

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 801: New Messenger

In Babel inside the Atomic Universe...

By the time Lucien returned, Natasha was still in a daze before the minor screen. She looked ahead while turning the Sword of Truth in her hand.

“What’s up?” Lucien asked, finding it strange. Considering her arcana expertise, she shouldn’t have been shocked for such a long time, should she?

Hearing Lucien’s voice, Natasha seemed to be woken up from a dream. Her silver eyes glittering, she said, “Although the delayed choice experiment cannot conclusively prove that the law of causality can be destroyed, I am thinking whether or not the Sword of Truth is crafted based on such a mechanism. Are all the methods of resurrection nullified because the law of causality has been sabotaged?”

Lucien looked at her solemnly up and down. Despite her usual confidence and firmness, she was somewhat stunned. Could she be right?

The atmosphere was frozen for several minutes just like that. Right when Natasha couldn’t stand it any longer and was about to speak again, Lucien suddenly smiled in great delight. “You are thinking too much.”

“Really? I don’t do that very often,” Natasha said in a matter-of-fact, showing no frustration at all.

Lucien's smile was gone. He nodded and said, "It's a major progress to consider the arcana mechanism behind the blood power of the Sword of Truth. Only figuring out what it is exactly will you know how to walk on. Although I am still not certain, I have a vague speculation about your blood power. By the time I return from the primeval hell, perhaps I'll be able to tell you what it is."

"Really?" Natasha was both surprised and delighted at Lucien's words. The knight path up ahead was an important focus of her life. The seclusion every month had made her realize that understanding her blood power was an indispensable prerequisite for her to find out her own path of a knight. Otherwise, she could only become a level-three legendary knight after several hundred years like "Heart of Time", and she wouldn't be able to make any further progression.

For a knight who was better at fighting and persistence, exploring and studying her blood power was not her advantage. Chances were that she would have to spend a fairly long time on that. Thankfully, she had a grand arcanist by her side, one who was famous for his studies!

After she blurted out, Natasha noticed another point. "You're going to the primeval hell?"

She did not pursue the previous topic any further because she was certain that Lucien would not lie to her about such an important question. If he said that he had a theory, he definitely had a theory, and everything would be clear after he returned from the primeval hell.

"I have benefited a lot from the two experiments. After I construct another few spells, it will be time for you to pay a visit to the primeval hell to confirm one of my ideas. By then, everything will have an answer," Lucien said ambiguously. "Although the Lord of Hell has steadily arrived at the main material world, his real body must still be in the depths of hell. So, I have to go alone this time. Also, the situation is rather dangerous today. It's better to deal with the emergencies if you stay in Rentato."

Biting her lips, Natasha nodded slowly. "Alright."

She knew very well that, although she had the Shield of Truth and the Sword of Truth, which gave her an actual combat ability of level three of legendary, she would still be crushed when faced with a demigod. Also, she did not have as many peculiar life-saving spells as sorcerers did, and she would only be a liability if she were to follow Lucien to hell. As a top legend, he could fight or flee freely. There would be ways for him to escape even if he were faced with a demigod.

“I’m going to develop a new legendary spell which will help us communicate across dimensions. Should there be any emergency, we would be able to reach out to each other.” Lucien tried to be prepared, but he was not really too worried. With Mr. President in Allyn, unless Viken performed God’s Arrival without caring about his own life, or all the other demigods joined their hands, there wouldn’t be anything that was worth a cross-dimension call. As a matter of fact, he was probably the one who would encounter strange things after he went to the primeval hell.

“Communicate across dimensions?” Natasha repeated those words. She had never heard of any way to communicate across dimensions except through the Portal to Alternate Realms. So, she was rather confused and curious.

Lucien nodded and smiled. “This legendary method of communication indeed supports communication across different alternate dimensions. However, it can only be used once and deliver limited information. Also, the code of the communication has to be settled in advance. Basically, when you settle a state on your side, a corresponding state will collapse on my side. Information can be delivered by combining such states, like the binary system.”

“It feels like another application of the weird features of microscopic particles...” Having been taught for a long time, Natasha made the conclusion very confidently. Then, she adjusted her mood and chuckled. “You said that you benefited a lot from the two experiments today. What have you earned exactly? The confirmation of the observer effect, or the disruption of the law of causality?”

Lucien could sense her curiosity that she had been hiding. He replied with a smile, “For me, the most important lesson is that electrons can be used to complete the two experiments under such designs and circumstances. Mr. President and I planned to use photons.”

“Is there any difference?” Natasha was confused. She understood the experiment perfectly, but the sophisticated questions where theories were involved were too much for amateurs like her to comprehend.

“You want to know the difference? It involves quantum field theory, wave mechanics, the matrix mechanics...” Lucien intentionally proposed a bunch of theories.

“Stop, stop, stop.” Her head swelling, Natasha hurried to stop him and change the topic. “In the first experiment, the trajectory mark of electrons was erased by the design, thereby preventing the experimenter from obtaining the information. Therefore, the interferometric fringes still existed, and the observer effect was still sensible. However, it cannot prove the conclusion perfectly. If the trajectory mark is not erased, but the experimenter’s eyes, ears, and all other senses are all blocked, will the interferometric fringes still exist? Will there be any ‘observer’ under such circumstances?”

Lucien looked at Natasha in surprise. Perhaps it was exactly because she did not know very much that she could ask such creative questions.

Thinking for a moment, he chuckled in a low voice. “Who knows? Nobody can know the result, because when anybody observes it, there will be an ‘observer’, but if nobody observes it, does the result really matter? It cannot be confirmed anyway.”

“Then, let’s assume that a mysterious existence that doesn’t cause the observer effect is watching it...” Natasha made use of her imagination. “Why don’t you take a guess from the theoretical point of view?”

“My guess?” Lucien smiled and said, “My guess is that there may be interferometric fringes, and there may be not. Hahahaha.”

Natasha raised her head and looked at the ceiling, making up her mind never to discuss arcana questions with him again.

...

In June of 830, everything was being burned by the fiery weather.

In the Salvation Cathedral of Anhadur, a famous city in the Syracuse Kingdom...

An archbishop was pacing back and forth outside the praying room, waiting for the red robes.

“Why is the praying still not finished? Another cult has been discovered in a manor nearby...” The archbishop paced and sighed while scratching his head. In the past few years, cults had been emerging incessantly. After one was destroyed, another would pop up immediately. Although he was in his prime years, his hair had all turned white as he dealt with them. “Also, the cult this time seems able to summon senior-rank evil creatures. I don’t think the people in the inquisition can take care of it.”

Thinking about the ongoing battle over there, the archbishop grew more and more anxious. He decided to summon his courage and knock on the door.

Dum, dum, dum.

The archbishop knocked on the door, but the moment he exerted his strength, the door squeaked and backed off, leaving a gap.

“It’s not closed?” The archbishop had a bad feeling. He hurried to open the door and looked in.

Then, his eyes were frozen.

Before the cross in the praying room, a broken red robe lay on the ground with strange burn marks on his body.

“Has... Has he been swallowed by the holy light?” the archbishop said at a loss.

It was not because he was particularly keen. It was because ever since Evans’ two thought experiments were spread out, dozens of red robes had been swallowed by the holy light while they were praying. As a result, everybody was terrified whenever Lucien Evans was mentioned.

...

The sky was dim and gray, and nothing could be heard at all. The World of Souls was as monotonous as ever.

His hands in the pockets of his black double-breasted suit, Lucien wandered among the undead creatures. There were raging ghouls, slow and hideous zombies, floating ghosts, mummies that were covered in bandages, but none of them detected him, because he seemed to have dispersed in space.

Just like that, Lucien passed through the plain of death quietly and reached the Temple of Spirits. The legendary specters who guarded the place failed to detect him too, and they simply allowed him to visit and press further like a tourist.

On his way, Lucien did not meet any intelligent specter. It seemed that they had smelled danger and were too scared to approach.

Lucien observed the new changes in the Temple of Spirits as he walked, only to discover nothing. It was not until he reached the Furnace of Souls and was about to enter the Realm of Gates that he sensed the legendary specters like the Lich King. However, they did not feel the necessity to attack. After all, Lucien had come twice. There wouldn't be any losses if he came a few more times. Did they really need to fight at the risk of their lives?

They had been too heavily beaten up!

Lucien came to this place for the second time when he contacted Monster Viken for cooperation.

Looking up at the Furnace of Souls and watching Lucien and Xiafeng's overlapping faces, Lucien chuckled and walked to the entrance of the Realm of Gates.

"Why are you here again?" Monster Viken's coarse voice echoed. What he did last time made his situation much worse.

Lucien chuckled. "I'm here to tell you that I am going to pay a visit to the primeval hell."

“You’ve come for nothing better than that?” Monster Viken raised his voice, feeling that Lucien was the crazy one here.

Lucien took out his Moon Timer and opened the cover to check the time. “Can’t I? Well, now that you’ve known it, I’d better be on my way.”

Monster Viken was already rendered speechless.

Lucien turned around and left. He thought to himself that no changes happened after all.

After he was far away from the Temple of Spirits, from the garden near the entrance, an old man slowly walked out. Wearing a sacred crown and holding a planetarium staff, he stared at the place where Lucien disappeared. It was Pope Viken

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Chapter 802: The Afterworld

Navathe, the third floor of hell, was known by the sorcerers of the main material world as “Burning Metropolis”.

On this floor of hell that did not seem to have an edge, there were no plains, mountains, rivers, hills, or deserts, but only a magnificent city made of iron. However, since the underground fire was burning incessantly the whole time, even iron could be scorched. As a result, most of the iron buildings were in heated redness. Every pale ghost that approached was sizzling with black smoke, as if they would be vaporized into nothingness at any point.

The suffocating smoke enshrouded the sky, and all kinds of devils wandered in the iron city. They were quite in order themselves, but they treated every soul that entered the hell and the demons that had been captured cruelly.

It was said that at the bottom of the Burning Metropolis, in the middle of the infinite fire, there was an enormous prison where different intelligent creatures were caged. The most direct proof was that when somebody walked on the burning ground, they would often hear moans and cries that came from nowhere.

A squad of little devils escorted a group of fuzzy, pale souls toward the tower at the center of the Burning Metropolis. Now and then, they waved their special whips, making the souls that had entered the hell scream in pain. The more painful the captives were, the more excited the little devils were.

“No wonder so many posthumous customs are popular, and no wonder the Saint Truth was spread so fast...” In a huge business team, Lucien, who did not change his appearance and clothes, sighed in interest and pity. It was the first time that he had entered the hell.

According to the studies of the Congress of Magic in the past, after a human died, their soul would perish on the spot if they did not have special techniques, but in the river that flowed between the hell and the abyss, souls would pop up without their former memories and looks. It was impossible to tell their identities. Such souls would either degenerate into demons and devils in abyss and hell, or be crafted into “soul gems” that could cast special spells or abilities. Such gems were the hard currency in hell.

As for the nature of the soul and how it was generated, it was a conundrum in current arcana studies.

However, after the World of Souls was discovered, the arcanists had reasons to believe that one of the destinies of a soul was the World of Souls. If the posthumous customs could form corresponding spaces in the Realm of Gates, the souls who had strong willpower could certainly enter it too.

Perhaps because of his empathy, the idea occurred to Lucien that, after the Congress suppressed the Saint Truth in the main material world and while it explored the vast cosmos and other dimensions, it would also be necessary to get hell under control. Of course, considering the Congress' capabilities right now and the enemies it was faced with, there would be a long time before the goal was fulfilled.

“Get the hell under the government of the Congress of Magic... That’s something that the Magic Empire dare not even think about.” Lucien floated on the street. All the stones on it were red. If one were to put an egg on the street, it would immediately be boiled. Other than devils who were born in fire, even knights could not stand such heat for a long time. That was why the souls and captives were in such pain.

The business team Lucien was with was an “Alternate Dimension Trade Group” that the Congress of Magic organized. It had come openly for business. After all, devils were not virtuous saints who did not need food, resources, and entertainment. They too needed the resources that the hell did not have to craft weapons and improve their strength, and their luxury lives had to be maintained. So, they would ask the devil followers to gather resources for them in the main material world and then exchange for such resources fairly.

Such trade certainly couldn’t have been done without sorcerers who were good at collection and alchemy. On the other hand, the Congress of Magic needed the special materials of hell. Also, monopolizing such trade could help curb the devils, in case certain greedy people provided strategic resources for treasure, strength, and peace of their souls after their death.

Of course, it was also because of such trade that sorcerers were considered more evil in the past.

Two devils with dark red skins walked to them from another street. Kicking away the soul of a human, they said to the leaders of the “trade group” respectfully, “Esteemed sorcerers, the duke is waiting for your goods.”

The devils dare not show any disrespect for the guests of the Iron Duke, or they were likely to become the items that the duke offered to the sorcerers as part of the trade. Every part of a devil was a material, and they could be used as servants. Under such a threat, they behaved differently when they were faced with general humans and when they faced with the trade group.

Seit, the leader of the trade group, nodded proudly and turned to look at Lucien. “Your Excellency, are you going to the Iron Tower?”

As a senior-rank sorcerer, how could he not know the famous grand arcanist Lucien “Atom Controller” Evans?

Raising his head and looking at the red tower at the center of the Burning Metropolis, Lucien smiled and said, “I’m not going. I don’t think the Iron Duke wants to see me.”

On the top floor of the Iron Tower, the Iron Duke, who was in utter black, looked down solemnly. A top legend who had caused the demise of many other legends was certainly not the best “guest”, particularly so for himself who was only level-two legendary and who could only resist level-three legends with the Burning Metropolis.

“If you ever need us, you can contact Colin in ‘Balance of Souls’.” Seit did not pursue any further. It was not wise to ask about the plan of a grand arcanist recklessly.

The Balance of Souls was the “alchemical cabin” that the Congress of Magic established in the Burning Metropolis.

Lucien nodded and soon melted into the crowd of devils and few “merchants” in the iron city.

“The Lord of Hell must’ve known that I have come to hell. Will he stop me?” Lucien knew very well that the hell was to some extent an incarnation of the Lord of Hell. No matter how he snuck in hell hiding his traces, it would’ve been barely possible to deceive Maltimus. So, he might as well come openly. “Now, I’ll go to the Silent Hell on the eighth floor first and see if I can find the special Stellar Core. It will also be an indirect test of Maltimus’ attitude. Then, I’ll go to the primeval hell below the ninth floor.”

The moment he made his plan, Lucien suddenly sensed something and looked at the other side of the street, only to see a young man walking toward the edge of the Burning Metropolis with a bag of materials and a smile of satisfaction on his face.

The only living people here were the sorcerers and the few devil followers who came for the trade. So, the young man was undoubtedly a soul, as could be seen from his floating state and his transparent body.

However, the souls in hell were either ignorant and stupid or full of hate and regrets. None of them kept their sanity. The young man’s soul, however, was sunny and brilliant, giving Lucien a feeling that he was still alive.

“I also ‘smelled’ the air of the Silent Hell. Has he come from there to the Burning Metropolis for business?” Lucien speculated.

The Burning Metropolis was the center of trade in hell. On the other floors of hell, for various reasons, only secret deals were conducted.

Realizing that the weird young man's soul came from the Silent Hell, Lucien, whose curiosity had been triggered, tailed him and tried to figure out where he was going.

"Grandpa, Grandpa, the 'Stone of Poltergeists', 'Elven Leaves', and 'Steel of Burning Volcano' that you asked for have been bought." The young man reached a remote corner in the Burning Metropolis that was barely frequented by devils.

Outside of an iron building enshrouded in a fire, a haggard old man was standing there holding his stick. Before him were bottles of the "Fire Liquor" that devils liked most. He seemed to be the boss of a tavern who had come to the Burning Metropolis to shop for goods.

A human being? Lucien was slightly stunned. Was there any human being living in hell without being torn apart and eaten up by devils?

Right when Lucien was about to spread out his spiritual power and check if the old man had any magic cover, he suddenly raised his head. "Maman, why didn't you say that you brought a guest here?"

The "young man" Maman turned back in shock and saw Lucien who did not hide his traces. "I... I don't know him..."

"Forgive me. It's just that I wanted to get to know your grandpa, so I followed you here," Lucien said casually.

Maman scratched his head in confusion and shyness. “My grandpa is just an ordinary tavern tender. There’s nothing special about him. You might have mistaken him for someone else, my dear guest.”

“An ordinary tavern tender?” Lucien was amused. It would’ve been ordinary in the main material world, but this was hell.

The skinny old man stooped and sorted his liquors, before he looked at the “young man” with his cloudy eyes and said, “Maman, go buy another hundred bottles of ‘Water Soul Wine’ and deliver them to the old place.”

Maman nodded and ran off merrily.

“A very special soul...” Lucien said softly.

The old man’s eyes suddenly glittered. “What do you want?”

“Nothing. I’m just a bit curious.” Lucien smiled. “I don’t mean you any harm. If you’re from the Silent Hell, I would like to ask you about something.”

The old man eyed Lucien up and down. “Are you a sorcerer? Judging from your attire, you should be from the Congress of Magic. Has Douglas ever taught you not to enter the hell without a good reason?”

“Do you know Mr. President?” Lucien raised his eyebrows. Judging from his tone, he seemed unaware that Mr. President had advanced into the demigod level.

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Chapter 803: The Town in Hell

The haggard old man sighed rather regretfully. “I know his teacher.”

“Mister, are you a legendary of the ancient Magic Empires?” Lucien was not too surprised. Even though the three ancient magic empires were destroyed, many legendary sorcerers survived. After all, they were experts who knew plenty of unusual spells. Some of them hid in the depths of the Dark Mountain Range, and some hid in alternate dimensions and other areas, like the Empress of Snow. So, it was not too strange that he ran into a legendary in hell.

Mr. President’s teacher perished in the Battle of Antiffler during the War of Dawn. Whoever knew him was obviously an expert in ancient times.

The old man was dry and skinny, like a mummy without bandages. He said with mixed feelings, “The ancient sorcerers like us cannot keep up with the age anymore. Look at Douglas. How long did it take for him to become a top legend and surpass me? What are you doing in hell?”

“I’m planning to explore the primeval relics deep in hell and search for the special Stellar Core that the former Ice Duke hid.” Lucien did not hide his attention. Now that the legendary sorcerer had been hiding in hell, it was possible that he knew a thing or two about the matter. “Right, mister. I don’t know how I should call you yet.”

Lucien remembered the records of ancient legendary sorcerers, hoping to confirm the old man’s identity.

“Hehe. I am just an old man who’s waiting to die in hell. Why do you want my name and title?” The old man touched his head, and a strand of white hair immediately fell. “The primeval relics in hell? The Stellar Core that the former Ice Duke hid? Young man, you must be a legendary sorcerer in the Congress of Magic who made the advancement recently, aren’t you? I suggest that you don’t be too adventurous.

“I’ve been to the primeval relics twice, and twice I was almost lost and turned into phantoms that forever wandered there. More than six legends of the empire were confirmed to be dead during the exploration of the place. Those who could enter and return safely were mostly only the top legends like Thanos and Douglas. That is, when the Lord of Hell did not attack him.

“As for the Stellar Core that the former Ice Duke hid, it was something from thousands of years ago. I suspect that somebody has already taken it away. Otherwise, the current Ice Duke wouldn’t be as clueless as he is right now.”

Lucien listened to the old man and checked what he heard with the files he acquired from the president and Mr. Rhine. He felt rather odd. Generally speaking, the ancient legendary sorcerers were more or less gloomy and mysterious due to their cruel experiments and weird spells. Few of them were as kind and talkative as the old man here.

“Do you think I’m a chatterbox?” The old man smiled. “If it were in the past, I wouldn’t have wasted my time talking to you at all. You are free to die if you want to. However, after spending thirty years with her in hell, I have become soft and sympathetic. Otherwise, special souls like Maman would’ve become my experiment subjects a long time ago.”

“Thirty years? Her?” Lucien did not give a reply but asked in great interest. It would be easier to obtain intelligence if they were closer.

The old man’s face that was full of wrinkles suddenly turned gentle. “Now that you’ve come to hell, why don’t you visit my tavern, the Paradise of Souls? It’s right in the Silent Hell.”

“Alright.” Lucien nodded with a smile. He had to go to the Silent Hell after all.

The old man stopped talking, and Lucien enjoyed the burning fire and the splendid iron building in it casually.

After a long wait, Maman ran back delightedly. “Grandpa, the Water Soul Wine has been delivered to the old place. They’ll ship it to the Paradise of Souls today.”

“Let’s go home.” The old man touched Maman’s head affectionately.

Lucien followed them through the river to pass through the first few levels of hell before reaching a snowy plain.

Freezing wind was blowing on the plain, so fiercely that souls could be directly torn apart. However, there was no sound at all. Also, the ice land was spacious and covered in snow. Other souls and devils could not be seen at all. So, one could not help but feel the everlasting quietness and tranquility.

Lucien did not need to look to know that souls had been frozen in the ice below the snow. Consolidated, senseless, and unconscious, they forever slept in coldness and darkness.

The wind of peace and death hovered around Lucien and the old man, only to be ejected by uncanny forces. Maman was not frozen by the wind either.

After a long time, a town appeared up ahead. At the periphery was a wall made of ice, and inside the wall were rows of houses made of “Blood Warming Stones”, which was a local specialty of the Silent Hell that could effectively resist the soul-freezing coldness.

In the main material world, due to the rarity, a Blood Warming Stone of mediocre quality was already worth fifty Thales, but it was used to build a town in this place.

The residents of the town were floating souls, whose genders and ages varied. Their bodies were transparent and similar to Maman, they had their regular wisdom, except that they did not have a sunny and warm feeling.

“Old man, you’re finally back. I was waiting for the Fire Liquor.” A brawny man who had a mustache floated over and stared at the storage bag in Maman and the old man’s hands thirstily.

In the Silent Hell, even souls could enjoy the Fire Liquor.

The old man chuckled. “You drunkard, I won’t take any responsibility if you are frozen again outside after you’re drunk.”

Lucien glimpsed at the old man, feeling it odd. The legendary sorcerer was not bothered at all to be called by the ordinary souls as an old man. It seemed that he did not stress the hierarchy of the ancient Magic Empire.

The old man talked to the souls and walked to the tavern at the center of the town with his storage bag. Maman followed him and asked Lucien curiously, “Mister, are you not a human? I’ve never seen a human like you before. You have a warm body and muscles, just like the devils.”

“Human? What do you think a human should look like?” Lucien asked in amusement.

Maman raised his chin and declared, like a proud kid, “Humans are people who look like me.”

“Who told you that?” Lucien had guessed the answer.

Maman bulged his eyes in confusion. “My grandpa, of course.”

He became frustrated when they talked about his grandpa. Finally finding someone he could talk to, he said, “But grandpa doesn’t allow me to practice with uncles. He only asks me to do useless meditation.”

“Your grandpa is an awesome man. There can be nothing wrong listening to him.” Lucien patted his head with a smile.

“How so? Uncles and aunts all say that grandpa is just a common old man and that he does not have any capabilities other than cooking food and making wine.” Maman disagreed with Lucien.

Well, a special soul who has a legendary sorcerer grandpa with a concealed identity. It's like a tale of the bards. Lucien thought in amusement but was too lazy to explain to Maman. He followed the old man and entered the tavern.

The arrangement of the tavern was more or less the same as those in the main material world. However, behind the bar counter was a female soul who was fuzzy and slow.

“I'm back. I've bought a hundred bottles of Water Soul Wine this time...” The old man walked behind the bar counter and reported it to the female soul. Although it was just daily talk, he seemed gentle and satisfied.

However, the female soul remained stunned as she washed the cups mechanically.

The old man spoke for a long time before he finally turned around and looked at Lucien who had been seated before the bar. He introduced, “This is my wife. Do you want a bottle of Fire Liquor?”

Lucien shook his head and asked curiously, “How did you find her?”

Generally speaking, the souls who entered the hell would be beyond recognition.

“She died because of a certain mistake of mine. So, I was able to make preparations in advance and mark the soul in special ways.” The old man opened a bottle of Fire Liquor and had a mouthful of

it. “However, despite my profound understanding of the soul, I cannot find out its true nature and its transformation. So, by the time I found her, she was only slightly better than common souls. Perhaps she will completely disperse in another hundred years.”

Lucien nodded his head. From the description, he had basically guessed which legendary sorcerer the old man was. After all, few of them who were adept at soul studies had survived.

The old man went on. “After I found her, I accompanied her and watched her quietly to make up for what I did. Hehe. How time flies. It’s been thirty years in the blink of an eye.”

“The souls outside are the products of your experiments?” Lucien did not believe that a legendary sorcerer would give up so easily.

“Yes.” The old man nodded and had another mouthful of wine. “I tried to awaken their memories, but in the end, I only recovered their abilities to think. They are totally different persons from the past. Also, as time goes by, they will also completely disperse or be frozen in the ice, caught in the everlasting quietness.”

“What a shame.” After a brief silence, Lucien said, “It’s too bad that there’s still a gap for the Congress to make groundbreaking progress on the study of the soul.”

Lucien was actually not referring to the Congress of Magic but himself.

The old man looked at Lucien’s face. “The soul is the most intangible domain. It is in fundamental contradiction with arcana, which highlights proof and mathematics. Even Vicente, a one-in-a-thousand-years genius in necromancy, only made a minor breakthrough. Although I haven’t been out of hell for thirty years, and I don’t know the updates of the outside world, thirty years is still a very short time for magic studies. I remember that I spent a hundred and twenty-seven years near the Styx to study a certain feature of the soul.”

Before Lucien said anything, a gentle, refreshing male voice suddenly echoed at the door, “Hehe. Although it’s hard to believe, I can say confidently that the development of arcana and magic in the past thirty years is greater than thirty thousand years in the Magic Empire.”

Without turning around, Lucien already sensed a person with his spiritual power. The stranger was wearing a white tight suit, and he had pale and sickly skin. His eyes were red, and he had a pair of delicate silver horns that were full of dense patterns on his forehead.

Based on his undisguised air, Lucien could conclude very easily that he was exactly Memphiste, the incumbent Ice Duke and the Lord of Mysteries!

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Chapter 804: Let’s Take What We Need

As Memphiste, the Ice Duke, strode into the tavern, the place immediately became lifelessly quiet, like the frozen plain covered by the blizzard; cold, silent, and never to change.

“Thirty years is better than thirty thousand years?” The old man, who was likely to be a legendary sorcerer in the field of souls, chuckled. It was obvious that he thought the Lord of Mysteries was carrying out his specialties as a devil and bluffing other people with the exaggerated truth that was not to be believed. “In the past ten years, you barely walked out of the Silent Glacier. I almost suspected that you had quietly arrived at the main material world. To what do I owe your visit to my little tavern today?”

He was reminding Lucien that the Lord of Mysteries might be concocting a great scheme that involved the main material world during the past ten years so that Lucien wouldn't be tricked.

Memphiste laughed aloud and sat next to Lucien. He took a bottle of "Fire Liquor" and a bottle of "Water Soul Wine", blending them into his favorite mix. "You can ask Evans whether or not it was an overstatement. In fact, he is the best evidence himself."

He acted as if he were Lucien's best friend.

Of the three legends, one was mixing the wine behind the bar counter, and two were sitting on the high chairs before the bar. On the bar counter were delicious wine, cups, and dim candles, exactly like any other tavern looked like. Who could've thought that they were three legends?

"Huh?" The old man paid attention to his statement after hearing Memphiste's repetition. "In the first thirty thousand years of the Magic Empire, many legendary spells were invented, different schools were classified, a preliminary magic system was established, the fundamental knowledge of mathematics and astrology was concluded, the attempts of alchemical items were made, and blood power was synthesized. Could they have been done in thirty years?"

Having been born in the last glorious phase of the Magic Empire, he was like an old noble who clung to the former glories. Therefore, although he paid attention to the Congress of Magic and the development of arcana, he did not really join it. Also, he could not accept that "arcana" could accomplish what the Magic Empire achieved in thirty thousand years with only thirty years.

The Ice Duke looked at Lucien, who had been listening quietly as if it were none of his business, and chuckled. "During the thirty years, the major achievements include the discovery of the mysteries of gravity and the localization of the sun..."

He was not an arcanist, and naturally, his words were not too accurate. If it were Lucien, he would've only said that there were preliminary achievements on the nature of gravity.

“What? The sun has been found?” The old man dropped the cloth with which he was wiping the cup. He interrupted Memphiste and looked at him and Lucien in shock.

The location and the very existence of the sun had been a conundrum that bothered the Magic Empire for tens of thousands of years. There were no sorcerers who did not want to unravel the secret. He was not an exception either. However, even the brilliant geniuses like the Sun King, the prophets like Mr. Maskelyne, and the experts who were as strong as demigods like the Stellar Mentor—he was the first top legend of the Magic Empire—had to lower their proud heads before the problem and admit that there was still a long way to go for them to reach the truth of the world.

Now, the sun had been discovered?

The Ice Duke did not mention why he came at all, as if he was here specifically to enjoy the old man's shock. He pointed at Lucien with a smile and said, “Naturally, you are looking at the discoverer of the sun and the founder of the relativistic system.”

“You discovered the sun? The relativistic system?” the old man asked in a hurry. *What is the relativistic system?*

When he left the main material world, there hadn't been such a term in the Congress of Magic. After only a brief thirty years, the world had become so strange?

Lucien did not give a straight answer but answered with the rigorousness of arcanists, “Technically speaking, the main reason for the discovery of the sun was not the relativistic system. It was only a secondary factor.”

I don't know much about arcana. You must be fooling me... The old man couldn't help but feel overwhelmed. He hurried to take out his crystal ball that had been covered in dust for years.

Because he was in the Silent Hell, the effect of his prophecy was limited. However, the Ice Duke knocked on the table and released the suppression of his demiplane. So, the old man drew the conclusion. “The sun has really been discovered... What's wrong with this world?”

The sun had a special position in astrology. It was also a special symbol in the spiritual domain.

“I don't know what's wrong with this world either, but now that a top legend has come to the Silent Hell, I have to check on him, in case the Silent Glacier is attacked someday in the future and I don't know what's going on at all,” the Lord of Hell said merrily, as if he were not checking on the enemy but closing a deal with Lucien.

“A top legend?” The old man stared at Lucien again. Although he did not know all the senior-rank sorcerers and archmages of the Congress, he did know most of the Highest Council. Thirty years ago, the young man couldn't have been a legend, and after thirty years, he had reached the peak of legendary? It was even more unbelievable than Brook!

“As far as I know, it's only been a dozen years since Evans began to study magic. Well, he did not become an official sorcerer until the year when the former Ice Duke died,” the current Ice Duke added. In the old man's shock, he observed, “Now is not the ancient times, when the big shots could hide for decades but still retain the ability to change the situation. Today, whoever lives in seclusion and does not pay attention to the development of arcana, he'll be completely outdated in ten years. Instead of being a mastermind or a key force, he will be crushed by the wheel of time.”

He seemed to be mocking the old man for his confusion after living in isolation for thirty years.

“A dozen years...” The old man could not express anything with language now. What could be achieved in a dozen years? After he began to learn magic, it took him a dozen years to become a fifth-circle sorcerer.

Confirming the information that Lucien did not cover with his crystal ball again, the old man heaved a long sigh. “The very existence of you has suggested the terrifying development of arcana in the past decades.”

After his remark, his eyes suddenly turned passionate, and he stared at Lucien. “Just now, you mentioned that the Congress of Magic almost made a breakthrough on the studies of the soul, didn’t you?”

