.

"I can finally study the real knowledge and learn the real arcana and magic..." Stunned, Longman found it impossible to calm himself down. Too many thoughts were rolling inside his head.

"Please sign here as confirmation. Leave your fingerprint if you can't write." Having delivered many admission letters today, the mailman had already been used to the situation.

Longman was finally back to himself. He took over the fountain pen, which was said to have been invented for the general public, from the mailman's hands and signed his name on the receipt solemnly.

"Thank you, uncle, for bringing such a great surprise today." Longman thanked the mailman sincerely when he returned the fountain pen.

The mailman smiled. "I feel happy that you are happy. After I have enough savings, I would like to go to the general schools, too. Chances are that we will be schoolmates in the future."

His face flushing in excitement, Longman asked, "May the Lord grant your wish. Uncle, is it a tiresome job to be a mailman? You need to carry many letters and packages every day."

The mailman replied with a smile, "It is a bit exhausting, but things will be better soon. We're told that we will be given a vehicle named bicycle."

"Bicycle?" Longman frowned in confusion.

After seeing the mailman off, he opened the admission letter eagerly and read it while referring to his father's dictionary.

"The common tongue, basic mathematics, introduction to history, introduction to nature, common sense of magic, logic basics, emblem identification, body exercise... Those are the most elemental courses and are mandatory. Music, fencing, painting, documentation, introduction to electromagnetism, introduction to elements, psychological common sense, medical basics, semiotics, ancient magic languages, politics, economy... Those courses are for selection. I can choose the elemental knowledge of different directions according to my own situation in the third year of my generic education..." Longman read the contents of the courses and read their introductions carefully, envisioning his future.

"Am I going to be a secretary, a politician, a musician, a painter, a squire, a doctor, or an arcanist...?" Longman knew that he did not have the best magic talents. So, he considered arcanist as his last choice.

Without him knowing it, the day was already over. His parents came home and saw the admission letter.

After reading the admission letter, Longman's father nodded slightly. "It's still too early for you to consider. You will only know what you are good at and what you are not after you start learning for real. Of course, I suggest you start learning riding, fencing, music, economy and fishing knowledge in the fourth year. After you join my company in the future, you will be able to become a manager very quickly with such knowledge and make friends with the nobles and big merchants. As for magic, you should know your talents very well."

He naturally hoped that his son could grow under his protection.

Longman's mother, however, didn't quite agree with him. "Alchemical workshops are the trend. Even though Longman is not talented in magic, he should learn more about magic and alchemy. It will be much more rewarding to be a manager of an alchemical workshop than to be one of a seafood company."

The two of them had a heated debate on the issue until Arcana Voice began.

Longman, who had been silent the whole time, sat in the square and listened to the program of 'Church Revelation', both excited and somewhat at a loss..."

"...After the exploration in the World of Souls, the legendary sorcerers have confirmed the existence of Mountain Paradise. They have reasons to believe that the God of Truth has fallen asleep, and that His power has been stolen by the pope!"

“...Speaking of the pope, we have to say something about his real identity. He is in fact Viken, the bloody, brutal legendary sorcerer from the ancient Magic Empire. He blended into the Saint of Truth and stole the God of Truth’s power...”

“...Viken once trapped a city and cut the food supply so that the people inside would brutalize each other in one of his experiments. It is said that the cries and screams did not die out until half a month later. To this day, many ghosts are still lingering there...”

In a daze, Longman thought to himself, “Is the pope really an ancient sorcerer? There seemed to be similar theories in the past, but there are also other rumors...”

As more and more programs were broadcast, Longman gradually got rid of his concerns and focused on his favorite shows.

“...The Holt Magic College held the first ‘Flight Contest’ today. It’s a competition of speed and style. Some of the contestants are experts who count on their strength, and some are low-rank sorcerers who are good at controlling their staffs...”

A flight contest? Longman listened to the new program with great interest. It was a news channel that introduced the fun incidents in the Congress of Magic.

Hearing those interesting events, Longman was suddenly stunned. A voice seemed to be roaring inside his heart.

