

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 651: The Open Stratagem

In the Golden Cathedral in Aalto, Violet.

It was close to early evening. Led by Philibell, Gossett and the rest of the priests finished their Sunday pray. Without saying a word, Philibell stood up and went back to his living room. In the past, he would stay to preach or guide the priests.

“What happened?” asked a red robe confusedly.

Gossett shook his head, “No idea. It’s been a month that His Excellency’s been acting weird.”

“A month? Does this have anything to do with Arcana Voice? They say that His Holiness is Viken, the disaster sorcerer...” the red robe was rather apprehensive.

The low and middle-rank priests were already callous to the repeatedly playing rumor, as there was no solid evidence for support and the story even seemed a bit lame to them. However, for those senior-ranks who knew some of the hidden history and secrets of the Church, they had found that a series of details in this rumor in fact conformed to the history. Maybe there was truth to it.

Of course, there were all kinds of possibilities in history, and it was not difficult to make up a seemingly sensible story. Therefore, they did not treat it very seriously. However, when it was mentioned again, the red robe still felt quite concerned.

Gossett looked up and said seriously, “Yes... I remember that this has started after His Excellency attending the emergency meeting held by His Holiness...”

“I don’t see the relation...” said the red robe with the gloomy look on his face. It seemed that there were some bad associations going through his mind.

Gossett forced a smile, “Me neither. I mean... Any devout believer would feel upset hearing such slander.”

In Philibell’s living room.

Philibell, the Bright Angel, was sitting behind his desk lost in his thoughts while staring at the flickering candle. As the day was getting darker, his beard had been lit up by the candlelight.

Suddenly, the burning candle made a slight noise and then violently grew taller, reflecting the redlight onto Philibell’s face.

“Are you ready, Philibell?” The candle started “talking” in a hoarse voice, “This can help you recover the faith you’ve lost and send you a further step closer to the God of Truth. We don’t need you to do much, but just give us the key information when the key moment has arrived.”

Philibell looked gloomy. He slightly squinted his eyes and said to the candle, “There’s no way that you can ascend to Mountain Paradise. How can you know he’s the ultimate Lord just because of Sun King’s notes? I won’t believe you. And I will neither do what the Northern Extremist once did! This is unforgiven betrayal to Lord’s blessing!

The candle giggled, the candlelight flickering, “You called him his title, not his name, Philibell. You can’t lie in front of me. No matter what kind of past His Excellency once had and no matter where he came from, after he integrated himself into Mountain Paradise, he has become the true god, the ultimate existence that transcends all the demigods, the ‘Lord’ as you priests call him. Now he’s just in a temporary sleep, and the more followers he has, the quicker he’ll wake up. Philibell, are you going to betray the God of Truth like Benedict III?”

“Atlant, I know you play with people’s minds. But it won’t work on me. You shall go now, or I’ll turn on the divine circles here.” After a while of silence, Philibell said with determination.

The candle insisted, “Philibell, I can feel what you’re truly thinking. If you will, we’ll always wait for you to join. You will see. The priests, including Richard, in Holmish Church will grow very fast in a short period of time, as our discovery in the Realm of Gates is beyond your imagination. We’re now even a step further than those in the north. They haven’t even approached Mountain Paradise.”

Then the candle flickered, and the voice disappeared.

Philibell turned on the defensive divine circles in the Golden Cathedral silently, and his face looked rather gloomy. After the divine circles had all been activated and after he cast Blessed Realm, Philibell finally put on a mysterious smile. His pupils had pure light shining in them.

“Our bright future comes from the prosperity of the Church. His Holiness has made his generous offer, and we’re not idiots to split on our own. Atlant, you have underestimated His Holiness so much...”

In a manor outside of Aalto.

Atlant closed his eyes. In front of him, there was a silver candlestick. At this time, the candlelight suddenly twisted and projected an unidentifiable figure on the wall.

“Who is it?!” Atlant suddenly opened his eyes and stared at the figure on the wall with great alert.

The candlelight flickered, twisting the figure, and the old voice came from it, “It doesn’t matter who I am. What matters is the information that I am bringing to you.”

“What?” Atlant was rather cautious, trying to figure out the intention of the unexpected “visitor”.

The flame said, “I have a lot. I can tell you how to become a demigod, including how to ascend the legendary ranks, how to agglomerate the power of emotions, how to transform a body, what the specific magic circle is, and the secrets of forging the special divine items...”

“You’re Benedict III... No, you’re Viken...” Atlant’s voice rose up. Fortunately, Atlant wasn’t really here. In this room there was only his golem clone.

The flame laughed, “I said it already that it doesn’t matter. What matters is if you want to ascend to top legendary and become a demigod!”

Atlant sneered, “So you think I’m an idiot? I will use the method given by my enemy?”

The flame twitched, “It’s okay if you don’t trust it, but I think you wouldn’t mind reading the complete material in this regard. You can always verify the method on your own, and I don’t need you to do anything for me.”

“What do you mean by you don’t need anything from me?” Atlant was a bit surprised.

The flame was a bit amused by Atlant’s reaction, “What do you have, Atlant? I’m just showing my mercy to you. Douglas, Fernando and Lucien Evans have found most of the secrets to become demigods, but they never decided to share them with you. I am different. I’ll tell you all.”

“So an internal conflict is what you want...” Atlant finally realized what Viken was doing, but he did not resist. It was just a golem clone here, so any conspiracy would not hurt him.

A fine string of flame reached Atlant’s head and started sending him the knowledge.

After a while, when Atlant finished reading the material, the fine flame string appeared. The candle also went off after leaving Atlant a low giggle. As it said, the candle never asked Atlant to make a promise to do anything!

“King of Calamities is indeed very generous...” Atlant finally released a long sigh. Benedict III had directly shared the secret of becoming a demigod with him completely without charge! It was supposed to be a great lure that could easily trigger legendary wars. However, now the secret had been dumped onto him like free potatoes in the field!

Although Atlant had known the secret, the chance for him to become a demigod was still very slim as there were still countless difficulties and dangers waiting for him in the front. But at least for now, he knows the only way to ascend to a demigod level!

Atlant had a rough idea what Benedict III wanted to do. Closing his eyes, Atlant could not help but read the secret over and over again, although he was well aware of the fact that what it meant. The secret was just too captivating for him to say no.

Just like Evans once said, this was an open stratagem, so no promise or contract was needed.

...

In the Month of Winter, the theory of wave mechanics had been added into Basics of the New Alchemy despite Heidi's great reluctance.

Mr. Ernesto from the dean's office walked in and announced two things: One was that the academy was going to take all the students to the northland for a practicum course to improve their adventure skills and comprehensive competency, and the other was that the latest issue of Arcana had been available.

The look on his face was rather cheerful. He had just got rid of the heavy rock bearing in his mind for a long time.

“Quite a thick one, isn’t it?” Onore said to his colleagues. He had been obsessed with studying wave mechanics recently, and thus he believed that he had gained a deeper understanding of new alchemy.

Leafing through the journal, Onore realized why this month’s Arcana had added extra volume. His Excellency Mr. Evans published a paper on it, which demonstrated the relationship between wave mechanics and matrix mechanics using strict math. The demonstration had proved that they were two different presentations of the same theory. Since the mathematical tool he used in this paper was quite rare in the previous studies, Mr. Lucien Evans further explained it. The method was from applying Tower Geometry in three-dimension situation to more dimensions and even infinite dimensions. To differentiate it from Evans Geometric Space, it was called Evans-Levski Geometric Space.

In fact, if it had not been the effort made by Levski and other Tower arcanists in the previous years after Nature was established on Evans Geometry, Lucien’s paper would have been much, much thicker. Because of their earlier stage studies, Lucien could use a good number of references instead of explaining everything.

But still, called Hilbert space on the earth, it was still this paper which officially established the status of it.

In the past years, the general theory of relativity had confirmed the value of Evans Geometry which was earlier deemed “totally useless”, and Lucien’s ideas had freed the Tower arcanists from the limitations from their own imagination and knowledge. Therefore, the development of mathematics had been rapid, and many arcanists had made their great contribution. They had stopped seeking for the practical significance of a mathematical model, as they were not able to and also they did not want to bother, instead, they were pursuing mathematics for its own sake.

Meanwhile, the progress in mathematics also helped them better understand the cutting-edge arcana theories. Their progress in magic was much faster than they had expected. Now, Levski had come close to the senior-rank!

“Mr. Evans’s paper makes me dizzy.” Clark rubbed his eyes.

Onore grinned, “Yeah, I know. But this paper had finally confirmed wave mechanics. We have nothing to worry about now.”

He was in a very cheerful mood.

This cheerfulness was shared by most arcanists who had read this paper. Even those who preferred matrix mechanics and the feature of discontinuity had to admit the success of wave mechanics.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 652: Atlant’s Struggle

At Cocus, the capital of the Duchy of Calais.

In the demiplane called Mind Garden connecting to the headquarters of Family of Sorcerers, daylight was constantly changing in a mysterious pattern, as sophisticated as the human mind.

Atlant, the Eye of Curse, walked on the path through the garden, in which the flowers were half blooming and half dying. His eyes closed tight, and the look on his face constantly changed just like the light in this space.

He kept asking himself the question: Whether he should go and find Douglas to ask him directly why they were hiding the secret of ascending from him.

Atlant knew that Viken was the master of fiddling with human mind, and he knew what Viken was trying to do. The most powerful toxin in this whole thing was not anything superficial, but hiding in the secret itself. As long as Atlant chose to follow the secret, sooner or later, he would stray away from the Congress of Magic because of the difference in their beliefs and paths. At that time, Viken, with his powerful resource of faith, would be the only one who Atlant could turn to.

After all, the Congress of Magic believed in the power of arcana and using arcana they would overthrow the Church. There was no chance that they would support a powerful religion. The moderators that had been split multiple times and were retained as state religions were the most they could stand.

Viken had sent Atlant poison, and directly told him so, but Atlant could not say no. Through the countless years that he had been living, Viken had the vicious wisdom which had made many legendaries fall and produced the Saint Truth.

In fact, from the conversation once he had with them, Atlant knew why Douglas, Fernando, and Lucien Evans chose to hide the secret. The path was full of unpredictable dangers and potential risks, and could very easily turn one into a demon whose emotions were totally out of control. Also, the secret would encourage the development of a new religion or even many religions, which would be a great harm to the spirit of arcana.

Broad-minded and visionary as Douglas, he would not hide this secret for his own interest, especially when the general theory of relativity had brought him hope to ascend to the demigod level.

Fernando was known for his short temper, but also for his passion for arcana and for the truth of the world. Even though Fernando had known the way, he probably would not want to try it at all.

As for Lucien Evans, it was only a matter of time for him to reach the level of demigod, and his general theory of relativity had given him a great boost. He was now already a level-two legendary in his late twenties, and he was the one who had put forward a series of subversive theories which had formed the two major pillars of the current arcana system – the theory of relativity and new alchemy. A promising young man like him would not care about using this method.

A few weeks after Lucien came back from his adventure, Lucien had reached level-two legendary. The status that Viken had once put him in and the thoughts triggered by the Mysteries of Immortality had been a great help to him. This had also set a new record in the history of the congress – Before Lucien, it only took Lucien a year to reach this level.

Lucien was not planning on reporting this to the congress. However, since this time their findings in the World of Souls were incredible, they had all been awarded with the different legendary magic rituals. According to their wish, Erica and Vicente could pick two, Fernando and Douglas five, and Lucien ten. When he was there to choose the legendary rituals he wanted, Lucien on the way told Hellen his progress.

Atlant had run through his analysis of Douglas, Fernando, and Lucien Evans's intention. He released a sigh as he had decided not to ask. The answers would be the same just as what he expected, but in turn, they would ask him where he got the information and suspect his betrayal.

He could not help thinking that greed was indeed the origin of all the sins.

If it had not been his greed, if he had not been controlled by his desire, he would have confessed in front of Douglas and suggested them to make the access requirement clear among the Highest Council. But now...

At this time, Erica, the Master of Transformation, came to visit him to ask how things had been going with Philibell.

“It’s a bit complicated. It seems that Viken has told him something or made a good offer to him, so he refused me.” said Atlant honestly. As the authority in illusion and mentality, he was always the leader in these kinds of tasks.

Erica said seriously, “Such an old monster... We didn’t expect this.”

“You can’t kill such a monster, so his vision is much, much longer than ours. He sees through time.” said Atlant, a bit absent-minded.

So far, the secret had brought him so many concerns and worries, so Atlant dared not to hurry. He had decided to do some secret experiments first to get some more information for this.

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On the seventeenth floor of the magic tower of Allyn, in Heredity Laboratory, Felipe, wearing his long, black coat, was reading the latest issue of Arcana with a cup of hot water in his hand. His face still had the same sick look as usual.

Felipe took a sip of the hot water. It seemed that Lucien-Levski geometric space had been confirmed in the microscopic domain, and the two alchemical systems were the different aspects of the same model. He had been closely watching the development of the micro-world, as many of the research topics related were electromagnetic waves, electromagnetic fields, and special elements. These all had to do with the constitution of the human body. Therefore, he had also been working hard on it.

However, after matrix mechanics was born, the microscopic domain seemed to be getting more and more unfriendly. Although the arrival of wave mechanics more or less helped, but the great challenge from mathematics would still bring bad headaches to those arcanists who weren't as good at it. Felipe had to admit that the paper was even a bit tough to him.

Among necromancers, Felipe was known for being good at mathematics, and this was why he was making progress so fast. However, in the recent two years, his pride had been through a bad setback. The papers published on Nature talking about the general theory of relativity, matrix mechanics, and Lucien-Levski geometric space started appearing to be so abstruse.

"I can't stop here. Mathematics and the microscopic domains are of great importance to cell and heredity study in the future... or I'd fall behind." Felipe murmured with a concerned look on his face, reminding himself.

He once thought that once a good magnification spell became available, the secret in cells and heredity would reveal themselves in front of him. However, it had been a long time but Felipe was not making much progress. He indeed had found chromosomes and guessed that they were related to heredity, but that was it.

He knew it clearly that without the support from mathematics and other arcana findings in the school of element and electromagnetism, his study was not going anywhere. To find what he had been seeking for, he had to either wait for other people to do the preliminary studies, or do them on his own.

Therefore, while his cell research was not bringing him much, the other two studies on the integration of spirits and undead creatures had improved his magic level by one circle to the eighth.

After reading Lucien's paper, Felipe turned to read the studies done by Hathaway and Hellen on crystals, which had more or less inspired him before.

A while later, he stood up and walked in his own exclusive lab. He saw the many plants, red-eyed rats, and the moth boxes.

Magnification spells not working, Felipe had to work more on the observation of plants, animals, and insects. However, observation took a long time.

Sensing the noise, the rats in the lab started screaming, and the moths flying up and down in the boxes. Only the plants remained silent.

Felipe rubbed his forehead, trying his best to stop himself from destroying them all. The anger burnt his guts.

Why he had to deal with them all day long?

He was neither a farmer nor a butcher!

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In Atomic Universe, after the everyday practice, Natasha went back home and saw Lucien in the chair, just sitting there.

“Not working on your spells?” Natasha asked.

She knew that after reaching level-two legendary, Lucien had been working on constructing the three legendary spells in his soul: Luxury Cracking, Abrupt Magic Reverse, and Mental Fulmination.

Lucien smiled, “Nope, just thinking.”

“So what is it? You seem to be struggling.” Natasha pulled a chair and sat down. Her eyes looked into Lucien’s eyes.

Lucien paused a second and then said, “I was trying to figure out the arcana theory supporting Thanos’ and Viken’s demigod power, how their power could be explained. If I can figure this out, their weaknesses will be exposed, and then we can truly kill them!”

“When they became demigods, there was no arcana, so the only clues might be the magic circles and rituals...” said Natasha hesitantly. She wanted to help, but she did not understand the theories in the world of arcana. “Can demigods be truly killed though?”

Lucien shook his head, “They have their own limits. Nothing is truly eternal. So I’m thinking. If we cannot find the way, even if we kill Viken, he will always be able to come back from the river of

fate. At that time, such a shameless demigod will become a great threat to the congress, to the kingdom, and to those we love and care about. It'll be a sheer disaster."

"This is indeed a problem, but the South Church is still going to last for a while... a long, long time, I should say." Natasha comforted him. After knowing that their Lord was in fact Thanos, her belief had become totally abstract. She had the respect to the ultimate existence in the universe, but not to a specific god.

Lucien suddenly said, "Maybe one day, my 'theory' will turn my friends into enemies and disappoint my teacher and students..."

Although Natasha did not understand why Lucien would say so, she still grinned, "It's okay. I'll be there with you, as long as you're okay that I don't even understand your theory."

Lucien smiled. His hand was on Natasha's hand, fingers crossed.

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Holding his paper, in the early morning, Lucien was walking along the corridor in the magic tower of Allyn. It was still a bit dark when he pushed open the door of Fernando's study.

It was bright in the study. In comparison, the study and the corridor seemed to be two different worlds.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 653: Determinism

Dum, dum, dum. In his library, Fernando heard the slow door knocks.

“You’ve come so early?” Fernando gazed at Lucien with his slightly dirty, red eyes, with subconscious vigilance about his abnormality.

Lucien lowered his head and smiled. “When I finished the paper, it happened to be sunrise, so I went here straight away.”

“What paper?” Fernando had an even stronger sense of danger, which did not come from his Host Star of Destiny but from the multiple lessons in the past. “Is it disruptive?”

Lucien thought for a moment and nodded his head. “Yes. However, it is only based on the observation of tremendous experiment results and not strictly proved. The possibility can’t be ruled out that it will be disapproved or included by other theories that include those phenomena in the future.”

“Bring it here.” Fernando was relieved. In such a case, until decisive proofs appeared, even the most revolutionary theory could not blow up his head.

Lucien presented his paper, and Fernando looked awful after merely reading the title.

“‘A Probabilistic Explanation of the Wave Function’.” He read the title of the paper aloud one word after another and vaguely guessed what it was about. He somehow understood what the electron diffusion and diffraction experiments he worked on recently indicated, and why Oliver’s explanation of the wave function did not match certain experiment results.

Opening the paper, Fernando read on without a word. The atmosphere around was more and more depressing, as if a real storm was about to arrive.

Suddenly, he raised his head when he hadn’t finished the paper yet. With electricity flashing in his red eyes, he said dangerously, “Are you suggesting that the wave function is not a wave in the regular sense, but a wave of probabilities probability wave?”

Lucien looked back at his teacher’s dangerous eyes fearlessly. “Yes. By observing tremendous experiment results and introducing Chloé statistics in molecular movement, we can describe the wave function in such a way: it is an indication of the probability that the electron appears in a certain location.”

Fernando seemed to be holding his fury back. “But its location is fixed on the receiving screen. The probability is 100%!”

That was without a doubt. Every arcanist had seen the fluorescent points on the screen that were stimulated by the electrons. The undeniable experiment phenomenon suggested that the location of the electrons was absolutely certain.

Understanding his teacher’s mood very well, Lucien said solemnly, “It’s like when we toss a coin without knowing any external circumstances. During the whole process, we can say that the result may be heads and tails. However, by the time it hit the ground, the result will be determined, never

to change anymore. Naturally, the probability is 100%. What we are discussing is the electron before observation, not the electron whose result has been determined after observation.”

Fernando found it easier to understand now. More or less eased, he grasped the key point. “Before observation? After observation? Then, according to your explanation, until we observe them, the electrons may appear in any location in space, except that the probability that it appears in some locations is higher than in others?”

He couldn’t imagine the electron’s form of existence at all now!

Fernando could accept the coin without any resistance, because it rolled in midair all the time, which entailed the different results when it hit the ground, but what about the electron? If the wave function described probabilities of location, the electron might appear anywhere. Did it mean that the electron might be in two places, or even all the places, at the same time?

That was more preposterous and unbelievable than any magic!

Up until so far, except for the demigods that he was unaware of, nobody could create such magic and let themselves exist in a similar form!

Lucien made an analogy. “Until we observe it, the electron is like an illusionary cloud that does not have any entity. It spreads throughout space and exists everywhere as a superposition of all possibilities. The thicker part of the cloud is the location where it is more likely to appear, but it doesn’t mean that the electron will surely appear there after observation.”

“Until we observe it, the electron is something we cannot imagine. It is a self-contradictory but unified monster with the wave-particle duality. Therefore, we cannot imagine its status with our

original concepts, which is utterly meaningless. We can only describe it with the experiments that can be strictly verified.”

Fernando kept his mouth shut, as if he wouldn't stop himself from roaring if he were to open it.

Lucien went further. “As a matter of fact, master, you must've observed that, after we modified the magic circles and reduced the number of electrons launched at one time, the first thing we would see was not the image of diffraction, but an assortment of messy fluorescent points. The image of diffraction only came into being when the number of electrons grew. Why was that?”

“It was because the destination of a single electron after it was diffracted was absolutely undeterminable; it was only a probability. Therefore, when electrons were too few, they would be disordered, but when there were enough of them, they would show the probabilistic distribution in general. There would be more electrons in some places and fewer in others. That's how the image of diffraction was formed.”

“It's like when we toss coins ten times, it's impossible for us to predict how many times they are going to show heads, but if we toss coins hundreds and thousands of times, the times that they show heads should be half of the whole!”

“If one day we can modify the magic circle to the point that it can shoot only one electron at a time, the result will be even clearer.”

“Probability, probability!” Fernando's face was so twisted as if he were going to eat probability.

He did not need Lucien to lecture him on the common sense of probability, which was one of the fields he was best at as an authority of thermodynamics. He remembered the electron diffraction

experiments he did recently. It was true that the spots of light were messy until there were enough electrons.

Such a clear picture shivered his hands. A wind blew around him, turning the pages in the library with multiple loud noises. “Until they are observed, electrons are a cloud of probabilities spreading throughout space? After they are observed, they are matter with a fixed location? What happened during the observation?”

Lucien ignored the wind and spoke as calmly as if he were giving a death sentence. “The wave function collapsed. The overwhelming cloud of probabilities collapsed into a tiny spot with a fixed location. Observation caused the collapse of the wave function. As to what form the electron existed before the observation, it has nothing to do with us and is pointless!”

“Observation caused the collapse of the wave function?” Crack. A lightning struck the library and destroyed a statue. Fernando rose abruptly and glared at Lucien. “Our observation made the electrons change their form?”

Lucien nodded his head. “Master, what is our observation based on? We see things because of the reflected light, and we hear things because of the vibrations in the air. In the microscopic realm, even the slightest means of observation, like photons, will interfere with the electrons. That is to say, our observations on the microscopic particles will inevitably cause them to change.”

“The interaction of microscopic particles?” Fernando looked better and basically understood why observation caused the collapse of the wave function. As for the incomprehensible and unimaginable ‘cloud of probabilities’, he decided to leave it alone and focused on the key of Lucien’s explanation. “When we toss coins, we can predict the result correctly after learning all the external conditions, so it is not the real probability but a false probability. When there’s a cause, there’s a consequence. All the initial statues strictly and solely determine the final outcome. This is the foundation of the school of astrology and the foundation of magic!”

“Is the probability of the electrons also a false probability, because they are under the influence of the external conditions that we haven’t discovered yet?”

His voice was somewhat trembly, and more and more signs of a storm appeared in the library.

Lucien shook his head firmly. “At least so far, there are no phenomena that indicate the influence of external conditions. We can only say that probability wave is an intrinsic nature and quality of electrons!”

“Say again!” Fernando finally roared with a thunderstorm that created what appeared to be doomsday in the library.

Arcana and magic were so fascinating, and so many generations of sorcerers and arcanists devoted their talents and life to the exploration of the truth of the world, because they believed in the fundamental law of this world, under which everything operated strictly, like how the sun rose and set, how the celestial bodies moved, how it rained, and how elements reacted with each other. As long as they figured out the fundamental law, they would be able to grasp all the phenomena!

However, Lucien’s probabilistic explanation seemed to be laughing at their exploration, because the nature of the law of the world was ‘probabilities’? No matter how many rules and patterns they found, they could only predict that the odds that electrons appeared in this place were greatest but could not accurately describe where they would appear.

It had denied the foundation of the prophecy in the school of astrology, as well as the foundation of arcana and magic that explored the law of the world!

Pointing at the paper, Lucien looked at his roaring teacher solemnly. His Elemental Skin had been automatically triggered by the lightnings. “I have already put the conclusion in my paper.”

Fernando lowered his head and saw one part of the paper:

“In the past, everybody believed that, as long as all the factors at present were known, it would be able to rigorously infer, or determine, the result of an event. When there’s a cause, there will be a corresponding consequence, and vice versa. The arcanists respected the rule as determinism, or the law of causality.”

“I prefer a more strict definition. The real law of causality is the law of causality on the timeline. The cause must be before the consequence. Therefore, the previous law of causality should only be called determinism.”

“Now, what I want to say is that something may be wrong with determinism, because certain processes are probabilistic and irreversible...”

“Something is wrong with determinism and the law of causality?” Fernando glared at Lucien with his stormy eyes and roared amidst the thunders. “Are you telling me that the trajectory of the sun is probabilistic?”

BOOM!

“Are you telling me that our very existence is probabilistic?”

BOOM!

“Are you telling me that, even though we have constructed a magic model inside our soul and grasps its every detail, it will still be a probabilistic process when we perform magic?”

“Absurd! Ludicrous!”

BOOM!

In the rumbling thunderstorm, a vast universe appeared behind Lucien, in which the planets were made of protons and neutrons in different colors. The satellites around them, on the other hand, spread throughout the cosmos and existed everywhere, but when observed closely, they were fixed in one point.

BOOM!

The Thunder Hell mixed with the Atomic Universe, Lucien looked back at Fernando without wavering, before he said gravely:

“At the very least, determinism must die when it comes to the microscope!”

Crack. A thick bolt of lightning pierced out of the window and spread to the sky outside.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 654: Dice

The projection of the Atomic Universe was deep and profound. Elements were dissecting and particles were gathering all the time, presenting a superposition of destruction and creation. It did not collapse even when it was faced with the Thunder Hell but created a bizarre view inside the narrow library together with it.”

Fernando was briefly stunned. “You’re almost level-three legendary... The feedback of the real world because of the probabilistic explanation of the wave function?”

He still remembered Lucien’s solemn face when he declared that ‘determinism must die’.

“Yes.” Lucien nodded his head and took out two papers. “Together with ‘A Probabilistic Explanation of the Wave Function’, they constitute the foundation of quantum mechanics. That is the basic law of the microworld.”

“‘A Heuristic Narration on the Uncertainty Principle’, ‘The Commutative Principle of Waves and Particles’...” Veins bulged out of Fernando’s forehead when he read ‘uncertainty’, which reminded him of ‘probability’, a concept that should be sent to hell!

“...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 grasp the speed and mass of an electron, you will lose track of it and cannot discover it at any location...”

The first paper was on matrix mechanics that Fernando was familiar with. However, apart from a mathematical interpretation, Lucien also gave specific arcane significance as a response to the arcanists who had been criticizing matrix mechanics for its lack of actual significance.

However, Fernando would rather the arcana significance did not exist!

That was because it denied their effort to explore the world again. In the end, we will never learn the specific information of an electron no matter how hard we try? Grasping one's quality accurately will inevitably result in the uncertainties of the other quality?

The uncertain, probabilistic microscopic particles were the cornerstones of the matter that constructed the whole world. So, matter was also uncertain and probabilistic? Made of matter, were people uncertain and probabilistic, too?

It was almost the most absurd and hilarious theory?

Thinking for a moment, Fernando said gloomily, “It is caused by observation? Microscopic particles are too small and can easily be disturbed, so all our observation will cause them to change. That's why we cannot grasp the value changed by the other value when we determine it?”

He could more or less accept such an explanation, because it would mean that the two values could still be measured, and the world would still be observable, not full of probabilities as Lucien described!

Thinking for a moment, Lucien sighed, “My conclusion is inferred through mathematical approaches based on the premises. That is to say, nothing else is involved. So, the uncertainty principle is an intrinsic quality of the microscopic particles that has nothing to do with observation methods. As for why they show such a quality, we will still need to work on it.”

Fernando’s face had blushed a long time ago. The veins on his forehead were protruding, and the wind blew even faster. The dark and depressing atmosphere had completely blocked the bright rays of light.

Finally, he managed to contain himself and began to read Lucien’s last paper. The first part of the paper made him feel better, because it was the tale that Lucien described before, about the blind who touched the dragon! Since the microscopic particles could not be perceived for real, they could only be described by the experiment results, even though the results were contradictory to each other.

However, Lucien then described the uncertainty principle as a fundamental law caused by the wave-particle duality with the notion: when the particle feature was more obvious, the wave feature would be gone, and vice versa. They were also a pair of non-commutation values.

The three papers constructed a self-consistent logic explanation that revealed the law of matrix mechanics and the microscopic domain, but such a law was definitely not something Fernando would like to see!

Boom!

Thunder that was countless times louder than just now burst out. Fernando stared at Lucien in the eyes, with electric arcs bouncing in his pupils. The terrible view of arriving chaos even appeared in his left eye.

Lightning struck the library and destroyed the bookshelves.

“If the initial statuses cannot strictly determine the subsequent development of matters, and if the microscopic domain is full of uncertainties, our world will be even more chaotic and disordered than Abyssal Maw. It’s impossible for us to live and consider!”

A torrential rain poured down, but it was eclipsed after it entered the vast universe.

Lucien seemed to be standing at the center of the boundless Atomic Universe. He said in a low voice, “The determinism in a broader sense met difficulties in the N-body problem a long time ago. As for the microscopic domain, it’s a place where the original concepts have to be abandoned. The uncertainties in the microscopic domain do not mean the uncertainties of the macroscopic world.”

The N-body problem was an astrophysical notion. Its simplified version was the three-body problem. To wit, in a system made of three planets, because of their complicated influences on each other, it was in fact impossible to calculate their accurate trajectories. One could only get the solutions of certain moments in certain parts, which was in violation of determinism. However, in the school of astrology most believed that it was only because the current mathematics were not developed enough yet.

“Why are there so many differences between microscope and macroscope?” Fernando roared even more terrifying than the thunder.

Surrounded by the elemental planets, Lucien replied, “That’s exactly what we need to work on.”

“You don’t know anything, and everything needs to be worked on, and you are bold enough to raise such a theory?” Fernando was even more infuriated, which had caused the weather changes around. Hellen, who was supervising the Allyn magic tower, had noticed the anomaly and informed Douglas and the other grand arcanists, fearing that she might not be able to get things under control on her own.

Lucien stepped forward in the profound projection of the universe. “This conclusion is based on the experiments so far. It matches the other theories and phenomena in the microscopic domain most!”

“Even if it is wrong, it should not be disapproved by the obsolete theories but by the new experiments!”

As he spoke, Lucien pushed his monocle.

“Master, calm down first. Devise an experiment to falsify it.”

Fernando understood that it was only Lucien’s explanation, in which only the uncertainty principle was inferred rigorously. Therefore, he managed to get his emotions back under control after a few breaths, before he declared aloud.

“I can’t and I will never accept your theory. I can’t agree that our world is built on dice!”

The thunderstorm stopped, but the wind was still blowing, exactly like what was on Fernando’s mind. It was even more depressing for Lucien than the previous doomsday view. “Has my teacher, who always supported and protected me, taken the other side on this ‘path’, too?”

At this moment, Hellen walked in and asked in suspicion, “What happened here?”

Douglas, Brook, Hathaway, Oliver and Vicente arrived in one minute. If Fernando and Lucien had a fight, the whole Allyn would probably be destroyed.

Fernando snorted and pointed at the paper on the desk. “Copy them and read them for yourself. Remember, it’s still only Lucien’s dream talking and must not be taken seriously!”

Even Douglas was more or less scared when they saw the papers on the desk. After hearing Fernando’s explanation, and seeing that he was still standing in one piece, they finally copied the papers and browsed through them.

After a long time, the library became dark again, and a cosmos where planets collapsed and destruction enshrouded everything. Oliver said coldly, “Absurd. This is utter nonsense! This is entirely different from the world in reality! It can only exist in dreams!”

The magnetic field twisting the surroundings with the dancing electric currents, Brook also said solemnly, “We cannot observe the uncertainties of matter in reality. It is safe to say that, if we can observe them, it will mean that our very existence is ridiculous and contradictory to it!”

Boom!

The noise of collapsing were even more horrifying than thunder!

In the library, more and more complicated, unbelievable views surfaced.

Clear, delicate and translucent snowflakes dropped, bringing in unimaginable frigidness, mixed with Hellen's intermittent murmur, "Experiment results... Determinism... Prophecies are probabilistic... Matters are probabilistic... The world is also probabilistic?" Even she could barely control her own feelings and emotional changes anymore.

Spots of elements blossomed like colorful flowers, which gathered into a torrent. Indifferently, Hathaway read the paper, her eyes unfocused, as if she were looking at the experiment data in her laboratory far, far away. "Probabilistic? Then, all the laws will be wrong..."

A cold and silent desert, with monuments standing everywhere, arrived. The two needle-like spots of redness jumped intensely on Vicente's face, as he said, "If the wave function of electrons is probability wave and a superposition of all their possible locations, something terrible will happen. It will result in the loss of objectivity and actuality, and we have never observed such terrible things in reality yet. At the very least, we exist here for real."

A hazy mountain and a rippling lake that were as beautiful as the real world's appeared, pacifying all the weird views except for the electric currents.

Under countless brilliant stars, Douglas was unusually rigorous. "We believe in arcana instead of gods because it encourages us to observe and consider things with the law of causality. We believe that a unified law is behind all the natural phenomena, which influences different things with its variations. The foundation of everything I said is the reasonableness and comprehensibility of the world."

"Even though all the observations so far are probabilistic, I still maintain that a definite cause, not an intrinsic quality, leads to such probabilities.

“Lucien, the truth of the world is no dice!”

As the starlight dangled down, the dark shadow of gravity caused heavy depression, resulting in the reduction of space.

“That’s right! The truth of the world is no dice!” Oliver shouted, almost losing his cool and turning into ‘roaring Fernando’.

Brook also nodded in approval. “The truth of the world is not dice!”

“Do you hear that? The truth of the world is not dice!” Fernando roared again.

Together with their declaration, the destructive storm, the collapsing planets, the twisted magnetic field, the lighting bolts and the curved space burst out again.

BOOM!

“...The truth of the world is not dice!”

In the roars, the sentence came at him like Light of Judgment.

The Atomic Universe appeared again, and Eternal Blaze generated by fusions in the infinite space drove away the depression and darkness.

Standing at the center of the illusionary universe, Lucien shook his head. “Mr. President, master, Mr. Brook, Oliver...”

After a brief pause, he fought back with an even firmer voice:

“Don’t stipulate what the truth of the world is and what it is not!”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 655: New and Old

“Don’t stipulate what the truth of the world is and what it is not?”

Hearing Lucien’s firm declaration, Douglas, Fernando and Brook fell into brief silence. It was true that just because they believed the truth of the world was not dice did not mean that it was certainly not. Their thoughts were only their own ideas. They were not the spokespeople of nature after all.

After ten seconds, Douglas heaved a sigh. "I'll prove that the truth of the world is not dice with experiments. In fact, has it ever occurred to you that the cloud of probabilities does not exist at all? What the wave function indicates is the community of electrons that matches such probabilities, but a single electron. They do not exist everywhere but have a fixed route that is closely related to the probabilistic distribution. They are only in a disordered state after passing through the monocrystal because we cannot observe and confirm them."

He reflected on himself although he was unwilling to admit Lucien's probabilistic explanation and uncertainty principle. It was inappropriate to mistake the truth he believed in for the real nature of the world. Instead, he should prove that Lucien's theory was wrong by finding its self-contradictions or with strict experiments. That was the right arcana attitude.

Therefore, he proposed his opinion based on his impression after reading the paper.

The Land of Truth was gone, and so were the other unusual views. Lucien also canceled the Atomic Universe and replied solemnly, "Mr. President, ignoring the contradictions of your speculation to many deductions, we can find out whether it is correct by the double-slit experiment."

"If the electron has its own trajectory like the real particles, it will only be able to pass one slit at a time and cannot appear in both, and whether or not the interferometric fringe will show solely depends on the distance between the two slits. So, if the double-slit experiment with electrons works, how will the electron know exactly the distance between the slit it goes through and the other slit, thereby asking itself to land in one area instead of the other?"

It's like a maze which had seven entrances that were marked in different colors but only one exit that was in blue. For 'waves' that could extend in space, it would essentially be opening the entrance and the exit at the same time, and it naturally knew that the blue path was the correct one. However, for particles that had fixed trajectories, they would not know the status of the exit after they opened the entrance. How could they make themselves walk on the correct path every time instead of any wrong channels?

For Douglas, Brook and the other legendary sorcerers, the double-slit experiment was the hotspot in the War between Wave and Particle. Easily understanding what Lucien tried to say, they nodded and agreed that the experiment could confirm whether or not electrons were ubiquitous like ghosts before they were observed.

Lucien went on. "In fact, the experiment can confirm many other things. If the interferometric fringe does appear, what will happen if we shut the other slit when the electron passes through one of the slits? Will it go to the screen according to the route of interference, or will it 'immediately' go to the other slit that has been shut, thereby reaching its destination in the way of diffraction?"

For Douglas, Fernando and Hathaway who favored the particle theory, such an experiment made electrons even more astonishing and weird. If the electron changed its state, it would either suggest that it was the real wave that did not have any feature of particles, which was why it could pass two slits simultaneously, or that Lucien's explanation was true that it was probability wave that existed everywhere in space. Or maybe, there would be another even more unbelievable possibility, which was that electrons were intelligent and had their own self-awareness. That was why it could 'perceive' and 'know' what happened to the other slit and change itself accordingly.

Although the last possibility fit the status of the magic world, it did not agree with the very existence of human beings. If the foundation of matters was conscious, did it mean that every human had countless thoughts that did not belong to themselves?

Seeing that the president and his teacher thought in silence, Lucien nodded and said, "I know that the double-slit experiment's requirement cannot be met yet, but I also know that many legendary spells are applied before they are explained. I have no doubt that you will complete devices that can accomplish the experiment. Everything will be clear after that."

At this moment, Oliver looked at Lucien solemnly, no longer like a playboy. "Even if the double-slit experiment works out, it will not prove that your probabilistic wave is correct. It will only further

prove my theory that electrons are real waves that only behave as particles as wave packets in special statuses.”

Lucien smiled. “Oliver, your idea contradicts many experiments, as can be seen by the messy spots of light. Also, your explanation has certain problems even in your own paper that deals with the atomic structure. I believe somebody must’ve pointed it out for you. The particle nature of electrons is undeniable, as proved by the experiments with mass, electric charge and momentum.”

“Problems can be rectified. It is at least more trustworthy than your probabilistic explanation. That’s like the dream talk of a lunatic.” Oliver expressed his hatred of the probabilistic explanation. “I will find a way to prove that it is wrong!”

He turned around and left. He needed a quiet environment to find the critical flaws in Lucien’s papers.

Seeing that Oliver left, Douglas looked at Lucien solemnly, “I will try the double-slit experiment with electrons. I will also devise thought experiments.”

Thought experiments were experiments that were purely imagined. All the other factors and restraints were eliminated, and they purely discussed whether or not the result could be achieved in perfect conditions. It was a common approach that the arcanists adopted.

Brook nodded slightly. “Let’s discuss when the experiment is done.”

“I believe that many experiments agree with your probabilistic explanation, but I also believe that your explanation and your quantum mechanics are not complete. You must’ve ignored many things.” Douglas said gently but firmly before he left with Brook and Vicente, leaving Fernando, Hathaway and Hellen stunned in the library.

Fernando stared at Lucien with his red eyes, and Lucien looked back at him fearlessly. After a long time, he finally waved his arms. "I need to calm down and think how to prove that your probabilistic explanation is wrong."

It was a disruption of the whole arcana and magic system. Even someone as open-minded and caring as him had to choose the side of truth in his mind. That was the glorious belief that had been passed on from the Magic Empire to the Congress of Magic for too many years!

Lucien nodded slightly and sighed, before he left Fernando's library with Hathaway and Hellen.

Hathaway had basically resumed her calmness. Thinking for a moment, she said, "Electrons as clouds of probabilities are more unacceptable than electrons as waves, but if all the results prove so, we have to accept it despite our resistance. The world is not based on our thinking. However, you cannot persuade us yet."

She also expressed her objection, but she was not as determined as Douglas, Brook and Oliver.

It was not because her attitude was better, or her mind was more open, but because the fields she were best at were atoms, elements, particles and the new alchemy!

Hellen was back to herself from her daze. Looking at Lucien, she asked dizzily. "In the report you submitted, the Pathway of Immortality appears very similar to your description of the cloud of probabilities. Were you inspired from there? But how could the quantum state of microscopic particles appear in the macroscopic world? Is that the mysteries of immortality? The real secrets do not lie in the Chamber of Immortality but the Pathway of Immortality?"

As Douglas' half student, she did have keen instincts. Not participating in the debate, she rationally remembered the report on the Pathway of Immortality that Lucien submitted.

"It's true that I was inspired by that, but I drew most of my conclusions from the experiments. As for why the Pathway of Immortality manifested the weirdness of the microworld in the macroscopic domain, that's what we still need to work on. Perhaps, the mysteries of immortality are truly contained there." Lucien had guessed that somebody would associate his probabilistic explanation with that, so he 'admitted' it frankly.

Now that it was endorsed by the Pathway of Immortality, Hellen was deep in thought, and Hathaway scratched her chin, too.

"I will devise experiments to check whether or not the probabilistic explanation and the uncertainty principle are correct." Said Hellen honestly. "Just because it is the case for the Pathway of Immortality doesn't mean it is the case for electrons. What if it represents something else?"

However, she sounded much more neutral than Brook, Oliver and Vicente.

.....

Because proof of the probabilistic explanation and the uncertainty principle hadn't appeared, Lucien did not have to build the atmosphere for the arcanists to accept it gradually like he did before. He simply combined the three papers into 'Basics of Quantum Mechanics and the New Alchemy' and submitted it to the Arcana Review Board.

Without a question, the paper was transferred to the members in the field of elements. As a newly-promoted member, Larry saw the papers at his home.

“Mr. Evans’ papers?” Those papers certainly could not be given to his students for review. Larry read them himself with great interest.

As he read on, the round face on his beard was completely frozen, as if he were confronting the most terrible and ferocious monster that was about to break free and swallow the whole arcana system!

“How could it be so... This explanation is too absurd...” Murmured Larry. But he soon recalled the results of his many experiments. Frowning, he said, “Perhaps, such an explanation is not entirely unacceptable. There must be other factors between the microscope and the macroscope that extinguish the probabilities. At the very least, the world we live in is concrete, objective and material.”

He had grown in the tide brought by the new alchemy in the past few years. Therefore, he acknowledged the new alchemy and the uncanniness of the microscopic particles from the bottom of his heart. The influence of the previous experience and theories had greatly dwindled, and he did not resist such a preposterous theoretical explanation too much, particularly when it matched many experiment results and could resolve a lot of problems.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 656: Different Attitudes

Larry had been perusing Lucien's papers until the night fell. After the resistance in his heart was gone, he realized that the paper had brought him tremendous enlightenment.

"...Now, what I want to say is that something may be wrong with determinism, because certain processes are probabilistic and irreversible..." Repeating the sentence, Larry rubbed his eyebrow and murmured, "How chaotic and disordered the world will be without strict patterns? It is actually not so. No, sometimes, certain things are in utter chaos and cannot be predicted at all."

"Damn it. I should leave the problem alone now. The fantasy theory in the microscopic domain should not be introduced into the macroscopic world. Even though it works in the microscopic domain, I believe that some other factors will collapse the wave function and determine the result during the extrapolation." Larry cursed in a low voice and decided to comment on the paper only from the microscopic perspective in case his head explodes.

That was because the theory seemed to contradict the reality. It couldn't be probabilistic waves that existed everywhere, right? Could they appear in his laboratory, the headquarters of the Will of Elements, and the Allyn magic tower at the same time?

After a long time, Larry brought out all his experiment records and research papers in the microscopic domain, analyzing them from the perspective of probabilities, the uncertainty principle and the commutative principle. The result was within his expectation, but he found it more or less unacceptable. It was the most self-consistent theoretical explanation so far that could resolve certain problems that hadn't been resolved yet!

Without him knowing it, it was already dawn. Larry picked up his quill and wrote after pondering for a moment, "...At least in the microscopic domain, no experiments so far can prove that Mr. Evans' probabilistic explanation is wrong. Also, it resolves the problems that occurred in Mr. Oliver's explanation of the wave function..."

"...The commutative principle has also unified the particle feature and the wave feature of electrons from the philosophical perspective, allowing us to 'see' the wonders in the microscopic

domain more clearly... As to whether the uncertainty principle is an intrinsic quality of particles or a phenomenon caused by observation, it will require our investigation with magic experiments.”

He hasn't quite figured out why the probabilities and the uncertainties of the microworld could not affect the macroscopic domain. It probably involved the conditions that were never considered or discovered before!

“Perhaps, those factors or conditions are the nature of the soul and magic, and the reason why magic patterns can achieve magic effects...” After finishing the review, Larry began to think unrestrainedly.

Without anybody realizing it, the new-generation arcanists who grew in the tide of the new alchemy had stood on the opposite side of the earlier sorcerers including the many grand arcanists. The torrent of changes forced them to move forward with their arcana instincts.

In the meantime, Dieppe, who had been admitted by the Arcana Review Board by the Evans Prize in Arcana, had similar reactions when he read ‘Basics of Quantum Mechanics and the New Alchemy’.

He thought that, having come up with the wave-particle duality of the microscopic particles, he was an open-minded arcanist with wondrous thoughts. However, he found that his imagination was not enough when he read the paper. The probabilistic explanation of the wave function, the unacceptable, ubiquitous cloud of probabilities, and the two arcane values that could not be determined simultaneously... Everything was beyond his imagination and recognition!

“This is a disruptive challenge against determinism, at least in the microscopic domain!” In his shock and subconscious resistance, Dieppe was more or less exalted, feeling like he was a warrior who was charging at the obsolete order, like one of the epic heroes who buried the Magic Empire!

The roars of charge resonated with the poignant collapse of an old age and the sound of hope in the rise of a new one!

Such a vision made his blood boil. He was both scared and captivated, like when he proposed the wave-particle duality.

“Will it result in the reconstruction of the whole arcana system? Will it turn the Congress on a new page?” He mumbled and read somewhat zealously, hoping to understand Lucien’s papers from every perspective.

Having lost his resistance, he found that Mr. Evans’ paper explained the many experiment phenomena perfectly and set up the theoretical foundation for matrix mechanics and wave mechanics, even though it appeared so absurd and self-contradictory on the macroscopic scale!

“If we don’t consider the transition from the microscope to the macroscope, Mr. Evans’ paper that contains the three theories is the ‘relative truth’ that is best and most apt for the microscopic domain so far. However absurd it may appear, I have to admit that it correlates with many experiment data. I suggest that all the arcanists study the new alchemy according to the explanation until it is falsified. However, don’t rush to construct your cognitive world with it...”

“I believe that the falsification of the three fundamental theories will lead to exuberant developments in the microscopic domain. Whatever is proven in the end, and whether or the explanations are wrong, the process will be one of sowing and harvest in itself...”

As he wrote the review, Dieppe felt the trend of time for the first time. He almost couldn’t wait to jump into it and leave a mark of his own on the age to deserve the path of arcana that he had chosen!

.....

In Tower, Neeshka and Samantha, who had come to ask the Prophet questions for days, were stunned by the paper in their hands. Bergner, on the other hand, walked to the window. Looking at the buildings that were as small as ants and the brilliant stars in the sky, he sighed, "It's finally here..."

Just like his vision, the blast that disrupted the foundation of astrology came! After ruining one old theory after another, Lucien Evans had finally focused his eyes on determinism, one of the foundations of the current arcana and magic system!

Also, he in a way denied the value and significance of exploration, because it was impossible to determine the location and the momentum of an electron simultaneously however hard they tried!

Woken up by the Prophet's sigh, Neeshka said solemnly, "This is ridiculous and hilarious. It's just an explanation without any theoretical reference and utterly in violation of the macroscopic world! I believe in the fundamental law of the world that strictly dominates everything. It's the goal and the momentum for us to press our arcana studies."

"I have my own persistence about determinism, too. However, we cannot reflect such persistences to our arcana attitude. Perhaps, Lucien will prove his explanation with experiments at some point. Therefore, what we should do is to falsify it with experiments. Until then, blind belief and obstinateness won't be helpful."

The Prophet corrected Neeshka's attitude. "Of course, I also believe that, even though Lucien could explain the probabilistic explanation, the cloud of probabilities, the quantum superposition and the uncertainty principle, he must've ignored the other influential factors. Otherwise, our world wouldn't be what it looks like right now."

Samantha nodded, her eyes losing focus. “I cannot imagine a world of probabilities where the very existence of myself is uncertain...”

She had been firmly on Lucien’s side when it came to the wave-particle duality of light, but she chose the side of opposition this time as firmly. It was nothing personal but solely about her own worldview and her belief in arcana and magic!

After Neeshka and Samantha left, Bergner looked at the vast starry sky again.

He seemed to have an illusion, where the brilliant, splendid old age collapsed unstoppably, and from its ashes arose a new epoch that was even more magnificent.

“Uncertainties?”

He asked himself in a low voice.

.....

Inside the Mind Garden...

When he saw Lucien’s paper for the first time, Atlant, the Eye of Curse, found it unacceptable just like others did. In his eyes, the world was obviously reasonable, understandable and predictable with the law of causality.

However, during his resistance, his face gradually changed, because Lucien's detailed description of the cloud of probabilities and the superposition state were somewhat familiar to him!

Suddenly, the way to become a demigod offered by Benedict III stuck in his head!

"Isn't... Isn't this the form of existence after the transformation? Was Lucien inspired by the Pathway of Immortality?" Lights were flickering inside his eyes as he was more shocked than ever.

"Is this what Lucien Evans got after studying the way to become demigod and the mysteries of immortality? He is laying the theoretical foundation for his path to become a demigod?"

The more he thought, the more shocked he became. Atlant began to read it in a different attitude, his resistance gone. He discovered that the theory could not only resolve the problems in the microscopic domain right now but also shed light on the path for him to become a demigod. That was the status of the real beings!

.....

Inside the pope's library in the Holy City...

'Basics of Quantum Mechanics and the New Alchemy' was already placed on Benedict III's desk.

“Denying determinism and Thanos Demon?” He snorted first, but he fell into utter silence as he read on, as if he were completely fascinated by the paper.

Ripples suddenly spread out inside the library. They seemed to be everywhere all of a sudden!

Suddenly, the feeling was gone, and everything was back to normal. Shocked, Benedict III said, “Quantum superposition?”

He fetched a file from the void. The handwriting on the book was still fresh. The title of the book was ‘About the Nature of the Power of Faith and How to Control and Absorb it Effectively’.

Inside the Realm of Gates, when Benedict III was too shocked to control himself, ‘Monster Viken’ also appeared and said with a half smile and half surprise. “Quantum superposition?”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 657: Incompleteness

Inside the royal palace of the Holy Heilz Empire...

Rudolf II also saw ‘Basics of Quantum Mechanics and the New Alchemy’ that the Congress of Magic did not keep confidential through his intelligence channels.

Ever since the 'incident' in the underground palace of the Sun King, he had been paying attention to the studies of the Congress of Magic and benefited a lot from it. Naturally, he wouldn't let go of the paper which described the most fundamental law of the microscopic domain, even though it was merely an explanation so far. After all, as a knight caster, he did not have a cognitive world and was not scared of its collapse and destruction, but of course, the side effect was that the research products of the Congress of Magic could not improve him directly. He could only seek inspiration from them to figure out his own path.

"Absurd! Is the nature of the world a die? Determinism does not work, and all the initial statues cannot lead to a unique result? Many processes are irreversible?" However incomplete his memories were, Rudolf II believed in 'determinism' from the bottom of his heart. That was the essence of his experience and wisdom in the past. He couldn't help but criticize it angrily.

However, as he read on, his face became rather interesting. Suddenly, his body was twisted and spread out, as if he existed everywhere.

The spreading cloud collapsed, and Rudolf II became normal. He talked to himself half in delight and half in confusion, "Quantum superposition?"

Although he had found a way to transform into such a state by studying the mysteries of the primeval devils and gods when he was still Thanos, he knew only the application but never knew what the state was and on which theory it was based. Therefore, his path entailed a lot of dangers, and one needed a bit of luck in order to succeed.

"Lucien Evans was inspired by the Pathway of Immortality, which allowed him to associate the mysteries of demigods with the mysteries of the microworld?" Rudolf II thought to himself. The paper was exactly what he was most desperate to know, but he was more or less anxious since it did not have any convincing proof or subsequent developments. "Is Lucien Evans keeping more information about the quantum superposition to himself, considering that it is about the demigods after all?"

At this moment, the determinism in his head was already very dim, because his own status had suggested a lot of things. “It seems that determinism is a nature of the macroscopic world. By transforming oneself into the state of quantum superposition, one would be entering the microscopic domain and getting rid of determinism, thereby turning into a demigod who could return from the river of fate?”

He tried to understand Lucien’s paper according to his experience. In the end, he sighed and said, “I need more experiments and phenomena to prove it instead of believing it blindly, or it will be very troublesome if it is proven wrong later.”

...

Inside the Atomic Universe, Lucien was gazing at the vast starry sky out of the window. A thick pile of papers were placed on his desk, with words and symbols such as ‘power of mind?’, ‘power of faith?’ and ‘congregation of special electromagnetic waves?’.

They were the vague thoughts that he came up with after studying the fake gods.

Pinocchio’s voice suddenly echoed. “Master, Mr. Douglas and Mr. Fernando have come.”

Lucien was suddenly back to himself. Hiding the papers on his desk, he went out to greet the guests.

Fernando was still wearing his bright red magic robe. He asked loudly the moment they met, “The quantum superposition you described was inspired by the Pathway of Immortality and the status inside?”

They had obviously found the connection after they calmed down.

In Lucien's papers, not only was the cloud of probabilities described, but he had also proposed the notion of quantum superposition and even explained certain experiments with it.

"It's true that I was partly inspired by that." Lucien admitted 'frankly'.

While walking to the drawing room under Lucien's lead, Douglas said, "But it's a status close to the demigods. How can a microscopic particle like the electron boast that? Simple analogies and comparisons are inappropriate."

He sounded as firm and determined as before. The mysteries of demigods and immortality made him more considerate, but his beliefs could not be changed so easily. That was his understanding about the world throughout his life.

"When I processed the experiment data and considered the explanation of the wave function, I discovered that it would be easier to solve the problems after introducing the status, so I did it. It was merely a bold hypothesis, and what we should do next is to verify it with rigorous experiments." Said Lucien gently.

Fernando nodded. "I checked my experiment record. Perhaps, the probabilistic explanation is one way to go, but probabilities and uncertainties shouldn't be an intrinsic nature of the electron but are caused by external reasons. There must be a certain situation that leads to the electron's uncertainties and probabilities. As a result, the quantum state is gone when the micro scope transitions to the macro scope. As long as we find the reasons, we will be able to transform and become demigods with fewer flaws and insidious problems than Thanos and Viken did."

The probabilistic explanation was obviously the best theory so far from the perspective of experimentalism. However, Fernando had reached a conclusion from the classic law of causality. Now that the result of probabilities and uncertainties had appeared, there must've been a reason that caused it.