“Theoretically, yes.” Lucien did not understand why the Ice Duke was helping him to convince the old man, so he was rather prudent. “Mister, what’s your opinion on the nature of the soul? For example, if a soul loses the past memories and can never regain them, and it does not have the way of thinking and the personality before, with the waves and vibe of its spiritual power changed too, can we still say that this soul is identical to the soul in the past?”

“Well...” The old man hesitated. He had considered the question before. His wife next to him was a vivid but not extreme case. His special mark had prevented the soul waves from changing.

It was both a philosophical question and one that touched the nature of the soul. Obviously, it was not easy to answer. After a long time, the old man finally replied, “I don’t think so. After the five main features of the soul are changed, it will be a new soul.”

“Then, if we give the soul memories of the past, raise the previous way of thinking and personality, and forever change its spiritual power and vibe with magic, will it become the previous soul? Is the

soul natural-born and above society, or is it social and can be artificially ‘raised’?” Lucien proposed a sharp question. “A different case. If another soul is melted with this soul and inherits its memories, thinking, personality, and wave frequencies while retaining its previous memories, will it equal to the current soul?”

“For example, if Duke Memphiste occupies your wife’s soul and simulates her memories and other features, will he be equal to your wife? What’s the most fundamental quality of the soul?”

Looking at his “wife” next to him, the old man looked gloomy and could hardly give an answer. The Ice Duke intentionally enlivened the atmosphere. “As a matter of fact, the most fundamental quality of a soul for me is the devilish core.”

“I wonder, what’s your opinion on the question, Mr. Evans?” The old man looked at Lucien both earnestly and expectantly.

Thinking for a moment, Lucien said, “I have been to the World of Souls, where I saw the Furnace of Souls.”

“The World of Souls? The Furnace of Souls?” The old man further felt that he had been abandoned by the passing of time.

Lucien briefly introduced the World of Souls and the Furnace of Souls, and instead of telling his central studies, he said more abstractly, “I believe that the soul should have a quality that is of a higher level and more fundamental. It is deeply associated with the Furnace of Souls. As for the specific conditions, I’m afraid that I can only discuss with the arcanists with papers after I return from the primeval hell.”

Looking at the Fire Liquor before him in silence, the old man did not say anything until a long time later. “I have some studies about the soul myself. I would like to exchange our works.”

As expected of a legendary sorcerer. He knows what I am implying clearly. Lucien smiled in satisfaction and had a fair and square exchange with the old man with his current understanding about the soul, excluding the parts that involved other arcana knowledge and a certain model that was to be confirmed on this trip.

The old man's files on the soul were very detailed, including his works on the soul and two legendary spells about the soul. Some of the experiments were too cruel for Lucien to complete himself. He had been looking for other ways to confirm the results until he got the information here. Also, the old man provided his knowledge about the primeval relics in the depths of hell, which added to Lucien's confidence.

The old man also thought hard as he read the files that Lucien provided. He rubbed his forehead nonstop, as if it disrupted something that he always believed in. He said to himself, "... In such a case, resurrection, phylactery, and the effect of the Sword of Truth can all be explained self-consistently..."

Next to him, the Ice Duke put on a solemn expression as he looked at Lucien and said, "I'm here today to ask for your favor, Lucien. I'll provide more detailed files about the primeval hell."

Crossing his hands, Lucien did not give a reply immediately. Was it his attitude, or the Lord of Hell's?

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 805: The Primeval Hell

Memphiste, the Lord of Mysteries, was not bothered by Lucien's silence. He simply went on, "The favor I ask is probably also your purpose, Evans."

"You know my purpose?" Lucien raised his eyebrows and asked back.

The Ice Duke chuckled. "You have specifically come to the Silent Hell before you go to the primeval hell because you want the special Stellar Core, don't you? As a matter of fact, based on the clues I've found, the Stellar Core is not on this level but has been hidden by Tiphotidis into a certain relic in the primeval hell as hope for his resurrection."

"I would like you to go to the relics, find that Stellar Core, and erase all the possibilities of Tiphotidis' return, Evans. The Stellar Core and the detailed files of the primeval hell that I provide will be the reward for you."

"Why don't you go there yourself? If you know the primeval hell so well, why don't you erase the hope of the Master of Argent's revival in person? You can never relax unless you are the one doing it," Lucien said without giving an answer.

Memphiste looked like a pale and sickly man. Had it not been for his silver devilish horns and his evil red eyes, he would've been neglected very easily. In a self-mocking smile, he said, "I dare not enter it exactly because I know it too well. I fear that I'll become a carrier for the primeval devils to arrive. At the very least, I would rather not take the risk until I reach level three of legendary. Sometimes, ignorance means courage."

As he spoke, he glanced at the old man, as if he were mocking the guy for exploring the primeval hell after he just became a legend years ago. Had it not been for luck, he would've been melted by the primeval devils and wandered in the broken relics henceforth.

“Do the primeval devils really exist?” Lucien suddenly opened his mouth and asked.

Memphiste smiled. He knew that Lucien had accepted his request but did not want to set up a contract, in case he would have to worry about the enforcement of the contract if he ran into emergencies in the primeval hell. After all, when the mission was fulfilled, the Stellar Core would be his, and nobody could steal it away.

“If you believe that the primeval devils exist, they will indeed exist. They wander in the relics in the primeval hell and receive the summoning from the main material world and all the alternate dimensions. However, if you don't think they exist, they will no longer exist. They're more like an exterior projection of the negative feelings in yourself. Everybody sees different things according to their memories and strength, but the intense negative feelings are the same.” Thinking for a moment, the Ice Duke told his knowledge about the primeval devils in his own way. “Therefore, the most important thing is the control over feelings and desires.”

“It shouldn't be dangerous for you. Your title is ‘Lord of Mysteries’. Since you are best at manipulation, you can certainly control your own feelings and desires well. Also, you have the help of extraordinary abilities like ‘everlasting peace’.” Lucien did not know the real name of the extraordinary ability, so he simply referred to it with its image.

Memphiste sighed and said, “However, when the primeval devils appear with the wandering souls inside, they can be as strong as top legends. Although it cannot last, that's enough to crush me. Also, the primeval hell is different from other places in that the slightest negative feelings will be magnified tenfold, a hundred times, and a thousand times. The primeval devils will take advantage of the weakness and plant seeds in your mind. So, you must stop all the negative feelings from appearing in the primeval hell, or you wouldn't be able to free yourself.”

“Magnified tenfold, a hundred times, and a thousand times?” Lucien’s black pupils in his deep eyes seemed to be glittering.

The files on primeval devils that Lucien had before came from Douglas and Rhine. Their explorations of the primeval hell were relatively smooth, and they were never possessed by the primeval devils. The old man was almost lost and only made his way out with a special legendary item. He was unable to tell exactly what happened. Therefore, it was the first time that Lucien heard such a theory. It matched his speculation very well!

Memphiste put down his special mix and nodded solemnly. “In hell, a lot of devils went to the primeval hell for adventures and enormous strength. Therefore, I have millions of cases as the foundation of my analysis.”

The number had been accumulated for tens of thousands of years.

“Hehe. However orderly devils may see, their hearts are always evil and full of desire. When they are not strong enough, it’s barely possible for them to stay out of the influence of the primeval devils.” Lucien smiled casually, not bothered at all that he was faced with a great devil.

Memphiste laughed aloud. “That’s very correct. Therefore, knowing myself very well, I dare not go in personally. Frankly speaking, the devils will suffer no losses after they are possessed by the primeval devils. At worst, their desires will be stronger, and their lives will be much shorter, but their strength will grow significantly. Such desire matches our ambitions and our way of thinking very well. It will not influence other thinking abilities, but will only make us smarter.”

That’s what we say “ever since I suffered mental diseases, my mental state has been much better”... Lucien chuckled to himself.

After his laughter, the Ice Duke went on, “After you enter the primeval hell, except for the few fixed relics, the environment that every intelligent creature sees is different. In such an environment, the wandering souls will turn into the family, friends, teachers, and students that you value, as well as the enemies that you hate, under the domination of primeval devils. They will play the scenes of betrayals, slaughters, pain, and lust before you.

“We all know that such simple illusions cannot affect the judgment of legendary sorcerers, but for the primeval devils, they do not hope that the people who enter the relics can be bewildered by the illusions so easily but aim for the emotional fluctuation that is from natural instincts. After all, there’s a gap between natural reactions and the sensible judgment of oneself.”

Lucien nodded his head. “The problem can be avoided by casting spells such as ‘Mechanized Mind’ in advance.”

“Therefore, for top legends, the most important thing is to take care of the sudden attacks from the primeval devils who hide in such illusions. In the primeval hell, they will never be killed. They will be reborn and attack the enemy incessantly. If there weren’t a time gap, and if more than three primeval devils could show up simultaneously, even the top legends would not be able to resist the fearless attacks of the seven primeval devils,” the Ice Duke mentioned something that Lucien did not know.

Lucien frowned. “Why would there only be three primeval devils at most every time?”

That was his greatest question.

“That I do not know. However, I know that ‘Arrogance’ always acts alone, because he is an embodiment of arrogance. Also, ‘Hypocrisy’ never joins the attack but is more used to attacking in secret. If ‘Jealousy’ takes action with the other primeval devils, he will be your ‘helper’. The other four devils often appear in pairs, but they never take action together,” Memphiste said in his opinion.

Lucien was rather interested. *It's rather creative to consider the problem from such a perspective.*

Also, as long as the seven primeval devils were not attacking him at the same time, he would be confident to leave safely even though the other four devils were to join their hands. After all, they could only behave as top legends for a short while.

“Sometimes, the primeval devils wouldn’t show up, and the explorers could go into the relics normally and find the ways to summon them...” Memphiste told Lucien the files of the primeval hell that he knew.

...

On the ninth level of hell, Lucien walked deep into the core of the sphere through a bottomless crack.

After descending for a long time, Lucien’s feet finally stepped on soft, weird mud, which shivered all the time as if beating hearts had been buried below.

Lucien was holding a piece of time-worn paper in his hands. On the paper that was made from the skin of grand devils, eerie patterns that Lucien had never seen before were drawn. The moment he saw the paper, he felt that he saw greed, arrogance, pain, and other deep negative feelings.

It was the “map” that Memphiste provided for Lucien. As a belonging of Tiphotidis, the Master of Argent, it marked the relic where he hid the Stellar Core. On the other hand, the old man who was good at spirits packed up his stuff, ready to return to the main material world with his wife and Maman to go to Allyn.

Zigzagging forward, Lucien unleashed his air and scared off a bunch of strong hellish devils before he reached the gate hidden at the deepest part of the canyon.

The gate was old and did not have any decorations. Revealing a bronze color, it gave the air of transcendence.

“There is the Gate of Immortality and the Blue Gate. Perhaps this one should be called ‘Gate of Desires’.” Lucien extended his right hand and pressed the gate.

Feeling the coldness, he found that the gate was opened, revealing the splendid corridor behind it.

“The corridor of a castle?” Lucien, who had been enhanced with multiple spells, walked in slowly.

Different rooms were on the two sides of the corridor. The dark red wood on the doors implied their state-of-the-art quality. Their lower edges were covered in what appeared to be golden foils.

After a few steps forward, alluring moans suddenly entered Lucien’s ears.

“Is ‘Lust’ the first to come?” Lucien looked in through the half-opened door. “It sounds rather familiar...”

Inside the room was a big bed with a red sheet, on which two naked bodies were rolling. The one on the top had purple long hair and a graceful curve, as well as a vigorous face with the beauty that Lucien couldn't be more familiar with.

Natasha?

Natasha's eyes were blurry as she looked down at the girl below affectionately, who was also naked.

Huh. A girl?

It was not until then that Lucien realized that the girl was Sylvia, who was already dead. Her beautiful face that was as pure as a lily was flushing, and her eyes were half-closed, as soul-stirring moans burst out of her lips. Her small but firm breasts were rubbing against Natasha's tightly...

It seemed to be a scene from when Natasha and Sylvia were still together.

Lucien's lips curled, and he chuckled without being affected.

"Jealousy?"

...

In Duchy of Orvarit, Aalto...

Hardly had Gossett, a red robe, entered Philibell's library when he saw that the Grand Cardinal rose in a hurry.

"His Holiness has summoned the Grand Cardinals for an emergency meeting. You will supervise the divine power circle of Aalto for now." Philibell gave the instruction while he walked to the teleportation circle.

"An emergency meeting? Did something happen?" Gossett immediately became grave.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 806: Secret Mission

In the Bright Hall in Lance, the Holy City...

By the time Philibell arrived, all the Grand Cardinals who were free had been gathered. Benedict III stood above the stairs with a platinum staff in his hands. Behind him was an enormous, sacred cross.

“I’ve summoned you today because I have a secret mission for you, which concerns the glory of the Lord, the survival of the Church, and your future,” Benedict III said solemnly; his slightly cloudy eyes were as thoughtful and peaceful as ever.

Melmax, the Holy Avenger, stepped forward and said, “Your Holiness, what mission is it exactly that requires half of the Grand Cardinals to accomplish?”

He hadn’t recovered from the wounds he suffered during Douglas’ advancement into the demigod level. Therefore, he was rather prudent about missions.

Instead of giving a straight answer, Benedict III looked at the glass window near the dome of the Bright Hall. As the brilliant sunlight penetrated through the colorful glass, dreamy shadows were left on the ground.

“Douglas’ advancement gave confidence to the sorcerers and showed them the bright future of arcana and magic. As long as the path is not proved to be a dead-end, they can hardly be tempted. Also, the situation in the world has been greatly changed. Our estimation of the future has to change accordingly.” Benedict III repeated the current situation with a low voice, “Admit it or not, one demigod, four top legends, and an equal number of legendary experts are out there, and the Congress of Magic is already as strong as us.

“In the meantime, we have to face the northern heretics, the great devil Maltimus in the Boundless Ocean, and the evil god ‘Silver Moon’ in the Dark Mountain Range. The situation is very rough.”

None of the Grand Cardinals said anything because it was an obvious fact. Although the Congress of Magic had to take care of the Lord of Hell and the northern hecatics too, the Dark Congress and the Elven Court were at least their allies for now. The Church, on the other hand, was almost helpless.

It seemed to be an inevitable process during the decline of every reigning force. Because their power had left too deep an impression on other forces, and an irresolvable feud had been struck between them, the other forces were likely to reach an agreement to overthrow the reigning force first before they fought each other. It was exactly like what happened to the Magic Empire!

Benedict III's old and heavy voice echoed in the Bright Hall, "Although I have informed you of the status transformation and the method to gather godhood through the power of faith granted by the Lord, and your strength must've increased over the past few years, we still have to face one problem after twenty years of arcana development and the subsequent expansion of the Congress of Magic."

He paused and looked around at all the Grand Cardinals present.

Saint Maria, Saint Kati, Philibell, Astira, and the other Grand Cardinals all lowered their heads and avoided the pope's eyes. Over the past years, they had made great contributions to the ever-surging cults under the territory of the Church.

Moving his eyes back, Benedict III went on, "Considering the current trend, until your strength has fundamental improvements and the number of new legends catches up with that of the Congress of Magic, the Congress of Magic will certainly divide and conquer us with its overwhelming strength, exactly like how the Congress of Magic was destroyed by us in the past.

"This is not a threat with the worst possibility. You should know well that most sorcerers in the Congress of Magic haven't really digested the products of arcana development during the recent two decades. After all, it's normal that the expansion of strength is ten years behind theoretical development. You should know very well how strong they will be in another ten years."

After Benedict III finished, Astira asked in confusion, "Your Holiness, it's very visionary of you to describe the comparison of our strengths in the future. You've analyzed our dilemma too. However,

the greatest and most fundamental difference between us and the Magic Empire is that we have you, the Lord's spokesperson on the ground and the strongest demigod. The Magic Empire, on the other hand, only had top legends.

"Demigods are a deterrence and a balance. As long as the demigod is not destroyed, it will be barely possible to eliminate his force, because it will make the demigod fearless and wreak havoc on his enemy. Therefore, demigods who can mutually destroy each other's forces are the best guarantee of peace, exactly like our strike on vampires. I believe that the Congress of Magic will take that into consideration too. Perhaps the situation where we confront each other with the Storm Strait in between will go on, while we gradually carve up the forces that do not have demigods."

Saint Kati also stood up. "Astira is right. The unkillable demigods will keep the current situation. Also, more importantly, as the strongest demigod, Your Holiness can perform God's Arrival. Neither the Silver Moon, the Lord of Hell, nor Douglas can resist it. That's the best guarantee for the Church's position. They will not dare to attack us easily.

"By the time our strength is increased, we will be able to wake up the Lord. Under the brilliance of the true god, all evilness will be melted."

He was only talking about his hope, as to whether or not the God of Truth could be awakened, and in exactly what way it should be done, that was a whole different matter.

Benedict III heaved a sigh. "Demigods are not really immortal. At the very least, I have a lot of problems myself. If they can grasp those problems, even if they cannot completely kill me, they will be able to imprison me like I imprison the monster. Since I have God's Arrival, I must be the primary target for Douglas, the Silver Moon, and Maltimus. It is possible that they will join their hands. How are we going to deal with that?"

No Grand Cardinals were able to give an answer in the Bright Hall. The atmosphere became depressive and frozen. Although the danger was still far away, the worst possibility seemed to be happening sooner or later based on His Holiness' analysis.

“Your Holiness, what is the mission that you want to give us?” Melmax suddenly broke the silence. “Is it about our future disaster?”

Benedict III slowly raised his platinum staff. He looked solemn and grave.

Seeing that, all the Grand Cardinals immediately kneeled and drew crosses on their chests while praying devoutly, “Only Truth lives forever!”

It was the gesture to proclaim the Lord’s oracle!

“The Lord has given me an oracle, telling me how the problems can be resolved.” Benedict III’s voice was filled with “sincere gratitude”. “The reason why negative feelings cannot be controlled or separated even though ‘containers’ are used is that the power of negative feelings and the power of faith are not equal during the last step before turning into a demigod.”

Saint Maria frowned subconsciously. “Not equal? They’re both the surreal power of the mind. How can they not be equal?”

She suddenly realized what she just said. “Your Holiness, I am not questioning the Lord. I’m only hoping that you can fulfill my ignorance.”

“Because Mountain Paradise is behind the power of faith, the projection of Mountain Paradise will appear when one tries to become a demigod. The power of negative feelings, on the other hand, can only gather the seven primeval devils. How can they be equal to Mountain Paradise? As a result, the balance is lost, the problems are left,” Benedict III explained expressionlessly.

“How can they be equal?” Philibell asked. It was a question that they really cared about because they believed that they would reach the step sooner or later.

Benedict III put down the platinum staff and nodded his head. “We need more ‘primeval devils’. We need to gather them into a primeval hell, which requires your cooperation because I cannot accomplish it myself. Actually, it completely matches the core of our path to the demigod level; gathering the power of the people and turning the weak into the strong.”

For some reason, when they heard Benedict III’s announcement, the first thing that the Grand Cardinals remembered was Lucien’s paper and the prediction in it; the evolution from a weak observer to a strong observer!

“Your Holiness, what should we do?” Saint Kati asked. They certainly had to ask every detail clearly. After all, it concerned their own safety. What if their attempts failed, and the primeval devils in their bodies lost control?

“Based on my speculation, such ‘gathering’ will result in subsequent changes in the primeval hell. After that...” Benedict III spoke of his whole plan without hiding anything.

After identifying the key of the plan, the Grand Cardinals accepted the mission, each thinking about their own business. They left the Bright Hall for the final preparations.

After they all disappeared from the Bright Hall, Benedict III still stood where he was and looked at the gate with thoughtful eyes.

.....

“Jealousy?” The moment Lucien opened his mouth, “Natasha” and “Sylvia”, who had been entangling with each other in bed, stood up. One of them stood in the front, and the other clutched her timidly.

“I’m sorry. You are great, but I still love her.” “Natasha” stared at Lucien fearlessly.

Lucien’s lips twitched, only because the line was too familiar. Then, he smiled. “It’s useless. If I do not have such confidence, how do I deserve to say love? It’s time for a new trick, Jealousy.”

As he talked, Lucien was already prepared for an attack because Lust might be hiding in the dark. It might be dangerous if they attacked together.

“Haha.” “Natasha” and “Sylvia” both giggled in a voice that was completely different from their own. “What a boring man.”

In their laughter, their bodies crumbled into dust.

Lucien had thought that the two primeval devils would attack together, but out of his expectation, they simply left.

Turning his head, Lucien saw the dressing mirror on one side of the bed and his reflection in it. It was wearing the same black double-breasted suit, top hat, and black shoes, but on the familiar handsome face, it was not a smile but disdain.

“Lucien” in the mirror suddenly sneered and said, “Do you know that you have been too arrogant? Because of your top legendary strength and your powerful, weird spells, you despise the seven primeval devils and think that they cannot cause you any harm. You laugh at them for their every attempt to manipulate your feelings.

“Your idea is the purest arrogance. Arrogance is never a feeling. So, I have been born in your heart for you to look at yourself. You can never kill me or defeat me, because I am you!”

It walked out of the mirror one step after another, and its black shoes stomped on the tawny carpet.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 807: The Stellar Core

The Lucien that Arrogance turned into walked out of the mirror gracefully and slowly; its black shoes glittering.

“If you call the most fundamental conclusion that is based on facts arrogance, then arrogance will not be the name of a devil but that of an angel.” Lucien did not attack immediately but observed Arrogance who looked identical to himself except for the countenance in great interest.

Arrogance was still as disdainful as a moment ago. “You dare say that there is not the slightest condescension and mockery in your heart? Arrogance is not a feeling but comes from your mind. It’s the bias caused by your experiences of success. If you say it is a devil, it will be a devil, and if you say it is an angel, it will be an angel. Therefore, it cannot be blocked by your spells. Were you not arrogant when faced with the wrong arcana theories, or when those weaker than you challenged you? Just admit it. Arrogance is not bad at all. It’s a symbol that distinguishes the victors from the losers, like...”

It paused and suddenly raised its right hand while letting out an intricate spell from its mouth.

“Snow Goddess’ Forgiveness!”

...Like when you created ‘Snow Goddess’ Forgiveness’, the legendary spell which was close to absolute zero. Were you not proud of it? Did you not feel subtly jubilant when you dealt with the enemy with the spell?

That was arrogance!

With the indescribable gesture, Arrogance performed the ice-type legendary spell on Lucien, as if it were a real but arrogant Lucien!

Its attack came without any warning. The translucent pillars of light, under the restraint of invisible light and grids of darkness, surged toward Lucien.

Lucien, who had been staying on alert, was prepared for the attack. The moment Arrogance raised its right hand, a dark and profound universe appeared on his back, and in the middle of the colorful stars, an enormous fireball emitted terrifying heat.

It influenced the environment as if it were real, immediately vaporizing the red bed and the tawny carpet in the room.

Snow Goddess' Forgiveness was blown into this Atomic Universe. However, under the heat of the sun and the magnificent storm of energy, the magnetic field and the lasers that bound it were contorted and affected. Therefore, the unimaginable frigidity burst out in advance. Stars were frozen one after another, making the dark cosmos even more desolate.

When the light was finally frozen by the darkness, Lucien had already disappeared from the spot.

Before Arrogance was able to take action, the jolly ticking sounds echoed next to its ears, before everything was ended by a crack.

All the glamorous colors of the exquisite castle were gone, leaving nothing but the monotonous monochrome, where the "Lucien" that Arrogance turned into looked like a puppet from an old picture.

Outside of the window, Lucien's figure appeared. Holding the silver and delicate pocket watch, he chanted the spell that led to unusual waves.

"Luxury Cracking!"

“Luxury Cracking!

“Soul Smite!”

All the three legendary spells had been attached with “Hand of Uncertainties”. The last one was one of the few legendary spells that Lucien picked up recently specifically to deal with spirits, primeval devils, and other enemies who did not have real entities.

Since his destination was the primeval hell, he naturally had to be prepared. Lucien never looked down upon any opponent. Unless he had other purposes, he always tried his best however weak the enemy seemed!

After the three legendary spells were cast, the feeling of frozen time was broken, and the extravagant colors like red and yellow returned. Inside the “old picture”, Arrogance cracked nonstop as the magic effects were gone.

All the effects on its body, including “Spell Trigger”, had completely collapsed under two rounds of “Luxury Cracking”.

Then, after a thud, its body became blurry, and black gas jetted out of its eyes, neck, ears, mouth, and pores, as if a water ball had been smashed by an invisible hammer, with juice splashing everywhere.

“Soul Smite” had heavily wounded and rigidified Arrogance. Lucien certainly wouldn’t let go of such an opportunity. He blew out “Silent Blue”, which he exchanged with Hellen using “Snow Goddess’ Forgiveness”.

The black air around Arrogance and Arrogance itself was frozen and caught in the silent and freezing blueness, losing all the activity.

Right when Lucien was about to impose all kinds of seals so that he could bring Arrogance back for further studies, it suddenly put on a weird smile inside the Silent Blue before destroying itself!

Even the Silent Blue could not completely trap it!

BOOM!

A fireball rolled and rose, and the powerful blast swept across the whole castle. The valuable building collapsed as if it were a sand statue on the beach that embraced a tide.

Lucien blinked to the sky outside of the castle. Looking at the burning remains below him, he considered the features of Arrogance.

“It seems that the devil can simulate all my spells and magic effects including the legendary ones, which makes it look like my duplicate. It’s very similar to Monster Viken in the Realm of Gates, except that it is not half a level higher than me...

“... It does not have a Moon Timer, so it could not get rid of ‘Advanced Time Stop’... Does it mean that the devil cannot simulate the effects of my items?

“... It could not transform its status in my unique way. It’s obvious that the nature of the world on such a level is beyond what the primeval devils can touch and duplicate. It can only do it in a similar way to the primeval devils. That’s why it could not avoid ‘Silent Blue’...”

While Lucien analyzed the situation of Arrogance, laughter burst out in the debris and the wilderness at the same time. “It’s useless. You can’t kill me, because I am you!”

“It’s also a behavior of arrogance that you cannot treat yourself fairly!”

The laughter gradually died down. Out of Lucien’s expectation, Arrogance did not attack and consume his spiritual power with a protracted battle. Instead, it melted into the darkness without giving any more sounds, like a ferocious predator that tailed the prey quietly and held itself back from a fierce attack until the prey was exhausted.

Staying on alert, Lucien observed the environment. It was a wasteland where nothing grew. The dim red blood seemed saturated with blood, giving a painful and miserable feeling.

“The Desert of Pain...” Lucien heaved a sigh. It was almost a “landmark” that every legendary sorcerer who came to the primeval hell had seen before. As the greatest feature of the primeval hell, it had been named by a certain ancient legendary sorcerer as “Desert of Pain”.

Lucien continued to fly in the previous direction. After all, if he were scared off by Arrogance just like that, he would never be able to explore the primeval hell.

After flying for a while, the “map” in Lucien’s arms suddenly unleashed intense waves.

Taking out the map that the Lord of Mysteries gave him, Lucien saw that the eerie symbols on it wriggled as if alive and pointed at a certain direction.

The special Stellar Core that the Master of Argent hid is around? Lucien thought to himself. Considering for a moment, Lucien decided to take a look at it since there were no other emergencies.

Navigated by the map, Lucien flew in the dim, dark sky for a while until he saw a shaking temple below.

The old temple was very similar to the temple outside of the Blue Gate and carried the style of the primordial times. The dome was supported by enormous stone pillars.

However, the stone pillars of this temple had half collapsed, and the air of aging and rotting was spreading out.

Lucien observed for a long time with magic, before he finally descended and landed. He then walked into the temple.

The wall of the temple was painted with simple but vivid illustrations. They were the pictures of cruel punishments, including whipping, beheading, hanging, mincing, and drowning, as well as the sacrificial rituals that a bunch of human-like creatures conducted with those punishments.

Looking at the shabby paintings, Lucien almost failed to control his feelings of pain and hate.

“Is this the beginning of the summoning of primeval devils? Have the primeval devils drawn them to allure the adventurers?” Thanks to the help of magic, Lucien kept calm. He recorded the paintings while he pressed further in the temple.

Although the temple was enormous, it was nothing but a minor library for a legendary sorcerer like Lucien. Very soon, he saw the brilliant Stellar Core that was placed on the altar of the temple.

The Stellar Core was smaller and brighter than the one Lucien used to make “Moon Timer”. The space around was curved inwardly because of its attraction, giving the feeling that it was extremely heavy.

The most unique feature of the item was that it carried certain transcendental air. Through the brilliant core, one seemed able to see the shadow of an enormous planet.

COMMENT

Lucien put on a sincere smile after seeing the Stellar Core, not because the material was precious, but because the specialness of it had allowed him to further approach the truth.

Despite his delight, Lucien was not careless. He began to inspect the Stellar Core and the environment with all kinds of spells, in case it was another trap like the Time Plate, or it was part of the Master of Argent’s scheme.

Hardly had Lucien cast his magic when the brilliance of the Stellar Core on the ground suddenly constricted and stretched out into a male in a tight suit. It was exactly Memphiste, the Lord of Mysteries.

“Pleased to meet you, I am Greed.” The devil introduced itself with a smile. Then, pointing at its face, it said, “You must’ve fallen into this guy’s scheme.”

It was obviously referring to Memphiste.

“Huh?” Lucien sniffed with a smile.

Greed chuckled. “Although the guy is not strong, he is exceptional at plotting, and he likes to hurt other people for no reason. You already fell into his trap when you agreed to help him fetch the Stellar Core.

“I know that you did not sign a contract with him, but when you think that you need to come and fetch the Stellar Core, you have essentially handed over the knife to us, the primeval devils.”

Lucien’s smile was gone, and he listened quietly.

Greed was even more satisfied. “Normally speaking, if a top legend like you enhanced yourself with all kinds of spells and entered the primeval hell without any emotional fluctuations, you would’ve only encountered some illusions and the wandering phantoms that were possessed by us, and you wouldn’t have encountered so many of us in a row. However, because you already had the greedy thought that you had to fetch the Stellar Core, there was a gap in your defense that we could make use of very easily!”

Lucien listened quietly but did not give a reply.

“What about it? Isn’t his scheme barely noticeable?” Greed said with an exaggerated tone.

Lucien was still silent.

After waiting for a while, Greed asked with a smile, still pretending to be casual, “Are you not mad? Do you not want to take him down?”

“Whether or not what you said is true, will anger help anything? It will only give your old partner, ‘Abhorrence’, a chance to project into my heart.” Lucien finally opened his mouth. His smile was gentle and peaceful, like the tender light from the bright moon.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 808: The Devils

Memphiste, or Greed, was stunned for a moment and then grinned. “I just wanted things to be easier. No matter how you feel, what would happen had already happened. I’ve told you. The moment since you wanted Stellar Core, your defense cracked.

“... Then you’ll see the true primeval hell and all the primeval devils there!”

It was not hiding its greed at all.

Every facet of the pure Stellar Core suddenly reflected a figure; a humanlike monster with goat horns!

The many figures then jumped out and joined together in the air, until they formed a huge monster. Its eyes were scarlet, skin pale, with big wings on its back. On the top of its head, there were two silver goat horns. It was Tiphotidis, the Master of Argent, which fell many years ago!

Its scarlet eyes were burning with fury as it hated everything in this world so badly. Coming from the deepest death, it wanted to burn every living thing down.