It’s true that I’m not talented in magic, but it does not mean that I’m not gifted at arcana! Mr. Evans said that one is capable of studying arcana as long as his spiritual power is enough to control the simplified alchemical items! The field that studies the truth of the world is just like mathematics. Magic talents are not a threshold!

The voice in his heart gradually became clear:

“My dream is to be an arcanist!”

.....

Inside the Kingdom of Electromagnetism, Brook had a paper in his hands. It was the paper on electron spin, which was submitted by Sprint and Annick. He was greatly inspired. When he constructed the wave function of the electron, he seemed to have overlooked the problems.

The quill in his hands moving nonstop, he found the correct path to build a new function.

The silver electric currents and dark magnetic field seemed to be simmering impatiently.

Inside the Theater of Destruction, the collapse and destruction of the stars were suddenly frozen. Inside his magic tower, Oliver couldn't help but show untamable excitement, because he seemed to have found the correct wave function of the electron through mathematical approach.

The 'real world' surfaced, resulting in the changes in his cognitive world...

Lucien, on the other hand, was working on the integration of quantum mechanics and the special theory of relativity in his library.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 648: Problem

Inside the Kingdom of Electromagnetism, Brook had already stopped writing. Looking at the wave function on the paper attentively, he found it so elegant and concise, as if all the mysteries in the microworld were contained in it.

He did not suspect that his deduction was wrong, because the wave function, if solved, would yield a series of discontinuous solutions, or quantized solutions, which matched the data of a few experiments. Besides, he had the feedback from the real world. His broken and solidified cognitive world was rejuvenated, as if it would sprout and grow again very soon.

“Matrix mechanics, based on the perspective of particles and discontinuity, can solve many problems in the new alchemy. The wave function that is based on the perspective of waves and continuity looks promising, too. Are particles and waves unified on a higher level, like Lucien said? The microscopic particles such as electrons and photons are objects whose specific image we cannot construct accurately yet. We can only describe them with their qualities that can be determined, even though the qualities are so self-contradictory.”

Looking at the formulas on his paper, Brook thought about the question that was of paramount importance for him. To really grasp the wave-particle duality and resolve the nature of electromagnetic waves with it was his hope to reshape his cognitive world or even make one step further.

After the twists and turns and the mind-boggling experiment of electron diffraction, he more or less agreed Lucien's explanation on the nature of the electron from a higher level, not sticking to the wave theory anymore.

Ding. The bell rang from his desk. Brook was suddenly back to himself. After a flash of light in his eyes, he heard Oliver's voice. "Brook, you have finished the construction of the wave function of the electron, too?"

"Yes. Have you?" Brook guessed Oliver's achievement from his tone of excitement and confusion.

Hearing Brook's reply, Oliver smiled, "So, we completed it almost at the same time. That explains why the feedback of the real world was not as much as I imagined. A classic equation that definitely ranks on the top in the microworld did not help me break the current obstacles and touch the gate of top legendary. How is it possible?"

He sounded apparently relieved. The feedback from the real world almost made him suspicious of the importance, or completeness, of the equation.

Generally speaking, it was hard to decide if a theory was absolutely correct based on the feedback of the real world, because there would be feedback as long as it was closer to the truth than previously. Also, when confirming the correctness of a theory with the feedback of the real world, the cognitive world would also change accordingly. Therefore, when one tried a few contradictory theories, their head might be blown up if their attempt was closest to the truth the first time.

Oliver was suspicious this time because the feedback was much less than what he experienced in the past.

“Perhaps it is weakened for other reasons, too... We both have made an analogy based on the classic theories, before we simply construct an equation of electron waves without bothering the arcana significance and logic. It’s not until then that we turn back to confirm the correctness and look for the specific arcana significance. Therefore, before we give a full arcana explanation on the wave function, the feedback of the real world is probably reduced accordingly.” Brook analyzed the reason. He was rather satisfied about the wave function, but he was also very calm.

Oliver chuckled. “What more arcana significance can it have? Electrons are waves. Orbits and energy levels are just changes of vibrations. But of course, we cannot rush into any conclusion when we do not have any proof. We have to resolve the problems in the new alchemy as well as those about the hydrogen model with the wave function, and we have to find out what quality of the electron wave function represents.”