“Up until now, no signs have indicated that. They can only be described as the intrinsic nature of the electron.” Lucien said gently but persistently, “Or rather, in our current studies, there are still experiments that support external reasons. Do not multiply entities without necessity.”

Fernando glared at him, unable to understand his doggedness. “We can boldly assume a theory that includes a broader range, before we verify it carefully. Have you even forgotten that? How are you going to explain the differences between the micro scope and the macro scope? How can you describe the transition? How can you explain the collapse of the wave function?”

“Also, I have my own ideas about uncertainties, and I’ve devised a thought experiment to falsify it.” Douglas suddenly interjected when he listened to their debate. Then, he took out paper and a pen, drawing a picture to illustrate his experiment where an indirect approach was adopted to calculate an electron’s momentum while determining its location.

Fernando had obviously seen the experiment before. He looked at Lucien attentively and intimidatingly, waiting for his answer.

Lucien picked up the paper and considered. It was slightly different from the classic examples in his spirit library, but the mechanism was more or less the same. After reading carefully for a while, he said, “Mr. President, the change of mass will result in other changes in the gravitational field. You didn’t take that factor into consideration...”

Douglas and Fernando had been looking at Lucien. After hearing that, they focused their eyes on the paper.

After a long time, Douglas finally said, somewhat bitterly, "I've forgotten the general theory of relativity that I've been studying recently."

After that, his bitterness was gone, and he said as firmly as before, "I still believe that your quantum mechanics is incomplete. At the very least, you haven't considered how the microworld can be transitioned to the macroscopic scale. Perhaps, that's the mysteries of demigods and immortality."

The conclusion was obvious. There must be an internal reason why the bizarre phenomena of the microworld were not reflected to the macroscopic domain."

Holding back his temper, Fernando spoke in a low voice, "I'll propose a hypothesis to explain the collapse of the wave function..."

The experiment result and the Pathway of Immortality reduced their resistance against the probabilistic explanation and the wave-particle duality. Instead, they began to look for the incompleteness in Lucien's theory and hope to explain everything from a higher level.

After their conversation, Douglas and Fernando both left. One of them was tall and at ease, and the other was short and hasty, but they seemed equally relentless.

Natasha walked into the drawing room and sighed. "Mr. President and Mr. Fernando are truly persistent, or even obstinate, one might say..."

“Not exactly obstinate. Perhaps, they are persisting in the truth...” Remarked Lucien with mixed feelings, which confused Natasha.

Because of the report on the Pathway of Immortality, Brook, Hathaway and Oliver slightly changed their attitude and were less rejective about the quantum superposition and the cloud of probabilities. Instead, they began to try to prove the incompleteness of Lucien’s current theory, and that the world would be in serious trouble if Lucien’s explanation worked!

...

Over the past year, Annick and Sprint had often been to the library to read the recently submitted papers that were not published yet. Their arcane expertise had been soaring, and they had what it took to participate in the cutting-edge studies now. Reading the papers was no pressure for them, provided that they were not as complicated as the general theory of relativity or matrix mechanics.

When they read the papers, they always checked if their teacher had any new product of research. This time, they found ‘Basics of Quantum Mechanics and the New Alchemy’ as they wished. So, they began to read it on their way back to the institution.

Annick tripped over a box in the corridor, forgetting to cast his spell, but he still held the paper tightly, with his eyes fixed on it.

“A probabilistic explanation... The uncertainty principle...” He kept mumbling similar words, and so did Sprint, who showed no intention of helping Annick to be back on his feet.

Hearing the noise, Heidi walked out of the institution, only to see them standing and lying like statues. She was stunned. “Are you some sort of performance artist now?”

Because of the economic development, the pace of society had been hastened. Many bards had adapted the light music into popular music that could be sung and spread more easily. As a result, a bunch of peculiar artists had emerged in Rentato. Lucien had nicknamed them ‘performance artists’.

“Cloud of probabilities... Quantum superposition...” The two of them simply ignored Heidi.

Heidi frowned and robbed Sprint of his paper, starting to read it herself. It didn’t take long before she also became a statue.

Then, the same change happened to Katrina, Layria, Chelly, Lowi, Blake and Alfalia. It was not until a long time later that Heidi finally took a long breath and said, “According to our teacher, the microworld is more weird than magic and more unbelievable than imagination... Have we entered the age of fantasies?”

“However, I think it explains the current experiments very well. There’s no reason why we shouldn’t use it from the perspective of pragmatism.” Sprint expressed his opinion.

Katrina also nodded. “Our teacher’s theoretical explanation is basically self-consistent. Determinism only works in the macroscopic world...”

They were as good as senior-rank arcanists in the fields of new alchemy and quantum mechanics. Also, having been lectured by Lucien for a long time, they focused more on experiment results and were less bound by the previous experience and theories.

Annick rose to his feet. “I think that our teacher’s theory explains the wonders of the microworld, but I also believe that such wonders must have their own fundamental reasons.”

With their dissemination, Lucien’s paper had been learnt by most people before the new year. Therefore, while Onore, Clark and the other students of the Holt Magic College cried that the textbook of new alchemy had to be rectified again and that the three papers were so deeply perplexing and unacceptable, they did feel that their hearts were trembling violently.

“If the theory is proven by any experiment... so many people wouldn’t make any progress for the rest of their life, if their heads are still intact above their neck at all...”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 658: Fleeting Time

In April of 827, it was warm in Rentato with a gentle breeze.

Wearing a neat female knight suit like how her idol, Queen Natasha, was dressed, Heidi sat in a tea shop on Rose Avenue, appreciating the piano song while reading ‘Herald of Arcana and Magic’ on the table.

Ever since the South Church was banished, the terms such as arcana, magic and alchemy were known by more and more people, who were full of curiosity about the charming, mysterious fields even though they could not understand the sophisticated theories and did not have excellent talents.

Also, as more and more generic schools and Landings were established, more and more ordinary people had learnt how to read. 'Arcana Voice' was no longer enough to satisfy the citizens who wanted to know more. As fans of 'News of the World', they were very familiar with the anecdotes in the world of arcana and magic, and they adored the famous arcanists and sorcerers as much as they adored musicians and playwrights.

In their community, it was considered cool and fashionable if anybody could discuss the cutting-edge concepts in arcana, even though they did not understand the meaning of the dizzying words at all.

Therefore, 'Herald of Arcana and Magic', a popular version of 'Allyn Impression', was created, and the circulation was surprisingly good. According to Heidi's noble friends, quite a few nobles were thinking of setting up similar newspapers.

Sipping the Count Red Tea, Heidi read the newspaper casually:

"After Prince Lucien 'Atom Controller' Evans proposed to solve the radiation problem by quantizing the electromagnetic field, Mr. Annick and Sprint respected it as 'second quantization' and applied it to the electronic system, achieving excellent results. The two arcanists who won the Holm Crown Ring and the Silver Moon Medal for the model of electron spin at such a young age have shown their talents again."

Reading the news that did not involve any specific theories, Heidi couldn't help but click her lips. Although she could keep up with Annick and Sprint in microscopic studies, and she could understand the sophisticated theories, she was not as distinguished as them and merely had a few products that were far from astonishing. However, in the field of 'artificial intelligence', she had made remarkable progress.

After her conversations with her teacher, and after too many thoughts and experiments, Chelly, Lowi, Alfalia and she had a general plan for the design of 'artificial intelligence', which had been named by their teacher as 'Heidi-Chelly A. I. System'.

As for the alchemical products needed, thanks to Katrina and Layria's material knowledge and Hathaway and Hellen's magic crystals, and thanks to the joint research of hundreds of arcanists who worked in a similar field, they already had the fundamental parts they needed after more than a year of work. They had transformed the electronic tubes they designed before into the smaller and more convenient transistors.

"However, the current arcana theory cannot completely explain the mechanism of the transistors. They can only be roughly manufactured and applied with magic, which means that their demand is high and cannot be popularized. Are we obliged to use the electronic tubes for a long time in the future?" Heidi raised her hand and combed her hair, deeply upset by the problem.

Recalling that she had come to Rentato exactly to get away from the problem, Heidi decided not to dwell on it anymore. Therefore, she focused her mind on the newspaper again.

"Mr. Douglas, the Emperor of Arcana, has published two solutions of Evans' equation of gravitational field. He believes that one of the solutions describes the special celestial body when tremendous matters are focused on one point in space. They will establish a 'horizon' around the celestial body. Even the light wouldn't be able to escape it. It's the most terrifying body that can swallow everything. It has been named 'black hole'."

"The other solution is a complement to the first solution. It describes the electric black hole formed by charged matter, whereas the first 'black hole' neither carries electricity nor spins..."

"A black hole..." Heidi thought to herself. As a sorcerer close to the senior rank, and as a student of a grand arcanist, she knew more than what was reported. "Mr. President also believes that the Host Star of Destiny that the black hole corresponds to is the reason why the people whose fate does not have a track appear. It's not true to say that their face doesn't have a track, but the track

can only be observed and determined by intermittent phenomena... My teacher's conditions seem to be similar. Does he have a dual-body system made of a general Host Star of Destiny and a black hole?"

Shaking her head, Heidi thought to herself. "After Mr. President observes the black hole in space and confirms the arcana significance of the two solutions, his gravity magic will be even more terrifying. Well, so will my teacher's."

Although it was impossible to create a real black hole, Douglas could certainly simulate one in his cognitive world and project it out. The effect would be extraordinary. As the constructor of the field equation, Lucien would certainly earn similar benefits.

At this moment, a few young men, who appeared to be from the No. 5 generic school nearby, read the newspaper in a low voice. "Mr. Fernando, the Lord of Storm, has published his discoveries. The rays of electric curse in element decay show a sign of energy non-conservation. Also, the spectrum is continuous and non-quantized..."

"Based on that, he speculates that a tiny particle that does not carry electricity is released together with the rays of electric curse. It's a new particle that is different from the other fundamental particles. He has named it 'neutrino'. He has also proposed the possible situation when the atomic nucleus decays and pointed out that the undiscovered Force of Water in the four fundamental forces may be contained in the process..."

"How awesome. They can boldly predict a new matter just based on certain experiment phenomena! Arcanists are so cool..." The students discussed it in a low voice. Arcanists in their eyes seemed to be gods that mastered the law of the world and predicted everything according to it.

Heidi smiled at them as if she were looking at herself when she was still a teenager. At that time, she also felt that sorcerers were mysterious and powerful. That's why she was fascinated and dedicated to the infinite ocean of arcana studies."

Turning her head around, she checked her watch and realized that there was still time, so she kept reading 'Herald of Arcana and Magic'.

"Ms. Hathaway, the Lord of Elements, and Mr. Fernando, have published their preliminary theories on element decay based on reverse engineering and the current studies in the micro scope. Of course, the theory is still rough and does not contain detailed magic structures... They have shared the third Evans Prize in Arcana and the Holm Crown prize for the remarkable contribution... It has offered us a new source of energy and a glimpse at the mysteries of things."

"Ms. Hellen, the Witch of Iceland and Ms. Hathaway, the Lord of Elements, have published their research on crystals again. They have established a superb system after two years of in-depth studies in the field... Hopefully, they will win the fourth Evans Prize in Arcana..."

"Mr. Raventi, Mr. Morris and Mr. Gaston have made both theoretical and practical breakthroughs in the synthesis of life matter..."

"Mr. Dieppe, Mr. Larry and Mr. Jurisian have independently processed the Oliver-Brook Wave Equation with the theory of relativity, but they also admit that their attempts have failed. They do not agree with certain experiments and will lead to strange results where the energy is negative..."

"Mr. Felipe has submitted a standard textbook on anatomy, which lays a solid foundation on the emerging hospital system..."

Almost all the introductions on 'Herald of Arcana and Magic' were about the research in the cutting edge, but even so, they had taken up quite a few columns dazzlingly. It suggested that the golden age of arcana had come after years of development. The products were surging out so crazily that even the sorcerers found it hard to catch their breath.

“Twenty legendary sorcerers. Finally more than before...” Heidi somehow thought of that after reading the paper. The grand development in the microscopic domain and the research on the general theory of relativity have yielded results. Morris, the Silver Miser, and Annonis, the Astrologer, had both advanced.

Heidi folded the newspaper and put it before her. She shook her head. “Only good news? In the past year, many arcanists halted because of the probabilistic explanation and the uncertainty principle, just like Mr. Donald...”

Just like how they did not consider the meaning behind ‘quantum’ before, most arcanists treated Lucien’s ‘Basics of Quantum Mechanics and the New Alchemy’ with a pragmatic attitude, but the result was surprisingly good, because it explained most of the experiments in the past and bolstered the development in the microworld by accurately predicting many things. Therefore, a lot of arcanists had changed their attitude.

The debate about the three principles remained unabated in all journals and symposiums. Douglas, Brook, Fernando and Oliver proposed many thought experiments to falsify it, only to be corrected by Lucien who pointed out their mistakes and inconsiderations. Later, the arcanists who supported Lucien’s principles joined the debate, too.

The debate did not gradually die down until Lucien submitted another paper. When he studied the particle exchange with the wave equation, he realized that the particles followed Chloe statistics when they were symmetric, and they followed Hellen-Fernando statistics when they were asymmetric. Therefore, the probabilistic explanation went one step further.

“Such peace is only temporary. I can feel that a terrible storm is now brewing...” Looking at the empty teacup before her in a daze, Heidi had a sense of suffocation. “All the achievements in the microscopic domain in the past years will be completely unified by the storm...”

At this moment, a square iron monster stopped next to the teashop after a squeak. Then, a middle-aged man in black suit got off and approached Heidi. With a warm if not adulating smile, he asked, “If I may ask, are you Ms. Heidi?”

“Yes. Are you Mr. Buck from the police department?” Heidi rose with a smile.

Buck took off his hat and bowed. “It’s an honor to meet you, my lady. With the help of such a distinguished sorcerer as yourself, I’m sure that the serial murder case will be cracked soon.”

Because sorcerers were capable of many weird spells, the police department also requested the Congress of Magic’s help when they had problems in their investigation by issuing tasks. However, Buck did not expect that Ms. Heidi of the Atom Institution would come this time! Why would the arcanist who had been dedicated to the arcane frontier be interested in such a small task?

After they sat down, Buck took out photos of the crime scene and gave them to Heidi. After the magic cameras were simplified, they were at least affordable for the police department now.

Heidi took them over and checked. She immediately frowned. Although she had done many autopsies herself, she still subconsciously found the brutal and bloody pictures repulsive.

In the first photo, the abdomen of an ordinary person was cut, and all the viscera were taken. Around the dead body was the dirty, filthy slum of the city.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 659: The Hospital

The pile of photos were taken from five victims. Some had rotted. Buck explained to Heidi,

“Three days ago, some workers took off earlier in the evening because some magic circles in Claire broke. On their way back to Sardni through Egret, they heard a bitter scream from the victim in the first picture. They checked on it. One of them was a magic apprentice. The murderer had left. They only found the body, not even any footprints. Later, we found four more bodies hidden around in the sewers. All the organs were gone, and no clues were left.”

Heidi nodded, “The body was badly rotten. The case might have happened even earlier than we think, and I’m sure there are more bodies to be found. But I wonder why the murderer did not simply destroy the bodies.”

“It’s not easy to destroy the bodies. There are no piranhas in the rivers in Rentato. The bodies had to be moved to the black forest.” said Buck. He had been assuming that the murderer was not a powerful sorcerer or knight, but maybe just an ordinary man. He saw no point in a sorcerer or a knight attacking those poor people.

Heidi shuffled the photos and asked, “Any missing people reports from the recent months?”

Buck looked a bit embarrassed, “Egret is a poor district, and is full of people who come to Rentato seeking opportunities. The population is constantly changing, so even the gang leaders can’t figure out who have gone missing...”

Heidi put down the photos, “I’ll take a look at the bodies and the scenes where the bodies were found. It’s hard to tell from the black and white pictures.”

She had a bad feeling about these cases. All the victims’ organs had gone missing. There was definitely something going on.

Heidi’s words were exactly what Buck had been expecting. He hurriedly stood up and said, “Please come this way.”

He walked to his police car and opened the door for Heidi. After Heidi got in, Buck walked around the car and got in the driver’s seat.

Turning on the engine, the steel machine monster started roaring.

“The size of a car has been greatly reduced...” Heidi made this heartfelt comment when she saw the comfortable interior of the vehicle.

Buck grinned, “That’s true. In the past, a car was too big to run on the streets. Those sorcerers simplified the magic circles for producing cars and also lowered the requirement for materials. Part of the magic steam engine has also been replaced by the new energy resource...”

An older-version vehicle would take up all the space of a street in Rentato. After the improvements, however, now at least two cars could run through the streets in opposite directions and the sidewalks could still be retained. But still, cars were very expensive and only the nobles and national departments could afford them. Although Buck was one of the leaders in the police department, if he had not been picking up Heidi, he would not have access to this car.

Heidi gave the metal door of the car a gentle stroke and felt the texture. She knew that it was because of Layria and Katrina's contribution to materials science that the requirements of alchemical circles could finally be lowered to such a degree.

She knew how difficult the simplification was. Thanks to the guidance and development of new alchemy and element research, material synthesis had also made good progress.

Apart from Layria and Katrina, those sorcerers from Atom Institution like Lazar and Rock, as well as Larry, Ulysses, Timothy and K... Thousands of sorcerers were doing their best.

Material science required countless experiments to gather experience. Even prophecy could only do a little to help. There was no luck in this field!

Those ideas that the dwarves brought from their own steam culture also had inspired the sorcerers who tried to simplify the production of cars. They had thus extracted the energy-intensive resource: coal burning element. Also, they had started looking for new alternative energies such as solar power, which was once only used in magic towers.

The sorcerer's knowledge was profound. Their old ally, the elves, were also a great help.

Thinking of the great changes that had been taking place in the congress and in the four countries along the strait, Heidi felt very encouraged. She was proud living in such an era.

Heidi thought to herself that although she was not as talented as Annick and Sprint in the microscopic realm, and not as patient and sensitive to the properties of materials, she believed that she would make her own achievement in artificial intelligence, and one day she would win the Holm Crown prize.

Her fists clenching, Heidi encouraged herself. She was rather thrilled thinking of the future that, once soul pieces were added in, those cold machines could also think and deal with most problems like human beings and even faster than many arcanists. Among the six students of Lucien Evans, only Heidi and Chelly had not yet won a top prize.

Very attentively Buck drove the car. He said to Heidi, “Lady, we’re first heading for the mortuary in Violet Hospital.”

“No problem.” said Heidi. She would like to take the chance to visit the hospital, which had made many followers of the Church realize that the Saint Truth was not the only power that could cure diseases. The Congress of Magic could also do the job!

Although Buck was feeling a bit nervous driving, he still did not want to leave his important guest alone, so he tried to start a conversation, “Cars are not yet fast enough. In the future, the speed should be further improved by advancing power magic circles and finding new resources. Herald of Arcana and Magic said that the Lord of Storm, Atom Controller, the Lord of Elements have finished the initial theoretical research on radioactive element decay. Does that mean that the decay energy can be used to power cars in the future?”

“Nuclear you mean...” Heidi was a bit amused. Obviously, Buck was piling up the terms that he saw in the newspaper.

Nuclear power was a major focus in Atom Institution, and the research was led by Mr. Lucien Evans in person, with his closest friends and students as supporters. This most cutting-edge energy was even too powerful and precious for most senior-ranks, not to mention using it in powering cars.

Heidi joked, “When we finish the study on the miniaturization and popularization of controllable nuclear fusion using magnetic confinement we should be able to increase the speed to the next level...”

She shot out the long sentence within only a couple of seconds.

Controllable nuclear fusion was the ultimate goal of the project, which would provide the most powerful energy ever to Allyn, the city floating in the sky. However, they were still far away from it. In fact, they were still looking for ways to control the process of nuclear decay.

“Controllable nuclear fusion using magnetic confinement...” Buck chewed the mysterious words well, trying to remember them. When he got back, he could use the words to show off. This was the most cutting-edge arcana study, not the outdated information from the newspapers – Ms. Heidi said it!

At this time, a beautiful white building appeared at the end of the road. Buck gently put on the brake and stopped in front of the hospital. Then he hurriedly got off and pulled open the door for Heidi,

“Here we are.”

Heidi got out and looked at the hospital building from outside. She slightly nodded as the building looked in fact quite clean and even sacred. She never expected that those necromancers would run a place like this.

Pushing open the glass door, Buck led Heidi to the mortuary. On their way they ran into many doctors and nurses wearing white gowns. They were apprentices, low and middle-rank sorcerers selected who studied necromancy. This place was not only a place for treating patients, but also a place for their experiments. Therefore, many of them were volunteers here.

Of course, all the experiments had to be permitted by the Congress of Magic. Any illegal experiments would lead to severe punishments.

So far, Violet Hospital had been running for a year. Because of the free magic potions and alchemical facilities provided by the sorcerers and the Congress of Magic, the treatments here were relatively cheap. People had good words about this place. Therefore, the doctors and nurses were given a strange title – Magic Angel.

On their way, they saw an excited crowd in front of them. Some nurses and doctors were surrounding a tall and thin man in black coat, all trying to ask questions.

Heidi recognized the man who always looked sick.

“It seems that Mr. Felipe is quite popular here.”

“Mr. Felipe is here today to have a lecture on human anatomy and cell memory for the doctors and nurses.” Buck explained. The way he looked at Mr. Felipe was full of reverence. He was told that he could turn a pile of flesh into a human.

Heidi and Buck kept walking to the mortuary. After they turned around, they could still hear the conversation.

“Mr. Felipe, so in anatomy...”

“Prof. Felipe, in terms of cell memory...”

At this time, Felipe said gloomily, “Don’t call me prof.”

The nurses were all very surprised. Why? Professor was a title to show great respect in Holt Magic College.

Heidi burst out laughing. Buck turned to look at her, wondering why.

“Nothing.” Heidi waved her hands.

Around the corner, the mortuary was at the end of the corridor. Buck pulled open the gate and they both walked in this cold place.

Juxtaposing the five corpses, Heidi studied them carefully. At this moment, she was no longer a lady but an arcanist.

After a long time, Heidi frowned and said, “Judging from the wound and the way that the guts were taken, it was four murderers who killed the five victims. They did not care about possible damages on the guts, either.”

“A gang crime?” Asked Buck solemnly.

Instead of giving a reply, Heidi cut five pieces of flesh from the five corpses and said, “Bring me to the crime scene.”

She vaguely had an idea.

Throne of Magical Arcana

In the Egret District...

Passing through the low and shabby cottages, Buck led Heidi to a quiet, dilapidated place that was dominated by grass. It was creepy even during the day.

“This place is occupied by some homeless guys, but they are busy with their lives during the day. That’s why they are not here.” Buck pointed at the shaking wall and said.

Zigzagging by a few muddy rooms that could collapse at any point, Heidi saw the crime scene in the photo. Filthy water was flowing, and flies were flying everywhere in the stench.

“The homeless have absolutely no sense of house maintenance. The entrance of the sewer is very close, but they still litter randomly.” Buck cursed. Even an experienced police officer such as himself was frowning in such an environment, not to mention an arcanist from the Atom Institution like Ms. Heidi!

Although it was not the field that Heidi was best at, she had abundant adventure experiences thanks to the Congress of Magic’s mandatory missions. Compared to the nests of trolls and giants, this place was as clean and comfortable as a noble lady’s garden. So, she walked over without frowning and looked for clues with spells.

“The storm last time destroyed a lot of traces...” Heidi confirmed her guess from the magic feedback.

Buck looked at her hopefully. “Yes. That’s why we asked the Congress’ help. Is there anything you can do to help us?”

He did not use the full name, ‘Congress of Magic’, showing that he was one of the pro-sorcerers.

Heidi was not as naughty and playful as she usually was in the murder scene. Instead, she solemnly brought out the remains of the victim and performed a localization spell of the school of astrology.

The flesh in her hands suddenly melted and dropped on the ground, pointing at somewhere far away.

“Originally, the spell can only localize living creatures, but after modification, it can also trace the dead. As long as the murderer still has the guts, we will be led there.” A layer of blood wriggled on Heidi’s left hand.

Buck was amazed by the extraordinary magic and more determined to send his son to the generic school for elemental magic education.

This time, it was Heidi who led Buck. They traversed the Egret District and searched for the murderer.

After they reached an intersection, however, the blood in Heidi’s hands stopped boiling. As if the last vitality had been worn out, it began to emit stink.

“My lady, what’s up?” Buck asked concernedly.

Heidi looked around gravely. “The connection of the ‘kindred’ was cut off, which is something that only magic, divine power or the strength of a knight can achieve.”

“What?” Buck was rather surprised. A sorcerer or a knight was involved in a murder case against the poor? What were they up to?”

Heidi sniffed. “I asked before why the murderer did not destroy the body. It seems that it was not because they were incapable but because they had other purposes.”

“Other purposes?” Buck knew many secret files, but he still lacked ‘common sense’ compared to Heidi, an experienced sorcerer.

Heidi looked around and said casually, “Generally speaking, this is related to evil rituals or cults. They have to ensure that the original body still exists when they use the guts...”

“Then, I’ll submit your conclusion, my lady.” Buck wavered. This was something that was too much for himself. Let the higher-level knights of the police department, or maybe a senior-rank sorcerer, handle this!

He looked at the intersection. One road led out of the city, and the other led to the other side of the Egret District. He said, “The murderers must’ve escaped out of the city. It’s hard to find them now.”

Heidi was rather excited to encounter evil cultists. She brought out her crystal ball eagerly and said, “I don’t know about that. Let’s confirm it first.”

In Rentato, she was not scared that she would encounter an enemy that was too strong for her. Battles that were too intense would surely be discovered by the expert who guarded the Nekso Palace.

The transparent crystal ball was darkened by the magic power. Then, brilliant stars glowed, connecting to a belt of light that pointed in a direction.

“They went to the other side of the Egret District...” That was everything Heidi got from her astrology. “Let’s go over and take a look.”

Buck was slightly upset, but not having the courage to object, he could only follow.

“Ms. Heidi is a sorcerer close to the senior rank and a student of a legend. She must have powerful items. It won’t be a big deal even if we encounter evil sorcerers or cultists...” Thinking about that, he gradually calmed down.

At this moment, he saw that Heidi had been playing with a silver badge that was engraved with symbols of elements. It seemed to be a mini version of the periodic table. Even many civilians were aware of it and thought that it boasted the magic power to resist evilness.

Heidi chuckled. “It’s the medium for a magic ritual.”

“A magic ritual...” With Buck’s knowledge about magic, shouldn’t that be something that had to be prepared in advance?

As they spoke, they reached a corner of the slum along the road. It was a crowded and lively place.

“If they are cultists, there must be a lot of them. So, we can ask the locals whose house is frequented by strangers or has weird noises at night. That way, we should be able to find some clues.” Buck offered suggestions based on his experience.

Heidi smiled. "Thank you for your trouble, Detective Buck."

Before a rickety hut stood a wrinkled old lady who was hanging her washed clothes.

"Greetings, my lady. I'm Buck from the police department. I would like to ask you a few questions." Buck showed his badge courteously.

The old lady wiped her hands, somewhat stunned. "Mr. Detective, please ask."

That was the normal reaction when the poor people met police officers. Buck nodded and asked, "You must be familiar with the neighborhood, right? Is there any household that is frequented by strangers or has obstreperous noises at night?"

The old lady thought for a moment and said, "No, I didn't notice anything. I hardly go to other places in the neighborhood."

Buck put his badge back. "Do you know anybody who knows the neighborhood better?"

"Yes, Mr. Monroe of the Black Brotherhood." Said the lady in a low voice, as if she were scared of this Mr. Monroe.

Buck nodded. "Bring us to him."

“No, please, officer, ask somebody else.” The old lady waved her hands in panic.

How could Buck compromise? Under his demand, the lady shut her door and led him and Heidi to walk on.

Below the low houses, women were washing clothes, men were chopping wood, and kids were watching the strangers curiously.

“How lively.” Remarked Buck.

Frowning, Heidi looked around and did not talk.

At this moment, the lady stopped before the most eye-catching two-floored house in the slum. “Sir and madam, Mr. Monroe is inside.”

She knocked on the gate while she spoke.

Heidi suddenly said, “We’ll visit Mr. Monroe another way. Duty calls.”

“What?” Asked Buck in confusion, but Heidi’s voice echoed in his mind. “Back off. Let me handle this, or I may be unable to take care of you.”

“Why?” Buck grew anxious. Was this the legendary telepathic bond?

Heidi chuckled. “The poor in the slums have to work for ten hours in order to survive, so only kids and some women can be found in such areas during the day. Look. How many men are at home? How do they feed their families?”

Buck was saturated with cold sweat. He did not have much down-to-earth experience. If it were the common police officers under his lead, they might’ve noticed something wrong a long time ago. He simply said, “Right, we have to return to the police department. We’ll visit Mr. Monroe tomorrow.”

“Hehe. You want to leave when you have already noticed things?” A cold and hoarse voice resonated with the intense stink of blood.

Inside the spacious hall, hearts, intestines, livers and other organs were placed in a weird pattern. Not only were they as red as if alive, but they were even fluctuating in rhythm.

All the men, women, and children stood up, their mouths splitting apart and revealing their thorny teeth. Their eyes became crimson and cold, with the air of evilness and paralysis.

The old woman next to them was suddenly dried, like a broken balloon, but then she suddenly expanded and spoke with a male voice. “Are you leaving?”

She raised her finger. Buck immediately felt that he was unable to move anymore.

“Finger of Death?” Buck heard Heidi’s voice in the telepathic bond.

When the black air pierced at him like a needle, Buck thought numbly, “Am I going to die?”

At this moment, he felt that his body became illusionary, before it became steady again and appeared on the other side of the street.

“This is...?” In shock, he realized that Heidi brought him away with a blink under the attack.

In the meantime, ‘Douglas’s Absorbing Wall’ appeared and blocked the crimson rays from the monster.

“You’re not in the senior rank. How can you perform Spell Trigger?” The male voice blurted in surprise, his old-lady body collapsing all of a sudden.

At this moment, the man organs inside the hall began to wriggle and gather into the weird shape of a human.

Heidi chuckled. “I am not in the senior rank, but who says that Spell Trigger is limited to the senior rank? The magic where spells are stored in advance and triggered by different conditions happen to my specialty. It’s a comprehensive application of storage, control, computation, input and output. I cannot simplify all of them, but I can simplify some of the modules... Maybe, the fifth circle will be the threshold for the senior-rank sorcerers later!”

She did not seem in a hurry at all, but her left hand pressed the silver badge nonstop, as if she were casting a complicated spell.

The monster jumbled by organs roared furiously, “I don’t understand, but you are not going to survive! Are you capable of any other senior-rank spells?”

He was about to complete his body. Those mouth-split monsters, on the other hand, blocked the street and disrupted flight.

Watching the red eyes, Buck felt that his legs were shaking. He could only place his hope on Heidi.

After her left hand was done, Heidi suddenly tossed out the silver badge, before she made a weird chant, “The roars from space summons the Atomic Universe...”

The monster lunged out the moment he heard the spell. His body was stretched into a long curtain of blood, corrupting everything around.

He knew very well that the legends were almost as powerful as gods. So, a lot of magic rituals had to be performed by summoning and communicating with different legendary demiplanes. For example, many rituals of the Hand of Paleness required the enhancement of ‘Silent Hell’, ‘Skeleton Land’ and ‘Resting Place’. Generally speaking, one would be able to borrow the strength of the legends as long as their rules were met, unless they intentionally blocked their demiplanes.

What he found hard to believe, however, was how short the magic ritual was.

It was also stored in advance?

The chant stopped, and it became extremely quiet. A black sky descended with many illusionary planets of elements.

‘Arcana Light’ illuminated in Heidi’s hands, and the projection inside the Atomic Universe expanded abruptly. The fusing planets showed up like suns.

Under their assistance, the overwhelming and scorching light swept across the whole slum, melting those red-eyed monsters whose mouth was split.

“Nooooo!” The monster of guts cried miserably.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 661: Bird of Death

In such pure light, Buck couldn’t help but close his eyes, but the dark red eyes of the monster of guts which contained infinite hatred and desperation still lingered in his head. His back was also soaked with cold sweat.

Then, he felt that an overwhelming, terrifying will brush his body, paralyzing both his mind and his body. He wasn't back to himself until a long time later, but the will was already long gone. The brilliance before him that looked like an arriving sun had also disappeared, and so did the monster of guts and his many child monsters.

Looking at the street around that had been basically ruined, Buck trembled. If he had investigated the area with a common officer, they would have certainly been among the people who went missing.

"My lady, has the monster been destroyed by you?" Asked Buck carefully, not just because he was worried about the monster making a come back, but also because he was deeply awed by the lady before him who smiled all the time.

Looking at the pieces of the silver badge on the ground regretfully, Heidi replied, "Theoretically speaking, it is impossible for the monster to come back to life."

Nor was it impossible to restore the silver badge...

Summoning the power of a legendary demiplane required complicated and expensive magic rituals. Even though she asked for the help of her teacher's 'Atomic Universe', the necessary process of communication was still mandatory. Therefore, in order to prepare most of the procedures of the ritual that could be modularized, one would need extremely expensive materials to make the special alchemical items. Even though she had worked for years in the Atom Institution and published a lot of papers, and she had a part-time job in the Holt Magic College, she could only afford one or two of such items.

She was simply crushing the enemy with money!

Hearing Heidi's reply, Buck took a long breath in relief. He reminded himself that he must not get involved in similar incidents in the future, or he wouldn't know how he got killed after he died!

Looking at the shaking two-floored house, he proposed, "There should be clues inside."

Heidi nodded in agreement. She was about to walk in, when she suddenly had a strong feeling of dizziness. It was obvious that her spiritual power had been exhausted. She evaluated his status and thought to himself, "Even if 'Spell Trigger' can be simplified into a fifth-circle spell later, I'm afraid that the standard for the senior-rank sorcerers will still be the sixth circle. The people whose cognitive world is not substantiated cannot be called senior-rank, because they can only afford one quasi-advanced spell under the help of external devices."

Seeing that Heidi was pale and breathing fast, Buck asked concernedly, "My lady, are you alright?"

"I'll be fine after a rest." Heidi took out a dosage of 'Water Song' and drank it. She immediately felt coolness in her stomach.

Heidi needed to rest. Not having the courage to enter the shabby building on his own, Buck thought of random topics. "My lady, was the spell you used just now a simplified version of 'Eternal Blaze'?"

The battle in the sky of Rentato between the Congress of Magic and the South Church were witnessed by most of the ordinary people because of 'Paradise on Earth'. As a result, 'Eternal Blaze' became a synonym of the most powerful magic for people like Buck.

Heidi smiled. “Not exactly. I simply borrowed the power of fusion simulated in my teacher’s ‘Atomic Universe’ in order to build up my ‘Arcana Light’. It sort of contains the qualities of ‘Eternal Blaze’.”

If it were really a simplified and minimized version of ‘Eternal Blaze’, it would’ve been impossible for them to resist the explosion which took place not far away. They would’ve been burnt up by the storm energy and the high temperature.

After a while, Heidi’s face was back to normal. She enhanced herself and Buck with plenty of magic effects, before the two of them entered the second floor prudently.

The scorched interior of the hall was the last evidence that proved the existence of the monster of guts. At the center of the hall was a weird, illogical magic circle. Even though it had been destroyed, Heidi felt obvious dizziness when she saw it, like the recoil of a failed hypnotization. Buck, on the other hand, was so enthralled that he almost failed to come back to himself.

“Don’t stare at it. Something is wrong with this magic circle.” Heidi patted Buck’s shoulder.

Buck trembled hard and moved his eyes away. He thought in fear, “Magic is really terrifying...”

He was even more determined to let his son study magic, because those who did not know magic would certainly suffer setbacks in a magic society!

The two of them searched every room in the building carefully and found a middle-aged man in a black robe inside a secret chamber. His body was intact, but his bulging eyes were utterly lifeless, as if even his soul had been completely annihilated by Heidi’s magic attack just now.

Heidi examined the body with magic. She suddenly exclaimed in astonishment and opened the black robe of the leader of murderers, before she cut the abdomen of the body.

Inside the abdomen was utterly empty. There were no entrails at all!

“This is...?” Buck stepped back in shock. The man was alive without guts and could even perform magic? Was he one of the liches in the tales? Or maybe, was he a victim himself?

Heidi frowned and searched for all experiment records. However, the black-robed, middle-aged man was very prudent. Few clues were left behind.

“It seems that he was a fifth-circle sorcerer who couldn’t keep up with the development of arcana. Due to the fear of being abandoned by the age and the hate for being surpassed by his peers, he embarked on the path of improving his strength through foul magic rituals under the enchantment of a mysterious person named ‘Bird of Death’. The beginning of the ritual seems to be transforming himself into a living corpse that does not have guts, after which he will be able to extend his life by depriving others of their internal organs...”

“Since then, his magic strength had advanced into the senior rank, and he was capable of the talented quasi-spell abilities such as devils and other magic creatures, like ‘Finger of Death’...”

Examining the clues she had found comprehensively, Heidi restored the black-robed, middle-aged man’s experience.

Buck's forehead was soaked with cold sweat as he listened on. When Heidi looked at him and asked for his opinion, he blurted out, "The Bird of Death must be a night watcher. They corrupt the few undetermined sorcerers in order to undermine the Congress' image among the people. We have to strike their crime and clarify the misunderstanding!"

If such a case of evil magic rituals spread out, the ordinary people would inevitably associate sorcerers with gore and ferocity. Although it was only a bias, nobody would be able to consider carefully now that such a terrible thing had happened. Therefore, they had to find a scapegoat to shoulder the criticism!

"It is possible..." Heidi did not say anything, because that was indeed a possible answer. Then, she comforted Buck, trying to relieve his concerns. "Don't be scared. Those sorcerers are the minority. Most of the sorcerers are normal. It's like there are murderers and thieves among the citizens of Rentato, but you cannot consider the citizens of Rentato to be murderers and thieves. It is not mathematically correct."

Buck nodded his head quickly, not having any objection at all.

"I'm going to bring the files and items in this place back to the Congress and ask the senior-rank astrologers to deal with them. I'll try to find more clues and find out who the Bird of Death is." Heidi pointed at the crime spot and said.

"Thank you for your trouble, my lady. Even if you hadn't mentioned it, we would still send the files and items to the Congress. Nobody is better than dealing with such problems than the sorcerers of the school of astrology are." Buck rubbed his hands and said eagerly.

After collecting the files and items, Heidi and Buck left the two-floored building. When they passed the hall, she looked back at the second floor and frowned, before she said in a low voice, "Is it the Church?"

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 662: Preparations

After she returned to Allyn, Heidi did not go to the Task Zone to report the case, or to the Sorcerer Administrative Department to ask the senior-rank astrologers to deal with the files and items involved in the case of evil magic rituals, but to the external part of ‘Babel’ and enter the ‘Atomic Universe’ under the lead of the servant.

She felt that there were many weird things in the matter, and that she had to report it to her teacher.

Inside the Atomic Universe, the real Babel Tower rose into space from the planet of iron, releasing a fantastic sense of beauty.

“Good afternoon, Your Majesty.” Heidi saw Natasha the moment she entered and hurried to greet her, somewhat in a panic. She admired Natasha’s character and lifestyle, so she was rather nervous when she was faced with her.

Amused by Heidi’s awkwardness, Natasha scratched her chin and asked, “I’m not a monster who feeds on human flesh. Why are you scared of me?”

“No, I’m just...” Heidi hurried to explain.

Natasha waved her hands and interrupted her. “Your teacher is waiting for you.”

“How, did my teacher know that I was coming?” Heidi’s anxiety was relieved now that they were talking about business. Before Natasha replied, she talked to herself, deep in thought. “I summoned the power of master’s demiplane. Perhaps, Master paid attention to what happened around me at that time.”

While thinking, she came to the library under Natasha’s lead and saw her teacher smiling at her on the chair behind the desk.

Lucien was still wearing the double-breasted suit. His hair was slightly longer, and his monocle was glimmering under the illumination of the sunlight from the window. “I basically know what happened before. Give me the files and items.”

“Master, I don’t think that it’s as simple as that. There seems to be something deeper and weirder to this magic ritual...” Heidi handed the files and items over to Lucien.

“I know. I will discuss with Mr. President, my teacher and Granny Hathaway. You were very keen. It’s true that the appearance of such evil magic rituals can be misleading.” Lucien browsed through the files. “You will submit your mission later. The rest of this incident will be too much for you to participate in.”

Heidi nodded solemnly. “Alright, master.”

As the queen of Holm, Natasha naturally paid enough attention to the matter, too. It was not until Heidi left that she looked at Lucien gravely and said, “I feel that it’s related to the seven primeval devils. Cutting the guts was only a superficial procedure, and what they really wanted was the feeling of pain... Viken knew that you discovered his identity and therefore exposed the way of transformation through primeval devils without bothering anything, so that internal conflicts would burst out in the kingdom and the Congress first?”

“Greed, the source of all troubles.” Lucien sighed. “It’s impossible to investigate whether Viken asked the night watchers to disseminate it or somebody else was behind it. We can only fight back in other ways while we focus on our own business in secret.”

Natasha nodded and slightly frowned. “The primeval devils are very tricky and can hardly be completely purged. Thankfully, the blood power of ‘Sword of Truth’ is a bane for them. Lucien, have you finished the analysis of your legendary spells? Are you ready to advance into level three of legendary?”

For the grand arcanists, there were barely any obstacles in the first three levels. Since Lucien had published enough important papers in the past two years, he was only half a step away from level three. However, it was a major challenge to reach the peak from level three. Until Lucien published the new alchemy, there had only been two peak legends among the Congress! Also, Oliver, Hellen and Vicente hadn’t made the breakthrough even in the age of the grand development of arcana.

As for the leap from peak to demigod, of so many top legends after so many years, only Thanos and Viken achieved a flawed success. It’s not hard to imagine how difficult the process was!

“I’ve already analyzed ‘Snow Goddess’s Anger’ and ‘Silent Blue’ and obtained the information I wanted. I’m now improving ‘Snow Goddess’s Anger’ with my new discoveries and turning it into a new legendary spell.” Lucien did not keep anything from Natasha and introduced his work.

As a matter of fact, it was easier for him to advance than it was for other grand arcanists, because ‘Eternal Blaze’ was already shaped in Lucien’s cognitive world although it was a spell that only

level-three legends could learn. He could make a breakthrough under the assistance of magic rituals easily.

Right now, Lucien had constructed nine legendary spells inside his soul, namely 'Atomic Fission', 'Vengeful Gaze', 'Space Staff', 'Evans' Hand of Uncertainties', 'Luxury Cracking', 'Abrupt Magic Reverse', 'Mental Fulmination', 'Storm Barrier' and 'Mirror of Fate'. After the improvement of 'Snow Goddess's Anger' was completed and the spell was successfully constructed, he would reach the summit of level two of legendary and advance with 'Eternal Blaze'.

Natasha looked at Lucien curiously. "Improve? You've learnt a lot from the two ice-type legendary spells?"

"Temperature manifests the thermal movement of molecules. The more intense their activity is, the higher the temperature will be, and vice versa. When it comes to the legendary level, the regular temperature-reducing methods can only achieve poor results. So, I need to analyze the two ice-type legendary spells, find the part on their models that reduces the temperature, and relate it to actual arcana significance..."

"The result is similar to my anticipation. My time to reconstruct the model can be saved, and I only need to make improvements to some degree. Also, such a method will play an important role in the studies in the microscopic domain." Lucien pointed at the files on the desk and said.

Natasha was somewhat interested by what Lucien said. "I'm told that the legendary sorcerers of Cabin of Palmeira have been relatively weak because they do not understand the arcana significance of the ice-type legendary spells and can only construct them brutally with their spiritual power and shallow understanding. As a result, those spells are hard to learn and cannot achieve the best effect."

"Ms. Hellen is almost one of the best arcanists, but she had to construct 'Snow Goddess's Anger' by force when she learnt it, too."

She grew even more curious as she talked. “What exactly have you obtained?”

“...” Lucien thought for a moment and tried to describe the idea of restraining molecular movements by the magnetic field or the laser as simply as possible. That would make the ice-type legendary spells even closer to absolute zero.

Natasha’s eyes lost focus as she listened on. She rose abruptly and tried to smile, “I need to practice my blood power now. I’m feeling that I’m closer and closer to the realm of legendary!”

Watching Natasha flee in amusement, Lucien shook his head and picked up an invitation from his drawer, on which it wrote:

“Dear Mr. Principal: The sorcerers of the college are full of confusion and frustrations regarding the development in the microscopic domain and the new alchemy. Even the faculty can barely understand them. We wonder if we can invite you to hold an open class for us, so that the mist on the teachers’ and students’ path forward can be cleared...”

Lucien was deep in thought. Suddenly, he tapped the invitation and opened his mouth. “Pinocchio, ask Leo to go to the Holt Magic College and tell them that I will hold an open class about the microscopic world in one week.”

As he spoke, he looked at his magic laboratory. The materials that he exchanged ‘Hundred-eye Ghost’ for and the countless improvements and modifications could finally be put into use now...

“Understood, my lord.” Pinocchio replied merrily, as carefree as ever.

.....

Inside the conference room of the Highest Council...

Lucien introduced Heidi’s mission report and concluded, “Obviously, this is very similar to ‘Viken’s Special Summoning Ritual’. The ritual to cut the guts and transform into a living corpse was meant to fill the sorcerer with pain. He was strengthened not because of the ritual but because the devil of pain had been projected into his heart.”

Douglas picked up the topic. Looking around at the members of the Highest Council, he said solemnly, “The detailed files about the primeval devils are reserved to the senior-rank sorcerers, and the sorcerers of such a level wouldn’t mess with the treacherous devils unless they have special reasons. Therefore, I suspect that Viken intentionally leaked the real way to become a demigod, which tempted certain sorcerers...”

“From the incomplete files we grasped, we know that it’s enough to become a demigod by transforming into primeval devils. They also need to gather the power of faith. Therefore, we have to investigate cults. I’ll ask the Holmish Church to cooperate with us. I hope that we do not overlook the problem.”

All the members fell into a brief silence except for Fernando and Hathaway who heard about it earlier. However, there was no telling whether it was because they were shocked or for other reasons.

After a minute, Brook broke the silence. “Such cults are highly hazardous and must be curbed. We must not show any mercy even if anyone of the Highest Council is involved.”

He seemed suspicious that some legendary sorcerers or archmages were behind it and therefore warned them in advance.

After giving everyone a reminder, Douglas added, “Based on the Pathway of Immortality and Lucien’s transformation experience, the mysteries of demigods are related to quantum superposition. We can find safer ways by studying the microscopic world. There’s no need to march forward at the risk of being corrupted by the primeval devils.”

Vicente, Atlant and the other members of the Highest Council all nodded in approval. After more than a year, they respected the experiment results and acknowledged the probabilistic explanation, but just like Douglas and Fernando, they believed that probabilities and uncertainties were not the nature of microscopic particles but because of other hidden factors. As long as the ‘external conditions’ were found, it would be able to introduce the microscopic status into the macroscopic world, thereby embarking on the path of demigods.

With dawn and hope ahead, naturally, nobody was willing to walk on the dangerous sideway.

After the meeting, Lucien, Douglas, Fernando and Hathaway discussed the earlier problems. Suddenly, Douglas said, “I’ve constructed the model of ‘Gravitational Lens’ and realized that the distance of the planets we calculated before is wrong. So, I plan to prepare for another super-remote space jump in the next two years to search for planets.”

Lucien looked at Douglas without being surprised. “Mr. President, I believe that planets exist, but I don’t think your attempt will succeed. If it’s purely the problem of the gravitational lens, the enigmas at the end of the Boundless Ocean wouldn’t exist, and we would see our planet after we jump into space.”

Lucien had a few guesses about the matter, but he had to confirm many things first.

Douglas nodded his head. “I know, but I have to give it a shot. Perhaps, I’ll find something interesting there that will offer clues for us to solve the puzzle.”

As he spoke, his voice became lower. “I’ve improved a few legendary spells and almost created a legendary alchemical device that can support the double-slit experiment with electrons. I believe that there will be a conclusion about the microscopic domain very soon.”

“Of course.” Lucien took a deep breath.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 663: Open Class

On the last Friday of April in 827, the thirty-first floor of the Allyn magic tower was crowded with noisy people.

“This is probably the place with the highest density of official sorcerers...” In the crowd, Heidi spoke to her friends, including Katrina and Annick, jokingly.

Lucien ‘Atom Controller’ Evans was about to have an open class about the microscopic world this morning. Most of the sorcerers had been captivated and searched for every opportunity to attend

it. As a result, the leadership of the Holt Magic College had to issue a restraint: the teachers and students of the college were free to choose whether or not to attend it, but for the external sorcerers, it all depended on the time of their application whether or not they had the privilege to attend it whatever rank they were at.

Sprint frowned at Heidi. “Why did you drag us here? If you have any questions, you can ask our teacher in private.”

Heidi chuckled. “It’s been a long time since we saw our teacher on the podium. How could we miss the opportunity?”

With her as the example, most of the arcanists in the Atom Institution had a part-time job in the Holt Magic College, returning the ‘privileges’ they enjoyed from their teacher to society.

“That’s right. How I miss the carefree life when I studied in the magic school.” Layria followed Heidi into the classroom.

Prospell, the tower guard, had temporarily turned on a space-folding magic circle, allowing the classroom to accommodate thousands of people.

Unable to consider questions in such an environment, Annick defended Heidi’s sudden idea. “It’s indeed a rare opportunity. Our teacher wouldn’t hold the lecture systematically from the beginning on other occasions. This will help us pick up what we missed and what we were wrong about. Look. Mr. Gaston, Ms. Isabella, Mr. Larry, Mr. Dieppe, Mr. K, Mr. Samantha and Ms. Rachel... They’re all here.”

He intended to speak the names of all the sorcerers he knew, but he soon discovered that it was even more troublesome than the studies of the microscopic world.

“Yes, exactly. What Annick said is my key point.” Heidi borrowed Annick’s theory unashamed and led everybody to their spots.

Katrina took a breath. “What is our teacher going to lecture on today?”

Even Layria and she were almost dazzled by the development in the microscopic world today and had to work very hard to keep up with the trend. Had it not been for the solid mathematical foundation that Lucien laid for them, they would’ve been left behind by the best arcanists in the microscopic domain.

“This is an open class towards all teachers and students. Mr. Evans certainly won’t dive too deeply. It will probably be an overall analysis for everybody’s understanding.” Alfalia had made remarkable progress after staying in the Atom Institution for four years, but she was still rather ignorant about the microworld and needed such a general review to help herself understand it.

Sprint, on the other hand, said hopefully. “Will our teacher propose a new theory that answers why the microscopic particles have uncertainties?”

“Probably not... That’s the greatest puzzle in the microscopic domain and perhaps represents the truth of the world.” Annick shook his head. “According to the idea that our teacher persisted in, probabilities and uncertainties are the intrinsic qualities of the microscopic particles, not the unavoidable interferences caused by observation. So, if we find why the microscopic particles have such intrinsic qualities, it will mean that we have a full understanding about the microscopic domain.”

Heidi sniffed. “Our teacher’s explanation is at loggerheads with determinism. No wonder the arcanists of the school of astrology such as Isabella and Samantha have come.”

In everybody's whispers, Thompson, the vice principal of the Holt Magic College and a member of the Affair Committee, walked in. Pushing the gold-edged glasses on his nose, he said, "Silence."

Under the assistance of the broadcast rune array, the crowded classroom immediately fell quiet.

"The rest of the time will be given to Mr. Lucien Evans, who will interpret the mysteries of the microworld for us." Knowing that he would be barraged with any further ado, he finished the introduction quickly.

Then, Lucien, in a double-breasted suit and wearing a bow-tie of the same color, walked in from a side door. He dropped the top hat on the desk.

"Everybody's time is precious. Let's get down to our business right now. The studies on the microworld dated back to the War between Wave and Particle about light. That's how we began to understand the specialty of the microscopic particles..." Lucien peacefully began with the classic wave experiment of the light and continued with the confirmation of the particle nature of light.

It was the information that the sorcerers were very familiar with. They understood it very well and soon submerged in Lucien's pace.

...The discovery of the cathode ray, the confirmation of electrons, the revelation of the internal structure of atoms, the verification of protons, the proposition of the new alchemy... The wave-particle duality that was extrapolated from light to all the microscopic particles, the disagreement between many experiments in the microscopic domain with reality, the design of matrix mechanics, the explanation of the wave function, and the debate caused by the explanation and the wave-particle duality, as well as the opinions that different grand arcanists and senior-rank arcanists held. All the information was introduced to the attendees clearly by Lucien.

There wasn't any difficult calculation or knowledge. Having a general understanding about the microscopic domain, they were fascinated and forgot the passage of time.

"Mr. Evans has introduced all the explanations unbiasedly. He even analyzes why there is disagreement. He never says that his theory is absolutely correct and the other theories are worthless." Dieppe nodded in admiration. Mr. Evans' arcana attitude was absolutely healthy, considering that he had accomplished so many achievements at such a young age.

Very soon, Lucien finished the general introduction. He smiled at everyone. "This concludes the first part of my lecture. Here, I would like to remind you that, although I tried to avoid the intricate mathematics in my previous narration, what we can and only can depend on is mathematics and experiments in the microscopic domain."

Heidi and her friends of the Atom Institution were not surprised at Lucien's speech, because it was what their teacher had repetitively told them. As for the arcanists who were not taught by Lucien, they understood the importance of mathematics, but they did not understand why it was so important.

Looking around, Lucien said solemnly, "The microscopic domain is a world that we cannot directly observe with the naked eye. All methods of observation we have so far will inevitably influence it and result in the most peculiar phenomena, which will be answered by different explanations and theoretical models. At first look, all of them seem to make sense."

"However, I'd like to point out that, in the microscopic domain, where our experience in the past is no longer applicable and where the methodology we are used to errs, all the explanations and theoretical models must be strictly built on mathematics. Otherwise, there will be no explanations or hypotheses, but illusions and fantasies!"

“Math doesn’t lie...” Neeshka said in a low voice. Lucien’s confidence and his words at that time left him an unforgettable impression.

Lucien’s solemn attitude woke up most of the arcanists, who gained a deeper understanding about the importance of mathematics in the microscopic domain.

“I believe that you are all somewhat suspicious about the wave-particle duality of the electron, about the cloud of probabilities that is ubiquitous in space, and about whether or not the electron can pass two slits simultaneously...” Lucien suddenly brought up the question.

Most of the arcanists nodded their heads quickly. It was the most difficult and controversial problem so far. Annick and Lucien’s other students, however, all widened their eyes. They knew their teacher too well. Things were certainly not as simple as that!

“Has our teacher finished the preparation of the double-slit experiment with electrons?” After a brief silence, Heidi quickly recalled the project that their teacher had been busy with. It would be an important confirmation of the electron’s wave-particle duality!

Annick and Sprint had lost interest in talking with her. They focused their eyes on the podium, waiting for their teacher’s next sentence with pounding hearts.

After a long pause, Lucien said, “We will have a five-minute break. Then, I will present to you the double-slit experiment with electrons.”

“What”? Exclamations of shock echoed in the classroom. Such an important experiment was to be presented on such an occasion?

After the initial shock, they soon grew excited. Would they be witnesses of history and miracles?

Lucien did not talk to them anymore. He simply brought out a common metal plate which did not seem to have any slit. Or rather, the slits were too small to be observed.

“Such tiny slits need months of engraving even with legendary magic.” The arcanists whispered to each other. Some of them hurried to inform their teachers to join the gala. They believed that archmages wouldn’t be stopped.