“It’s all your fault! All of you! My plan was perfect!” it cried in a bitter tone.

Obviously, the resurrection method saved by the Master of Argent had been used by the devil of abhorrence. It was now only a container of the devil!

Speaking of which, the white halos surrounding it spread out in all directions. That was the biggest difference between it and Memphiste. Only the Lord of Silent Hell and a great level three legendary devil could own the power of Ice Death Halo!

The silver-white halos like waves reached further and froze the gray bricks, broken stone pillars, dark-red soil, and even the air.

The freezing was not from extremely low temperature, but the power of corrosion from death. Even the lifeless buildings had been infected by the dead air, and the entire place now felt like a cold tomb.

The devil of abhorrence was the devil with the worst temper. It was used to launch a direct attack to let out the hatred within!

The moment the halos spread out, Greed had started using Memphiste's extraordinary power, Ice Duke, to launch its attack.

At this time, they heard a gentle, remote clicking sound.

In the cold and silent space, the sound seemed to be so cheerful that it was almost creepy.

Click.

Lucien pressed the button and everything instantly came into a pause.

The world had become even quieter now. Lucien then gave Luxury Cracking to each one of them.

He then blinked to a place far away from the temple. He lifted his right hand and the Atomic Universe appeared behind his back. The raging, huge fireball was right beside his right hand, and the extremely high temperature was twisting the air, creating unrecognizable illusionary images.

“Eternal Blaze!”

At this time, Lucien did not care if the Stellar Core would be ruined in the explosion. Just seeing it with his own eyes had made his journey worthwhile!

Lucien could not let greed blind him at this crucial moment.

BOOM!

When time resumed, the power of Eternal Blaze took over!

The entire space was ablaze with the dazzling light, as if a sun god had arrived.

The temple in the middle and the two primeval devils were vaporized within a second before they could even release a bitter cry.

After the extremely high temperature and the blinding light, the powerful energy storm had come to Lucien. However, the almighty power could not hurt Lucien at all, what with the layers of twisted air shielding him.

Because of the special environment in this primeval hell, the mushroom cloud, while shockingly gorgeous, now appeared to be even more beautiful, but in a creepy way, like a huge red straw hat.

After everything calmed down, there was only a huge pit in the ground left. The devils were now gone forever.

Lucien was surprised to see something at the bottom of the pit. It was a shining “gem”.

It was the Stellar Core. The great power of the spell did not destroy it. Lucien started casting the spells to rule out any possible danger from it.

The gravity pulling time and space in from the core had disappeared, and maybe this was the reason why it could stand the horrible power. Although the stellar core had temporarily lost its power to affect its surroundings, its power was still slowly recovering.

Lucien picked it up and put it into his pouch.

At this time, when Lucien was about to leave this place, he suddenly heard the high-pitched, exaggerated laughter.

“There’s no use! You can’t kill us!”

“The defense of your heart has cracked. Then you’ll see the true primeval hell and all the primeval devils there!”

In the roaring and laughter, Lucien was stunned for a second as he did not expect that they also liked the term “primeval devils”.

Lucien ignored the mocking but headed for the relic in the depth of the primeval hell.

After quite a while, Lucien finally saw the magnificent palace at the tip of the peak, which was built from gold, shining in the remaining glory against the dusk sky.

After carefully checking around, Lucien landed in front of the palace and pushed open the heavy gate. He then walked into the boundless darkness.

According to the information provided by Douglas and Rhine, once he stepped in, things that every single individual would face would vary depending on what they believed was the most dreadful.

In the dark corridor, there was only dim candlelight providing the last touch of brightness, like lamps in a tomb.

As Lucien walked in deeper, the numbers of candles increased. Then, he saw a hall in front of him. In the hall, there were lots of silver candlesticks, and there were also crystal lamps hanging down from the ceiling. The entire hall was thus very well-lit, to the point that Lucien could see everything here.

It was a library!

A library that was full of bookshelves and books!

The arrangement looked very, very similar to that of Lucien's spirit library!

Lucien was a bit amused and speechless. Was this the place he was afraid of?

He walked in the library silently and went toward the biggest bookshelf.

"The Periodic Relation between the Nature of Elements and Prediction of New Elements"

...

"The Energy Distribution of Black-Body Radiation"

...

"New Alchemy"

...

"On the Electrodynamics of Moving Bodies and Mass-energy Equation"

...

“A Relativistic Interpretation and Geometric Description of Gravity and a System of Relativity Under a More General Frame of Reference”

...

“On Quantum Mechanics”

...

Those were all papers that Lucien once published, and all of them triggered all his memories. However, there was only one difference. The author of the papers all remained unknown. The big, scarlet question marks were sharp and intimidating!

Lucien reached out his hand and gave the papers and books a gentle stroke as he smiled. “Several years ago, I would definitely feel extremely shameful seeing this, but now, I can say proudly that, by standing on the giants’ shoulders, I’ve got something valuable of my own, and I finally have some of my own understanding of the world.”

Then he bowed solemnly. “Your exploration and study have led to us approaching the truth of the world. Without you, the great minds, all the human beings here in this world, and I would have lived in ignorance and darkness much longer...

“... I will keep going while bearing your will.”

Suddenly, all the books fell from the shelves as the entire library started shaking fiercely.

Lucien just stood there silently and let the books fall on him. Of course, none of the books could break the protection from Space Staff.

After the library was gone, there was a dark, black gate in front of Lucien.

Lucien realized that he was in a place that looked like a civil court in Holm.

There was a handsome, young man who was wearing a top hat and a double-breasted suit sitting up there. The smile on his face was warm and gentle. The judge was Lucien himself!

He smiled. "Welcome to the real primeval hell!"

On the one side sat six plaintiffs. And they were all Lucien!

One looked extremely arrogant; one kept checking his treasure; one looked rather pissed with everything; one was soaked in agony; one was burning in the flame of envy; and the last one's eyes were full of lust.

They were all shouting, "He's sinful! We accuse him! We're witnesses!"

Lucien was a bit speechless. Without a doubt, the primeval devils were fans of roleplay. However, he was a bit surprised that the seven primeval devils were all here, which was completely different from the information he got from the president and Mr. Rhine.

Facing the seven top legendaries, even if their powers did not last, even if Lucien was also a leading top legendary, he would not be able to handle it. He had better retreat for now.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 809:

Cunning

“Silent! No shouting in the court!” The “judge” picked up the gavel and brought attention back to the bench, looking rather unbiased.

It was Hypocrisy!

Looking at Lucien, Hypocrisy announced, “With regard to the accusation against you, a fair sentence will be given to you. Please go in the dock. Don’t worry. I am the most upright and impartial judge in the primeval hell.”

As soon as Hypocrisy finished the words, Abhorrence sprang up from the chair and said aloud, “I accuse him of the violent desire for killing! Anyone who pissed him off was killed! He killed the followers of Argent Horn, the night watchers, and so many! Even a hundred sheets of paper is not enough for the list!”

“I accuse him of being jealous all the time although you can tell nothing from the outside,” Jealousy said. “His guts are on fire with envy, all the time! He was jealous of the gangs’ life when he was poor. He was jealous of Natasha’s love toward Silvia. He hated Felipe’s reputation, the Hand of Paleness, and even all the great sorcerers in arcana! His body is only a hollow container of acidity as his soul has gone forever because of envy. Disgusting!”

Greed joined and said, “His heart is full of the desire for treasure and reputation. He put his name on his students’ papers and attacked those who didn’t agree with him. He wants everything, leaving nothing to anyone else!

“Those are just on the surface! The deepest reason is that he’s more than arrogant! He looks down upon all the arcanists in the Congress, including Douglas and Fernando. He despises the Saint Truth, including the popes and grand cardinals. He laughs at all the intelligent creatures in the world and believes that he is the only one knowing the truth of the world and the only lighthouse in this dark age!”

“In his mind, all other creatures are savage and silly, and he’s the only one standing above while watching everything with full awareness. Therefore, he’s cold, he doesn’t care about other people’s lives, and he is full of jealousy! All because he’s arrogant!” said Arrogance excitedly, waving its arms, as if it was the true judge in the court.

When Indulgence and Pain were about to join, when Hypocrisy was lifting the gavel again, Lucien suddenly smiled, and there a silver pocket watch appeared in his right hand.

Click.

The court suddenly came to a pause, and everything in the space now looked very pale.

Hypocrisy's gavel remained in the air, while Arrogance had become a solid statue, which looked like it was giving a long speech.

And the rest of them had all frozen into statues.

Like an old painting in gray and white.

Without hesitation, Lucien was about to blink to the other side. After all, the devils were too many, and he could not manage to give each of them a Luxury Cracking within the time range given.

Lucien's plan was that after there was a distance between them, he would use Space Shackle to trap them all and then throw Eternal Blaze at him. He knew that this one single strike could not kill them all, but it would earn him time.

At this time, he heard a mix of sounds!

The seven pocket watches and the clicking sound were mixing together. Faster and faster, as if it was going to blow at any time!

Lucien saw that each of the seven “Lucien” had a silver pocket watch in their hand! Exactly the same pocket watch!

There was a sarcastic smile on their faces, as if they were saying, *We were all lying! We could even copy your legendary items!*

Hypocrisy reached out its right hand.

“Luxury Cracking!”

The previous fights were for Lucien to lower his alert. Arrogance, Greed, and Abhorrence purposefully made Lucien believe that he could run away because of Moon Timer at any time so that he could be confident enough to come to this place where the seven of them could show up together!

Meanwhile, Arrogance grinned at Lucien and said, “Storm Barrier!”

The devils were grinning in triumph. Lucien had to pay for underestimating them!

Lucien had to pay for his own arrogance!

Without his arrogance, Lucien wouldn’t have fallen into such a trap.

Abhorrence reached out its right hand and was thrilled as if it had seen Lucien's death.

“Positron Cannon!”

We were devils! Known for our cunning tricks of playing with human minds!

So cry, shout, and die!

Jealousy took a gloomy glance at the rest of the devils and said in low voice, “Eternal Blaze!”

You shall all die!

Meanwhile, Soul Smite from Greed, Space Staff from Indulgence, and Snow Goddess' Forgiveness from Pain were all shooting toward Lucien.

This was totally out of Lucien's expectation. For a second, he was stunned. Facing the seven most powerful spells, for a moment, Lucien understood how his enemies felt.

No one could take the seven top legendary spells all together, including any top legends!

Earlier, Arrogance, Greed, and Abhorrence were just pretending that they could not copy extraordinary items!

But how could they? How was this possible?

Where did the substance come from?

Like all the classic villains who did not want to accept their fate, Lucien kept asking the same questions...

However, as an arcanist, Lucien's thinking went much deeper. There was something wrong.

If it had been someone else, it would have taken the arcanist much longer to realize what was wrong here, and within seconds, the spells would have destroyed everything. But Lucien was different, as he was here for a reason. He was here to verify an idea!

Seeing that Lucien had given up on defending himself, the devils were gloating wildly.

At this time, a meaningful smile emerged on Lucien's face.

From another perspective, this had verified Lucien's guess!

Hypocrisy and Arrogance first realized what was going on, and they looked totally shocked, as Lucien's body suddenly collapsed inward.

Meanwhile, the stars in the Atomic Universe behind Lucien were orbiting in the mysterious tracks. The huge fireball had revolved to the other side and left a black hole there. The black hole looked rather intimidating as even light could not escape from its power of pulling in!

The dark hole and Lucien's collapsed body started linking with each other in a creepy way. Then, Lucien himself had become the cluster of darkness, and the horrible attraction was twisting the surrounding time and space.

Luxury Cracking hit it, but then nothing happened!

Storm Barrier had disappeared!

When Positron Cannon hit the dark hole, it only shrank slightly!

None of the seven legendary spells worked, and the darkness still existed. It then stretched and pulled and converted into Lucien again.

"This isn't arcana..." Greed took a step back.

Arrogance cried out of great shock, "How is this possible?! This thing can destroy the entire world!"

Hypocrisy looked at Lucien and murmured, “How...”

“As long as you dare to imagine, the world can be anything, isn’t it?” Lucien smiled, having no intention to launch his strike right away.

Hypocrisy’s eyes suddenly went wide. “You’ve known about it?”

“Of course. Do you wanna see Gamma-Ray Burst, God-Killing Swords, or Eternal Return?” Lucien joked.

He then closed his eyes, and his consciousness soared!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 810: Heart and Trace

Closing his eyes, Lucien felt that his consciousness suddenly soared like a little bird that finally got rid of the cage and was embracing the blue sky. It kept rising higher and higher, and finally, it could look down upon the entire earth.

Facing the seven top legendaries, like a poet full of romantic thoughts, Lucien did not cast any defense on himself. However, none of the devils seized the chance to launch an attack. Instead, they stared at Lucien, frowning, as if Lucien was not even in the same dimension as them!

Lucien's consciousness started getting blurry as it kept soaring. When Lucien felt that it had hit his limit, he felt his consciousness ran into something soft and intangible.

Boom!

Instantly, Lucien felt his soul tremble, and his spiritual power had just broken some kind of shackles and then spread out like waves.

The dark sky, the red soil, the gold palace, the court, and even the primeval devils cracked like a mirror falling onto the ground.

Crack...

The entire hell had split into countless tiny pieces, and behind the pieces, it was this primeval chaos that comprised of colorful light.

The illusionary light was like lines, sketching and outlining the figures of human beings, dragons, and devils as they kept changing. There was no order at all, and some faces on the figures looked furious, some looked greedy, some looked painful, and some had apparent desires.

Such a colorful but illusionary world of "negative emotions" was boundless. However, around Lucien, the part of the world had collapsed into a very vivid and real scene.

Beneath Lucien's feet, there was an amusingly tiny planet. It was blue and was covered in something blurry. Underneath the planet, there was a city flying in the air. The magic tower built in the city was so tall that the tip of it could almost touch the blue planet.

Underneath the city in the sky, it was the chaotic reflection of Aalto, the City of Psalm.

All of these were under constant changes, like a human mind that was full of all kinds of thoughts.

Lucien did not try to see what was at the end of the world. He opened his eyes and looked back. He saw that behind the gate, it was the very bottomless canyon that he saw when he came in!

In the canyon, the old bronze door now looked rather gauzy and dimly discernible.

In front of the gate stood a young man wearing a black, double-breasted suit. He had a good-looking face, but his eyes had lost focus, and his expression was blank. His right hand pressed against the bronze door as if it was firmly glued on it!

It was Lucien himself!

But this Lucien now seemed to be part of the bronze gate, and thus, his figure also looked illusionary and blurry.

As he expected, this was the place where all negative emotions gathered, and the bronze gate was in fact the gate of his mind!

Lucien looked around and saw the seven primeval devils. They no longer looked like Lucien. They looked like figures made of light spots. However, the negative feelings coming out were still rather intense.

This place was, of course, not only Lucien's mind. To be more accurate, through touching the gate, Lucien's mind had mixed with the countless negative emotions together in this dimension, and thus, a creepy and mysterious primeval hell was reflected. Therefore, the hell looked different to each individual!

But now, Lucien had seen the true primeval hell. His body was standing outside, and his soul had entered in to explore his mind.

The so-called primeval devils were also reflections of one's own negative emotions amplified by this dimension, and therefore, they could not be destroyed. Due to the unusual nature of the Stellar Core, it could hide here.

In most cases, top legendaries usually had great control of their minds, and therefore, most of them could see up to four primeval devils. However, something went wrong, or perhaps there was a conspiracy behind it, but all seven of them showed up at the same time.

Therefore, as long as one could imagine, the dimension could be anything, even if it went against the rules of arcana!

Hypocrisy, which had lost its shape and was now a cluster of white light, asked again, "How did you know?"

Underneath the white light, there was dark miasma churning.

Lucien smiled. “You can copy my spells. I don’t think that’s strange. After all, this place can amplify all the negative emotions, and perhaps you can connect to my mind...

“... Although I don’t understand how you did it and what are the rules behind it, it’s still within my comprehension, and I’ve seen it somewhere else. But now, you can even copy a top legendary item and its power. I can’t even do this. I’m a top legendary specializing in time and space, and I can’t do this, then how can you?

“... The only possibility is that there were another seven similar space-time legendary items in this dimension, which means among those souls that got lost here, there were seven as powerful as me.

“... If it had been just one or two, possible, but all of you were too greedy. That’s the biggest commonality shared by all devils!”

In fact, Lucien knew it well because he got this idea a long time ago.

“You’re too arrogant. Why can’t we?” Arrogance shouted. It was now only a golden light ball. “You just got lucky!”

Jealousy, the green light ball, sneered, “Don’t celebrate too early. What can you do after this? You’ve triggered the true power of the primeval hell, and sooner or later, you’ll be infected and become another lost soul!”

Hypocrisy also said coldly, “There are a primeval hell and seven primeval devils in everyone’s mind. You can never get rid of us! Even if you can get out this time, after what had happened, we live forever in your mind, and we’ll torture you, and we’ll corrupt you every second of your life. How long can you resist that? The final victory is ours!”

“I’ll now turn you into a monster so full of hatred that you won’t even be able to recognize yourself!” roared the devil of abhorrence.

The seven primeval devils joined again, but this time, they had changed their way of fighting. From each of them, a fine line had reached all the way to Lucien. The seven lines were in different colors!

Lucien, however, started clapping while facing the threat. “Good point. There are a primeval hell and seven primeval devils in everyone’s mind. Ever since I was born, I’ve been dealing with you all.”

The seven primeval devils had no idea what Lucien meant.

“I’ve heard a saying before. It tells us that we can only look at a person’s specific motivation when he does something, but not all the thoughts he has. If not, then all the human beings in this world are corrupt...

“If we probe into a person’s mind, true, it is always full of bad and filthy ideas.” Lucien smiled in a half self-mocking tone. “I admit that I do have some shameful thoughts from time to time, but in the end, the thoughts would never come true because I’ve conquered them!

“Every time when I did something, I did have more or less some bad thoughts, but in the end, I defeated all of them, so I can stick to the good things that I believe in.”

Lucien looked more serious, and he said to the seven devils, “The way I think and the belief I have all come from the many fights with you, devils. And I have always been the winner. Now, do you think I’d be afraid of you, losers?”

As he was speaking, Lucien took a step out, and his figure suddenly looked extremely tall and big. In fact, it was because the seven devils had suddenly become much smaller and shorter as they bent their backs low.

Arrogance finally realized what was going on and said furiously, “You’re arrogant, too arrogant. You’ve defeated us before, but that doesn’t mean you always do. Your attitude will lead to your final failure!”

Hypocrisy’s body started shaking fiercely after hearing Arrogance’s words. Such an idiot!

Arrogance was basically telling Lucien how to defeat them!

The rest of the five devils remained silent.

...

In Lance, in a spacious underground hall at the bottom of the Bright Hall.

There was an old cross in front of the hall that had witnessed the passage of time. Apart from this, there was only a rusted candlestick.

This was the first sanctuary that the Saint Truth had during its development.

At this time, the candles suddenly lit up. The twelve grand cardinals including Saint Kati, Saint Maria, Philibell, and Astira were standing there, each in one corner.

In the middle of the hall, there was a strange three-dimensional structure that looked very different from those normal divine circles and magic circles. It was like a collection of childish scrawling.

Around the strange structure, Benedict III kept walking back and forth and checking. The rest of the grand cardinals also did the same to make sure that they wouldn't be sacrificed or devoured by it like Harex, the Lord of the Boundless Ocean.

"Ready?" Benedict III asked in the weak tone.

After multiple confirmations, the grand cardinals responded together, "Your Holiness, we're ready!"

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 811: The "Real" Viken

Benedict III turned around abruptly. With his back against the old cross, he said solemnly, “Let’s begin.”

After a brief hesitation, Saint Kati suggested, “Your Holiness, should we wait for a while longer? Such an attempt is very dangerous. You may be heavily wounded and fall into dormancy even though you are a demigod. Why don’t we have another few minimal simulations? Or we can wait until the Angel King wakes up. He’ll be able to separate you from Monster Viken with God’s Guard at the critical moment.”

What he did not say out aloud was that, if the ritual to gather negative feelings and primeval devils to summon the primeval hell failed, His Holiness might be unable to control Monster Viken anymore after being heavily wounded and that he would even be swallowed. By then, with Monster Viken’s personality, which was close to that of primeval devils, they wouldn’t end well at all. The South Church would definitely fall apart, and even the Congress of Magic and the Dark Congress would suffer destructive strikes.

That was because Monster Viken did not have boundaries or anything that he needed to protect. His sole interest was destruction and corrupting other people. With that in mind, he might attack the magic apprentices, bishops, and arcanists alike without considering the consequences.

Faced with a demigod, only the experts above level three of legendary had a chance to save their lives or stall the enemy. Therefore, unless the other people stayed in Allyn or the Holy City forever, their destiny would be unavoidable. After all, there were few experts who could protect them.

Kati’s concerns were exactly what was on the mind of most Grand Cardinals. However, before they said anything, Benedict III already said slowly but peacefully, “I’m very confident about it, and I have to thank Lucien Evans for his remarkable contributions to the studies of the observer effect.

“Let’s begin. After I overcome the insidious problems and I’m no longer restrained by Monster Viken, I’ll be the strongest demigod under the Lord. With the help of God’s Arrival, all the enemy forces will bend before us!”

He did not mention destroying the Congress of Magic or the Dark Congress because all the Grand Cardinals knew that the organizations protected by demigods would never really die until the demigods perished. Their worst outcome was to change their appearance and exist in a different form. Another cruel and cold fact was that demigods never died. They could always return from the river of fate.

Of course, after Lucien discovered the sun and confirmed the existence of planets, the Grand Cardinals were much more open-minded now. After all, there were so many more planets and resources. All they needed to do was to drive the Congress of Magic out of this world rather than seeking to eliminate them.

Hearing the pope's confident declaration, the saints calmed down too. They believed that His Holiness would certainly not joke with his own life.

They left the corners and reached the twelve pillars that supported the weird cubic circle. Then, their bodies blurred into mists, and intense negative feelings flowed out.

Pope Viken stepped into the center and stuck his platinum staff against the hole at the top. Then, with his eyes half-closed, he chanted an evil, weird, and eccentric spell that was entirely different from the sacred and solemn divine power.

A wind started to blow. The feelings of gloom, darkness, corruption, and pain immediately filled this ancient sanctuary.

Centered at the platinum staff and Pope Viken, lines and symbols glittered. Some were silver, some crimson, some pure gold, and some dimly green. They changed nonstop exactly like the erratic mind of human beings.

The light and symbols flowed toward the twelve pillars, dyeing the misty shadows of the Grand Cardinals in different colors. They floated fuzzily like phantoms made of the light that represented different negative feelings.

As the shadows that looked like the primeval devils took shape, screams, moans, and roars suddenly echoed inside the ancient sanctuary, making the place look like the most horrifying and brutal hell.

As if he had heard the summoning of the devils and corrupt souls, a deep dark shadow suddenly appeared behind Pope Viken, also with intense hate and fury. It was exactly Monster Viken.

Boom!

The moment Monster Viken appeared, dark air emerged from the void of the circle and exploded. Then, colorful light was condensed in the black air and stretched out boundlessly.

In the cluster of light, the faces of miserable human beings, devils, dragons, and vampires appeared. For a moment, all the crazy faces were moving in a mess. It truly felt like the primeval hell!

His eyes half-closed, Viken made another step forward and uttered obscure words, as if he were a god berating the devils.

The platinum staff glowed, and the primeval hell simulated at the center of the circle rose. After it gradually left the ground, the floor was no longer as vintage and gray as a while before. The strange symbols were gone, replaced by a deep, dark, and bottomless abyss.

The simulated primeval hell kept rising, and spots of light glittered in the abyssal darkness down below. Lights in different colors were emerging, and the faces of countless intelligent creatures were also showing up, exactly like the reflection of the fake primeval hell up above. The only difference was that the darkness here was high, mighty, manipulative, and intangible.

Viken had indeed summoned the primeval hell!

.....

Inside the primeval hell, as Lucien pressed forward, making Arrogance, Greed, Hypocrisy, and the other primeval devils smaller and smaller, the void and the rays of light in it suddenly began to tremble!

In the meantime, twelve shadows similar to the primeval devils were generated nearby, and the seven primeval devils expanded as if they had drunk tonics. They all laughed gloatingly and terrifyingly.

“Haha. Somebody summoned the primeval hell!” Hypocrisy looked at Lucien mockingly. “How unlucky of you. In such a case, it won’t be just a battle of your heart!”

Abhorrence gnashed its teeth. “Too many negative feelings and too many lost souls have been gathered in this place. The power when they are combined will be unforgettable for you! Face my fury and hate, and cry!”

“This is already the power of demigods, and your body is still outside, making it impossible for you to carry out all your strength!” Arrogance looked down at Lucien. “Kneel and beg. Perhaps I’ll give you a quick death!”

“Summoning the primeval hell...” Lucien looked at the void, stunned. So fast?

.....

Seeing that the primeval hell was summoned, Philibell, Philip, and the other Grand Cardinals were all relieved. They had survived one of the two dangers. Then, they would summon the projection of Mountain Paradise to balance the projection of the primeval hell so that the pope could complete the melting.

They thought and struggled to resist because the primeval hell had a strong attraction force on them in their current state. They might be lost and swallowed by the primeval hell if they were careless.

Right when they waited for Pope Viken to summon the projection of Mountain Paradise with the platinum staff, Viken suddenly opened his eyes, which glowed like two suns.

In the meantime, the dark and corrupt Monster Viken behind him stepped forward and melted into his body.

As a result, Viken’s left eye dimmed like the darkest night, which was a major contrast to the bright right eye. However, a strange balance seemed to have been maintained. He put on a mocking smile.

“What exactly has happened?”

“They have melted so easily?”

“Damn it!”

Different thoughts occurred to the Grand Cardinals, who subconsciously wanted to get out of the circle. However, the powerful force of assimilation from the primeval hell stalled them.

Viken laughed blatantly and pointed his platinum staff ahead. “You are fortunate and favored, and you will receive the greatest glory, which is to melt with me, the incarnation of the Lord, to wake up the one true god and become part of Him.”

As he pointed his platinum staff and uttered his crazy declaration that contained supernatural powers, the simulated primeval hell dispersed and tied up the Grand Cardinals. All of a sudden, they felt that Pope Viken was their destiny, and they sincerely wanted to melt into him!

“Why is this happening?” Saint Kati exclaimed in shock.

Viken, both the pope and the monster, sneered, “Because I am the greatest primeval devil, and you are equal to my clones! This is decided by the feature of primeval devils. I’m sorry that I neglected that in the files I gave to you. Those who did not become a demigod based on this path can never sense it.”

“No wonder you were willing to share it!” Philip cried desperately.

“Are you out of your mind? You are dissolving the foundation of the Church!” Philibell roared, stressing that the dissemination of faith couldn’t be done without them.

The colorful lights of negative feelings jumped among the Grand Cardinals, causing them to assimilate with Viken faster and faster.

In a warm smile, Viken said, “That cannot be helped. Although I appreciate Lucien Evans’ contributions to the observer theory and the two thought experiments, it is not a perfect theory after all. Our integration is not temporary, and we will be separated again.

“Of course, the most important reason is that I am not strong enough as an observer. So, I need you to melt into me in order to really summon the primeval hell. Only after I become a true god that everything can be perfectly solved.

“If I succeed, the Church will never collapse with me as the true god, and it doesn’t matter if you are here; if I fail, I’ll fall into a long dormancy and even get swallowed by Monster Viken, in which case the Church matters little to me! I don’t care if the world will be destroyed after my death!”

The Grand Cardinals couldn’t have been more regretful, but they were not devastated yet. They talked in private before and predicted possible changes. At this moment, if they were to take action together according to the emergency plan, and since Viken could not be distracted, there was a good chance that they could escape!

They were certainly no fools that would believe everything that the pope said!

Right when they mobilized all their strength and attacked together, Saint Maria and Grand Cardinal Philip suddenly lost focus and fell into madness, melting into the simulated primeval hell voluntarily!

Had they been controlled by Viken already?

Desperation, regrets, pain, and other feelings rose in the hearts of the other Grand Cardinals, making it even less possible for them to resist the assimilation. As a result, they were melted and reflected in the real primeval hell!

Boom!

The darkness on the floor rose and embraced the fake primeval hell in the sky, gathering into a world that was full of betrayals, slaughters, jealousy, and lust!

Boom!

Behind Viken, the space was torn apart, and the hallowed, wondrous hymns came out. The glorious and brilliant Mountain Paradise had arrived!

The two of them moved toward each other, raising an uncanny air that surged toward the sky. In every corner in the entire world, the unusual view of half night and half day was showing up.

In the City in the Sky, Douglas sensed something when the primeval hell was gathered. He blinked to the midair and looked at the direction of the Holy City in a daze. Stars emerged in his eyes and moved in mysterious trajectories, as if he were performing astrology with them as the crystal balls.

“What is Viken trying to do?”

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Chapter 812: Blockage

“What is Viken trying to do?”

At the bottom of the Boundless Ocean, in a magnificent black palace, the Lord of Hell, who was holding the gold trident, suddenly stood up from the throne. His red eyes that were always filled with mockery stared at the sky in shock. Through the blue water and the surging waves, he “saw” the unusual phenomenon where one half of it was evil and dark and the other half was sacred and bright.

At the same time, his real self deep inside the hell suddenly felt palpitation, as if something very close to him had gone out of control.

“The primeval hell?”

Maltimus’ voice of confusion echoed in the palace of the sea emperor. It was safe to say that the primeval hell and him were in a relationship of duality. However, he was not a representation of the primeval hell, and the primeval hell was not a part of him. They were only connected to some degree.

Even so, the primeval hell was of paramount importance for him!

Suddenly, his lips, which had been wearing a mocking smile, were frozen as he thought of a possibility. “Viken intends to become a true god? Has he lost his mind? Does he not fear that he will lose all his consciousness and get melted by ‘Mountain Paradise’ or the primeval hell?

“Now that he balances Mountain Paradise with the primeval hell, it’s possible that he can really grasp the tiny chance of hope...”

Although Maltimus would love to observe whether or not it was viable, he knew very well that Viken had to be stopped. If Viken really surpassed the limits, the demigods like him would probably perish for real!

No demigods other than him could make the advancement!

.....

In the Valley of Fiery Stone in the Dark Mountain Range...

Alterna, whose long blond hair was tied up and dangled on her shoulder, pressed her hands on the Sword of Origin and Destiny on the ground and stared at her pet, Danisos the Dragon of Time and Luminosity, carefully, with her mouth moving vaguely, as if she were trying to hold back her saliva.

Danisos kept his head low and dared not look at Alterna, fearing that he might be eaten if he looked at her again.

Suddenly, he had uncanny fear and couldn't help but raise his head, and Silver Moon Alterna before him had vanished at some point!

The high sky that was full of space gaps and dark mists had been completely covered by the half darkness and half brilliance.

"Is it caused by demigod advancement? No! What's Viken trying to do?" With the preliminary control over time. Danisos had a basic perception of fate. So, he realized what was going on very quickly.

.....

In the Maple Palace in Antiffler in the Holy Heilz Empire...

Rudolf II clenched his right hand hard, with both mockery and fury.

"Viken is crazy enough to lay fingers on Mountain Paradise? Does he hate that his life is too long and he can never really die?

“Soon, although he will not really perish, it will definitely be more miserable than the real demise!”

Many thoughts occurred to him, but they eventually gathered into a concern.