He was very excited, but he did not immediately claim that his wave equation was more correct and closer to the truth than Lucien’s matrix mechanics.

“Since we inferred it independently almost at the same time, should we call the equation the Oliver-Brook equation?” Oliver proposed.

Brook frowned but then replied, “That’s not a problem.”

It was mainly because he remembered what ‘News of the World’ teased about such a way of naming: your name is my first name, and my name is your last name. He somehow felt that it was weird.

After the conversation was over, Brook tapped the table. “Matrix mechanics from the perspective of particles can also solve the problems in the new alchemy. It has also been extrapolated to a

broader domain... Does it mean that the arcana significance of the wave function is different from that of regular waves?..."

"Regarding the wave function, I should write a letter to Fernando, Hathaway, Hellen, Vicente and, well, Lucien."

He did not mention Douglas because he believed that Oliver would definitely write to him. He also believed that Lucien, who had proposed 'wave-particle duality', wouldn't find the wave function unacceptable.

.....

Even though he had seen the picture of the cosmos, Lucien stuck to his original attitude in arcana studies and based everything on experiment data and observations. Since he had a broader vision than the other arcanists did, why should he take risks recklessly? Also, more importantly, such studies were also a process of learning and grasping. Lucien did not want to be at a loss if he did not have any references in the future.

His pocket watch ticked, reminding him that the dinner time had come. Natasha looked very vigorous now that her concerns were gone. She walked in with two letters. "Lucien, letters from Mr. Brook and Mr. Oliver. It seems that they have made new progress."

After her job as a queen was over, Natasha often worked as Lucien's 'secretary' by helping him deliver letters and fetch experiment materials. Therefore, she could conclude many things based on the thickness of the envelope. However, Lucien often forbade her from entering the laboratory when he did the exacting experiments, because the accidents she caused were still fresh to him!

After opening the letter, Lucien smiled when he read the beginning.

“What’s up? Is there something wrong with Mr. Brook’s achievement?” Natasha scratched her chin and asked curiously. She hadn’t reached the level to understand the paper on the wave function yet and merely made the deduction based on Lucien’s countenance.

Lucien leaned back against the chair. Natasha put her hands on his forehead and massaged him, helping him to relax.

“Gold knights are truly strong.” Lucien made fun of her.

Natasha raised her eyebrow. “I’m not using my full strength yet, or your brain would’ve been crumbled, spraying red blood and white brains everywhere.”

“...Can we not talk about such a tasty subject in such a warm moment?” Lucien’s lips twitched.

Natasha laughed. “As the wife of the Headcrusher, I believe that it is a regular subject. Right, you didn’t answer my question. Is there something wrong with Mr. Brook’s result?”

“No. It’s a real great achievement.” Said Lucien sincerely.

.....

A while after the exploration in the World of Souls, Douglas summoned the Highest Council for a meeting, ready to discuss the relevant issues.

Earlier, the reports that Fernando, Lucien and he submitted all intentionally left out the specific way that Thanos and Viken became a demigod. They merely said that Thanos and Viken turned into demigods by gathering faith and transforming into primeval devils through special magic circles without describing the details that they knew.

It was because they were worried that somebody in the Highest Council would walk on the disastrous path of primeval devils again. Therefore, the secret was kept to the three of them and would not be publicized to the Highest Council until Douglas or somebody else became a demigod on the path of arcana. By then, a bright road would be ahead of everyone. It was believed that few people would choose such a problematic approach. Even if they did, a demigod would be able to suppress them easily.

Lucien came early out of his habit, but the conference was empty and Klaus was nowhere to be seen. Generally speaking, he was the one who came earliest.

Watching that, Lucien sighed and felt gloomy.

After he sat for a while, grey-haired Raventi walked in. After Lucien proposed matrix mechanics and resolved many problems in the new alchemy, he finally became the new Lord of Elements through a ritual without any delay. Since the legendary class overlapped Hathaway's, he had a similar legendary title, 'Element Tide'.