Alchemical devices were brought out by Lucien one after another. Very soon, a platform to confirm the double-slit interference of electrons was established. In the meantime, Lucien extracted the image of the sensor screen with other magic circles and projected it to a wall after magnification.

At this moment, Brook and Oliver, two grand arcanists, arrived. They were not surprised that Lucien had completed the metal plate that the double-slit experiment needed earlier than they did. After all, he was an expert close to level three of legendary himself and the unquestionable No. 1 authority in the microscopic domain.

They could’ve waited for the final result of the experiment, but the pursuit for arcana and truth had prompted them to stand in the classroom to witness it in person without bothering about their own identity.

After a minute, Douglas was there, Fernando was there, Hellen was there, Hathaway was there, and so were the other legendary sorcerers and archmages.

Lowering his head and hiding his eyes, Lucien let out an inaudible bitter chuckle. Then, he opened his eyes and walked to the experiment device. “In the next, we are going to have the double-slit experiment with electrons.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 664: Observation Changes the World

In the big classroom, it was so quiet that even a single breath would be heard.

Once Lucien turned on the device, within the projection on the wall, many light spots appeared. They followed no order, No one could predict where the next light spot would show up.

There were more and more light spots. Heidi’s mouth opened big out of surprise. In her eyes, there was this classic and beautiful interference image!

The arcanists took a deep breath from their surprise. There was no more doubt about an electron’s wave properties. No pure particle theory could explain this.

“Double-slit interference of electrons...” said Douglas in a low voice at the back of the classroom. The experiment result was still bearable to him.

In the past year, the secret of Pathway of Immortality, the rapid development of microscopic domain, and the results of many experiments had made Douglas, Fernando, and the rest of the leading arcanists mentally prepared for the idea of electronic cloud and they had also gained a deeper understanding of wave-particle duality. However, what they disagreed with Lucien was that

they believed in a further explanation behind the properties, and thus Lucien's quantum mechanics was not perfect yet.

Even though, when seeing this interference image, the grand arcanists were still deeply thrilled – They had never expected it that an electron could perform such pure wave properties!

Using the dream-like image of bright and dark streaks, Lucien slightly turned aside and pointed at it, “Many of you might be doubting your own eyes, or my alchemical device. If it's the latter, you can feel free to check it later, but if it's the former, I will tell you that you're seeing exactly what you're supposed to see!”

“If an electron only has wave properties, it would only go through one slit at a time, and thus we'll see the two diffraction images simply overlapping. But the experiment has proved that it isn't true. This is a standard, typical diffraction image, which means that an electron was either influenced by another of its peers from behind or the electron itself went through two slits at the same time and thus self-interference was achieved. Therefore, as a result, the image on the screen was produced.”

“No matter which one is the correct explanation, both of the possibilities have proved pure wave properties.”

Lucien's voice was serious and solemn, and the pace of his talking was well-controlled. Those arcanists who were listening were going through veils of mysteries but they knew that they were approaching the sacred truth, despite its ambiguity.

“In fact, I have done further experiments. After reducing the power of the emitter, only one electron could be produced at a time, and the next electron would only be emitted after the one before it has gone through the two slits to rule out the possibility that there was interference between electrons. As I expected, after a while, the interferometric fringes were the same!”

“To be more precise, electrons are probability waves. They are everywhere in space and can interfere with themselves and go through two slits at the same time!” Lucien announced.

Isabella and Samantha were totally shocked, as well as the many arcanists present. They did not know how to take it. Electrons had mass, electric charge and trace, but they could also be everywhere in space! How was that possible?! Did electrons still belong to matter?

If electrons were still matter and they carried such properties, then what about human beings? Human beings consist of microscopic particles, then can human beings be everywhere in space? If that was the case, then they should be able to get to Lance and Aalto at the same time in one step!

Microscopic domain was part of this world. Arcanists were for sure connecting the microscopic domain to the macro!

Hellen stared at the image attentively, her fingers pressing against her cheek. She had fallen into deep thoughts. With some difficulties, the members of the Highest Council could accept the idea of an electronic cloud as they had seen Lucien's experience and the Pathway of Immortality. Their heads were temporarily safe.

As for other arcanists, they did not even have an understanding of the microscopic domain deep enough to make their heads explode. They never tried to use any theories in the microscopic domain to construct their cognitive worlds, and thus their heads were also safe as well.

However, when the description of the electronic cloud came out, more than a hundred arcanists suffered. They could not imagine how electrons should exist in their cognitive worlds.

Their cognitive worlds had reached the limit. They could take no more.

“Electronic clouds do exist, but probability isn’t necessarily the most essential property...” Samantha murmured in a low voice in pain. If they were going to admit that probability was the intrinsic nature of an electron, they were to accept that probability was the intrinsic nature of the world. Then determinism would become largely problematic. She had to stick to a reason to secure the baseline.

However, she was also well aware of the fact that this kind of insistence would never help her reach legendary level, not even the archmage level!

Those arcanists from the school of astrology were also suffering. Fortunately, Lucien did not bring the experiment he just mentioned here today.

Lucien dropped his hand and looked around in the big classroom. He said calmly, “Since the experiment that electrons are emitted one by one takes a long time, I am not going to show it to you. You may apply to the Atom Institution for the permit of using the devices and conduct the experiment on your own.”

“If you want to skip the waiting line, you may also use the experiment on light inference as an analogy. The device requirement is much lower, and you all are able to do the experiment in your own lab.”

Lucien then repeated the experiment in detail.

Then he concluded, “After a long period of time, you should be able to see the fringes. That means a single photon also has the property of interfering with itself.”

Some arcanists remained completely silent as they were afraid, while some were slightly trembling because of the great excitement.

At this time, Oliver asked, “Lucien, so far all of your theories are built on wave-particle duality. If it is only pure waves, then its particle properties are no more than wave packets, then neither double-slit experiment nor the self-interference feature is worth our surprise, as they both conform to wave properties. Also, I’ve got a question here: Under what circumstance can a quantum superposition state exist? Why doesn’t it apply to the macro-world?”

“Then why would your probability waves suddenly collapse into a certain spot when reaching the screen and lose its probability?” Oliver added.

His explanation made sense to those arcanists who followed wave theory. From this perspective, this experiment seemed to be less shocking and incredible.

Fernando responded before Lucien, “Oliver, if electrons and other microscopic particles are pure waves, why don’t they show wave properties? We are made up of those particles! Your question also involves how we transit our theory from microscopic domain to the macro. You don’t need me to remind you that waves do ‘die’ without the support of particle properties!”

Although Fernando did not totally agree with Lucien, he respected the power of mathematics and results of solid experiments.

Fernando’s response made many arcanists frown tight. When it came to the connection to the macro-world, the real trouble came.

Seeing that an intense debate was about to take place at any time, Lucien raised his hand and smiled, “In terms of double-slit experiment with electrons, I have another follow up experiment, an altered version, to show to you.”

What?! There were more experiments coming?

Lucien pointed at the alchemical device and said, “We can add a recording magic item to each slit to see whether it is one electron passing through two slits at the same time or it is just one. I’ll set up different alarms so we can know whether it is through the slit on the right, on the left, or both.”

Lucien took out the magic items for recording and showed them around to have the arcanists present make sure that he did nothing to them.

When he was setting up the items, the arcanists present could not help discussing.

“Annick, so according to our teacher’s description, we’re supposed to expect that the two alarms will go on at the same time in different sounds, right?” Heidi asked Annick, who was rather talented in the microscopic domain.

Oliver cut in, “I don’t understand why Mr. Evans wants to do this. If both of the alarms go off at the same time, that means an electron can pass through two slits at the same time, and then pure wave properties will be proved, just as I said. If they don’t, the concept of self-interference that Mr. Evans just mentioned would become invalid...”

In other words, such an experiment would do no good to Mr. Evans!

Annick heard the discussion silently. After a while, he finally responded, “My guess is that only one alarm would go off. Mr. Evans is trying to verify the particle properties of electrons...”

“Then what about self-interference?” Layria asked. She had some feelings and started being very concerned.

Neither Annick nor Sprint made more comments. Both of them had turned to look at the device in the front, waiting for the result.

Lucien said to his audience and said in a soft tone, “I’ll slow down the speed of emitting so you can tell the alarms better.”

Then the patterns on the magic circle lit up. The different alarms both went off, but never together!

“So one slit at a time?” Heidi murmured, “...Then what about self-interference?”

At this time, someone gasped. Then many could not help asking aloud in great confusion, “Where are the interferometric fringes?!”

Heidi turned to look at the wall but was shocked to find that the light spots congregating were not forming any interferometric fringes that they saw earlier, but the properties of particles only!

Staring at the wall, Douglas's eyes slightly opened wide, "The attempt to observe the particle properties of electrons made the wave properties disappear...?"

Just like how uncertainty principle described momentum and position...?

Oliver was slightly shaking his head. Somehow, it seemed that there was some dark air surrounding him.

Standing in the front, Lucien pointed at the experiment image with his right hand,

"When we are not observing, electrons are in the superposition state and this can be described using a model of electron cloud. However, when we want to see its wave properties and conduct an experiment for it, electrons will show us their pure wave properties and the feature of self-interference..."

"...When we want to see an electron's particle properties, it will follow our wish and show us pure particle properties..."

"...Therefore, its state and nature depend on our observation, on what result we want!"

How creepy that was! The arcanists present were even more confused now! One's observation can change the world?!

That was even more magical than magic!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 665: The Explanation

When we wanted to see wave properties in an electron using double-slit experiment, we would see the more distinct wave features – interferometric fringes, while when we wanted to see particle properties by adding the devices for recording, only pure particle properties would be left...

Was that the truth of the world? Electrons would show us what we want, and thus our observation changed the world?

Their heads were in such a mess that their entire understanding of the world and even of themselves had become beyond their recognition! They thought that the world would only be strange when magic spells were cast. However, they had now realized that the microscopic domain was even stranger and creepier than magic!

Larry felt very shocked, but also thrilled. He started thinking of the arcana principle behind this experiment. Was this how the principle of complementarity was applied to wave-particle duality? Wave properties and particle properties could not show up at the same time – When one appeared, the other would disappear. Was this how it worked?

He kept telling himself that he should avoid connecting the microscopic domain to the macro at this point, or his cognitive world would be totally messed up, and lots of things in this world would appear totally contradictory to him.

Meanwhile, Annick, Sprint, Dieppe, Timothy and many other arcanists were also telling themselves that there must be other reasons affecting this during the transition from the microscopic domain to the macro, other reasons that collapsed wave function and made particle properties fixed. They had to warn themselves this all the time or their cognition would be shaken by the experiment at any time!

This was the only way that they could try to accept the experiment results shown by Lucien Evans.

This perhaps was the most incredible and unimaginably queer domain in the history of arcana and magic!

Although the low and middle-rank arcanists were still starters in the microscopic domain and they never tried to use the knowledge to build their own cognitive world, the experiment results had still greatly impacted their outlook on the world, on life, and on their values. This was their first time tasting the pain that an arcanist had to face when his or her cognitive world had to shift.

Lucien was indeed the Destroyer of Three Outlooks. Many arcanists, honestly speaking, disliked Lucien Evans.

When the initial shock gradually calmed down, many good arcanists including Larry, Dieppe, Annick, and Sprint started to feel the thrill. The experiment had made them have a deeper understanding of wave-particle duality and the principle of complementarity, and now their hearts were full of the drive to explore further.

“I’ve got a question.”

At this time, Oliver asked. The look on his face was a bit distorted, but the dark air surrounding him had disappeared. A moment earlier, his cognitive world was almost shaken, but fortunately, he handled it trying his best.

Lucien slightly nodded, “Go ahead, please.”

Larry and Dieppe turned to look at Mr. Oliver with curiosity.

Oliver slightly took a breath and then asked, “You said that ‘observation changes result’...Then how do you define ‘observation’? This has to do with the transition from microscopic domain to the macro.”

“It refers to all the means that we take to study electrons.” answered Lucien calmly. He slightly looked down, so no one could tell the emotions in his eyes.

Oliver had totally calmed down. Some light smile appeared on his face and he said in the poetic tone, “So we are the ones that matter. Then I’ve got a thought experiment here. All of us know the decay of the nucleus, right?”

The arcanists present all nodded. Studying the decay of elements was one of the several major branches in the microscopic domain, and the Lord of Storm and the Lord of Elements had just won the Evans Prize in Arcana with their research on it. This also represented a new direction for using

alternative energy, a new legendary lethal spell with massive power. Therefore, all of them knew it!

Oliver continued, “So if we assume that a nucleus has a chance of fifty percent to decay, and then we design such an experiment device...”

Oliver then described a fine and exquisite device. In this device, when a nucleus decayed and emitted neutrons, a series reactions would be activated and finally break a glass bottle containing a fatal curse.

“...So if we put a poor cat in the device, logically speaking, we can say that there is a chance of fifty percent that the cat will be killed,” said Oliver.

When Oliver was describing the device, Sprint’s and Annick’s face turned pale. They had a feeling of what was coming.

Dieppe, Larry, Jurisian and other arcanists good at the microscopic domain also looked very apprehensive. They knew what Oliver was trying to do!

– He was using this device to connect the microscopic world and the macro!

This was the part of the problem that they had been running away from all the time!

Under the gaze of the many arcanists present, Oliver's volume slightly increased, "If we close the device and do not observe it, according to Lucien's theory, the atomic nucleus would be in the quantum superposition state and thus in the quantum superposition of both decaying and not decaying, and this amazing state would only collapse to settle when we peek at it."

"But my question is," said Oliver, "what about that poor cat? If the nucleus decays, it will be killed; if it doesn't, it will stay alive; then during the superposition state, can we say that the cat will be both alive and dead in the inclosed device?"

"Is that possible?"

"Or are you saying that our observation of the cat will also lead to the collapse of wave function and thus settle down the result?" Oliver asked aloud.

Many arcanist's hearts missed a beat. Their faces had turned completely pale. Both alive and not alive? Both dead and not dead? There was no such magic spell that could lead to this state. The fine experiment design had sent the creepy strangeness of the microscopic domain to the macro-world!

They could ignore this problem no more. They had to face such a huge conflict and give thoughts to this transition.

Sprint wished that he could just take the cat by the throat!

They felt that they just got a good slap in the face for agreeing with Lucien.

Oliver asked again, and his target was Lucien Evans who remained silent in the front, “What state is this cat in?”

Oliver wasn’t averse to the idea of quantum superposition state, since he had seen what happened in Pathway of Immortality and what happened to Lucien Evans. However, what was the premise of this state? What was the boundary? Was it only for microscopic particles? Or could this extend all the way to molecules, cells, and even creatures and intelligent lives? Only by figuring out this boundary could they find the reason behind the disappearance of quantum superposition state and thus a solid theoretical foundation could be set up for ascending to the demigod level!

Therefore, he was not very happy with Lucien’s general conclusion. If a human being’s observation can cause the collapse, then what about observing other intelligent creatures? What about a cat? A molecule?

Everyone was waiting for Lucien’s answer.

Lucien still looked down, but he answered, “Yes, the cat is in the quantum superposition state, between life and death.”

“What?!” Some arcanists burst out.

Then what about human beings? What if a human was in that device?

The rest of the grand arcanists remained silent, listening to their conversation.

Oliver asked in a low voice, “Then what if a human being was in there? Is that the same?”

“No. At this time, the wave function would collapse, and the result would have settled,” said Lucien fast, “either alive or dead, There’s no overlapping.”

Oliver took a step forward, “Then what is the difference between a human being and a cat? Why can the former make the function collapse, but the latter can’t?”

Lucien slightly twitched the corner of his mouth but still answered, “Because of the involvement of consciousness. Only a conscious observer with intelligence can collapse the wave function.”

All of the arcanists were deeply shocked. They had never expected such a response. Following Lucien’s theory, many terrible and unimaginable facts might be emerging!

Fernando had been remaining silent for a long time, but he had reached his limit. He yelled in the classroom, “So you are saying that before a conscious observer showed up, the entire world, universe was in the state of wave function, in the substance-less state of electron cloud? After a very long time, the first observer was born, and at that moment, the universe and world collapsed and became what we see right now?”

The billions of years of chaos and uncertainty of the universe was all waiting for a loving glimpse?

That was beyond ridiculous! That was a joke from a lunatic!

“Why not? We don’t know what the world was like before the first observer was born.” Lucien avoided looking into Fernando’s eyes.

Douglas also said seriously, “So you’re saying that the first observer was the first supreme observer? Is that what you mean?”

Not only Brook and Oliver, even Hellen and Hathaway who were more open-minded to Lucien’s explanation were shaking their heads in disapproval.

Lucien suddenly looked up at all the arcanists, “Have you ever thought of why there is supreme power? Why is there magic?”

“If we start from the existence of consciousness, from the effect of the observer, we might be able to find the explanation.” said Lucien.

Lucien’s voice lingered in the big classroom, and his question hit all the arcanist’s minds. Yes, what was the nature of magic? That was the question that the Congress of Magic had been pursuing since its establishment? That was the problem for sure to be asked after human beings seeing all kinds of extraordinary phenomena! The problem would only be ignored if human beings stopped thinking and decided to waste their lives like animals!

The arcanists were getting more and more confused on their way approaching the truth of the world. The relationship between the world and magic was just like the uncertainty principle put forward by Lucien which was so hard to capture. It seemed that the truth of the world never left a space for magic!

Was consciousness the explanation? Was it the effect of the observer?

Annick stared at his teacher in the front. His heart was struggling. His teacher was always so elegant and well-mannered, authoritative and determined that people could not help following him. He was the master in the microscopic domain and the macro star sky!

In Annick's heart, Mr. Lucien Evans was as magnificent as a mountain peak that he had to look upon for his entire life.

But why would his teacher make such an explanation for such a transition? Why would he say that the collapse of the wave function decided the world today?

Was he wrong? Was the past experience and his imagination wrong?

Was Mr. Lucien Evans wrong?

Annick turned around and saw that his friends were all looking very confused. Sprint looked a bit pissed, as his teeth were slightly grinding against each other.

In the weird silence, Lucien said in his low voice again, "The first observer was not necessarily an extraordinary existence. Maybe it's just like us."

"We don't have to care about the supreme observer, the god which tossed the dice. We don't have to."

“Let’s recall the experiment. My observation led to the change in nature of the electrons, and yours also can!”

“There’s this so-called god which tossed the dice, but it is not existing somewhere outside. Instead, it is in our mind. We are all our own supreme gods!”

The grand arcanists looked at Lucien in astonishment, just like the other arcanists. No one said anything.

After a while, suddenly, someone directly stood up from his seat.

“Annick?” Lucien looked at his student.

“Sir...” Annick’s throat was a bit dry, but in the end he still said in great determination.

“I don’t think your explanation is correct.”

This time, he did not shy away. His eyes were looking into Lucien’s eyes.

“Sir, I agree with Annick.” At this time, Sprint also stood up and said aloud to Lucien, which surprised many arcanists present, including his friends, Heidi, Katrina, and Layria.

His fists clenched tight.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 666: The Correct Attitude towards Arcana

Annick looked at his teacher nervously, but also in great determination. Shy as he was, opposing his teacher was basically like jumping down to the ground from the edge of Allyn without any magic protection. However, his own understanding of microscopic domain was urging him to step out and speak out his own opinion!

Would Mr. Evans be angry at him? Or disappointed?

However, when Annick looked into Mr. Evans's eyes, to his great surprise, there was no look of anger or disappointment at all. It was a very calm, peaceful face.

“What’s the problem that you think?” Under the arcanists’ gaze, Lucien asked in a calm tone.

Annick took a deep breath and said, “Observation indeed can change results, but we can’t say that it’s conscious. Observation should be objective, and any life forms or even lifeless things could do.

It still requires further exploration and research for us to know when a quantum superposition state is formed.”

He only had some rough thoughts. He could not make it any clearer.

“I think so as well.” Sprint said aloud, who was a bit surprised that Annick had successfully expressed himself under such huge pressure.

Douglas agreed, “Although there is no mathematical model to support it yet, this sounds more objective. Lucien, your theory is too subjective.”

Fernando did not say anything, but the look on his face showed that he was on Annick’s side. Although it did not mean that he believed Annick was right, it still appeared that Lucien’s theory was too ridiculous.

The rest of the grand arcanists also showed the same attitude.

“I see. But in this case, how can we explain magic? How can we explain divine power and the power of faith? Annick, your words did not leave a space for supernatural power.” Lucien’s tone remained gentle.

Annick’s mouth slightly opened as he tried to explain, but he did not know how.

“Lucien, don’t connect two irrelevant things to each other. The fact that there is no space for magic in the microscopic domain doesn’t mean that there is also no space in other domains.” Fernando cut in.

Lucien smiled, “My theory is still a guess, a guess that can contain the rationality of all the supernatural powers. Neither of us have a solid argument so far, so let’s take our time to explore further and do more experiments. I hope that we can find the truth of the world.”

The arcanists were a bit surprised. For the first time, Mr. Evans did not throw out a series of rigorous experiment designs and theories to claim his victory as he always did. However, they also felt relieved.

After all, this should be the result that one would expect.

At this time, Lucien smiled and looked at the grand arcanists and his students. He switched the topic, “So far I have some ideas on the three experiments which I haven’t been able to carry out. I hope that with our joint effort, we can achieve them, which will provide great support to our explanation of the microscopic domain.”

“We all know that different temperatures come from the thermal motion of molecules to different extents. Therefore, in the first experiment, if we can restrain microscopic particles from moving around, we will be able to be even one step closer to the absolute zero. Under this circumstance, also, microscopic particles might be in the same quantum state, so we can test many of our thoughts...”

He roughly described how to make “traps” to catch microscopic particles using strong magnetic fields or laser, and he “speculated” how to observe the quantum superposition state using appropriate research steps within an extremely short moment, although they were all theoretical guesses like fantasies.

Every arcanist present was familiar with the idea of strong magnetic fields, and Lucien had put forward the explanation of lasers after learning Vengeful Gaze. Rubies and many magic crystals and gems could amplify a sorcerer's ray spells and produce very high temperature. But of course, there was a limit on distance.

Therefore, it wasn't difficult for the audience to understand the concept that the first experiment was based on. Hellen was listening with special attention, as this idea seemed to be reasonable for explaining many of the questions that she had when studying her legendary ice and snow spells. However, as for how the traps should be set up, even if Lucien had had some ideas, he was not going to share them with his audience, as he would save it for himself.

But still, for grand arcanists, direction was always more important than any specific steps!

Oliver did not look too happy, but there was also excitement on his face. If they could see the real superposition state, they would become certain that the secret of the demigods indeed existed in the microscopic domain. However, there were so many great obstacles that had to be overcome first for setting up the experiment, which could not be done within a short period of time.

"But this is not going to explain how this state transits from microscopic domain to the macro, as this experiment only proves that the superposition does exist..." said Annick.

Both Annick and Sprint believed that the experiment mentioned by their teacher was of great significance, but they also believed that there was more coming.

Lucien nodded and continued, "In this experiment, we can make another two changes."

“The first change is that after an electron passes the double slits and self-interference happens, we make our decision whether we want to see wave properties or particle properties. Then before it hits the screen, we make the corresponding changes to the screen. In this case, what experiment image will it show?”

“Of course we’ll see wave properties. At that time the electron will have passed the slits and interference has happened...” an arcanist spoke out the thought shared by many. However, he quickly stopped himself – They had learned their lesson in the microscopic domain, which was a domain that was totally unpredictable. No one knew for sure whether our observation would change a fact that already happened. In that case, the law of cause and effect in chronological order would no longer exist all the time!

Lucien purposefully twisted the experiment design a little bit in case that the answer would be found too early and the person who found it would definitely explode his or her head. Then he continued, “The second change is that we observe which slit an electron passes using a method that interferes with the motion even less, but after the record, our alarm will not make any noise or signals to let us know. Instead, the device would delete the record immediately. Then will we see wave properties or particle properties”

Annick’s face turned pale again. The purpose of the change was to tell whether it was the observation of the device that played the role, or “their” observation.

That was the three experiments that Lucien wanted to share. After that, he released a sigh and asked, “That’s all for today’s sharing. Any questions and ideas?”

For a while, no one answered, as they were still reflecting the three experiments that Lucien shared.

Douglas thought for a while and then said in his calm but also determined tone, “I’ve also got a thought experiment: According to your explanation, before observation happens, a microscopic particle is in the form of an electron cloud where many possible states overlap. And you assume that some changes will happen to the particle and make it divide into two even smaller particles heading for different directions. During this process, without the involvement of an observer, the two smaller particles will still be in the state of superposition and stick to its conservativeness...”

“When there is enough distance, an observer’s investigation into one particle leads to the particle’s state settling down, and thus the other particle follows and collapses immediately. Is that right? Does this action at a distance go against the special theory of relativity?”

Douglas’s words made most arcanists’ heads dizzy. They had gone through a lot today from Oliver’s cat to Lucien’s experiments to Douglas’s entangled particles. Those were all thought experiments complicated and shocking enough to explode their heads. They did not quite understand, and thus they were afraid of them.

“I think that will happen, but this does not go against special relativity. Before observation, microscopic particles spread out everywhere in the space following wave function. The two particles are still one unit that cannot be further divided.” Lucien said roughly, as he dared not to be too accurate and specific.

Douglas nodded, “I’ll try to carry the experiment out to see if it’s true.”

Finally, the lecture bound to be remembered by the history of magic had come to an end. Walking out of the classroom, Lucien felt tired. He rubbed his brows and then walked back to his study.

Soon his students came to visit him, using the excuse of asking him questions.

After asking the several obviously not carefully-prepared questions, Heidi took courage and asked, "Aren't you angry at us, sir?"

"For what?" asked Lucien.

Heidi pointed at the door of the study and said, "Annick and Sprint dared not to come and see you sir. They are worried that you are angry at them for challenging you, for not being on your side."

Lucien smiled and shook his head, "No, not at all. Instead, I was happy to see that."

"What?" The students were confused.

"In arcana, we believe in results of experiments and observation, and the theories based on this foundation, not a specific person as authority." said Lucien seriously, "Although since I joined the congress I have always been correct and I indeed overturned many theories, this does not mean that people should blindly follow me and say nothing when I put forward ridiculous guesses that contradict basic mathematical logic."

"...That is the most horrible attitude towards arcana! When I was putting forward a probabilistic explanation, the uncertainty principle, and the effect of the observer, I got scolded by my teacher and the opposite opinion from the president. This was not because they were stubborn, but because they had their own beliefs in arcana, which are built upon the many experiment results and phenomena. It doesn't matter that they don't agree with me as long as they have their beliefs..."

"If they had agreed with me easily, they would never have become grand arcanists. Sprint and Annick were right for insisting on themselves before I can provide any solid support to my theories." Lucien smiled, seizing the chance to give the students a lesson about correct attitude.

“What if I was wrong?” Lucien asked.

Heidi forced a smile on her face and said, “I have become totally confused with microscopic domain, so currently I am going to focus only on formulas and experiments to study artificial intelligence. I’ll not follow the overturning theories for now.”

Layria, Katrina, and Chelly also nodded. To some extent, their heads had exploded.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 667: Golden Age (End of Volume VII)

Inside the Atomic Universe...

After Natasha fell asleep, Lucien rose and walked to his desk. He took out a thick pile of papers from his magic pouch and turned to a certain page. While considering, he drew seven lines under the word ‘self-awareness’, which were connected to ‘Greed’, ‘Arrogance’, ‘Pain’ and the other emotional expressions that represented the seven primeval devils.

Then, he left a big question mark behind the seven words and wrote: “The quantum transformation of the soul requires the superposition of more possibilities? The superposition of other feelings and self-awarenesses?”

“On the other hand, the pure congregation of faith and self-awarenesses will offset one’s own self-awareness, thereby preventing one from collapsing from the quantum superposition state? However, one’s self-awareness will also be greatly affected as a result, which may lead to other problems?”

“How should the problem be resolved?”

Lucien put on a smile as he wrote on. He tapped the paper with his fingers, as if he were inferring and guessing something.

Shaking his hands with a half smile, Lucien collected the paper and took out a piece of blank paper, on which he wrote:

“The Relativistic Wave Equation of a Single Electron.”

Natasha, exhausted, was sleeping and recovering, when she suddenly sensed the terrifying force of obliteration and destruction. She opened her eyes warily, only to discover that the magnetic field around Lucien who was in his pajamas had been twisted. A dreamy spectrum appeared like a picture, and the most overwhelming power was descending from the infinite heights!

Half of the colors nearby were black, and the other were white. When they collided, they were destroyed in an unimaginable state, before they were born from the void again.

“Feedback from the real world...” Looking at the constantly-changing, black-and-white scene, and feedback of the World she realized what was going on. Also, she somewhat sensed that it was the cycle of the creation and destruction of matter.

The experiences she had when she tried to become a legendary knight, and the problems that occurred to the blood power of Sword of Truth that was purely destructive, were all answered at this moment.

She pulled on her pajamas and walked to Lucien’s side quietly, watching him finish the paper.

“...I once tried to avoid the negative energy result that Dieppe, Larry and Jurisian concluded. However, after constructing the equation and theoretically explaining all the current experiments, I have realized that negative energy is unavoidable. With that in mind, however unreasonable it is, we can only include it in our arcana theories and build a new system that can accommodate it. I hereby predict that there is an antielectron whose electric charge is positive. When it encounters an electron, they will immediately be destroyed by each other and yield tremendous energy...”

“If we think more broadly, there may be other antiparticles, and the matter made of such antiparticles can be called antimatter...”

As he wrote on, Lucien remembered certain concepts in the quantum field theory that he confirmed before. Therefore, the vacuum surged, from which the positive and negative electrons were born, before they obliterated each other and released energy.

Inside his cognitive world, the universe background became hazy, as if matter was being generated and destroyed all the time. The infinite starry sky arrived from far away again, bringing in tremendous feedback from the real world. The objects inside the cognitive environment were changed as a result, and an incomplete new legendary spell was constructed!

Also, 'Eternal Blaze' in Lucien's cognitive world was naturally engraved into his soul, allowing him to step into level three of legendary directly, even though he had only ten legendary spells.

"Positron Cannon" Lucien wrote a full stop for his paper and closed his eyes, feeling the incomplete, new legendary spell. He knew that he had to find 'antielectrons' in reality in order to complete it.

"It's really hard to make advancements simply by practicing and perceiving the blood power without understanding the mysteries of the world..." Natasha sighed with mixed feelings. That was the reason why legendary knights of higher levels were fewer than sorcerers of the same level. However, as an optimistic girl, she soon cheered herself up and declared, full of ambition, "It's still not too bad. Although I don't understand the specific arcana theories, I think I will be able to become a legendary knight with your interpretation and illustration..."

Lucien smiled at her. "All the classes will reach the same direction when they arrive at the top level. It's about understanding the mysteries of the world. However, the arcanists have the best and most effective approach to explore the world's mysteries."

All the different roads led to the same destination.

.....

After Lucien's open class, the Congress of Magic was caught in a weird state of 'silence' in general. Everybody discussed the double-slit experiment with electrons, Oliver's cat, Douglas's entangling particles, Lucien's experiment of deferred choice, etc., but nobody discussed the influence of a conscious, considerate and intelligent observer on the microworld. They subconsciously evaded the most horrifying explanation.

However, just because they avoided it did not mean that the distinguished arcanists and the grand arcanists would. The papers on that aspect had been submitted to the Arcana Review Board.

Larry sat inside the dark library like a statue, as if he hadn't moved at all for hundreds of years. Oliver's cat panicked him, and Lucien's observer theory terrified him, making it impossible for him to calm down for his own research and adventure. His head was swarmed by questions in that regard.

Suddenly, he sighed and picked up the pile of papers before him that needed reviewing.

“‘What Exactly Is Consciousness?’... by Mr. Vicente...”

“‘The Boundary Between Spirit and Flesh... by Mr. President...”

“‘Differences Between Soul and Self-Awareness: A Problem of the Observer Effect... by Mr. Fernando...”

“‘What Is Observation?’... by Ms. Hathaway...”

Reading those papers, Larry felt that his head was unusually swollen and chaotic. After Mr. Evans introduced consciousness into the microworld, the objective, concrete domain of elements were suddenly filled with colorful fantasies. The incredible speculations were about to destroy his worldview.

He pressed his temples and put those papers on self-awareness, soul and observation aside, deciding to leave them alone for now. Suddenly, he saw a paper that was rather thick.

“‘The Relativistic Wave Equation of Single Electron’, by Lucien Evans...”

He wrote similar papers about that before, so he was refreshed and devoted himself to it.

As he read on, he became so excited that he kept pulling his bow-tie with his left hand, as if he were trying to spread out the heat in his heart. “He has come up with an equation by speculation and then explained it.”

“Also, this equation is full of mathematical and arcane beauty. It is short, beautiful and seems to contain the deepest and most fundamental laws and mysteries!”

Then, his eyes were suddenly widened, because all the problems that occurred to the microscopic domain in the past years had been explained by Lucien with the equation rigorously and self-consistently. Brook’s scattering experiment, the unusual splitting of magnetic fields, the accurate structure of the spectrum... Everything was perfectly unified by the equation. Even the hypothesis of electron spin that Annick and Sprint proposed had been inferred by Lucien with the equation, showing that it was the relativistic effect when the electrons abide by the law of conservation.

When he read such a paper, Larry felt that one achievement after another was flying at his face. Dazzling, Larry thought to himself, “This is a perfect summary of the grand development in the microscopic domain for a long time in the past. The brilliant and dazzling golden age has been compressed into one paper!”

“When we studied the microscopic domain before, it’s like ordinary people picking apples. They must spend a lot of time before they can get one of the apples from a tree. However, Mr. Evans’ equation and paper show that the apples are all ripe, and they are falling like rain...”

After the remark and shock, he noticed what was in the latter half of the paper. He was more or less upset after he saw Lucien’s speculation on antiparticles and antimatter, “...Why did I never have the courage to make such bold predictions?”

Of course, he also knew that his previous equation had many other problems. It was not just about negative energy.

“Are there really positive electrons...” Larry murmured to himself and began to write the review.

“This is without a doubt the most deep, shocking and classic equation of the microscopic domain that surpasses everything else. To distinguish it from the Evans field equation, I call it the Lucien equation. With this equation, all the problems that have taken place recently are answered. This is a sublimation of the age of the great arcana development! Of course, I don’t think that it is the end of the golden era of the microscopic domain. It is only the conclusion of the overture, and the first movement is about to begin for real!”

...

Nobody anticipated that, Lucien did not dedicate himself to the problems concerning self-awareness and the observer effect after he proposed them. Instead, he announced the integration of the special theory of relativity and quantum mechanics with an astounding equation that drove away the mist in the microscopic domain. It was like lightning piercing the sky and illuminating the darkness. Nobody ever doubted the promising future of quantum mechanics and the new alchemy again.

“If we don’t consider why the probabilistic explanation and the uncertainty principle exist, and why the wave function would collapse, this is absolutely a golden age in the history of arcana...”

Almost all the arcanists sighed as such, but they too knew that they would have to face the uncanny phenomenon if arcana and magic were to be developed any further. They had to figure out the arcana significance behind them and settle the problems about soul, magic and quantum state. When that day came, they would have to make a choice for arcana and magic:

To live, or to die?

Or maybe, to live AND to die?

(End of Volume VII)

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 668: A Letter from the Forest

Inside the magic hall on the top floor of Babel...

The deep black, heavy bricks, reflecting the light of the elemental planets outside, presented a layer of weird, flowing colors. The silver lines made of unknown materials the center gave off a cubic feeling, as if quite a few planes were changing nonstop there, disrupting the normal flow of time and space.

Standing at the center of the magic circle, Lucien took out his delicate, complicated pocket watch and checked the time, before he turned around and looked at the flashing sword in the Atomic Universe outside of the window.

It had been a month since he submitted 'Lucien equation' that integrated the special theory of relativity and quantum mechanics. He had stabilized himself on level three of legendary. Thanks to him, Natasha was able to see the mysteries of the generation and destruction of matters, and she was now closer and closer to the legendary domain. She was making her final preparations for her breakthrough.

Therefore, Lucien did not tell Natasha when he set up the magic circle for space jump in case she got distracted. He simply prepared it himself in silence.

"Thankfully, I only went to the space nearby, instead of searching for planets through super-remote space jumps or reaching the fixed orbits. Otherwise, it would've taken much longer for me to finish the preparation..." Lucien put the pocket watch inside the pocket of his waistcoat behind his double-breasted suit, while he remarked with mixed feelings.

It was the first time he had prepared for a space jump aiming for outer space instead of somewhere within this world. He had met a lot of difficulties, but thankfully, his purpose was different from that of regular space jumps. He did not have a high demand on precision, and the distance was within one year. He merely intended to complete a certain experiment in space. That was why he had finished the preparations so quickly.

It must be noted that Douglas and Oliver often had to spend two to three times that on the preparation for a super-remote space jump when they searched for planets. As for an orbit jump that demanded a high precision, it was not a big deal for Douglas, but he would have to spend months practicing it.

“However, after the experience this time, I have a deeper understanding about time and space. It will be much easier for me to establish similar space jump circles in the future...” Lucien cleaned his bow-tie. The silver lines around him were enshrouded by the dazzling brilliance, and the whole magic tower began to absorb the power of the demiplane.

Light was gathered into a clear, vast shield, before it collapsed abruptly with Lucien as the center.

Lucien felt sometimes heavy and sometimes light. Curves of space were changing all the time. The defense he cast on himself with ‘Space Staff’ was barraged and destroyed again and again.

After a long time, Lucien suddenly felt that he completely lost his weight. Floating in the dark void, he found countless rays with fatal curses surging at himself.

“Elemental Protection” As Lucien’s strange and abstruse voice vibrated and influenced the space around him, colorful spots of light immediately surfaced. They were gathered into a translucent layer of defense in mysterious trajectories, blocking the dangerous rays in time.

Taking a breath in relief, Lucien knew that he had successfully reached space. He was now exposed to the cosmic rays that contained many amazing particles.

Suddenly, Lucien’s face changed. He chanted again inside the shield of ‘Elemental Protection’, “Space Staff!”

Some of the cosmic rays had ignored 'Elemental Protection' and penetrated through it!

Ripples of light gathered into a watery staff in Lucien's hands. He pointed it slightly, and the space around it was twisted. The few strange cosmic rays brushed past him at a close distance.

"This place is really full of dangers..." Lucien was unclear whether or not those rays would damage his body and his soul, but he dared not be careless.

He came to the vast space not to search for the traces that implied the existence of planets, but to complete the discovery of 'positron' (antielectron), so that his legendary spell, 'Positive Electron Cannon', would be intact and carry out the maximal power.

antiparticles were opposed to particles, and the antimatter they were made of were opposed to matters. When they encountered each other, they would collide and obliterate each other, releasing horrifying energy. According to the mass-energy formula, the efficiency of energy release in such a reaction far exceeded that in a fusion. As a result, the antimatter of a moderate weight was enough to trigger an unbelievably destructive effect. It wouldn't take a lot of antimatter for the whole world to be destroyed by them.

Therefore, the 'Positive Electron Cannon' (or the antimatter cannon, to be more exact) based on such a mechanism was absolutely Lucien's most powerful attack spell targeting individuals. When it was faced with most defenses, it could 'obliterate' both the defenses and the people behind them.

Since it would take a while longer for him to complete 'Snow Goddess's Forgiveness' based on 'Snow Goddess's Anger', Lucien would certainly not disrespect his life security. Therefore, he had come to space searching for 'antielectrons' as early as possible!

After throwing out the alchemical device, Lucien performed magic, allowing the cosmic rays to pass through the electromagnetic field in it, while he observed the deviation.

It was a mission where patience was tested, because he had to find the trace he wanted from its millions of peers. Also, it was possible that ‘antielectrons’ were not around at all.

Days went by, and Lucien changed quite a few different locations.

The traces of deviation appeared inside the cloud room. Lucien identified and calculated them attentively. Suddenly, he felt something and blinked after clutching his alchemical device. Then, a stone the size of a hill crashed into the spot he had been at from the darkness at an unimaginably high speed.

“An asteroid...” Lucien thought to himself. What Mr. President and the other arcanists could not find was the regular planets. Such asteroids which wandered the universe, on the other hand, had been discovered now and then. They were one of the hazards in space.

Shaking his hands, Lucien did not pay any more attention to it. He brought out his crystal ball and confirmed the situation with astrology, before he continued his experiment.

A beautiful trajectory was gathered inside the cloud room, whose familiar arc and opposite direction were so warm and lovely in Lucien’s eyes!

It was a positive electron!

The starry sky that represented the real world arrived illusionary again, adding more complicated magic patterns to Lucien's cognitive world. They were soon connected into a whole.

After a long time, Lucien, who was floating in the vacuum, extended his right hand after chanting the long, esoteric spell:

“Positive Electron Cannon!”

Countless inexplicable things were gathered. A pillar of light that was mixed with the colors of illusionary fire suddenly expanded and surged out, hitting another asteroid that was passing by.

The asteroid was even more intimidating and behemothic than the one just now, but it burst out the brilliance as dazzling as that of stars after it was hit by Lucien's 'Positive Electron Cannon'. The terrifying rays surged out.

After a short while, everything died down. There wasn't the slightest trace of any asteroid on the spot. It had been completely obliterated in space.

Lucien nodded at such great power. He activated the space-time landmark on himself. With brilliant stars glowing around him, he disappeared.

After another long time, the sight before Lucien's eyes became clear. He had returned to the top floor of Babel!

Taking out the Moon Timer, Lucien thought deeply, “A curvature voyage? A wormhole? A journey through the higher dimensions?”

Subtracting the twenty days he spent on his experiment, he calculated the time cost during the space jump, hoping to figure out its mysteries.

Suddenly, Lucien sensed something. He turned his eyes out of the window, only to discover that a silver sword flashed with the illusionary air that could chop everything.

After the flash, an elemental planet fell into two halves abruptly, before it was reduced into countless pieces by the spreading gaps.

An intense quake suddenly happened inside the Atomic Universe. As if a source of destruction was emitting infinite powerful flashes at the center, the elemental planets split one after another, and the stars were all extinguished. It seemed that the end of this universe had come!

Lucien curled his lips, genuinely delighted. He summoned his spiritual power and restored everything inside the Atomic Universe back to normal.

A tall figure in silver armor stepped in from the window, with uncontrollable excitement on her face. “Lucien, I am now a legend!”

“I knew that this day would come, but I didn’t know that it would come so soon.” Lucien smiled at Natasha.

Natasha paced back and forth happily, but she chuckled mischievously in her good mood. “So, you will listen to me tonight.”

Lucien raised his eyebrow. “You said before that I should encourage and comfort you by listening to you because it was difficult to become a legend, and since it made sense to me, I didn’t object to it. But why am I still listening to you now that you’ve already made the breakthrough?”

Natasha said solemnly, “Are you not happy for me after my successful breakthrough? This is much more meaningful than birthdays and calls for celebration!”

“...You are always ‘reasonable’.” Lucien shook his head in amusement.

Natasha held her head high proudly. “Of course, I am the fairest of all!”

.....

A few days later, an emergency meeting was held in the Highest Council.

Inside the conference, the ambiance did not become weird because of Lucien’s explanation with the observer effect. Both Douglas and Fernando were seniors who had seen too many debates, and Lucien was also a considerate gentleman. The academic argument would not be extended into their regular relation, particularly when they had only speculations, unlike what happened when Brook conclusively proved the wave theory and overthrew the particle theory with the double-slit experiment, laying a solid foundation for the victory of the second War between Wave and Particle.

Solemnly, Douglas said, “The elvish queen of the Stroop forest wrote me a letter.”

“A letter?” Asked Oliver, finding it strange. A top legend wrote a letter for communication? It was not like she couldn’t hear Fernando’s roar!

Douglas nodded. “Because it’s an official letter asking for help.”

Hearing his words, all the members of the Highest Council in the meeting became serious, because the elves were among the most important allies of the Congress.

Douglas went on. “Aglaea, the elvish queen, discovered that part of the elves had been corrupted. Even the Elvish Tree had been polluted for unknown reasons. As for the druid elders, some of the members went missing, too. Since she needed to control the elvish tree, and the whole thing was rather weird, she asked us for help, hoping that we could dispatch one or two legendary sorcerers to aid her. After all, magic can be very useful in certain aspects.”

He looked around. “Who is willing to go?”

After a brief silence, Lucien raised his hand. “I happen to be free.”

He had already advanced into level three of legendary, but the Moon Timer, his unique legendary item, required more materials to catch up with his current level. The space-time legendary materials were so rare that one could hardly meet them. Therefore, he might as well try his luck among the elves who had a history of hundreds of thousands of years.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 669: Delegation

The elves had a proud and glorious history. They once ruled the whole continent and many alternate dimensions. However, when a few apertures appeared and connected Abyssal Maw to the main material world, and the Demon Lords arrived with their subordinates in a scourge, bringing forth slaughter and destruction, everything became their memories.

In the war, the Elvish Court finally crushed the demonic army and sealed the channels, but the elves suffered brutal casualties, too. Their population plummeted. Because of their low birth rate, they never recovered from the disaster, and they were gradually replaced by other races. They had retreated to the 'Nature's Inhabitation sss' where the few elvish trees were located. One of their habitants was the Stoop forest that was one third the size of Holm.

During the long time, the other forests that had elvish trees were destroyed, occupied and melted into human society one after another, but the Stoop forest, where the court was located, was still dominated by elves thanks to their experts and the Elvish Royal Tree. It was the sanctuary for the Sun Elves, the Moon Elves, the Wood Elves, the Sea Elves and all the other types of elves.

According to the file of the Congress of Magic, more than a hundred thousand elves lived in the Stoop forest. Also, their territory extended all the way into the Boundless Ocean, where they reigned a fairly large area together with the tribe of the Sea Elves. It was hard to for them to expand, but they could easily protect themselves.

“The Elvish Court has six legends. The strongest of them is Queen Aglaea who has half melted with the Elvish Royal Tree. She is at the peak of legendary and good at natural spells.”

Now that Lucien had volunteered to go, Douglas introduced the situation of the Elvish Court for him. “Of the other five legends, three are druids. Grand Druid Malfurion, who came to the Congress before, is one of them. Together with another two non-elvish legendary druids, they established ‘Elder Council of the Druids’ to coordinate the relationship between the non-elvish druids and elves.”

“That is to say, there are only eight legends in the Stroop forest?” Lucien did not know much about elves and druids.

Holding his chin, Brook added for Douglas, “Yes, the remaining two elves are legends similar to legendary knights. They can perform natural spells with the tattoos on their body. They will be half a level stronger when they fight in a forest. The details will be given to you later.”

“As a matter of fact, we planned to ask for their help when we fought the South Church last time. Although they needed to defend themselves, it shouldn’t be a problem for them to spare two to three legends. However, the total war had already ended before we did so...” Said Oliver regretfully. He was interested in the elves who were good at art and history, particularly those who were females. “It’s a shame that I have to go to the World of Souls...”

Knowing that Monster Viken and Pope Viken were mortal enemies, quite a few legendary sorcerers had decided to study the Furnace of Souls and observe the Pathway of Immortality from closer. For them, it wouldn’t be too dangerous as long as they did not encounter the pontiff of the North Church.

That was because the legendary creatures in the World of Souls had suffered heavy losses in the Congress’ first adventure. Even the Primordial Mummy had been killed by Lucien. Half of the intelligent legendary spectres had perished, too!

As for the Realm of Gates, although Monster Viken wouldn't attack the strangers with full strength, one could easily happen upon the Angel King and the six seraphs. None of the legendary experts except for Douglas, Brook, Fernando and Hathaway were willing to take the risk.

Pondering for a moment, Douglas said, "This will only be a preliminary investigation. Our main purpose is to figure out why the gap of Abyss, which was steady for tens of thousands of years, suddenly went out of control and even corrupted the Elvish Royal Tree... Erica, Atlant, you are demon experts. Which of you will go with Lucien?"

"I'll go. I happen to need some demons for my research." Atlant nodded, his eyes closed, but his voice seemed to be echoing in everybody's heart.

After the candidates were decided, the emergency meeting ended. Most of the members of the Highest Council left in a hurry.

They had some ideas about the future of quantum mechanics after reading Lucien's recent papers, but they met a lot of difficulties in their actual research, because they needed the support of powerful mathematical tools!

Although mathematics had been flourishing since Nature was established, the improvement was not as significant as the leap in the microscopic domain. Therefore, they had to stop for now and focus on mathematics to build up the foundation.

Due to the limitation of mathematics, the surging tide in the microscopic domain was slowed down, waiting for the next rise.

Douglas led Lucien and Atlant to a room on the thirty-fifth floor. Two blond elves rose and asked earnestly, “Mr. Douglas, have you settled on your candidates? Will the two gentlemen come with us? Well, Lu...”

They were exactly Princess Iristine and Prince Arcelion, Lucien’s old acquaintances, so they blurted out after they saw him. But they soon remembered Lucien’s identity and changed their attitude, “...Mr. Evans.”

After the greeting, Arcelion and Iristine both had complicated feelings. When they met Lucien ten years ago, he was merely a second-circle sorcerer, but after only ten years, he had become a level-two legendary legendary sorcerer. In comparison, they were almost on the same level as they had been ten years before!

For elves, ten years was not a long time, but when they met Lucien again, they suddenly had a feeling that time really flies, which transformed forests into oceans and dried oceans into continents.

“No wonder Lucien Evans stressed that time manifests itself by changes...” Iristine only had a basic understanding about arcana.

They looked almost the same as ten years ago, albeit a bit more mature, and they were still wearing the clean, natural attires. Therefore, Lucien also recognized them. He nodded at them with a smile as a greeting.

“Lucien ‘Atom Controller’ Evans and Atlant ‘Eye of Curse’ Forman will lead part of the senior-rank and middle-rank sorcerers to the forest and provide help for you.” Douglas introduced them officially.

Taking a breath to ease her anxiety, Iristine said, “Your Excellencies, I’ll explain the situation to you briefly...”

According to her, there was a gap that leads to Abyss in the Stroop forest. It was attacked by demons now and then, but since the gap was not large enough, the Will of Abyss and the Prince of Abyss could not arrive. Without their leadership, the Demon Lords tended to attack each other. Therefore, the Elvish Court and the Elder Council of the Druids could defend the place easily.

However, the supposedly stable gap suddenly went out of control and expanded a few months back. Many demons surged in with their lords. Thankfully, it was Malfurion who defended the place back then, and the worst outcomes were avoided.

After a battle, the demons were banished back to Abyss, and the gap was sealed. However, the elvish queen discovered that the elvish tree was contaminated by the air of chaos and slaughter. After that, part of the elves were corrupted and demonized.

“I hope that you can help us find out why the gap went out of control and figure out a way to stabilize it. That’s the only way for us to eliminate the air of Abyss and prevent the spread of corruption. However, whatever happens in the end, you will have the sincerest thanks from the elves.” Iristine was much more polite and better at talking than before.

However, whether or not the contamination and the corruption were related to the gap of Abyss required investigation.

Lucien nodded. “I need to make preparations and summon my assistants.”

Many things could be investigated by the senior-rank or middle-rank sorcerers. It was a way to improve the talents of the Congress, too.

“Alright, Your Excellency.” Arcelion held back his anxiety and said.

He was as brilliant as the sun previously, but what happened recently had upset and exhausted him, making him as lackluster as the sunset.

.....

Inside the Atomic Universe...

After asking the Affair Committee to recruit personnel, Lucien went home and told Natasha the situation.

“The Elvish Court? The Stroop forest? Demon invasion?” Natasha’s eyes immediately glittered. Having just become a legendary knight, she seemed to be in dire need of a target to practice her skills.

Seeing her face, Lucien immediately scratched his chin and chuckled, “You want to go?”

Natasha ‘solemnly’ said, “The system of parliament, cabinet and prime minister ensures that nothing will go wrong in the kingdom even if I’m away for a couple of months. You always took adventures on your own, and now I can finally accompany you. This is my wedding vow for you!”

“But I feel that accompanying me is only a secondary reason for you. Well, I can hear your roaring blood and pulse right now.” Lucien made fun of her.

Not embarrassed at all, Natasha declared, “Our minds are truly connected! It’s officially decided then!”

Lucien could only shake his head, smiling in indulgence.

.....

At noon the next day, in a room next to the conference room of the Highest Council, Lucien met the sorcerers who had been summoned to join the trip with him.

“Annick? Sprint? Why are you here?” Lucien discovered that his four students were among them.

Heidi smiled, “They have been quite taciturn recently, so I’ve dragged them for a walk. Is it not good for them to complete their mandatory mission under your watch? It’s a pity that it’s Chelly and Layria’s turn to supervise the institution.”

“Alright, this is not bad.” Lucien nodded approvingly. His students could not be weaklings in battles. Nobody knew whether or not a major war would break out later. As for what was on Heidi’s mind, Lucien knew it very clearly, but there was no need to point it out, because she certainly meant well.

Annick and Sprint stood next to them awkwardly, not knowing what they should say.

The member of the Affair Committee to follow Lucien on the grip was also an old friend. He was Jurisian, from the Moonsong League, but he was accompanied by an unexpected member.

“Felipe?” Lucien looked at the sickly-looking man who walked in.

The Eye of Curse, standing next to Felipe, smiled. He is very interested in natural genetics and applied to join us on the journey to the Stroop forest, and I happen to need an assistant. So, I accepted his application.”

“That’s your right.” Lucien did not say anything. Felipe was no longer someone he needed to be cautious about, and Felipe obviously thought so, too. The guy was simply standing next to them, not nearly as aggressive as before, because the gap between them was simply too wide.

.....

Hourly news from ‘Arcana Voice’:

“Today, Mr. Lucien Evans, a grand arcanist, a member of the Highest Council and a legendary sorcerer, has left Allyn with Her Majesty Natasha ‘Righteous Sword’ Orvarit for a one-month visit to the elves in the Stroop forest. The delegation also includes Mr. Atlant Forman and Jurisian...”

That was the excuse on the surface.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 670: Nature’s Residence

“Alright, everybody is here.” Jurisian, black-haired and brown-eyed, checked the names on the roster.

Hearing his words, Arcelion put on a smile and turned around towards Lucien. “Mr. Evans, Mr. Forman, are we ready to go?”

He was too anxious when he thought of the contaminated elvish tree and his corrupted compatriots to control his feelings and manners.

Lucien meant to look at Atlant and see his attitude, but he only saw a pair of closed eyes after he turned his head. He immediately shook his head in amusement. Natasha’s chuckle also entered his eyes. She had obviously noticed his awkwardness. Habits and experiences tended to lead people to mistakes.

“Mr. Atlant, is there anything else you need to do?” asked Lucien.

Atlant smiled amiably. “No, there isn’t. I’m supposed to be your assistant in the investigation.”

Relieved, Iristine was about to speak, when her head became dizzy, and all the colors around her faded away, leaving only the densest darkness behind. Then, she saw a boundless cosmos where stars did not shine but emanated various colors like elements. Some of them were silver, some gold; some were green, and some were vermilion...

“Atomic Universe...” The name somehow popped up in her heart. The middle-rank and senior-rank sorcerers except for Heidi and Lucien’s students all said it out in a low voice.

Felipe was as pale as before. His eyebrows were furrowed, as if he was holding back the dizziness caused by the space jump. He stood straight with his hands in the pockets of his coat, raising his head high to observe the elemental planets around him thoughtfully. There was no telling what was on his mind.

Iristine’s sickness hadn’t been relieved yet, when she saw that the planets were suddenly accelerating and connecting into weird symbols, leaving arcane trajectories behind them.