“Will Viken succeed?”

.....

In the ancient sanctuary below the ground of the Holy City, when the Desperate World gathered by the projection of the primeval hell encountered the projection of Mountain Paradise summoned by the platinum staff, a storm of energy swept out in circles, blowing down the wall of the hall and knocking up the dome!

BOOM!

The clerics in the Holy City heard a dull but extremely loud explosion. Their ears hummed first, and soon, they lost their hearing.

The ground rolled up and down like a gigantic snake. The churches, ashrams, and abbeys protected by the divine power collapsed abruptly.

BOOM!

Stunned, the clerics watched the Bright Hall, which was a symbol of the center of the Church, being blown away, while a blurry, colorful world that was full of pain and desperation entangled with the glorious Mountain Paradise where hymns were resonating, before they rose into the clouds like a blast!

Immediately, from the evil and dark knight, intelligent creatures appeared. There were humans, dwarfs, elves, dragons, and many ancient species that had been extinct for a long time. In a sacred and bright day, the angels with pure wings on the back and the holy spirits sang and praised in the infinite light.

In the place where they were gathered, an old man who was wearing a sacred crown stood straight despite the pain on his face. His whole body was both illusionary and real, and it was as transcendental and intangible as the pictures next to him. It seemed that he was really in a different world; a marvelous world that was higher than the earth and the sky!

“His Holiness?”

“What’s he doing?”

The clerics were shocked. In their eyes, the pope extended the platinum staff in his right hand, illuminating a corner of the dark and corrupt world, and the dark and evil shadow on the left side stepped forward, contaminating the bright and sacred heaven.

Such a view could not only be seen in the Holy City but in every place, including Allyn, Rentato, Antiffler, Syracuse, and Aalto!

“Isn’t it Benedict III?” Having just played a game, Heidi was stretching her arms to relax when she suddenly stiffened. She just saw the astonishing sky outside the window.

Annick, who had been well-tortured by the eraser experiment and the delayed choice experiment, also raised his head and looked at the pope in a daze, not knowing what was happening.

Was the unusual phenomenon caused by demigod advancement? But he was already a demigod!

In the marvelous world where he could be seen in every place, Viken couldn’t have looked more twisted. He maintained his sanity with the power of the primeval hell and prevented himself from being melted by Mountain Paradise while avoiding the corruption and assimilation of the primeval hell with the enhancement of Mountain Paradise. He tried to seize the point of balance and seek the gate of breakthrough with the enormous power!

As a result, he shouldered excruciating pain, but he still mumbled to himself, “Not enough! Not enough!”

The brightness that the projection of Mountain Paradise let out was even more dazzling. The clerics and believers in the Holy City suddenly felt something. They all knelt on the ground.

“Almighty Lord, you are one, and everyone.”

In every place that worshiped the God of Truth, the devout believers and clerics, regardless of their locations and ages, were all caught in a certain holy, touching atmosphere. They all knelt on the ground and prayed at the same time.

“You are the beginning, and the end.”

“You are the moment, and forever.”

From them, brilliant, pure, and sacred light flew out into the midair and melted into the day!

The dark world was immediately suppressed. It was almost purged, but it still managed to deal with it.

Viken kept on murmuring as if he had gone mad, “Not enough! Not enough!”

Suddenly, a cold and bright moon appeared in the sky. Driving away part of the darkness as well as the brightness, the pure and dreamy moonlight enshrouded Viken at the center.

On the other side, noises of tide burst out, and a gold trident rose to the sky with overwhelming blueness. In the seawater, there were no fish or seaweeds, but erupting volcanoes, bottomless canyons, silent battlefields, and other sceneries of hell!

“Life Deprivation!” The Lord of Hell pointed the gold trident at Pope Viken!

.....

Above the City in the Sky, Douglas said solemnly, “Brook will stay in Allyn. Hathaway and Fernando will come with you. The other members of the Highest Council except for the legends who are supervising the branches will all return to Allyn.”

At such a moment, only top legends could play a role on the battlefield. Therefore, Douglas did not ask the other legendary sorcerers to join him.

Douglas’ voice was not loud, but every sorcerer in the City in the Sky heard it clearly. They immediately panicked.

“Master, why am I the one who stays here? It should be Hathaway.” Brook flew into the sky and expressed his confusion.

Douglas said solemnly, “You are the person most likely to reach the demigod level other than Lucien. Bear the big picture in mind and don’t be stubborn.”

He was not subtle at all.

“Master...” Brook fell silent.

At this moment, Fernando and Hathaway had already joined Douglas. The Lord of the Undead had also teleported himself over.

“Vicente, don’t play tough.” Fernando glared at him.

Vicente sneered with his skinny cheek that did not have any muscles. “Old pervert, I am a top legend as well! If you fail, there is no place that I can hide in!”

The Resting Place appeared in his back. From the black tombstones, roars echoed from the depths of hell. It was the first call and the initial cry of life!

Throne of Magical Arcana

“The Original Body?” Douglas, Fernando, and Hathaway were all knowledgeable sorcerers. Based on the black tombstones, the screams of death, and the initial cry, they recognized that Vicente’s real body was indeed the legendary Original Body of the school of necromancy!

However, at such a critical moment, they did not have the time to ask about the details. After Douglas enhanced themselves with a legendary spell that was similar to the telepathic bond, the four of them blinked to the unusual view of half hell and half heaven in the high sky.

Although Viken’s real body was above the Holy City, his attempt seemed to have placed him in a strange domain that was marvelously connected to every corner of the main material world. He was in the middle of this world but somewhat beyond it.

It was truly an unimaginable state. That was why the unusual phenomenon created by Viken was seen by all intelligent creatures, and that was why Silver Moon Alterna, the Lord of Hell, Douglas,

Fernando, and the rest of them could enter the strange domain and attack Viken directly without spending time on space jump!

The Silver Moon fell in cold light, and the tide surged crazily with the life-depriving air of hell. However, the moment they approached Viken, the intimidating heaven on one side where angels and holy spirits gathered unleashed sacred and ivory light that filled up the space next to Viken, creating a shelter where there was nothing but the holy light. Chaos, darkness, evilness, and pain were gone.

Viken was now able to perform the legendary divine powers like the Blessed Realm without chanting!

Even though he hadn't succeeded yet, such a change seemed to be indicating something!

The bright moonlight from the falling moon hit the Blessed Realm, making a light splash out. A layer of black fire was raised, and the holy light was burnt into nothingness.

The moment the tide hit the Blessed Realm, it lost all the splendor and became gray and dim, as if most of its vitality had flowed away. It was exactly "Life Deprivation", the Lord of Hell's best skill!

Under the collective attack of two demigods, a crack echoed in everybody's heart. The Blessed Realm had collapsed.

The remaining black fire and the black water spread out to Viken, but he showed no reaction at all because illusionary ripples were spreading out of his body as if he were in the middle of "God's Guard". He was placed in a different world that was more marvelous and strange. He was higher and more intangible than demigods. Therefore, the remaining power of the two demigods after being blocked by Blessed Realm could not break the gap and really touch Viken's body.

It meant that Silver Moon Alterna and the Lord of Hell's strongest attacks had been blocked! Even though Viken was focused on his breakthrough and could not spare his attention, he was not on the losing side at all!

"Is this really the correct path?" The Lord of Hell habitually thought of retreating first and solving the problem with schemes later, but he got control of himself quickly. If Viken was not stopped and taken care of now, there wouldn't be another opportunity in the future however many plots and schemes he had.

Not overestimating the power of true gods while inferring based on existent levels, true gods could definitely crush the general demigods exactly like demigods could crush general legends. Perhaps only Viken could've survived the attack of a true god with "God's Arrival". No other demigods could achieve the same.

"Eternal Blaze!"

Suddenly, Douglas' solemn and intimidating voice echoed next to the ears of Maltimus and the Silver Moon.

The Silver Moon rose again and got away from the center. The tide ebbed crazily, revealing the empty "beach". Viken seemed to have sensed danger. He drove the scared kingdom that was formed by the power of Mountain Paradise to spew out thick and divine light again, letting the Blessed Realm reappear.

He was now really able to perform divine powers freely without any chanting!

However, it was the end of it. The dim, desperate, and devastating “incarnation” of the primeval hell spurted out streaks of light in different colors, which moved as unpredictably as the treacherous human mind. They had interwoven into a gigantic and transparent heart that covered Viken and the Blessed Realm.

At the same time, the half illusionary and half real holy light flew from all directions in places like the Holy City, San Ivansburg, Aalto, and Rentato. Except in the Dark Mountain Range, the City in the Sky, and the dozen regimes of fake gods, almost every place had pious believers or clerics who kneeled on the ground, touched as they offered their power of faith.

BOOM!

The most dazzling light burst out, eclipsing the brilliant heaven and the dark hell. If it were not in the marvelous domain, the creatures who raised their head and looked at the sky at this moment would have been blinded.

The high temperature at the center twisted everything, but nobody could see it. They could only sense part of the secrets from the crazily raging storm of energy and the heat that seemed to be igniting all matters.

The ebbing tide manifested the views of hell at the edge of the marvelous domain, blocking the energy storm, which was already far away from the center.

“This is almost as powerful as ‘God’s Arrival!’” Although Maltimus hated to admit it, he had to draw the conclusion that Douglas’ Eternal Blaze was no weaker than God’s Arrival after he became a demigod. “However, this is a ranged spell and the power is not concentrated enough. Its damage on demigods is not as good as that of God’s Arrival. Also, it cannot erase all the traces. But of course, it has certainly reached the maximum of pure violence.”

As the energy storm rushed over nonstop, Maltimus frowned slightly. “It’s exactly because the energy is not focused that I and the glutton cannot cooperate with his attack. I only hope that this ‘Eternal Blaze’ can blow up Viken’s defense and prevent him from recovering for now.”

Under such circumstances, it was impossible for the Lord of Hell and the Silver Moon to give Viken more attacks, which would have been “drowned” by the energy storm and the super-high temperature. If they had attacked in advance, they couldn’t have avoided the Eternal Blaze themselves, because if they left enough time for themselves to dodge, Viken, who could perform legendary divine powers directly, could also set up defenses. It would have only been a waste of time!

After the energy storm was more or less pacified, Maltimus and Alterna hurried to sense Viken through the barriers, ready to seize the opportunity to completely shatter his defenses.

At this moment, the corrupt mind made of the power of the primeval hell next to Viken had already been vaporized, and the Blessed Realm, where hallowed hymns were echoing, had been broken as well. Even his body that was transforming between illusionary and real was dimmed, as if the marvelous domain that separated the reality from him could not take such massive energy and such terrifying heat.

Of course, the Lord of Hell believed that it was because the marvelous state was not perfect enough and had not touched the essence. Otherwise, it could never have been broken by pure violence.

Maltimus was delighted at Viken’s situation. Eternal Blaze was indeed almost as powerful as God’s Arrival.

However, before he had the opportunity to attack, the divine kingdom and the primeval hell on Viken’s two sides spurted out their powers again, and the Blessed Realm and the Corrupt Mind reappeared, protecting Viken at the center.

His cooldown seemed to have been reduced to the minimum, and he had infinite and incessant energy.

Under such circumstances, the Lord of Hell and the Silver Moon naturally failed to seize the momentary opportunity!

Viken was not bothered by the collective attacks of three demigods and multiple top legends at all. He continued roaring crazily, “Not enough! Not enough!”

Together with his roar, the whole world seemed dimmed. In the primeval hell that was jumbled with various colors, the faces of humans and dragons were more vivid than ever. The twelve figures were even leaking out actively.

Inside the Holy City...

A priest who prayed piously was dwelling in the touching atmosphere that was devoid of pain and sadness when he suddenly sensed excruciating pain on his back. A red heart appeared on the ground before him and kept beating in inertia.

He looked at his chest, only to see a gigantic, bleeding hole.

“It’s... It’s my heart?” He used the last bit of his strength to turn back, only to see a priest that he knew.

The priest's facial muscles were twisted, and infinite hate beamed out of his eyes. He put his right hand on his mouth and licked the blood on it.

He did not look like a human being any longer, but more like a hateful devil!

Why? Since when had he been paying tributes to the primeval devils?

The pious priest collapsed; his question unanswered.

“Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!”

Screams echoed in the Holy City, Aalto, Ifai, Rentato, and many other small cities and towns. Dark, twisted, and illusionary shadows that were brimming with negative feelings flew into the sky and embraced the corrupt and desperate mind that the primeval hell turned into!

The evil and dark world spread out and reached another balance with the divine kingdom. The twelve figures in it kept flying to the ground and then flying back in cycles.

The City in the Sky was already covered in a mist, with a starry sky popping up.

After Douglas and the rest of them left, Brook fully activated the defense without the slightest carelessness.

However, the sorcerers in Allyn were still more or less panicked. Mr. President's order and the uncanny view of the sky that they could see had given them uncanny fear.

Suddenly, an explosion burst out, attracting the attention of all the sorcerers around. They saw that a sorcerer had been blown into two halves by an enormous fireball, and his body was still burning in the flame. On his opposite side was a young sorcerer whose face was full of jealousy. He was attacking everyone around him crazily.

What's going on?

The sorcerers in Allyn were even more panicked.

On the top floor of the headquarters, Brook sensed the accident and gave the order calmly. "With the help of the city defense, the Punishment Department will execute the sorcerers who have been corrupted by primeval devils before. The other sorcerers are allowed to defend themselves with magic without being restrained by the rules of the Congress of Magic. Everyone, there is no need to panic. No more people will be corrupted under the blockage of the city defense."

At this moment, an archmage came to his library and reported, "Mr. Brook, something strange has happened!"

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Chapter 814: Plan of the Devils

Brook's spiritual power spread out in the whole library, controlling the pivot of the magic circles, commanding the tower guard, supervising the defense of Allyn, and watching over the big picture of the whole City in the Sky. He could not spare much of his attention to the archmage. So, he asked from far away, "What happened?"

How could he have neglected any accident in the City in the Sky when he controlled the city defense?

The archmage said quickly, "A few members of the Highest Council who should've returned did not return!"

While saying, he walked into the library in a panic, but Brook was too occupied to remove the defense circle. He simply asked, "Who didn't come back?"

"There are..." The archmage spoke something, but suddenly, he lunged forward. His body became blurry and twisted, as if it was jumbled by streaks of light in different colors.

Zi, Zi, Zi.

In weird noises, the devil-like phantom passed the first magic circle, but it was soon condensed between the two magic circles.

Then, it traveled through the magic circles and lunged at Brook who was at the center.

Every time the magic circle took effect, it would turn from real into illusionary, as if it were in a different world, in order to pass them. However, such a status could not last. So, it had to sense the fluctuations of the magic circle keenly in order to find places for it to step on.

It was not until then that Brook realized that the guy had been corrupted and possessed by a powerful primeval devil through the seed that was planted into his heart a very long time ago.

He stared at the primeval devil. His eyes were filled with electricity as he tried to identify the person.

The devil's face changed all the time, now old and now young, now handsome and now hideous. It was quite dazzling.

Brook, however, recognized one of the faces. He asked in shock, "Melmax?"

He was the only top legendary knight at present!

"Melmax" laughed crazily. "Melmax is already dead. Standing before you is an incarnation of the True God Viken!"

Brook sighed, as if he realized something. "You're the most determined and devout knight that I know. I didn't know that you would also choose the path of primeval devils, and by using the primitive way without sharing the negative feelings with a container, no less."

Not every Grand Cardinal could find a legendary fake god or Demon Lord as their container. Therefore, many of them chose Thanos' version, which had a lot of problems. Melmax, who felt that he was determined enough to overcome the negative feelings, was the one who accomplished it first. Also, there wasn't really any influence after he completed it, at least none he could see.

However, after he was utilized and possessed by Viken, the negative feelings in his heart completely burst out.

Manipulated by Viken, the primeval devils that the twelve Grand Cardinals turned into possessed different people through the seeds of corruption that they planted earlier, attempting to raise havoc and create more negative feelings for Viken to absorb.

Of course, the seeds of corruption that could avoid the blockage of city defense had high requirements. The targets had to voluntarily allow the devils to enter, and they had to have abundant negative feelings in the first place.

The more inconspicuous projects were the projections with which Viken controlled Saint Maria and Philip. It had been made when they resonated with Mountain Paradise and received the grace of the God of Truth. The target would feel none of it until it was possessed at the critical moment.

"This is my offering to the Lord. You faithless sorcerers would never understand it." Melmax suddenly became solemn. Then, a sun rose slowly behind him, illuminating the horizon and driving the darkness away.

The devil was capable of using his "Morning" blood power!

It seemed that his knowledge of the blood power was beyond that of all the legends. No wonder he was the only top legendary knight at present.

Brook sighed again and asked Prospell to lock the top three levels of the magic tower. Electric currents burst out of his body, and magnetic fields appeared, twisting the darkness. The Kingdom of Electromagnetism had arrived.

He tried to drag “Melmax” into his own demiplane for the battle, in case the other sorcerers of Allyn were affected.

However, “Melmax” had come to create chaos and more negative feelings. How could he drop the opportunity? Although the body and soul of an archmage could only carry out the strength of top legendary briefly, it was enough to resist the magnificent attraction from the Kingdom of Electromagnetism.

He’s George, Atlant’s student. Where’s Atlant? When they were about to fight, Brook suddenly thought of that.

.....

In Nekso Palace in Rentato City...

After a silver sword flashed, a knight in a solid, delicate full armor watched his body cut into halves in shock. His face was still twisted with jealousy and hate.

Crack, crack, crack.

The two parts of his body were separated into countless pieces and bones and fell on the ground like raindrops.

Looking at the tall figure before them as well as her purple long hair and silver armor, the nobles who were hiding in the Nekso Palace heaved a long sigh in relief. It was too dreadful! A radiant knight turned into a devil and killed plenty of nobles. If the queen hadn't arrived in time, they would have been brutalized!

Winston, the other legendary knight of Holm, was watching over the colony in the alternate dimensions. So, they placed all their hope on Queen Natasha.

"Rest assured. The Congress of Magic has remarkable studies on primeval devils. Few powerful knights were possessed, or they couldn't have escaped our attention. As for the knights of lower ranks, they do not have enough negative feelings to be corrupted. I've asked the Sword of Truth's Knights to eliminate the corrupted with the police. The peace of Rentato will be restored," Natasha said calmly.

He knew that the corrupted could only cause limited chaos and damage. What would decide everybody's fate was the battle of demigods and top legends that was going on in the sky.

The queen's unhurried tone and steady attitude tranquilized the trembling nobles. All their negative feelings began to disperse.

At this moment, John walked out of a secret room within the palace with Joel, Alisa, and Grand Duke of Orvarit. He carried a thick-barreled gun that emitted silver metal colors on his back. It was a Gauss Rifle that Lucien created for him in person. Every shot equaled an attack of a radiant knight.

“Go to the Atomic Universe,” Natasha said to her father, Joel, and John, not bothering that many other nobles were around. They would be absolutely safe over there.

John nodded and walked into the portal on Natasha’s left side with Grand Duke of Orvarit who looked rather complicated.

Looking at that, the nobles were suddenly enlivened and filled with hope and expectations. If they could also enter the Atomic Universe, wouldn’t they be able to avoid the havoc outside and the unpredictable attacks?

“Your Majesty, could you also allow us to enter the Atomic Universe? We’ll only add to your trouble in your place,” an earl said first.

“Yes! We’ll be safe if we hide in the Atomic Universe!”

“Your Majesty, we are all your loyal subjects. Please protect us!”

All the nobles echoed excitedly. For a moment, the idea seemed to be supported by everyone.

Natasha stepped forward and stopped before the portal. She looked around at the nobles and said solemnly, “You can hide here. There’s no need to go to the Atomic Universe.”

“Why? Your Majesty, are we not your subjects?”

“Your Majesty, are you going to renounce the contract between the sovereign and the nobles and stop protecting us?”

“You don’t deserve to be the queen!”

Suspensions and criticisms came out of the nobles. The near-death experience just now had filled them with fear, which burst out after Natasha turned them down.

“My father, Aunt Camil, and Lucien’s Uncle Joel and Aunt Alisa have been under the protection of Lucien and me. I’m very certain that they are not corrupted or possessed, but I’m not very sure about you. So, for the safety of the Atomic Universe...” Natasha said as calmly as if she were ordering the food for tonight. “Whoever approaches the portal will die.”

“Don’t bother her. Let’s go over and enter the Atomic Universe. She dare not kill us unless she doesn’t want to be the queen anymore!” a noble shouted in the crowd and was cheered by everyone. All the nobles swarmed toward the portal.

A cold and indifferent sword flashed, and the few nobles in the lead watched each other’s upper half bodies leaving their lower half bodies. Their blood sprang and sprayed on the people behind them.

“She... She really dares to kill us...” The nobles were stunned, not having the courage to move further.

Natasha then said indifferently, “As I said, whoever approaches the portal will die.”

She pointed the Sword of Truth at the ground, and the nobles backed off subconsciously.

Right then, an old voice echoed in the crowd, “When did you discover me?”

The nobles dispersed in fear, revealing the old man who had been hiding at the center since nobody knew when. His face changed between an earl that everybody was familiar with and an old man. The only thing they had in common was that their eyes were all closed.

“Atlant, it’s you...” Natasha raised the Sword of Truth and chuckled. “There were indeed some flaws. For example, the nobles were too moody, and the radiant knight somehow drove them to this place just now. However, it mattered little to me, because even without your manipulation, I would’ve killed anyone who approached the portal.

“At a moment like this, the safety of the Atomic Universe must be guaranteed. After all, all of Lucien’s resurrection methods are kept in Babel. I cannot be careless about that.”

Suddenly, the portal glittered, and John walked out.

“Why are you here?” Natasha asked in confusion.

John said solemnly, “I am your knight and the captain of the Sword of Truth’s Knights. At such a moment, I have to stay with my teammates and protect the peace of Holm.”

Natasha was silent for a moment. Then, she nodded her head. “Go now.”

Atlant quietly watched John leave and the nobles run out of the palace before he said with a bitter smile, “A real knight... I wanted to be someone like him, but I didn’t know until today that you people would be controlled by Viken after turning into the status of primeval devils.

“Although you have the Sword of Truth and the Shield of Truth, you cannot stop me from destroying all of Lucien’s resurrection facilities, because I am an authentic level-three legend now.”

After Lucien left, the portal from the Allyn magic tower to the Atomic Universe had been half-closed. Nobody could enter without the permission of the people inside. Therefore, the “gate” in the Nekso Palace became Atlant’s target.

Natasha listened quietly before she suddenly slashed backward.

The silver light flashed, and the portal dimmed before it collapsed in a crack in the end.

Looking at Atlant’s shock and disbelief, Natasha put on a smile of satisfaction that was as beautiful as a rising sun.

“Now, I cannot go in either.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 815: Get the Situation Under Control

In the City in the Sky...

A senior-rank sorcerer shot out Dissociation crazily, making the common and middle-rank sorcerers as grim as the dead. Desperation was spreading out.

Suddenly, a mist fell and imprisoned the senior-rank sorcerer, covering and dissolving “Dissociation”. Then, a deep and dark ray pierced out of the mist and hit the senior-rank sorcerer.

Immediately, his magic effects were gone, and he could no longer cast any spell. Even though he was despising other people in arrogance, he was briefly stunned. After all, magic was already his instinct!

That was the reaction that most sorcerers had after they were hit by Antimagic Ray.

At this moment, spells came from all directions, completely taming the senior-rank sorcerer in neat cooperation.

The order that Brook gave the sorcerers of the Punishment Department was that they should try to control and seal the targets if their safety could be guaranteed, but if they felt it was dangerous based on their abundant battle experience, they could execute the targets without fearing investigations or penalties in the future.

It was not until the crazy sorcerer up ahead was shackled that the middle-rank and low-rank sorcerers who were desperate and anguished finally woke up from the nightmare. They saw people walking out of the white mist. The badge of black staff on the strangers' chests suggested that they worked for the Punishment Department. The young man leading them smiled at the sorcerers who hadn't entirely recovered from their shock yet and said, "Don't worry. Few people are corrupted, and we have basically cleared them. However, you'd better not run about on the street, in case my subordinates accidentally hurt you."

Hearing the reliable, comforting voice, the middle-rank and low-rank sorcerers around were finally relieved. They looked ahead, only to discover that the fire in the burning magic tower had been extinguished. Although smoke was still popping up, the explosions and cries were dying down.

After the young man left, a low-rank sorcerer finally confirmed with other people. "Is he Mr. Jurisian?"

"Yes, that's him. It seems that the corrupted have indeed been curbed!" The middle-rank sorcerer next to him heaved a long sigh.

Jurisian was a weirdo among sorcerers for choosing to join the Affair Committee instead of the Arcana Review Board after he won the highest honors including the Silver Moon Medal. However, it was for the same reason that he was one of the most powerful and influential persons in the Affair Committee. His intelligence couldn't have been false.

The low-rank sorcerer who asked at the beginning was obviously relieved. "That's only natural. Except for the legends who are watching over the major branches, all the legends have returned. The corrupted cannot cause much harm."

He did not believe that legendary sorcerers could be affected.

The middle-rank sorcerer who answered his question nodded, but then he remembered something and pointed at the sky with a bitter smile. “What we have here is just some minor trouble. The real danger is out there.

“If Mr. President cannot stop Viken, we...”

For a moment, the atmosphere, which had been getting better, became quiet and depressing again. All the sorcerers on the spot raised their heads and looked at the battle in the sky, where the fate of the whole world would be decided, but there was nothing they could do about it.

It was cruel yet undeniable that several people could decide the future of the majority. The differences in capabilities were too obvious. This was not arcana, where a certain genius might be able to “defeat” a legend because of certain inspirations. Even someone as talented as Mr. Evans spent more than ten years practicing before he finally caught up to the few guys in the sky.

As the chaos was settled, more and more sorcerers in the City in the Sky paid attention to the battle in the sky. Heidi, Annick, Samantha, Felipe, Ataman... There was no exception.

Only Oliver, Hand of Annihilation, and Bergner, the Prophet, were teleporting themselves to the thirty-fourth floor of the Allyn magic tower, ready to assist Brook to deal with the devilized Melmax.

It was not because they did not trust Brook. Even if he were to duel with Melmax’s original self, Brook wouldn’t be on the losing side. Right now, Melmax arrived as a projection in a body, and he

could only briefly carry out the top legendary capabilities, so it wouldn't be too hard for Brook to defeat him with the help of Allyn's defense.

The only thing that was tricky was that the battle had to be finished quickly or transferred to a demiplane, in case great losses were caused to Allyn. Although the city was well-defended, it might not be able to take an explosion that burst out from within.

.....

Inside the third generic school...

Shivering, Ali and his classmates hid in the classroom while they watched a devil, whose body had turned enormous, chasing after the teachers and janitors who were organized to defend the school. Some of them were sorcerers or magic apprentices, some were retired soldiers, and some were knight teachers who taught fighting and knight's code of conduct. Although they were not of high levels, they were still able to resist the enemy for a while.

Looking at the twisted face and the burning eyes on the devil, Ali felt fear from the bottom of his heart. *What's going on? How is this happening?*

Terrorized, he couldn't have admired the teachers who protected them with magic or blood power more. That was the "essential ability" after all the fancy exteriors were gone, like the knowledge he had picked up.

Scary roars echoed in the school building nonstop, building up the tension in the atmosphere. The whole classroom was like a warehouse full of alchemical dynamites that were waiting for a tiny spark to blow up.

Bang!

A huge noise of collision came over. Stunned, Ali saw that the devil, which was getting stronger and stronger and suppressing his teachers, fell on the ground and cramped before it split apart.

“What attack was that?”

“Have the knights come to our aid?”

In their exclamations, Ali saw that a team of fully-armored knights came from far away on an aircraft, and the golden-haired man standing in the lead of the massive aircraft was holding a thick rifle in his hand. Obvious electric arcs were still dancing out of the barrel.

“Dear students, I am John Wesley, captain of the Sword of Truth’s Knights. There’s no need to panic. The situation is already under control. We will take over the defense in this area and clear the rest who are corrupted. Please don’t panic and don’t run amok.”

John’s voice was shivering as he spoke. It could not be helped. In order to stabilize the situation and everybody’s mind to stop the negative feelings from gathering, he made use of the senior-rank electromagnetic gun just now. As a result, he could barely control his body at this moment.

However, even his shivering voice sounded like “hymn” for Ali and the other students. Many of them were crying; their fear and hate flowing out with their tears.

Ali collapsed against the wall. It was too dangerous just now. A dead body was lying in his classroom! If it were a music class or one on noble etiquette today, instead of a magic-related class where the teacher killed the corrupted student as soon as possible, there might have been dire consequences.

Noble etiquette, noble... He suddenly remembered Jane and grew nervous. How was the Mills School? Was Jane alright?

The more he thought, the more worried he was. Although he knew that the Mills School was much better defended than his school, he still could not stop himself from worrying.

It's dangerous to run out. It's dangerous on the street... Hesitating and struggling, Ali suddenly stood up and was about to run to the Mills School.

Suddenly, a shadow jumped before him and stopped him with a sword. "Where are you going?"

Obviously, he had been treated as a corrupted.

Looking at the knight before him, Ali decided to confess the truth after hesitating for a moment. "Mr. Knight, I have a friend in the Mills School. I want to confirm her safety."

The knight frowned. "Those who were corrupted in the Mills School had been cleared out. Since none of the teachers were weak, no innocent people were hurt."

Ali almost collapsed again after hearing that, feeling fortunate after the disaster. He never believed that a kind girl like Jane would be corrupted anyway.

At this moment, John went into the office and turned on the loudspeaker.

“Dear friends, this is ‘Arcana Voice’. I will broadcast to you the updates in Allyn, Rentato, and other places...” “Nightingale” Louise was given the important task of calming everybody down.

“... Mr. Raventi is watching over the Holm Royal Magic Tower, and Mr. Morris is going to the Nekso Palace to activate the defense circle and help the queen...”

“... The report of the Mills School is provided by Jane, an intern at our radio station. She would like to tell all her friends that she is safe and there is no need to worry about her. Also, she would like her friends to call XXXXXX...”

Ali was completely relaxed now. He turned his eyes at the sky and looked at the battle scene that was beyond his imagination while praying silently in his heart, *Great God of Truth, Emperor of Arcana, and Atom Controller, please help us make things better...*

Similar prayers and hope were everywhere in Rentato City.

.....

Inside the primeval hell...

The lost souls and the streaks of light in different colors joined into the bodies of Arrogance, Greed, and Hypocrisy, making them larger, taller, and more and more concrete.

“You are dead for sure!” Abhorrence grinned hideously at Lucien.

Lucien, who was considering what had happened, suddenly raised his head. His deep and bottomless eyes made the cranky devil shut its mouth.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 816: Confirmation

Sensing that it could not be daunted by Lucien who hadn't even said anything yet, Hypocrisy raised its head and laughed. “Seven authentic top legends, twelve incarnations that are formed through the reverse summoning of the main material world, and countless more lost souls. Lucien Evans, there is no way that you can resist it. No top legend can resist them. Also, you have no escape in this place because your body is still connected to the Gate of Desire!”

Its words sounded half true and half false. There was no telling whether it was shaking Lucien's confidence or creating a desperate atmosphere, but since it was an external reflection of the mind, such communication did not delay their attack at all. Therefore, together with the laughter of Hypocrisy and the roars of Abhorrence, the transparent, illusionary souls, which were mixed with black, gold, or green negative feelings, lunged at Lucien from various directions.