"Congratulates, Mr. Raventi." Lucien rose and said.

Raventi nodded in greetings. “Without the changes you brought forth, I couldn’t have become a legend so soon.”

“Nobody can help a sorcerer who is unwilling to work and study to become legendary.” Lucien subtly expressed his admiration.

Raventi shook his head. “I’m more glad at the microscopic world and the mysteries of matter that you bring than my own advancement.”

As the members of the Highest Council came, the focus of the discussion was moved on to the Oliver-Brook Wave Equation.

At this moment, Brook and Oliver, who had been talking on their way, walked in.

Douglas rose with a smile. “Congratulations on your groundbreaking achievement.”

Brook said as calmly as before. “There’s still a lot of work to do. Until we construct with the wave equation a new alchemy system that is different from what matrix mechanics presents, it is not exactly groundbreaking.”

“In any case, it is a landmark in the studies of the microworld.” Chelsea, the Moon Scholar, said excitedly. Having been tortured by the monstrous matrix mechanics for months, she couldn’t have been more excited to get an answer from the wave equation that she was familiar with. “I’ve been studying the equation for days, hoping to figure out its everything.”

Fernando also murmured. “Your research results are not half bad.”

“Hehe. I also believe that it will provide a familiar, classic, concise and easy-to-understand system of new alchemy for the arcanists, as opposed to the complicated, enormous and abstruse matrix mechanics.” Said Oliver with a smile. “Lucien, I’m not saying that your matrix mechanics is wrong, but it is too close to pure mathematics. It lacks real arcana significance and cannot let people learn it easily. It is said that 99% of the sorcerers in the Holt Magic College are cursing matrix mechanics.”

“Also, the nature of everything is waves.”

After the wave function appeared, the wave theory and the particle theory seemed to be at loggerheads again, but thanks to the idea that Lucien proposed earlier, the debate did not immediately begin. Hathaway and the rest of them did not say anything.

Sensing the look from a lot of people, Lucien smiled. “I have one question about the wave function. What exactly is its arcana significance?”

“It is the distribution function of electrons, as waves, in space. As for why electrons behave as particles, I have an idea and I will illustrate it with a paper later.” Said Oliver confidently and optimistically. “Lucien, do you have any other questions?”

Lucien smiled and said, “Not for now.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 649: Premonition

Inside the conference room of the Highest Council...

After Lucien stopped, Vicente said, “Arcana has to be founded on the basis of comprehensible images. The things that are unimaginable and not understandable will only be complicated mathematics. So, Brook and Oliver, congratulations. This is the real foundation of the new alchemy and the best theory in the microscopic domain. Your work has let us return to the concrete ground again from the maze of matrix that wanders in midair without a foundation.”

“Nonsense. The real foundation of arcana is observability. The things that cannot be observed are pointless for us. Naturally, it is unnecessary to impose an image on them.” Fernando spoke of his new opinion with the dominance of a storm.

Lucien also added, “Applying the images in the macroscopic world to the microscopic domain recklessly violates the fundamental logic. Something seriously wrong may happen.”

“But in any case, electrons do behave as waves.” Oliver joined the debate.

The unusual view of many arriving demiplanes was about to happen again, when Douglas knocked the table slightly. “Let’s discuss the wave equation when the meeting is over and have a five-minute silence for Klaus first. We are going to let the Lord of Hell pay.”

Lucien closed his eyes and began to mourn in silence, hoping that his speculation on the nature of soul was correct. In that case...

Later, the Highest Council discussed the issues about the Saint Truth, Thanos and Viken and agreed with Douglas, Fernando and Lucien's proposal to shake the foundation of faith and mislead Viken into thinking that the Congress of Magic hadn't found his secrets by broadcasting the half-real and half-false stories. In the meantime, the central intelligence would be kept a secret in order to persuade part of the Grand Cardinals, who might play a critical role at the right moment.

Because few issues could be submitted to the Highest Council, the meeting was over after less than one hour. Hellen, who had been studying all the time, suddenly raised her head. "If the new alchemy system based on the Oliver-Brook Wave Equation matches all the experiments we have so far and can address the problems we had, what will it indicate?"