When she saw the symbols, her eyes were blurry again, making it impossible for her to perceive the sight around. She had the strange illusion that she was traveling inside a long, dark tunnel.

In her ignorance, Iristine did not know how long it passed, but light suddenly glowed before her eyes, so dazzlingly that she squinted. Her head was extremely heavy, and she felt like throwing up.

“We’re in the Stroop forest now. Please lead us to Nature’s Residence.” Lucien’s pleasant voice seemed to have passed countless worlds before it finally reached Iristine’s voice obscurely.

‘Nature’s Residence’ was a powerful defense of the elves. It was also a reference to the habitat of the elves within the Stroop forest.

Iristine shook her head, trying to get rid of the dizziness, but she suddenly saw a beautiful and energetic face whose silver eyes contained a vague smile. There was a finger-sized fruit on the lady’s opened hand. She said with a delighted voice, “Chirga, a special fruit of Holm, grows only next to the Chirga River and can remove the dizziness caused by space transfer quickly.”

Iristine took the fruit and put it into her mouth. Feeling the sweet sourness, she was immediately refreshed. “Thank you, Your Majesty.”

As a diplomat, she certainly knew the queen of Holm, Mr. Evans’s wife.

Natasha smiled. “In fact, you will be better after you are used to it. Space jump isn’t that terrible.”

She turned back and walked to Lucien, chuckling in the telepathic bond that had been preset. “Even princesses of elves are so weak, too? I am truly one of a kind among princesses.”

“Do you not know what level she is at?” Lucien was rather satisfied that his wife did not keep talking with Iristine.

Natasha said gloatingly, “I came to Holm through ‘Element Paradise’ when I was little. I didn’t find it as unbearable as she did.”

“Of course, you are unique.” Lucien sensibly ended the conversation with a compliment.

Taking a few deep breaths, Iristine was completely recovered and found that the sorcerers of the Congress of Magic had all been woken up one way or another. Therefore, she said with a graceful and polite smile, “Everybody, please follow me to ‘Nature’s Residence’.”

They left the place earlier through Malfurion’s natural power, and the dizziness was less severe. Not all legends had a demiplane. The saint cardinals did not, most legendary knights did not, and nor did the druids. Only the legendary sorcerers and the experts who occupied a certain demiplane or alternate dimension of special qualities had such a thing, like Apsis with his ‘Skeleton Land’ and Tiphotidis with his ‘Silent Hell’.

Of course, it was generally accepted that their demiplanes were granted by the Lord of Hell or the Will of Abyss. Their strength would be improved by half a level if they fought in those areas.

“Is this a space jump based on demiplanes?” Arcelion was behind his sister. He felt that he had only been giddy for a while before the familiar Stroop forest appeared again before his eyes.

The heat of June couldn’t be felt at all inside the Stroop forest. The breeze passed the leaves with the unique fragrance of coolness of the woods, bringing the pleasant bird songs to them.

Alferris, whose body size had been reduced, walked at the front of the team like a dog. He observed the environment so attentively that even Jurisian, a battle sorcerer, felt ashamed of himself. The dragon was simply too meticulous!

“Alferris, what are you looking for?” Heidi was particularly close to the lovely pet.

Alferris coveted the forest like a detective, terrifying all the creatures within thousands of meters with his dragon air, but he said childishly and carefully, “I remember that a sorcerer found a gem mine in this forest!”

“But it’s obviously not here...” Katrina couldn’t help but remind him of the natural geography.

Alferris was not frustrated at all. “There are many gifts of nature in places where elves live!”

That was the biggest reason why he begged Lucien to go with him. Considering that elves did not hate dragons although some of them might be biased against humans, he accepted the dragon’s plea in the end.

Iristine looked at the little guy with translucent crystal scales on his body, not surprised at his dragon nature, but she couldn’t help but shake her head at the dragon’s tycoon garments.

The foreclaws of the dragon were adorned with glittering rings, and quite a few medals, including the Silver Moon Medal that represented the highest honor, were hanging on his chest. There were also the items that he borrowed from Lucien. Since he had to return them to somebody, he wore

them all the time and seized every second to ‘bond’ with them, acting as if they could not be separated. Naturally, the gesture was all for Lucien to watch.

Lucien’s destination in the space jump was not far away from Nature’s Residence. Led by the two elves, the ‘Delegation of the Congress of Magic and the Kingdom of Holm’ soon saw a place that was enshrouded in a mist. In a haze, all the trees rose high exuberantly. Under the direction of the magic power, their branches constituted cottages in midair. The lake at the center was as smooth as a gem. The flowers and fruits around were peculiar and colorful. It was both a residence and nature!

“How beautiful...” Heidi, Katrina and the other girls complimented the beautiful environment. Even the gloomy sorcerers such as Felipe felt that their mind had been pacified and cleansed after witnessing Nature’s Residence that seemed to be in a fairy tale.

At this moment, Malfurion, an old elf with dark green skin, walked out from the mist with an undecorated wood staff in his hands, followed by many elves whose skin and hair colors varied.

“Welcome, honorable guests.” Malfurion spoke on behalf of the Elvish Court. “Forgive me for my lack of manners, but all the elves are in pain because of the damage that the Elvish Tree suffered. Evans, Forman and Natasha, please come to the center of the lake with me.”

“That’s our purpose.” Lucien appreciated the importance of the elvish tree for elves, and he was thinking whether or not he could take a valuable fruit back with him. That way, he would be able to hold the best life-extending legendary ritual for himself and Natasha together with the Fountain of Youth.

In the meantime, Lucien asked Jurisian, Sprint, Heidi and the other sorcerers. “Walk around and talk to the elves. Figure out the details of the incident, particularly the signs of the dozens of corrupted elves before their corruption.”

“As your wish, Your Excellency.” Jurisian had always been serious on missions. His usual humor was nowhere to be found.

Therefore, the three legends flew towards the Elf’s Royal Palace at the center of the lake under the lead of Malfurion who was a Dark Elf. The elvish tree was at the pivot of the palace.

Halfway through their flight, Lucien and Natasha had already seen a gigantic tree whose diameter was the distance between one end of the Nekso Palace and the other. The crown of the tree was so high into the clouds that they could barely see it. The rind was a weird color of brown and green, fluctuating as if it were vigorously alive.

The elvish tree emitted a feeling of transcendence. It was clearly located in this place, but it seemed to be in a different world. Lucien was no stranger to such feelings, because the Furnace of Souls was even more intangible than it.

“It has indeed been polluted...” Natasha’s eyes were keener when Lucien hadn’t performed his magic. She saw quite a few dense black spots on the trunk, which corrupted the rind around and were spreading slowly.

At this moment, a shadow flew out of a naturally-formed house on the elvish tree. It was a black-haired, silver-skinned and tall elf with pointy ears, who had a vintage bow on his back.

“This is Lankshear, ‘Vengeful Hunter’, our chief of guards.” Malfurion introduced him to Lucien, Natasha and Atlant.

The other level-three elf... Lucien nodded. The male elf who had a lot of mysterious tattoos on his neck was a legend who grew with his own elvish talents, not a druid.

“This is Lucien ‘Atom Controller’ Evans, this is his wife, Natasha ‘Sword of Adjudication’ Orvarit, and this is Atlant ‘Eye of Curse’ Forman. I believe you are familiar with him.’ Malfurion talked to Lankshear. Then he frowned, “Where is Ferragond?”

Lankshear easily struck everybody as a melee warrior, but his body figure was smooth and there were barely any bulging muscles. He snorted, “Ferragond does not want to welcome guests. You know that he is the leader of Nature’s Abhorrence.”

He did not seem to be Ferragond’s best friend, and he intentionally pointed it out.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 671: Nature’s Heart

Malfurion looked at Lankshear and did not say anything. He turned around and said to Lucien, Natasha and Atlant. “I’m very sorry about that. Ferragond has placed his personal attitude above the life and death of all elves. Also, I do not agree with his opinion. Human beings are undoubtedly part of nature.”

He did not criticize Nature’s Abhorrence, nor did he ignore the matter. Instead, he subtly expressed his opinion and his apology, letting them know that Ferragond could not represent all elves. On the

contrary, he was among the minority. Otherwise, they wouldn't have asked for the Congress of Magic's help at all.

"I believe our investigation will be easier if there isn't anyone stirring things up next to us." Lucien accepted Malfurion's apology and smiled back.

Lankshear, the Vengeful Hunter, had a pair of silver, deep eyes. He said, "Thank you for forgiving Ferragond's lack of manners. I'll bring you to Her Majesty the queen."

He did not say anything about the conflict between Nature's Abhorrence and Nature's Balance which was represented by Malfurion.

Led by him, Lucien and his partners passed the lake that looked like a blue gem and flew towards the elvish tree whose one branch was enough to form a forest. In midair, the dense twigs were shaped into houses that were as delicate as artwork.

Yellow and white flowers blossomed on the houses, emitting refreshing fragrance.

"I do feel that my mind is cleansed here. My inspirations are surging..." Natasha complimented the natural view sincerely. "When the night comes, the silver moon will raise ripples of light when it shines above the lake. That will be the most vivid representation of your 'Moonlight'."

Lucien nodded with a smile. "My whole heart is calmed down in such an environment. If you like it here, we can live here in the future."

Natasha chuckled drily, “If I live a couple of weeks here, my soul of musician will be gone, and my cheesy and knightly side will surface. This place is beautiful, but I’m not cut to live here for long.”

Lucien was merely joking. Allyn, which was full of discussions and disputes about arcana, was obviously more suitable for himself than Nature’s Residence.

Malfurion said next to them. “Although we tried to keep the incident a secret, the Kuo-toans in the ocean seemed to have sensed something and raised conflicts nonstop. Therefore, Yantis has gone to the Boundless Ocean to help with the defense with Jarde, and Selinda and Lodell are defending the abyssal gap on the other side of the forest.”

“Therefore, only the queen and the three of us are left here.”

Jarde was a legendary druid of the Sea Elves. Thanks to his longevity, he had reached level two of legendary. Yantis, on the other hand, was ‘Wind of Moonfall’, a legend among the Moon Elves. She had advanced with her talents like Lankshear did. She was still in level one right now.

Selinda and Lodell were the other two members of the Elder Council of the Druids. The former was a nymph and in level two of legendary, and the latter was a human being, known as ‘Hand of Balance’. He was in level one of legendary.

“Elder, it’s alright. After examining the elvish tree and the corrupted elves, we will go to the abyssal gap and ask Selinda and Lodell for updates as soon as possible.” Lucien said as he stepped into the tree house.

Natasha moved her right foot, sensing the status of the elvish tree carefully. Atlant also opened his eyes, observing the surroundings deep in thought.

Led by the Vengeful Hunter, Lucien, Natasha and Atlant went through the tree houses and entered the elvish tree through a natural gap.

The colors turned from brown green to dark green, and when the color became mostly dark, ivory and hallowed brilliance appeared. The purest power of life seemed to be contained inside.

Those spots of light surrounded a green object that looked like heart, bringing vigor and exuberance.

The heart was vague and fickle. Green tubes that looked like veins extended from it and connected the trunk around. Translucent liquids and light flowed in and out, but they were now mixed with blackness.

“Nature’s Heart...” Lucien and Natasha observed in the telepathic bond at the same time.

It was the most fundamental thing for the elves. As long as Nature’s Heart existed, they would be able to regrow the elvish tree after they were relocated.

There were five Nature’s Hearts at the beginning, but as the time went by, four of them had been wasted. Only the one in the Stroop forest still retained the glory of the elves.

Also, it was the most powerful ‘Nature’s Heart’. After melting into it, Aglaea, the elvish queen, broke the limits and became a top legend. That was the reason why the elves always had a top legend!

Of course, only the level-three legendary experts could reach the peak by melting with Nature's Heart.

Inside Nature's Heart stood a fuzzy, blond shadow, who was trying to eliminate the black spots. But for some reason, the progress was remarkably slow despite her strength.

"Thank you for your aid." The shadow became clear. There was maturity and solemnity in her innocent beauty. She looked more like Irístine's sister than her mother.

"How gorgeous..." It was not Lucien but Natasha who remarked, but she was soon back to herself and chuckled to Lucien. "Rest assured. This is only appreciation."

Malfurion introduced them to Aglaea. She nodded softly. "Please investigate as soon as possible. Whatever the final result is, you will have the gratitude of the elves."

She did not specify what the gratitude would be.

Lucien had come mainly to maintain the alliance. Trade was only his personal purpose, and he certainly wouldn't take the elves' items without giving anything in return. So, he simply said to Aglaea, "Your Majesty, we will begin our investigation."

"Alright. I can prevent the elvish tree from being further contaminated, but I fear that the Will of Abyss will arrive if the gap is expanded. That will be a disaster." She was worried about the abyssal gap most.

Lucien walked to Nature's Heart and chanted with a mysterious voice. "Mirror of Fate."

The environment suddenly dimmed, but many firefly-like spots popped up from the dimness and gathered before Lucien into a mirror that was full of sophisticated patterns.

The Mirror of Fate that Maskelyne and McLeod crafted was exactly based on this legendary spell!

The mirror was hazy, but when Lucien tossed the crystal ball on his left hand into it, ripples spread out and manifested black spots everywhere. They were also getting larger and larger.

In the meantime, the black spots wriggled hideously, as if they contained all the chaos and slaughter in the world. With immense hatred, they wanted to destroy everything.

Crack. The mirror of light let out a noise as if it were a real mirror, dispersing into dancing butterflies again.

Frowning, Lucien seemed to have grasped something and continued his examination with other spells. Atlant also investigated with his own magic.

After a while, Lucien stopped and said to Natasha. "Attack the black spots with your sword. Don't cut the life channel of Nature's Heart."

What he didn't say was 'this is an exercise on your ability of control', or Aglaea and Malfurion wouldn't look very good.

Natasha, on the other hand, understood Lucien's meaning. She immediately narrowed her eyes and drew the Sword of Truth, melting her body and her heart into it.

She saw that Lucien held the Moon Timer in his right hand and knew that he would prevent her from harming Nature's Heart if she made a mistake.

After a blink, Natasha reappeared, and a black spot on the green tube was suddenly chopped into half. It was not until one minute later that it was finally dissolved.

Lucien secretly raised his thumb for Natasha. Then he said seriously, "The nature of the power is close to the level of a demigod. Therefore, spells such as 'Mirror of Fate' can only offer ambiguous hints. I suspect that it is the air of the Will of Abyss, but I'm not certain, because other ways can also achieve the result, an example of which is to use the power of Nature's Heart itself."

"Yes, there are other possibilities!" Before Atlant, Aglaea, Malfurion and Lankshear talked, an angry voice echoed from their back.

His spiritual power spreading out, Lucien 'saw' a green-haired male elf walking into the room. He looked young, but he had a myriad of beautiful stripes on his neck and his hand. He glared at Lucien and the other strangers. "This is nature's punishment!"

He shouted, "You human beings have set up alchemical workshops one after another, polluting the sky and the water and hurting nature. Your greed cannot be curbed, either. You destroyed forests and murdered animals. So, I sensed that nature became full of hate, and the hate was reflected in Nature's Heart, hence the corruption and contamination!"

“This is all your fault!”

“Ferragond, shut up.” Malfurion spoke in a low voice.

This elf was exactly Ferragond, a grand druid and a Wood Elf, known as ‘Nature’s Avenger’.

Lucien believed that most of the alchemical workshops did not have terrible pollution. Although it was their instinct to make profits, none of the workshop owners wanted to pay an environmental tax for that. After he became a grand arcanist, the Affair Committee had paid special attention to that. The sorcerers also knew his tough attitude and were unwilling to piss off a grand arcanist on such trivia, or they would be dead for sure when the mandatory missions were issued to them.

They were perhaps unwilling to follow the regulations, but since most of the fees collected were given back to them through tax returns, few of the workshop owners had asked for trouble.

Faced with such a situation, Lucien could only say that power worked better than reasoning.

The only problem was the minor workshops that the nobles built themselves. Those in Holm were better thanks to Natasha’s pressure on the cabinet, but the workshops in the other three kingdoms had more pollution.

However, it was not the time to debate with Ferragond on the problem yet. Lucien turned around and looked at Aglaea, “Your Majesty, does this mean that we are not welcomed here?”

After a brief silence, Aglaea demanded, “Ferragond, get out!”

“Your Majesty...” Ferragond still wanted to say something, but he sensed the pressure of the top legend as Nature’s Heart beat faster. Therefore, he simply sniffed and left.

In the telepathic bond, Natasha asked in confusion, “I don’t think he can’t control his hate. Was he trying to piss off us and get us to leave? Or was he trying to sabotage the relationship between the Congress and the elves?”

They had come a long way to aid the elves, only to be accused of the cause of the problem. Normal people would’ve stormed off in fury.

Lucien said calmly, “I know. That’s why I didn’t argue with him and simply kicked the question to the queen to see their attitude.”

At this moment, Atlant said, “A very mature, rational and graceful approach...”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 672: Daily Life of Elves

The sunlight illuminated the mist, leaving a gold spot where the rays were vaguely changing between the different shades of greenness. Nature's Residence was made even more dreamy and exuberant.

"Everyone, you will live here for the time being. Don't go to random places. Some elves are not friendly with human beings." Iristine pointed at a forest that was made of dozens of trees. There were plenty of houses on them.

Hearing her words, Alferris shook his tail and said solemnly, "No problem."

He heard it very clearly that some elves were only unfriendly to human beings. It seemed that he could wander around and collect souvenirs for himself.

Jurisian smiled at Iristine. "Your Highness, please give me the list of the corrupted elves."

"They are caged in a prison near the elvish tree. Are you going to investigate them now?" Arcelion acknowledged the sorcerers' activeness.

Jurisian shook his head. "In that case, I'm sure that Mr. Evans will check them later. We'll simply walk around in the forest and ask the friends of those corrupted elves for more details, so..."

Smiling, he left his intention unfinished.

Iristine nodded. "I'll give the files of the corrupted elves and their friends to you."

"You'd better mark those who were close to them before their corruption." Felipe added. Although it did seem to be the corruption caused by the abyssal air, no possibilities should be ruled out until things were investigated, or they might be misled.

Arcelion's face slightly changed, before he nodded in acknowledgment.

It was not because he had any secret but a normal reaction that every leader of the elves should have when they heard Felipe's words, which obviously stated that something went wrong within the elves.

Under the sunlight, Felipe looked no different from vampires who hadn't been out for years. However, he did not explain that it was a regular procedure of investigation but simply let Arcelion and Iristine guess. What if some of them jumped out under the pressure?

After ten minutes, Annick and Sprint walked to the southeast of the forest with the list and the marked location.

"Ulmer, the best friend of the corrupt elf Kalette..." Annick read the list.

Watched by the elves who were beautiful regardless of their gender, his face flushed beyond his control. He hurried to cast 'Mechanized Mind' onto himself.

Sprint looked at him. “What’s to be shy about? We’re investigators, and we take the natural initiative. It should be them who are nervous!”

“I’m always anxious and unable to control my feelings when I’m faced with strangers.” The redness on Annick’s face was gone, and he became as cold as an iron golem.

Sprint sniffed. “Anxious? You are too unconfident. It’s perfectly normal to say or do wrong things.”

“Are you afraid that you will leave them with a bad impression? Hilarious. There’s no telling whether or not we will ever be back to the Stroop forest. Even if you may do something downright humiliating, so what? Also, your awkwardness will leave a more terrible impression than any humiliating thing ever will.”

He had always been criticizing Annick’s personality. This time, he had accepted Heidi’s mission to help Annick to be more confident and bold, so that he could face his teacher with a better attitude without caring about the argument about arcana.

“Why? I like the shy boys most. It means that they have a pure and simple heart!” Suddenly, a mild voice joined their conversation.

That is not necessarily true. Some people don’t talk much simply because their heart is too filthy. Sprint thought to himself while he looked at the source of the voice, only to see a beautiful elf walking toward them. She had black hair, silver skin and was wearing simple clothes made of tree leaves, with a harp in her hands.

Eyeing the stranger up and down, Sprint secretly said to Annick, “This elf is interested in you. Don’t let go of this opportunity, or you will live the rest of your life alone.”

Clearing his throat, he asked on behalf of his best friend, “My lady, may we know your name?”

“I’m a male.” The pointy and soft ears of the beautiful elf waved. He did not seem surprised at the situation.

Despite the ‘Mechanized Mind’, Annick’s face couldn’t have looked more awful. Sprint asked, his facial muscles cramping, “You are a male? And you said you like boys most?”

The beautiful elf shook his harp and spoke like a poet. “Love is genderless.”

Pulling Sprint, Annick held back his discomfort and turned around.

“No wonder the files in the library said that elves have all kinds of quirks because of their long and casual life...” Sprint regretfully thought to himself. He had almost pushed his friend into an abyss.

Before Annick was able to reply, the beautiful elf behind them already spoke with a smile. “Right, I haven’t introduced myself yet. I am Ulmer. I heard you mentioning my name just now.”

As a Moon Elf, he had exceptional hearing abilities, particularly when the wind was in his favor.

“Ulmer?” Sprint and Annick stopped. They turned around, neither of them looking too good.

“Mr. Ulmer, there’s something that we’d like to ask you.” Eventually, Annick, with ‘Mechanized Mind’, summoned his courage and asked.

Ulmer replied with a smile, “What’s your opinion on the heptachord? Has the human beings’ modification on the harp lost its essence?”

“...” Annick and Sprint were immediately rendered speechless. While their teacher was a great musician, they had been learning arcana and magic after him, not music! They did not even know what the professional music question was about at all!

Ulmer sighed, “We can’t be friends if you don’t know art, and we can’t have a pleasant conversation if we are not friends. Do you have any opinion on wax figures? I bought one of them recently and I feel that they are very interesting. Do you like them?”

“...” Sprint and Annick were lost for words again, suddenly feeling that their life lacked a profile.

“You don’t know wax figures, either? Well, what about the lost civilizations? I’m told that the Congress of Magic found a relic of a steam civilization?” Said Ulmer in disappointment.

Hu. Annick and Sprint both heaved a sigh of relief. History and lost civilizations were the specialties of every arcanist, or they wouldn’t be able to explore and identify things. Also, their teacher was the discoverer of the relic.

After a pleasant exchange of opinions, Ulmer finally changed his attitude. “You have come to ask about Kalette?”

“Yes, we would like to know if he showed any anomalies before his corruption.” Said Annick, greatly relieved.

Ulmer moved his long and beautiful hand on the strings, producing cheerful music, but he said sadly, “Everything was good. Kalette even mentioned that he learnt a special dance and was going to perform it for you. However, he was corrupted and demonized later...”

His voice lowered and was barely audible.

“A special dance?” Despite his shyness, Annick had always been scrupulous and wouldn’t let go of any clue.

“It’s our deal. We write poems, songs and create special dances according to the records of different civilizations to entertain each other.” Ulmer explained gloomily.

There doesn’t seem to be anything wrong about that... Sprint continued asking, “Who else was Kalette intimate with except for you? Or rather, which faction of elves did he prefer?”

“We are both believers of Nature’s Balance. We both love the music, statues, painting and other artworks of human beings.” Ulmer did not keep it a secret. Suddenly, he remembered something. “He did have a few friends who believed in Nature’s Abhorrence. However, the society in Nature’s

Residence is small. Everybody has a few friends who believe otherwise. Right, before his corruption, he just served in the abyssal gap. That was probably the reason why he was demonized...”

It was a major clue provided by the Elvish Court. Both Annick and Sprint knew it very well. Seeing that no other valuable intelligence could be obtained, they bid Ulmer farewell and looked for the next elf on the list.

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Heidi and Katrina traveled in the woods protected by Nature’s Residence. Now and then, they saw the elves making statues with the dry roots of trees, or painting with special natural pigment on the rind paper. Their life couldn’t have looked more peaceful.

“Everyone...”

A hundred elves had been gathered on the empty ground up ahead. A medium-height female elf was giving a speech on the tree. Heidi was certain that she was a female because she was wearing a long skirt woven with fresh tree leaves. The male elves, on the other hand, wore two-piece suits made of leaves that were covered by beast hide.

If they wore the same clothes, Heidi and Katrina would have to observe them more carefully to decide their gender. After all, both the males and the females of the elves were slim and gorgeous, and it would be too rude to examine them with magic.

Stopping next to the empty ground, Katrina pulled Heidi’s clothes and pointed at the other side. “Mr. Felipe is there...”

Felipe was standing below a tree quietly with his hands in his pocket, listening to the speech of the elvish girl.

“...I am Nodanielle. I’m here to call for you to capture more deer.” The elvish girl spoke in a high but not unpleasant voice.

“What?”

“Why do you want to kill such a docile animal?”

The elves down below were all confused.

Nodanielle? Heidi and Katrina looked at each other. That’s the target that the two of them were looking for.

Nodanielle said earnestly, “The previous incident made the predators in the forest more crazy and bloodthirsty. Their number has greatly reduced after many of them were killed by us. Under such circumstances, the number of deer will grow exponentially after their nemeses are gone, because they are as fertile as mice.”

“Once the number of deer surpasses a certain threshold, they will cause irrecoverable damage to the forest because they feed on the roots and stems of the plants.”

“We have to maintain the balance of nature!”

Was she a member of Nature’s Balance? Heidi and Katrina joined the crowd and listened to her with great interest.

After Nodanielle finished her speech and most elves accepted, the two of them went forward to greet her.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 673: Every Elf is a Tree

“Dear guests, are you looking for me?” Seeing that Heidi and Katrina were walking towards her, she pointed at herself in confusion.

With a warm smile, Heidi said, “Nodanielle, your speech on the balance of nature is fantastic and intriguing!”

She had sensed that Nodanielle was relatively sunny, so she simply greeted her as if she were her old friend instead of calling her lady or miss.

Hearing Heidi's sincere and straightforward compliment, Nodanielle was immediately more or less shy. She waved her hands awkwardly. "I was merely talking about the doctrines that the elders taught us."

"My name is Heidi. This is my partner, Katrina. We've only just arrived at the forest today. It's great to make your acquaintance." Heidi was even warmer.

She was not nearly as introverted as Annick, and she introduced the two of them to Nodanielle openly.

The anxiety in Nodanielle's heart was soon gone when she found that the guest was friendly and unimposing. Their conversation became natural.

"Well, we are here to investigate the corruption of elves at the request of Her Majesty. We have some questions for you regarding Tracy." After the smalltalk, Heidi went directly to the topic.

After a brief silence, Nodanielle said gloomily, "Heidi, Katrina, feel free to ask whatever you want to know. I do hope you can find the source of corruption and restore Tracy. Even if they cannot be recovered, they should at least be freed from such suffering."

"Did Tracy show any anomaly before her corruption?" Katrina asked the standard question that they had agreed upon.

As a Sun Elf, Nodanielle had fair skin and brilliant gold hair, which made her look gorgeous under the sun, but there was not the slightest smile on her face. She said, "At least for me, nothing too strange happened before that. My friends and I hunted, picked fruits, fixed the places in the forest where balance could be broken, perceived nature, and read the classics that were composed after the age of myth..."

"Everything was so calm and peaceful, as if the beautiful life would last forever. However, that day in the morning, I suddenly noticed that the tattoos on Tracy's skin were full of the sense of hate and slaughter... But everything was fine the day earlier. We danced the special dance she learnt and bid each other goodnight."

"A special dance?" Heidi wrote Nodanielle's reply on the notebook, her interest piqued by the dance which was described as 'special'.

Nodanielle nodded. "She said that Ms. Marsha taught her. Should I show it to you?"

Heidi and Katrina replied at the same time, half for their investigation and half for their curiosity, "Okay!"

Nodanielle stepped back and started dancing although there was no music.

The dance had many peculiar movements that were almost in violation of biophysics. Only elves who had soft and tensile bodies could manage it.

"Although the movements are strange, the dance is truly beautiful..." Heidi moved her left hand and her legs, feeling the urge to learn the dance, but she soon patted her cheeks regretfully and considered applying for drugs to stimulate her blood power, or it would've been impossible for her to learn the dance.

Katrina tapped the beat for Nodanielle and spoke in the telepathic bond. “This dance gives me a weird feeling. Let’s bring it up in the meeting at night.”

In the dance, Nodanielle became grievous as if she recalled her friend. She wasn’t back to herself until a long time later and asked in a low voice, “Is this dance alright?”

“There are no magic waves, no scent of divine power, and no peeping from weird existences, but it doesn’t mean that the dance is alright. You’d better not dance it until the investigation is done.” Heidi reminded her new elf friend whom she liked.

After Nodanielle nodded, Katrina continued asking, “Did Tracy have any emotional fluctuations or opinion changes before the corruption?”

Recalling her memories, Nodanielle said, “She was a bit down because she hadn’t made any significant breakthroughs for a long time. So, she told me that she wanted to become a druid to better maintain the balance of nature.”

To better maintain the balance of nature... Frowning, Heidi wrote down Nodanielle’s narration and asked, “Are you a druid?”

“Yes, I just became a Nature’s Protector, or a middle-rank druid in your words.” Nodanielle was obviously very proud of her identity as the Nature’s Protector.

Elves did not classify their levels by middle, low, high, and level one, level two and level three like humans did, but the categories were similar. 'Nature's Guard' was the druid apprentice, 'Nature's Friend' was the low-rank druid, 'Nature's Protector' was the middle-rank druid, and 'Staff Bearer' was the senior-rank druid (including level nine).

Heidi was rather interested in druids and investigated them earlier.

"...Every elf can perceive the grace of nature, so they can become Nature's Guards without any difficulty. Then, we need to turn our understanding about nature into our beliefs and practice the beliefs in our life. As our beliefs are melted with nature, we will form 'Nature's Heart' that is similar to your cognitive world. Named after the core of the elvish tree, it is the foundation to carry out our power..." Nodanielle did not keep it a secret.

They were separated after chitchatting for a while longer.

In the evening, Heidi and Katrina returned with their notebook full and met with Jurisian, Felipe, Annick and Sprint.

"Special dance... Ms. Martha..." Jurisian recited. "More than 70% of the corruptions are related to the special dance. 30% of them learnt it from Ms. Martha, and the others picked it up in places we do not know."

Felipe said in a low voice, "It may be a custom of elves. They are all avid dancers."

"In any case, we will meet this Ms. Martha tomorrow." Said Jurisian.

At this moment, Annick said shyly and solemnly, “Is it possible that the dance is like ‘Viken’s Special Summoning Ritual’, which has nothing strange on the surface but inculcates ideas into the learners when they learn it?”

Having just cracked such a case, Heidi was very sensitive about it. She nodded carefully. “It’s possible. Nature’s Abhorrence. I remember that one of the primeval devils is named ‘Abhorrence’!”

“The problem is that 80% of the corrupted elves followed Nature’s Balance, and the other 20% wavered between the two factions. Few of the elves of Nature’s Abhorrence were corrupted, or the Elvish Court would’ve noticed something wrong...” Jurisian looked at the data and rubbed his temples.

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After examining Nature’s Heart, Lucien, Natasha and Atlant went to the prison under Malfurion and Lankshear’s lead, hoping to find clues from the corrupted elves.

The prison of the elves was still made of huts of trunks. However, those trunks were in lead grey and as tough as iron.

Lankshear asked two elves who watched over the prison to open the gate. Miserable and terrifying howls immediately came out, like the cries of beasts at night.

The two guards couldn’t have looked more sorrowful. It was their companions inside, not beasts!

Lucien, Natasha and Atlant stood out of a prison cell, observing the corrupted elf inside through the bars.

It was a pretty elvish girl, but her tattoos had proliferated from her neck and arm to all over her body. Also, it was not in the color of fresh green as the tattoos of general elves but emitted abnormal, intimidating redness from it.

“It’s like the pattern on the back of human-faced spiders...” Natasha said in the telepathic bond.

It was true that the tattoos and skin of this elf showed that she was turning into a spider!

“I’m going to kill you!”

“For a green and peaceful world!”

“All intelligent creatures must die!”

The corrupted elvish girl jumped at the bars and gazed at Lucien, his eyes widened. There was no sign of wisdom inside her pupils but only frozen redness with the deepest feeling of brutality and destruction. Also, she opened her mouth and bit the trunk. That seemed to be her only way to attack now that she could not use her talented abilities.

Her neat and pure teeth were like bones at this moment.

“She was a follower of Nature’s Balance...” Malfurion introduced the elvish girl to Lucien.

Both Lucien and Atlant had seen worse. Unaffected, they examined the elvish girl’s conditions with magic.

Time went by. Lucien suppressed the corruption of the elvish girl and said, “I am certain that this is related to the contamination of the elvish tree, but there’s still no telling this is the cause or the consequence. Also, my prophecy told me that all the corrupted elves shared similarities below the surface. That’s the key to solving our problem.”

“I’ll ask Iristine to investigate with the sorcerers. Would you like to take a look at the abyssal gap with me?” Lankshear proposed.

Without any objection, Lucien nodded.

At this moment, the elvish girl’s eyes suddenly became clear when the power of corruption was suppressed by Lucien. She held her head in pain, “Why did this happen?”

“Why did this happen?”

Greenish brilliance emanated from her body with a vague feeling of tranquility.

Lucien's face changed. He meant to stop her, but Malfurion sighed. "She's miserable. Let her free herself. There are still other corrupted elves that we can investigate..."

The elvish girl sang a beautiful melody:

"Every elf is a tree. We come from nature and we return to nature..."

"We are born from the combination of love, and we return in peace and serenity. We sing for the forest. We praise life..."

As the hollow song spread out, the green light on her body became dense. Then, Malfurion opened the door of the prison cell.

The elvish girl stepped out as if she were dancing, before she bowed deeply at Lucien, Natasha and Atlant.

"Every elf is a tree. We are rooted in the ground and breathe the sky..."

"We defend nature and maintain the balance..."

She struggled to fly out. The green light on her body consumed her, and she slowly descended on the ground. At this moment, the eyes of the two guards of the prison were already red.

“Every elf is a tree...”

The song was less and less audible, but it still echoed in the forest. When the green light was gone, a tall and graceful tree had been added to the forest.

Every elf would turn into a tree after their death. That was why they loved green so much.

“We have to find out the cause of the corruption!” Witnessing such a scene, Natasha clenched her right hand and said to herself.

Lucien closed her eyes and turned to Lankshear. “Let’s take a look at the abyssal gap.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 674: Intimidation

The abyssal gap was northeast to the Stroop forest and far away from Nature’s Residence. There was also the space disorder caused by the unsteady gap. Therefore, they were not teleported over but flew towards the destination.

Looking at the ocean of trees below and hearing the singing birds, Natasha suddenly asked as if her soul of a musician had been awakened. “What is nature?”

It was one thing to learn from books that elves would turn into trees after they died, and it was a whole different thing to observe it in person. She had a lot of mixed feelings.

“Yes, what is nature?” Lucien repeated and looked at Malfurion and Lankshear.

What is nature?

Malfurion suddenly had no idea how to answer the question. Every elf and every druid had their own definition of nature. Whether they followed Abhorrence or Balance, they all considered themselves to be nature’s guards. Also, it was exactly because their definitions and opinions on nature varied that the ‘Nature’s Hearts’ that druids formed and the powers they were capable of were different.

“Nature is the world, including both plants, animals, humans, elves and other lives and volcanoes, swamps, fog and other phenomena. All those things constitute a balance system where everybody is interdependent with each other. Once the balance is lost, nature will decline into a lifeless wasteland.” Considering for a moment, Malfurion spoke of his understanding about nature, in which balance and life were the core.

Lankshear had the unique pride of the elves. Although he was not exactly a follower of Nature’s Abhorrence, he was not interested in discussing the question with humans. He merely stressed, “Nature must include life; a lifeless desert cannot be called nature.”

His eyes closed, Atlant said with a smile, “We’re arriving at the abyssal gap.”

The five of them were all legends. Even though they had intentionally lowered their speed in case of dangers, it did not take them long to finish the journey.

At the center of the forest down below, the bloodstained dust enshrouded a fairly large territory. A giant crack that was as hideous as a centipede could be found at the center. Through the crack, the bumpy, Scarlet Plain could be vaguely seen on the opposite side, spreading out the intense air of blood and slaughter.

In the middle of the dust, a rather prosperous town stood at the edge of the crack.

It was exactly Town of the Anonymous.

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During the long history when the abyssal gap was steady, demons which were chaotic and bloodthirsty in nature had been attacking the gap and hoping to arrive at the main material world to transform this world into a land of mayhem and destruction like abyss.

As for the human adventurers, although demons were horrible, their body parts were precious materials. It was not a bad choice to capture demons without entering the abyss. Therefore, many adventurers had gathered in this place and set up a town.

After that, the grand knights and the radiant knights realized that it was a perfect battlefield to improve themselves. They had often come from thousands of kilometers away to gain battle

experience. For the senior-rank knights, unless they had extraordinary blood powers and gifts, they could only find opportunities of breakthrough in fighting.

The situation on the continent was relatively steady, and adventuring in the Dark Mountain Range or the Swamp of Dragons, where level-nine magic creatures were frequent, could prove very dangerous. The gap in the Stroop forest, on the other hand, capped the strength of the invading demons, relieving the senior-rank knights of their concern that they might run into Demon Lords or Demon Dukes. Therefore, the town was more and more prosperous and became one of the places with the highest population of senior-rank experts.

Of course, the battles here were not entirely risk-free. Many radiant knights and senior-rank sorcerers had died here. The adventures below the senior rank often had huge casualties, too. Therefore, the town had been named as ‘the Anonymous’:

“You will leave with glory, or die without a name!”

Mason, the Azure Dragon, looked at the wood plate that had stood in Town of the Anonymous for hundreds of years. He sighed yet again and said anxiously, “When can we leave?”

The elves who watched over the gap had always been indifferent to the adventures, but the strangers’ operation did save a lot of their work. Therefore, they had been turning a blind eye to Town of the Anonymous.

The young, brown-haired man next to Mason took out a special cigar made in Brianne and lit it. Taking a deep breath, he said, “Brother, stop upsetting yourself. Until they figure out why the gap is expanded, the elves won’t let us go.”

“I feel that my lungs are full of sand and filth.” Mason accepted his friend Fred’s cigar. “You know that I promised my family that I would return in half a year, but I’m now already two weeks late. If they come to look for me, they will be hurt in this crazy place.”

Fred exhaled smoke and smiled bitterly, “We should’ve left earlier... Elves forbid us from leaving because they fear that we will expose the change in the abyssal gap to the sea clans. Until they figure out a way to resolve the problem, or the sea clans obtain intelligence through other channels, we will have to stay here.”

“If the abyssal gap loses control again...” As a level-six radiant knight, Mason couldn’t help but feel scared when he remembered the swarming army of demons and the frightening Demon Lords and Dukes. They were the nightmare that he would never forget. If it were not Malfurion, Mentor of Night, who guarded the place at that time, many radiant knights including himself would’ve died!

Hearing his words, Fred couldn’t help but tremble, too. He remembered the ‘Sovereign of Blood’ who had two heads, crimson scales, and gold and cold eyes. “I hope that elves ask for reinforcements as soon as possible...”

“Elves are a proud people. They will never ask for help unless they really can’t handle it on their own.” Mason often praised elves’ pride, but he couldn’t have hated it more at this moment.

Then, he moved his eyes back and looked at the half-burnt cigar in his hand. “Something is wrong in the town...”

Fred squinted. “Yes, something is indeed wrong...”

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Lucien, Natasha and Malfurion descended and approached the abyssal gap. At this moment, two figures, one green and the other brown, flew over from down below and stopped before them.

“Honorable guests, thank you for coming to help us.” The brown figure was a tall, middle-aged human male, who was holding a wood staff with a symbol of balance in his hands. It was exactly Lodell, Hand of Balance.

On their altitude, the view of the abyss behind the crack was very obvious. It was a bloodstained plateau, with weird white rocks standing everywhere.

On the plain, there was nothing but red mud and sand except for a few plants that were full of scales. A sandstorm was raging whenever there was a wind.

In the sky, Lucien saw a pale sun that was half blocked by the dust. It was enshrouded in a weird red halo because of the bloodiness.

Everything was so dim and depressing. It was the best announcement of slaughter and destruction.

“Elder.” The green person was a mini lady who was only the size of a head. She had deep green hair and a beautiful face. She was slim, with a pair of transparent wings on her back. She was surrounded by the dense air of the forest.

She was exactly Selinda, a nymph known as the Green Guardian.

After greeting Malfurion, Selinda did not say anything. For nymphs, human beings, who destroyed forests, were unpardonable villains.

“Selinda, what is nature?” Lankshear suddenly asked.

Selinda looked at Lankshear angrily, not too friendly with the elf. “Nature is the greenness that represents life and allows all creatures to flourish. It is vulnerable and calls for our protection. Anyone who sabotages nature is our enemy.”

Lankshear smiled, “Evans, what is nature? Do you have an answer to the question you asked us?”

Lucien looked at him. Although he did not know what was on the elf’s mind, the elf obviously had his own purpose. Perhaps, he was trying to reach a certain purpose by instigating conflicts at this moment?

Malfurion seemed too absent-minded to stop Lankshear from asking. Perhaps, he was interested in Lucien’s and Atlant’s answers, too.

Lodell opened his mouth and tried to say something, but he eventually fell silent.

Lucien smiled and pointed at the Scarlet Plain. “Is this not nature? There are lives that are demons, and there is mud, wind and the sun...”

“It’s a polluted and damaged nature that is escalating into destruction.” Replied Selinda solemnly.

Lucien shook his head. “Nature in my mind is a cycle.”

“As long as its constituents can make up a cycle from life to death and from death to life, it will be nature. Therefore, swamp is nature, volcano is nature, abyss is nature and nature is abyss, too...”

Before Selinda refuted him, Lucien went on, “Nature has a myriad of meanings. The nature we see and get in touch with are different from one another. Therefore, the nature in our mind is a unique nature that is based on our own experience and knowledge. It’s nature from our own perspective. Just like the microscopic particles, we will see different results when we choose different methods of observation. As to exactly what they originally look like, that is a meaningless question.”

“Therefore, my nature is nature from the perspective of human beings. The nature that is suitable for us and facilitates our development is good nature. The purpose of our environmental protection is also simple, which is to build a better nature where we can live more comfortably. In that regard, we recognize nature with ourselves as the center, and I think that elves are the same!”

Malfurion and Selinda were about to speak, when roars of slaughter and destruction suddenly burst out from down below. An army of demons surged out of the gap again.

Those demons were in an assortment of appearances. The one thing that they had in common was their aggressiveness.

“The Sovereign of Blood has driven his army of demons to attack again...” Lodell was greatly relieved and hurried to change the topic.

Looking at what was inside the gap and calculating the distance, Lucien suddenly extended his right hand and chanted a long spell:

“Eternal Blaze!”

Boom!

A scorching sun suddenly rose from the center of the Scarlet Plain. The terrifyingly high temperature could be felt clearly even though it was in a different world.

An unimaginable energy storm swept out, drowning everything with the glow.

Watching the rolling mushroom cloud and the shaking abyssal gap, and sensing the world-destroying power, Lankshear and Selinda fell silent.

Whatever you are trying to manipulate us to do, you’d better consider if you are strong enough first!

Lucien moved his right hand back into the pockets of his double-breasted suit.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 675: Integration

Even though the translucent spacial gap reduced the light, the brilliance that felt like a rising sun still made Malfurion, Lankshear and the other unprepared elves, nymphs and humans close their eyes to resist the glare. Even so, they still felt that they were faced with an overwhelming, dazzling ocean of light!

When the light was gradually gone, Lankshear and Selinda opened their eyes and looked at the Scarlet Plain, only to discover that a weird mushroom cloud was rising from the center. The demon experts at the core had already been obliterated. The edge of the giant pit looked like melted and reconsolidated glass, which reflected the bloody sunlight and presented a spectrum of colors.

As for the demon army further away, no intact body could be found at all. Broken limbs, heads and wings were everywhere, irrigating the earth with their red and green blood and spreading out a weird, bloody sense of beauty, as if a gigantic crimson flower was blooming.

The demons further away were already dispersed. Some had turned into dead bodies, and some were writhing on the ground with their eyes covered. The scales on their bodies had been destroyed. No naturally-endowed defense could be found anymore, either.

Because it was a plain where many frail rocks were standing, the tide-like army of demons were dried like a torrent whose source was cut off under the attack of 'Eternal Blaze'.

As for the demons at the edge that were not harmed at all, because Lucien's attack had been aimed at the experts who led the army, they were frightened and fled in a flurry now that their commanders were gone. After only one minute, nothing could be heard from the Scarlet Plain except moans, and not a single demon was standing.

What was even more weird was that the air that was full of curses seemed to have been purged after the explosion of 'Eternal Blaze'. It became very pure and not corrosive at all.

At this moment, the Scarlet Plain had been temporarily upgraded from a chaotic, bloody, stinky abyss into a clean and tidy paradise on earth – that is, not counting the blood and bodies all over the ground.

The Sovereign of Blood, master of this layer of abyss, showed no reaction to that, nor did he stop the fleeing demons. In his silence, the overwhelming attack stopped.

The translucent space gap quaked under the terrifying energy storm, significantly weakening the seal. It was a shame that no demons dared to seize the opportunity before Malfurion and the other druids enhanced it again.

Inside Town of the Anonymous...

Mason was discussing things with Fred worriedly, when he heard the cries of demons. He frowned, "Demons are attacking again. They are truly slaves to the desire of slaughter."

“It’s said that there are 666 floors in the abyss, but nobody has ever confirmed it. Infinite demons live inside. The losses in the daily attack are not a big deal for the Demon Lords.” Fred had a deeper understanding about the population of demons recently.

Demons were creatures that were chaotic in nature and could not control their bloodthirst, but they also preferred living to death. If they were not coerced by the senior-rank demons, they certainly wouldn’t have attacked every day, particularly when their invasions suffered heavy losses each time.

Mason was about to complain about such a life, when an unimaginable explosion broke out and deafened the two radiant knights briefly.

They looked at the abyssal gap subconsciously, only to be dazzled by the brightest brilliance as if the sun in the sky had burst out right before them!

The two of them shut their eyes abruptly, their tears dropping nonstop. They could barely keep their feet steady.

“What extraordinary ability is this?” Mason blurted out after he stabilized himself, but his exclamation of shock was drowned in the explosion.

In the meantime, he found that his skin was vaguely burnt and got even more shocked. The explosion took place on the Scarlet Plain, but the temperature had been spread to this place from so far away with an abyssal gap in between?

How powerful would it be on the site?

After a moment, thanks to the radiant knights' exceptional recovery abilities, Mason's eyes were back to normal, and the feeling of earthquake was also gone.

Weird blue scales grew out of the corner of his eyes, and his pupils were constricted and pricked, before he looked at the abyssal gap again, only to discover a mushroom cloud with a particularly huge head.

Mason felt shock from the bottom of his heart when he remembered his experiences just now.

"...The beauty of destruction..." Fred's cigar had already hit the ground when he appreciated the picture far away in admiration.

Mason was back to himself. "Mushroom cloud... Eternal Blaze? The reinforcements of the Congress of Magic have come?"

During the battle between the Congress of Magic and the South Church, 'Eternal Blaze' was performed in front of the whole Rentato city. It was so terrifyingly powerful that the leadership of all countries paid attention to it. Also, according to what the Congress of Magic revealed to the nobles of those countries in private, the power of such a spell did not have an upper bound...

As radiant knights, Mason and Fred were undoubtedly the leadership of Colette. The mushroom cloud described in the intelligence had left a deep impression on them.

“Has the Emperor of Arcana, the Lord of Storm, or the Lord of Elements come?” Fred speculated, before he said in relief, “It seems that we can get out of here now...”

Yes, now that the reinforcements are here, the elves wouldn’t need to worry about the sea clans possible attacks.

Mason seemed also pacified. He looked at the town and said in a low voice, “I do not want to spend one second longer in this place, or I may lose control of myself...”

After that, the two of them looked at the hazy, bloody plateau behind the gap, before they remarked at the same time, “What a horrifying spell...”

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“The army of demons has retreated. We can now discuss and examine the abyssal gap.” Lucien said, with his hands in the pockets of his double-breasted suit.

Observing the silent reaction of Lankshear, Selinda and the other elves, Natasha chuckled to herself and said in the telepathic bond. “Well done!”

She liked the feeling of intimidating everything with pure strength. After watching ‘Eternal Blaze’ destroy the army of demons, her blood was boiling, and she almost couldn’t stop herself from chasing after the demons.

Moving his eyes back, Malfurion said in a low voice, “I was the supervisor in this place when the abyssal gap had changed. Everything was normal until dawn, when I suddenly sensed the arrival of chaos and slaughter from the abyss as well as a space-time change. By the time I realized what was going on, I discovered that the gap, which had been ten meters long and two meters wide previously, had been stretched to thirty meters long and almost four meters tall. It was almost a natural portal...”

He introduced what happened at that time with the actual situation of the gap, trying to inform Lucien and Atlant of every detail so that they could ascertain the cause with their special knowledge.

After hearing him out, Lucien and Atlant did not offer any comment but began to examine the gap with spells. It was not until a long time later that they finally asked, “Elder Malfurion, did the arrival of abyss and the space-time change happen simultaneously, or did they happen one after the other?”

Recalling it carefully, Malfurion replied, “I think they happened simultaneously, but after two seconds, the space-time change overpowered the air of abyss. By the time I was back to myself, the air of abyss intensified and covered all the other changes.”

Lucien and Atlant asked a few critical questions, and Malfurion, Lodell and Selinda answered them dutifully. Their description was the same. None of them seemed to be lying.

“Evans, do you have any conclusion?” Asked Malfurion concernedly.

Lucien nodded. “It looks like integration of space. Near a space gap, when the environmental parameters of the space on two sides become similar, the space will gradually melt, resulting in the expansion of the gap. If we don’t stop it, the assimilation of the abyss will result in shocks in this world. The volcano eruptions, tsunamis and earthquakes will destroy most lives and most places.

Lucien and Atlant reached the conclusion based on a similar case in the Magic Empire, but nobody knew whether or not the space could be truly melted. Lucien could not offer any detailed arcana theories until he knew more about the truth of the world.

“Similar environmental parameters?” Asked Malfurion in confusion. “But I didn’t feel that the territory around Town of the Anonymous changed towards the abyss at all...”

Lankshear squinted. “Perhaps, it was a scheme...”

“Why did it happen on this side instead of on the Scarlet Plain?” Natasha reminded them.

Malfurion frowned. “Were the demons patient enough to establish a gargantuan magic circle or resort to other complicated approaches?”

It was well-acknowledged that demons were as intelligent as human beings. They had tried to conspire like devils, but they were chaotic in nature and would often forget the very plan they came up with last second. So, they tended to take random actions.

“It’s not entirely impossible. Two of the Demon Lords are less chaotic. One of them is Apsis, the Lord of Spectres on ‘Skeleton Land’, and the other is Gonheim in ‘Frozen Fortress’. They are both more like devils than demons.” Atlant corrected Malfurion. Both of them were level-three Demon Lords, who were equal to top legends in their domain.

“Do we have to investigate inside the abyss?” Asked Lodell worriedly. “Also, the problem may be on our side.”

Atlant looked at the town below and discovered that the elves had already blocked it. So, he asked, “Are you suspicious that something is wrong with those adventurers? Or are you worried that they will expose the intelligence?”

Malfurion explained. “It was Ferragond who proposed it at the beginning to prevent the sea clans from learning the news and keep the possible schemers here. We will continue the blockage and identify them one after another.”

“I can help you with that.” Said Atlant with a smile.

Lankshear and Selinda did not suspect that. The Eye of Curse was definitely the authority in that.

Hearing their conversation, Lucien nodded, “We do need a legend to stay here. Natasha and I will pay a visit to the abyss.”

Naturally, not all the legends should enter the abyss. It would be troublesome if the sorcerers in Nature’s Residence were left alone and the believers of Nature’s Abhorrence went mad.

“You’re going into the abyss?” Malfurion was concerned.

Lucien smiled. “The Will of Abyss is still recovering from the heavy wounds caused by God’s Arrival. It’s hardly likely that he will attack directly. Even if he is insane enough to do so, now that he is not as strong as before, we can always flee if we cannot defeat him, can’t we? The other Demon Lords are the same. I won’t be silly enough to be surrounded by them.”

That was the confidence of a grand arcanist, like how Fernando believed that he could escape from the pope as long as he could not perform God’s Arrival.

Malfurion was still worried. “I’ll go with you.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 676: Lucien’s Reminder

A brutal wind raged, blowing the sand on the Scarlet Plain into the sky. The sun, which had illuminated the earth through the thick dust temporarily, was reduced to the previous dim redness.

Three-headed dogs came, feasting upon the dead demons. Scales gradually grew on their body. Their eyes were bloodshot, and they gulped the corpses as if it were a contest, not even leaving the body parts that were burning. Even the bones had been chewed and swallowed.

That was what Atlant saw when he opened his eyes. He said gently and warmly, “Are you entering the abyss right now?”

He was asking Lucien, Natasha and Malfurion's operation plan.

Malfurion simply offered to assist Lucien in case of accidents in the abyss, which would've worsened the relation between the Congress of Magic and the elves. So, he did not reply and simply looked at Lucien with his green eyes.

Lucien shook his head. "We'll enter the abyss tomorrow. Let's stay in Town of the Anonymous today and see if we can notice anything wrong."

He smiled. "Investigating inside the abyss is one of our final choices. We should consider the abyss as our target without searching the surroundings first. What if the source of the problem is here? I do not want to waste my time. Let's do things one step at a time."

"Very well. Then, let's search for the anomalies in the Town of the Anonymous and the area nearby." Atlant rather agreed with Lucien.

Malfurion naturally did not have any objection. Having sensed the power of 'Eternal Blaze' just now, Lankshear and Selinda fell silent.

As they flew towards Town of the Anonymous, Natasha asked in the telepathic bond, "Why do you want to go to the abyss? Such an adventure is unnecessary... If you are looking for battle opportunities for me, we can wait in Town of the Anonymous for the Demon Lords to attack. It will definitely suffice."

She knew that Lucien wouldn't do it for no good reason, so she was rather puzzled.

"The integration of space here is rather similar to one of my thoughts. Therefore, I'm hoping to study it more. Chances are that I will be able to find certain things." Lucien explained. Looking back at the abyssal gap, he shook his head and said in the telepathic bond. "Integration of space?"

Seeing that Lucien had his own purpose, Natasha nodded her head and did not say anything. She felt that all her cells were refreshed, craving for a battle.

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Inside Town of the Anonymous.

Mason and Fred paced back and forth on the street, surrounded by adventures who were also waiting anxiously and desperate to leave. None of them intended to become sacrifices of the abyss.

"Boy, stop! You hit me!" In such an ambiance, a brawny man suddenly roared. He had a tattoo of entangled leaves on his bald head. That was the totem of the barbarians from the Dark Mountain Range.

The young man whom he yelled at carried a short bow and held a cold, blue dagger. He raised the dagger angrily and shouted, "Barbarian, shut your mouth, or I wouldn't mind letting you know how it feels to be frozen."

Due to the aftermath of 'Eternal Blaze' just now, the small street had been crowded with adventures. It was inevitable that they might bump into each other.

"Ass*ole! Apologize, or I will make you one of the anonymous!" The barbarian was so infuriated that his veins and his muscles on his two-meter-tall body were all bulging in a thick, bronze layer of light.

The two of them were about to fight, when a radiant knight's right hand turned into fire and slashed between them from the sky, resulting in a blackened crack on the earth.

"Quiet!" The radiant knight glared at the two knight-level adventures coldly.