In the meantime, the primeval devils like Arrogance and Greed also changed their forms, appearing as Fernando, Hathaway, Brook, Lucien, Danisos, and other top legends as they tried to replicate their abilities to attack Lucien. For the primeval devils that did not have real bodies, the top legends who were more like spell casters were more suitable for them to carry out their supernatural powers to affect the mind.

As a result, Lucien was faced with Fernando's "Furious Storm", Hathaway's "Luxury Cracking", Brook's "Electromagnetic Decline", Danisos' breath of time, Harex's "Death Vortex", and his own "Positron Cannon". Also, such attacks were not simple illusions but carried actual damage!

.....

In the high sky, inside the marvelous realm that the whole world could see.

When Viken absorbed negative feelings and the corrupt souls crazily, making the Desperate World projected by the primeval hell darker and more obvious, Vicente's body suddenly trembled at the edge, and the dim fire in his eye sockets was blackened. However, his face was dead and his muscles had withered a long time ago, making it impossible for him to show any additional expression.

Hehe. Vicente snorted. His body burst out into a cluster of grayness that was full of the scent of death. It revolved in the sky nonstop and opened a black gate that seemed to be made of pure death.

Hu!

The gate let out a long and distant sigh because it was opened all of a sudden. A black body taller than all giants walked out like a mountain.

Enveloped in the black air, the body seemed to be wearing a misty coat. Through the black air, it could be vaguely seen that it was made of dragons, humans, elves, dwarfs, werewolves, demons, devils, and other intelligent creatures. It emitted enormous and astounding pressure.

The moment it appeared, the intelligent lives in the black air opened their eyes at the same time. As a result, black, transparent shadows appeared in the void, only to be swallowed by the intelligent lives that constituted the Original Body, before they screamed and became part of it. The intense pain and abhorrence were dwarfed by the everlasting death.

Fernando, Hathaway, the elven queen, and the other top legends cleared the ambush of the primeval devils in their own ways. Douglas, the Silver Moon, and the Lord of Hell were having a relatively easy time because the dark shadows could not approach them at all.

At this moment, Vicente's "Original Body" suddenly opened its eyes, and two dim red flames bounced out. Wherever his eyes reached, everything became a dead and cold void. Even the Corrupt Mind and the Desperate World around Viken were gradually stiffened into eternal peace. Only the Blessed Realm was barely affected.

It was the most special ability of the Original Body, known as "Original Stare" or "Stare of the Death". It was similar to Apsis' Life Removal but was more powerful, and it was almost on par with the Lord of Hell's Life Deprivation.

Under the "Stare of the Death", one of the defense layers around Viken was immediately dissolved. Only the Blessed Realm was left there standing.

It did not mean that Vicente was as strong as demigods. It was only because the legendary product of necromancy plus alchemy was unique and suppressed the corrupt phantoms that did not have real entities.

That was also the specialty of magic. By choosing the right magic, it would be possible to resist an enemy that was much more formidable than oneself.

Seeing what the Original Body had achieved, the Lord of Hell seized the opportunity. He did not say anything but simply raised his gold trident as he commanded the ocean to attack the Blessed Realm.

“Passage of the Styx!”

Maltimus did not discuss with Alterna and Demartes because he believed that they would definitely see and grasp the opportunity!

The blue water immediately turned gray. Floating in it were the translucent, dull souls. It flowed from the void and into the void, as if it had penetrated the whole process from life to death.

It was the mysterious Styx, the center of hell and abyss! Naturally, the attack was also one of the Lord of Hell’s most powerful attacks.

At this moment, Douglas seemed to sense that the origin and destiny of the Styx was the Furnace of Souls that he was already very familiar with.

The gray Styx surged to the front of the Blessed Realm without a sound. In the blink of an eye, the ivory, holy light of the Blessed Realm became gray and dim. The exuberant vitality began to fade and collapse.

After the Styx broke the Blessed Realm and reached Viken, and when Viken hadn't reestablished defense with the power of the sacred paradise and the primeval hell, the high moon that observed everything fell abruptly toward Viken, leaving a chilling tail behind. Around its course, a black fire of the void was vaguely burning.

Pa!

A clear and somewhat inaudible crack echoed, which deprived Viken of the feeling that he was in a different world. He was no longer a unique existence that nobody could touch or attack!

After the marvelous domain was broken, the silver moon rose rapidly while a boundless cosmos appeared above Viken's head. The clear and brilliant stars in it denoted everyone's fate.

It was the starry star of destiny!

In the illusionary starry sky of destiny, the star that represented Viken suddenly glowed and fell like a meteorite, hitting Viken brutally.

It was exactly Douglas' "Fateful Meteor"!

After he became a demigod and his Host Star of Destiny was connected to the starry sky of destiny, the legendary spell went through drastic changes and was a real demigod-level attack now!

“Positron Cannon!”

“Grandeur Obliteration!”

“Nature’s Punishment!”

...

When the “Fateful Meteor” landed, Hathaway, Fernando, the elven queen, and the other legendary experts also took the opportunity to attack, swearing to disrupt Viken’s breakthrough.

Hardly had the brilliance spread out when the explosions, which were loud enough to kill everyone, burst out.

BOOM!

Dazzling brightness raged out, and the energy storm was sweeping, eclipsing the dark evil world and the hallowed paradise.

The Lord of Hell thought to himself, *After this attack, Viken must be heavily wounded and disrupted from the breakthrough even if he is not dead...* The guy had been smashed by a demigod's "Fateful Meteor", "Positron Cannon", and many other supernatural powers without even the slightest protection. Even he would've been heavily wounded. Even though his life wouldn't be in danger, he certainly wouldn't be able to finish what he was doing.

Due to the energy storm, Douglas and Fernando could not see clearly the situation inside, but they had guessed a thing or two based on their experience.

In the City in the Sky, except for Brook and those involved in the battle, all the sorcerers who were looking at the sky felt intense hope and joy. Had the crisis been resolved? Was Viken stopped before he became a true god?

A disaster seemed over now!

In the third generic school of Rentato...

Ali listened to the broadcast and looked at the sky. Although the scene was changing too fast for them to see clearly, the final picture that had been frozen gave them expectations and delight.

Was the nightmare over?

It had to be. Now that three demigods and more top legends had joined their hands, they could even kill a true god!

The energy storm gradually died down, and the scene at the center was revealed. The incarnation of the primeval hell that was full of negative feelings and the most sacred Mountain Paradise was still there, but Viken, who was supposed to be in between them, was nowhere to be seen.

“Is he dead?”

“Can he only return from the river of fate a very long time later?”

The attackers were both delighted and suspicious. Suddenly, Douglas saw a black spot there.

Right when he was about to cast another Fateful Meteor, the black spot expanded and wriggled, turning into Viken again, and the Desperate World that was full of faces of intelligent creatures and the sacred kingdom where angels and holy spirits sang nonstop slowly descended, gradually melting into his body!

“Hahaha.” Darkness and light replaced each other incessantly in Viken’s eyes as he burst into laughter. “If I did not have any confidence, why would I have decided to make the advancement in the main material world instead of a secret alternate dimension?”

“Thanks to your help, I have broken the most difficult barrier. After I melt Mountain Paradise and the primeval hell, you will receive the audience of a true god!”

At this moment, he was placed in a marvelous state where he could not be attacked again. Also, it seemed even more perfect and unbreakable than just now!

Even such attacks did not kill him? The demigods and top legends calmed down after the slight shock and continued their attacks. For them, they would never give up until the last moment.

The sorcerers and civilians in Allyn and Rentato, on the other hand, did not have such great self-control. After Viken's crazy announcement, their faces were grim and full of desperation.

If the super-luxury lineup of three demigods and multiple top legends failed to stop Viken at the beginning, what could possibly stop Viken right now?

Done. Everything was done.

They stared at the sky with their faces stiff and dull, as if they had been caught in an eternal nightmare of desperation.

.....

Inside the primeval hell and faced with the attacks of Arrogance, Lucien suddenly sighed and put on his symbolic smile before he said in a low voice, "I'm here to confirm something, and your presence helped me to confirm it. Therefore..."

Before he finished his sentence, he stepped forward. Although his body did not turn taller or bigger, his aura became extremely horrifying all of a sudden. The phantoms that lunged at him backed off quickly in screams, and the seven primeval devils that were ready to cast "spells" could barely stand steadily on their feet.

What's going on?

What has he confirmed?

What's he trying to do?

The moment the questions popped up in the minds of the primeval devils, Lucien's body dispersed and became illusionary, and his face was solemn and grave!

A vast, fascinating cosmos slowly appeared in hell.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 817: Back Against Back

The boundless cosmos in hell was profound and dark, with brilliant and dreamy stars in it. It looked like the starry sky of destiny, but there were some indescribable differences between them.

The cosmos slowly surfaced in every corner of hell, but it did not collide with the Death Swamp, the Silent Hell, the Burning Metropolis, or the Endless Canyon, and the devils were not affected at all. It looked like a supermassive hologram.

A heavy, thick, boundless vibe that dwarfed everything appeared with the cosmos, giving everybody the feeling that they were looking at the stars at night. Even the most evil and brutal devils felt that their minds were empty and the universe was too magnificent for them. Their busy lives were so hilarious, and the only thing worth respecting and embracing was the vast cosmos.

For a moment, the schemes, betrayals, slaughters, fire, and blood that filled the whole hell stagnated, replaced by quietness. The primeval hell that was made of the streaks of lights in different colors seemed to have been caught in a slowed time and space, in which pain, hate, and all the other negative feelings were much thinner.

The seven primeval devils stayed where they were and stared at Lucien in a daze. Their minds were too overwhelmed for them to launch an attack or to stop him from taking the unusual action.

Lucien, on the other hand, did not consider the attacks of the seven primeval devils at all because he was now in a marvelous state similar to that of Viken in the main material world. He could both affect this world and remain untouchable and unattackable because he was in a different time and space.

His eyes half closed, Lucien suddenly opened his arms, making the gesture that he was about to embrace the cosmos. At this moment, a shadow suddenly crawled out of the back of his pure soul.

The moment the shadow crawled out, Lucien's face had minor changes. It kept the original handsomeness but emitted a strange ordinariness. He became someone that the primeval devils wouldn't mistake for Lucien based on both the air and other features!

Lucien, however, did not find it strange at all, because it was still himself. It was him from his previous life, Xiaofeng!

It was Xiafeng, whose face was entangled with Lucien's on the Furnace of Souls!

The shadow that crawled out of Lucien's back just now stuck its back against his back. Getting more and more clear, it turned out to be another Lucien with distinctive features and qualities that the primeval devils couldn't have failed to recognize. However, this Lucien did not have a gentle and stubborn vibe.

"What is this?"

"Why has Lucien been divided into two parts?"

The primeval devils stared at that in confusion, having no idea what was going on at all.

Suddenly, a void split in the gap, and an enormous and terrifying attraction force came over, dragging the whole primeval hell into the world that was both dark and bright.

"Viken is summoning the primeval hell and trying to melt us!" Arrogance roared in shock and fury. Changes and more dreadful things were happening on two sides at the same time. Which side should they focus their attention on?

The primeval hell and the primeval devils were two sides of the same coin in the first place. If the primeval hell was swallowed and melted, there would be no more primeval devils. Or rather, a stronger primeval devil would show up, but it would only be one side of Viken!

While the primeval hell moved toward the world which was both evil and sacred slowly but surely, Lucien showed absolutely no reaction and remained the same. The Lucien on his back opened his arms and made exactly the same gesture.

Pa!

The moment Lucien's two souls leaned against each other with their hands open, Lucien's body outside of the Gate of Desire collapsed and spread out into the world of the mind and the soul, crawling into both Luciens.

Wu!

In the soundless roar, the souls of the two Luciens were vaguely concrete, and their backs were connected to each other due to a certain special relationship.

Boom!

As a real explosion burst out, Lucien's soul that had the features of Xiafeng suddenly opened its eyes. The reflection of the vast universe that showed up everywhere in hell was immediately zoomed in. It was no longer a river of brilliant stars, and an enormous fireball, as well as many planets of different sizes, could be seen clearly. Among them, a blue planet was particularly beautiful!

Boom!

The soul that carried the features of Lucien opened its eyes at the same time. However, what his arms were embracing was the colorful cosmos of elements. Then, the stars from the Atomic Universe spread out and got more and more real. Also, the perspective rose higher and higher, revealing a planet that was shrouded in mist.

Then, the views of two different universes constricted quickly. They were clearly separated from each other, with the two Luciens at the center as the boundary!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The scene was barely completed when the whole primeval hell collapsed and let out the noises, which suggested that it was on the brink of destruction, as if it could not shoulder the invisible pressure anymore.

Arrogance, Hypocrisy, and the other primeval devils looked at each other in bewilderment and realized the same thing.

“Lucien Evans is attempting to break into the demigod level!”

But his way was different from that of Thanos, Viken, or Douglas!

Was it because their cognitive worlds were different?

.....

In the City in the Sky and Rentato, most sorcerers and civilians looked at the sky in desperation. Even the joint attack of three demigods and multiple top legends did not stop Viken's advancement. Who could possibly stop him now?

Under normal circumstances, some sorcerers and ordinary people would've told themselves that Viken's advancement was not the end of the world. Chances were that Viken would become benevolent after he turned into a true god. However, the madness of the corrupted and the blood and chaos they created were still fresh. Nobody expected that Viken, who was known as King of Calamities, would suddenly change his personality.

Seeing that Viken was gradually melting the primeval hell and Mountain Paradise, and seeing that the attacks of Douglas, the Silver Moon, and the Lord of Hell achieved no result except for breaking Viken's defense and blowing him out of the intangible marvelous statue, the sorcerers, nobles, and civilians got more and more desperate.

Under the pressure of doom, many experts tried to fly into the marvelous domain, ready to offer their strength. It was better to be killed in a battle than to be killed in waiting!

However, Viken's melting was not as slow as it seemed. Before they approached, the melting had already approached the end.

Inside the Atom Institution, Heidi said with a self-mocking smile, "I wonder if the curse worked at all..."

Because of the defense of Allyn, it was impossible for the sorcerers to attack.

Annick comforted her by saying, “It doesn’t mean that the breakthrough is successful. At the very least, Viken’s form of existence has no substantial changes yet.”

Of course, that was only for now.

In the third generic school, although none of the students could understand such a sophisticated battle, the fact that Viken remained undestroyed and was even laughing out loud informed them of the situation. Their hearts were heavier and heavier.

Suddenly, Ali narrowed his eyes and blurted out, “There seems to be a cosmos in the primeval hell!”

“Primeval hell” was a term that they just picked up from the broadcast.

There’s a cosmos in the primeval hell? The other students all looked over, finding it hard to believe Ali’s words.

However, their eyes told them that, in the primeval hell that was gradually being pulled into the main material world, there was indeed one, no, two separated cosmoses. One of them had a gigantic fireball and a blue planet, and the other was the same as what Ali saw in the cosmic observatory, albeit with an additional planet that was enshrouded in a fog!

“Is this the planet that we are in?” Douglas, as a demigod of the school of astrology, felt that the planet enshrouded in the fog was so familiar, and that the other cosmos was so strange!

Suddenly, his eyes were frozen. “That is the real cosmos!”

...

“Mr. Evans!”

“It’s Mr. Evans that is at the center of the cosmoses! Two Mr. Evanses!”

Exclamations echoed near Ali in Rentato, Allyn, and every place that could see the anomaly in the sky. Suspicion and shock were flowing everywhere.

“It’s really our teacher!” Heidi was immediately cheered up.

Although she did not quite understand why her teacher appeared in the primeval hell at such a critical moment, it was always a delight that something interrupted Viken’s breakthrough.

Sprint said in a low voice, “The melting seems to have been slowed!”

Before he finished his sentence, they saw that both Luciens leaned backward. Their backs gradually melted with each other, and an overlapping boundary appeared.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Cracking sounds burst out in the primeval hell as it shook violently. All the negative feelings, lost souls, and primeval devils appeared to be dispersing.

Although the melting cosmoses did not have the dreamy and hazy sound and visual effects, the slow, determined, and soundless approach gave everyone a shock from the bottom of their heart!

“The melting has been slowed!”

“Mr. Evans slowed down Viken’s melting!”

“Is he trying to break into the demigod level?”

Exclamations of surprise, happiness, and gratitude burst out in Allyn, Rentato, and many other places. Intense hope had emerged out of desperation!

Heidi said excitedly, “If our teacher breaks into the demigod level successfully, the primeval hell that Viken intends to melt will probably be dissolved directly!”

“Haha. It’s really fortunate of us that our teacher is making the advancement in the primeval hell at such a moment!”

The depression and desperation were entirely gone. Other than the people who were still fighting, all the sorcerers, knights, and ordinary people looked at their sky nervously, praying for Mr. Evans' successful breakthrough.

The Lord of Hell was stunned for a moment, before he laughed, "Viken, today is not your lucky day. Lucien is trying to make a breakthrough at such a time in such a place!"

Viken stopped laughing crazily and said as cold as ice, "It's just a minor accident and will not change the final outcome." He couldn't have appeared more confident.

Maltimus smiled in mockery. "In any case, Lucien has delayed your advancement, which has given me time and an opportunity!"

Then, he tore off his left arm, and his real body that was hidden deep inside the hell broke its left arm too.

Without making a sound, the left arm exploded into a spring of blood, which then turned into an evil and chaotic "gate".

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 818: Screams

The “gate” was full of evil eyes that were yellow and white. They were dense and did not blink at all. Despite the blockage of the marvelous domain, the sorcerers, knights, and ordinary people who looked up from the ground felt that their minds were in chaos. They could barely control the madness of their souls and their surging desire for slaughter.

The left arm of Maltimus’ real body did not recover as quickly as before and remained missing, but the chaotic and bloody gate took shape rather slowly. Of course, it was only slow compared to how Viken melted the primeval hell earlier. It actually only took several seconds.

During the few seconds, the two reflections of the cosmoses surpassed the boundary slowly but surely. Their edges overlapped but did not affect each other. Even two asteroids that seemed to be colliding passed each other and flew away. They seemed next to each other, but at the same time, they seemed to be in two completely different worlds, not knowing each other’s existence at all!

As the edges of the two cosmoses overlapped, Lucien’s soul with the features of Xiafeng and the soul that was half Lucien leaned more and more into each other, starting to melt miraculously!

Just now, they were like two independent persons holding the cosmos before them with their backs against each other, but right now, they were like conjoined twins who shared the back!

There was no dazzling brilliance, violent noises, or other unimaginable phenomena. The two Luciens began to melt in a strange and unique way just now. The more they melted, the more obvious the feeling that they did not belong to this world was.

For some reason, the lost souls and primeval devils began to tremble in fear. Even though they no longer had concrete bodies and were entirely made of negative feelings, they couldn’t help but feel intimidated.

Gold, green, black, red, and all the other colors began to shiver. The lost souls and the primeval devils were dismembered, releasing the powerful attraction force that only negative feelings and primeval devils could perceive.

The elven queen was just pulling the Bow of Nature's Punishment when her body became blurry and a shadow was about to crawl out.

Aglaea had to stop and melt her body into the reflection of the elven tree behind her, restraining the shadow with its root.

On the thirty-fourth floor of the Allyn magic tower...

Although Brook was stronger than Melmax and had the help of Oliver and Bergner, he had to focus most of his attention on controlling the aftermath to prevent Allyn from being ruined. The three legendary sorcerers were engaged with Devil Melmax in such a fierce battle that Brook's library was razed to the ground.

Had it not been for the deep, dark magnetic field and the cage made of silver, terrifying electric snakes, the battle of top legends would've definitely destroyed the magic tower and half of Allyn.

However, even though the battle was difficult, Brook was not anxious, because he knew very well that Melmax's project could not last. The real key was still the battle of demigods and top legends in the sky.

Suddenly, Melmax froze, and shadows and negative light spurted out of his body into the sky. Due to the changes caused by Lucien, it was impossible for him to resist the attraction force now that he did not have a real body or his longsword.

Although Brook, Oliver, and Bergner had no idea what was happening in the sky, Melmax's changes were certainly no secrets for them. Seizing the opportunity, Brook's Kingdom of Electromagnetism constricted and confined Melmax, and Oliver and Bergner pushed him into the demiplane with their legendary spells.

Zi, Zi, Zi.

Melmax was shoved into the Kingdom of Electromagnetism. Brook was immediately relieved. He would be fearless in his demiplane. After all, the students and servants had already evacuated. Also, in his demiplane, he was as strong as a demigod.

"I'll finish him. You go to control Allyn's defense circle," Brook said in the telepathic bond as he entered the Kingdom of Electromagnetism.

Although the control pivots on this floor had all been destroyed, there were other control pivots in Fernando, Hellen, and Hathaway's libraries on the thirty-third floor.

Under the help of Prospell, Oliver entered Fernando's library, which was unlocked, and controlled the defense of Allyn.

It was not until this moment that they had the time to observe the battle in the sky.

“Lucien is trying to break into the demigod level...” Slightly frowning, Oliver said, “However, it is entirely different from Mr. President’s. It’s not demiplane versus the cognitive world plus the starry star of destiny, but the real cosmos¹ versus the actual cosmos².”

The primeval devils might have neglected it, but Oliver, as a legendary sorcerer, keenly sensed the fundamental difference between the two breakthroughs. During Lucien’s advancement, his demiplane was merely a medium and not an important part.

Bergner asked in confusion, “Is it based on the observer effect? Is the feedback of the real world an observer effect?”

“Maybe...” Oliver hesitated. “In any case, if he can advance successfully, there will be no way for Viken to make the breakthrough.”

.....

In Rentato, in Nekso Palace.

A silver sword that carried hideous cracks of the void broke Atlant’s defense and hit him, but he put on a weird smile and collapsed quickly like a broken mirror.

Another illusion? Natasha, who was holding her Sword of Truth, slightly changed her expression and blinked. Exactly at this moment, an ancient and distant sound echoed at the perfect timing.

“Visual Deprivation!”

Natasha's body was immediately bent as if she had been smashed by a hammer. Blood flowed out of her eyes, and she went through a lot of trouble to get back on her feet. However, her silver eyes lost their splendor. It seemed that she couldn't see anything anymore.

Having been transformed into the status of primeval devils, Atlant was truly mysterious and unpredictable. Since the battle began, Natasha had hit him seventeen times, but he was an illusion ten times, and some noble or knight outside died on behalf of him the other seven times!

Despite the help of Morris, Natasha could not tell whether or not the Atlant before her was real or fake. So, as she attacked with her full strength, she gradually lost her hearing, touch, smell, and vision.

Closing her eyes, Natasha sensed the environment with her willpower. Suddenly, she slashed out again; her sword flashing coldly and indifferently.

The cracking sound of the void echoed, and Atlant's body was hit by the light of the sword.

However, the body broke again like a mirror, not giving any sense of reality.

"Sense Deprivation!" Atlant's voice came from all directions, and everything became dim all of a sudden in Natasha's eyes. She seemed to be left alone standing where she was in the whole world.

Seeing that, Atlant's images appeared everywhere around her. He smiled and said, "I said that you cannot stop me. I'll ask for somebody inside the Allyn magic tower to turn on the portal in exchange for yourself."

Faced with such a tough and strong legendary knight, Atlant could not deprive her of her senses and intuitions once and for all. He could only do it step by step.

Hardly had he concluded his sentence when his eyes were opened, and a silver sword glittered.

Crack.

All the images were broken, and a body made of twisted colorful light showed up, falling apart under the hideous illusionary gaps.

“How... How could you find me?” Atlant struggled to say, filled with disbelief. How could Natasha find him right now when she failed to with all her senses and intuitions?

Cling.

A unique-shaped necklace appeared in Natasha’s hands, which emitted the crisp sound of metal collisions.

Although Atlant did not recognize the item, he could tell that it could help Natasha resist multiple attacks that were based on illusions. However, just now...

“You...” His body was even closer to destruction.

As if she heard his question, Natasha's lackluster eyes gradually recovered. She chuckled and replied, "It was on purpose."

"This is a legendary item that Lucien crafted with the materials in the treasury of Holm, but it cannot help me find you. I intentionally let you deprive me of my senses and intuitions because my eyes, ears, and intuitions would deceive me... Only by eliminating their interferences and sensing with the mind could I really 'see' this world and you who were hiding in the dark."

"Well, since a long time ago, I've been practicing in seclusion where it's quiet and I can't sense anything."

She changed Lucien's words so that Atlant understood what had happened.

At this moment, the enormous attraction force from the primeval hell came over, and the negative feelings inside Atlant's body flew out. His eyes became clear again. He coughed and said in regrets, "Why... Why couldn't it happen sooner? In that case, I wouldn't have been manipulated by Viken."

Natasha stepped forward. Her war boot let out crisp sounds on the ground as she said solemnly, "Although I hate to speak to someone dying so bluntly, I have to say that instead of complaining that the changes in the primeval hell are too late, you should complain that you made a decision too early. You should've waited to choose your path until Mr. President became a demigod."

Atlant heaved a long sigh, and his body collapsed completely.

Under the Sword of Truth, there was absolutely no chance for him to be resurrected.

Natasha raised her head and looked at the changes in the high sky with her half-recovered vision. She said with a smile, “Why didn’t you do it sooner? That way, I wouldn’t have taken such a risk...”

She could’ve hidden in the Atomic Universe with the Grand Duke of Orvarit as it would be impossible for Atlant to break in. However, she felt obliged to stick with her subjects at such a moment.

.....

The foul and chaotic gate was opened in a loud noise, and a meatball with countless eyes and the limbs of countless species rolled out, spreading out the air of blood, slaughter, and craziness.

Exactly at this moment, the breakthrough of the two Luciens approached the end. Their bodies below the head had been completely melted, but their faces were still facing their respective cosmos.

The two Luciens suddenly put on a miserable expression. They leaned backward at the same time and began the final melting. The two cosmoses with a blue planet and a misty planet did not seem as independent from each other. A strange, cracking sound of rubbing came out!

BOOM!

The volcanoes inside the hell erupted at the same time. Every devil sensed that the void next to them was trembling and creaking, as if the world was about to fall apart, and from the places they could not see, another enormous cosmos was running over!

“No!”

The illusionary feeling made all the devils cry and scream from the bottom of their hearts. For a moment, the whole hell was filled with such noises. Even the few devil dukes were trembling, having no idea where their fear came from.

In Allyn and Rentato, Heidi, Annick, Ali, and the other people also heard the squeaking sound from the void next to them, as if something was crushing it from the other side, and it was on the verge of destruction under the enormous pressure.

What was going on?

Shock, panic, fear, delight, and all the other feelings burst out!

Some were scared, some trembled, some kneeled, and some cheered!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 819: Return

Suddenly, the light of the whole world was gone. Allyn, Rentato, hell, and abyss were all caught in the deepest and heaviest darkness. The weird squeaking noises had vanished too. Every sorcerer, every knight, every noble, every civilian, every demon, and every devil sensed unprecedented peace. They could even hear their own heartbeats or blood flows.

Dum! Dum! Dum! Dum!

Their hearts beat faster and faster and more and more intensely. Right when they could not stand the extreme peace and were about to shout, darkness suddenly faded, and brightness was back again!

Nothing seemed to have changed. In the high sky, the Will of Abyss, who had been summoned by Maltimus at a great price, smelled the air of hell, which he hated most, and the air of Maltimus, which he was the next thing he hated most. He abandoned his old nemesis and charged at Viken, and the other demigods and the top legends cooperated with him, “helping” him dissolve Viken’s defense.

In the primeval hell, it was already barely possible to distinguish the two Luciens, although their faces were still changing, as if they were seeking the most fundamental similarities.

In the cosmos that had an enormous fireball, the picture zoomed in, and the blue planet grew larger and larger. The picture of the cosmos with the misty planet also zoomed in.

As the two planets grew larger and larger, the devils and lost souls in the primeval hell burst out their final and loudest screams.

Bang!

In the crack that echoed at the bottom of every intelligent creature's heart, the primeval hell fell apart!

The primeval devils and lost souls were reduced into negative feelings in different colors, loosening and ebbing.

At the same time, the two cosmoses and Luciens vanished!

"Where is our teacher..." Heidi was at a loss. Such a situation did not happen when Mr. President became a demigod.

Suddenly, her eyes froze because she saw a lot more people in the Atom Institution! There was also an enormous tunnel that was similar to the super large collider that her teacher designed!

The dreamy tunnel of the collider overlapped the many magic circles of the Atom Institution, but they did not affect each other at all, as if somebody had created an illusion here.

"This is..." Heidi and Annick forgot about the battle in the sky. They looked at the enormous tunnel in shock. Many people in white suits walked before them anxiously as if they were preparing an important experiment.

In shock, Heidi subconsciously extended her right hand, trying to touch a man.

Her fingers slowly reached the man's face, but it penetrated through it as if it were made of air. The man showed no reaction either.

Katrina looked at that in shock. "Is this phenomenon caused by our teacher's advancement?"

Taking a deep breath, Heidi looked at the street out of the window, only to discover that not only sorcerers and wagons but many iron monsters were crammed and moving forward slowly on the broad road before the Allyn magic tower!

Far away, many skyscrapers that looked like magic towers overlapped the original buildings. Thanks to their glass windows, they were like palaces made of gold under the sunlight.

In the high sky, a bird-like monster flew by quietly and looked down on the ground.

Everything was so real but so quiet. There was not the slightest sound or anything that could be touched!

Compared to the sorcerers who could still observe the environment, the nobles and civilians were completely lost. Their mouths were open and their eyes were hollowed as they stared at the additional world that was not the same as theirs but had certain weird similarities. They felt that they were in a dream!

"Is this a mirage..." somebody murmured subconsciously, but their eyes were frozen. It was obvious that they could not think anymore.

Gradually, the skyscrapers, the iron torrents, the tunnel, and the crowd on the street blurred.

Soon, they completely vanished, as if everything just now was really a dream!

“Is this the phenomenon caused by our teacher’s advancement...” Heidi repeated what Katrina said.

BOOM!

The explosion in the high sky woke them up, reminding them that there was still a battle that concerned their own fate over theirs. Therefore, they raised their heads and looked over again while wondering what happened just now and if Mr. Evans had become a demigod.

After Lucien and the two cosmoses disappeared, Viken seized the opportunity to swallow and absorb the broken primeval hell, not bothering that it would cause his imbalance, because he did not really have a choice. The primeval hell would be gone in a few more seconds!

Perhaps decades or hundreds of years later, the primeval hell would be gathered again, but it would be pointless for Viken.

This time, without Lucien’s blockage and the resistance of the primeval devils, Viken’s melting was very smooth, but at the same time, he was rejected by Mountain Paradise.

Thanks to the help of Douglas, the Silver Moon, the Lord of Hell, Fernando, and Vicente, the Will of Abyss broke the strange state that Viken was in and created explosions, slaughter, and blood, hoping to kill Viken who was focused on melting the primeval hell.

Viken's body became illusionary and more and more dim under the Will of Abyss' attacks.

At this moment, Viken suddenly chuckled mysteriously.

In his eyes, darkness and light replaced each other, and the remainder of the primeval hell and the still powerful Mountain Paradise swapped places. As a result, the Will of Abyss was placed in the range of Mountain Paradise.

The Will of Abyss was even angrier. For some reason, he suddenly roared and expanded. All his limbs were falling off, and the eyes were protruding out!

"Back off! He's going to self-explode!" Maltimus roared and retreated quickly.