It was rare for her to ask questions during the meeting. When they discussed Viken, she had unusually spared part of her attention to listen to it.

"If different theories can explain the same thing, it means that they should be equivalent on a certain level." Hathaway seemed to have considered it for a long time. "Since waves and particles are both the features and qualities of electrons, matrix mechanics and wave mechanics may be equivalent."

Douglas, Fernando, Chelsea and Erica all nodded. "We can try to prove it."

"I think mathematical approaches will be enough." Brook thought for a moment and also nodded.

Although Oliver thought it was possible, he was not very enthusiastic about it. In his eyes, matrix mechanics should be a special case of the particle nature in wave mechanics.

After a while, the members of the Highest Council left one another. Lucien and Fernando were the last.

“I think that Oliver’s explanation on the arcana significance of the wave function has certain issues. There will be self-contradictions when he tries to address the atom model. Let’s see how Oliver is going to explain the details.” Said Fernando solemnly and thoughtfully.

Lucien nodded his head. “The explanation on the arcana significance of the wave function has to be based on experiment phenomena.”

.....

At the beginning of the Month of Harvest (September), inside a classroom in the Holt Magic College...

Onore, Clark and their classmates waited for Mr. Ernesto to distribute the journals such as Arcana, Magic and Nature. On the podium stood Ms. Heidi, who taught ‘Basics of the New Alchemy’. She did not look very well, and she looked down at her feet that were moving all the time, as if she were about to step on a bunch of ants.

“Ms. Heidi doesn’t look very happy?” Clark said to Onore carefully. It was not because his eyes were keen but because Heidi was too obvious.

Onore shook his head. “How do I know? Perhaps she was criticized by Mr. Evans in the Atom Institution, or perhaps she had a fight with a friend. It’s hard to say. It’s not like we are changing new textbooks again, right?”

“Hehe. How is it possible? We should all be careful not to piss of Ms. Heidi.” Clark reminded Onore.

Although Heidi had been trying to copy Lucien’s teaching style, everybody had their unique characteristics. Gradually, she became known as the ‘Smiling Devil’.

At this moment, Ernesto walked with a magic pouch of journals. Looking unusually weird, he said rigidly, “Claim your journals in order.”

Having been familiarized with Ernesto after the electron diffraction experiment last time, Onore immediately guessed something after seeing his face. “Is there another disruptive theory or experiment?”

After taking over the journals, Oliver began to browse through them before he returned to his seat, and the very first paper on ‘Arcana’ gave him the answer. It was ‘The Wave Equation of Microscopic Particles and the Nature of Quantum Mechanics’, written by Edwyn Brook and Oliver Constantine.

“The wave equation and the wave function...” Onore had no doubt that the wave function of electrons would appear after confirming the electron diffraction experiment, but he was still shocked when he really saw it. The concrete microscopic particles had a wave function! That was unbelievable!

No wonder Ms. Heidi doesn’t look well! He suddenly understood the reason.

After he was seated again, Onore sensed that the atmosphere was filled with quietness and vague depression, exactly like what he felt himself. The development in the past months was truly full of twists and turns. Everybody had been stumbling and could barely keep up with the changes.

Reading the paper in silence, Onore was gradually fascinated by it. The familiar, classic wave equation, the readily understandable calculations and concepts... They were so much simpler than the stunning matrix mechanics!

As he read on, Onore was so greatly touched that he almost shed tears. This is arcana! This is the foundation of the new alchemy! Mr. Brook and Mr. Oliver are so great! They have genius brains!

“What a classic and great wave equation! It’s much more vivid and easy to learn than matrix mechanics!” Somebody exclaimed subconsciously.

“Is it?” Heidi’s gloomy voice echoed in the spacious classroom.

The sorcerer who talked hurried to shut up, but he still said to himself, “Of course it is!”

.....

In the Moonson League, in the Hand of Paleness, and in all the other places where sorcerers gathered, the atmosphere of being touched was spreading.