Looking at the trace on the ground, the barbarian and the young man both stepped back and looked at each other angrily, before they turned around and left.

Mason, observing everything from nearby, observed with mixed feelings, "Having been blocked for such a long time, and due to the tide of demons and the death of so many adventures, it seems that everybody is getting agitated. Even the most unimportant thing may lead to a bloody fight."

Even he had similar feelings that he would like to vent out on someone.

Taking a breath, Fred took a breath and intended to criticize the elves for their low efficiency, because the blockage hadn't been canceled for such a long time after 'Eternal Blaze'.

Then, he sensed something and raised his head, only to discover that the sky of the town changed weirdly. The sky which was brimming with bloody dust suddenly 'fell'. It was low, and dim!

Then, half of the sky became bright, in which erratic light changed all the time and was now and then replaced by obscure darkness, and the other half became dimmer and darker, until all the bloodiness faded away, leaving the deepest, heaviest and most boundless darkness behind!

Inside the darkness, however, stars were shining brilliantly showing weird colors.

Looking at the sight that was as profound as the cosmos and the luminescence fluctuations, Fred was immediately lost. His soul floated away, and he couldn't sense anything for a long time.

After a long time, when a breeze with the air of blood brushed him, Fred suddenly shivered, only to discover that the sky was back to normal, and the overwhelming dust still blocked the sunlight. No, it was not sunlight but the silver moonlight!

"Was it my illusion..." Fred turned around, only to discover that Mason and the rest of them all stood like statues. The whole Town of the Anonymous was unusually quiet. Even the ferocious dog at the bar did not bark at all.

"No, it's the projection of a demiplane of a legendary sorcerer..." Mason was also back to himself.

Some rituals that helped knights practice their blood power required communicating with and summoning the power of the demiplanes of legends, like how the 'Lord' had to be summoned for the promotion of the clerics in the Saint Truth.

Fred said in a self-mocking smile. “This is the first time that I have seen a legendary demiplane, not counting the Scarlet Plain.”

‘Sovereign of Blood’, the lord of the Scarlet Plain, was a level-two legendary demon. If sorcerers, cultists and knights with special blood powers wanted to hold rituals in terms of blood and slaughter, it was possible that they would summon the power of the Scarlet Plain. Therefore, it was also a legendary demiplane.

“The two Excellencies of the Congress are finally done with their examination.” Mason felt exhausted from the bottom of his head. It was already late at night at this point.

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In the polluted forest outside of Town of the Anonymous, irregular trees were growing. They were twisted to such a point as if certain kids had made mischief to them. On the rind grew tremendous lumps from which bloody fluids were flowing out hideously and disgustingly.

“This is a forest that was polluted because it was too close to the abyssal gap, but the influence diminished a hundred meters away, and it’s almost normal two hundred meters from here. The requirement that integration of space is required can barely be satisfied.” Lodell, ‘Hand of Balance’ introduced the only place that possibly matched the parameters of the abyss nearby.

Lucien observed carefully and examined the trees with magic. He then nodded his head. “It can be confirmed that this place has nothing to do with the expansion of the abyssal gap.”

Atlant gave a similar conclusion.

“It seems that we do need to pay a visit to the abyss.” Malfurion was not super interested in the trip. The Will of Abyss was an out-and-out lunatic. Nobody knew what he would do next, not even himself! What if he suddenly decided to blow himself up in front of them? What could they do?

The brainless Will of Abyss scared him more than the Lord of Hell did although the latter was full of schemes.

“The integration of space only just begun. It’s only between the Scarlet Plain and the Stroop forest. Therefore, while this place is affected by the abyss, the abyss will be influenced by the main material world. Having been wounded, it’s impossible for the Will of Abyss to arrive at the Scarlet Plain, no more than he could directly arrive at the main material world.” Lucien explained it to Malfurion based on the ancient sorcerers’ experience.

As he spoke, Lucien turned to Lankshear, Lodell and Selinda and said solemnly. “Some progress has been made regarding the investigation on the corrupted elves. Therefore, I’m obliged to remind you of something.”

The ‘investigation report of day one’, written by Jurisian, Felipe and Heidi, had been delivered to Lucien through electromagnetism messaging. So, he was aware of their suspicion.

“What is it?” Lankshear became solemn, not as egoistic as before.

Lucien briefly introduced it. “There are seven uncanny primeval devils, named after abhorrence, pain and other feelings, in the deepest relic in hell. As long as the corresponding feelings are stifled to a certain point, and a seemingly harmless ritual stimulates them, making them believe in the

primeval devil from the bottom of their heart, the seed of devil in everyone's heart will be awakened and germinate, navigating the said primeval devil to project..."

"...The sorcerers that came with us suspect that the elves were corrupted by the primeval devils..."

"The primeval devils..." The elves had a perfect collection of ancient classics. Therefore, Malfurion soon remembered the tale that was told by different bards after Lucien's reminder.

He was very grave. If such a monster did exist, it would be much more tricky to deal with than all the Devil Dukes and Devil Counts were.

Lodell, Selinda and Lankshear all repeated the names of the primeval devils. They had never thought that such monsters existed before!

Lucien went on. "When I examined the Town of the Anonymous earlier, I realized that the adventures in the town were rather anxious, pained and uneasy after being stranded here for a long time under the threat of demons. They are already on the tipping point. If this is truly associated with the primeval devils, such an atmosphere can be easily taken advantage of. You must pay attention to it and set them free as soon as possible."

"Leave this complicated issue to me," said Atlant.

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The next day, Lucien, Natasha and Malfurion entered the Scarlet Plain through the abyssal gap.

In Town of the Anonymous, Mason and Fred just got up when they heard the scream down below. A grand knight had been heavily wounded by a radiant knight who lost control of himself. Blood spilled on the ground.

Looking at the dazzlingly red fluids, Mason felt that his eyes had been occupied by them. The veins on his forehead bouncing, he found it impossible to endure the weird and depressing environment anymore.

“No, we can’t stay here any longer!”

He rose abruptly and charged at the elvish guards with Fred.

Back in Nature’s Residence, Jurisian, Felipe and the rest of the investigators looked for Martha under the direction of Iristine.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 677: Dance of Revenge

Enshrouded in the azure light, Mason and Fred flew out of the hotel and rushed at the edge of the town where the elvish guards were stationed.

Sudden, dark red fire erupted from the ground into the sky, as ferociously as if from a volcano, and blocked Mason and Fred.

“Mattwe, what are you doing?” Mason stopped his flight in time and did not run into the fire and smoke. He glared at the tall, slender man who stopped them. It was Mattwe, ‘Anger of Earth’, a level-seven radiant knight.

Mattwe’s hair was short and the color of seaweed. He raised his head and looked at Mason and Fred, before he said unhurriedly, “Have you forgotten that flight is prohibited in the town?”

The ban was not realized by magic circles but ensured by a few ‘townkeepers’ who were strong radiant knights. After the initial disorder and blood when Town of the Anonymous was established, a few radiant knights who often came to the place forged an alliance and set up an order for the town to restrain each other and maintain the peace of the town.

Mattwe, on the other hand, was one of the ‘townkeepers’.

“What’s the point of forbidding flying under such circumstances?” As radiant knights themselves, Fred and Mason were not scared of Mattwe, but they were worried that they might raise the elves’ attack. “We are only hoping to receive the investigation of the elves. Are you going to stop us?”

Mason and Fred were vaguely wary of Mattwe, because the weirdness they sensed was exactly from him and his partners.

Mattwe and his fellows did not do anything strange, except that they often expressed their desperation, pain and anxiety after the first assault of demons. They believed that it was impossible for the elves to defend the abyssal gap, because the Will of Abyss might arrive directly as the gap was gradually expanded. Therefore, staying in Town of the Anonymous meant waiting for death. There was absolutely no hope to escape at all.

Such anxiety, desperation, frustration and agony quickly spread throughout the people under the influence. Since such feelings were normal reactions, Mason and Fred did not suspect anything. They simply did not want to get in touch with Mattwe and his partners, because the more they met those people, the more gloomy and painful it would be.

“We have to receive the inquiry of elves and sorcerers, too, but we are in no rush, and we do not violate the order of the town.” Mattwe’s green eyes were as steady as before. “Mason, Fred, you should be very clear that times of anxiety and impatience like right now call for order. Only by keeping a reliable and strict order can we ensure that the situation will not escalate and that we will be safe. Therefore, I will not spare you just because you are radiant knights. Please follow me to the Townkeepers’ House for punishment.”

Mason had to admit that Mattwe did have a point, but the strange depression haunted him and prevented him from moving. Fred did not take any action, either.

Mattwe raised his right hand. “Mason, Fred, are you trying to resist seven radiant knights, high-rank elves and legendary experts?”

The adventures on the street slowed down and became prudent, sensing the danger that might burst out at any point.

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On the east side of Nature's Residence was a forest so dense that it was almost sunless.

"Ms. Martha lives inside. She is a representative of Nature's Abhorrence. Try not to infuriate her. In case she says anything inappropriate, I'll apologize on behalf of her first." Iristine, wearing a green dress of tree leaves, spoke to Jurisian, Felipe, Heidi and Annick.

Because several directions required further investigation, the sorcerers were divided into different groups. Heidi, believing that Sprint's lecture on Annick yesterday showed barely any effect, had rearranged the team and decided to work on it in person. She planned to lead Annick to get to know a few more elf friends. Yesterday, she already became good friends with Nodanielle and made acquaintances with many other elves.

Since Martha was the strongest of all the elves to be investigated, Jurisian and Felipe, who hadn't really seen eye to eye with each other, had to act together.

Jurisian smiled courteously. "It's alright. Everyone has their own beliefs. It's not a big deal as long as we are not really harmed."

Even the princess of elves had apologized in advance. What else could he have said?

Felipe nodded his head with his hands in his pocket, but his eyes surpassed the woods and looked somewhere far away. The communication with elves and the investigation on Nature's Residence yesterday were obviously fruitful.

Since two members of the Affair Committee were ahead of them, Heidi inevitably got absent-minded. She said to Annick in the telepathic bond, “When the investigation is over, I’ll bring you to the elves’ ‘Ball of Nature’.”

“B... Ball? I... I can’t dance.” Annick was so shocked that he stuttered.

Heidi gazed at him. “Who’s born to dance? Well, maybe elves are... But I’m not asking you to date an elf. It will help you keep a good mood by getting to know more friends and things. I do not want my good friend to suffer severe psychological diseases because of arcana and magic studies.”

Being a close friend to Rachel, she did know a lot about psychology.

Annick meant to say that he was very happy just studying arcana and magic, and that solving a problem was much more satisfying than dancing and making new friends, but he was a person who appreciated friendship, too. Seeing that Heidi, Layria, Sprint and Katrina had been worried about his shyness, he more or less decided to change a bit. After all, he would be devoted to arcana and magic again, and so would Heidi and the rest of them.

Like a deer, Iristine traveled in the forest agilely. Very soon, they saw a green, undecorated house under her lead. On the empty ground below the house, a dozen elves were receiving dance lessons.

Martha was a famous musician and dancer among elves.

Before the dozen elves stood a Night Elf whose hair was tied and whose dark green skin gave a weird sense of beauty. She had such a mature vibe that she felt like a fruit that had come to the sweetest season.

“Bend backwards more... What’s this pain compared to the pain when forests are cut by human beings and when green is reduced to deserts?” Martha was rather rigorous in her teaching and did not hesitate to show her attitude as a follower of Nature’s Abhorrence.

“This dance is called Dance of Revenge. Every movement has a special meaning and expresses the anger of nature. You can never dance the dance well without understanding the feeling. For example, in this movement, you need to recall the extinct animals. They are completely gone from this world just because of the greed of human beings, because their fur, flesh, meat and bones are useful...”

“Because of their selfishness, human beings blatantly hurt nature, and one day, nature will burst out her fury and cleanse all sins...”

Hearing Martha’s tutelage, Jurisian frowned and thought to himself. “Such a narration and such a dance are truly similar to the Special Summoning Ritual. It will work out as long as they are convinced that ‘revenge of nature’ does exist... But why were the elves of Nature’s Balance more corrupted? Why is Martha still teaching Dance of Revenge knowing that the Congress has helped with the investigation? Does she think that we can never find that it’s her, or was it not done by her at all?”

Iristine stepped forward and said, “Ms. Martha, excuse us. A few guests would like to ask you some questions.”

Martha had long noticed the approaching strangers but turned a blind eye to them. It was not until Iristine opened her mouth that she finally bowed with an awful face. “Your Highness, I do not want human beings whose minds are filthy to trespass on my place, and I don’t know what questions I can possibly answer.”

“Madam, we only wish to know where you learnt Dance of Revenge.” Not infuriated at all, Jurisian asked calmly.

Martha scorned. “I was inspired by human beings’ damage on nature and reorganized the fete movements that I found in the ancient classics. It’s my own creation. Are you satisfied with my answer?”

“What ancient classics?” Felipe asked the core of the question.

Martha sneered. “Are sorcerers supposed to be knowledgeable? You can’t tell? It’s from ‘Moon Rite of Werewolves’, ‘Book of Rituals’...”

She said a series of titles. Obviously, her previous statement was not a lie.

Answering another few questions, Martha asked them to leave. “My patience has run out. I do not want to answer any other questions. If you want to blame the accident on me, be my guest.”

After that, she went back to the tree house and continued her lesson on Dance of Revenge.

Returning in silence, Iristine said again, “I apologize to you on behalf of Ms. Martha...”

“Wait a moment.” Felipe interrupted her. “I would like to search Martha’s tree house and the area nearby.”

“Why?” Asked Iristine in surprise.

Felipe said coldly, “Are we supposed to believe whatever she says?”

Jurisian nodded with a smile. With such a guy in the team, he was saved from the trouble of saying things he would rather not say.

Iristine struggled hesitatingly. It was an important issue to search the house of a ‘Staff Bearer’.

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The bloody dust pervaded the air, blocking the sunlight from the sky. The environment that had been cleansed by ‘Eternal Blaze’ previously was full of curses and poisons again.

Lucien’s spiritual power spread out. Seizing the power of the projection of his demiplane, he blurred the environment around, making it impossible for the curses and poisons to leak in. Wearing her silver armor, Natasha looked no different from before, but the curses and poisons somehow collapsed and disintegrated when they approached her without any exception.

“Have you found anything?” Malfurion asked Lucien, who was standing next to a mirror with complicated stripes. He was casting ‘Mirror of Fate’ to decide the origin of the ‘integration of spaces’.

Lucien put the crystal ball in his left hand at the center of the Mirror of Fate. The picture immediately became clear. The crystal ball also glowed, and the stars in it were connected into a straight line.

“It’s in that direction.” Lucien said to Natasha and Malfurion. “Did the accident really originate from here?”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 678: Clues

The sun that was shining through the bloody dust seemed dim and cold, but it was in fact even more scorching than the sun in the main material world. The river of lava that flowed at the bottom of the plain added to the heat of the area, making the temperature above sixty degrees all year around. Normal human beings could not survive in such an environment at all even without the many curses and toxins.

A silver light flashed and slashed out in the shape of a crescent moon, before it vanished into thin air, leaving the illusionary and terrifying gap that seemed to be piercing through the abyss on this level.

The hundreds of demons, led by a six-armed snake-like monster, came to an abrupt halt, as if somebody had cast ‘Time Stop’ upon them. One second later, their bodies suddenly exploded into a spring of blood. The pieces of their bodies hit the ground like raindrops, tiny and neat.

“Your control over the power of the legendary ‘Sword of Truth’ is better and better.” Witnessing the scene, Lucien did not hesitate to compliment. Natasha was not holding the legendary longsword ‘Sword of Truth’ but ‘Pale Justice’. She was practicing the delicate control over her blood power by executing demons.

Natasha was in a high mood. “I am not a knight with only brawn. I have always been a great controller of my strength. During the three years I spent in the abbey after I became a radiant knight, I was able to really grasp my will and my body...”

She accepted Lucien’s praise without any embarrassment. Then she said regretfully, “It’s a pity that we’ve met nothing more than senior-rank demons on our way. We didn’t even see Demon Dukes, not to mention Demon Lords. I cannot carry out my full strength and look for places where I can make improvement.”

“Each level of the abyss can support only one Demon Lord at most. That is to say, if a Demon Duke cannot control most of the territory in his plane, he cannot receive the feedback of the abyss and be promoted into a legendary lord at all.” Lucien explained it to Natasha with a smile. Although she had picked up a lot of knowledge about abyss before the mission, it was still far from Lucien’s expertise. The studies on demons were a basic subject for every sorcerer. “Therefore, unless there is any joint operation, we can see nothing but the Sovereign of Blood at most on the Scarlet Plain.”

In the abyss, except for the Lord of Spectres, the Demogorgon of Darkness and few other special demons, most of the demon monarchs did not have names but only the titles that the experts of the main material world made up for them.

A lot of monarchs of the abyss had been known. There were eighteen of them, three times more than the nine-floored hell. However, just like nobody knew how many floors the abyss had, nobody could tell how many legendary demons there were exactly. Even Rhine, as a vampire prince who had lived tens of thousands of years, wasn’t sure about the answer. It certainly deserved to be called ‘Abyssal Maw’.

However, because of the chaotic slaughter amongst themselves, and since they had to advance by defeating and absorbing other monarchs, the abyss was not even as powerful as the hell where there were only nine Devil Dukes in general. After Tiphotidis, the Ice Duke and the Master of Argent, completely perished, a new legendary devil had grown up in the Silent Hell in recent years and was appointed by the Lord of Hell as the 'New Ice Duke'.

Having been approved by the Lord of Hell, he had received the feedback and enhancement of the demiplane, thereby improving from level one of legendary to level two quickly.

It was said that the new 'Ice Duke' was particularly cunning and deceptive. He was known as 'Lord of Mysteries'.

"Hehe. It will be good enough if we can encounter the Sovereign of Blood!" Although she craved battle, Natasha did not want herself and her husband to be caught in the danger of a joint operation of the demon monarchs.

Malfurion was enshrouded in green light, as if countless plants were growing from him. Refreshing and enjoyable, it was a major contrast to the terrible environment. He observed the environment attentively in case of an ambush from the demon monarchs, overlooking Natasha and Lucien's jolly talk as if they were on a trip in the suburb.

According to the feedback of his astrology and the Mirror of Fate, Lucien altered his direction now and then. Suddenly, the picture inside the crystal ball became clear!

Inside a gigantic circle of white rocks, bloody mud rose weirdly into what seemed to be a mysterious altar!

The bloody wall around the altar was fully engraved with complicated, cubic patterns. Whoever saw them would immediately be grasped by the lust for killing. Those patterns spread out from the top of the altar and seemed to be connected to the whole Scarlet Plain. Above the altar, however, vigorous green was oozing, as if the world inside was a natural environment like the Stroop forest.

Outside of the circle of rocks was a bloody fortress whose tough wall was piled up by the corpses of different races. Hearts, intestines, heads and other body parts could be vaguely found.

It was exactly the Sovereign of Blood's 'Fortress of Flesh'!

"This truly seems to be the source of things..." Looking at the crystal ball, Lucien was more or less surprised. "Things are going on too well, aren't they?"

After locating the source of the expansion of the abyssal gap, Malfurion was no longer as silent as when he entered the land hesitantly. He looked at the crystal ball thoughtfully and said, "Let's go over and investigate it first. We'll try to take care of them if we can, but if the enemy is too formidable for us, we will retreat and summon enough legends."

"They may be ambushing us. It's too simple and smooth..." Natasha's delightful smile after the battle was gone as she said very solemnly.

However, it did befit the demons' characteristic that they weren't capable of complicated schemes.

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The muddy mound that seemed to be an altar was very spacious inside. The dense, flourishing forest was letting out fresh air. At the center of the trees was a green object surrounded by green spots of light, which fluctuated and brought a strong sense of vigor.

Next to the green object, a giant demon who had tiny bloody scales all over his body was pacing back and forth anxiously, with bloody, scorching brilliance emanating from the wings on his back.

The most special thing about the demon was that he had two heads. One of them looked like a dog's head, except that it had two horns like those of a sheep, whereas the other head looked like a human-faced goat.

"I said that I hate such environments most! Damn it, I'm going to destroy it!" The dog head roared, its gold eyes full of chaos and destruction.

The human-faced goat head chuckled. "You cannot even endure such a short moment without losing the ability of thinking. No wonder you are suppressed by me all the time."

"One day, I will take you down!" The dog head jerked forward and opened its mouth, baring the creepy tusks and biting the other head.

The goat head turned around and dodged it, as if it had already been used to such 'self-brutalization'. "You brainless moron, are you trying to sabotage our plan? Do you want to be punished?"

The dog head suddenly stopped. Fuming, it roared, “How does a plan help anything? We might as well press forward directly!”

It did not create any further mess. Obedience to those who were more powerful was a common behavior of the demons. If the powerful were unable to suppress the demons lesser to them, those demons wouldn't mind betrayals and assassinations at all. As a matter of fact, when they were most befuddled, they often attempted to overthrow those more powerful than them without considering the gap of their strength.

“Why would I bother to explain the plan to you? Can you understand it?” The human-faced goat scorned. “All in all, we have to wait here for the investigators of the Congress of Magic and the elves. Then, we will have a ‘fierce battle’ with them, before we ‘fail’ and flee, leaving this place as well as the ‘clues’ to them.”

“We don't kill them?” The dog head found it impossible to understand. “What's the point?”

On the Scarlet Plain, it felt that it was capable of dealing with Malfurion. As to exactly whom the Congress of Magic had sent, it simply did not care!

“The bottom line is, we have to fail!” The human-faced goat was too lazy to argue with the idiot. It had been tens of thousands of years that it could not make any progress because of the idiot.

But it also believed that on the Scarlet Plain, where they were enhanced and the enemy was weakened, they would be able to escape even if Douglas or Aglaea arrived in person. Nobody except the few minorities in the abyss was fond of intelligence collection. Their demigod had set up a good example for them and they certainly had followed him well.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 679: Progress

Inside Town of the Anonymous.

Mason, the ‘Azure Dragon’, and Fred, ‘the Knight of Frost’, slowly landed in front of Mattwe who was known as ‘Anger of Earth’.

“It seems that you’ve both picked the right way. Following me to the Townkeepers’ House for punishment is a smart choice.” said Mattwe in the rising tone, showing his sarcasm.

This tone was quite annoying but it would not be a big problem in peacetime. However, as now the adventurers in Town of the Anonymous were under great pressure and anxiety, this tone sounded very offensive and could easily set them on fire.

Mason’s fists clenched tight and it took him great effort to control his fury, “...Mattwe, I hope that I can go through the joint questioning of the elves and the sorcerer’s first and then go to the house. You can follow me all the time in case I decide to run away. Does that sound okay to you?”

There was no way that a knight squire or a knight below senior-rank could bargain with a town keeper like this. But as Mason and Fred were radiant knights, as long as they were willing to take the punishment, some extra requests should be granted.

Mason was ready that he would emphasize the strangeness of Mattwe and his people when he was going through the sorcerers and elves' investigation. In this way, even if Mattwe had got other plans, he would not be able to do anything to them as they would be under close watch.

Mattwe, however, burst out the dry laughter, "No, that doesn't sound okay to me. You're wasting my time! You're a radiant knight, and so am I! Every second of my time is precious. You two better follow me to the house right now, or I'd show no mercy."

His voice was cold, and that was his final warning.

Mason and Fred exchanged a look between each other and started talking to each other secretly using the blood power of the Azure Dragon.

"Is there any personal enmity between Mattwe and us?" Mason asked confusedly. He wondered why Mattwe had to be so harsh. There were two possibilities: One was that they had pissed him off badly somehow earlier, or Mattwe had got other plans."

Fred's eyes were ice-blue, and they now looked very serious, "No, we barely talked to him. Therefore, the reason that he's behaving like this must be something deeper. We cannot go to that house!"

As a radiant knight, his instinct told him that if they were going to follow Mattwe to the Townkeepers' House, they would be in great danger. This feeling had been piling up on his heart, and it was going to explode at any time.

Mason very slightly nodded and he turned to look at 'Anger of Earth', "Mattwe, you're not the one who decides. We need to see those senior elves and sorcerers. They'll be judging!"

His voice was very loud and determined. He was trying to make every adventurer nearby hear, as well as the elves.

The elves who closed the town looked back. But when they found that it was Mattwe who was doing his business, they all turned back.

Mason did not care but kept going. He roared like a dragon, "Do you have the guts to see the sorcerers with us!"

The positions in the conversation had been exchanged.

Then he turned around and walked to the other side of the town, followed by Fred. The muscles in the back were in full alert.

Mattwe sneered and said out aloud, "The sorcerers and senior elves have commissioned us for this!"

Before his words faded, the land that Mason and Fred were standing on started waving. The waving was also shaking the houses and cabins along the street. They were going to collapse at any time.

On full alert, Mason quickly reacted. A thick bolt of lightning was summoned and fiercely launched the strike at Mattwe.

Within a second, his body had grown two times bigger. His skin was covered in azure scales and between the scales there were jumping electric arcs.

Fred's sword cut into the wind and the temperature in the small town suddenly dropped. In the cold wind, pieces of ice as sharp as sword blades swirled at Mattwe in the strong wind.

On the way, the blue blade light formed sharp icicles and a thick layer of ice on the ground.

At this time, the place where Mattwe was standing cracked and the scorching red lava gushed out. The extreme temperature resisted the frost and ice. Meanwhile, Mattwe's hand grabbed a brownish-yellow huge hammer energized by bolts of lightning.

"Senior-rank elves and sorcerers... They have helped Mattwe?" Mason quickly talked to Fred using the special blood power.

Fred jumped up and hacked downwards. The thick ice brought by the sword blocked the lava.

"Even if they have, it is only a small part of them. We make this big to let all of them know!"

As a radiant knight, he was very decisive.

When he was about to launch his storm attack, he suddenly felt that their small battlefield had been separated from the town and entered a piece of shadow.

All the roarings, storms, and bolts of lightning had all been trapped within the shadow. There was no way that these could get out and attract the elves and sorcerers' attention.

It was Shadow Baron! Mason's heart missed a beat. Shadow Baron was another townkeeper. How could he come so fast? There must be something wrong!

In the shadow, there was a figure jumping around. The figure had taken total control of Fred, as it was so fast jumping around that it could jump out and launch its attack at any time.

Mattwe dragged the heavy hammer and jumped at Mason, "They're coming very soon. Stop being stupid! The punishment won't kill you!"

He was using words to weaken Mason and Fred's fighting wills.

Mason was getting more and more angry by Mattwe's words, and he knew that the situation was getting even more dangerous. Making up his mind, he suddenly turned himself to a azure dragon in the sky.

In the blue sky, the azure sky did not look very clear. Wrapped in electric currents, the dragon suddenly exploded like fireworks!

The silver-white electric snakes filled in the entire space in the shadow, turning this place into an ocean of lightning.

The shadow was being penetrated by the lightning power!

This was the maximum of Mason's blood power and the forbidden power in his blood. All this was to break the shadow and make the elves and sorcerers know.

This was the struggle between life and death!

.....

In Nature's Residence, after a long time hesitation, Iristine finally said, "I'm not against it, but searching Ms. Martha's treehouse will infuriate all the elves from Nature's Abhorrence. We have to be cautious. I have another plan. We can sneak in and see if we can find any strong evidence, and then the thorough investigation can be carried out without any problems. If no evidence could be found, it would not cause any big trouble."

His hands in pockets, Felipe said in the cold tone, "So we're going to sneak in like thieves? What if Martha finds out? Who's to take the risk?"

"Your Highness," Felipe added, "there's one thing that you have to figure out. We're invited here to investigate what has caused the abyssal gap and pollution. We are not the one asking. We have

doubts, and we ask. You try your best to support us. We don't take any risk. Because if we cannot find the reason, we are not the one worrying. You understand?"

Jurisian tried to make this situation easier, "You Highness, it's in fact quite simple. All elves have to contribute to this to stop the pollution of the elvish tree. So please, your highness, please report this to Her Highness so that we can search Ms. Martha's treehouse without any concerns. I know it's hard, but we need your help."

One playing the good person, the other bad, Felipe and Jurisian made the princess have nothing else to say.

Heidi said to Annick through the telepathic bond, "Her Highness is still too inexperienced, but we do have good reasons."

When Heidi was talking, she turned to look at Iristine. Suddenly, she saw a dog-sized dragon behind Iristine. The little dragon had half-transparent scales, and it was busy enjoying the many colorful berries held in its paws.

"Alferris, why are you here?" Heidi was surprised. No one could predict where and when the Little Crystal wanted to show up.

Alferris said seriously, "I was playing with my elf friends in the nearby forest, but I heard that you need someone to sneak into Martha's treehouse, so I am here. I'm good at illusion spells. I am in the seventh circle. No one's more suitable than me!"

Treehouse. Searching. Staff Bearer. Alferris could see that piles of treasure were waving hands at it!

The corner of Heidi's mouth twitched a bit. How sharp Alferris's instinct was!

"Alright. I'll talk to my mom." Iristine finally agreed.

Alferris, however, was a bit disappointed, "So there's no need to sneak in?"

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On Scarlet Plain, Lucien, Natasha, and Malfurion had approached the Fortress of Flesh. However, the demons in it were totally quiet. No one came out of the castle, from a little demon minion to a senior-rank demon. That was because all the three of them had totally released the stressful air from their legendary power!

The sky was bloody red. The red was dark, like the universe was close enough to touch. The light of different elements was dazzling. From the soil soaked in blood, strange green plants grew out, stopping and extinguishing the sand and curses in the air. However, the fine electric arcs in space contained horrible power strong enough to destroy everything.

To those demons which were used to bullying the weak and fearing the strong, facing these three people, they would never take the initiative to step out of the fortress.

"Sovereign of Blood isn't in." Lucien had expected this. "We restrain the air and approach the altar in the array of rocks."

At this time, a horrible roaring burst from the array of rocks and made the entire plain shake. The angry voice arrived and filled in the space.

“The smell of human beings! I’m going to kill you all!”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 68o: The Suspect

Inside Nature’s Residence.

Seeing that Iristine and the sorcerers were coming back again, Martha said in a sharp tone, “I’ve nothing else to say. If you don’t believe it, go to report to Her Royal Highness and the Elder. They will decide. But before this, please stay away from me as far as you can. The stink from your mind disgusts me!”

Felipe and Jurisian looked rather peaceful and relaxed, as if the sharp words never came into their ears. Instead, they turned to look at Iristine.

Iristine took a deep breath and got up the courage. She said to her, feeling displeased, “Ms. Martha, the sorcerers believe that you’re still a suspect, so they need to search the treehouse and the tree bags...”

“What? They think I’m a suspect?!” Martha cut Iristine off and questioned in the sharp tone. Her fury was brewing.

Those elves who viewed her as their instructor also felt very offended and angry.

Iristine hurriedly added, “Mother has agreed.”

Martha could not believe her ears, and she took a step backwards out of astonishment. The elves beside were also shocked: How could Her Royal Highness support those unreasonable human beings!?

After telling Martha this, Iristine finally felt a bit more relaxed and her expression had become more fluent, “Ms. Martha, I hope you can understand this. The elvish tree is what we elves rely on and every one of us wants to find out why it is polluted to fix it. In this process, we make mistakes. If anyone’s wronged, I apologize here. But the investigation will keep going. If there are always elves refusing investigation, it’ll be impossible to make much progress.”

She had put all the blame on the royal elf family and on herself, without mentioning one single word about sorcerers and human beings. Although her tone was soft, she showed great determination as a leader.

What had been going on recently had taught her the more precious lesson.

The other elves started nodding. No matter what, the elvish tree was their top priority. Although they were very unhappy about this, stopping this investigation was destroying the future of the elf race! They should make some concessions as long as no elves were wronged by those bloody human beings.

However, when they looked at the sorcerers, they became even more furious, as if they had put all the blame on those human beings.

The dark green skin of Martha's face made it hard to tell the look on her face. After a minute, when everyone thought that she had accepted the searching, she suddenly said.

"I don't allow this! Her Royal Highness must have been fooled by those filthy human sorcerers!"

"This is an attack against my dignity and mind. I will resist it with my life!"

Her attitude was to the elves' great surprise, which also made them feel suspicious. If she was indeed innocent, after the searching was done and nothing was found, a protest in front of Her Royal Highness, the Elder, and the princess would be totally reasonable. But now it was not at all a good chance to show her temper, unless...

"Ms. Martha, if you're concerned that the sorcerers might make fake proof against you, we can be there all the time. Our power gifted by nature is of no inferior to magic." said a female elf, trying to persuade Martha.

Another male elf nodded, "Even if they somehow have some fake proof, showing your innocence and righteousness is not difficult at all. This is about the pollution of the elvish tree, so we can see if the black spots on the elvish tree will disappear or not."

Heidi took a glance at Annick and then nodded to Jurisian. They had made sure that Martha was hiding something, and it was just too obvious.

Facing the persuasion, Martha's attitude softened a bit. She said coldly to them, "Go ahead. If you find nothing, remember that I won't accept your apology. I just hope that you can leave the forest in shame on your own."

Felipe walked in the tree house at a leisure pace with his hands in pockets. Step by step, he stepped onto the transparent stairs made of air and walked directly onto the tree. The elves hurriedly followed in fear that he would make any fake proof against Martha.

Jurisian, Heidi, and Annick followed Iristine and Martha. They behaved themselves as they did not want to further piss off the elves.

The treehouse wasn't big, but it was very organized and clean, and the house was filled with the pleasant scent of trees and flowers. Apart from books, some musical instruments, and some paintings, there were only some small decorations made of some dried flower petals, strange-shaped stones and leaves.

Under the instruction of Jurisian, Annick and the rest of the sorcerers started searching every corner of the two treehouses. Among them, Alferris was the most motivated one, which kept running back and forth among the elves. Its eyes were shining like gems as it was remembering everything shining in this place. From time to time, its little paws from time to time picked up some shining items and were reluctant to put them down.

At this time, Felipe picked up a notebook and started leafing through it.

"These are notes on music and dance. Can you read it?" said Martha sarcastically.

Hearing the word “music” in elf language, Felipe’s right hand slightly twitched a bit and then he talked back at her coldly, “Take it easy. My art talent isn’t as bad as you think.”

“Oh is that right? Are you good at using a dead body’s femur as your clarinet or its ribs as heptachord?” said Martha bitterly, knowing that Felipe was a necromancer.

Felipe went on reading the notes, completely ignoring the words.

After a while, the sorcerers had all done with their searching, but nothing was found.

Felipe looked up, and his sick-looking face was totally expressionless, “Ms. Martha, I’d like to ask one question: Why did you put these comments beside each of the pictures recording Dance of Revenge? All of the comments are about nature’s abhorrence and human’s sins. They look like some special rites or ritual language to me.”

The rest of the sorcerers’ eyes lit up. But soon they started slightly frowning. It seemed that the finding was too easy.

Martha explained gloomily, “To explain the essentials of each movement. What do they have to do with rites?”

“If they’re only about some essentials, as a dancer like you, there’s no need to write down so much. You’re turning them into lectures and vows.” said Felipe coldly.

When the elf standing beside Martha was about to explain, Felipe took out a book, “This is the special rite for summoning demons. You all can take a look at it to see if they are the same.”

Iristine took a glance at the book and saw the book name: Viken’s Special Summoning Ritual.

“I knew it. You’re all prepared.” Martha looked away and sneered.

The other elves took over the book in confusion and started reading.

Soon after they just started, Martha suddenly took a step backward and came to the edge of the tree house. Then she threw her wood staff into the air and the staff quickly grew into a dark-green monster about two meters tall.

At this time, black waves of insects were summoned by her and they were now surging toward the sorcerers.

This was the level seven divine power of Druids, called Boundless Insects, which consisted of countless insects that could cause itch, paralysis, and trance. Once a sorcerer was trapped by the bugs, his or her casting would all be disrupted, even including those spells that had been imprinted in his or her soul. Thus it was a Druid’s great weapon against casters.

The rest of the elves were totally shocked by this unexpected fight, but the sorcerers were well-prepared.

Alferris never viewed itself as a frog, so it disliked those bugs very much. It looked up and released its angry roaring, and the power in the roaring made the insects in the air flinched a little.

Then, a strong magnetic field covered the tree house and distorted everything in it.

Under the power of the strong magnetic field, the magic bugs were pulled away as they were still forms of matter.

Martha jumped backward into the air and the trees around her had all come to life. Those treants were a few meters tall and they had encircled the treehouse from all directions.

“You filthy sorcerers are framing me! I’ll go to see Mr. Ferragond!” Martha said aloud purposefully.

Felipe’s hands were still in his pockets, but black miasma was aggregating around him like waves.

As soon as the dark-green monster formed by Martha’s staff touched the miasma waves, it instantly lost the gloss on its skin. And the treants had all become very weak as if all their strength had been taken away.

Dying Waves, the seventh circle necromancy range spell!

The black miasma did not affect the sorcerers at all as if it had its own intelligence, which showed Felipe's great control of this seventh circle spell. For most senior-rank sorcerers who cast the spell, they could not make the miasma tell the difference between allies and enemies.

Heidi said to Annick through the telepathic bond, "Use the rite. We can't let her go!"

Heidi could not afford a rite like that a second time. But Annick was quite affluent, so she made him one.

.....

Inside Town of the Anonymous.

In the show there was a very powerful source of electricity, and the electric arcs visible to naked eyes emitted by it were formidably dangerous which were also making this terrifying buzzing noise.

Mason started losing his vision, and he realized that he had reached his limit. All he was left was his willpower.

At this time, warm and soft sunlight cast on him which relaxed him immediately. And within a second, the electric arcs had all gone.

"Who is it...?" asked Mason in a hoarse voice.

The soft and friendly voice came, “I’m Atlant from the Congress of Magic. I am here. No one can hurt you.”

Mason finally fully relaxed and turned back to his human look in sheer feebleness.

After an hour, in the air above Town of the Anonymous, Atlant said to Lankshear, Selinda, and Lodell, “It has been confirmed that Mattwe and the several senior-rank elves were all involved in this. They were trying to use the town and a great number of senior-ranks to summon the real devil of abhorrence. But the projection of the devil exploded them all. We don’t know who’s behind it.”

“It was Ferragond’s proposal to block the town.” said Lankshear gloomily.

Selinda nodded, “Those elves were from Nature’s Abhorrence. They knew Mattwe well.”

Lodell was still in shock, “So was it Ferragond? But he did this for what?”

“He’s the leader of Nature’s Abhorrence. Maybe that’s the reason! Anyways, I have to go back to Nature’s Residence right now no matter if he’s suspicious or not. Please take care of this place.” said Lankshear anxiously.

Atlant had closed his eyes, “I’m also heading back. We can’t leave Jurisian and the rest of them in danger.”

The elf queen was trying her best to stop the elvish tree from being further polluted. Although she would be okay fighting against common elves, when facing Ferragond, “Nature’s Avenger”, her power would be badly restrained.

“We’ll stay here and safeguard the gap until the Elder and Mr. Evans come back.” nodded Lodell.

Neither he nor Selinda were elves, so they would like to stay away from the internal conflict among the elves.

.....

Felipe lifted his right hand. Then suddenly a spectre appeared behind Martha’s back. The spectre was transparent but covered in a black robe. It kept going back and forth between the main material world and the World of Souls and was using all kinds of necromancy spells to prevent Martha from running away.

This was a new summoning spell put forward by the Hand of Paleness after many years of study on the World of Souls. The caster could summon a spectre like a voidwalker which was able to go back and forth between the two spaces. Such a spectre was thus very hard to kill and very powerful.

Martha was unprepared for this and was trapped by this senior-rank spectre. Meanwhile, there was now a ruby in Jurisian’s hand which made Alferris’s eyes light up. The ruby shot out a bright ray at Martha so fast before anyone could do anything.

The ray directly hit Martha and removed her defense shield.

Annick quickly used the gestures to prepare the rite for summoning the demiplane, while Heidi was patiently waiting for the chance to join the fight. She saw that Felipe lifted his right hand again.

But this time, Felipe's right wrist suddenly snapped! The broken hand rocketed into the air and grabbed Martha's face.

Then the creepy veins grew out of the broken hand and trapped Martha inside.

When Martha was about to launch her desperate strike, the furious voice arrived, "You damned human beings! How dare you start a fight in Nature's Residence?"

"Your Excellency Mr. Ferragond, I am framed by them! They said I summoned a devil!"

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 681: A Plan that "Worked"

Above the green trees, a cluster of dark green clouds arrived, within it there were flashing electric arcs, showing the fury of nature.

Then the cloud shrank into a young Wood Elf. His neck and hands were covered with mysterious patterns, just like those shamans who were in charge of the sacrifice rites.

“Martha, repeat your words. You said you were framed by them? They said you had summoned the devil?” Ferragond asked Martha, and he had completely ignored the sorcerers.

As he was asking, the right hand on Martha’s face and the creepy veins had all withered like fallen leaves in autumn to the ground and turned into mud.

Martha said in great grievance, “They see Dance of Revenge as a summoning rite! That’s ridiculous!”

Obviously, Ferragond knew Dance of Revenge. His eyes lit up with lightning, and the air of his power was integrating into the surroundings. Then, under his gaze, the sorcerers felt that the trees were shaking, air compacting, and dark cloud gathering, as if the entire world was being resentful toward them!

Even the little crystal dragon, Alferris, had felt the pressure. Annick’s hand had been cut off in the middle of the gestures; Heidi could not help taking a step back and her back against the wall of the tree house; Jurisian had sweat on his forehead, and although he tried to smile and say something, he could not.

A new right hand had grown out of Felipe’s snapped wrist, and it was covered with a layer of moisture as if it was just born from a mother’s womb. In the strong wind, Felipe’s hair streamed and his body was very tense. However, he would not lower his head. Instead, Felipe said with great effort, “There’s... a book.”

Iristine was not influenced by the great pressure, so she hurriedly added, “The congress’s shown us a book called Viken’s Special Summoning Ritual. It’s about using simple and absurd rites for summoning those primeval devils. The book was written by Viken, ‘King of Calamities’, a legendary sorcerer in the past and today’s pope!”

Although Stroop forest was located on the west coast of the Boundless Ocean and was away from Viken, to Ferragond, a legendary Druid, this distance was nothing to him. Viken wasn’t a strange name to Ferragond, and since the congress had been informed that Viken was the pope, he had been putting even more attention to him.

Ferragond’s eyes slightly squinted. As he lifted his hand, the book held by the elf automatically flew toward him.

The biggest enemy for Nature’s Abhorrence was those human beings who destroyed nature, and the followers of the South Church were also human beings. Therefore, Nature’s Abhorrence also regarded the Church as an enemy. Since the South Church had been trying to steal Nature’s Heart and have the elves bend down in front of the glory of the God of Truth, for Nature’s Abhorrence, the South Church was even more hateful than the congress.

Martha said at the top of her lungs, “Your Excellency, don’t listen to them! We don’t know if this was written by Viken! We don’t know if Viken is the pope!”

Ferragond leafed through it and his brows frowned, “It indeed looks ridiculous, but it’s ridiculous in the way that appears creepy and mysterious. I’ve read Pain Fable. In the fables, all the stories aim at twisting the good emotions and feelings to make one’s heart full of pain and hatred.”

Elves could live very long, and therefore, many of them had read lots of books. However, as Viken’s Special Summoning Ritual was so childishly absurd, they had never paid much attention to it.

Seeing Ferragond's attitude, Iristine gave him the notes, "Your Excellency, please take a look at it."

"Mr. Ferragond, they're lying! They're lying!" Martha kept repeating herself, her lips trembling.

"They do resemble a bit, but this cannot be the solid proof that Martha was the one who summoned the devil. A further investigation must be conducted." said Ferragond after reading the notes, who was still on Martha's side.

"Yes, sir. We're just being suspicious, and we hope that Ms. Martha can show us her willingness to cooperate." Iristine released a sigh of relief.

Martha shook her head, "Mr. Ferragond! They're faking it! They're sent by Nature's Balance!"

The look on Ferragond's face changed. Weighing the situation, he finally said, "Iristine, I don't trust humans. I'm going to question Martha myself."

A smile appeared on Martha's face.

The sorcerers did not think it was fair. No one knew if Ferragond was totally on Martha's side.

Iristine felt that she could not take it anymore. She did not trust Ferragond, while Ferragond did not trust humans and Nature's Balance. It would keep going like this and nothing convincing enough could be found.

“I’ll take Martha to the elven tree.” said Ferragond who had made his own decision. Iristine wanted to stop him, but had no idea what to say.

“Wait a second.”

At this time, Lankshear and Atlant had arrived! It was just in time!

Holding a simple wood bow in his hand, Lankshear landed between Ferragond and Martha.

“Ferragond, you’re the leader of Nature’s Abhorrence. You shouldn’t be interrogating Martha. I highly doubt it if you could find anything.”

Heidi and Annick were greatly relieved when they saw Atlant had come back. Facing a legendary on their own was so stressful and scary for them, as they felt that they could be devoured by nature at any time if they were not careful enough. Visit web novel. live If You like manga , comics

Alferris finally had the chance to take out a light green fruit and fed it into its mouth. The little dragon needed some sweetness to comfort its nerves.

Ferragond stared at Lankshear, “You’re suspecting me?”

“It’s not about suspecting but avoiding suspicion. Don’t tell me you don’t get this, Ferragond.” Lankshear talked back to Ferragond sharply.

They never got along with each other.

Ferragond remained silent for a while and finally said, “Then let Her Royal Highness do this herself. I don’t trust you.”

Lankshear nodded, “I’ll take her to the elven tree.”

He did not mention anything about Town of the Anonymous.

Ferragond did not say anything but sneered. He had accepted the decision, but obviously he was not happy.

Lankshear turned to Martha, “You’ll be treated fairly.”

Hearing that, Martha suddenly burst out with crazy laughter. Devil patterns quickly covered her dark-green skin. Meanwhile, her eyes became red and creepy, and scales started growing out under her eyes.

Martha had been corrupted! The elves were all shocked.

“Is she possessed by the devil of abhorrence?” Felipe said in a low voice.

“Sir Ferragond, run!” Martha burst out with a bitter scream, “They know the secret of Dance of Revenge!”

Then her body exploded.

At this time, thick, dark green vines rose straight from the ground within a second and trapped the flesh and blood inside the cage formed by them.

When the vines split, Lankshear had put an arrow on his bow at Ferragond.

“It is you.” said Lankshear word by word.

“Me?!” Ferragond was shocked, and when he realized what was going on, now his guts were burning with fury, “How dare you, Lankshear!”

Behind Lankshear’s back, there was an illusionary picture of forest, and then the forest formed into a green ray of light which was the power of his arrow, “Martha’s words have revealed it! Also, it was you who ordered to close the town. In the town, those possessed elves were also from Nature’s Abhorrence! We’re here just because of this!”

“Those human sorcerers have given us enough proof. What else can you say, Ferragond?”
Lankshear scolded him, “Why did you do this?”

The elves could not believe what was going on.

Hearing the words, Ferragond took a bitter and hostile glance at the sorcerers and his fury burst out, “It’s you bloody human beings! I’m seeing Her Royal...”

However, before the words finished, dark-green scales started growing out of Ferragond’s skin, as if the hatred was taking its physical form.

“No!” Ferragond burst out bitterly.

Iristine and the rest of the elves were totally shocked. Seeing it with their own eyes, they were still having a hard time accepting the fact that it was Ferragond who did all these.

Lankshear said coldly, “Ferragond, be ready for the sentence!”

And then the green light shot out.

The great power of the cycle of nature consisted of incubating, nurturing, spreading, thriving, decaying, burying and again incubating was contained in this one single shoot. The gloss of the trees and plants nearby had all gone within the second.

At this moment, Ferragond had been abandoned by nature!

Totally unprepared, Ferragond was not able to do anything. The arrow directly went through his chest and green tree branches were now growing out of the hole in his flesh.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhh!!!”

Ferragond’s bitter crying was full of hatred. His body started becoming transparent and it bulged fast. The tree branches went crazy by the polluted flesh and blood and were now turning to attack the elves and the sorcerers.

The forest had suddenly turned into the forest of flesh and blood!

Under the protection of Atlant’s legendary-level shield, the sorcerers and elves remained safe. However, when the blood and flesh were all gone, Ferragond and Lankshear had also disappeared.

“Sir Lankshear can for sure catch Ferragond...” Iristine tried to comfort the rest of the elves, although she was in bad spirit, “He’s Vengeful Hunter. He’s good at tracking...”

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Badly injured, Ferragond had run into this forest close to the abyssal gap. In a secret cave, he was trying to cure himself and get rid of the devil projection within his body.

“Why is it...” he couldn’t help murmuring. He did not understand the situation.

“Why? Why!” He roared.

Under the influence of the devil power, he could not control his feelings.

“Because you learned Dance of Revenge. Because your heart’s full of hatred.” the cold voice arrived.

“Lankshear!” Ferragond was about to stand up and fight, but found that he had no spare power to use since he was resisting the devil projection. To gain the power again, he had to give up his mind and let the devil take control.

Leaning against the rock, Ferragond saw Lankshear walking in step by step. Lankshear’s long, golden hair shone in the sunlight.

“Why?” Ferragond kept asking in great frustration.

Lankshear smiled and checked the position of the sun in the sky, “It still needs a bit longer. When that plan works, it’ll be a success.”

“That?” Ferragond was confused. Meanwhile, he kept working on getting rid of the projection. For a legendary, a devil projection could not make him or her yield immediately until they decided to give up their mind.

.....

“When the plan works, everything will be going perfectly.” grinned the human-faced goat.

At this time, he saw Malfurion and another two legendaries coming.

The dog head roared in low volume, “I wish I could eat them up. But we have to pretend and run...”

“Get ready!” said the human-faced goat.

Facing a fight, the human-faced goat would never argue with the dog head, which would prevent them from exerting all their power.

At this time, he saw that there was a silver pocket watch in the young man’s hand who was wearing the black double-breasted suit. Somehow, although the young man was still far away from them, they could already hear the pocket watch ticking.

“What is it?” The human-faced goat was very concerned.

“Whatever it is!” The dog head started roaring and the entire Scarlet Plain started boiling. Blood gushed out from the soil. The filthy raindrops hit the ground mixing with dark red dust. Their body bulged quickly and grew as tall as the red sun in the sky!

But then, they heard the clear “click”.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 682: The Desired Failure

“That side?” Lankshear repeated Ferragond’s question and stood at the entrance of the cave, blocking the sunlight and making it dim inside. Then he smiled, “Of course it is the Scarlet Plain’s side.”

Shocked, Ferragond demanded angrily, “It was you who conspired with the Sovereign of Blood and polluted the elvish tree? Why did you do that?”

He had more and more sensed the dangerous situation he was in and seized every opportunity to postpone, hoping to get rid of the influence of the projection of the devil. However, his abhorrence had accumulated for hundreds of years, and he did not begin to learn ‘Dance of Revenge’ a short while ago. The ‘seed’ was too deeply rooted to be dissolved any time soon.

As if he did not sense Ferragond's intention, Lankshear said with a cooperative smile, "Sovereign of Blood? How is that schizophrenic psycho qualified to cooperate with me? As for the pollution of the elvish tree, I couldn't have achieved it without you and Nature's Abhorrence."

'Schizophrenia' was a term that Lucien coined to describe a certain psychological disease. Since it was very close to the case of the double-headed, triple-headed and quadruple-headed demons, it was often used by the adventurers near the abyssal gap. The elves were no strangers to it.

"Why?" Asked Ferragond cooperatively. However, it was indeed beyond his expectation that the pollution of the elvish tree was really related to him.

Lankshear behaved like a supervillain in the tales of the bards, who always bragged about their plans gloatingly when they were about to succeed, only to give their enemy a chance of comeback because of their talkativeness. "'Nature's Heart' is an item close to the level of demigods. Even if I had separated part of it from the abyss, it would've been barely possible for me to pollute it unless the Will of Abyss recovered from his heavy wounds. However, the original elves were born by Nature's Heart. Nature's blood flows in every elf's veins. It is deeply associated with the elvish tree."

"Under such circumstances, when enough elves were possessed and corrupted by the primeval elves, and together with the symmetric magic circle we deployed on the Scarlet Plain, the elvish tree was naturally polluted."

When talking about that, Lankshear chuckled, "It could've been a complicated issue to let the elves who adored nature to be haunted by negative feelings for a long time without Nature's Abhorrence. Many of you were so hostile against human beings that you hated everything about them including their regular activities. Your sanity was blinded by your negative emotions, which perfectly met the requirement to summon the projection of devils. Therefore, I must thank you, Ferragond!"

Inside the illusionary 'Nature's Heart' of Ferragond appeared a face that was eighty percent like him, but the face was full of hatred, dissatisfaction and anger, which made the face twisted and hideous.

"Is this me?" Ferragond saw the face when he diminished the influence of the primeval devils. Although he knew that it was a representation of his negative feelings being possessed by the devils, he was still rather shocked. Did he always look like that when Nature's Abhorrence was mentioned?

He calmed down and suppressed his fury caused by Lankshear's words. He asked in confusion, "But why are few followers of Nature's Abhorrence among the corrupted elves?"

"The elves who have really been possessed by the devil of abhorrence, unless they are willing to and they reach a certain threshold, will show no sign of corruption on the outside. Only those who struggle against the feelings of abhorrence will lose control of themselves. Their difference is like the difference between Martha and you." Lankshear explained the reason to Ferragond 'dutifully'.

Hearing the last remark, Ferragond felt his surging fury again. "So, Martha has been possessed by the devils a long time ago and became your 'subordinate'. No wonder she slandered me. However, why did you target me? What's your purpose?"

"Why did I target you, you ask? My target has always been you! How can I make further advancements without corrupting you and turning you into a legendary body that contains the devil of abhorrence?"

"What? Your target has always been me?" Ferragond found it hard to believe his ears. Although Lankshear and he were not close to each other, they were certainly no enemies. Then, he suddenly realized something. "It was you who requested the aid of the Congress of Magic? Just so that they would investigate me? Then, taking advantage of my hatred against human beings and my anger after being vilified, you ignited my negative feelings. Together with the long-term influence of 'Dance of Revenge', the devil was successfully projected into my heart..."

“You understood it too late. Also, it’s not caused by the projection of devils, but by the transformed negative feelings that have been gathered in you.” Lankshear explained with a smile. “Turning oneself into something similar to the primeval devils is highly risky and may result in loss of control. Therefore, I chose you. You are the perfect ‘container’ with your hundreds of years of hate.”

“You!” Hearing that, Ferragond was so overwhelmed by fury that he almost launched an attack without caring about anything. “Did you not fear that the sorcerers would find out the mastermind behind everything?”

“Hehe. Setting up magic circles on the Scarlet Plain could not only take advantage of the conflicts between the abyss and the main material world but also lure Lucien Evans and his team to investigate. When they visit the abyss, Malfurion will certainly be following them, or the Congress of Magic wouldn’t be pleased. As a result, I can do whatever I want without concerns. By the time they return from the Scarlet Plain with ‘evidence’, the ‘eyewitnesses’ and the ‘masterminds’ will have died or fled. He can predict nothing however powerful his astrology is!” Said Lankshear, raising his head.

“Were you not worried that Lucien Evans wouldn’t go to the abyss? There was still Atlant!” Ferragond was refreshed after the projection of devils was slightly driven away.

Lankshear raised his bow and aimed the arrow at Ferragond, smiling. “He definitely would, because he is Lucien Evans who studied quantum superposition and proposed the observer effect.”

In fact, due to his lack of strength, Lucien always made plans according to the enemy’s personality and style, but now, he had been analyzed!