He paid a great price to summon the Will of Abyss exactly to get an attacker who was not scared of death, but the Will of Abyss turned out to be even more hardworking than he expected. In order to perform the attack, he had chosen to self-explode!

Of course, Maltimus could easily tell that the guy was definitely befuddled just now.

Boom!

An explosion that was multiple times more powerful than all the attacks previously burst out. The sky was colored by the boundless brilliance of blood. The defense of Mountain Paradise was broken as angels perished. Only the seraphs managed to retreat to the Realm of Gates in time and survive the disaster.

Light and energy surged out, and the demigods including Douglas were pushed to the edge of the marvelous domain.

The sorcerers who observed the battle were surprised and delighted. The self-explosion of a demigod could certainly stop Viken, if it didn't kill him!

"Sometimes, the Will of Abyss can be quite lovely even though he is a wild card..." Many arcanists "thanked" the Will of Abyss in their hearts.

.....

Above the ninth level of hell, Lucien slowly appeared from the void, turning from the status of dispersion to collapse. He was still wearing the black double-breasted suit, the top hat, the bow-tie, and the monocle, and he was still holding the staff. However, he had an additional feeling that he did not belong to this world. It was exactly the transcendental, changing, and intangible feeling of demigods!

"What I saw in the end... It's exactly like what I suspected..." Lucien woke up from the uncanny state.

.....

The bloodiness and the energy storm were gone, and the center of the marvelous domain was blank, as if it had been wiped off by an eraser.

“Has Viken died with the Will of Abyss?” Aglaea asked delightedly.

Although Viken wouldn’t really perish, he wouldn’t return from the river of fate until millions of years later, and his fatal threat, Mountain Paradise, was already gone.

The Silver Moon was still in the sky, and Maltimus looked at the center solemnly and confusedly. After a brief daze, Douglas shouted, “Keep attacking! The domain is not gone! Viken is not dead yet!”

The marvelous domain appeared because of Viken’s advancement. Its existence suggested that Viken was not dead, and his attempt was not entirely disrupted yet!

Hardly had Douglas given a warning when an invisible window blew from the marvelous domain and water secreted from the void, giving the feeling of both light and darkness. It was completely in violation of common sense!

The water gathered into a tide and surged at the center, drowning the demigods and the top legends.

At the center, an illusionary heart that was both dark and bright showed up and beat nonstop. In the left atrium was the dark, evil, and corrupt Desperate World, and in the right atrium was the sacred, bright, and vast Mountain Paradise.

“We’re close to success, but so is Viken. As long as we destroy this ‘heart’ and prevent it from absorbing the water, we will really stop him!” Douglas was ready to cast an “Eternal Blaze”.

However, he found that he was unable to cast any spell in the tide that was both dark and bright.

Similarly, the Lord of Hell and the Silver Moon could not make use of their supernatural powers either.

Thinking for a moment, Douglas dispersed into a world with mountains, lakes, forests, and grasslands. It was exactly his demigod image.

This world tied the tide nearby, slowing it down. Viken’s “heart” beat more slowly too.

Seeing that, the Lord of Hell also dispersed his body, presenting the view of the hell and dragging the tide around.

A cold and dreamy silver moon fell, freezing the tide, and the shadow of the elven tree showed up, extending its roots to grab the water.

The projections of the Thunder Hell, the Element Paradise, and the Resting Place came too, but the force of boundary was much smaller than that of demigods.

Under their joint attacks, the tide almost stagnated. Viken and his enemies were in an impasse, but he was still absorbing the water one drop after another.

Looking at that, the legendary experts down below could not hold it anymore. Natasha was the first to flash to the sky and slash Viken's heart with the Sword of Truth.

The aura of the silver sword broke the sky and entered the marvelous domain, but it soon disappeared.

Here, without the power of top legendary, one could not even raise ripples!

The attacks of the other legendary experts were the same. The sorcerers, nobles, and civilians down below couldn't be more anxious.

Damn it. A few more top legends would be able to turn the balance!

Damn it. Why are all the top legends except Mr. Brook and the devil dukes who cannot come to the main material world all up there?

They almost couldn't stop themselves from joining the battle, but the effort of Natasha and the other legendary experts let them drop the idea.

.....

After Lucien recovered from the uncanny state, he jumped into his own Atomic Universe without any delay. Then, instead of entering Babel, he teleported himself to the thirty-third floor of the Allyn magic tower.

“Turn off the blockage,” Lucien said in a low voice.

Oliver and Bergner were looking at the sky anxiously. Hearing Lucien’s calm and steady voice, they were surprised and relieved. Turning off the blockage in the city defense, they allowed Lucien to go to the sky and said in a hurry, “It’s great that you’re back!”

The sorcerers who looked at the sky so nervously that their hearts almost stopped beating suddenly discovered that the vague mist before them was disappearing, and a person appeared at the edge.

The familiar black hair, the handsome face, and the dreamy ring... They all held their breath.

“Master!”

“Mr. Evans!”

Exclamations followed. The sorcerers’ anxieties were immediately more or less eased. The man who had always created miracles was back!

Suddenly, a sorcerer bowed in confidence and gratitude.

“Your Excellency, it’s great that you’re back!”

Influenced by him, more and more sorcerers paid respect to him.

“Your Excellency, it’s great that you’re back!”

In their greetings, the blockage was completely gone. Lucien nodded at them and blinked to the high sky.

Chapter 820 - The Boundary Between God and Men (2 in 1)

Chapter 820: The Boundary Between God and Men (2 in 1)

In a half-empty marvelous domain, Viken’s heart that was both bright and dark beat nonstop, but it could only struggle to absorb the sap from the boundary of the demigods and top legends, including Douglas, the Silver Moon, the Lord of Hell, and the elven queen.

At this moment, the change in the blockage of Allyn was reflected in his mind that seemed to be everywhere.

There couldn't be a better opportunity! He wouldn't stand a chance after Lucien joined the battle!

A dark and illusionary vein suddenly extended from Viken's heart, which passed through the tide made of the water as if there were no resistance and pierced into Aglaea, the elven queen.

Aglaea did not pay much attention to it. With the protection of the elven tree, Viken's attempt that only carried one percent of his power could not penetrate through nature at all.

However, at this moment, a shadow mixed with strong hate and pain suddenly emerged out of her body, which stretched out beyond her control and grabbed that "vein"!

No!

Aglaea exclaimed in her heart when she realized that the "container" with which she completed the status transformation had gone out of control. As her primeval-devil half went out of control, she could not control herself anymore!

Did Viken hold such a powerful control over all primeval devils?

At this moment, she felt that the Viken before her was so lofty and sacred that she only wanted to worship him!

In the meantime, quite a few black veins extended out of Viken's heart and penetrated into the bodies of top legends including Belkovsky, crazily absorbing their primeval-devil halves. Only Fernando, Hathaway, and a few other exceptions managed to avoid it.

For a moment, negative feelings and pieces of black shadows flowed into Viken's heart along the veins. Douglas, the Silver Moon, and the Lord of Hell intended to assist them, but they were mired in the tide and couldn't do anything except to watch it happen.

The way to become a demigod that Viken released before had such severe deficiencies!

It was the complete way to become a demigod without any traps, and its deficiencies and flaws were inevitable even for Viken himself. That was probably why other people believed him. However, at this moment, he was the most powerful primeval devil, and that was why he was fearless. He was reluctant to reveal the secret to the North Church, because Belkovsky, who had the accumulation of the power of faith and godhood, could very likely break into the demigod level soon and be on par with him. In such a case, he wouldn't be able to control other people like he could right now.

As his power rose, the tide was propelled and moved to Viken's heart, allowing him to absorb crazily. After every drop he absorbed, he would be more powerful than before. After only a few moments, the "heart" already lengthened and changed, vaguely showing Viken's appearance. At this moment, Lucien had just flashed to the sky and was about to go into the marvelous domain to stop Viken.

At this moment, Viken suddenly laughed crazily. "You should come too!"

Glittering veins stretched out of the heart and pierced into the body of Rudolf II who was also working hard at the edge.

Rudolf II watched Viken in shock as lofty, bright, and golden shadows flashed in his body nonstop with the obvious air of Mountain Paradise!

“Thanos, I did not expect you to revive and return, but you can only serve as my nutrition now!” Viken’s crazy voice echoed in the clouds. “You hid rather well, but I got suspicious during Mecantron’s resurrection! I did not point it out exactly because I was waiting for this moment!”

Thanos? The sorcerers down below were shocked.

Rudolf II could not say anything anymore. His body quickly dimmed, and his hair grew white. The golden shadows broke into pieces and flowed into Viken’s body through the veins.

Boom!

A soundless explosion and infinite brightness burst out. Lucien, who had just reached the marvelous domain and was about to attack, was forced to step back. In the perception of his spiritual power, Viken had vanished!

As the light gradually dispersed, the elven queen, Belkovsky, Rudolf II, and some other top legends could not maintain themselves anymore. They fell out of the marvelous domain to the ground. For a moment, they had even lost the basic ability to fly themselves.

Thankfully, there were plenty of other legendary experts outside. Some were elves, some were from the North Church, and some were from the Holy Heilz Empire. Those legendary experts prevented their leaders from becoming the first top legends who were killed in a crash, because their leaders were not legendary knights and their bodies could not stand the collision.

As the light faded, the center of the marvelous domain could be sensed by Lucien, Douglas, the Silver Moon, and other demigods. Viken's hair had turned black, and his wrinkles were gone. His eyes were profound and dark, as if he were only in his thirties. However, his nose was slightly protruded, making him look rather scary.

Lucien, Douglas, and the other experts had all seen him in such a form before. It was the image of the King of Calamities on many magic classics.

Next to Viken, the holy angels and the evil devils entangled each other, worshiping and praising him. A realm where heaven and hell coexisted in peace was created.

The realm did not seem to be in this world. Although Lucien, Douglas, and the other demigods could see the view and hear the songs and praises, they could not perceive it or the air of Viken inside. It seemed that they were facing a hologram, and the angels and devils were far away in a different world.

Viken adapted himself to his new status and smiled. "Evans, what a shame. You're one step late. Are you very surprised?"

He sounded gentle and calm, but it was as astounding as a clap of thunder when the legendary experts and the sorcerers, nobles, and civilians down below heard it. Their bodies were trembling in shock!

One step late?

Had he become a true god?

Done. Everything was done...

Desperation spread out, but people still had hope, because there were four demigods on their side. Even if they could not defeat Viken, they should be able to hold the situation and stop him from doing whatever he wanted.

Douglas, Alterna, and Maltimus, as demigods, were much more grave, because they found that they could not even tell how strong Viken was. Of course, they did not give up and simply kept attacking Viken.

The bright and dreamy moon, the corrupt and evil hell, and the flashing fateful meteor ran toward Viken at the same time.

Lucien, on the other hand, seemed too shocked to perform any attack. He merely nodded his head and said, "I'm quite surprised that your way of demigod has such severe deficiencies. That's why I'm one step late."

"This step is exactly the boundary between life and death. Now, I am already a true god. You cannot defeat me at all. No, it is impossible for you to even reach me!" Viken smiled kindly as the light of the silver moon, the outburst of the hell, and the fateful meteor passed through him as if he did not exist at all.

The songs and praises of angels and devils went on without being disrupted. The sorcerers were even more desperate. They could not even reach the enemy? Such a capability gap was almost the distance between heaven and abyss!

“Do you see? This is the true god. I can appear at any place at any time and attack anyone, but you cannot break the boundary between god and mortals. You cannot touch my real body at all.” Viken turned his head, as if he had finally got the status under control. “Even if I stand here and let you attack me, you cannot hit me at all. Your attacks will have no effects.”

True god. He's really a true god... The sorcerers, nobles, and civilians felt that their bodies turned soft as they looked at that. It seemed that their feet could no longer bear the weight of their bodies. That was truly a devastating opponent!

How is he going to deal with us?

Will he kill us or domesticate us into lambs?

Viken smiled and said, “I don't need you anymore. You can disappear altogether...”

When Viken finished his declaration and was about to attack, the muscles on his face suddenly bounced, as if something down below was trying to crawl out.

Such protrusions were so dense that all his skin that was exposed to the air was occupied. Then, lumps were jumping even on the long robe that was transformed by his strength. They couldn't be more hideous and disgusting.

“This is...” In shock, Viken tried harder to control himself. Douglas, the Silver Moon, and the Lord of Hell did not know what was going on exactly, but they did know that it was a rarely-seen opportunity and immediately began their attacks.

However, their attacks still could not break the boundary between god and mortals!

Viken’s body gradually became transparent, both bright and dark. The faces of intelligent creatures emerged from it.

The faces, some pious and some in pain, surged out nonstop and created the protrusions!

“Why is this happening? Why is this happening?” Viken roared crazily, shocked and infuriated. The legendary experts and the sorcerers down below were all astounded. What happened to the true god?

Viken gazed at Lucien, who had been quiet and did not attack, as he murmured to himself, “I have already turned into a strong observer and a true god by gathering everyone’s power! Why is this still happening? Why is this still happening?”

Annick and Heidi became pale. Had the Congress’ “observer hypothesis” raised such an invincible opponent for them?

Looking at Viken, Lucien repeated expressionlessly but with a higher voice, “The observer effect?”

Then, his lips curled, and he smiled somewhat mischievously.

“It was a trick!”

It was a trick? Annick and the other sorcerers opened their mouths, completely unable to close them.

It was a trick? Douglas, the Silver Moon, Fernando, and the rest of them couldn’t help but look at Lucien.

It was a trick? Viken’s body trembled so hard that the faces seemed to be tearing apart his skin and running out. His eyes were filled with confusion first, before infinite fury surged out.

Keeping the smile, Lucien said, “The truth of the world and the nature of magic is...”

His face suddenly became solemn, and the void behind him began to tremble, manifesting a boundless cosmos. The cosmos zoomed in, with a lower and lower perspective, allowing everybody to see the gigantic fireball and the blue planet that they had seen previously.

“This is the secret of immortality, the truth of the world, and the essence of magic!” Lucien announced solemnly.

Then, he extended his right hand and waved it in the air. A series of complicated equations were immediately displayed, as if there was a cubic stream screen around. Even Douglas felt that his head was dizzy as he read it.

“This is a math model that describes space.” Instead of seizing the opportunity that Viken could not control himself to attack him, Lucien began to introduce the equations, making the arcanists of the Congress of Magic feel extremely weird. *Why is Mr. Evans doing this in the middle of such an intense battle? Is he trying to blow up Viken’s head when he saw that the boundary of god and men was unbreakable? If his plan works out, it will probably be an unprecedented and unrepeatable battle case...*

“The previous theory of relativity describes a ‘3+1’ dimension, and this is a model that describes more dimensions.” Lucien did not give more details because the premises and hypotheses of the math model alone could’ve taken him half a day to illustrate, and few people on the battlefield could understand it.

In the sky, Lucien slowly and casually walked toward Viken who was trying to control himself with the boundary of god and men.

“In this model, we can assume that the universe we live in is a high-dimensional universe, whose projections in different three-dimensional spaces form many parallel universes,” Lucien spoke lucidly as if he were teaching Heidi and the students a class. “Math tells us that in the three-dimensional state or four-dimensional state, parallel universes can barely meet each other. In that case, we may overlap, but we cannot touch or sense each other.

“However, just as two random straight lines on a piece of paper have much higher chances to intersect than to parallel, in lower dimensions, our microscopic particles and our fundamental world incessantly entangle with their counterparts in other universes. That is exactly superimposition and entanglement. However, as we, the real world, and the macroscopic universe kick in and the dimension increases to a higher level, the entanglement and intersection are gone, and only one state is fixed. That’s why the mysteries of the microscopic domain cannot be reflected in the macroscopic world!”

Lucien spoke very slowly as if he were teaching a class or engaged in small talk, but the sky suddenly turned dark, and a crazy wind blew out from the ground into the marvelous domain.

Douglas and the rest of them kept attacking Viken while they listened to Lucien's words, which seemed to have really explained a lot of experiment phenomena as well as the transition between the microscopic domain and the macroscopic world.

The world next to Viken where angels and devils mixed and sang together was unaffected, allowing him to focus on self-control. He tried to get rid of the embarrassment as countless faces were conflicting and squeezing out of him. He did not entirely understand what Lucien was saying, but he did not stop glaring at Lucien's eyes at all. *Even if I have been tricked, I still have the strength of a true god. After I get control of myself, I will kill you!*

Lucien's voice grew louder and louder. "This model explains the transition between the microscopic domain and the macroscopic world, but we will easily discover that there is no place for magic and supernatural abilities.

"Therefore, in this model, we have to add two premises. The first is that the soul does exist. It is essentially a high-dimensional object that can spread out special electromagnetic waves..."

BOOM!

A thunder rumbled in the sky, but no lightning struck down, as if the world was stopping Lucien from talking.

"As high-dimensional objects, souls are projected into different parallel universes, except that the projections are different due to the different coordinates of the dimensions. For example, in some universes, the souls are so weak that they are barely detectable, and in some universes, souls can directly walk on the earth. The electromagnetic waves they emit are very powerful."

BOOM!

Another thunder rumbled, and the sky was completely dark, as if a storm was coming. But still, no bolts of lightning occurred!

Lucien turned a deaf ear to the thunder and simply kept on walking to Viken. “Of course, if that is the only premise, the best we can expect is that certain creatures with powerful souls will have simple abilities such as setting fire, moving objects, or telecommunication. There will only be the most unattractive extraordinary powers, and there won’t be the weird yet brilliant magic, or any of the unusual animals.

“Therefore, my other premise is that, for reasons that we haven’t quite figured out, another universe has some sort of entanglement or intersection with our universe!”

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Bolts of lightning danced like clusters of silver snakes and illuminated the sky and the world. The angels and devils around Viken that praised and sang for him lowered their voices, and Viken appeared to be stunned again.

In the middle of the bursting bolts of lightning, a universe that was very similar to the one behind Lucien was displayed. The strange feeling that everybody sensed during Lucien’s advancement just now spread out again.

Lucien suddenly raised his voice and announced magnificently, “Therefore, the entanglement of the microscopic particles and the fundamental world is much more powerful than usual!

“Therefore, in the quantum eraser experiment and the delayed choice experiment, the state of entanglement is more difficult to destroy than expected!”

In the sky that was brimming with bolts of lightning, a torrential storm poured down. The whole world seemed to be drowned!

“The stronger coherence belongs to the microscopic domain. It is insignificant compared to the macroscopic world. When macroscopic factors are involved, it will be destroyed easily.

“Therefore, the macroscopic world is real and material, without any dispersion or illusion. However, the foundation at the bottom level of the macroscopic world is not so steady!” Lucien moved another step forward as his voice got louder and louder.

COMMENT

The angels and devils next to Viken had all fallen into silence. There were no more songs or praises!

“Under normal circumstances, such unsteadiness will not cause any consequences, but on special occasions, say, during the reproduction of creatures, it will lead to many more mutations. That’s why we have so many species and so many tricky monsters!”

In the pouring rain, the glittering lightning, and the rumbling thunders, the universe Lucien displayed zoomed in, allowing everybody to see the familiar fireball and the blue planet again!

Lucien said aloud as he stepped forward, “That’s why the ‘spiritual power’ of our souls can develop an assortment of strange spells beyond the monotonous abilities! That’s why reshaping and the elemental changes on the material level are relatively easy!”

The angels and devils around Viken looked afraid. Douglas, on the other hand, abandoned the futile attacks and focused on listening to Lucien's narration. In the meantime, Viken seemed more and more desperate and crazy.

"It's true that the source of our energy is the fluctuation of the ocean of energy in our void, but the ocean is not in our universe because we cannot grasp its momentary rise at all!

"Since the two parallel universes intersect and have different space-time changes, it gives us a chance to make use of their ocean of energy and the bottom-level matter like virtual particles!

"The conservation of energy is that of two universes, not just our own!"

As Lucien talked on, the ordinary people and the nobles on the ground were completely confused. They had absolutely no idea what he was talking about. Even the legendary experts in the sky were also mostly in such a state. Only the arcanists were listening to him half confused and half enlightened. Some were ecstatic, and some were trembling!

"Our souls exist in a high dimension and are projected to all the parallel dimensions. Our own souls are only part of the essence. Therefore, our meditation is actually to perceive another universe through the connection between the two soul projections. The environment of meditation that we establish—or our cognitive world—is the instrument of our communication. Therefore, the more similar and the more entangled it is to another universe, the more powerful it will be. That's exactly the feedback of the real world!

“Therefore, most of our magic models are essentially the different variants of such a math model of space-time communication. Naturally, the more accurate they are, the more powerful they will be!”

BOOM!

A noise that could almost be compared to the self-explosion of the Will of Abyss just now echoed. The darkness in the sky co-existed with the gigantic fireball!

The boundary of god and mortals around Viken seemed to be under enormous pressure and was squeaking!

“In this model, gravity is quantized and exists as a relatively low-dimensional notion. When two universes intersect, it will entangle the gravity of our world, hence the mist that covers the planets and the sun, the star graves where there is no gravity, and the many alternate dimensions. Therefore, we cannot locate any planet at all without considering the influence of other universes!

“That’s the reason why planets were never found before!”

When he said that, Lucien suddenly thought of the moment when he read “Arcana” for the first time. At that time, Oliver and Mr. President were deeply upset that planets could not be discovered!

Quantized gravity... Douglas calmed down and thought hard!

“Wu! Wu! Wu! Wu!”

Miserable cries burst out. The angels and devils around Viken shed bright or dark tears in fear. The boundary of god and men trembled more and more violently, and it was squeaking louder and louder.

Inside Viken’s body, faces flew out and vaporized into dust, and he looked more and more crazy and hateful.

“The soul is in a high dimension. So, our death only means the elimination of a soul’s projection and the loss of current memories and special waves. However, our actual soul is never gone, and the projection will reappear after a while!”

As Lucien made the statement, faces of souls appeared in the storm, crying, cursing, and threatening. The ordinary people down below all shivered as they looked at them.

“Therefore, part of our spells and supernatural powers actually carry the features of high dimensions too. We can be resurrected through methods like the phylactery immediately after the death, we can perform space jump, the Sword of Truth can eliminate all traces of existence, and the Elimination blood power can destroy the source of the supernatural powers by blocking the connection of two universes!

“Therefore, our real path to the demigod level is the arcana approach: to let the projection of the soul reach the nature of the soul in the high dimension!

“Therefore, after the two universes have a slight intersection, there will be creatures that are closer to the high dimension but not perfect, like the Silver Moon and the Lord of Hell! That’s why

the Furnace of Souls and the Styx that represent the essence of the high-dimensional souls show up! That's why there are the primeval hell and the World of Souls where souls and feelings gather!

"Therefore, the mysteries of immortality that we saw in the Chamber of Immortality were actually another universe! It represents our other self!"

His magnificent voice put an end to the cries, curses, and beg for mercy. The storm stopped, the lightning and thunder were gone, and the angels and devils dispersed into the light. Viken's body began to quiver, and after his every movement, some faces of souls were flying out!

Lucien had already reached before Viken. He looked down at him pitifully. "Your path to reach the high dimension by gathering many souls seems correct, but it is actually wrong. Those are not the projection of the same soul, and you cannot get the essence of your own soul in the high dimension. Therefore, while nothing wrong happened before your success, you will lose your undead quality after your success because it is impossible for you to be revived through somebody else's soul.

"Of course, it was exactly because of the correctness of your path on the surface that I was able to fool you with the 'observer effect'. Otherwise, I wouldn't know how I can 'really' kill you at all."

In his black double-breasted suit, Lucien put on his gentle smile again. He pressed his chest with his right hand and bowed slightly. "Now, I would like to repeat 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, explanations and hypotheses would only be illusions and fantasies!

"To put it simply, any hypothesis that is not based on math models is pure nonsense!"

Pa!

In Viken's shock and devastation, the boundary of god and men next to him was broken even though Lucien did not perform any attack at all!

In the sky, the darkness and the gigantic fireball faded, and the clear blueness was restored!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 821: Level and Power

The sky was blue and cloudless. The bright sunlight sprayed on Allyn whose blockage had been activated again, adding a golden layer out of the pale mist.

The legendary sorcerers like Oliver and Bergner and the common arcanists like Heidi, Annick, and Sprint were all so shocked that they could barely close their mouths. Lucien Evans' solemn description just now outlined a clear, meticulous, and self-consistent system and answered the problems that had bothered the sorcerers for tens of thousands of years, including the essence of magic, the essence of the soul, and the feedback of the real world.

Although he only proposed concepts and hypotheses and reached a logical conclusion based on them without any detailed research, its agreement with the phenomena and experiments had suggested its correctness. It was a brainstorm that gave them an unprecedented shock. The nature of the world seemed to have been vaguely presented before them!

That was the eternal pursuit of every arcanist!

Multiverse, high-dimension space, indestructible soul, and other notions that were as unbelievable as dream talk refreshed their view on the world again.

So, the “space” that represented the real world was actually another parallel universe!

So, one’s death was only the dispersion of the projection of the soul’s nature!

So, some posthumous customs were not entirely wrong when they stated that one would be judged by the God of Death after death, and some of the souls would turn into intelligent creatures like humans, dragons, and elves, some would turn into common animals, and some would be confined in hell for good.

However, if they did not have current memories and personalities, and if they lost their unique waves and air, would they still be themselves?

“As expected of the Worldview Destroyer...” Other than the ordinary people and the nobles who couldn’t follow him, all the intelligent creatures who had a slight understanding of the world repeated the nickname subconsciously in their mind. The skyscrapers, the iron torrents, and the intelligent creatures with human faces and features that were right before their eyes but could not be touched forced them to treat the theoretical model fairly despite their subconscious resistance. At the very least, it was easier to accept than the observer effect was.

On the other hand, Lucien had triggered the feedback of the real world and broken Viken’s boundary between god and men only by the interpretation of his arcana system that was closer to the nature of the world. It was even more astounding and made them barely able to believe their eyes!

It was possible to blow up a sorcerer's head with arcana theories, as could be seen from many examples. However, Viken hadn't been a sorcerer since a long time ago. He did not have a cognitive world, and his heart of faith was absolutely under his control. Despite that, his defense had been broken when Mr. Evans did nothing but elaborate on the new arcana system with his mouth. They couldn't help but feel that they were in a dream.

Of course, if we are not in a dream, then...

For some reason, they looked at Viken now with slight pity instead of fear and desperation. Such a fact was too brutal and merciless!

Watching the boundary next to him where light and darkness coexisted collapse inch by inch, Viken seemed to have been stunned. He wasn't doing anything for a moment.

Lucien stopped further approaching. He put down his right hand and said with mixed feelings, "Therefore, I always believe in 'god'; every one of us is our own god!

"Instead of pursuing the nature of your soul, you try to melt other people's soul waves, hoping to find the path toward the high dimension with a number. That's the opposite approach. It's like in mathematics. We are trying to increase equations and solve the unknowns, whereas you are increasing the equations and the unknowns at the same time. How can you get an answer in such a way?

"Sometimes, the changes in quantity do not necessarily lead to a change in quality, or rather, the change in quality is not necessarily what you desired."

When he said that, Lucien thought of himself. He couldn't have reached the demigod level as fast if he hadn't been transmigrated for a certain reason and carried the soul features of both universes, which allowed him to find things in common through comparison and research. Lucien's soul had already dispersed, but the remaining pieces still gave Xiaofeng the language ability.

The transmigration when Xiaofeng died resulted in the amazing changes in the burning library and formed something that connected the two universes like the cognitive world. It was Xiaofeng's cognitive world and connected his original universe. That was why Lucien succeeded so easily when he tried to sense the real world through meditation for the first time.

At that time, Lucien thought that it was because of his breakthrough in spiritual power in the crisis. Now, he finally realized that although it was part of the reason, that was not all of it. It must be noted that there had been many geniuses whose spiritual power was much greater than Lucien at his age in the history of magic, but their first attempt at meditation was never so easy and fast!

Therefore, it was impossible for other people to detect the spiritual library no matter how they tried, just like how they could not destroy the cognitive world directly. It was already the sophisticated knowledge that involved the changes in the intersection of universes. Even Lucien did not know much about it right now except for the basic concepts and the few formulas.

The content preservation of the spiritual library was obviously the protection of his instincts. Otherwise, the feedback of the real world would be too strong, and the connection with the original universe would be intensified. It was possible that the transmigrator couldn't take it and would be pulled back to the original universe.

As for the reason for his transmigration, Lucien did not waste his time thinking about it, because it was very likely to be a coincidence. For example, Lucien lost his soul on this side, and Xiaofeng lost his body on the other side, so they had weird synchronizations now that the two universes had preliminarily entangled. There were also many other guesses. Their odds were all extremely low.

However, Lucien wasn't too astonished. Even the events with the lowest odds could happen when there were infinite repetitions. From that point of view, everybody could be a lucky dog!

Hearing Lucien's words, Viken burst into fury, and the faces of souls in his body cried. After most of the powers of negative feelings and faith dispersed, it seemed that he could basically control his body right now.

"In any case, I have melted the powers of Mountain Paradise and the primeval hell. Even though I have not reached the level of a true god, I still have the power of true gods. Let's see if you can handle that!" Viken suddenly raised his right hand. Although he did not have his platinum staff with him, illusionary angels surfaced around him and prayed on the ground.

"Almighty Lord, you are one, and everyone."

...

Viken's vibe soon became high, unpredictable, and sacred. Ivory holy light was gathered in his hands. Then, centered at his body, infinite brilliance burst out and locked onto Lucien!

He was now able to cast "God's Arrival" instantly!

His God's Arrival did not carry any sequelae now!

Obviously, he was the power source of God's Arrival himself right now!

The ivory and holy light seemed to have frozen the time far away. The top legends further away showed no reaction. Only a silver moon, a nine-floored hell, and a lifelike world appeared and floated in the ocean of holy light, but they couldn't stop much.

God's Arrival hit Lucien who was not far away before Viken. The ivory light glittered and drowned everything.

"Is he dead?" Viken thought in delight and confusion. He had performed "God's Arrival" with the power of the true god. No demigods could withstand a head-on clash without dodging!

The brilliance of God's Arrival faded, and the frozen time melted and pressed forward. Before Viken, a man wearing a black double-breasted suit slowly surfaced, as handsome, gentle, and graceful as before. He even had a delicate silver watch in his hands, and he snapped the cover to watch the time.

How was it possible? How could he remain intact without being damaged at all after being hit by God's Arrival with the power of the true god?

Not just Viken, but Douglas, Maltimus, and the legendary experts around them, as well as the sorcerers and knights on the ground, had the same thought.

Lucien's body turned concrete very soon. He said with a peaceful smile, "The nature of 'God's Arrival' is to find the connection between the high-dimensional soul and its projection and destroy everything along the connection. That's why it can lock onto the soul and cannot be avoided. That's why it can attack a target from a long distance away. That's why it can prevent the experts other than demigods from being resurrected."

As he spoke, he smiled again. "Now that I have learned its nature and mechanism clearly, and now that I am also a demigod who can perceive the 'connection', I can leave this 'dimension'

temporarily through the connection, before I come back by reestablishing a projection. Naturally, you cannot hit me.”

“No, it’s impossible!” God’s Arrival was the source of Viken’s confidence, and God’s Arrival at the level of the true god was even more so. How could he not get mad? His eyes were bloodshot as holy light continued to gather in his hands!

“You are one, and everyone.”

...

“You are the moment, and forever.”