“Arcana is finally back to what it should be!” Having been savaged by the general theory of relativity and matrix mechanics, the sorcerers of the Moonson League almost thought to throw a party to celebrate it.

“Mr. Brook and Mr. Oliver have made time-changing contributions!”

“I hate that I cannot devote all my time to understanding it!”

Joaquin, their chairman, rubbed his eyebrow and said in mixed feelings, “Waves are exactly the basis of existence.”

Before, they were merely arguing whether or not light and electromagnetic waves were waves, but out of their expectation, even the fundamental particles that constitute matter were now waves. They had secured an unanticipated triumph.

“However, the particle nature of electrons and photons is also very obvious...” Jurisian poured a bucket of cold water on the chairman. “Also, it requires confirmations and deductions to see if a new alchemy system can be established based on the wave equation.”

Joaquin and the other sorcerers also knew it very well, because most arcanists who did not bear such an attitude had withdrawn from the stage of arcana, if not the stage of life, during the past ten years.

“In particular, Lucien Evans hasn’t offered any opinion on it.” Said Joaquin in a low voice.

His words immediately raised approval. Many sorcerer sorcerers mumbled in vague fear, “That head-crushing monster...”

Jurisian could only shook his head with a bitter smile at their trauma that was almost a conditional reflex now. “Let’s confirm whether or not the wave equation can explain the model of the new alchemy first.”

.....

Inside the Tower...

Bergner, the Prophet, was explaining certain questions about the general theory of relativity to Neeshka and Samantha.

Among the famous geniuses in Lucien’s generation, Jurisian, Larry and Ulysses advanced into the senior rank after the special theory of relativity, Rachel made a breakthrough with her accumulations in the field of astrology and illusion, and Samantha also secured an advancement after applying the general theory of relativity to certain questions that she had in astrology.

Therefore, she attached great importance to the general theory of relativity. However, she had to consult her teacher a lot since she did not understand it very well. Neeshka, her teacher, hadn’t understood the general theory of relativity fully, either. So, they often had to ask the help of Douglas and the Prophet or even write letters to Lucien.

“The Oliver-Brook Equation... Recently, a major change is happening in the microscopic domain every three months.” The Prophet remarked in mixed feelings.

After the meeting of the Highest Council, the advance base for the exploration in the World of Souls had been moved back to Heidler city. It was now ‘Absolute Defense’ Ataman’s turn to supervise the base.

Neeshka smiled. “The school of astrology should be focused on the general theory of relativity. Their heated argument has little to do with us.”

“How so? Planets are made of microscopic particles, too.” Samantha didn’t quite agree with her teacher.

Bergner smiled and said, “I agree with Lucien’s perspective of consideration. We cannot say that electrons are waves, and we can only say that they have the features of waves. Also, in the transition from the microscope to the macroscope, some weird factors seem to be preventing the uncanny status in the microscopic domain from being mapped to the macroscopic world. Therefore, the debate cannot affect the foundation of the school of astrology yet.”

As he spoke, he was suddenly stunned. Something heavy seemed to have blocked the starry sky of destiny. It was certainly a premonition!

Could the debate in the microscopic domain really affect the macroscopic cosmos?

Why was his feeling even stronger than that?

Was something important going to be ‘destroyed’?

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 650: Popularity

After Neeshka and Samantha left, Bergner, after a long preparation, began to perform divination on the matter.

Crack. The crystal ball in his hands fell to the ground with a crisp sound. Thankfully, as an item forged with magic, it was not destroyed.

Frowning hard, he looked at the crystal ball on the ground in disbelief, while he murmured to himself, “Why is this happening? Why is this happening?”

For the first time ever, he did not see any result from his prophecy. There was nothing but a mist, as if the future cannot be decided at all.

“What disrupted my prophecy?” After he calmed down, he began to consider other possibilities.

According to the theory of the school of astrology, the future was decided by all the statuses at present, and the inaccuracy of prophecies was because the prophets were limited and not as all-knowing as 'Thanos Demon'. As a result, their prophecy could be blurry. However, in any case, as long as they were not giving a prophecy when they did not know anything at all, they would more or less see a corner of the future. He had never seen nothing but an obscure mist before!