“As for Atlant, he was happy to see my plan. He dared not try it and was waiting for a safer path, but it doesn’t mean that he didn’t want to collect files through this incident. For a certain reason, I learnt of his stance and therefore dropped him a secret message asking him to join the team.” Lankshear mocked Ferragond. “How could a sorcerer who studied the mind like him have found no anomalies?”

Ferragond shouted angrily, “What is it that you want?”

“We the elves have been sinking for so long that we have forgotten the glories in our past. I do not want to be trapped in this tiny forest forever; I want to conquer the continent, the ocean and the whole world like our ancestors did!” Lankshear’s graceful face was now more or less zealous. “That can’t be achieved without experts in the level of demigods! Now that I have a chance of advancement, I have to seize it. Ferragond, I will always remember your ‘contributions’ to elves!”

Ferragond glared at Lankshear. “You...!”

It was simply too shameless and disgusting!

Lankshear looked at the sun outside and laughed aloud. “Ferragond, don’t be mad. Do you know why I said so many things to you?”

Instead of waiting for Ferragond to reply, he stepped forward and said jokingly, “To maintain your hatred, fury and pain until the right moment!”

“Lucien Evans and his team should’ve arrived at the altar now. That is the source of Nature’s Heart’s pollution. However, the Sovereign of Blood would intentionally trigger the magic circle when he flees in ‘failure’, forcing Malfurion to repair it with his natural power. It’s a pity that he doesn’t know that the harder he works, the more I would benefit from him. Nature in the abyss and

negative feelings, and the fallen legend in nature and the forest – the two factors will be connected into an enormous ceremony that helps me to transform my status perfectly!”

The risks about the negative feelings would only go to Ferragond, the ‘container’!

“Besides, the Sovereign of Blood left some clues so that Malfurion and Lucien Evans would figure out that you are the mastermind!” Seeing that the time had come, Lankshear said in delight and solemnity. “Ferragond, don’t resist. You have no chance!”
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Ferragond bit his teeth so hard that his lips were broken and blood flowed out. He glared at Lankshear, his eyes bulged and bloodshot.

.....

Crack.

The dog head and the goat head of the Sovereign of Blood felt that everything around them turned monochrome. The color of blood faded, the raindrops were frozen, and the earth became as steady as the most perfect statue.

All the noise and slaughter were far away. All the blood and stink were gone. The world became quiet and fresh again.

Seeing that things were a bit tricky, Lucien simply used 'Advanced Time Stop' on the Moon Timer without leaving a battle opportunity for Natasha!

Then, he chanted in the monochrome, frozen time and space:

“Luxury Cracking!”

Then, Lucien's left eye became red and clear, like the most beautiful gem, before a ray was shot out with the voice of 'Vengeful Gaze'. It was unnecessary to use 'Positron Cannon' to deal with the Sovereign of Blood, and 'Eternal Blaze' was unsuitable for the occasion because it would destroy the altar and the clues indiscriminately.

The ray was shot again. Because the three legendary spells were all attached with 'Hand of Uncertainties', and 'Vengeful Gaze' also used 'Magic Delay', 'Advanced Time Stop' stopped at this moment, and the blood on the ground sprang.

At this moment, a silver sword flashed, breaking the rain drops, the blood and everything that couldn't have been broken.

Colors splashed out on the Sovereign of Blood as the layers of defense on his body were opened. Obvious cracks could be found on the bloody scales, too.

'Luxury Cracking' was something that only the legendary sorcerers who were particularly good at elements and force fields could have picked up. In the Congress, none other than Hathaway was able to cast it before Lucien. Even Douglas had to use prolonged spells and complicated gestures in order to cast it!

Crack, crack, rack. The items on the surface of the Sovereign of Blood exploded. After only a while, he had been reduced to nudity by Lucien, turning defenseless!

Then, two bloody rays shot his body, one from the front and the other from behind.

Being only a level-two legend, the Sovereign of Blood immediately sensed the charm of probabilities. His chest was pierced through, and he was paralyzed on the spot!

Malfurion certainly wouldn't let go of such an opportunity. He threw out his staff:

“Nature Cage!”

The human-faced goat and the dog head watched the green ‘plants’ to spread and grow in their paralysis, while they thought sluggishly:

“We have failed?”

“How were we caught?”

.....

“Ferragond, rage and loathe! That will be more perfect!” Laughing aloud, Lankshear approached Ferragond who was glaring at him.

Suddenly, he saw a layer of shallow light glimmering on Ferragond’s body. The illusionary hideous face was now vaporized, and there was no sign that the ritual he had in mind was activated!

“This is...” His smile was suddenly frozen.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 683: Entrance

On the Scarlet Plain...

The double-headed, whose body was as long and narrow as a lizard, stood inside the array of rocks, absolutely still. Its dark red scales reflected eccentric brilliance under the sunlight. From the gaps of the scales, sprouts were growing as if seeds had been planted into its flesh, donning the demon with a green ‘uniform’.

The gloating and cunning smile, mixed with some shock, was frozen on the goat head of the Sovereign of Blood, whereas the dog head was simply overwhelmed. They could not understand why they were caught so easily when they equaled to level-three legends in their ‘legendary demiplane’. Even if they could not defeat the enemy, why couldn’t they run away? This was their own ‘home field’!

‘Advanced Time Stop’ was the most powerful spell in space-time magic. Nobody except for the magic creatures such as the God of Silver Moon could even understand it without a deep understanding about time and space. They couldn’t perform it even though they had the spell and the gesture needed!

However, Lucien was able to perform it. His unique legendary item could release ‘Advanced Time Stop’! Wasn’t his class ‘Atom Controller’? Did it have anything to do with time and space?

The inert brains of the Sovereign of Blood felt that they forgot something, but it was too chaotic to have any understanding about arcana, much less the details of the general theory of relativity. As a matter of fact, the human-faced goat head, who pursued progress, intended to learn the basic concepts of arcana, but the dog head got agitated whenever it picked up a book to read. Then, the two heads would carry out their long tradition of mutual biting again.

As for ‘Luxury Cracking’, neither the demon nor Malfurion was too surprised. If Lucien Evans wasn’t capable of that, he wouldn’t have deserved to be called an authority in the field of elements and force field. It was only natural that he became the second legend in the Congress who grasped the spell after Hathaway.

About the penetrative attack of ‘Vengeful Gaze’ which ignored the defense of scales, Malfurion didn’t quite catch it and thought that ‘Luxury Cracking’ had deprived the demon of its defense. However, the two heads of the Sovereign of Blood were confused. That was their natural defense. ‘Luxury Cracking’ could have only sabotaged part of it but couldn’t have nullified it, but why did they feel that they were standing there nakedly?

It was beyond their understanding with their ‘knowledge’ of arcana.

“We have truly failed... How can he possess so many powerful spells...”

“Not only have we failed, but we have also been caught. Should we consider the plan accomplished in excess...?”

Different ideas occurred to the two demon heads. Flesh wriggled crazily on their chest where ‘Vengeful Gaze’ pierced through, but it could not be recovered. The dark red blood dripped on the ground, corroding the stone plate and the mud.

“Are there more items on the Sovereign of Blood?” Malfurion approached the Sovereign of Blood, only to discover that its waist was enshrouded in a black mist. Did any item survive ‘Luxury Cracking’? A legendary item?

He believed that a schizophrenia patient like the Sovereign of Blood was incapable of crafting a legendary item on its own. The best it could’ve done was to transform its body parts into weapons, like how it broke the bloody tail and turned it into two red blades.

So, was it a trophy after the demon killed adventurers or other enemies?

“Be careful.” Lucien reminded him. “I sense that it is evil and negative.”

Natasha stood on alert with the Sword of Truth in her hands. She did not question Lucien for launching a full-strength attack, albeit more or less regretful that the Sovereign of Blood did not put up any resistance or give her a chance to fight.

Malfurion raised his head, and a twig grew out of the flesh of the Sovereign of Blood, lifting the item.

“This is...” Malfurion couldn’t have looked more awful.

The item was a lifelike dark figurine. There was no telling what it was made of, but it was radiating blackness.

The face of the figurine was very clear. It was exactly Ferragond, Nature’s Avenger!

The figurine of Ferragond had a twisted and hideous face that was full of hate, rejection and fury. From the void around it, vague black air was popping up and melting into its body. The black air seemed to be the infinite feelings of hate at the bottom of every intelligent creature!

“An attempt to transform into the status of primeval devils with the power of emotions.” Lucien interpreted the situation calmly.

Malfurion said in disappointment and fury. “It was Ferragond! Nature’s Abhorrence is too outrageous!”

“Not necessarily so. Why is the Sovereign of Blood holding the special item with which Ferragond gathers the power of feelings?” Lucien looked at the stunned Sovereign of Blood.

“Perhaps, it is a term of their cooperation. Perhaps, the special item has to be placed near the altar.” Malfurion speculated.

Lucien smiled. “I don’t think any legend who is not deranged would cooperate with this double-headed demon which may burst into conflict with itself any moment. Since we have caught it, we can invade its brain and check later.”

Lucien paused after that. “However, until then, this figurine must not be left. It is a critical item for the status transformation whether or not Ferragond is the culprit. The sooner we destroy it, the sooner we will be relieved.”

In case Malfurion played tricks after he was attracted by the value of the statue, Lucien, who was not interested in the figurine at all, decided to eliminate the disaster as soon as possible.

“Okay.” Malfurion was too obsessed with the traitor among elves to covet the item for now.

Natasha raised the Sword of Truth and gazed at the figurine of Ferragond that Malfurion tossed over, whereas Lucien held the Moon Timer tightly although he seemed casual, prepared that Malfurion might attack suddenly.

At this moment, the effect of paralysis was already gone. The human-faced goat head of the Sovereign of Blood looked at the statue in anger and frustration. According to the plan, he would throw the figurine to the center of the altar and pretend that he was destroying the evidence when he faked his defeat. Then, the figure couldn’t be destroyed normally after it entangled the air of Nature’s Heart, and Malfurion could only separate it with his nature power. In such a way, the ritual would be activated, and his mission would be accomplished.

But why did he fail for real?

He still couldn't figure it out!

Malfurion moved his eyes to the altar while Natasha destroyed the figurine with the Sword of Truth. He discovered that mysterious patterns extended out of the altar and entered deep into the earth and the void on the Scarlet Plain, constituting an enormous and cubic magic circle.

"This is very similar to the status transformation circle in the Realm of Gates..." Lucien thought to himself.

As expected, a green, exuberant air mass was placed at the center of the altar. The vitality it emitted had yielded green seedlings inside the altar.

Black spots could be found in the air mass. It had obviously been partly infiltrated by the negative and chaotic air of abyss.

Natasha's body suddenly blurred and melted with the silver sword, before she slashed at the dark figurine in midair.

To prevent the congregation of negative feelings, the most convenient and effective approach was definitely 'Sword of Truth'!

Malfurion threw out a few wood statues and turned them into dark green monsters, which rushed to the center of the altar, trying to take out the air of Nature's Heart.

The sky was suddenly darkened, and a baboon-like head surfaced from the darkness, with its eyes closed and its face full of scales.

In the meantime, a gigantic hand descended from the sky and snatched the figurine, ignoring Natasha's sword!

The mud on the plain that was saturated with blood collapsed, as if it could not handle the pressure. Chaotic, evil songs echoed from the void. They seemed to be hymns of darkness and profanity that were paying tributes to the leader of demons!

From the darkness around, dark tentacles moved close densely. Whatever they touched withered and decayed into mud.

The Moon Timer was still ticking in Lucien's right hand. Wary of the situation, he moved his thumb.

After a crack, the black tentacles stopped where they were, their colors fading away. The collapsing plain kept their current status. The decaying stones and wood monsters showed a certain art of destruction in their own way.

The dark hymns were gone, and the gigantic, scaled palm was frozen in midair.

In the effect of 'Advanced Time Stop', the baboon head in the sky suddenly opened its eyes!

In its eyes, green, red and gold colors changed rapidly, giving the feeling of havoc and wickedness.

Crack. The monochrome was gone, and all colors returned. Everything was restored to what it used to be before the Moon Timer was pressed!

It had broken 'Advanced Time Stop'!

"Prince of demons..." Malfurion and Lucien had both recognized the demon's identity!

.....

"Damn it. I knew that the Sovereign of Blood was unreliable! What did it do wrong this time?"
After his smile froze, Lankshear cursed.

Ferragond was rather frustrated. He had only banished part of the projection of devils, and he was immobile due to the heavy wounds. Such a great opportunity to escape had been wasted!

Lankshear didn't dare be careless after the accident. He trapped Ferragond before he paced back and forth anxiously, waiting for the altar on the Scarlet Plain to be activated.

Suddenly, dark greenness surfaced in the void, and the green lines enshrouded by the negative air spread out, constructing an extremely complicated magic circle with Ferragond as the center.

Taking a breath in relief, Lankshear smiled in delight. “Finally!”

Ferragond’s body was blurred. Ugly faces appeared below the green, flourishing light on the surface.

Lankshear took out various items from his magic pouch, finishing the last procedure of the ritual. He did not intend to become a demigod immediately but hoped to reach the peak of legendary. He was certainly not reckless enough to resort to a method that had yet to be confirmed.

Green, dark and dirty lines were illuminated one after another, forming another mysterious and complicated circle with himself as the center.

“Lankshear, curse you!” Shouted Ferragond miserably.

Lankshear smiled. “Very good. Keep that status.”

He extended his right hand and pressed the center of the magic circle, connecting the two magic circles. Light and shadow interwoven with flowing energy.

Suddenly, the air around glowed in greenness, and the magic patterns around Ferragond’s body were removed and melted into the magic circle around Lankshear!

Halos glittered, trapping Lankshear at the center of the magic circle.

“What’s going on?” Lankshear was completely confused, not understanding what the changes were about.

Ferragond was also overwhelmed by the new change, equally puzzled why he had been saved!

The magic circle suddenly radiated, and the energy seemed to be spreading far away. The green colors soon became transparent, displaying the situation on the other heart.

That was a green, beating heart, in which a gorgeous lady in a dress of leaves was standing. Her blond hair was shining, and her skin was also covered in shallow greenness. She had profound, deep eyes and a hallowed face.

“Your Majesty!”

“Your Majesty!”

Lankshear and Ferragond shouted in astonishment.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 684: A World of Competitions

Inside Nature's Residence.

Annick, Heidi, Jurisian and the rest of the team had returned to the tree houses, and Katrina, Sprint and the other sorcerers had also come back in a hurry, because it would be easy for Atlant to protect them when they were gathered.

The corruption and demonization of a legendary druid was the most severe matter for elves in the past hundreds of years. It was even more astounding than the partial pollution of the elvish tree. Therefore, they had to be braced for all kinds of scenarios.

"I didn't know that Mr. Ferragond, a level-two legendary druid, could be possessed by the devils, too. Didn't our teacher say that the seven primeval devils couldn't have been stronger than top legendary?" Pacing back and forth in her tree house, Heidi said in shock and excitement.

Annick analyzed calmly. "Our teacher drew the conclusion from files and the incidents of devil projections. He never met any of the seven primeval devils in person. Also, it remains to be seen whether or not the primeval devils exist. Perhaps, they are only the representations of the negative feelings in everyone's heart, and they differ among people. It may be an abstract reference that does not indicate any real existence."

“Legendary druids are also intelligent creatures. They have their own joy, sorrow, hate and pain. It’s perfectly normal that the devils projected into him. Also, as the leader of Nature’s Abhorrence, Ferragond has gathered hate for hundreds of years. It’s not strange that such a thing happened to him.” Sprint did not witness what happened and therefore didn’t feel anything wrong.

Katrina and the other sorcerers also thought so. They nodded in agreement.

“The problem is that the investigation went too well and the result came too easily. It’s really not like the planning of a legend.” Heidi spoke with her hands in her back, as if she were a senior officer in the police department of Holm.

Alferris examined the ‘sparkling stones’ that he ‘borrowed’ from Martha’s tree house and said casually, “Even if she had been possessed by the devil of abhorrence, Martha’s performance could hardly be called qualified. Unless her intellect was congenitally deficient, she must’ve had other purposes.”

He was the senior-rank sorcerer in the Congress that dealt with the primeval devils earliest, and he had a deep understanding about their cunningness.

“Alferris, are you suggesting that Martha slandered Ferragond on the purpose? Then who’s the real mastermind?” His eyes glittering, Annick looked at Ferragond.

The little crystal dragon counted the ‘sparkling gems’ in his paws and replied unconcernedly. “How can I know who the mastermind is now that Martha has died in self-detonation? However, it is possibly true that Ferragond was corrupted in public. After the pollution of the elvish tree is cured and Lankshear kills him, our mission will be accomplished successfully.”

My journey will also come to a perfect, fruitful end!

As for what the truth is, that is only the concern of Lucien and the other sorcerers!

At this moment, Iristine, who didn't look too well, flew in and said in a low voice, "Thank you for figuring out who the mastermind is. If the escalation weren't stopped, all the elves would've been at risk. I have reported the issue to my mother. She asked me to forward her gratitude to you."

"You're welcome, Your Highness. There's no need to worry. Ferragond was heavily wounded and certainly cannot escape from Mr. Lankshear. After his death, the pollution of the elvish tree will be purged. Yes. Everything will be fine." Heidi comforted Iristine

Hardly had she concluded her sentence when green light emitted from the wood wall of the tree houses. Firefly-like spots flew out and decorated the room as if it were a dreamland, making everybody feel peace and tranquility from the bottom of their heart. All their negative feelings seemed to have been removed.

"Well..."

"What happened?"

Exclamations of surprise echoed. Heidi and Katrina looked out of the tree house in surprise, only to discover that bright green 'ripples' were flowing in the whole forest. While bringing peace and tranquility to the place, they had added to the haziness and holiness of Nature's Residence.

In the meantime, hollow, jolly songs came from leaves, trunks, roots and bushes, making everybody forget their worries.

In such a dreamy scene, Alferris waved his claws, hoping to capture and collect the firefly-like spots. Iristine, on the other hand, looked at the rising pure greenness at the center of the lake and said in delight, her worries gone, “The pollution of the elvish tree has been removed!”

Inside Nature’s Residence, the elves forgot their worries and danced amidst the light spots and greenness. Among them, the followers of Nature’s Residence seemed to be struggling, and dark hair emerged from their soul and moved far away into the void.

After the air was completely eliminated, they all put on a smile of relief and easiness, as if a rock that burdened their heart for a long time had finally been moved away!

Inside the prison, the elves who had been screaming hatefully and miserably gradually calmed down. Black air surged, and scales dropped. Their tattoos also constricted, not as devastating as before.

They felt the inner peace that they hadn’t felt for a long time. Leaning against the wall, they sobbed in silence, overjoyed about their new life.

The elvish tree that rose into the clouds stretched out the leaves and glowed. Black spots protruded from the trunk, withering and disappearing into nothingness.

Atlant, who was sitting inside the tree house, suddenly opened his eyes and looked at the elvish tree. His pupils that reflected the changes of heart were full of shock.

.....

Inside the secret cave...

Lankshear was confined where he was by the reversely-melted magic circle. He looked at the other end of the 'lines' in bewilderment. It was supposed to be the Scarlet Plain, but why was it now Nature's Heart?

Then, dark air popped up from the void and gathered inside the magic circle into fluids.

The fluids were deep and dark, invoking the heaviest feelings of hate in whoever saw it and making it impossible for them to control their heart.

The fluids soon constituted a dark shadow whose head turned into a hideous face. No, the face could almost be called handsome by itself, but it had been contorted by the intense greed, hate and other feelings!

"No..." Lankshear screamed in disbelief after seeing the face. Why was his preparation to deal with Ferragond now used against himself?

The dark shadow was exactly the primeval devils made of the negative feelings of many elves, 'Abhorrence' and 'Greedy', exact that Lankshear was used as the carrier and container this time!

The mixed primeval devils lunged at Lankshear, making him cry miserably.

“Why?”

“Your Majesty, why?”

Regretfully, he moaned and asked.

From somewhere far away, Aglaea said calmly, “I have already been half melted with Nature’s Heart. How could I have not sensed that some of its air was stolen?”

“It’s impossible! It’s impossible! The way I used avoided your senses!” Lankshear cried, unwilling to accept it, while the dark shadow tried to melt into him!

Ferragond was back to himself. Looking at Aglaea’s vague figure, he asked, “Your Majesty, you knew Lankshear’s scheme in advance? Then why did you...”

He didn’t finish the sentence, because any creature with regular intelligence could tell that the queen was taking advantage of the magic circle that Lankshear set up!

Hearing Ferragond's doubt, Lankshear also shook his head anxiously. "Why... why didn't you stop me? Why did you allow me to hurt the elvish tree and the clan? Were you blinded by greed, too?"

It never occurred to him that the queen was going to use him as the container of negative feelings!

Aglaea did not answer Lankshear's question but said with mixed feelings. "Ever since Viken and the mysterious person spread the way to become a demigod in secret, this world has changed."

What way to become a demigod? Ferragond was confused.

Lankshear, however, fell silent.

Aglaea went on. "Ever since the age of myths, it has been impossible for the Lord of Hell and the Will of Abyss to arrive at the main material world in person, and the God of Silver Moon hardly showed up, too, for various reasons. Therefore, one top legend was enough to maintain the survival and continuity of elves."

"From the Sun King's studies on ways to become demigods, to Viken's advancement into a pope, the Saint Truth suppressed many demiplanes. After that, Viken actively disseminated the way to become a demigod, and Lucien Evans began to study the arcana support of demigods. The endeavors of intelligent lives to reach the level of demigod have finally yielded glowing fruits. The boundary of natural-born demigods will be crossed soon, and the age when everyone can be a demigod will come!"

Looking at Lankshear and Ferragond with her green eyes, she said, "In the process, due to the insufficiency of the power of faith, Nature's Heart and other resources, the number of demigods will be limited."

“In the process, legends will fall, and new demigods will rise.”

“In the process, certain races will decline, and certain races will flourish.”

“This is exactly the tide of time that nobody can avoid!”

Ferragond exclaimed in shock. “Your Majesty...”

Thoughtfully, Aglaea stared at Lankshear. “I thought that I could stay away from the turmoil, and that our people would not be consumed as long as we hid in the Stroop forest. However, your cooperation with the Prince of Demons made me realize that I was wrong. In such an age, both the regular legends and the top legends have to strive for their survival and fight for the continuity of their people!”

“Regular legends have to march towards the peak of legendary despite risks, and the top legends have to devote their life to the path of demigods. Nobody can stay out of the vortex unless they are willing to give up and wait for catastrophes to knock your door someday!”

“Although this path is dangerous and unknown, I’m very clear that only by becoming a demigod will elves be forever continued without being eliminated by the tide of time!”

Lankshear watched the dark shadow attaching itself to him, his eyes hollow. “Therefore, you took advantage of my plan and completed the status transformation with me as the container?”

“Yes. Your crimes are punished in such a way. The continuity of elves is what matters most.” Said Aglaea peacefully but firmly, revealing her majestic air. “The development of this age is faster than anyone could possibly imagine. You must make plans and take off in advance if you want to fight for the qualification to survive. If you are left behind, you will be hit!”

“A phrase that Lucien Evans mentioned in Arcana Voice fits the current situation very well.”

“This is a world of competitions, and nobody can ever jump out of it!”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 685: Arrow of Nature

The monochrome was gone, and the sky was still pitch dark. The demons that were seen by the eyes of the Prince of Demons were all grasped by the utmost insanity. They howled like the most ferocious beasts.

The crimson land continued to collapse, and the springing blood was bent into flowing underground rivers. The tentacles from the darkness that brought decadence and corruption were back to life, stretching at Lucien, Malfurion and the altar from all directions.

The gigantic hand with dark scales and disgusting furs snatched at the blurred figurine of Ferragond under the cover of the corrosive, wriggling liquids.

Everything had been recovered from the frozen state created by 'Advanced Time Stop'.

"Space Staff!"

Right when the gigantic hand of the Prince of Demons was about to reach the figurine, Lucien cast a spell with an unpredictable voice. Ripples of light gathered into a dreamy staff.

As the staff was pointed, vague waves surged out between the gigantic hand and the dark figurine. After only a moment, they turned from next to each other to countless worlds away!

After Lucien advanced into level three of legendary, the power of 'Space Staff' was maximized. The fickleness of time and space was not just about the acceleration and deceleration of time and the consolidation of space but also about many delicate applications, like the effect that mimicked 'God's Guard'. Of course, for some reasons, The effect of world separation still lacked the transcendental and intangible feelings that God's Guard and the Shield of Truth had.

The gigantic hand of the Prince of Demons was only one meter away from the dark statue, but it could not press forward anymore. The illusionary waves created many overlapping spaces, making it impossible for the hand to reach the destination without passing the different worlds in between!

Seeing the new situation, Natasha kept slashing at the dark figurine as determinedly as before. The terrifying illusionary gaps seemed to be already cutting everything, shattering and extinguishing the black air that was popping up from the void nonstop.

The baboon head in the sky opened its mouth in exasperation, in which four fangs glimmered.

“Howl!”

The Prince of Demons suddenly cried like a beast!

The word that he cried out seemed to be meaningless, but the most wicked and chaotic air in it boiled the darkness around and manifested different views in the void. The Seething Ocean, the Skeleton Land, the Castle of Hypocrisies, the Swamp of Souls, the Abyssal Stomach, the Dark Forest and all the other evil demiplanes showed up.

A Dark Dialect? Lucien had barely any time to think when his head hummed as if somebody had hit his soul and his skull with a huge hammer brutally. His negative feelings and his bloodthirst surged out. The magic effects that he cast on himself like ‘Mental Barrier’ were broken one after another. The wall of space produced by the Space Staff was contaminated by the darkness, too.

“Abrupt Magic Reverse!”

During the moment when the magic effects offset the howl of the Prince of Demons, Lucien seized the opportunity to chant the spell. A translucent mirror was immediately gathered, vintage and mysterious. It was not as fuzzy as the Mirror of Fate but seemed to be connecting a different world.

Crack, crack, crack. The mirror of reflection that Abrupt Magic Reverse created had deep and creepy cracks. Since Dark Dialect was not a spell that targeted individuals, it was not parried but only weakened, preventing Lucien from falling into a coma.

The Dark Dialect was not the language of abyss or hell but a legendary spell that represented the nature of abyss and hell. Only the Will of Abyss, the Lord of Hell, the Prince of Demons and the master of the first level of hell were capable of it. The Lord of Hell's 'Life Deprivation' was exactly a variation of Dark Dialect.

“Howl!”

When the Prince of Demons let out 'Dark Dialect', the silver light that was the integration of Natasha and the Sword of Truth suddenly became heavy and descended, as she had been awed, too. Then, illusionary waves rippled out slowly. It was obvious that her willpower was strong enough for her to use the Shield of Truth!

The worlds between the gigantic hand and the figurine were frozen, no longer vague and unpredictable!

Malfurion was about to perform the body transformation of druids and turn into a terrifying rock giant to destroy the altar, when he suffered the shock brought by 'Dark Dialect'. As a result, his natural power was disrupted, and his head became dizzy. He could only retreat the green staff with which he trapped the Sovereign of Blood for self-defense.

The twigs and leaves from its flesh gone, the dog head and the human-faced goat head both howled ferociously and echoed with the Prince of Demons.

The fur on the giant hand of the Prince of Demons erected, releasing the intense air of evilness and chaos from the black, corrosive fluids, as it suddenly grabbed the illusionary worlds before it which were frozen like ambers.

Crack, crack, crack. Cracks appeared on those illusionary worlds, spreading out and falling apart.

The giant hand pierced through them and approached Ferragond's figurine!

Inside the abyss, the Prince of Demons would have extraordinary strength. If it were in its own demiplane, it would be as strong as a demigod, like the pontiff of the North Church after performing 'God's Grace'.

However, Lucien was not nervous or terrified, because the Prince of Demons seemed only interested in taking the figurine away and activating the altar. It did not block the space or focus all of its attention on him, Natasha and Malfurion. If they intended to leave, they could leave immediately. Also, even if the Prince of Demons were to attack them with full strength, he was still confident enough to escape when he was on the Scarlet Plain.

From the darkness, long tails emerged and darted at Lucien, their pointy ends brimming with black, negative air. It seemed that they could significantly weaken the enemy like the deteriorating rays or the sword of darkness.

It was the main way of attack for the Prince of Demons!

Crack. After a crisp sound, a tail that was enshrouded in black scales pierced at the mirror of abrupt reverse before Lucien. The mirror was completely broken, but the tail was also blown backwards at the baboon head in the sky.

“Nature’s Wrath!” Malfurion was faced with the Sovereign of Blood who pounced at him.

At this moment, the gigantic hand of the Prince of Demons had already touched Ferragond’s figurine.

“Create a vacuum with ‘Storm Barrier’ first, and then obliterate the figurine as well as the Prince of Demons’ body with ‘Positron Cannon’...” Lucien thought to himself calmly, preparing to give the Prince of Demons a brutal attack before it shifted its attention to himself and Natasha. Even though the attack couldn’t kill the enemy, the enemy wouldn’t be able to achieve its purpose.

Suddenly, the Nature’s Heart on the altar became bright and even more vigorous, blurring the space around and presenting a natural, harmonious world where the birth, growth, exuberance, decline, death and rebirth were manifested!

Then, the world was melted in the air of Nature’s Heart, turning it into a bright green streak of brilliance which shot out of the altar like an arrow.

The altar withered and collapsed, as if all its vitality had been gone.

The arrow of light made by ‘Nature’s Heart’ took off late but arrived early. It hit the dark figurine and the gigantic hand of the Prince of Demons after only one moment.

The dark figurine fell apart, and the illusionary faces of elves, mixed with intense negative emotions, were melted into the bright green light and pierced into the gigantic hand with it!

“Ahhhhhhhh!”

The Prince of Demons cried miserably, and a torrential rain poured down, corrupting and destroying everything.

Green and vigorous branches grew from its palm, and sprouts were also extending from its arm, its baboon head, and its eyes where all kinds of colors were changing.

Therefore, it could not keep the remote presence anymore, and its enormous body completely appeared in the sky.

It was a body that was narrow, long like a snake but as hideous as a mixture of a baboon and a gorilla. The demonic patterns made of scales and furs were full of wickedness and foulness, too. Anyone who was not a legend would’ve suffered irrecoverable craziness as long as they looked at the body!

Faced with such an unexpected change, Malfurion narrowed his eyes quickly:

“Her Majesty?”

He suddenly realized that things were much more complicated than he thought!

Natasha was shocked by Dark Dialect and could barely control herself. Even her battle desire had been replaced by slaughter and other negative thoughts. Thankfully, she was a legitimate knight and an expert who had reached her current stage with her willpower. So, she managed to control her body and resisted the subsequent corruption with the Shield of Truth.

Then, she watched the Prince of Demons be heavily wounded by Nature's Heart and deprived of mobility.

So, with a fire burning in her heart, the desire for battle and the subconscious reaction melted her with the Sword of Truth again. The silver sword swirled in the sky and chopped the surfacing body of the Prince of Demons indifferently and arrogantly.

“Ahhhhhhhh!”

After the flash of the sword, an illusionary and hideous crack appeared, and the Prince of Demons cried miserably again. However, having been corrupted by Nature's Heart, it could only fight back with the dark fluids on its body without being able to perform Dark Dialect.

Although Natasha was full of battle desire, she was certainly not a reckless warrior. After hitting the target, she immediately descended and directly landed on the heads of the Sovereign of Blood, covering the distance in a blink, before she aimed at the two heads and slashed her sword!

A top legend like the Prince of Demons must have desperate counterattacks!

After slashing her sword, Natasha did not check the result but raised the Sword of Truth.

At this moment, the Prince of Demons' body that was thousands of meters long loomed in the sky, but it was temporarily restrained by Nature's Heart and stood there like a target.

“This is such a great pose. I can't hold myself back anymore...” Lucien certainly wouldn't let go of such an opportunity. After Natasha's sword hit the target, he extended his left hand and aimed at the Prince of Demons.

Then, his monocle glittered, as he pointed at the wound caused by the Sword of Truth on the underbelly of the Prince of Demons and announced:

“Eternal Blaze!”

Lucien intended to use 'Positron Cannon' at the beginning, but the anomalies of the elvish queen made him drop the idea for now.

Then unimaginable light broke out!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 686: Prince of Demons

An illusionary but deep wound lay on the abdomen of the Prince of Demons, tearing and cutting its scales, 'muscles' and bones, resulting in a huge loss of black, corrosive blood. The internal organs that were wriggling all the time inside like little demons were presented before Lucien.

Screaming in a voice that shocked the whole demiplane, the Prince of Demons suddenly opened its mouth and spat out a human-shaped object that was enshrouded in mucus. It had the unique horns of demons and was spreading out the terrifying air of top legendary. Only the intangible vibe was enough to cause cracks, where the rivers of lava could be seen, on the Scarlet Plain.

The demon had such a form?

It would not reveal its true self without being greatly damaged?

Whatever the situation was, it was too late.

"Eternal Blaze!"

As Lucien extended his left hand, unimaginably scorching and dazzling brilliance suddenly burst out from the wound at the abdomen of the Prince of Demons, as if ten thousand suns had arrived at the same time!

Malfurion couldn't help but shut his eyes despite the protection of his green staff. He suspected that his eyes would've been blinded if he hadn't cast additional defense on himself.

Raising the Shield of Truth, Natasha closed her eyes. Without the blockage of the abyssal gap, she did not dare to gaze at the momentary glare when 'Eternal Blaze' was performed, either!

Vague, illusionary ripples spread from the Shield of Truth and completely separated her from the real world, placing her in an intangible world.

Having lost most of the magic items and effects, the human-faced goat head of the Sovereign of Blood stuck out its snake-like crimson tongue to resist the scourge of the silver sword together with the two giant swords. However, since the Prince of Demons controlled the Sovereign of Blood, it could not receive the feedback and enhancement of the demiplane. The tongue and the giant swords cracked one bit after another, and the illusionary gaps began to spread towards its body.

"Idiot, work harder!" In their mind, it roared at the other head.

The dog head was about to perform abilities, when it suddenly noticed the glare. Therefore, he subconsciously looked at its 'liege', only to be dazzled by the burning, terrifying brilliance.

"My eyes!" The dog head screamed.

Then, it felt infinite, pure light surging over with an extremely horrifying temperature, drowning everything.

"NOOOOOOOO!"

The abdomen of the Prince of Demons was entirely vaporized. The bursting light and the super high temperature that could melt everything swallowed the mucus-covered person, as well as its tail and its head.

A brilliant sun rose in the sky, driving away the darkness and overshadowing the original darkness.

Then, the energy storm that equaled the outburst of too many volcanoes erupting swept out, destroying everything on the way. The forest was destroyed, the altar was destroyed, the array of rocks were destroyed, and the Fortress of Flesh far away began to break and collapse as if it had been through a horrifying earthquake.

The scorching energy storm destroyed everything and ignited anything inflammable on the plain.

Demons were torn to pieces. Flames of various colors were raised on their bodies.

BOOM!

After the light, the deafening explosion finally broke out like thunder. The whole demiplane of 'Scarlet Plain' shook violently, as if it were the end of the world.

In the sky, a rolling mushroom cloud rose, whose circular, weird head gave an astounding feeling and the beauty of destruction. It drew a perfect conclusion to the previous explosion and left a symbol that was worth remembering.

Looking at the gigantic circle of clouds, Malfurion finally understood why 'Eternal Blaze' was regarded as the spell of purest violence. Natasha, on the other hand, wondered when her damage could reach such a level.

Crack, crack, crack. Pieces of bodies hit the ground mixed with blackened scales and dark blood. However, without the terrifying ability of recovery of the Demon Lord, they were nothing more than lifeless remains.

Lucien pushed his monocle and looked at the mushroom cloud. The Prince of Demons' enormous body had been shattered. However, there was an extremely weird and chaotic black hole at its center, from which one could see a pond that was bubbling nonstop.

The darkness in the hole faded, and the scene inside became clear. It was an ocean of green light where white bubbles were popping nonstop. There were reefs and islands on the ocean, but they were all dissolving because of the spreading scarlet space around it.

"The Abyssal Stomach and the Ocean of Acids..." The names that Lucien said in a low voice was exactly the title of the abyss of that level and the real home field of the Prince of Demons. It would be close to a demigod when fighting there. "It seems that the previous attack didn't finish the demon..."

Lucien was not regretful. After all, he was only a level-three legend, and he hadn't prepared any materials in advance. Besides, the battlefield was the abyss.

White bubbles surfaced on the ocean of 'Abyssal Stomach'. A dark, gloomy castle could be vaguely seen from down below. That was the palace of the Prince of Demons.

The bubbles became more and more intense. Suddenly, a baboon face appeared and looked at Lucien through the window of the two demiplanes that hadn't vanished yet. With utmost hatred, the demon declared:

“Mortal, you are going to pay for this!”

It sounded weak obviously, which was utterly understandable. Having been ambushed by Arrow of Nature, and since ‘Eternal Blaze’ broke out inside its body, the demon had almost completely perished.

However, even though it did manage to escape in the end, it had to abandon its body to be reborn with the demon core that it deployed in the palace earlier.

When the Prince of Demons just finished its sentence, Lucien suddenly bulged his eyes, because he saw a shadow emerging from the underwater castle and enshrouding it quickly!

The dark shadow, like a carnivorous flower that was digesting food, wriggled, expanded and fluctuated.

“Who is it?”

“Gonheim, what are you doing?”

“Leave me alone!”

“I’m going to kill you...”

The evil and chaotic voice of the Prince of Demons came from the dark shadow, but it was weaker and weaker.

“Gonheim? The Demogorgon of Darkness?” Malfurion realized something after hearing the name.

Lucien and Natasha also knew what Gonheim was doing even though they hadn’t figured out what the elvish queen was up to!

It was advancing with the best way of evolution for demons: to win the happiness of abyss by swallowing the Prince of Demons!

Subconsciously, Lucien stepped forward and planned to stop it. It wouldn’t matter if any other demon were to become ‘Prince of Demons’, a top legend, because there was no difference between them, but ‘Demogorgon of Darkness’ and ‘Lord of Spectres’ were the worst candidates, because they were very like devils in that they could suppress their nature of killing and they were capable of drafting and carrying out complicated schemes.

“NOOOOOOOO!”

The Prince of Demons suddenly burst out a miserable cry, before its voice came to an abrupt end.

Bubbles suddenly increased in the Ocean of Acids, as if it had been boiled. The wriggling red space around was suddenly frozen, and it was connected to a dark, cold glacier.

On the glacier was a high, dark castle that was frozen in ice.

The castle suddenly became blurred, revealing a black throne whose back was against Lucien. It could be vaguely seen that somebody tall was ensconced on it.

The sky in the Scarlet Plain, the Seething Ocean, the Skeleton Land, the Castle of Hypocrisies and other planes suddenly dimmed. The sun was gone, and darkness emerged. Rain of void poured from the sky.

Roars that were filled with the desire of slaughter resonated throughout the abyss, like a melody that was composed with the Dark Dialect.

The demons lower than lords fell on their knees, even including the spectres created by Apsis, the Lord of Spectres.

The Will of Abyss was expressing his happiness for betrayal, slaughter, swallowing and mayhem!

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Inside the cave, the magic circle was gone, and so was the projection of the elvish queen and Lankshear.

After the dark figurine was penetrated by Arrow of Nature, Ferragond immediately claimed overwhelming advantages in the battle against the projection of devils in his body. He soon banished it and began to treat his wounds. For some reason, he suddenly recalled the conversation between the queen and Lankshear just now.

“Why did my plan fail? How did you learn it...” Before the transformation was completed, Lankshear was still asking regretfully.

Aglaea, the elvish queen, sighed. “The Prince of Demons was never a specialist who was good at making and carrying out plans. Where did your scheme come from?”

“The Demogorgon of Darkness betrayed the Prince of Demons. Does he not fear that he will be killed by the infuriated Prince of Demons with other Demon Lords?” Lankshear seemed to have understood something.

Aglaea shook her head. “As I said, this is a world of competitions, where top legends strive to become demigods and the other legends risk to be top legends. For Gonheim, this is the most dangerous but also the best opportunity. This time, he will either die or swallow the Prince of Demons!”

“Perhaps, the demise of a top legend will be the real harbinger of the world of competitions...”

Ferragond calmed down and thought to himself. “Although Her Majesty has completed the status transformation, I’m afraid that there’s still a long way to go before she reaches the level of demigod... I do hope that she can succeed in the end...”

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The Ocean of Acids became cold, with a shallow layer of ice on the top, whereas the glacier beyond the Frozen Fortress embraced acidic rivers.

The two demiplanes were superposed and melted in such a way!

Deep darkness surged below the throne, and the terrifying air suddenly burst out, marching from level one, level two, level three all the way to the peak of legendary!

In the songs of submission, the throne was turned around. Sitting on the throne was a handsome male, who was wearing a black tailcoat and had icy long hair. His skin was fairly dark. Except for the pair of tiny black demonic horns on his forehead, he looked no different from human beings.

His eyes were black at first, before they changed into different colors which replaced one another.

Gonheim, the Demogorgon of Darkness, looked at Lucien, Natasha and Malfurion, as well as the damaged altar, with such air. Then, he rose from the throne and bowed with a mocking smile, pressing his chest with his right hand:

“Thank you for your help.”

It was the new ‘Prince of Demons’!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 687: Aglaea’s Attitude

The densest darkness fell upon the Frozen Fortress and the Ocean of Acids, serving as the curtain of a stage for the new Prince of Demons. Roars of pain, wrath, hate and bloodthirst were still echoing in the void. They sounded like a melody of chaos and slaughter that was written in the Dark Dialect to pay tributes to Gonheim for ascending the throne.

On another level of abyss, at the certain of the desert where countless strange spectres had died, stood an enormous palace that was made of many gigantic bones. On the top of the palace, an illusionary monster in black cloak was floating and looking in the direction of the ocean of acids. Its face was so dry and withered that there was only the skin left, but flames were vaguely burning inside the pale, hollow eyes.

The interaction between the Scarlet Plain and the Abyssal Stomach was over, and Gonheim did not do anything else. For him, fighting Lucien, Natasha and Malfurion at this moment was meaningless. Having just swallowed the ‘core’ of the former Prince of Demons, he had received the grace and ‘feedback’ of the abyss and successfully reached the peak of legendary. Now was the time for him to stabilize himself. Starting a reckless battle would only give an opportunity to the other Demon Lords who were covetous.

Seeing that he had already advanced, Lucien did not intend to break into the Frozen Fortress, either, partly because the Demogorgon of Darkness was close to demigod, and partly because what was behind the scheme forced him to be prudent. Also, the change of Prince of Demons was not a threat to the Congress for now, unless the elvish queen had been completely inclined to the abyss, which was absolutely impossible. It wasn't a problem to work with and take advantage of those people, but nobody would ever forge a long-term alliance with the murderous and treacherous demons.

The cold, dark ocean and the iced fortress disappeared in the sky, and the Scarlet Plain was back to normal, except for the broken and burning corpses of demons on the ground.

Looking at what was left of the Sovereign of Blood, who failed to carry out effective defense due to the affection of the Sword of Truth, Malfurion was lost for words for a long time. The Arrow of Nature that suddenly shot out of the altar made him understand a lot of things. He felt very complicated.

"So, the Demogorgon of Darkness was behind everything. I wonder how he won the trust of the Prince of Demons..." Putting back the Shield of Truth which had cracks on the surface, Natasha looked at the sky which had turned blue after the dust was cleared by 'Eternal Blaze'. The pure sunlight was particularly comfortable.

Lucien shook his head in amusement. "There's no way I can tell what's on the chaotic demons' mind. Perhaps, Gonheim found the weakness in the heart of the Prince of Demons. However, what we should be wary of is the clue behind this incident. It seems that Viken had really secretly spread the way to become a demigod to the legends that he carefully selected. As a result, it's not hard to imagine that the situation will be extremely complicated due to the intense competitions. Countless schemes and slaughter must be brewing at this moment."

Perhaps, some legendary sorcerers within the Congress had received it!

Their conversation was not conducted through telepathic bond but openly, informing Malfurion of the information.

“Yes. The arrangement of the altar, the pollution of the elvish tree, and the corruption of elves are similar to the transformation circles inside the Realm of Gates. However, what if it wasn’t done by Pope Viken but by Monster Viken?” Said Natasha with a smile. She had learnt everything about the Realm of Gates from Lucien.

After a long silence, Malfurion suddenly opened his mouth. “Are you suggesting that the queen cooperated with the Demogorgon of Darkness, conspired against the Prince of Demons, and transformed her status with his scheme?”

“That should be the case.” Lucien nodded without offering any comment. He looked around, only to discover that most of the remains of the Sovereign of Blood and the Prince of Demons had lost activity under ‘Eternal Blaze’. He could only pick a few pieces that could be used as experiment materials.

On their way back to the abyssal gap, Natasha said in the telepathic bond, “The elvish queen must be planning to become a demigod. Would she pose a threat to the Congress and the kingdom?”

If she was a potential danger, she should be dealt with as soon as possible!

“The elvish queen must’ve transformed her status and grasped the tricks in it. However, to become a demigod in Viken’s way, one has to reap the power of faith. Considering the population of elves, her only choice is to expand. However, it is easier for her to succeed through nature’s feedback and natural divine powers, which are closer to her essence. Also, the Congress is more powerful than the sea clans. It’s not hard to predict which direction of expansion she will choose.” Lucien analyzed.

Natasha nodded. “The sea clans have only one top legend, and the Congress has four. As long as the elvish queen’s mind is not blinded by negative feelings, she will certainly make the right choice. Besides, the ocean is a part of nature, and a very large one, for that matter. However, after the elvish queen does become a demigod, would she still retain the partnership with us?”

“Even though the odds of success and the potential dangers of this path are ignored, by the time she gathers enough power of faith for her advancement, arcana must’ve been developed to the point that it can afford a real path to the demigod level which carries no risks!” Lucien sounded calm and confident.

Natasha smiled and did not ask more. Then, she became solemn. “In such an age of conflict and rapid development, I cannot be content with turning into a legendary knight. I need to work harder!”

Then, she clenched her fist. “I’ll certainly catch up to you and restore our roles back to normal!”

Lucien smiled back at her with obvious ‘provocation’.

.....

Hardly had they returned to Nature’s Residence when Lucien, Natasha and Malfurion heard the beautiful and clear voice of the elvish queen. Two honorable guests, thank you for your contributions to the elves. You’ve found the real culprit, Lankshear, and vindicated Ferragond. Please come to meet me in the Royal Palace.”

Lucien and Natasha looked at each other and both sensed the elvish queen's kindness. In the meantime, they paid close attention to the defense of the place, ready to return to 'Atomic Universe' at the first anomaly.

Malfurion flew in the lead in silence. It was not until they reached the palaces on the top of the elvish tree that he looked better.

The palaces were exquisite but not extravagant. Atlant, Jurisian, Felipe, Heidi and the other sorcerers had been seated.

Ferragond did not join in, using his wound as an excuse. However, after his feelings of hate were unveiled and eliminated, his hostility against humans had been weakened. 'Nature's Abhorrence' would probably turn into 'Nature's Protection'.

Aglaea, the elvish queen, was still wearing the dress made of green leaves. She rose with a smile, "Allow me to express my gratitude on behalf of all elves."

Seeing that her slim figure was more or less blurry, Lucien and Natasha secretly nodded. She had indeed completed the status transformation. Since she was unable to control the new status perfectly, she looked somewhat abnormal. However, the fact that she revealed the abnormality openly suggested her attitude of honesty and cooperation.

"Mr. Evans, Mr. Forman, here are two fruits of the elvish tree. You must take them. Even the most precious gift cannot compare to the gratitude in our heart." Said the elvish queen to Lucien and Atlant, before she brought out two green boxes made of twigs. Vague fragrance could be smelled from inside. After only one sniff, Lucien already felt that all the pores on his body had been opened.

Arcelion and Malfurion opened their mouth, subconsciously trying to stop it, because it took a very long time for the elvish tree to yield fruits, and it could yield few at a time. Also, the fruits had a lot of usages. There were only three of them left in the royal treasury, and two of them had been given away!

However, both of them contained their urge. Whatever was behind the incident, it was true that the sorcerers of the Congress 'saved' the elves.

Lucien politely accepted the box and thanked the queen. With the fruits of the elvish tree as well as the Fountain of Youth, it would be possible for him to establish a ritual that Natasha and he could use at the same time!

After the two legendary sorcerers accepted their gifts, and the other sorcerers received different gifts from Iristine, the elvish queen smiled again, "Mr. Evans, we were never able to learn the updates of arcana development until the Stroop forest was covered by 'Arcana Voice'. Many elves are quite interested in it."

The innovative program that did not disagree with the elves' daily life was quite popular among them.

"It's my honor." Replied Lucien with a smile, who had guessed where the elvish queen was getting at.

Aglaea nodded her head. "We the elves are never a stubborn, conservative people, and we have been learning the advantages of other civilizations. Therefore, I will not forbid their interest in arcana and magic. On the contrary, I would like them to study in Allyn. In doing so, we will really learn arcana and eliminate our misunderstanding about human beings."

“Your Majesty, we can learn from each other. You can select a party of elves to come to study arcana or magic in Allyn, and we can choose some humans to study natural divine powers in the Stroop forest, or let the sorcerers who are interested in elves’ naturally-endowed abilities to live in the forest.” Lucien thought for a moment and proposed in amusement. Was it some sort of exchange of international students?

Thinking for a moment, Aglaea said with a delightful smile. “What an excellent suggestion. Iristine, you will go to study in Allyn on behalf of the Elvish Court.”

“Me?” Iristine was more or less stunned.

Aglaea’s smile was gone. She said solemnly, “Although you are a druid, it’s not a bad thing for you to learn arcana. It will help you better understand the secrets of nature.”

In the telepathic bond, Natasha smiled. “It seems that the elvish queen intends to deepen the cooperation with the Congress.”

A hostage to us. Lucien was quite satisfied with that. He rose and asked, “Your Majesty, the elves boast a long history and much knowledge. So, I would like to ask you if you know any place where I can obtain legendary space-time materials?”

It was the second purpose of his trip.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 688: Four Choices

Hearing Lucien's question, Aglaea thought for a moment and replied, "Legendary space-time materials are very rare. It's true that our people collected some in the past, but they were all dedicated to the craft of legendary items and the defense of our territory. There's nothing left. If you want similar materials, as far as I know, they can be found in four places. Firstly, the 'Blue Key', owned by the emperor of the Kuo-toans."

The emperor of the Kuo-toans was the Lord of the Boundless Ocean and a top legend. All water was his domain. Therefore, Lucien merely nodded after hearing that without giving any comment.

Aglaea went on. "Other than that, 'Danisos', the primordial time dragon of the Dark Congress, is the best space-time material by himself. Other remains of the primordial time dragons in the tomb in the Swamp of Dragons, if there are any, should probably be usable, too. However, the population of dragons has always been small, and time dragons are the rarest of all. Since the elves began to record, there have been no more than five primordial time dragons. So, it will also be very difficult."

Lucien frowned at the elvish queen's introduction. It was not exactly what he had in mind.

Aglaea changed the topic. "The remaining two choices are easier than the first two. There's a hidden level in the abyss that our ancestors named 'Chaotic Cosmos'. At the center of the Chaotic Cosmos, 'Time Plate' will be naturally condensed. Once it is taken away, the whole plane will constrict, nowhere to be found again. It will not reappear until a long time later when the core is formed again."

“The elves once obtained a ‘Time Plate’ and built an important part of our defense with it. If the demons in the Chaotic Cosmos haven’t become lords, the ‘Time Plate’ will certainly be there.”

The advancement of demons was different from sorcerers, knights, druids and other professions. On the surface, they made advancements by swallowing opponents of the same level, but in fact, they were simply trying to earn the feedback and reward of the abyss. Therefore, after uniting a certain level in the abyss, the demon would be given the power of the core of the level, which would improve its strength and turn it into a Demon Lord.

For the Chaotic Cosmos, if a demon had become a Demon Lord, it would mean that ‘Time Plate’ would have definitely been melted with it!

“‘Chaotic Cosmos’?” Lucien chewed on the name. The Congress of Magic had never recorded this level before, and nor did the Magic Empire!

Atlant was also a bit confused. It was obvious that he had never heard about ‘Chaotic Cosmos’ before.

The elvish queen smiled. “That’s because the Chaotic Cosmos can constrict and hide itself. Nobody knows about it except for our ancestors who discovered it by accident. If you are interested in it, Evans, I’ll tell you the way to locate it.”

“You have my gratitude.” Lucien immediately said.

After giving the intelligence to Lucien through secret messaging, Aglaea said, “The fourth place is the Silent Hell. Before the former Ice Duke went missing, he found a very unique Stellar Core from the Stars’ Grave. It is doubtless that this Stellar Core is still hidden somewhere in the Silent Hell.

Perhaps, Tiphotidis hopes that he can be resurrected with it. The incumbent Ice Duke is still trying to find it.”

The Congress of Magic hadn’t told the elves that Tiphotidis had been killed by the joint attack of Rhine and Sard, because it was not too important a message.

“Resurrection...” Lucien clicked his tongue. Considering the style of the Master of Argent, he might’ve been really prepared for that. However, he was unlucky enough to encounter Rhine, who could summon the power of the Silver Moon, and Sard, who was capable of ‘Light of Judgment’. Nobody except the demigods could’ve been resurrected after their dual attacks.

The cunning and sophisticated devil had been haunted by bad luck ever since Maskelyne sealed his reflection in Aalto in the World of Souls. At first, his many plans were sabotaged by Lucien. Then, he became a victim of somebody else’s victim, and he didn’t figure out what was going on even to his death. His life was truly a tragedy.

Focusing his attention, Lucien rose and expressed his gratitude again, stating that he would make a wise choice. The primordial time dragons had never wronged him, and it was not his style to just kill them for their materials. The Lord of the Boundless Ocean was the same. It was obvious that the emperor would not be happy to give him the Blue Key the moment they met. Therefore, he had only two choices, ‘Chaotic Cosmos’ and ‘Silent Hell’.

He might encounter Maltimus in the Silent Hell, which was the demigod’s home field. Therefore, Lucien was more inclined to the Chaotic Cosmos. However, in any case, he had to make pertaining preparations first. A reckless adventure was not expected of sorcerers.

After the dinner, Lucien, Natasha and the rest of them left the elvish tree and flew out of the elves’ territory, ready to jump back to Allyn through the Atomic Universe.

“Master, I feel that the whole thing was weird. I believe that Mr. Ferragond was innocent, because Martha’s behavior before her self-detonation was too strange, but why was Mr. Lankshear the criminal? Why did the elvish queen show up in time and stop him? She claimed that you discovered clues and informed her at the critical moment?” After her investigation with the police department, the soul of a detective had been awakened in Heidi. She asked the question that Annick and Katrina both wanted to ask.

Lucien chuckled and looked at them. “Lankshear was truly the mastermind behind the curtain. As for the truth of the matter, does it have anything to do with us? As long as the elves can live with it, there’s no need for us to do anything redundant.”

“So, something was really wrong?” Heidi was quite excited, feeling that her deduction had been proven.

Lucien, however, didn’t offer any response but simply smiled.

That was the intelligence that only the Highest Council could know.

.....

In Lance, the Holy City.

Benedict III’s body changed nonstop. It spread out and then constricted, as if he were testing something.

Suddenly, his changes stopped, and his eyes somewhat squinted. He raised his platinum staff and performed divination.