...

“You are the creator, and master.”

...

God’s Arrival was blown out again and again, but Lucien’s body flashed through the infinite light and reached Viken’s side.

“I know who I am, what status I am in, what God’s Arrival is, and how I should evade it, so I am a real demigod. You, on the other hand, only have the power of the true god, and you do not have the knowledge of the true god and the demigod. You do not know anything at all. What makes you think that you can hit me?”

Lucien looked solemn and pitiful. He extended his right hand and said solemnly, “Under normal circumstances, a similar spell in the level of the true god can attack the nature of the soul in the high dimension, which will completely kill the soul.”

The vast cosmos appeared behind his back as the gigantic fireball and the blue planet revolved slowly.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 822: The Poorest Villain in History

The moment he finished his sentence, spots of peaceful light popped up like a lake that was reflecting the moon at night. Under the gentle breeze, tiny ripples were spreading out.

The spots of light were instantly gathered in Lucien’s hands into a glistening staff.

Douglas, Maltimus, and the other demigods were all more or less stunned. Was Lucien capable of casting Space Staff, a legendary spell, without chanting just like Viken who broke into the level of true gods?

However, they soon thought it through. Now that Lucien had basically figured out the essence of magic, chanting or not chanting did not really have any difference!

The Space Staff in Lucien's hands was waved, and the spacious area up ahead was suddenly caught in an extremely slow state that was similar to the effect of Advanced Time Stop. Even another "God's Arrival" in Viken's hands had been frozen in the ivory light.

Viken, who claimed to be the only one who grasped the mysteries of time and space except for the God of Truth, had brilliant spots rising inside his body, exactly like the light of the legendary river of time. It helped Viken to get rid of the slowed state.

Maltimus became grave when he watched Lucien's "Space Staff" to be gathered, because he discovered that even though he was immune to Time Stop effects, he did not seem capable of resisting such slowness. Such a state was not directly cast upon the recipient but changed the environment in a certain unusual way. Naturally, it was impossible for him to be immune to that!

Was it Lucien's real demigod attack after he advanced into the demigod level? Like Douglas' "Fateful Meteor"?

Douglas frowned slightly. He realized that the Space Staff had not just "slowed" the environment around Viken but also placed it in a demigod state that both belonged to and did not belong to this world. It was similar to the condition of the "cognitive world".

Viken's overwhelming power of the true god was unleashed, allowing him to get rid of the influence of Lucien's Space Staff. At this moment, the perspective of the vast cosmos behind Lucien's back rose, and the gigantic fireball and the blue planet were gone. A cluster of darkness where there was not the slightest light appeared.

Boom!

From the darkness, the unimaginably horrible energy surged and quickly died down. Rising and ebbing, it was truly an unpredictable ocean of energy. This was too fast a change to be observed for the other universe, but when it was viewed from this side, due to the different speeds of time, the demigod experts could manage to sense the fluctuations!

Boom!

The terrifying energy that surged out leaned outward and ran into the slowed world next to Viken!

It became another channel that connected to the other universe like the cognitive world! Also, because it was slow, it had “borrowed” the fluctuations of energy!

Boom!

Energy ran out as if it had been generated out of nothing, drowning Viken who was emanating dazzling brilliance immediately!

Particles appeared and disappeared in pairs. The slowed world was nullified very soon. At the center of the energy tide’s rampage, a cluster of fluids where light and darkness entangled twisted and grew larger, turning back into Viken. However, he seemed much dimmer and weaker than before!

After suffering the heavy wounds, Viken was finally recovered and refreshed from the madness caused by the blast of negative feelings and the sacred faith. He gnashed his teeth and said, “Just because my ‘God’s Arrival’ cannot hit you does not mean that it cannot hit other people. I don’t believe that you will watch them be killed without doing anything!”

Lucien was amused. “Why don’t you take a look around yourself first?”

Viken’s senses, which had been suppressed by the energy tide, spread out. He felt that he was in midair and the Holy City was below him. As for Allyn and Rentato, as well as the legendary experts around him, they were nowhere to be seen.

“Previously, you were connected to every corner of the world and could even directly influence them only because of the marvelous domain when you broke into the true god level.

“It’s a high-dimensional state, in which the long distance in the lower dimensions is much shorter. However, after you failed to break into the true god state, and the boundary between god and men was broken, the marvelous domain naturally started to disappear. Your usage of God’s Arrival further accelerated the process and made it disappear fast. Right now, you can only affect the Holy City and attack us who are in the marvelous domain.”

Lucien said with a smile. On the other side, Douglas, the Silver Moon, and the Lord of Hell gathered and defended Fernando, Hathaway, and the rest of them. Although they could not resist God’s Arrival in the true god level individually, they were still able to resist the attack after joining their hands.

Their communication was purely conducted through spiritual power. The long talk actually only took a brief moment. His body trembling violently, Viken cast another God’s Arrival, and the projection of the parallel universe behind Lucien had perspective changes again!

.....

After Viken attacked Lucien with God's Arrival for the first time only to miss the target, the legendary experts who attacked outside of the marvelous domain, as well as the sorcerers, nobles, and ordinary people on the ground, watched them turn vague and quickly disappear in the bright and blue sky.

"Why have they disappeared?"

It was their subconscious question, but very soon, every intelligent creature with the slightest knowledge came up with the reason. Viken's attempt at advancement was over. Naturally, the unusual phenomenon that the whole world could see and reach came to an end.

"I wonder how it will end on the other side..." Heidi looked at the sky in concern.

Sprint snorted. "Viken has only the power but not the knowledge. I don't see how he can win the battle when he cannot hit our teacher. Let's drop the question and remember the equations and models that our teacher just gave to study them."

"Yes, that's what matters!" Annick shivered and returned from his shock, agreeing with Sprint's suggestion.

Heidi thought for a moment and nodded very carefully. "That's right. Our teacher is a cunning person—no, clever grand arcanist—who has both the knowledge and the power. He will only let Viken reach the end in desperation. There won't be any hope for him. The arcana system and the essence of magic and soul that our teacher just gave are of greater significance."

Therefore, the arcanists of the Atom Institution were gathered, trying to recall and study the equations that Lucien gave earlier.

Such a scene happened in every corner of Allyn. Everybody was diligent and hardworking. That was exactly what stimulated minds needed!

As for who Viken was exactly?

Well, he would be killed by Mr. Evans soon. There was no need to waste time on him. Learning and studying were more important!

Natasha, who was descending from the sky, said to Hellen next to her with a smile after realizing the situation, “I’ve seen plenty of plays and operas, but Viken is probably the first regretful and desperate supervillain who has been forgotten even before the final battle.”

Hellen’s eyes lost the focus. She turned a deaf ear to Natasha’s words and murmured to herself, “It was a trick... It was a trick...”

Rendered speechless, Natasha raised her head and looked at the sky. Even the Witch of Iceland had forgotten Viken, too.

As a matter of fact, the fact that she was talking and laughing here instead of going to the Holy City in a hurry to help her husband had suggested her own attitude toward the final battle.

.....

“You are one, and everyone...”

In the distant and holy prayers, infinite ivory holy light burst out and surged at Lucien, but Viken did not check the result of this “God’s Arrival” at all. He simply turned around and left the range of God’s Arrival, tearing apart the space.

He could not hit the enemy, and he no longer had any hostages. How could he win the battle?

After coming back to himself, Viken naturally chose to strategically relocate, or in other words, to run!

Boom!

An enormous and terrifying explosion echoed, and a world-destroying energy storm broke out!

Boom!

The energy storm collided with the light of God’s Arrival and resulted in another astonishing explosion.

The sky was filled by the brightness that the sun could not be seen until a long time later.

The sweeping energy storm disrupted Viken's attempt to escape, making his body even dimmer.

Lucien has directly resisted God's Arrival? Viken thought in shock.

"Your God's Arrival is exactly your 'true god'. It has only the power but not the corresponding level. It's easy to resist it as long as there is enough energy." Lucien slowly appeared up above.

Just now, he extracted and created anti-protons and other matters, transforming "Positron Cannon" into an authentic "Antimatter Cannon". Through the energy storm caused by its obliteration with common matters, it offset the ocean of light caused by God's Arrival.

Although God's Arrival had other special effects, such as slowing time and locking the soul, they could barely work on Lucien who was in the demigod level right now.

"Also, have you sensed that your power is weaker and weaker every time you use God's Arrival?" Lucien smiled and gathered Space Staff again. "It's because the source of your power of faith and your negative feelings has been ruined by yourself and cannot be restored anytime soon. Therefore, your power cannot be refilled after it is used up."

As he spoke, Lucien pointed the Space Staff and locked the space around, slowing the changes and sabotaging Viken's efforts to escape.

Another energy time surged over, and Viken's body was already on the verge of collapse.

At this moment, a bright and beautiful moon descended from the sky. Life Deprivation was cast out, and a shooting star with a long tail of light fell without a sound.

After the beautiful view emerged, Viken struggled with madness beaming out of his eyes. He appeared to be transcendental and dispersive again.

“You will die with me even if I must die!”

After suffering consecutive attacks, he was already on the verge of death. Having been a brutal man all the time, he naturally had the idea of self-explosion. So, he transformed his status and lunged at Lucien.

Seeing that, Lucien smiled, and his body grew illusionary again, as if he were about to disappear from this world.

Chapter 823 - Path of Immortality (End of the Main Storyline)

Chapter 823: Path of Immortality (End of the Main Storyline)

Seeing that, Viken grinned hideously in his heart. His body that was flashing and twisting erratically suddenly collapsed, turning into two worlds where light and darkness overlapped. One of the worlds was evil and corrupt, brimming with pain and desperation, and the other was lofty and sacred, with singing angels everywhere.

The remainders of the primeval hell and Mountain Paradise reappeared, forming the previous balance again. Viken was briefly given the feeling that he belonged to and did not belong to this world again.

Such a transformation suggested that Viken had completely abandoned himself. He would rather retrograde and perish in order to find an opportunity to deal a critical blow on Lucien so that he could only “return” millions of years later like the mysterious existence of the World of Souls!

Such a feeling was already close to the vibe that Lucien gave other people. The two of them seemed to be in the same world!

Gotcha!

Viken grasped Lucien’s air instantly!

However, at this moment, he realized that the space around him became dark and deep, with brilliant stars scattered everywhere. The edge of the space far away vaguely constricted, and the power of the wind that represented electromagnetism was divided into parts, as if it was exchanging something. Below him were elements in different colors that were similar to planets. Electrons surrounded the atomic nucleus and dispersed into a cloud. Above his head, there was an enormous fireball.

It was Lucien's "cognitive world"?

I could actually break into his "cognitive world"?

No, it's because our current state is similar to the status of the cognitive world, which does not entirely belong to this world but is connected to it in a certain way.

Viken thought quickly and basically understood what was going on.

Of course, he also knew that there was still a major difference between their state and the cognitive world. He was able to break in obviously because Lucien intentionally adjusted the status of his cognitive world.

Why is he doing this?

In any case, now that he dares to let me in, I will completely ruin his cognitive world. It will be even more difficult for him to recover and return!

When countless thoughts flashed in Viken's heart in the blink of an eye, he made a decision quickly. The primeval hell and Mountain Paradise began to expand.

Suddenly, he saw the Lucien who was in the "cosmos" far away putting on a gentle and graceful smile again. In the meantime, the enormous fireball above his head was turned to the back of a cluster of intense darkness.

The darkness that even rays of light could not leak out of released an unimaginable and most horrifying attraction force. Immediately, Viken, including his primeval hell and Mountain Paradise, was attracted to it!

In the normal space, any of Lucien's Host Stars of Destiny couldn't have influenced the material world effectively. However, Viken's status was synchronized with the cognitive world at this moment.

Under the all-absorbing attraction force, the expansion of the primeval hell and Mountain Paradise was stopped, and Viken was devoured by the darkness before he was able to let out a scream.

Lucien, however, was not relaxed. He was even more solemn than before. His cognitive world quickly faded. The perspective of the shadow universe behind his back changed, displaying indescribable darkness instead of the gigantic fireball and the blue planet.

The darkness was even more intimidating than that inside Lucien's cognitive world. Even though it was in a different universe, the demigods like Douglas and Maltimus still realized that it was powerful enough to tear them apart easily.

Then, the darkness in the cognitive world had minor "communication" with the darkness!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The stars in Lucien's cognitive world were absorbed into the darkness. Everything was trembling. However, the items inside the darkness also flowed into the other darkness through the channel of communication.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhh!!!”

A soundless scream burst out. Lucien hurried to abort the connection and turn the darkness backward, redisplaying the gigantic fireball. However, even though he had done everything perfectly, his cognitive world was already an utter mess. His body slightly dimmed. It was obvious that he had been badly hurt.

2Viken had been completely done for!

Maltimus was feeling rather sympathetic after witnessing the scene. Lucien was too strong right now!

At first, he thought of helping Viken flee in order to maintain the balance of the situation. However, neither Douglas nor the Silver Moon loosened their wariness of him. Therefore, he could only choose to submit in the future...

The shadow universe and the projection of the cognitive world were slowly gone. Lucien's body quickly turned concrete. He slightly nodded at Douglas, Silver Moon Alterna, Fernando, and the rest of them.

The darkness in the sky was gone, and the bright sunlight sprayed on his body, covering him in gold.

In Allyn and Rentato, although nobody cared about the battle any longer, many people were still mumbling to themselves, “It was a trick... It was a trick...”

.....

One day later, in Babel in the Atomic Universe...

Hardly had Lucien come out of his laboratory when he saw Natasha appreciating the cosmos outside of the window, which was entirely different from that in the main material world, with a glass of red wine in her hands.

“Have you found a way to recover Mr. Maskelyne?” Natasha asked in concern.

Lucien nodded but shook his head. “I’ve found something, but more research is still necessary. Even though I am a demigod, I am not omnipotent.”

When Viken melted Mountain Paradise, the seraphs who were capable of fleeing like Maskelyne hid in the Realm of Gates. After all, unlike the primeval devils, they were not deeply connected to the primeval hell.

“A demigod...” Natasha grimaced, indicating that she would work hard herself. “What exactly is the high-dimensional soul you talked about? Do they have self-consciousness? Can they control their respective projections?”

She was quite interested in Lucien’s model. Although most of it was too confusing, she finally understood the key to her advancement. However, she had her concerns, fearing that the soul essence in the high dimension could control her. She did not feel quite comfortable when she thought that something mysterious could control her and wanted to slay it, even though it was another “her”.

“I don’t know. If I could completely understand the nature and status of the high-dimensional souls, I would already be a ‘true god’. For now, I can only make speculations based on the phenomena as well as the things that I’ve felt after I became a demigod. For example, it is possible that the high-dimensional souls are in chaos, and only after they are projected to different parallel universes and combined with matters will the unique self-consciousness be generated. That’s why one’s memories and ways of thinking will be gone after death. They do not belong to the soul essence in the high dimension.” Lucien spoke of his thoughts which he wasn’t quite confident about.

“There won’t be any self-consciousness until it is combined with matters? But there are a lot of souls that are separated from their physical forms, like ghosts, aren’t there?” Natasha said like a curious arcanist.

Lucien thought for a moment and said, “The souls that I often talk about are more like shells that are made of electromagnetic fields and the special isotopes of certain elements. They’re matters, too. At least, I think that the projection of high-dimensional souls has to be based on matter in our universe.”

Natasha scratched her chin. “What about the starry sky of destiny? There isn’t any matter in that. Also, why do the stars that exist in reality indicate our fate?”

“You’ve answered your own question.” Lucien was amused and took over the champagne that Natasha poured for him. “Through the connection between the high-dimensional souls and their projections in a material world, we can grasp all the traces of the souls in the material world. The mechanism is the same as that of God’s Arrival, except that God’s Arrival is used for destruction purposes. In the high-dimensional state, all the traces of all lives must be overlapping or entangling. That’s the real appearance of the starry sky of destiny. So, when there are changes on one side, the other side will sense it.

“When there are all the traces, we will be able to infer some of the future changes. It’s like all questions can be answered when there are enough equations. However, since the ‘future’ involves too many factors and unknowns, there can only be rough, indefinite predictions.

“Such overlapping or entanglement in the high-dimensional state can only be seen when we meditate through the cognitive world or when we perform astrology. Its projection is also based on matters. So, it is manifested through the stars, and the information is hidden in the law and status of different Host Stars of Destiny.

“Therefore, the starry sky of destiny shares the same law as the starry sky in reality, but it runs in very different ways. Mr. President successfully advanced into the demigod level mainly by grasping his Host Star of Destiny, or the traces of his own soul.”

Hearing Lucien’s brief description, Natasha nodded thoughtfully. “Therefore, the starry sky of destiny reflects most of the laws of the stars in reality, but the stars in reality have barely anything to do with fate?”

“Yes.” Lucien did not think that Natasha could understand any further interpretations right now. So, he nodded his head in approval.

Natasha seemed to be in a better mood. “You’ve touched the essence of high-dimensional souls through the connection of two souls. How are you going to become a true god and realize immortality?”

She had already learned from Lucien that he melted a soul of his own from another universe. That was why he could advance into the demigod level so quickly. However, Natasha did not have many complaints. After all, she did not even know Lucien back then. The Lucien she knew had always been the one after the melting.

Thinking for a moment, Lucien said, "It is impossible to calculate the essence of the original soul in reverse with the answer and part of the laws of projection because equations are not enough and there are too many unknowns. Therefore, in order to realize immortality, we can only find ways to go to other parallel universes to search for our other 'selves' and learn more answers and laws. Then, we will be able to solve the simultaneous equation and find out the math model about the essence of the soul.

"So, find more 'selves', obtain more information, and advance through meticulous math models. That's an arcanist's path of immortality!"

Natasha said enviously, "The direction is very clear... What about knights?"

"The further you go down on the path of immortality, the more similar things you will see. After all, it is already close to the essence of the world. Therefore, the path of knights and the path of arcanists should be basically the same except for some of the details." Lucien chuckled. "The advancement cannot be made based on natural instincts anymore. You have to figure out the corresponding things and compare yourself with more of yourselves."

Natasha's lips twitched and decided not to consider such a troublesome question for now. "Why do you think there is magic on our side but there isn't on the other universe?"

"The power of soul projections has different influences on fundamental matters. Also, time flows faster on our side and more slowly on their side. So, we can make use of the rising and ebbing ocean of energy on their side, but they cannot use ours." Lucien's voice became low.

“However, since there is an intersection, there should be corresponding changes on that side too, shouldn’t there?” Natasha asked in confusion.

Lucien put down the cup and walked to the window before he replied with a smile, “Perhaps there are like macro electrons¹ and ball lightning...”

“What?”

“I was just kidding.”

(End of Volume VIII and the main storyline)

Chapter 824 - 61 Days to Go (Side Story: Year 24 of the Arcana Calendar)

Chapter 824: 61 Days to Go (Side Story: Year 24 of the Arcana Calendar)

The lights on the Triumph Avenue of Rentato were just on. The wind at the late spring was still somewhat chilly as the night fell, forcing the passersby on the street to cover themselves more tightly.

Donnie pressed his black top hat and got off from the bright yellow bus. Roaming on the street that was as bright as day, he walked toward the “Knowledge Bookstore” near the Triumph Square.

“Has Herald of Arcana and Magic for this week come?” Donnie asked the bearded boss.

The boss, who had deep yellow hair, replied without raising his head, “No, and it will never come again.”

“Is that so...” Donnie did not sound surprised. He simply heaved a sigh, as if he had seen it coming, with complicated feelings.

The boss finally raised his head and observed him with a pair of owl eyes. “What’s to be sorry about? After the magic stream screens were popularized into home televisions, and Ms. Heidi made major breakthroughs in artificial intelligence, it was only a matter of time for such a poorly-poised newspaper to disappear.”

His weird pupils reflected a handsome young man who was no more than twenty years old. It was supposed to be the most vigorous years of his life, but his blue eyes were full of exhaustion and depression.

Donnie said with a bitter smile, “I grew up reading the Herald of Arcana and Magic. It guided me to embark on the arcana path and pursue the truth of the world. For me, it is a beautiful memory and a part of my life that I will never forget.”

Thanks to the popularization of magic radios and TVs and the application of artificial intelligence, the citizens now had plenty more sources of information. They were much less dependent on the

newspaper. Now that the basic knowledge of arcana had been disseminated, most ordinary people were not interested in the more sophisticated arcana theories anymore because they seemed unrelated to life. After all, they could learn the introductions from the mainstream newspapers, the radios, and the home TVs. Therefore, Herald of Arcana and Magic, as a newspaper that introduced arcana and magic, was no longer necessary, and the circulation had plummeted.

The magic apprentices and arcanists were not likely to buy the newspaper either, because they had more professional academic journals such as “Allyn Impression” that better met their appetites and News of the World. So, since three years ago, or year 21 of the arcana calendar, a lot of such newspapers had gone bankrupt. Finally, it was Herald of Arcana and Magic’s turn despite its fame and the fact that it represented the golden years of arcana.

The boss of the bookstore pointed at the bookshelves. “If you want to learn the basics of arcana, there are many professional books here. If you want to learn the latest trend of arcana studies, you can subscribe to Allyn Impression or watch the News of the World TV Channel every day. There really isn’t any need to read Herald of Arcana and Magic.”

Under the bright magic lamps, the rows of blue or black books emitted weird colors and made Donnie felt dizzy. His veins bulging, he said, “That will be unnecessary. I haven’t grasped my own books yet.”

He had come to the Triumph Square on the bus because Herald of Arcana and Magic was already unavailable near his school, but the Knowledge Bookstore still had it. Little did he expect that Herald of Arcana and Magic could not sustain any longer after only one month.

The boss chuckled. He looked at the badges of magic apprentice and intern arcanist on the chest of Donnie’s black robe, as well as an emblem that was seven bright leaves on a black background, before he remarked, “You’re a fifth-grader of ‘Nature’s Heart School’, aren’t you? There are only 61 days to go until the College Entrance Exam of Advanced Magic, and you’re still buying Herald of Arcana and Magic? You should focus on your studies.”

The moment he heard the “College Entrance Exam of Advanced Magic”, Donnie’s facial muscles cramped, and he looked confused, agitated, and depressed. “It’s the weekend today. There are no classes until eight at night...”

He explained subconsciously before he smiled in self-mockery. *Why do I bother to explain that to him?*

After twenty years of evolution, under the lead of the Congress of Magic, a three-tier school system, namely generic schools, alchemical and vocational schools, and advanced magic colleges, had been established on the whole continent.

The generic schools were mainly open to children and adults who did not know how to read. The education would take five years. Then, after passing the exams that included measurement of spiritual power and tests of basic arcana theories, the graduates would go to the preliminary magic schools, where they would become magic apprentices, professional alchemy workers, or take part in other occupations.

The preliminary magic schools had a five-year curriculum too. Through the real basic education of magic and arcana, qualified magic apprentices and intern arcanists were raised. Eventually, they would take the College Entrance Exam of Advanced Magic and be admitted to the major magic colleges.

In the College Entrance Exam, those who had already become official sorcerers would receive bonus scores.

Donnie was about to leave when the boss smiled and said, “I can see that you have no magic items with you except for the three badges that the school gave you. I don’t think you’re from a rich family. You’d better focus on your studies.”

Under such a school system, the magic items and potions that could relieve fatigue, keep the mind sharp, and increase memory abilities were favored by most students.

Although such accessories and potions were forbidden in the real College Entrance Exam, they were of great help for the students to improve their learning efficiency. So, nobody would refuse them, unless they couldn't afford them.

Donnie blushed immediately. Shy and awkward, he was about to flee from the embarrassing bookstore.

"I have a 'Lucidity Necklace' here that I can rent you for two months..." The boss' unemotional voice came into Donnie's ears and made him stop.

Then, he turned around abruptly and looked at the boss. "Why?"

He was both excited and suspicious. However, his eyes caught a book named "Recognizing Different Deceptive Magic Contracts", which was written by Lucien Evans, on the bookshelf. He thought to himself, *Do I have to pay my soul as the price?*

The boss chuckled. "I am a loyal reader of the Herald of Arcana and Magic too. Otherwise, I wouldn't have bought it in the end. So, when I see you, I feel that I see myself from a long time ago... Why, are you scared that I have other purposes? You are free to bring the contract to the city hall for assessment."

"I... Do I need to pay anything?" More or less relaxed, Donnie asked earnestly.

The boss thought for a moment. “A down payment of ten coins, and working for me for two months after your College Entrance Exam.”

Donnie nodded quickly after he heard the terms. “Alright! No problem! Sir, when are we going to sign the contract?”

One “Lucidity Necklace” was worth two to five queen gold coins. Having rented one at such a low price, Donnie was naturally excited.

“The necklace is not with me. You can come again tomorrow at this time.” The boss nodded.

Donnie thanked him and left the bookstore for the bus station. All he could think of was the amazing experience and the College Entrance Exam of Advanced Magic that was to come in 61 days.

As he waited for the bus, Donnie looked at the Triumph Square, where a bronze statue that was wearing a double-breasted suit and a top hat with a staff in his left hand and a pocket watch in his right hand, stood.

“Mr. Evans...” Donnie mumbled with both admiration and certain “hate”.

“Bus No. 36, bound for ‘Land of Thousand Lakes’...” As a cold, mechanical female voice echoed, a dim red bus stopped before Donnie.

Donnie woke up from his thoughts and stepped on the bus, placing his school badge in the sensor area.

“From the No. 7 Magic School of Rentato. Eight free rides left...” The mechanical voice echoed again without any feelings.

“Nature’s Heart” was a magic school co-established by the Congress of Magic, the Elven Court, and the Kingdom of Holm. It was the seventh preliminary magic school in Rentato.

“Artificial intelligence is truly convenient...” Donnie thought subconsciously. “It’s a shame that I don’t have a chance to witness the combination of artificial intelligence and alchemical life as what Ms. Heidi described...”

Thinking about random things, Donnie returned to his school, which was outside the city, right on time for the evening class.

“Today, I’ll introduce to you the special theory of relativity.” Mr. Slington, who had a long white beard, said hoarsely, “This is Mr. Evans’ profound description of space and time. With your current expertise, it is impossible for you to understand it. All you need to do is to grasp the key points.”

Donnie’s facial muscles were cramped again. He looked at the banner of “61 Days Left Until the College Entrance Exam of Advanced Magic” at the back of the classroom and became focused.

After the evening class, Donnie returned to his dormitory dizzily. He lit the small magic lamp and prepared for exercises.

“‘Evans Instructions’, ‘Lucien’s Guidance’, ‘Detailed Explanations of the Questions in the College Entrance Exam of Advanced Magic by Lucien Evans’...” Donnie read the collection of tests one word after another, feeling a stronger and stronger headache. “Evans, Lucien, Lucien, Evans...”

Although he knew that those books were published by other people under Mr. Evans’ name, he still gnashed his teeth at the two words that frequently showed up.

Calming himself down, he opened one of the books and decided to review and consolidate “History of Arcana and Magic” first.

“... In which year did Mr. Lucien Evans propose matrix mechanics? What’s the significance?”

“... How many times has Mr. Evans won the highest honors including the Arcana Prize and the Holm Crown Prize?”

...

“Lucien, Evans, Evans, Lucien...” Donnie rubbed his forehead and closed the book in agitation, opening another collection of tests.

“... Please recite in full the periodic table that Mr. Evans proposed and perfected.”

“... What is the Lucien Constant? What equations are related to it?”

Pa.

Donnie closed the book quickly and drank water to calm himself down. He decided to go for another one.

“... What is the Evans Field Equation about? What’s your understanding of it?”

“... Could the Lucien Equation describe all the microscopic particles?”

“Ahhhhhhhhhhh!!”

A miserable, painful, and furious scream burst out of Donnie’s mouth and spread far away in the night, echoed by similar sounds in other dormitories.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 825: Shadow

“You’re screaming as if you’ve run into a ghost.” As a low and unpredictable voice echoed, the door of his dormitory was opened, and a young man with messy hair walked in. His eyelids were bloated, and his blue eyes were bloodshot, as if he hadn’t slept for a long time.

On his back, a pale and fuzzy shadow was stuck to him and floated forward with the feet away from the ground. After it showed up, the whole dormitory suddenly became cold, as if the night of spring turned into a dawn in winter.

Donnie quivered and hurried to put on the long coat that he just took off. “Sammy, I see the ghost on your back every day. Why would I be scared of ghosts? Besides, if there are really any evil spirits, those teachers of the school of necromancy would be capturing them with great delight.”

Such was the disadvantage of the magic schools, where there was no place for ghost stories. Things were different in the generic schools. For example, after a girl hanged herself in a laboratory, the other students often found that their experiment materials would go missing, or that the materials they badly in need of would appear right next to their hands when they worked alone in the place at night.

Of course, there were other stories in magic schools. For example, rumors had it that the grim old sorcerer who watched over the autopsy room often dissected living people for studies, and it was why he barely came out and always refused everyone who approached his room.

Sammy yawned. “In that case, why were you screaming so miserably? You are a top twenty apprentice of our grade.”

The ghost hands behind him suddenly stretched like it was made of elastic material. Then, they grabbed the kettle and the cup, poured water, and fed it to Sammy’s mouth.

“Even the best apprentices would feel that their brains are exploding when they are faced with all those equations, conceptions, mechanisms, and magic models, even though we’re only working on the basics,” Donnie rubbed his temples and complained. It was particularly so when so many theories and equations had Lucien or Evans in them. He only hoped that somebody could travel back in time and kill that guy so that those torturing things wouldn’t have been invented.

Thinking about that, Donnie sighed. “Also, I do not have a Lucidity Necklace or a Stamina Ring. I’m not like you. You have a natural-born Back Spirit, and you have been admitted by the Heidler Magic College in advance for your excellent necromancy skills. For me, I can only count myself, and I cannot fail. It’s only natural that I get exhausted and anxious as time goes on.”

He knew his mental status rather well.

Sammy drank a mouthful of water and yawned again. “Your psychoanalysis is pretty good. It will be better after you unleash your depression.”

Then, he lay on his bed lazily and closed his eyes. “The Back Spirit can be quite tricky. It absorbs your vitality, affects your status, and... prevents girls from getting close to you. I would’ve been burnt if I were born during the reign of the Saint Truth...”

As he spoke, he fell asleep, and his breath was barely audible. His Back Spirit lay below him and hugged him tightly.

Donnie looked at his roommate and sighed. *What you despise is what I envy and cannot get.* After all, if he could become an official sorcerer, none of the female sorcerers would be scared of his Back Spirit.

Sammy mentioned it before that he had a twin brother. However, since his mother’s body was damaged near a gap of the World of Souls, one of her babies was already dead before being born.

Calming himself down, Donnie threw aside “Introduction to Arcana” and “History of Arcana and Magic” and focused on the exercises to analyze magic models.

Tomorrow, I will have my own Lucidity Necklace!

...

As the intricate and weird spell echoed and the clusters of cold powder slid off, a transparent ray mixed with freezing air was shot out, resulting in thick frost on the throat of the target.

Donnie looked at his work in satisfaction and appreciated Mr. Evans in his heart. After he basically figured out the essence of magic, the functions of many spells had been analyzed and simplified. Otherwise, it would’ve been impossible for him to shoot out a freezing ray so easily.

“Alright, that’s all for today’s magic exercise.” The teacher responsible for real-battle magic guidance clapped his hands and dismissed the students.