Bergner believed that he had enough understanding about the debate in the microscopic realm to get certain fuzzy hints. However, things turned out to be out of his expectation. He couldn't help but begin to consider other reasons.

.....

The Month of Gold (October) came as the hot weather faded away. The sorcerers in the Holt Magic College began to wait for the new issues of Arcana, Magic, Nature and other journals. After the few months, the magic apprentices who passed the College Entrance Exam of Advanced Magic had mostly become sorcerers successfully. The ratio of advancement had reached a remarkable $\frac{2}{3}$.

It also increased the temptation of the Holt Magic College for the magic apprentices and the mysteriousness of the 'College Entrance Exam', as if it had become a standard to test if an apprentice could become a sorcerer.

Therefore, in the Douglas Magic School, in the magic schools of the branches, and among the magic apprentices, the books such as 'Simulated College Entrance Exams of Advanced Magic' and 'Evans' Secret Tests' became popular. Heidi, Layria, Alfalia and the girls made a huge fortune out of it.

Before the class of the special theory of relativity, Ernesto went into the classroom again and distributed the journals to the sorcerers. This time, he looked quite normal, if not vaguely delighted, because he finally did not have to study the painstaking matrix mechanics anymore!

His attitude of easiness informed the students that there was no disruptive content on the journals. Therefore, they opened them and began to read randomly. However, as they read on, Onore, Clark and the other students became excited and learnt what was on them greedily.

Two of the first three papers on this issue of 'Arcana' were Brook's, and the last one was written by Oliver. From the perspective of the wave equation, they resolved the problem of the hydrogen model, and their results matched various experiment data. They had established a new alchemy system that seemed entirely different than matrix mechanics. It was more simple, straightforward and easy to understand. Arcana was filled with charm again!

"This is real arcana..." Onore observed in a low voice. "Even in the entire realm of elements and electromagnetism, the Oliver-Brook Wave Equation will still be one of the top three classic equations. That's a really great accomplishment!"

Clark followed him. "I feel like crying when I see the wave equation. This is arcana, instead of a complicated mathematical monster! In the past months, I only managed to preliminarily apply matrix mechanics but could not understand it at all. However, after studying the wave equation for only one month, I seem to have understood the internal structure of atoms and learnt that everything in the microscopic domain could be so fascinating!"

"Also, the wave mechanics that they established are based on the classic arcana theories instead of completely abandoning them. Math is only used as a way of thinking. Mr. Evans' achievement is brilliant, but it is too brilliant for us the 'normal people' to imagine and understand." His classmate next to him agreed.

Onore kept reading the paper while he said sincerely, "I'll devote myself to that in the next year. I will study its mysteries every day. Huh. Mr. Oliver has proposed a theory to explain why electrons behave as particles. It's called a 'wave packet'?"

The theory was not very complicated. It claimed that many lines (waves) were jumbled in a certain way into a ball. Since those lines decayed fast when they spread out, they looked like balls in general. The bulging packets made the waves behave as particles.

Accepting such an explanation, Clark, as a supporter of the wave theory, was even more cheered up. He believed that it was the real truth of the microscopic domain that revealed the deepest law of the quantum world.

He was about to exclaim that the particle nature was included in waves, when he saw the papers of Douglas, Fernando, Hathaway and Hellen. They roughly proved that wave mechanics was mathematically equivalent with matrix mechanics, and they offered certain arcane changes that did not agree with the commutative law.

“...The two new alchemy systems are equivalent...” Clark couldn’t help but blurt out.

Onore had reached the part, too. “Douglas’ proof is the easiest to understand, but I don’t think it is very strict mathematically... If they are equivalent, are the wave feature and the particle feature also equivalent? Are the microscopic particles really a new object that we haven’t really recognized yet like Mr. Evans said, and we have to describe them based on the actual results instead of applying the previous concepts?”

It was not because he had understood the few papers, but because they all admitted that they were short of a strict mathematical method to prove the equivalence.