“Gonheim, the Demogorgon of Darkness, has killed and swallowed the former Prince of Demons?” The demise of a top legend was an important thing, and Gonheim did not try to hide it. Therefore, Benedict III got a clear and accurate result. As for the transformation of the elvish queen, he got vague hints about it, too.

Benedict III put down his staff and paced back and forth, while he thought to himself, “Who told the way to become demigods to them?”

He suspected that a legend who obtained the way to become demigods from him intentionally leaked it to the Demogorgon of Darkness and the elvish queen. He intended to find out who it was and confirm his real purpose, although he would’ve spread the way to become demigods to the Stroop forest himself according to the original plan.

After considering for a moment, a red robe came in with the intelligence on the changes of the abyss. The Church always had experts who monitored the situation in the abyss and hell.

“Your Holiness, the Demogorgon of Darkness successfully ambushed the heavily wounded ‘Prince of Demons’ in the Abyssal Stomach and assimilated ‘Ocean of Acids’ into ‘Frozen Fortress’. He is now the new Prince of Demons!”

Such a phase change caused the shock of the abyss. It was impossible to cover the traces. Therefore, similar reports quickly spread out in all forces and organizations.

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Inside the Kingdom of Holm, in the forest next to a railway.

A kobold, who had dragon scales on his body, cockily looked at the other kobolds in ragged clothes around him and asked, “A convoy that is fully loaded with treasures will pass by later?”

“Yes, boss.” A weaselly kobold replied obsequiously. That was the new leader of their tribe, who had come from the northland. Because he was very strong and could release the might of dragons, he killed their previous leader and ate him up easily.

Holding a stick that was fully embedded with nails, the kobold leader announced, “The blood power of dragons has been awakened in my body. I’m to become the great king of kobolds. You will serve me respectfully. That’s your honor!”

Kobolds were a sub-dragon species with vague blood power of dragons.

“Of course, boss.” The weaselly kobold, as well as his peers, kneeled on the ground.

Wu! Wu! Wu! Clang! Clang! Clang!

The sound of sirens and the wheels crashing the railway came from far away.

The kobold leader sniffed. “There’s no smell of any powerful sorcerers. Very good. You didn’t lie to me. After we loot the treasures, we will get a lot of weapons, armor and food.”

“Boss, you can stand before the iron monster and intimidate it with your dragon might. Then, we will attack it together, like how we rob other business teams.” The weaselly kobold said, his eyes rolling.

The kobold leader was very confident in his dragon might. “That’s not a problem. Even if the iron monster is not scared, whoever controls it will be. Dragons are the greatest species and above all the other creatures!”

He was very confident in his agility, too.

Clang, clang. The magic steam train approached, and the kobold leader jumped in the middle of the railway. Waving his nailed stick, he roared, “STOP!”

Horrifying pressure spread out, and all the little animals around were frozen in fear.

The kobold leader was about to smile in satisfaction, when he discovered that the iron monster did not decelerate at all but came at him straightforwardly at such a high speed that he didn’t even have a chance to jump away.

BAM!

After a huge noise, the magic steam train went forward like before.

After the train was away, the weaselly kobold who was hiding nearby finally craned his head and looked at the railway, where there was nothing but a pulp of broken meat left.

“You wanted to enslave us?” The weaselly kobold spat at the remains.

“How hilarious! A bumpkin that didn’t know anything wanted to enslave us!” The other kobolds all exclaimed in joy. That was the lesson that their tribe had learnt after wasting many lives. The Iron monster cannot be robbed!

They packed their things and went another way. Suddenly, they found a small business team. They waved their arms and charged forward.

The weaselly kobold was glad that they were finally earning something today, when an iron-box like monster drove from behind the business team. It rushed at the kobolds without slowing down at all.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

The kobolds were blown away or crushed over one after another.

The weaselly kobold tried to look for the railway on the ground, but he didn’t find anything. He shook his head in fear. “Human beings are truly terrifying...”

Inside the magic steam train, an elvish girl looked out of the window in confusion. “Your Highness, what was the noise about?”

Iristine smiled. “That was an outdated kobold. Leave him alone.”

“Your Highness, have you really decided to go to a generic school instead of a magic school?” The elvish girl moved her eyes back and continued their topic just now.

Iristine nodded her head. “I’m a druid. I’m learning arcana just to expand my knowledge. It will be the same in either the magic school or the generic school. I can’t follow the curriculum in the Holt Magic College at all. Also, I can observe the changes brought by arcana in generic schools. Rest assured. I’ll often visit Allyn and meet Heidi and the rest of them.”

The students in the First Generic School of Rentato, however, grew excited, because they heard that they would have an elvish princess classmate when the new semester began!

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Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 689: Backup Power

Clang, clang. The magic steam train ran quickly on the railway, and the beautiful view out of the windows moved backwards equally fast, dazzling Nodanielle, an elvish girl who had never taken such a vehicle before.

Wu! Wu! Wu! The siren echoed, and the magic steam train came to a stop.

“What happened?” Although it was the first time that Nodanielle had been on a magic steam strain, she had a basic understanding about the train as a girl who enjoyed listening to Arcana Voice. She knew that not stopping at railway stations usually meant accidents.

Iristine had been to the Congress of Magic a few times before. She immediately sensed the anomaly. Therefore, she cast a spell to her eyes and looked at the edge of the forest far away.

In the narrow area between the forest and the railway, hordes of crazy wildlife were attacking the human beings on the opposite side.

There were about a hundred human beings, who were in standard silver chain mail and solid helmets. They were standing in three rows, with black ‘metal sticks’ in their hands.

The animals that were attacking them were originally normal creatures, including tigers, wolves, rabbits and goats, but right now, bloodred scales had grown out of their bodies, with yellowish mucus flowing among the scales. Their eyes were bloodshot and full of the lust for killing.

“Demonization? A senior-rank demon snuck out of the Stroop forest?” Observed Iristine in astonishment. For her, such a scene was all too familiar. The same had happened to the animals in the Stroop forest a while before!

Nodanielle said in deep thought, “When the abyssal gap was suddenly expanded, the elders were busy dealing with the Sovereign of Blood and the Demon Dukes. The other demons were resisted by common warriors and the adventurers in Town of the Anonymous. It’s perfectly normal that some of them ran loose...”

“Those demonized animals are very dangerous. How can Holm send the soldiers only at the level of knight squires to deal with them?” Iristine blamed herself after seeing the situation. The accident could’ve been avoided if Lankshear’s sanity weren’t consumed by his greed.

She stood up and was about to open the window of the VIP carriage, ready to assist the human soldiers to deal with the demonized animals.

BAM! BAM! BAM! After a series of noises, the overwhelming bloodthirsty animals seemed to be hit by invisible hammers, collapsing and bleeding.

“What’s that?” It was not until then that Iristine really paid attention to the almost identical ‘black metal sticks’ in the human soldiers’ hands.

Nodanielle observed carefully and suddenly remembered something. “It’s very similar to the high-pressure steam rifles of the dwarfs!”

The dwarfs’ steam civilization was a lost civilization, but the elves had a deep understanding about it thanks to the abundant collection of classics that had been gathered since the age of myths.

“No high-pressure steam backpacks... No smoke... Both hurt the enemy by high-speed bullets. The attack is as good as regular knights’...” Iristine identified the difference between the weapon and the high-pressure steam riles carefully.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Of the three rows of human soldiers, two squatted and one stood straight, shooting in turns and loading bronze bullets into their guns from their pockets now and then.

Iristine discovered that those bullets were engraved with simple magic pattern patterns. The vague air of alchemical matter could be felt.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Although the demonized animals were very fast, they saw nothing but the enemies in their bloodshot eyes, and they thought nothing but to tear the enemies into pieces and ate them alive. Therefore, it was easy to lock onto them. Also, the range of shooting was very wide. They could avoid one bullet but not a whole sector of bullets. So, their numbers plummeted, and dead bodies dropped everywhere.

“The bottom level of Holm has been significantly fortified by such weapons.” Iristine said in a low voice, “They can organize more legions, and the legions that may hurt the real knights.”

Nodanielle shook her head. “What’s the point? They will be butchered irresistibly when they encounter high-level warriors, like the steam civilization in the past. They will suffer an equally heavy loss when they meet the sorcerers and knights who are capable of remote attacks.”

“High levels advance from low levels.” Watching the battle far away, Iristine said, “If such weapons and armors can be manufactured, like the popularized alchemical items have been, the Kingdom of Holm and the Congress of Magic will have great advantages in the battles below the senior rank.”

In the past, a knight legion had five hundred knights at most, and a kingdom had only three to four such knight legions. The squires were basically useless, but if the weapons and armors could be popularized, it would mean that there were more knights. Knights were few, but knight squires were plenty. Still more were the ordinary people who could become squires!

Iristine went on. “Also, who knows whether or not the Congress of Magic has developed weapons with higher power and precision for the middle-rank and low-rank knights?”

“If they have weapons with longer range and higher speeds, together with anti-prophecy arrangements, wouldn’t they be able to blow up the head of a sorcerer who doesn’t have a passive defense from somewhere far away?” Having heard ‘Arcana Voice’ a lot, Nodanielle was particularly fascinated by head explosions.

At this moment, the conductor who was responsible for them walked in, intending to explain the sudden stop to them.

Hearing their conversation, the conductor smiled, “By the time such a weapon is developed, the defensive magic against it will certainly have been created. Also, it’s possible that Spell Trigger and similar spells will become middle-rank spells.”

His tone was full of the unique confidence of the sorcerers in the Congress in the past decades, about the Highest Council and the prospect of arcana!

“I believe in the research abilities of the Congress.” Iristine expressed her friendliness.

Nodanielle, on the other hand, asked curiously, “I’m told that the Congress’ research in the microscopic domain has stagnated since Mr. Evans proposed the observer effect, right?”

To satisfy the curiosity of the ordinary people, ‘Arcana Voice’ had added new programs that were similar to Herald of Arcana and Magic.

The conductor replied with apparent embarrassment. “There is indeed an argument regarding why microscopic particles show such uncanny properties, without a conclusion that convinces most people. However, it doesn’t mean that the studies in the microscopic domain have stagnated. For example, the in-depth studies about fission made by the Lord of Storm and the Lord of Elements may give us a better source of power.”

“Isn’t fission very pollutive?” Asked Iristine, frowning.

The battle far away suddenly changed. From the few mutated animals left, a goat leaped out abruptly.

Its appearance changed drastically, with a pair of bat-like wings growing on the back. It was obviously a demon close to the senior rank!

Iristine became grave. A strong demon had indeed snuck out of the Stroop forest.

Right when she was about to aid the soldiers, when silver bolts of lightning struck glowingly.

Even the air seemed to be repelled during the glow. The demon did not even have the opportunity to dodge when its upper half body was bent backwards and blown up. Blackened pieces of its body fell like raindrops.

“This is...” Iristine saw a knight in silver armor at the edge of the forest. He had gold hair and a handsome, determined face, with a complicated, streamlined rifle in his hands.

Observing that, the conductor took a soft breath. “It’s the Gauss Rifle that Mr. Evans developed. Only the experts close radiant knights and senior-rank sorcerers are capable of using it. Since it cannot be manufactured, there are only three of them right now. He seems to be Grand Knight John, from the Sword of Truth’s Knights.”

Nodanielle was relieved. If such a weapon could be manufactured without any user restraint, the senior-rank experts would be more or less threatened by them!

Wu, wu, wu. Clang! Clang! Clang! After the battlefield was cleaned up, the magic steam train was reactivated.

.....

Inside the Atom Institution in Allyn.

Heidi was showing her new friends, Iristine and Nodanielle, around in the famous place.

The elves couldn't stop complimenting the institution that was full of fantasies and mysteries, but they did feel that it did not quite agree with nature and was more like a symbol of the sorcerers' conquest over nature.

"A few days ago, Mr. Lazar created a new element when he bombarded the atomic nucleus with the cyclotron. The new element exists stably and can be placed in the periodic table." Heidi pointed at the cyclotron before her proudly.

It was the first step that the sorcerers achieved in the field of creation under the guidance of the new alchemy. Nobody would ever doubt the new alchemy's correctness in that regard. It could really allow the sorcerers to transform other elements into gold that could steadily exist even after the magic effect was over! Although the ways hadn't been found out yet, it was only a matter of time now that theoretical foundation had been found.

Looking at the cyclotron before her, Iristine was lost for words for a long time. Had the sorcerers started to steal the power of nature under the glow of Mr. Evans' new alchemy?

Seeing that, Nodanielle changed the subject. "Heidi, how is your artificial intelligence going?"

Heidi said, not entirely satisfied. "Our research team is assembling a prototype with vacuum tubes and magic circles. Our teacher said that trying is always better than thinking, and that's the way we can find the problems. Since the final product was too large and heavy, and the computation speed was not high enough, many sorcerers said that it was probably good for nothing... But everything has to be improved gradually! After the studies on crystals go deeper, I believe that artificial intelligence will be a great complement for golems and alchemical lives!"

That was her best hope right now.

Hearing Heidi's complaint, Iristine and Nodanielle smiled at each other and comforted her.

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Inside the Allyn magic tower, before the secret gate to the core of the City in the Sky...

"Master, have you finished the construction of the fission reactor?" Lucien guessed something after they reached their destination.

Despite their disagreement on the observer effect, Fernando was not hostile to Lucien because of that, and they kept their friendly teacher-student relationship. He nodded his head and said, "We modified some of the models according to your suggestion and completed a prototype reactor that can be used as the backup power source of Allyn."

After they reverse engineered fission, they had begun the studies in that aspect. However, because their analysis was not detailed enough and did not show them the function of neutrons, their progress was not fast. It was not until recently that they completely a fission reactor whose output was more powerful than the input.

.....

In Rentato, in the district of workers where dwarfs gathered...

Augustus, the senior elder, was worshiping a silver, iron item devoutly, when Harold ran in. He covered his eyes and paid tributes first, “Supreme Steam.”

Then, he put down his right hand and said to Augustus. “Senior elder, there’s a compatriot outside who claims to be from the Kingdom of Dwarfs. He says that he is an emissary of the great God of Steam.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 690: A ‘Minor’ Experiment Accident

Augustus continued his prayer after hearing Harold’s report. Unless it was something very important, he would never interrupt the tributes to ‘God of Steam’, ‘Lord of Life and Death’ and ‘Glowing Morning Star’.

After several minutes, Augustus stood up agilely and said, covering his eyes with his right hand. “Supreme Steam!”

That was a symbolic movement of prayer that he had designed after witnessing the explosion of Eternal Blaze in Rentato with consideration of the view of ‘Atlantis’ in his dream. It was like how the believers of the Saint Truth drew crosses!

“The Kingdom of Dwarfs?” Augustus finished his prayer and asked in confusion.

His face was healthily red, and he was wearing a special silver armor whose parts were connected through complicated mechanical craft. Filled with a delicate but cold sense of beauty, it was the ritual suit that he had designed for the God of Steam.

As the leader of dwarfs, Augustus was the honorary manager of many alchemical workshops. He did not have a lot to do, and the miserable life on the Night Highland was long gone. He was quite grateful and spent most of his time preaching and praising the God of Steam.

Because Rentato was not secluded, Augusta had a basic understanding of the continent. He knew that the surviving dwarfs had been gathered in the northwest of the Dark Mountain Range, where they established a kingdom named ‘Dumute’. In the language of dwarfs, ‘dumute’ meant ‘glory’. However, what they worshiped was Okun, the God of Valiance and Heit, the God of Craftsmen, instead of the God of Steam, the Lord of Life and Death, and the Great Existence Whose Name Must Not Be Invoked.

Therefore, Augustus was rather confused that an emissary of the God of Steam came from the kingdom of dwarfs.

Harold scratched his head. “I found it odd, too. The Lord has never issued any oracle asking us to go to Dumute. They do not worship the Great Lord, either...”

Puzzled as he might be, he had to be prudent since it concerned the Lord, and he dared not kick the guy away.

Cleaning his armor, Augustus picked up the steam hammer and said, “Bring him here.”

Harold turned around and left. Very soon, he returned with a dwarf in leather armor.

The dwarf's face was covered in a gold beard, making it impossible to infer his age from his face.

He was rather polite in the way he spoke. "Honorable elder of the Night Tribe, I am Ham from Dumute. I am a temple warrior who serves the great God of Steam. I received an oracle a while ago, which asked me to contact you in Rentato so that you could really be embraced by the Lord."

"The God of Steam?" Augustus expressed his confusion, not entirely sincerely.

Ham nodded solemnly. "Yes. Not a long time ago, the great Lord Heit announced his real identity. As it turns out, he is not just the God of Craftsmen but also the God of Steam who has been looking after dwarfs for generations. It was only because he was sleeping that his incarnation walked the earth..."

He introduced what happened in the kingdom of dwarfs. "...The dusk of gods is about to come. Therefore, the Lord has been woken up from his sleep and arrived again. That's why you were freed from the Night Highland..."

"The God of Craftsmen..." Augustus recited the name quietly.

Seeing no apparent objection from him and Harold, Ham said solemnly, "The Lord hopes that you can spread His glory in Holm and let everybody praise His name."

While talking, he took out a dwarf figurine from his storage bag. It was holding a hammer, with its beard and hair stretching out, giving the feeling of sacredness and profundity.

“You must feel very strange that the reverends and cardinals of the Saint Truth can perform divine powers while you can’t. That’s because you have never passed the test of the Lord until right now! Just place the Lord’s figurine on the altar and worship it according to this ritual, and the pious will be granted divine powers very soon, just like me!” Ham brought out a ritual book and announced. In the meantime, he stepped forward, his body glowing in ivory brilliant that called for reverence.

He was a ‘Saint Warrior’, a fake reverend who was more inclined to face-to-face battles. That was why he could perform the spell of God’s Grant.

“A divine power...” Harold and Augustus both beamed with interest. It had been their greatest worry that the God of Steam never gave them any divine power.

Ham laughed and transferred the figurine and the ritual book to Augustus. “In the future, we will be fellows!”

After seeing Ham off, Harold came back. He looked at the stunned Augustus and asked, “Senior elder, do you believe what he said?”

“I don’t.” Augustus looked gloomily, “We are the dwarfs who left the Night Highland thanks to the grace of the great God of Steam. We are His favored people. Even if He has any oracle, it shouldn’t be forwarded by an external dwarf; the Lord would’ve given it to us directly!”

The issue made him feel that his position as the senior elder was threatened. Always considering himself as a spokesperson of the God of Steam on the earth, he did not receive any oracle and had to wait for a common dwarf to inform him!

Therefore, after a brief contemplation, he firmly denied the possibility that the God of Craftsmen was an incarnation of the God of Steam, unless the Lord said otherwise to himself directly!

Until then, he would not waver at all but would continue his devotion. If words and divine power were enough to confirm that a being was the great God of Steam, all the fake gods would be Glowing Morning Stars!

Harold thought the same, but he was less determined. "What about divine power..."

If the God of Steam never granted divine powers to them, part of their compatriots would definitely be attracted by this. Also, he was personally fascinated by the divine power, too.

"Divine power? Can the common divine powers be compared to Eternal Blaze and Atlantis? Can they compare to the burst guns we manufacture?" Although Augusta was also tempted by divine powers, he was not intimidated at all. "The oracle of the Lord asked us to construct the Atlantis on earth. The development of Rentato fit the vision we saw perfectly. As for Dumute, you must know that everything there is underdeveloped and against what is expected of Atlantis!"

"By the time we can create a weapon of Eternal Blaze, will divine power deserve any attention?"

Harold nodded heavily. "The life in Rentato is the life that I always dreamed about. I feel that my every effort makes me closer to Atlantis!"

But it will be even better if there are divine powers! he thought to himself.

“Senior elder, what do we do?” He looked at where Ham left just now.

Augustus shook his head. “It’s not a problem that we wait for the oracle instead of acknowledging Ham, but we cannot deal with him recklessly. What if this is a test of the Lord? We need to figure out a way to prevent him from getting in touch with other dwarfs...”

“But is there any way we can achieve that?” Asked Harold, upset.

.....

In Allyn.

After opening the secret gate towards the core of the City in the Sky, Lucien and Fernando walked in, ready to observe the operation of the reactor and locate the possible flaws.

“...Introducing consciousness into the microscopic domain is pointless. The observer effect is more likely to be a reaction of the observing movement. It’s not as subjective as you described.” In the quiet channel, Fernando talked about Lucien’s weird explanation on the microscopic particles again. “Hypotheses that are not based on mathematics are just poppycock.”

He firmly believed in that, but he couldn't find a better explanation for now due to the limitation of mathematics, or he would've roared a long time ago.

Lucien smiled, "However, whatever the explanation is, we have to reserve a place for magic in it. I believe that the secrets of magic must lie in the microscopic domain."

Fernando rather agreed with that. If the source of magic couldn't be found in the most peculiar microscopic domain, it would be impossible to find it in other fields. "Interpreting the spiritual power and the power of faith as special electromagnetic waves is not bad, but the problem is, why would godhood be gathered, and why could magic be performed, when the special electromagnetic waves are gathered?"

Their conversation was not as intense as last time.

After opening another gate that had complicated magic patterns, Lucien saw the fission reactor inside. Different from Earth, a lot of parts were not needed on the reactor thanks to magic. The nuclear energy was even directly transformed into electricity and other forms of power. It looked less gargantuan and more delicate and mysterious.

Glittering streams of energy flowed to different parts of the City in the Sky through different channels, sustaining its operation as a backup source of power. In this room that had a coverage of several dozen square meters, the flickering light added an air of profundity and mysteriousness to everything.

At the center of the room was black-and-white magic circles, which were connected into the complicated fission reactor.

"It looks normal." Lucien approached and looked around.

Suddenly, the rows of red lights on the wall all shined, and a terrible storm spread out of the center of the reactor.

“Danger! Magic circles out of control! Top protection activated!”

Prospell’s voice echoed.

Complicated magic patterns glittered, and the defense of Allyn blocked the place where the reactor was at!

Because teleportation was forbidden here, Lucien could only seize the time to perform ‘Space Staff’.

Ripples of light glittered, and many different spaces were added to Lucien, making him seem to be in a different world.

BOOM!

An intense explosion took place at the center of the reactor. The dazzling light and the super-high temperature melted everything they could. Then, the terrible tempest of energy blew at the space-time barrier and gradually disappeared in different worlds.

After the explosion, Lucien opened his eyes and discovered that only several layers of the defense were broken. He was not greatly affected.

“What went wrong?” Fernando looked at the traces of meltdown with obvious confusion and reflected on the design of the reactor.

Lucien was more or less anxious just now, but after experiencing a reactor explosion in person, he came to the understanding that this was not Earth, and reactor explosions might cause no damage at all.

Fernando walked out of the barrier after enhancing himself with magic. Exposed to the overwhelming radiation, he began to examine the remains carefully.

“This place is enshrouded in curses. They must be cleared.” He said casually.

“Yes. Let’s clean them with Eternal Blaze.” Lucien also replied casually. Then he saw his teacher glaring at him.

.....

Staying in a room in a small hotel, Ham walked back and forth in delight. That ‘God of Steam’ hadn’t granted the believers any divine power. It seemed that his mission could be accomplished easily now! Even if the senior elder had other plans, it would be easy for him to steal the guy’s power!

Dum, dum, dum. Somebody knocked on the door.

“Who is it?” Asked Ham warily. He also checked the stranger with the few divine powers he knew.

“Dear guest, please open the door. The roasted fish with honey you ordered is ready.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 691: God of Craftsmen

“Roasted fish?” Ham subconsciously repeated. He finally remembered that he specifically ordered the famous local specialty as a reward for himself just now.

Although the food of Holm was too dull and tasteless for the gourmets, the roasted fish of different flavors was still a nice entertainment for the short-time visitors of the place. For example, the roasted fish with honey on Landel Avenue was famous worldwide, and every visitor in Rentato would go there to enjoy it. Ham was no exception. However, since it was inconvenient for him to go out with his mission, he could only order the food with the wired phone in the hotel.

Ham was much more relieved after ascertaining the door knocker. He scanned with his divine power and saw that it was a young waiter outside. So, he went to the door and was ready to open it.

“Mister, please open the door. The roasted fish with honey you ordered is here.” Bam, bam, bam. The waiter outside seemed to feel that he lacked manners in the way he addressed the customer just now and knocked on the door again.

“Why the rush?” It was something unique to Holm. Ham had never experienced similar things in Dumute. He shook his head in amusement. Phone orders were only available in Rentato where phones were most promoted.

The moment he opened the door, the fragrance of roasted fish entered Ham’s nose. Right when he was drooling hard, two shadows suddenly lunged out of a corner. One of them tied Ham’s legs, and the other covered Ham’s upper half body, making it impossible to see or hear what was around him.

“Enemy!” Ham was both shocked and infuriated. He only opened his door to accept his roasted fish with honey, and he was attacked!

His muscles bulged, and his eyes were covered in vague berserker redness. Darkness flashed on his skin that was exposed to the air, while he jerked away from the boundary of the shadows.

The blood power of dwarfs was the intimacy with machinery. Their physical strength was relatively higher, but there was nothing special about it. That was why the dwarfs from the Night Highland could not activate their blood power like human beings. However, the dwarfs who failed to migrate to the Night Highland became experiment subjects in the Magic Empire. After melting the blood of the barbarians and the swamp gnomes, the blood power of dwarfs mutated into a somewhat strong blood power.

After their blood power was activated, the dwarfs would have a physical strength and defense that was as good as barbarians of the same level. They would also be given the ability of berserkers. Ham, on the other hand, was exactly a warrior whose blood power had been activated.

His strength burst out and dispersed the shadows. Ham blinked away to avoid the subsequent attacks, before he drove away the darkness that had enshrouded him with divine powers.

At this moment, the young waiter standing on his opposite side raised the tray that contained the roasted fish and knocked Ham's head so fast that he couldn't dodge at all!

There was no telling what the tray was made of, but Ham was dizzy and saw countless gold stars shining before his eyes. The soft meat of the fish, on the other hand, dripped past Ham's eyes, nose and entered his nose with the fragrance.

Under such circumstances, Ham finally got a taste of the roasted fish with honey that he had long expected.

It tasted not bad at all!

While his brain was still sluggish, the shadows came back again. The ambushers launched marvelous spells again and soon broke Ham's defense.

At the turn of the stairs, Buck, the senior policeman of Rentato, watched the intense but limited battle. After the three experts of the intelligence department pressed Ham to the ground and tied him with the armband and necklace that could restrain blood powers and divine powers, he said to himself in amusement. "Interested in dwarfs? Do you not know that the kingdom has been paying attention to them closely? The intelligence personnel got their eyes on you immediately after you reached out to Harold. Tsk. Roasted fish with honey?"

He was ordered to cooperate with the intelligence personnel in case the ordinary people around were hurt.

Nobody knew exactly who the God of Steam was, but the leadership of the Congress and the grand nobles of the kingdom had basically guessed. It couldn't have been anybody other than Lucien Evans. Arthur Doyle could prove that Lucien navigated the dwarfs out of the Night Highland, and the dwarfs regarded Eternal Blaze as a symbol of the God of Steam after witnessing it, claiming that they saw it in Atlantis in their dream. Therefore, everybody considered dwarfs as Lucien's 'territory'.

For the Congress, it was merely a misunderstanding of the dwarfs and not about the dissemination of faith. In the kingdom, on the other hand, having been confirmed by Lucien about his association with them, Natasha had instructed the intelligence department to watch them closely.

Buck retreated after Ham was taken away. The operation ended quickly without causing any major fuzz. The traveler next door even did not notice that a secret arrest happened just now. He was still mumbling to himself, "Roasted fish with honey... does smell good. Should I order one, too?"

.....

In the secret intelligence apartment of Holm...

In the basement, having received the report, Natasha decided to interrogate him in person. She suspected that it had something to do with the secrets of demigods that Viken spread in secret.

In a simple cream-colored hunting suit, she stood before Ham, her arms crossed, and repeated the information she just obtained. “Heit, the God of Craftsmen, defeated Okun, the God of Valiance, in the annual summer ritual. Afterwards, Okun admitted that Heit was an incarnation of the God of Steam and respected him as the overlord of the dwarf gods. Heit took the chance to announce his identity and sent envoys to contact the dwarfs of other tribes in the continent.”

“So, he got his eyes on the pious dwarfs of Rentato and intended to take advantage of the God of Steam who could not grant divine powers... Hehe, I’m afraid that Okun is no longer the Okun he used to be.”

She did not sound solemn but rather amused, as if it were not an important matter but just a folly.

The religions of fake gods which rose at the beginning of the War of Dawn were not weak. Different from the fake gods like Ell in the alternate dimensions, the gods of such religions were usually legendary, like the mother God of the earth, the Master of Darkness, the God of Valiance and the God of Craftsmen. There were about eight legendary fake gods.

As to why they were not restrained by godhood or affected by the gathered power of faith like Ell did, whose self-awareness and soul were disrupted by the invading consciousnesses, the Congress of Magic did not understand the reason at the beginning, but after discovering the secrets of the ancient sorcerers in the World of Souls, they basically understood what it was about.

They must’ve been the products of the ancient sorcerers during the studies of gods. Instead of melting themselves with the power of faith directly, they had replaced themselves with special divine items first and finished the melting at the end. The problems were less severe this way.

Ham was only one meter tall. Shaking his dizzy head, he was full of ire when faced with Natasha before. He had been faithful and refused to say anything until the lady who was more terrifying than gods and dragons came in. After her silver and purple eyes glared at him, he was so overwhelmed that his soul seemed to be cut and minced by knives, and he confessed everything he knew.

Natasha was so tall that Ham had to crane his head in order to see her face. He shouted angrily, “You have desecrated the great God of Steam. You shall be punished!”

“I do not like other people calling themselves God of Steam. Please ask Heit to change his name, or he might have no name anymore, because dead people, no, dead gods do not need names.” Said Natasha half jokingly.

Suddenly, bright gold light burst out of Ham’s body, and the heart of faith consumed him, turning him into a swirl of gold brilliance.

A voice of exasperation echoed from the swirl. “I am very mad at your disrespect!”

And the consequences would be dire... Influenced by Lucien, Natasha finished the sentence for him, while she thought to herself in amusement that the guy had indeed arrived.

The swirl immediately turned transparent. A dwarf wearing a gold, hallowed armor could be vaguely seen. He was holding a heavy silver hammer that was fully loaded with patterns.

“Accept your judgment!” Heit waited the silver hammer angrily, turning the gold swirl into the same shape before smashing it at Natasha.

A silver sword suddenly glittered. After a flash, the gold swirl was shattered into pieces, and the illusionary, hideous cracks cut the many obstacles in between through obscure connections and slashed Heit unstoppably!

“Ahhhhhhhhhhh!!”

Heit’s painful roar came through the last bit of gold light and echoed in the chamber for a long time.

Looking at the disappearing gold swirl, Natasha shook her head. “I still cannot carry out the power of the Sword of Truth under such circumstances...”

As a matter of fact, she could carry out the power of the Sword of Truth more because of her blood power and her hard work. If the common level-one legends were as strong as her, Heit wouldn’t have arrived recklessly to teach her a lesson at all.

Heit was a level-two legendary god. He thought that in a remote battle through the heart of faith, Natasha’s Sword of Truth couldn’t be so horrifying without really hitting the target, and he could deal with the general attacks. As a result, he suffered a major setback.

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Inside the Atomic Universe...

Natasha looked at Lucien in amusement. “Ever since Viken secretly spread the way to become demigods, the competition of faith has become heated. Your steam dwarfs will definitely be coveted. I don’t think you can maintain them without granting them divine power. Hehe. How are you going to deal with them?”

“I don’t think it’s a big deal. That is not my path.” Lucien scratched his chin and smiled. “However, I am happy to do what certain people want me to do. As for Heit, I need to find a chance to ‘talk’ with him properly.”

Natasha chuckled and found it interesting. It was not until they discussed it for a long time that she finally changed the subject with great interest. “What’s the paper on your desk?”

“Basics of Mathematics. The mathematical development in the Congress is uncoordinated and unsystematic. I’m planning to sort through the knowledge such as sets and topology and establish a whole system. Well, it also includes certain mathematical conundrums and paradoxes that I haven’t figured out yet. I hope that the development of mathematics can be bolstered by working on those questions.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 692: Divine Power

“Mathematical conundrums that even you can’t fix?” Natasha was immediately full of interest after hearing Lucien’s words. She picked up the paper before Lucien in the spirit that the ignorant are fearless. Turning the pages quickly, she found the ten conundrums listed at the end of it.

“The four-color theorem... Lucien Conjecture... barber paradox” Natasha read the questions softly, before she was caught in a long silence.

Amused, Lucien looked at her. “How about it? Any thoughts?”

Natasha was suddenly woken up, as if she had been in a nightmare. She scratched her chin habitually and said, “Tricky questions. Yes, they are very tricky questions that require the efforts of all the arcanists in the Congress. Right, Lucien, what do you think of the current situation?”

“I remember you asking me the question not a long time ago.” With a smile, Lucien tapped the table softly.

Raising her head, Natasha said solemnly, “Don’t you always say that things are permanently changing, that stillness is relative and motion and changes are absolute? It’s been many days since I last asked you, during which time many events, such as the explosion in the fission reaction and the transformation of godhood, have occurred. Of course our opinion on the situation must be updated!”

“It has occurred to me that you are getting more and more colloquial.” Lucien teased her.

Natasha pressed her left chest with her right hand and bowed in the manner of a gentleman. Smiling, she said, “I have to thank you for your guidance, professor. Your extraordinary understanding in so many aspects have opened a new gate for me. Hahaha.”

As she approached the end, she seemed to recall a hilarious joke and laughed so hard that she could barely stand straight.

Lucien's lips twitched, somewhat regretting that he had told too many meaningful jokes to Natasha. "...In fact, the current situation is both clear and complicated. Ever since Viken spread the way to become demigod, we have entered the age of rivalry: top legends hope to become demigods, common legends try to reach the peak, and the non-legends attempt to advance into legends."

"The rivalry is not just between individuals but also among races, forces and organizations. If you are slightly behind, you may get killed. Even if you survive it, you will still be weakened, and you have to work a hundred times harder to catch up. Also, Viken's way requires faith, which means cruel competition. Everybody can be a friend, and everybody can be a foe."

Natasha's smile was gone after hearing Lucien's interpretation. "I never thought that Thanos and Viken's way is normal. It is too problematic and cruel. Perhaps, this will be an age of fierce competitions, but I will not surrender because of that. I'll find my own path."

"Me, too." Lucien did not talk much.

Natasha patted Lucien's shoulder. "It's relatively easy for me to make progress from level one of legendary, but it's difficult for you to reach the peak. Whatever you really think, and whether or not you will walk on Viken's path, many people will consider you their competitor."

Lucien understood what Natasha was trying to say. He nodded solemnly. "For both myself and you, I will not stop pressing forward. No obstacles can stop my advancement!"

After seeing the mysteries of immortality, Lucien had a guess about the differences and similarities of the two worlds, but it still required the confirmation of more phenomena. Therefore, he dared not make advancements by proposing the quantum field theory and the standard particle model. After all, his head might explode if there were any disagreement!

“Dozens of level-three legends, and a dozen of top legends. Your ‘opponents’ are not weak at all.” That being said, Natasha’s eyes were glittering with confidence in Lucien.

As they looked at each other, the atmosphere gradually became warm. Lucien pulled Natasha and was ready to kiss her, when Natasha suddenly said, “Right, what about the pollution caused by the fission reactor? How are you going to deal with it?”

Lucien looked at her, amused. “You are truly an expert of ruining atmospheres...”

Natasha chuckled proudly. “I’m caring about the grave pollution problem as a qualified ruler!”

“So, it was on purpose...” Lucien rubbed his temples and said with a vague smile. “I proposed that it be cleaned with a lesser Eternal Blaze, but my teacher rejected it. So, he’s the one taking care of it now.”

.....

BOOM!

Inside the Atom Institution, Heidi, who was dedicated to the production of vacuum tubes with magic circles and alchemical items, almost fell under the earthquake. Thankfully, she stabilized her body in time by casting instant spells.

“What’s going on? Why is the City in the Sky shaking again?” Caught unprepared, Iristine and Nodanielle could only clutch the metal tubes on the wall.

The new semester was still more than half a month away. Iristine took the opportunity to visit Allyn with Nodanielle and make friends with the distinguished sorcerers through Heidi.

Looking at Chelly and the assistants like Lowi and Alfalia who fell due to untimely reaction, Heidi shook her head helplessly. “How do I know? This is the City in the Sky. There shouldn’t be any earthquakes. The wind in the sky cannot pass the half-activated defense at all.”

Then, she suddenly realized something. “The shake we experienced last time was caused by the explosion in the fission reaction according to our teacher. Is it another accident? That’s not right. The other reactor was shut off after the previous accident.”

Having not experienced the horror of the fission reaction, she talked about the meltdown of the reactor as if it were nothing more than an accidental damage of a certain magic circle in her laboratory.

“The fission reactor... I hope that no major pollutants are caused...” Iristine said in a low voice worriedly.

At the core of the City in the Sky...

Looking at the chamber where the pollution had been basically cleared, and the wall and the floor which were even more melted and damaged, Fernando nodded in satisfaction. “Eternal Blaze is most effective after all...”

He refused Lucien's suggestion and looked for other ways to clear the curses and pollutions, but they would've all taken at least a month. Better ways were not invented yet. Therefore, too impetuous and too busy studying why the reactor went out of control, he went on a rampage and released an Eternal Blaze whose power was reduced in the spacious room, which prompted the highest defense of Allyn to be activated again.

After the boom, the whole world was clean...

.....

A month later, in the district of workers where dwarfs gathered in Rentato...

Augustus, leading Harold, Myrna and the central people of his clan, kneeled before the silver 'nuclear bomb', holding their weekly ritual of prayer.

Although Ham, the emissary of 'God of Craftsmen', went missing mysteriously, and what Augustus and Harold worried did not happen, such things might happen again now that they had already happened. The fat and defenseless prey would only catch incessant predators. Therefore, with the severe sense of crisis, they fortified their people's faith in the real God of Steam through various rituals and activities to be better united, in case they were dazzled by other people's divine powers and attracted to them.

They were not worried about the other fake gods, but the God of Craftsmen, who was also a dwarf, would definitely crush their seemingly tough foundation easily. After all, for the dwarfs from the Night Highland, it would not be a change of faith when they discovered 'the incarnation of the God of Steam on earth'! Such bragging was barely resistible without the oracle from the Lord!

“You dominate everything. You master the boundary between life and death. You’re the King of the kings, the God above the gods.”

Augustus covered his eyes with his right hand and kneeled deeply. Eclipsed by his solemn voice were his anxious and expectant thoughts, “Great God of Steam, please grant your devout believers divine powers, so that we can defend your honor, practice your doctrines, and construct Atlantis on earth.”

No matter how the Congress of Magic revealed the ‘real appearance’ of the God of Truth and the other fake gods to the intelligent creatures convincingly, as long as divine powers still existed, the foundation of faith would be unshakable. Countless believers would still believe in the existence of the true god!

In a religion without divine powers, the bond among each other was so weak that it would crumble under the first wind! After they left the Night Highland and reached Rentato, too many dwarfs had been fascinated by the marvelous world, corrupted by entertainment and violence, and addicted to the Holmish Church and the Congress of Magic.

“My Lord, we are not impious, but even the deepest faith has to be maintained by power...”

Augustus prayed earnestly and hopefully in his heart again.

The ritual reached the end. Exactly like every time before, the God of Steam did not reveal any miracle.

Harold was more or less disappointed, but what happened to the Night Highland made him dare not to complain.

Augustus was equally frustrated, but when he was about to rise, his head suddenly hummed, and he felt that colors faded around him, leaving only the ivory brilliance and the silver 'nuclear bomb' before him!

Then, he felt the most overwhelming power rising from the nuclear bomb and connecting to his soul.

His soul somehow trembled, as if he were faced with a high and mighty being, like the boundary starry night he looked up to every day!

"What I grant you are the mysteries of steam and the essence of machinery. After you grasp them, they will be as intimidating as divine powers..."

Augustus felt that his soul was floating and melting into the ivory light nearby, turning into a sacred and pure cluster of light!

"...I grant you divine powers for you to survive in the 'dusk of gods' to happen soon, and for you to learn what steam really represents and what Atlantis really means through comparison..."

"...Whoever leaks the secrets of the divine power will lose the power and be punished!"

The hollow and profound sound echoed next to Augustus' ears, filling his heart with delight.

Harold, Myrna and the other dwarfs looked ahead, confused and shocked. The silver sacred item released gentle and holy brilliance.

The pure and holy brilliance enshrouded the senior elder on the ground, making him hallowed and rise nonstop!

Suddenly, Augustus stood up, and the ivory light around him rippled out layer after layer, which made Harold, Myrna and the other dwarfs feel lighthearted, vigorous and peaceful!

Is... Is this divine power?

Shedding tears, Augustus raised his right hand and covered his eyes, before he shouted:

“You are one, and everyone!”

Harold, Myrna and the rest of them kneeled on the ground again and prayed in overjoy and astonishment:

“We shall defend your doctrines, so that the holy name of steam will reach the pinnacle again!”

Chapter 693 - 'Holy Name' of the God of Steam

Chapter 693: 'Holy Name' of the God of Steam

Augustus put down his right hand and covered his eyes and said solemnly, "The Lord has heard our prayer and granted us divine powers, so that we can disseminate his glory and preach his doctrines."

"This is the best compliment for our devotion!"

As he spoke aloud, the ivory brilliance around him surged into gold sunlight and surged towards all directions, drowning Harold, Myrna and the other dwarfs.

Harold immediately sensed another improvement of his strength. He became excited and filled with desire for battle, fearless of desperation or pain!

That was the feeling of the real warriors!

That was 'Warrior Tide', a level-five divine power, and the best that Augustus could achieve so far!

At this moment, the concerns and sense of crisis in Augustus' heart were gone. It was not true that the great God of Steam could not grant divine powers, He simply preferred steam and machinery. Therefore, the senior elder smiled solemnly. "I listened to the lecture of the Lord and understood that the greatest secrets of the world lie in steam and machinery. If we grasp them, we will boast the strength that is beyond divine power, such as weapons which can produce Eternal Blaze."

"The Lord told us that divine power is just a temporary weapon that we can protect ourselves in a certain phase of our journey but not the thing that we should depend on and preach His doctrines with. After we live through the phase, we will naturally drop the divine power and devote ourselves to steam and machinery, so that we can dig out their mysteries and possess the real power of ourselves with our own work. Only in such a way will we be able to establish Atlantis on earth.

Harold, Myrna and the other dwarfs all prayed, "Great God of Steam, you look after us and master the supreme power. May we reestablish a glorious steam civilization under your protection!"

Augustus hesitated for a moment, but when he thought of the hallowed air and the marvelous divine power, he still said solemnly, "You will pray before the divine item in turns. The Lord will grant divine power to those who are pious."

What?

Really?

Harold, Myrna and the other dwarfs were hit by wild joy again. After witnessing what happened just now, they thought that it was a special favor from the Lord to their senior elder, and that the believers who more or less wavered in their heart like themselves had to wait longer before they received divine power with their actions.

It never occurred to them that the great God of Steam would grant them divine power without holding any grudge!

“You are the embodiment of virtues, and you teach us the truth of benevolence.”

Harold and the other dwarfs covered their eyes with their right hand again and prayed sincerely. They felt that their mind was empty and their faith was even purer. Tears of joy were even flowing out of their eyes.

Then, Harold reached before the silver ‘nuclear bomb’ and recited the content of ‘Mechanical Apocalypse’.

The noise was suddenly gone. Myrna and the other dwarfs looked at Harold attentively and hopefully. Would the Lord show favor?

Suddenly, another pure and brilliant light shot out of the silver sacred item. It illuminated Harold as if it covered him with a holy overcoat, making him look like an ‘angel’ in the Saint Truth.

A divine power had truly been granted!

Myrna and the other dwarfs were thrilled. They had witnessed a miracle and the Lord’s favor over the dwarfs in person!

Harold’s vibe grew exponentially and did not stop until he reached the level of bishop.

Augustus was more or less relieved after that. According to the standard of divine power, he was a level-five bishop, and Harold was a level-three one. He was still the leader of the night dwarfs and the archbishop of the Steam Church!

After that, the dwarfs prayed before the divine item in order, but not all of them got the seed of faith and grew the heart of faith. Only ten or so dwarfs, including Myrna, were given divine power. Correspondingly, only Myrna and Aquinas became level-three bishops like Harold.

However, the other dwarfs did not complain, because those who were given divine powers were the most pious believers and who became leaders for their ‘devotion’. After they became leaders, they had to pretend to be pious even if they were not so, or they wouldn’t be able to command their subordinates at all.

After the ritual was over, Archbishop Augustus stood before the divine item and said solemnly, “The divine power contradicts our purpose to construct Atlantis on earth. Therefore, the Lord asks us not to brag about it, or we may be lost in power. He reminds us to keep it a secret and only show it in front of the believers. Whoever tells it to outsiders or performs divine power before outsiders without necessity will be deprived of the power and punished!”

As a matter of fact, he didn’t quite understand why the great God of Steam gave such an oracle, but after experiencing the miracle, he dared not suspect it at all.

Even less courageous to question it were Harold, Myrna, Aquinas and the other dwarfs, who covered their eyes with their right hand:

“Your instruction will be obeyed. You are the Lord of Life and Death, the King of the kings, the God above the gods.”

The ivory brilliance inside the silver 'divine item' became dim. If an archmage or a legend were here, they would see a vast universe inside the brilliance, in which the stars were releasing light of different colors.

Inside the Atomic Universe...

Lucien was floating above a relatively stable planet of silicon. Before him was an altar of complicated magic patterns, and on the altar was the effigy of a bad dwarf.

The effigy was made of manually-polished metal parts and emitted a cold, mysterious vibe. The dark green tattoo engraved on the head seemed to be releasing metal electromagnetic waves nonstop.

Sacred and solemn light was gathered on the statue from the void, flying in and out, until they were gradually melted, presenting the feeling of vastness and transcendence.

The unmelted spots of light danced like little angels. If one were to listen attentively, they would hear different prayers and compliments, which turned the space pure and holy.

Divine power flowed from the effigy into the altar and absorbed the power of magic from the altar. They were never more harmonious in such a situation!

“It’s a pity that the heart of faith contradicts the cognitive world, or we will be able to perform divine power without the assistance of items.” Four other people floated next to Lucien. They were Douglas, Fernando, Hathaway and Natasha. It was exactly Douglas who made the remark.

Although sorcerers could partly construct their cognitive world with faith, like Artil did, who did not have a brain explosion but was swallowed by the holy light when his cognitive world collapsed, it did not mean that he could perform divine power, unless he completely modified his cognitive world into the heart of faith. By the same logic, no clerics except for demigods in the superposition state could construct their cognitive world and perform magic with the heart of faith.

Lucien nodded. “The two of them are based on different things. One of them is founded on the nature and secrets of the world with one’s own knowledge, and the other is obtained by changing one’s ideas into the god he believes. In this experiment, I would like to find out the details of the secrets of the demigods.”

This was a path to gods that Thanos and Viken improved. It was different from the primitive ways that the fake gods like Dark Dragon Lord used for their advancement.

“Existence justifies itself. Whether or not we admit it or walk on it, the very existence of ‘gods’ suggest another facet of the nature of the world. Therefore, we must study them instead of running away. Lucien, your studies on them are very valuable.” Douglas was rather open-minded about that.

Lucien smiled. “I hope Mr. President, master and Granny Hathaway can keep it a secret for me. Since we concealed the way to become demigods earlier, I fear that this thing will make the other members of the Highest Council suspicious of me. Let’s keep silent until we have some results.”

He was merely notifying the few grand arcanists of his new work.

“Acting so mysterious. I don’t know what you are up to at all.” Fernando glared at Lucien. In his eyes, such a reason was too far-fetched, but he did not point it out and decided to see what his student was really planning to do.

Taking out her notebook, Hathaway studied the previous questions with the altar and the special divine item. “You can only grant ten dwarfs divine power?”

“A lot of the power of faith that the effigy gathered in the past is gone due to the lack of dependence. The power left is not enough to grant five people at all. Thankfully, I exchanged a few advanced divine items of the Saint Truth, which gave the power a high divine power. I can’t do any better than that right now.” Lucien explained in great detail.

After Douglas, Fernando and Hathaway left with the firsthand data, Natasha looked at the effigy of dwarf with great interest. “I never knew that you had such a queer taste. You like tattooed baldies...”

As for it being a dwarf, she found it more or less understandable. After all, it was a God of Steam designed for dwarfs.

Lucien chuckled. “This effigy of dwarf is named ‘Yuri’.”

“Yuri... What’s the connection?” Asked Natasha in confusion.

...

In the Tower...

Sitting inside her unique library, Samantha looked at the air before her. She seemed to be hearing low or loud voices echoing in the room.

“Now, what I want to say is that something may be wrong with determinism, because certain processes are probabilistic and irreversible...”

“Determinism must die...”

For a long time, those words had been haunting her like a nightmare, making her lost, overwhelmed and frustrated. What was most horrifying was that the experiments completed so far all indicated the uncertainties and probabilities of microscopic particles.

Pressing her forehead, she said in a low voice, “Arcana needs to live, so determinism must die?”

Her voice was full of bitterness and resistance.

Dum, dum, dum. She heard rapid footsteps outside, and they did not seem to come from one person. She opened the door, only to discover that the Tower sorcerers were gathering in a certain room.

“What happened?” Samantha saw her good friend, Rachel.

Rachel looked lost and painful. “Havin killed himself...”

“He did?” Asked Samantha in surprise. Suicide? Not died of a brain explosion but killed himself?

No important experiments could confirm uncertainties and probabilities yet, and the only problem was that the thought experiments could not deny them. Therefore, even though Havin was a hardcore supporter of determinism, the stability of his cognitive world shouldn’t have been affected.

It also left enough buffer for the rest of them.

“Perhaps, he was devastated by the development of arcana...” Said Rachel in a low voice.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 694: Book of Demons

Under the help of the tower guard, the sorcerers who arrived early opened the closed gate, revealing what was inside the room to Samantha and Rachel clearly.

It was a clean and tidy library, where every book had been placed in order. The paper on the desk had been divided into several piles in an organized way, even including the scribbles. Every detail and every corner suggested the strict if not obsessive-compulsive personality of its owner, Havin.

Havin was seated in the chair behind the desk, with a layer of clear ice frozen on his body. The ice was not melted even in the scorching July. Instead, it turned the air around into frost.

Havin sat straight in the ice. He was wearing the standard attire of the Tower sorcerers. Together with the badges on his chest, he dressed so formally as if he were going to the award ceremony of 'Evans Prize in Arcana' or 'Arcana Scepter'.

His face was pale, frozen with vague hopelessness and relief. There was a cup of wine in his hands, as if he would stand up and greet everyone any moment, if it weren't for his hollow and lifeless eyes.

"This is truly the way of death that Havin would choose. Clean and graceful..." Said Rachel to Samantha in a low voice.

Both of them knew Havin. As the arcanists in the Tower who had hope to advance to the sixth circle, they had been both competing with and encouraging each other. The two of them knew Havin rather well. However, while the two of them had become senior-rank arcanists and sorcerers, Havin ended his life with an ice spell. It was truly two examples of the age.

Thinking about her frustration recently, Samantha said in deep thought. "As a matter of fact, Havin would've advanced in another ten years... One shouldn't give up easily however desperate they are. If I were him, I would live on and live well to see how the world of arcana would develop, and if our defeat was worthwhile..."

"Havin had severe obsessive-compulsive disorder and depression in the first place. I'd been meaning to help him with corresponding spells. It's a shame..." Rachel mentioned the concepts that were proposed recently.

In the past, such psychological problems could be dealt with magic, such as Mechanized Mind and other spells, but their effect was short. No sorcerers could completely resolve the problems unless they were willing to abandon their normal feelings. Therefore, it was not rare for the ancient sorcerers to go extreme or crazy!

As her good friend, Samantha was not ignorant of the development of psychology. She nodded, "Other than the help of magic, daily comfort is also required. However, psychological therapies always lack a fundamental theory. The research results cannot be gathered into a complete system."

As they talked, they walked into Havin's room. As Havin's friends and senior-rank sorcerers, they were acknowledged that they were suitable to deal with the issue.

Thanks to Havin's 'good habit', Rachel and Samantha didn't spend much time searching when they found an unsealed letter on the desk.

The paper inside the envelope carried the aroma of books. It had been folded squarely.

After careful examination, Rachel opened the letter and read its contents:

"...The debate recently exhausted me. I cannot imagine that the foundation of the whole school of astrology would be disrupted, or the certainties of the material world would be lost... I kept arguing with other people, but things were developing the exact opposite way..."

“...I’m deeply lost when I recall the rapid development of arcana in the past years. What we fear and resist today is the product of the theories that delighted and satisfied us previously. How absurd...”

“...My brain is haunted by the irresolvable and even self-contradictory problems without one moment of peace, but my consideration cannot answer any dilemma. I’m tired, and I want to end such a life...”

“...I’ve made a cowardly decision. I don’t think I can catch up with the development of arcana, and nor I can live with it. I hope that I can return to the golden age of determinism in my dream...”

Reading the letter that was brimming with exhaustion, desperation and confusion, Rachel suddenly felt sympathetic. In fact, most of the arcanists in the Congress shared similar feelings.

“Havin...” She meant to say something, but it eventually became a sigh.

All the sorcerers who came fell into silence, as if they were mourning for both Havin and themselves.

Samantha moved her eyes back from Havin and looked out of the window. The sunlight at the noon of July was so brilliant and dazzling.

Time went by one second after another. Rachel cleared her throat and planned to arrange the funeral, when a Tower sorcerer came from the lift with a thick book in his hands. “‘Nature’ has published a special issue, ‘Basics of Mathematics’!”

He sounded so delighted as if a quick glance had already shown him a strict temple of mathematics.

“Basics of Mathematics?” Asked Samantha subconsciously.

The Tower sorcerer replied joyfully in a loud voice. “Yes. It contains Mr. Evans’ answers to many mathematical problems. Through the answers, he has constructed a broad and valid mathematical system!”

He could only describe it in general, because he hadn’t read it carefully yet. Suddenly, he noticed the situation in the library. “What... What happened to Havin?”

The other sorcerers told him what happened and Havin’s last words to him. He said regretfully, “I should’ve come earlier. If Havin had seen ‘Basics of Mathematics’, his passion in mathematics would’ve been rekindled. I was similarly confused and frustrated before, but those feelings cannot extinguish my enthusiasm for mathematics now. It turns out that there are still so many things we can work on!”

After hearing his declaration, Samantha and Rachel couldn’t help but ask for the copies of the book that he bought for other people. They read the books in Havin’s library.

Although they did not have the time to read the specific deductions, Lucien’s proposition and redefinition of certain mathematical concepts in the fields of numbers, set, group, field and topology already refreshed them. It felt that the scattered, random studies in the past had been gathered into an unbreakable whole.

The content in the book was not beyond their knowledge. It was based on the current mathematical studies and dived deeper into them. The new concepts it proposed were not incomprehensible. Not only were they deduced strictly and logically, but they also met the difficulties that the Tower arcanists had.

Browsing through the book, Samantha and Rachel envisioned a particularly broad world in the realm of mathematics!

“Before, Mr. Evans always said that mathematics must not depend on arcana, that it should not only be used to provide answers for their problems, and that it should be an independent theory based on deductions and reasoning.” Rachel suddenly said with mixed feelings. “I remember what he said clearly and feel that it is very reasonable, but I tend to neglect a lot of questions in the actual research. Now, I have fully understood what Mr. Evans meant.”