“Maybe.” Clark said, somewhat in frustration. However, after the electron diffraction experiment, he was already okay with such an explanation, so he exclaimed cheerfully again, “Since they are equivalent, we only need to learn wave mechanics in the future and don’t have to bother with the wretched mathematical monster anymore, right?”

“Of course!” The sorcerers around replied at the same time.

Clark smiled at Onore. “Last month, you said that the textbooks for the new alchemy would be changed, and I said that it was impossible. I need to apologize to you now. I was wrong, but I’m also very happy that I was wrong!”

“How many times have the textbooks changed?” Although delighted, Onore had the sense of suffocation when the changes were coming like a storm. In such an age, not working hard would mean being abandoned. They would never have a chance to catch up again.

Seizing the time before the class, they browsed through the journals, their eyes widened again. “The hypothetical model of electron spin?”

“Well, it explains the unusual splitting phenomenon very well, but the speed of spin on the surface is ten times the speed of light. That’s in violation of the special theory of relativity!” Clark skipped the content and focused on the conclusion.

Exclamations echoed in the classroom. They found it hard to imagine that such a paper was published on ‘Arcana’ which was best known for its rigorousness. However, as they read on, they found another paper from Annick and Sprint. It handled the spin problem with matrix mechanics, and the result was unquestionable. In the meantime, they saw Mr. Evans’ paper on matrix mechanics regarding the spin problem. He predicted that a certain calculated value in an experiment was wrong based on the model and confirmed the correctness of spin by the way.

Of course, he also managed to explain the spin speed on the surface, so that people wouldn’t be so against the spin theory.

Annick and Sprint's spin model was not lambasted partly because they only submitted it for review until it was handled with matrix mechanics, and it was supported by Lucien's paper; and partly because the focus of the arcanists' attention was wave mechanics that was glowing brilliantly immediately after it was born!

"In such a case, the four quantum numbers in Fernando's theory of incompatibility have all been found." Onore discovered that every paper in the journals in the past months could've ranked top in Arcana a decade ago. However, they were either behind or could only go to Magic or Nature right now.

Clark, however, thought of something else. "Mr. Evans has two papers. One of them is about spin, and the other is a complementation to Chloe statistics. Neither of them is about wave mechanics. Does it mean..."

They recalled what happened again and again in the past. Such silence seemed to be foretelling a horrible storm. When Mr. Evans published a paper on wave mechanics, would there be a torrential red-and-white rain again?

"Now that the two new alchemy systems have proved equivalent, I don't think it's a big deal..." Onore comforted himself optimistically, before he took a deep breath. "The correctness of wave mechanics is without a doubt right now, and the explanation of the wave function has been proposed by Mr. Oliver. It seems that the second Evans Prize in Arcana will go to them."

"They will also win the Silver Moon Medal and the Holm Crown Ring." Said Clark in admiration. "But why do you sound so jealousy, Onore? That's an achievement that only the grand arcanists can accomplish!"

Onore shook his head. "I'm jealous of Mr. Annick and Sprint. Their hypothesis of electron spin has improved the current model of new alchemy. Even though they cannot get Evans Prize in Arcana, they will surely win a Silver Moon Medal and a Holm Crown Ring. To think that they are of similar ages to us..."

“That’s true...” Clark was at a loss for words. They were about the same age, but the students were still working hard to become middle-rank sorcerers in the Holt Magic College, whereas they already had hope to claim the highest honor of their field, not to mention that they had become middle-rank arcanists and sorcerers a long time ago.

If only I had a great teacher like theirs... He couldn’t help but thought to himself.

After the day of classes was over, Onore returned to his dormitory and picked up his journal, writing down what he felt after the day:

“...I’m getting a deeper and deeper feeling about the urgency and fast pace of the development of arcana. It’s like the mysteries of the world are suddenly surging out like a tide, dying the whole world of arcana and magic a glorious gold. One can never see enough of it... In such a gold and insane age, even a second-rate arcanist can achieve first-rate accomplishments!”

“...Wave mechanics is the most sparkling gem of the year, and the preliminary proof of the equivalence of the two systems of new alchemy seems to suggest that this year is going to end in peace.”