Her previous grief and confusion were gone. She seemed to have been reinvigorated.

Samantha also said in deep thought. “Before, when we applied unsystematic mathematical knowledge to solve problems, although we achieved our purpose in the end, the process always felt obscure and difficult, as if certain invisible walls thwarted our efforts. Now, those walls are gone...”

“Yes, Mr. Evans has also further illustrated axiomatization and given a complete axiom system of Tower Geometry.” An arcanist mentioned what was in the latter half of the book. Although Lucien had come up with the notion of axiomatization a long time ago, and the arcanists had certain studies and applications in their work, he still vaguely felt that the fundamental opinion of mathematics seemed to have changed after he saw the axiom system of Tower Geometry.”

In the heated discussion, Samantha suddenly rose. She copied the book in her hand and put it before Havin. Then, she ignited it.

“Your afterworld will be full of color with the company of Basics of Mathematics.” She said in a low voice.

The other arcanists also felt quiet, feeling lucky that Basics of Mathematics was published at such a moment.

After Havin’s body was moved away, Samantha, Rachel and the other arcanists left the room one after another. In the meantime, those arcanists seized the time to read the book. ““Current conundrums in mathematical studies’?”

“...Is it possible to write any even number greater than 2 as the summation of two prime numbers?...” He was stunned after he read the question.

“The four-color theorem?” Another arcanist turned to the next page.

Hearing their words, Samantha and Rachel looked at each other and hurried to read the content behind.

After a while, all the arcanists were standing in the hallway like statues. They mumbled nonstop, looking now lost and now crazy.

After a long time, Samantha and Rachel were suddenly woken up by footsteps. They saw the shock in each other's eyes.

Rachel said in amusement. "Those questions are really terrible. They seem easy but turn out to be extremely difficult if you think deeper..."

"That's why even Mr. Evans is puzzled." Samantha put on a rare smile.

"The last question, the barber paradox?" Rachel reached the end of the book, "A barber in a town, after a certain incident, announced that 'I shave those and only those who do not shave themselves'. Then, should he shave himself? What's the source of the paradox?"

"Well..." Samantha thought for a moment, and the book in her hands hit the floor.

Dum, dum, dum. The other arcanists who heard Rachel's words dropped their book in shock, too.

It was a famous paradox about the set theory. At present, it meant that the set theory had been shaken, and since the set theory was the foundation of mathematics, one might say that the paradox made people doubt the legitimacy of the fundamental structure of the whole mathematics!

"We have to face the horror and desperation brought by the perfection of the set theory when we were just overjoyed by it..." One of the arcanists said what was similar to Havin's last words.

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Iristine and Nodanielle roamed inside the city of Allyn. They saw that many arcanists were working hard in the shadow of trees.

“They are truly hardworking. No wonder the Congress of Magic has been developing so fast.” Observed Iristine in mixed feelings. Then, she looked at one of the young sorcerers curiously. “What’s the book he’s reading?”

“Basics... of... Mathematics...” Thanks to her exceptional sight, Nodanielle identified the words one after another.

“Mathematics...” Iristine nodded her head and was about to leave, when Nodanielle added in confusion, “Those few words have been scrapped, and there are some handwritten words below it...”

Iristine was even more curious. “What are they?”

Nodanielle identified them carefully again. “Book... of... Demons...”

“Book of Demons?” Repeated Iristine in confusion.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 695: Test

On the top floor of the Tower that rose into the clouds...

Before Bergner, one copy of 'Basics of Mathematics' was opened. Long before the special issue of 'Nature' was published, he had already learnt the news and asked for a copy of the manuscript from Levski.

"I have to say that, although there are no groundbreaking insights and mathematical achievements in Evans' book, he has delicately integrated the scattered studies in mathematics so far by proposing certain new concepts and redefining certain old concepts. A complete system with clear branches, a strict architecture and a solid foundation has been established..."

"...His in-depth illustration of the system has completely driven away the mist around mathematics, so that the whole palace of mathematics is finally bathing under the brilliant sun and showing the glorious gold..."

Although Bergner had already made similar remarks when he read it for the first time, he couldn't help but compliment it again and again every time he read it. Ever since calculus was created and defined, nobody had ever made such great contributions to mathematics with a single book.

"...The age of calculus has passed; this is modern mathematics..."

Bergner envisioned that new branches were taking shape in the palace of mathematics, and they all originated from this 'Basics of Mathematics'!

For him, the greatest significance of the book lied in two aspects. Firstly, the geometrical axiom system that Lucien completed filled him with infinite passion about the related mathematical questions. He felt that everything in the world could be axiomatized into a rigorous, self-consistent and flawless system.

Secondly, Lucien's studies on topology, group and set theory gave him inspiration. It seemed that they were not pure, independent and abstract mathematical achievements but could be directly applied to solve many problems in current arcana studies, like the studies of crystals or the cutting edge of the microworld.

"...This is without a doubt the most remarkable book in mathematics over the past hundred years. It will be worshiped by the future arcanists in the temple of mathematics right next to 'Mathematical Principles of Magical Philosophy'. However, it would be perfect if the ten questions in the appendix did not exist..." There was a vague, bitter smile on Bergner's face. The book on him had been turned to 'Current conundrums in mathematical studies'.

For a legendary sorcerer adept at mathematics, he could not resist those questions at all. After browsing through the main part, he devoted himself to the consideration and calculation of the questions.

However, a week had passed since he got 'Basics of Mathematics', but no progress had been made. He failed to solve any of the questions, which rather frustrated him who had always been proud of his expertise in mathematics, particularly when some of the questions seemed easy to prove but were actually full of difficulties.

Of course, none of those mattered compared to the barber paradox in the end, which stunned Bergner for a whole hour.

“Until determinism is completely denied, there can’t be a more painful and humiliating question. When we cheer for the final establishment of the temple of mathematics, its foundation has collapsed. It seems that mathematics itself will be denied as long as we apply the set theory and acknowledge the concepts in the past.”

Bergner heaved a long sigh. He almost couldn’t stop himself from destroying Basics of Mathematics and killing every barber the moment he saw the barber paradox, because he knew that infinite disasters would be caused!

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He moved his eyes down and saw Lucien’s conclusion after the paradox. “Similar paradoxes can be frustrating, but it only means that our studies are not meticulous, and that our understanding about mathematics is more or less wrong. Therefore, instead of feeling desperate and lost, we should dig deeper into the set theory. There is one and only one solution to all mathematical questions, which is to continue studying mathematics itself.”

“...Evans’ arcana attitude is what supported him to make so many accomplishments.” Bergner praised him and turned back to the set theory, starting to rethink. It was obvious that a set paradox could only be resolved with the set theory.

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“...I am your old friend Nightingale. Coming next is ‘Arcana News’...”

It was still the holiday in the generic school. Longman could only learn the latest development of arcana through programs such as 'Arcana Voice' and 'News of the World'.

"...Mr. Evans has finished his masterpiece, 'Basics of Mathematics'. It has solved many problems in mathematics and cleared the obstacles that block the way forward. However, the most eye-catching part of the book is not the main part but the ten conundrums proposed in the end. They have fascinated all the arcanists..."

"...It is obvious that the conundrums which even puzzled Mr. Evans are truly extraordinary. Up until now, no arcanists have announced that they know how to solve them. Even Mr. President and Mr. Brook openly admitted that it was not easy to solve those seemingly easy questions..."

"...It appears that whoever solves the ten questions will be given abundant arcana credits and respected as an authority of mathematics. Those questions are as follows..."

The boy Longman's eyes were widened after he heard that the questions puzzled Mr. Evans. Apart from disbelief, he suddenly had the urge to try. If he could solve the questions that even Mr. Evans couldn't...

The conundrums that Lucien selected were highly representative, but they all looked simple on the surface. Therefore, even Longman could understand them. He took out his pen and paper and calculated.

"...Mr. Evans told us that, while those questions are not concerned with actual arcana studies, and solving them will not bring any substantial results, studying them will itself boost the development of mathematics, and the development of mathematics will support the arcana studies... The same logic applies to the other mathematics domains. In this pure world, one should not blindly pursue applicativeness..."

Very soon, Longman couldn't calculate any further, but his heart was burning with fire after hearing those words, and his cheeks were flushing. "Mathematics is so important? Also, it doesn't seem to need the support of magic... Although I'm not gifted at spiritual power, it doesn't mean that I don't have talents in mathematics..."

"I will certainly be an arcanist! An arcanist that is good at mathematics!"

.....

After reading Basics of Mathematics, most arcanists tried solving the conundrums that Lucien proposed curiously and hopefully. Just because Mr. Evans cannot resolve them doesn't mean we can't! If they could solve one of them, they would earn unimaginable glory and benefits!

As a result, Iristine and Nodanielle often saw lost, unsteady arcanists who seemed to be dwelling in their own world when the two of them traveled in Allyn recently.

However, as time went by, such arcanists were fewer and fewer, and stricken faces were more and more. The copies of Basics of Mathematics in their hands were often marked with different symbols. Some represented demons, some nightmares, and some were mazes without exits. In the end, even though the ten questions had been placed on the permanent screen in the Task Zone, the trend about them came to an inevitable end.

Among them, the Tower arcanists felt most complicated. On one hand, such questions were truly their interest; on the other hand, they had been so gravely stricken by the paradox that they felt the confusion and desperation when determinism was shaken again. Also, while the uncertainties hadn't been proved by any important experiment, the paradox had shown self-contradiction in the most clear way. There was no way to evade it.

“If Havin were alive, he would’ve done the same after he saw this paradox...” Samantha looked out of the window gloomily.

Rachel’s lips twitched. “To think that you burnt ‘Basics of Mathematics’ for him... Do you want him to have nightmares even after he is dead... You must know that the book has been publicly acknowledged as ‘book of demons’. For the arcanists who are not good at mathematics, the number theory and the knowledge on set and group are more dreadful than demons, but for us, the questions and paradoxes at the end are most horrible of all...”

“In any case, mathematics will continue, and we will find a way to resolve the problems...” Samantha encouraged herself.

Therefore, the other arcanists discovered that the Tower arcanists and the other arcanists who were good at mathematics fell silent. In their silence, an outburst was brewing.

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In Atom Institution...

Lucien, Natasha, Lazar, Annick and some other people were gathered in Heidi’s personal laboratory to observe the first prototype of artificial intelligence that she and Chelly assembled.

At the center of the room, countless enormous glass tubes were connected to each other delicately. At their center were simple magic patterns and relatively complicated alchemical parts. Also, there was a curtain standing on the top, rippling like a curtain of water.

“This is huge...” Iristine had been invited to observe it. Although she had guessed its final shape based on her daily observation, the size of the artificial intelligence was still much greater than she thought.

The prototype occupied the better part of the room and equaled to almost ten golems.

Lucien nodded. Thanks to magic, this was much smaller than the first computer on Earth. “Well done. Turn it on and demonstrate it.”

Nervously, Heidi pressed the switch of power. The glass tubes glittered one after another, emitting in red or green colors and changing nonstop. It made the room look like the field of a ball. Since different colors had been developed for magic crystal lamps, there were already balls which attempted to control the change of lights.

“Input the data...” Thanks to the assistance of magic, Heidi did not make things like punched tape but simply inputted with voice and keys.

After she inputted a rather complicated formula, the red and green lights glittered even more intensely, and the electric noises could be heard. In the end, the result was printed on the ‘curtain’.

“The result is correct.” Sprint interjected. “But I have already got the answer a few seconds ago with the ancillary computation circles.”

So, what’s the point?

Heidi secretly snorted and looked at her teacher, hoping to be praised. That was only the first prototype of artificial intelligence, and there was still plenty of room for improvement!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 696: The Use of Artificial Intelligence

Looking at Heidi's hopeful eyes, Lucien smiled and said, "It's indeed a shabby and highly-impractical artificial intelligence..."

Huh? Heidi immediately pulled a long face after hearing her teacher's remark. Chelly, Alfalia, Lowi, Blake and the other sorcerers who contributed to the creation were frustrated, too.

Sprint, however, did not hesitate to mock Heidi who always seemed carefree. "Do you see? Our teacher also thinks that this is basically a toy. A toy so clumsy and enormous that the ordinary people cannot use it at all, no less."

In his eyes, the artificial intelligence had nothing worth complimenting at all except for the advantage that it could be powered with electricity without a sorcerer. Therefore, an ordinary person could complete the computations as long as he could understand the user manual. However, the problem was that the machine was too big, heavy, delicate and expensive to be promoted.

“My ancillary computation circles are only the level of middle-rank sorcerers. Your artificial intelligence would explode in embarrassment if it were the advanced computation circles or our teacher’s legendary ancillary circles in the laboratory. Hehe. Our teacher can beat it even by calculating with his brain...” Sprint did not intend to let Heidi go easily.

It was not because he was hostile towards Heidi. Instead, he felt that Annick, Heidi and the other classmates were his few real friends. He merely felt that the more he frustrated Heidi, the more momentum Heidi would have to improve the artificial intelligence. If it were himself, he would’ve been full of battle desire under the mockery and wouldn’t give in after all!

He had always been like this, but he sounded much less disobedient than before.

Heidi glared at him, swearing to herself that she would create a perfect artificial intelligence which would crush Sprint’s ancillary computation circles so hard that his mouth would never be closed and his jaw would hit the ground!

Iristine and Nodanielle intended to comfort Heidi, but they did not know what to say due to their lack of knowledge about artificial intelligence. Katrina and Layria, on the other hand, raised their thumb encouragingly, hinting to Heidi that it was already an incredible result for a first try!

Natasha, who was standing not far away, however, put on a meaningful smile. With her understanding about Lucien, straightforward criticism was usually the harbinger of praise, and if he complimented someone at the beginning, it would usually be followed by rebuttals and indirect accusations later. To quote himself, it was called ‘subtlety’.

“...Despite the many drawbacks of this artificial intelligence, the spirit and the direction that it presents deserves an Arcana Prize.” As she expected, Lucien went on.

Huh?

What?

Heidi rubbed her ears subconsciously, suspecting that she had hallucinations. The crude and impractical artificial intelligence deserved an Evans Prize in Arcana? Was it a joke?

Lucien chuckled. “This machine is undoubtedly primitive and impractical, but the original spells that our ancestors constructed based on the patterns on the magic creatures in the primeval age of magic were also primitive and impractical. In our eyes, they may be so hilarious and pitiful, and they had to perform a spell which has been simplified to the level of apprentices today with the spiritual power of the fifth circle, but can we deny their contribution just because of that?”

“No, we can’t...” Lazar replied cooperatively.

Sprint and Annick also nodded. Without the seemingly hilarious and impractical efforts of the sorcerers at the beginning, there wouldn’t have been the magic civilization today!

“All achievements in arcana and magic are made step by step. Heidi, Chelly, Lowi, Blake and Alfalia have built the first prototype from scratch without any knowledge in artificial intelligence. It’s not easy. Although it is shabby, huge and clumsy, its idea and direction are very valuable.” Said Lucien solemnly.

Heidi finally confirmed that her teacher was praising her. She raised her head proudly, before she somewhat blushed. “Master, we couldn’t have designed it without your guidance.”

“I offered little guidance except for the notion. Most of the details were completed by yourselves.” Lucien looked at Heidi and Chelly. “Without considering the size, weight and power supply, how much faster can the computation speed of this artificial intelligence be improved?”

“...Approximately five times. If the research on crystals have groundbreaking developments, it's possible to improve the computation speed by dozens of times without increasing the size and the weight.” Heidi's eyes became hazy when she described the prospect of artificial intelligence. “By then, it will be as powerful as the brain of senior-rank sorcerers and the middle-rank ancillary circles!”

Sprint was rather surprised. Could the performance be improved so greatly?

Lucien nodded and, looking at Natasha, Lazar, Katrina and the rest of them who were confused, said, “According to their design, the bottleneck of the artificial intelligence lies in materials and parts, and the development of materials and parts is highly dependent on arcana studies.”

“This is an age where different fields depend on and facilitate each other. Without great ancillary circles, many experiments in the microscopic domain cannot be fulfilled, and its development will be slowed.”

“Perhaps, when we apply the quantum superposition state to artificial intelligence, its computation speed will be higher than that of any sorcerer, including Mr. President and me.” Lucien depicted the future of artificial intelligence, before he added in silence, quantum computers are not needed, and the large artificial intelligence will be stronger than himself and the president in terms of computation when the integrated circuit grows mature.

However, in the world of magic, certain procedures could be skipped!

“The computation ability beyond legendary sorcerers...” Said Heidi, stunned. She had never thought that artificial intelligence could reach such an extent!

In their eyes, legendary sorcerers had the most terrifying mental arithmetic abilities even without the help of ancillary computation circles. They were almost ‘inhuman’!

Listening quietly, Iristine repeated the terms she heard. “Quantum superposition... artificial intelligence...”

Observing the flashing red and green lights, Natasha asked curiously, “This artificial intelligence seems controllable even for ordinary people... How can its size, weight and cost be reduced? How many years will it take for the machine to be promoted and popularized?”

Having lived with Lucien for a long time, she had contracted the quirk of popularization, too. After all, she felt proud to see good changes happening in her kingdom and her subjects enjoying a more and more convenient and civilized life.

“After crystal tubes are invented, it should be only the size of golems and ready for the use of major nobles. Further reduction will depend on the development of alchemical materials.” Heidi made a rough estimation. “Although the alchemical items and magic patterns in the artificial intelligence are simple enough to be completed by common sorcerers, the number of the parts is huge. Since the parts cannot be manufactured, their cost equals a level-five magic item.”

“It seems that many years are needed, and I don’t think the nobles and civilians really need an artificial intelligence which features the computational ability.” Natasha was not very disappointed.

Lucien smiled. He intended to list the ‘possible’ applications of a computer in daily life, but none of them, like TV, had been invented. So, it was inconvenient for him to speak it out aloud. He could only say, “After the computation ability is improved, many things will be doable, and the world will be more colorful!”

Huh? Natasha looked at Lucien curiously, and so did Heidi and Chelly, who hoped to get inspirations about artificial intelligence from their teacher.

“For example, we can draw cubic magic patterns with artificial intelligence, which will be more accurate and steady than us because it is entirely digitally made.” Lucien intentionally brought up a subject that would captivate the sorcerers. “Then, we can let the artificial intelligence construct a magic model with those patterns!”

“Then what? Can artificial intelligence cast spells?” Heidi was indeed interested.

Lucien smiled. “Magic models can only turn into spells with the irrigation of energy. We can use them with our own spiritual power, and artificial intelligence may use electricity. However, the problem is that if it’s magic models are the same as ours in our soul that do not have real entities, it can only interfere with the outside world with spiritual power. Since we haven’t grasped the special electromagnetic waves yet, we cannot give artificial intelligence spiritual power.”

“Without real entities...” Annick seemed to have recalled something. All the simplified alchemical items had real entities, which was why they could be powered by electricity to trigger corresponding spells.

“That’s right. So, we can print the magic models that the artificial intelligence constructs with corresponding materials or scrolls. If we design the modules well, alchemical items or magic scrolls will be created perfectly and accurately in the process. Then, we can activate the products

with our spiritual power.” Lucien introduced the concept of 3D printing to the manufacture of magic scrolls and alchemical items.

As he spoke, a few bizarre pictures popped up in Lucien’s head. Perhaps, the future sorcerers could turn on their computers, search for the magic models they needed, download them, and create magic scrolls with the ‘3D printing’ of the artificial intelligence. It wouldn’t be half as troublesome and complicated as right now.

Casting spells is costless... That probably would be a slogan for artificial intelligence in the future. But of course, the prerequisites for 3D printing were not so easy to be met.

Heidi, Irístine and the rest of them were all shocked by the prospect that Lucien’s described. What a future that was! Could sorcerers be stopped at all? Wait, that did not seem to be limited to sorcerers. All creatures who were capable of activating scrolls and items would be able to perform magic with artificial intelligence! It didn’t seem to be a good thing for the sorcerers, did it?

Whether or not such a development would benefit the sorcerers, Heidi, Chelly and the rest of the team were even more enthusiastic about artificial intelligence. They were doing something incredible!

Layria, Sprint, Rock and the others had similar thoughts. If they weren’t occupied in their own arcana and magic studies, they probably would’ve joined Heidi’s research team.

Natasha looked at Lucien, full of interest. That world seemed to be a lot of fun. Magic was truly interesting!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 697: Nature's Gift

On the top floor of Babel in the Atomic Universe...

The whole hall was filled with silver, green and transparent lines. They extended from the wall, the floor, the ceiling and the void, constituting a dense, complicated magic circle.

The center where the lines were gathered presented fluids that were brimming with intense vitality. Like the source of a fountain, it flowed out and filled all the round altars.

Looking at the exuberant greenness in the altars, Lucien smiled at Natasha. "The ritual of 'Nature's Gift' is ready."

"Why is this different from what I heard from Granny Hathaway?" Natasha observed the constituents of the legendary ritual around with great interest.

She had learnt the basic look of 'Nature's Gift' from Hathaway a long time ago, because it was Fernando and Hathaway who hosted the ritual for Douglas at the beginning. This life-extending legendary ritual used the fruit of the elvish tree as the core. Through the transformation of magic circles and complicated procedures, the power inside the fruit would be extracted and integrated into the body and soul of the receiver, thereby extending their life.

It was the state-of-the-art life ritual. According to the quality of the fruit and the ritual materials, the smoothness of the ritual, and the strength of the receiver, their longevity could be extended by three to six thousand years.

The view in the hall, however, was so different. Natasha saw neither the fruit of the elvish tree nor the constituents of the corresponding magic circle. Although she did not know much about magic circles, the ritual of Nature's Gift had a distinctive appearance that couldn't be mistaken at all.

Most importantly of all, there wouldn't be a pool that looked like a fountain at the center of the ritual of 'Nature's Gift'!

Lucien kept smiling. "You forgot that we still have 'Fountain of Youth'. I have modified the ritual of 'Nature's Gift' with its features. Although the Fountain of Youth is not as good as the fruit of the elvish tree in terms of quality and cannot improve the upper bound, it can significantly improve the lower bound. Therefore, the ritual of 'Nature's Gift' can extend the longevity by five to six thousand years for two people."

"'Fountain of Youth'?" Natasha finally recalled Lucien's trophies in the World of Souls. She looked at the fountain-like pool at the center of the ritual and immediately realized that it was what the Fountain of Youth should look like. "Do we not need Hathaway or the Lord of Storm to host the ritual?"

Most of the legendary rituals had to be supervised by legendary experts.

Looking at the 'pool' at the center that had melted the power of the fruit of the elvish tree and the Fountain of Youth, Lucien smiled. "We don't. The ritual that I have modified does not need more legends. As long as one of the receivers is a legendary sorcerer, it will be enough to navigate the

ritual. Nothing will go wrong. It will be an easy, convenient, efficient and comfortable life-extending ritual.”

Natasha couldn't help but laugh aloud hearing Lucien's description. “Haha. I'm now convinced that the strange advertisements in ‘Arcana Voice’ and ‘News of the World’ were invented by you...”

“Did I ever deny it?” Lucien opened his hands.

Natasha stopped laughing and became serious. “What are we going to do next?”

“Well, we only need to submerge ourselves in the pool like taking a bath in a hot spring. The ritual will drive the integrated power of the fruit of the elvish tree and the Fountain of Youth into our body.” Said Lucien solemnly. “To ensure the effect, we must not wear any magical items.”

“What?” Natasha was stunned and then said in a half smile. “A ritual that requires a naked bath? You designed it on purpose, didn't you?”

“Am I that kind of person? It's all because of the features of the Fountain of Youth.” Said Lucien hypocritically.

“Is that so?” Natasha chuckled. “As a matter of fact, I like such a creation.”

As she spoke, the bright purple court dress that she wore dropped like a dancing butterfly, and the remaining clothes flew off one piece after another, slowly and charmingly, revealing her enthralling body.

Like every time she took a bath, Natasha pointed at the water with the tip of her toe, before she walked towards the center of the green pool one step after another, her body gradually was submerged under the fluids. Suddenly, she turned back and said to Lucien who was still floating outside of the altar, “Come on. Don’t be shy.”

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Time went by fast, and the green ‘water’ was less and less. Both Lucien and Natasha felt that the fluids were melted into their body and their souls, bringing a clean and comfortable feeling. They were entirely relaxed.

“The ritual has been finished. It will be a complete success as long as it is not interrupted. I can already feel that my longevity has improved a lot. Four thousand years, probably.” Lucien suddenly opened his mouth, breaking the silence. He sounded lazy when his soul had been deeply relaxed.

Leaning on Lucien’s body, Natasha said equally lazily, “I feel that my pressure, anxieties and worries about many things have been cleansed by the water. Well, I’m thinking of holding a music festival in Rentato.”

Under such circumstances, she spoke whatever came to her mind.

“A music festival?” Lucien asked back, his voice far away.

“Yes, I’ve been planning to hold a ‘Rentato Music Festival’ so that I’ll miss Aalto less. However, there were few distinguished musicians in Rentato until this year, when a batch of remarkable musicians emerged. So, I decided to get it done. Hehe. Thanks to you, light music and unconventional symphonies are popular in Rentato. I hope that it will mark the difference between Aalto music and Rentato music.”

Although she loved Aalto, Natasha did not intend to turn Rentato into another Aalto. She respected the culture and customs of this place. “By then, I hope that I can use your ‘Valkyrie’ as the opening for the music festival.”

Lucien underestimated the difficulties to create an opera. Also, he had a high demand for himself in the original work. Therefore, it was not until the double-slit experiment with electrons that he finally finished the work that took almost four years. He was looking for opera singers and orchestras to rehearse it.

“It’s a gift for you. You can watch it whenever you want to.” Lucien had no objection. “However, I fear that we’ll have to take the Time Plate from the Chaotic Cosmos first.”

He had made all the preparations and was ready to go to the 555th level of Abyssal Maw, the ‘Chaotic Cosmos’.

“Of course, all my attention is devoted to Abyssal Maw and the Chaotic Cosmos right now...” Natasha took a long breath in satisfaction.

Ten minutes later, the green ‘water’ was completely gone, and Lucien and Natasha were enshrouded in bright green, translucent halos.

All the parts of the magic ritual glittered, and the energy was gathered into an enormous and special pressure.

The transparent light constricted violently and crawled into Lucien and Natasha. Vague fragrance of nature spread out of their bodies.

“Our longevity has been extended by about 5,600 years.” Said Lucien according to the feedback of the ritual and his own status.

Natasha chuckled, “Therefore, it will be a long race for me to catch up with you. I will not be frustrated and give up just because I’m behind for now! I will certainly catch up to you!”

She clenched her fists, her competitiveness surging out.

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In San Ivansburg, the capital of the Schachran Empire in the north...

“Your Holiness, Lucien Evans has published only one paper, no, one book, recently. It’s ‘Basics of Mathematics’, which addresses the development of mathematics and proposes certain conundrums.” ‘Saint’ Clement reported to Belkovsky, the pontiff.

Belkovsky, who had the typical big nose of the Schachran Empire, nodded. “That’s alright. Thank you, Clement.”

In the North Church, the pontiff was only half a level higher than the Grand Cardinals and was not as powerful and authoritative as the pope. Therefore, he was rather courteous in the way he talked.

“Your Holiness, why did you ask us to pay attention to Lucien? How does Lucien’s research concern us?” Asked Clement in confusion.

Belkovsky said solemnly. “Lucien Evans went to the Pathway of Immortality and opened the Chamber of Immortality, which may be reflected in his research. For example, his ideas about quantum superposition gave me inspiration.”

“That explains a lot.” Clement rose and left the Saint Ivan Church for his own Saint Geno Church.

The moment he entered the room of prayers, the peace on his face was replaced by gloom and hatred. He murmured to himself, “Lucien Evans...”

In the meantime, he drew crosses on his chest, shorter vertically and longer horizontally!

The Horizontal Cross Sect within the North Church was made by him and the Lord of Hell together. Otherwise, even the Lord of Hell couldn’t have infiltrated the North Church so astonishingly.

Although Lucien's operation to sabotage their plan was rather secretive, Clement still knew the person guilty for the death of Ivanovszki thanks to the Lord of Hell. Therefore, he sent subordinates to teach the guy a lesson and let him repent what he did in hell.

However, Lucien's speed of advancement was beyond his imagination. Every time he sent a subordinate over, he would discover that Lucien had grown too strong for his subordinate, and he was forced to send another one. Since such a secret group could not deploy assassins as easily as the South Church did, the process simply repeated itself. After Clement was less busy and intended to find an opportunity himself, he learnt the news that Lucien had become a legend.

There couldn't have been a more infuriating message. Before he put his plan of revenge into action, the enemy's strength had been improving by leaps until he could barely be dealt with in regular ways, and it had only been a few years!

Therefore, Clement judiciously aborted his plan. Nobody would retaliate against a legend for such trivial things, unless he was as crazy as the Will of Abyss!

"It's true that strength is the foundation of everything..." Clement prayed before the cross.

In the middle of his prayer, he suddenly sensed that sacred, uncanny air was gathering before the cross, and the ivory holy light spread out bit by bit.

Then, the projection of an angel who was as beautiful as a girl appeared before him, with thirty-six wings unfolding slowly on the back.

"The Angel King?"

Clement blurted out in shock. He did not understand how the Angel King's projection could've arrived in spite of the heavy defense of the church, and nor did he know why the Angel King, who had been cooperating with the South Church, would visit him!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 698: I Have High Hopes For You

Mecantron, the Angel King, opened his hands, turning into the shape of a cross, before he said solemnly, "Pope Viken stole the Lord's power when the Lord was asleep. Therefore, I'm looking for pious saints to judge the greatest blasphemer!"

He was surrounded in holy light, and his eighteen pairs of wings filled up the whole room after they were unfolded, building a hallowed image.

"Viken?" Clement stepped back from the embrace of the thirty-six angelic wings. Was the Angel King finally convinced that the Church was led by Viken, the King of Calamities?

When Ivan, Felix, Geno and the other saints surrounded Wilfred, the Great Master of Paleness, they accidentally discovered a gap to the World of Souls and learnt part of the secrets of the God of Truth and the pope from the legendary spectres such as the Lich King. They also looted a lot from the Temple of Spirits and learnt how to steal the power of gods.

Therefore, they secretly forged an alliance and betrayed the pope during the Highest Theology Conference, accusing him of being the embodiment of the Lord of Hell. After that, they successfully divided the Church. Viken sent Ivan and the rest of them to hunt Wilfred only because he was convinced that Wilfred, who did not partake in the trip to the World of Souls, had only the preliminary knowledge of fake gods and was unaware of his secret. Otherwise, he would've decided to kill the enemy in person.

However, at some point, the Great Master of Paleness, the legendary sorcerer of the school of necromancy, made friends with the legendary spectres of the World of Souls at some point. As a result, Viken's perfect plan became flawed, and the Church was divided, which also gave an opportunity for Douglas to establish the Congress of Magic.

During their attempt, Ivan and Felix tried to reach out to the Angel King, hoping to persuade the Angel King to take their side. In such a way, the authority of the pope would be completely shaken. However, Mecantron refused to acknowledge that the pope was Viken and continued to support the South Church firmly.

Therefore, while the North Church was as good as the South Church in terms of the divine power granted by 'God of Truth', they could not summon the angels in the level of seraphs or use their strength!

"Yes, I was once fooled by him, but the Congress of Magic's exploration of the World of Souls completely exposed his secrets. I have to defend the Lord's glory when He is asleep." Mecantron announced pitifully and gravely.

"The Congress of Magic's exploration of the World of Souls..." Clement was shocked. He had learnt the story of 'God of Truth Thanos and Pope Viken' that the Congress of Magic fabricated through various channels.

While the story was a joke for many people, as a person who inherited the power and knowledge of Saint Geno and who cooperated with the Lord of Hell in secret, Clement was very shocked when he heard it because it agreed with the information he knew and had more convincing details. Therefore, he had to accept that the Congress of Magic did earn a lot from the adventure!

Now, the Angel King also admitted that the Congress of Magic's exploration touched the core secrets?

Most importantly, according to the Congress of Magic's story, Mecantron was an incarnation of 'God of Truth' and the dependency for Him to be revived. Therefore, Mecantron was the out-and-out deputy of paradise and a 'Junior God of Truth'!

Was it the real reason why he believed that the pope was Viken?

Too many thoughts popped up in Clement's heart. In the end, grasped by greed, he ventured, "Honorable Angel King, does your arrival mean that you acknowledge my devotion and my contribution to the Lord?"

"Yes, you are a much more qualified believer than Belkovsky is." Mecantron's benevolent face was full of praise. "I have a copy of 'Book of Virtues' which records the mysteries of demigods. I can tell that you have a noble mind and your deeds match the Lord's teaching. You are also determined and willing to sacrifice. Therefore, I plan to give it to you, so that you will be strong enough to defend the glory of the Lord and punish the sinner Viken!"

After a brief pause, a gold book appeared in his hands. "Clement, do you want it? Do you want to take this extremely difficult mission?"

Mysteries of demigods? Mysteries that were better than the ways to pass on power that they knew? Clement felt that his breath had turned heavy. He only cooperated with the Lord of Hell in order to obtain the secrets of demigods from him. However, the Lord of Hell was a natural-born demigod. He did not know why he was a demigod. Thanos and Viken, on the other hand, had grown into demigods from ordinary people with obvious tracks!

In that case, were the mysteries of demigods contained in the Book of Virtues?

Thinking about that, Clement held back his excitement and greed. Weighing his words, he said, “I am willing to defend the glory of the Lord, but Viken has become a demigod after stealing the Lord’s power and is too strong for me. Sacrifice is important, but unnecessary sacrifice is meaningless. I can promise with the heart of faith that when I am almost as strong as Viken, I will defend the honor of the Lord and punish the sinner Viken with my life.”

If you want me to cooperate with you, let me become a demigod with your Book of Virtues first!

An old fox like him would never do anything without a reward.

Mecantron tossed the gold book to Clement. “I’m satisfied with your answer.”

Picking up the book, Clement quickly browsed through it, not bothering that Mecantron was still around. The more he read, the more excited he became. Due to the difficulties in stealing the power of faith and passing on the power, the rate of transformation had been very low, and the saints of the North Church had been trying to modify the methods. But the moment he saw the Book of Virtues, those difficulties seemed no more, because the book had pointed out their origin!

The more he read, the more thrilled he became. Clement did feel that the Book of Virtues contained the mysteries of demigods.

“Before you deal with Viken, I have a few missions for you.” Mecantron said in a low voice, “At the core of the ‘Chaotic Cosmos’, the 555th floor of the abyss, there is a legendary material named ‘Time Plate’. You will fetch it for me. I will reward you accordingly afterwards.”

“The Chaotic Cosmos?” Asked Clement in confusion. He was worried that the Angel King would give him a dangerous mission, but it did not seem so bad at all. A trip to the abyss for a legendary material?

Mecantron introduced the Chaotic Cosmos to him and said in the end, “My prophecy told me that Lucien ‘Atom Controller’ Evans needs a legendary space-time material and learnt of ‘Time Plate’ from the elves. So, be careful that he may go to the Chaotic Cosmos, too.”

“Of course, Your Excellency.” Clement was more or less relieved. Lucien Evans was on par with him. Even if he couldn’t defeat the guy, he could always escape. There was no grudge between them. If he were caught in danger, he could always throw the Time Plate out. Lucien Evans certainly wouldn’t chase after him.

More importantly, as long as he seized the time, he could claim the Time Plate earlier than Lucien Evans, and they wouldn’t meet at all.

The Angel King put on a smile of satisfaction. His body in the projection dispersed into countless tiny angels, singing, praising and praying. It was not until a long time later that they finally disappeared.

.....

On the 666th floor of the abyss, inside the Frozen Fortress.

Gonheim, the Demogorgon of Darkness, looked at the void before him with a vague smile and held the black throne with his right hand.

On the throne were dim and illusionary gems. Gonheim's long fingers danced among them, as if he were playing music. Chaos was flashing on his dark fingernails.

After a while, he chuckled, and the void before him split into a boundless ocean of magma, which was surging and bubbling nonstop!

"Little Fire..." Gonheim called in a mocking tone.

Hooo. A vortex appeared above the magma, and a gigantic flame demon stood up. "Gonheim, don't test my tolerance."

Terrifying heat spread out and seemed to be melting everything!

He was the Primeval Firelord and the dominator of 'Seething Ocean', the 554th level of abyss. He was a level-three legendary Demon Lord.

“How should I call you when you are too chaotic to have a name? As the new Prince of Demons, do you expect me to call you ‘Lord of Fire’?” The Demogorgon of Darkness smiled. “If you don’t like me calling you Little Fire, how about Little Red, Little Flame, or Little Demon?”

Hooooo. Magma erupted from the ocean, turning the demiplane into a world of fire. The Primeval Firelord seemed to be exasperated!

“Alright, I’m calling you merely to tell you that a legendary sorcerer will enter the Chaotic Cosmos through your ‘Seething Ocean’. I hope that you can stop him for a while.” Without stimulating the Primeval Firelord anymore, Gonheim began to talk about ‘business’.

The ‘firelord’ roared, “Do I need you to remind me? I will not let a single living creature pass ‘Seething Ocean’!”

There were only two ways to enter the Chaotic Cosmos, which was a hidden plane. The first way was to reach the end of the Seething Ocean, and the other was to ask for the Prince of Demons’ help.

After the void was closed, Gonheim shook his head with a smile.

.....

Inside the Atom Institution, Katrina was standing before Lucien.

“Master, I have accepted a mandatory mission to go to the Schachran Empire. I have entrusted my work in the institution to my assistants. With Layria here, nothing will go wrong.” Katrina ‘asked for leave’.

As a member of the Highest Council, Lucien did not have the habit of breaking rules. Therefore, his students had always been carrying out mandatory missions.

“The Schachran Empire?” Asked Lucien, deep in thought.

“Yes. An incident caused by demon worship happened in a northern province in the Schachran Empire. A low-rank sorcerer of the Congress was involved and killed. Therefore, the Affair Committee asked me to investigate.” Katrina lowered her head, her gold hair drifting. “In fact, I am a native of the Schachran Empire. I only came to the south when I grew older. I thought that I could take a look at my hometown with the opportunity.”

In her family, only her parents came with her.

Lucien nodded. “Pay attention to your safety. As it happens, there’s something I need you to do for me. After you accomplish your mission, you will go to Dumute and put this outside of the temple of Heit, ‘God of Craftsmen’. I’ll give you the coordinates of the specific location later.”

“No problem, master.” Katrina accepted her teacher’s mission very happily. Ever since they knew their teacher, the students had barely offered any help to him. Even though they had research products that were helpful for their teacher, those products couldn’t have been achieved without their teacher’s arrangement and guidance.

After Katrina left, Lucien nodded his head and returned to the Atomic Universe, ready to go to the Chaotic Cosmos.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 699: Cooperation

A scorching tornado passed by, igniting everything on its way. Alas, this place was full of fire and magma and there was nothing that hadn't been ignited at all.

Because the air changes caused by the different temperatures in different locations, the sunlight that came from nobody knew where diffused in different degrees, resulting in the illusion-like haziness in the midair.

The Primeval Firelord stayed at the center of the Seething Ocean and paced back and forth anxiously, grasped by the lust of destruction, slaughter and burning. He badly wanted an enemy to appear so that his lust could be satisfied.

The fire masters, senior fire spirits and giant flame elements had been left far away from him, fearing that they might get accidentally killed!

If it were any other moment, the Primeval Firelord, who was as impetuous as fire, would have summoned his legion of demons and launched a new round of attack towards his nemesis, the Lady of Snow, in order to soothe his fury.

The Lady of Snow was the liege of the Aurora Plateau, the 328th level of the abyss, and another level-three 'Demon Lord'. Because of their conflict between the powers that they were good at, she was a sworn nemesis to the Primeval Firelord. The two of them had often waged war upon one another, hoping to eliminate the enemy. In the abyss, except for the hidden 'Chaotic Cosmos' and the few special planes, the other levels were connected to each other without any hindrance. It was unnecessary to pass the planes in between.

"If Gonheim hadn't asked me to stay here to stop the goddamn sorcerer, I would have destroyed that cold, heatless monster!" The Primeval Firelord held a longsword made of fire in his hands. Every time he waved it, a terrifying tsunami of lava and fire would be raised.

He felt that he was running out of his patience, even though he had no patience at all to begin with. Therefore, he looked at the fire masters who were hiding far away. "Why are you so far away?"

"Because we fear you and respect you!" The thirteen fire masters, all having a bad feeling, replied at the same time.

The Primeval Firelord was satisfied with their answer, but he burst into a rampage again. "You gave an answer from so far away because you are scared of me, loathe me and want to betray me!"

The fire masters were so terrified that the flames on them were flickering. It was truly a tragedy for them to come upon an unreasonable and temperamental lord, but of course, such lords were most common in the abyss. The Demon Lords such as Demogorgon of Darkness and the Lord of Death (Lord of Spectres) who did not randomly kill their subordinates were extremely rare.

Suddenly, a frigid wind passed, and the fire elements in the sky were frozen into red ice and fell into the magma.

The surface of the boiling, bubbling Seething Ocean seemed to have been consolidated into a delicate picture. Even the half broken bubbles were so fascinating.

The most terrible blizzard rose at the entrance of the abyss. A freezing tornado swept out, and strange snow mixed with ice fell nonstop. From the overwhelming blizzard, a female face could be vaguely seen. Her facial organs were deep and delicate but did not carry any air of life, like a statue that was completed by a human artist, beautiful but dead.

“Hooooooo! You’ve come to get killed!” The firelord was both infuriated and excited about the visitor. After he finally curbed his urge to attack her, she was bold enough to attack the Seething Ocean! In such a way, he would have a place to vent his fury!

The expert who raised the blizzard was exactly the Lady of Snow, master of the Aurora Plateau!

The Primeval Firelord raised his enormous fiery longsword. His nose fumed, and his sparkling wings suddenly flapped.

Boom!

The whole ocean of magma was completely boiled, as if too many volcanoes at the bottom of the ocean erupted. Tides arose, and pillars of fire sprang to the sky, improving the temperature and thawing the snow. The blizzard had been contaminated by the color of fire.

Such a change was enough to vaporize any sorcerer and knight below legendary.

While the pillars of fire ‘welcomed’ the guest, the Primeval Firelord approached the Lady of Snow and slashed his sword.

With the temperature that could burn everything and an unimaginable force, the enormous longsword broke the mist caused by low temperature as well as the spreading snowflakes and ice.

At this moment, the female voice opened her mouth and let out chaotic spells of demons. An azure ray was shot out and hit the fiery longsword precisely.

The flame on the longsword immediately became blue, before it died down.

The blizzard spread out again. The demons from the Aurora Plateau such as ice masters, frost giants and snow elves (who were not exactly elves) were engaged in battle with the local demons.

Inside the Frozen Fortress, Gonheim, who had been watching over the Seething Ocean, tapped his throne with his right index finger. “I thought that the battle would be avoided if I restrained the firelord, so that he would not be distracted from stalling Lucien Evans. I didn’t know that the Lady of Snow would launch an active attack... Who instigated her?”

For many years in the past, the battle between snow and fire had mostly been raised by the Primeval Firelord. Because of the influence of their power on their personality, the Lady of Snow had seldom attacked promptly. Therefore, the Demogorgon of Darkness did not foresee this. Even if he had, there would’ve been nothing he could do, because the Lady of Snow was also an enemy to him who was in the ‘Frozen Fortress’. She would not listen to him.

Although Gonheim had become a top legend after turning into the Prince of Demons, he did not have overwhelming advantages when faced against the level-three legendary Demon Lords. Only half of them were willing to listen to him, and they would betray him at any moment. For those Demon Lords, they were capable of protecting themselves with their abilities that were close to top legendary.

“Was it Lucien Evans? He delayed his trip because he was making preparations?” Gonheim smelled a scheme. He made up his mind to reign all the Demon Lords with wisdom and strength as soon as possible. Only by doing so would he be able to pry into the secrets of demigods.

The Seething Ocean was now frozen and now on fire. In the intense battle, the Lady of Snow was gradually overpowered by the Primeval Firelord. After all, this was his home field!

At this moment, the heavy snowstorm spread out into a quiet, cold wind that blew at the Primeval Firelord.

The cold wind contained an imaginable air of death in its fridity. The fire on its way all died out. Even the Primeval Firelord, a natural-born fire spirit, couldn't help but tremble hard, as if the cold wind was blown from the deepest part of his soul!

So, his movement was slowed down, and the Seething Ocean was caught in an everlasting silence!

“It's not Lucien Evans but the Ice Duke! This is the power of the Silent Hell!” The Demogorgon of Darkness' finger stopped moving. He squinted. “What can he get by meddling in this?”

The eternal silence and coldness puzzled him, he never anticipated that the Ice Duke would participate. Although that demon was only level-two legendary, the Lady of Snow was able to

improve the essence of her power after melting the power of the Silent Hell. She was now extremely terrifying.

The Primeval Firelord roared. The blue-and-white fire around turned orange, like the lamps in the cities of humans, warm but not scorching!

Such warm fire drove away the cold and silence as well as the sense of death quickly!

Suddenly, inside the blizzard that the Lady of Snow turned into, countless snow elves opened their mouths and sang, breaking the silence and covering the area with sound!

“Not good! It’s not the Ice Duke but still Lucien Evans!” The Demogorgon of Darkness stood up. If he hadn’t been suspicious at the beginning, he wouldn’t have noticed the anomaly at all.

The low voice was obviously made by Lucien Evans!

A translucent pillar of light was shot out of the blizzard. It was in a very subtle state and seemed able to turn everything on its way into a similar energy form.

The Primeval Firelord had just driven away the deadly coldness with a warm fire. He did not have any time to turn it into a high temperature again when he was hit by the pillar of light.

“The spell that Lucien Evans chanted was...” Gonheim, the Demogorgon of Darkness, identified the spell that Lucien just used carefully.

Suddenly, his pupils constricted violently.

“Snow Goddess’s Forgiveness?”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 700: The Real Goal?

The orange flame which covered the primeval firelord instantly lost color after the transparent pillar of light hit it and had turned into the darkest black, which seemed to be able to suck in all warmth and light.

The pillar of light dismissed into countless streams of rays and silver electric currents. They were everywhere. They were also so close to each other that they flowed unpredictably together and formed a creepy net, trapping the lord of fire within.

In such a dreamlike big net, everything had been frozen and been put into an incredible static state. It seemed that even the microscopic particles were no exception.

Once it started touching the surface flame surrounding the primeval firelord, the strange power had instantly snuck into its body by going underneath its demon scales.

The firelord had been put into a sheer static state as if someone had cast Advanced Time Stop. Suddenly, its body became transparent and its demon core was revealed – a cluster of fire that seemingly could burn forever.

The cluster of fire tried to resist the strange power. However, within a second, it had been totally frozen.

Meanwhile, the ocean of lava had lost its temperature although the fire was still raging. And a second later, the ocean had also been frozen and now looked mysteriously black.

Everything happened so fast that even Gonheim, “the Demogorgon of Darkness”, who had been watching the battlefield, was not able to help the firelord. It was already too late to do anything when Gonheim saw the pillar of ice hit the firelord. At that time, this level-three legendary demon lord had already fallen. The legendary spell that Lucien cast called Snow Goddess’s Forgiveness was totally strange to it. But the power of the spell even deeply thrilled him, although he was far away in Frozen Fortress!

The coldness had reached the limit of the world. Even Gonheim itself was in awe of the super low temperature! Having the power of frost and darkness and the gift from the abyss, it wasn’t until Gonheim became a top legendary that it finally approached the temperature limit.

Therefore, when it saw how the spell hit the primeval firelord and just removed the flames defense, Gonheim had given up any plans on saving the firelord.

The temperature which was above the absolute zero only by less than one degree could not exist any longer, as the whole world resisted it. In the Seething Ocean, everything started melting and soon the ice had all disappeared.

The firelord's transparent body was still in the middle of the air, and its feet were on the flame ocean which just recovered. At this time, the scorching wind from the Seething Ocean blew the firelord's body into fine particles and made them forever disappear in the world.

The primeval firelord's life had finally come to its end, after so many years beyond counting!

BOOM!

In the middle of the Seething Ocean, a lava pillar gushed out and rose right into the air. The flame instantly boiled the entire demiplane!

Then the horrible lava pillar formed a new throne of flame in the air. All the senior fire spirits who were fighting against the senior ice spirits, snow elves, and frost giants looked back with their red eyes. The throne to them was the summoning from the abyss and the desire for killing. Whichever could defeat all the rivals at this time would become the new firelord and win the throne! The new firelord would also gain the entire power of the demiplane and be awarded by the Will of Abyss, although it would have to start from level-one legendary again.

In the storm, there were two figures. One was wearing a black double-breasted suit and a top hat with a silver pocket watch in his right hand, as if he was checking if it was too late for a party; the other had long, purple hair, and the silver armor she was wearing was shining in the cold gloss. In her right hand, there was an ordinary-looking sword, and in her left hand, there was a small black shield.

It was Lucien Evans and Natasha Violet!

In Frozen Fortress, sitting on the darkness throne, Gonheim's eyes slightly squinted. And then it fiercely reached out its right hand as if it was trying to grab something in the front!

The air split because of this fierce grasp, and the Seething Ocean of flame appeared right in the front!

Although the firelord's falling was totally unexpected, Gonheim's plan would still carry on. At the very beginning, Gonheim never expected that the primeval firelord could stop Lucien Evans who was fully prepared. As there were only two paths after entering Chaotic Cosmos, Lucien must have been prepared for this, or he would have been a big idiot!

In Demogorgon of Darkness's heart, the firelord's falling was just an excuse. It needed an excuse to get involved to keep Lucien Evans busy for a while, and helping its subordinate was for sure one of the best, so its plan which required strict time order could be carried out successfully.

It was totally logical that the primeval firelord would stop any creatures from passing through the Seething Ocean because of its short temper, and as the firelord's lord, Gonheim should be here to help. In this case, Lucien would take the difficulties for granted and would not be able to realize that these were all for preventing him from getting the Time Plate.

When Gonheim reached out its right hand, in the outer hall of Frozen Fortress, its good-looking face appeared on the crystal ice wall. Its two small demon horns were able to suck in all the light.

"I've given it some thought. Your offer isn't great, but it's better than nothing. The Time Plate isn't of much help to me." Gonheim said to the figure in the light.

Clement had come here this time in person. Although he made some preparations, in the hall of Frozen Fortress, when he was surrounded by the ice walls from all directions, he still felt very unsafe, and thus he kept hoping that he could leave this place as soon as possible. However, it took the Demogorgon of Darkness a total of ten minutes to reply!

Hearing the answer, Clement released a sigh of relief, “Your Excellency Demogorgon of Darkness, your decision is brilliant.”

If he had not been told that the new Demogorgon of Darkness was open to negotiation and trading, Clement would have never come to Desperate World. After all, this was home to this top legendary, and he might be killed at any time. It was known that the previous prince of demons was a bigger fan of killing and destroying than negotiation.

He had also prepared another plan if Gonheim did not agree. Then he would need to go through the Seething Ocean.

With the help of Gonheim, Clement jumped into Chaotic Cosmos.

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The five hundred and fifty-fourth level of the abyss, the Seething Ocean.

The red sky split. A long and thin right hand with dark nails reached out, and boundless darkness followed.

The darkness was totally different from what Lucien had experienced before, even including the darkness from the previous prince of demons. This time the darkness was from the deepest place in the universe. It was the ultimate, sheer darkness. It was the ultimate coldness.

In some legends, when the entire world including the sky had come to its end, it was no volcanic eruption nor earth cracking nor flooding, but the land gradually losing its light and temperature and falling into the eternal darkness and coldness.

Later those who fancied the legends found their so-called theoretical support from the Congress of Magic's thermodynamics study – heat death. Some orthodox arcanists were once concerned about this but then they found that the increase of entropy was obviously more troublesome, which seemingly indicated that the universe would finally reach its end.

In the darkness and coldness, the heavy storm was infuriated. It suddenly condensed into a small ball like the purest heart of ice and snow.

And then the small heart rushed at the boundless darkness with great momentum as if it was trying to freeze the darkness!

Gonheim sneered. No one could rival his control over super low temperature. It was not surprised by Ice and Snow Lady's attack, who had been wanting its Frozen Fortress and the demon core for a very long time!

In the dark dialect, Gonheim cast the spell. In the deepest darkness, flashes of light lit up, and then the super low temperature beyond imagination was summoned. It seemed that the temperature could freeze anything from macro to micro.

This was a facility spell of Demogorgon of Darkness, and its power could only be fully used after the demogorgon reached top legendary. It was called Doomsday Cold.

At this time, Natasha fiercely slashed at the cold darkness with her Sword of Truth. And the silver sword light had arrived before the darkness could spread out further.

The light cut in the darkness, but soon it was frozen in it like a beautiful silver fish.

“Storm Barrier!” Lucien cast. His eye which was covered by the monocle reflected the storm and lightning.

Snow Goddess’s Forgiveness would not work very well on Demogorgon of Darkness which also had the same power, while the range of Eternal Blaze’s power was hard to control. Therefore, Lucien chose this legendary spell which could also create extreme high temperature.

BOOM!

The deafening thunder roared in the darkness and the lightning lit up the space. The formidable high temperature rose fiercely within the core of the extreme cold and absorbed the cold and darkness.

Gonheim sneered again, as any spells lower than top legendary level could not do much harm to him. Gonheim spoke the dark dialect again and the extreme cold had resumed its advantage.

At this time, the ice crystal suddenly exploded and the Ice and Snow Lady turned herself into the heavy storm again, which filled in the entire darkness. With all the power, the storm launched an onslaught against Demogorgon of Darkness!

Gonheim was a bit surprised by such a fierce attack. It seemed that Ice and Snow Lady was now exerting all the power because there were people helping. Suddenly, Gonheim felt that the darkness embracing Frozen Fortress started turning pale, and from the pale cloud appeared a monster in a black cloak. Any creatures which saw it would die, as it was death itself!

The monster, dragging the huge sickle, slashed at the Frozen Fortress. It was Apsis, “the Lord of Death”, “the Lord of Spectres”. It had been waiting for this chance to kill Demogorgon of Darkness and get the throne of prince of demons!

Gonheim had expected this. When feeling the extreme cold cast by Ice and Snow Lady, it had realized that the power of this extreme cold was not the real power from Silent Hell. Instead, someone had lent her the power of death and she had taken in the power into her own power of aurora. So the external silence and cold could be faked!

Therefore, Gonheim was well prepared for the arrival of Apsis, “the Lord of Death”!

At this time, however, at the edge of the Seething Ocean and the dark sky, a storm carrying flashes of lightning arrived. Within the storm, both extreme heat and severe cold existed!

Then countless light spots of elements appeared along with a song of praise, as if they were welcoming their own paradise. A gorgeous lady landed within the embrace of the light spots, but the look on her face was cold. She lifted her right hand and pointed, “Luxury Cracking!”

On the other side, the Seething Ocean was suddenly turned into an ordinary sea, and the surroundings had all been turned into real nature. Meanwhile, in the darkness, stars lit up and the almighty power fell onto the sea.

Gonheim was now totally shocked. It was Douglas, Hathaway, and Fernando!

Gonheim saw that Lucien, who was standing in front of him, bowed slightly at it as if he was bidding a farewell.

“Vengeful Gaze!” cast Lucien.

Gonheim’s mind went blank for a second and then it realized –

Lucien Evans’s aim was never Time Plate, but itself!