Donnie hurried to stop and pack his materials. After saying goodbye to Sammy who seemed to be half asleep all the time, he hurried to go to the station outside of the school.

Today was Sunday. There were no classes in the afternoon.

After forty minutes, Bus No. 36 reached Triumph Avenue, and Donnie walked into the Knowledge Bookstore quickly.

“Good afternoon, sir.” Donnie greeted and was too shy to say anything else.

The boss, who had a pair of owl eyes and a deep yellow beard, laughed. “Good afternoon. You’re right on time. I’ve already had the Lucidity Necklace and the contract prepared.”

As he spoke, he brought out a bright gold necklace. On the necklace were five bright blue gems the size of grit. They emitted vague coolness as if a spring was hidden in them. Together, they constituted a strangely-shaped star.

“It’s a ‘Lucidity Necklace’ that is in the level of official magic items...” Donnie had taken basic appraisal classes in school, so he could tell the real level of the necklace easily from the obvious wave features. He was both excited and confused. As Mr. Evans said before, inexplicable gifts often contained schemes, no matter the schemes were good or bad.

The boss touched his beard and smiled. “It’s rented to you, not given to you.

“Actually, I am a very materialistic man. I do things for returns. Although I’m renting it to you very cheaply, will you turn down my request for help after you become an official sorcerer? This is essentially a long-term investment that does not jeopardize my own interests at all.”

As the infrastructure such as roads and rails was perfected, and after the magic cars, magic steam trains, steamships, aircraft, and other vehicles were popularized, the communication among places was more and more convenient. The banking industry had made a lot of innovations too.

Donnie was more relaxed after hearing the boss' answer. Although he was still puzzled why the guy had high hopes in him, he was not too bothered by it. After all, it was his investment. So, Donnie picked up the contract and read it carefully.

Donnie reviewed every clause on the contract according to what he learned in school. The contract was very simple and did not have any ambiguities. So, Donnie reached a conclusion very quickly. Gritting his teeth, he signed his real name with his quill.

A bright fire popped up, burning up the contract and yielding two copies at the same time.

"The contract is now in effect. You can take away the necklace now." The boss gave the necklace back to Donnie.

After seizing the necklace according to the standard procedure, Donnie put it on his neck and immediately sensed coolness circulating in his body. His days of anxiety and depression were gone. He was never more refreshed and comfortable.

"Donnie." The boss suddenly asked, "Which school are you going to apply for in the College Entrance Exam of Advanced Magic? Holt? The Tower? Heidler? Or any others?"

There were nine advanced magic colleges in the Congress of Magic today. Among them, the Holt Magic College was best at the microscopic domain and elements, the Tower College was best at astrology and cosmology, and the Heidler College was best at necromancy, genes, and medics. Every college had additional tests for the applicants. Therefore, a month before the College Entrance Exam of Advanced Magic, each student would choose the college of their choice.

Subconsciously, Donnie was about to say Holt Magic College, because it was the first college of the Congress. The faculty was strong and knowledgeable, and they were best at the microscopic domain that involved the nature of the world and magic. Who wouldn't be attracted by that?

However, when he saw the boss' owl eyes, he suddenly remembered the pain from last night. The equations and formulas whose rough interpretations were already complicated enough, the dizzying math models, and the "curses" that had Lucien or Evans as the prefix made him feel agitated from the bottom of his heart.

The moment he thought that he would step deeper into the Evans domain, he felt that his life was dark and sunless.

"I... I haven't made up my mind yet. I was thinking of applying for the Holt Magic College, but the other colleges seem quite good too. I'm good at most of my classes," Donnie said ambiguously.

The boss smiled and then sighed. "Actually, I am a sorcerer, and I entered the world of magic under the influence of the Herald of Arcana and Magic.

"I once had the ambition to make huge achievements that I could be proud of in the microscopic domain. After all, Mr. Evans only established the framework, and many details and foundations still required studying. Alas, after deeper studies, I realized that only the real talented arcanists could press forward in this domain and that a mediocre man like me could barely keep up with them.

"To make things worse, to dedicate myself to theoretical studies, I completely ignored the magic application, which led to the stagnation of my capabilities. I was left out from the team that was aiming for the tip of the pyramid. I could only kill my time by opening such a bookstore."

Donnie was stunned. "Sir, why didn't you try to switch to a different field of studies?"

“I am trying to study necromancy, but my foundations are not good and my mind is already shaped. Everything is difficult.” The boss did not say anything more and simply hinted Donnie to leave.

Donnie walked on the street ignorantly. His head was filled with the boss’ words and his previous thoughts. Gradually, they gathered into the same idea. *I will not be covered in Mr. Evans’ halo. I will not be haunted by the complicated equations and formulas for the rest of my life. I will not talk about Lucien blah blah blah and Evans blah blah blah in my dream every night...*

But... which field did not have the shadow of Mr. Evans?

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Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 826: Reach

When Donnie returned to school, there was still a long time to go before the evening class. So, he hobbled back to his dormitory, trying to think about the problem more carefully.

“Where did you go?” Sammy was watching the home TV that was embedded on the wall on his bed with a fried chicken in his hands. Amused by the shows, he was unusually enlivened. The ghost behind him, on the other hand, crouched lazily, unwilling to move at all.

Donnie replied casually, “Didn’t I tell you? I went to the Triumph Square to get the Lucidity Necklace.”

Sammy scratched his messy hair and said, unbothered, “The sun at noon is too strong for me to keep myself awake. How could I remember what you said?”

As he spoke, the young man suddenly turned around and looked at Donnie. “Wait, did you say ‘Lucidity Necklace’? Have you saved enough money for a Lucidity Necklace?”

He finally noticed the key point.

Donnie said in a self-mocking smile, “How can I save enough money? There are few subsidies for apprentices and intern arcanists. We do not have many scholarships either. I only ran into a kindhearted bookstore owner this time...”

He told his friend what happened.

Sammy nodded and did not have any questions for Donnie’s experience. He barely considered anything deeply except arcana and magic.

After talking with Donnie, Sammy turned around and kept watching the TV. At this moment, the show was already over and replaced by a commercial, where a beautiful girl was displaying the convenient and beautiful clothes on her. Because of the increase of alchemical workshops and the change of social structure centered at the alchemy center Rentato, the fashion of clothes had greatly changed. They either became more simple and convenient for daily life or more complicated and exotic.

Being no stranger to Sammy's state, Donnie stood up, sat down, and lay on the bed, and repeated the process again and again anxiously, as he thought about his choice.

Donnie hadn't made up his mind after a long time. So, he coughed and said, "Sammy, there's something that I would like to ask you."

Sammy turned around again, and there was already tiredness on his face. "What is it?"

"I'm considering which magic college I should choose," Donnie said in a low voice.

Sammy frowned in confusion. "Haven't you decided to go to Holt a long time ago? You are not going to study the marvelous and profound microworld anymore?"

"I... probably won't. In the microscopic domain, almost half of the equations and formulas are prefixed with Evans or Lucien. They are so complicated that I am physically repulsed every time I see them..." Donnie said his thoughts frankly. In the end, he said, "I want to study something simpler, with fewer equations and formulas. I do not want to live in a nightmare called 'Lucien Evans' forever... What do you suggest?"

Sammy took a bite of the fried chicken. Not offering any comment on Donnie's idea of escaping from Lucien Evans, he simply said, "The microscopic domain today includes elements, electromagnetism, alchemy, light-darkness, and force fields. That's Mr. Evans' main battlefield. If you don't want to study it, I think you can only study macroscopic astrology..."

When he spoke "astrology", he turned his eyes to the bookshelf in a corner of their dormitory, where the books that they borrowed from the library and their textbooks in the past five years were piled.

“A Brief Review of the Special and the General Theories of Relativity”, “Evans Analysis of the Starry Sky of Destiny”, “Divinity and Evans Essence Model”, “Lucien Astrology”... The names of those books jumped into Sammy’s eyes and choked him. “Not the school of astrology... It’s also Mr. Evans’ territory. Although it’s not as bad as the microscopic domain, I’m told that the Evans field equation alone has driven many astrologers mad.”

“Yes. The school of thermodynamics is similar...” Donnie rubbed his forehead in pain. “Now, necromancy, illusion, transformation, and summoning are the only fields that Mr. Evans hasn’t really influenced. Since I’m not a fan of summoning, I think I can only choose from necromancy, illusion, and transformation.”

Sammy’s eyes glittered. He stopped sending the fried chicken into his mouth and said, “Aren’t you very good at psychoanalysis in the field of illusion? Apply for the Tower of Wizards.”

“Psychoanalysis...” Donnie was delighted at first. Then, as if he remembered something, he turned to the bookshelf.

Interpretation of Dreams, by Lannister Stanis and Lucien Evans...

Behavioral Psychology, by Lucien Evans, Erica Lavinie, Isabella...

Sixteen Countermeasures to Deal with Personality Deficiencies, Psychological Shadows, and Real Illusions, by Lucien Evans...

Application of Lucien’s Personality Analysis in Illusion...

...

Donnie moved his eyes back and patted the bed hard, before he lowered his head in frustration. “It doesn’t work either. Although there aren’t so many equations and formulas, Lucien and Evans are still everywhere. Many definitions in this domain have been completed by Mr. Evans...”

Why is he everywhere?

Although it was much better than the microscopic and macroscopic domains, Donnie, who was subconsciously running away from it, was still too astounded to look at them again.

The ghost behind Sammy grew active, picking up and playing with the gadgets around him. Sammy, on the other hand, turned lackluster and said, “Then, only the schools of necromancy and transformation are left. Mr. Evans barely has any achievements in those two categories, except for the soul nature theory that does not have details and the life origin experiment that is more inclined to the school of elements.

“Also, necromancy and illusion require a profound understanding of the body structures of different creatures. So, apply for the Heidler College. The anatomy and biology here are the best in the Congress of Magic. Sometimes, Mr. Felipe would even come to teach in person. Besides, we will still be classmates.”

He was already drowsy, but his eyes were full of passion when he said that. Because of the Back Spirit, he had been feared and hated by most people. The four-man dormitory now had only Donnie left. So, he cherished his rare friend.

“Necromancy... Transformation... Anatomy... Biology...” Donnie repeated the words and suddenly beamed with interest. “Although we have basically learned the truth of magic and the world, we actually do not know much about it yet. Even our own body structure and inheritance factors haven’t been figured out yet. This is a field full of hope and passion!”

He grew excited.

Sammy smiled with obvious sleepiness. “Then, just apply for the Heidler College. There are dozens of founders and authorities of the field of anatomy and genetics, including Felipe, who will come to guide us from time to time.”

Pausing for a moment, he said, “Also, since Mr. Felipe won an Evans Prize in Arcana and the Prize of Immortal Throne for the discovery of chromosomes a decade ago, there haven’t been any groundbreaking achievements in this domain. So, it’s getting less and less popular each year. With fewer applicants, the competition will be less intense.”

Donnie nodded his head as he listened, growing more and more excited, as if he had found a path that he would stick to for the rest of his life.

He stood up and paced back and forth. Now and then, he clenched his fist and waved it, with his face sometimes delighted and sometimes twisted. It was not until a long time later that he finally took a deep breath and said with a shivering but firm voice, “Sammy, I’ve decided to apply for the Heidler College and study body structure and genetics factors in the school of necromancy!”

He felt that he no longer had any hesitation after saying that. The gloomy mist before him was cleared. He turned around to Sammy, only to discover that he had fallen asleep with his eyes closed. The ghost behind his back, on the other hand, was waving its arms, as if it was cheering for Donnie’s decision.

...

A week later, Mr. Slington gave everybody a form that was cast with magic power. He looked at all the students and said solemnly, "Please write the college and the fields that you are interested in for the additional tests. You must think carefully before you write anything down! You can ask for another form if you misspell a word, but after you finish it, the contract will be in effect, and there will be no regretting it unless you are willing to wait and take part in the College Entrance Exam next year."

Donnie, who had figured everything out, took over the form calmly and looked around at his classmates. He saw that the beautiful elves with two pointy ears, the werewolves who were brawny and densely-haired, and the regular humans were all deep in thought. It was obvious that they hadn't made up their mind yet.

Smiling, he picked up the special quill, dipped it in the ink, and wrote down the college and field he was interested in.

Seeing that Donnie wrote quickly and filled in the form so soon, Slington grew curious and stopped next to him to read his form.

"The Heidler College, school of necromancy, and body structure and genetics factors..." Slington scratched his beard and asked in confusion, "Donnie, have you learned something? Didn't you prefer the microscopic domain? Why have you suddenly changed to the school of necromancy?"

"What have I learned...?" Donnie shook his head in confusion.

Slington chuckled. "Over the past year, a manuscript has raised extensive and heated discussions in Allyn, making many arcanists in the microscopic domain interested in genetics in the school of

necromancy. I thought that it would take a year before the trend spread to magic schools and ordinary people.”

Thanks to the social development and the soaring radio stations, TV channels, and newspapers, entertainment shows and programs had completely dominated people’s life, and the contents that introduced arcana knowledge and current research trends were getting lesser and lesser. For most people, they did not need to learn the sophisticated arcana knowledge at all until it was transformed into the corresponding alchemical products that they could use.

The nobles and part of the sorcerers were quite satisfied with the situation, and they even secretly boosted it. After all, it was a good thing to reduce competitors, particularly when interstellar travels were still only limited to legends.

“Mr. Slington, what manuscript?” Donnie was still at a loss.

Slington smiled while holding his white beard. “It’s a manuscript that analyzes the body and genetics by an authority of the microscopic domain. It has abandoned the traditional methodology of the school of necromancy and regards the whole body and the genes as a whole arcana system. Then, based on the theories in the microscopic domain, many bold and genius speculations have been proposed, like the quantum explanation of genetics and the code of genetics. It raises the arcanists’ interest in the body structure on the microscopic level.”

Authority... An authority of the microscopic domain... Donnie suddenly felt that the magic lamp was dimmed, and an enormous shadow was rising from his back. He asked uneasily, “Master, what is the name of the manuscript? Who wrote it?”

“The name of the manuscript is ‘What Is Life?’.” Slington smiled. “As for its author, it’s naturally Mr. Evans.”

Boom.

Donnie's head hummed as if it had just been smacked by a hammer.

Why? Why is this field now within his reach too?

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 827: Test Field

The cold wind of the night chilled the heart. Under the bright moon, Sammy felt that his head was much clearer than during the day when the sun was high.

However... He yawned again. He thought to himself that such a beautiful night should be left for sleeping, which was the greatest entertainment of life.

The ghost behind him extended its right hand. Before he reached the door, it had already been opened.

“Donnie, have you filled the form?” Sammy walked into the dormitory and asked casually, but he already knew the answer. Donnie would never have cold feet as long as he had made up his mind.

“Yes.” A depressed, lost, and lethargic voice came from a corner. Sammy could tell that something was not right despite his drowsiness. So, he looked over in surprise, only to discover that the light of the dormitory was still off. The bright moon shined through the glass window on the desk and the bookshelf, covering them in silver brilliance. Donnie, on the other hand, sat on his bed, with half of his face basked in the moonlight and the other half hidden in the deep darkness. He couldn’t have looked more depressive.

“What happened?” Sammy asked in surprise. Countless thoughts turned over in his head, only to be ruled out by him one after another.

In a low voice, Donnie said, “Mr. Evans has introduced quantum theory into body structure and genetics by regarding life as a whole arcana system. He believes that there is a most fundamental genetic unit that passes the information on to the next generation through duplication...”

His description was slow and stunned, as if it were his dream talk.

“Well...” As a talent of the school of necromancy, Sammy keenly sensed exciting content from the brief and inaccurate narration. That was an innovative and groundbreaking hypothesis. Arcanists would be filled with the passion to study life. After his excitement, he also frowned and said, “Does it mean that we have to study quantum theory as well as the formulas and equations?”

Was it still the school of necromancy that played with... no, studied the body and the soul?

Donnie seemed to be crying. “What you said will undoubtedly become a reality.”

“That explains why you...” Greatly enlightened, Sammy looked at Donnie sympathetically. “You must’ve learned it after you filled out the form, right?”

Donnie heaved a sigh. “Yes.”

If he wanted to make another choice, he would have to wait for the application next year, and his family conditions obviously did not allow him to do so.

“As a matter of fact, you can think from an alternative perspective. Since even Mr. Evans has started paying attention to the realm, it means that the realm boasts extremely high exploration and research value. With Mr. Evans’ guidance, there are bound to be plenty of creative and groundbreaking achievements. If we join the realm at such a time, we will earn copious returns. It’s just like the Atom Institution. Thanks to the crazy development of the microscopic domain, of the few major arcanists, two have become archmages, and the rest of them are all senior-rank sorcerers above the seventh circle.” Sammy comforted Donnie.

Donnie’s face was rather gloomy, and he opened his mouth many times only to come up with nothing. In the end, he could only smile bitterly.

“Hehe.”

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The sunlight in June was as enthusiastic as fire, and the test field of the College Entrance Exam of Advanced Magic was even hotter, like boiling oil.

Although apprentices who were admitted by the preliminary magic schools and successfully reached the fifth grade were considered elites decades ago, thanks to the development of arcana and magic, the ratio of such elites was getting higher and higher. If they went to study in magic colleges, the odds that they became official sorcerers were above fifty percent. They would turn from ordinary people into someone of the upper class with knowledge and power. Therefore, not only had the apprentices come to the test field in advance, but their parents, relatives, and friends had also gathered outside of the test field to cheer for them.

Since only a limited number of test fields had been set up, the place was jam-packed with people.

“For me, such an environment is like a grave.” Sammy looked around lethargically. This place was the Mills Noble School. It was one of the test fields for the College Entrance Exam.

Donnie intended to smile, only to discover that his facial muscles were rigid. “No, for you, graves are great places. They’re cold, quiet, and undisturbed. This place can hardly compare to that.”

“You seem a bit nervous?” Sammy raised his bloated eyes and looked at Donnie. He had been admitted by the Heidler College and therefore was not worried about the exam that was only part of the formalities. Of course, he could not give too bad a performance either, or his application wouldn’t pass the Committee of Arcana and Magic Education, which was a new committee established twenty years ago and led by both the Affair Committee and the Magic Research Board.

Donnie licked his dry lips and said, “Now that I’ve made a choice, I’ll have to do my best. Since it is unavoidable, I have to face the shadow bravely...”

He did not answer the question. Suddenly, the sunlight became dim, and the obstreperous crowd fell silent.

“What’s that?” Donnie raised his head subconsciously, only to see a silver aircraft floating in midair. It was as huge as dozens of common aircraft, blocking the sun and emitting a cold and dreamy sheen. Long and graceful, it slowly descended without any shaking.

“Such a huge aircraft? Also, it completely ignores the restraints of floating and flight skills. Its engine system must be a minimized fission device!” Sammy’s eyes bulged as he observed the aircraft with great interest, making a “professional” judgment.

For the children who grew up after the beginning of the arcana calendar, which was 830 of the divine calendar as well as the year of Viken’s demise, it was their common wish to have their own aircraft. The alchemical cars that ran on the ground were simply too crude and hideous!

Therefore, the journal “Aircraft” had always been a bestseller.

Donnie shared his passion for aircraft. With his anxiety soothed, he looked at the sky and said in amazement, “It must be a minimal fission device. At the very least, there’s no news about the success of controllable fusion devices yet... Mr. President, Mr. Evans, Mr. Fernando, Ms. Hathaway, Mr. Raventi, and Mr. Morris haven’t broken the obstacle yet...”

“Those who can afford the minimized fission devices can’t be general nobles. Even the common grand nobles can’t think about it either...” Sammy squinted under the sunlight. “Huh. Why is there no sigil? Is it blocked on purpose?”

Donnie looked carefully. “Indeed, there isn’t any, but a big shot must be inside nonetheless.”

The aircraft moved forward slowly and lowered its altitude, until it was parked on the unmanned square behind the teaching building, leaving everyone’s sight.

“Which sir has come to inspect the exam? Or has a big shot of extraordinary background come to take the exam?” Sammy moved his eyes back and became as pale as before. The ghost behind him, on the other hand, seemed to have melted into his body. It could barely be seen now.

Donnie was about to say that he did not know when the crowd was separated and a team of knights in silver armor, carrying weird black backpacks and cylindrical metal guns, walked by neatly. They were expressionless and intimidating. The people were so scared that none of them made any sound.

“It’s the Sword of Truth’s Knights!” Donnie noticed that the knights all had red and purple emblems on their chests. It was a crown made of cloud-like lines, next to a scepter that represented the ultimate power and a cold longsword. That was the badge of the Hoffenberg family.

Even more surprised, Sammy said, “It’s the Guardian Squad! They’re carrying the super-mini fission devices!”

The crowd was even quieter after they heard his words. The Guardian Squad was an elite team of the Sword of Truth’s Knights. They were dedicated to protection missions. Although not all the members were radiant knights, they were all equipped with super-mini fission backpacks and Gauss Rifles. The former could provide abundant electricity and triggering medium for the latter, thereby significantly lowering the demand to use a senior-rank item like the Gauss Rifle. So, in the Guardian Squad, even a level-four grand knight could use the Gauss Rifle many times.

“It seems that a certain big shot with a terrifying background has indeed come to participate in the College Entrance Exam...” Donnie said with complicated feelings.

The students here had all applied for the Heidler College. After the regular subjects were finished in the first three days, the additional tests on necromancy would be held here.

Clang!

A bell rang, urging the apprentices to enter the classrooms.

Donnie took a deep breath and looked at Sammy before he slowly walked into another teaching building.

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Inside a library where the sun was shining brightly...

A young man in a magic robe turned on the strange alchemical device the size of a desk with a smile. On the screen that looked like a water beam, the words “You’re welcome to use artificial intelligence” appeared. Then, another interface was displayed, with many icons that were marked with different words.

The young man picked up a pair of metal plates that were connected to the artificial intelligence device and stuck them to his forehead before he clicked on the icon that read “Virtual Adventure”.

Then, the young man felt that the bookshelf, the desk, and the sunlight around him faded off and was replaced by a green and refreshing grassland, on which there were plenty of bizarre-looking magic creatures.

“Developing games by combining illusion with artificial intelligence is the most thrilling achievement in the past five years!” The young man complimented again, “It’s a pity that the network hasn’t been established, and the artificial intelligence device is too expensive. There are too few players in the game. Otherwise, it would be exponentially more interesting.”

The moment he finished his remark, he suddenly felt enormous pressure. He saw that a giant dragon whose whole body was in red flew by and glimpsed at him with its gold eyes as if he were an ant. Both his mind and his legs were trembling.

“Is... Is this the might of dragons?” The young man felt that his heart was beating particularly fast. He was very excited. That was how the might of dragons felt!

Right when his body was still frozen, a bull-like monster full of thorns passed by and looked at him greedily. Then, its body shook and launched dozens of sharp black thorns.

“Crap. I’m ambushed by the Anarchi Bull. My level is going to be lowered again...” the young man cried before he was hit in the heart by the thorns.

Unimaginable pain came over, making him think subconsciously, “The pain of the illusion is so real. It hurts!”

He suddenly felt that his body was cold and paralyzed. His heart seemed to have stopped beating. His head was in a mess, and he could see nothing but darkness.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 828: A Small Accident

After the examinations, which were held over three days in a row, the sky started getting cloudy, and now, it was drizzling, bringing a slightly cold feeling to the students.

“Donnie, how were the tests?” asked Sammy on the square of Mills Noble School. They were waiting for the sorcerers. In the past several days, Sammy finished all his tests, including for Magic Structure and Arcana Basics, in about half the given time, as he was always determined to go back to get more sleep.

Donnie looked at the busts on the square—they were the busts of all the most outstanding graduates from this school. He answered while pretending to be in a peace of mind, “I did okay. I checked with other students, and I think I should be qualified for Heidler Magic Academy. I’ll see how well I can do with this additional exam on Necromancy. You?”

In the early morning, Sammy was in a relatively good spirit. He yawned and stretched a bit. “No major mistakes. Not bad for me.”

He didn’t ask Donnie more about the exam, because when they were in school, even in Necromancy, Donnie was always more competitive than him in terms of magic theories and spell analysis. He only had the edge over Donnie in terms of casting speed, the power of casting, skipping-level casting, and some special abilities, and that was because of the specter behind his back.

In the drizzle, none of the apprentices left for the building to keep themselves warm and dry. In their minds, necromancers were known for their gloomy and unpredictable tempers as depicted by television channels, radio, and newspapers. It did not matter if they studied how to cure diseases

or anatomy, they would still be the same. They were mysterious, and they also made people stand in awe of them.

“Jane Heinrich Hunt, countess, famous mathematician, astrologer...” Sammy read the words inscribed below one of the busts. “Nothing about this lady’s arcana or magic level. Maybe she’s below middle-rank. Maybe she’s a pure mathematician.”

“Nothing special. Mr. Longman just became a sorcerer the year before last, but he’s now already in the top twenty as a mathematician as he has solved a couple of mathematical problems put forward by His Excellency Mr. Evans,” said Donnie in great respect. “Although Mr. Longman isn’t very talented in magic, his great contribution to math is important. And now, he has lots of support and resources, and he’s catching up. We’re more gifted than him, so we should never easily give up. I think the lady is similar to Mr. Longman, and it looks like she’s a noble, a big one, from Heinrich family...”

Sammy nodded. “Also, with the development of ‘artificial intelligence’, many mathematicians who lack magic talent are already catching up because of their powerful calculation abilities.”

“I wish I also had one, to avoid those trivial and time-consuming math questions...” Donnie sighed.

“Wait, the surname, Hunt...” Donnie suddenly recalled something.

His tone suddenly rose a bit as he said, “Yes, that lady should be Mr. Ali Hunt’s wife.”

Ali Hunt, an encouraging name for both the ordinary and magic apprentices, was so far only a level one arcanist and a second-circle sorcerer.

However, when artificial intelligence first developed, he dug his first bucket of gold because of his sharp instinct. Later on, he even won the support of some werewolves and became their spokesperson. His original small company had now grown into a business empire, under which the subsidiary companies had covered magic communication, telephone communication, radio, satellite application, werewolf guards, and even mercenary hiring. Now, he was already one of the leading tycoons in Holm.

What made people even more jealous of him was the fact that he had married Jane from the Heinrich family. Since then, he was no longer just a lucky upstart but had won the support of the major noble family plus the werewolves.

For many ordinary people, it was like the most beautiful dream they could have. Although Mr. Evans' experience was, of course, more fascinating, it was too far away from them! However, in comparison, Ali's story seemed more likely to be copied, as he got all he had today because he caught the opportunity of this era. That could happen to anyone!

Then, with enough money, they could also learn magic!

"I see. No wonder..." Sammy commented with a sigh, and he took a glance at the clock on the magic tower and said in confusion, "It's almost eight. Why are we still waiting?"

Donnie also felt that it was a bit strange. The examinations for entering senior magic schools were under the supervision of the royal family of Holm, the cabinet, and the Committee of Arcana and Magic Education. So it was a pretty big deal.

At this time, several gloomy-looking sorcerers flew out of the building. Some of them were wearing Holm-style suits while others were wearing long, magic robes.

"Here they are." Donnie felt a bit more relaxed.

The leading sorcerer in a long, black suit said to them in a voice that was loud and clear enough for everyone to hear, “Those whose candidate numbers are of even numbers, please follow the sorcerer on the left to take the additional subject on specters, ghouls, and souls, and the rest of you follow your examiner on the right to take the exam on body structure, corpse combination, and summoning specters. And you’ll switch in the afternoon. Don’t even try to exchange information, as the tests will be different.”

Donnie patted Sammy’s shoulder. “I’ll see you around.”

He knew that they were in different groups.

“You’re gonna nail it!” There was finally a big smile on Sammy’s sleepy face as he wielded his right fist.

Donnie also grinned and responded with an encouraging gesture.

After walking past the first building, the apprentices started leaving the queue while following different sorcerers. In the end, Donnie started feeling the surroundings to be very quiet, and he could even hear the little birds chirping in the trees.

At this time, he saw the magic tower in front of them surrounded by a group of people in black uniform coats. They were blocking this place using alchemy barriers.

Cops on Granlin Street? Donnie’s heart missed a beat. Did anything really happen?

Granlin Street was where the headquarters of the Holm Empire Police was located.

Then he saw two middle-aged men wearing the special badge walking out. On the badge, there was a black staff.

Donnie recognized them. They were sorcerers from the Punishment Department. He started getting a bit nervous, as sorcerers from this department were known for their investigation skills.

The necromancer walking in the front asked the apprentices to make way for the two sorcerers from the Punishment Department.

“... Asystole is the cause of death. The person who died had heart disease, pretty bad...” The sorcerer with brown hair was talking to his colleague as they were walking past the apprentices.

The other sorcerers nodded slightly. “He was off the leash playing virtual adventure and the illusion had triggered the dangerous amount of adrenaline secretion. Never saw people die like this before Ms. Heidi’s artificial intelligence joined illusion. I guess Affair Committee and Magic Research Board now have a good excuse to pause such projects...”

“Having no idea about his own health condition... He had no one else to blame...” said the brown hair.

Donnie basically figured out what happened. He was quite surprised that a game based on artificial intelligence could kill a sorcerer.

But was there a conspiracy behind?

As a big fan of adventure and crime shows, Donnie was a typical conspiracist.

But this little accident did not bug Donnie for long, as he was facing this very important exam, and he should give the top priority to it.

They then walked in a cold, gloomy magic tower. At this time, a black-haired teenage girl walked in from the side door.

She was absolutely gorgeous. Although Donnie was worried about the exam, his attention was still caught by the girl's beauty. Although she had short hair, her face looked stunning, and her manner was also beyond elegant.

At this time, the girl's gentle silver-purple eyes suddenly became very sharp. The apprentices all looked down to avoid her eyes.

Donnie finally realized that the girl was wearing a simple black suit and a pair of trousers, as well as a black bow.

Wait, why was she dressed like this? And why did she have an Adam's apple?!

Boom!

Donnie felt his head buzzing. The “girl”, who was much more beautiful than all the ladies he had ever seen, was a male!

Someone coughed, and there was more coughing that followed that. Donnie knew that he was not the only one who got shocked.

“Go into your test room following your own candidate number,” said the necromancer with gray hair. “You’ll have to identify the materials and which part it is. Then, you’ll design and make a stitched body. You may leave spare materials if you don’t need them, but don’t take them with you.”

Donnie sobered up as a sudden chill ran over him. He quickly found his room, and the teenage boy was right in the room beside his.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 829: Dangerous Exam

The magic crystal lights hung down from the ceiling and made this gloomy room look even paler. A chill ran over Donnie’s body, and he felt that he had entered some haunted old castle.

But this also helped him stay concentrated and forget about the teenage boy he just saw. Donnie started looking around.

To the left side of this room, there was a long table that was loaded with all kinds of materials. Some were in magic containers, some were in vacuum magic circles, and some were wrapped in green leaves. However, there was nothing to the right side, not even a carpet.

“Mercury, low-rank Repose Stone powder...” Donnie gently closed the door and walked to the table. He instantly recognized the basic materials for building a magic circle.

He sprinkled sunflower powder over the silver candlestick and lit the candles up carefully. In the same great caution, he picked up a glass bottle full of black liquid and put it closer to the candlelight.

Lit by the candle, the patterns on the surface of the glass bottle appeared, and in the black liquid, a creepy eyeball without a pupil emerged.

After carefully looking at the shape of the eyeball and the magic patterns on the glass bottle, he picked up the quill-pen and wrote down.

“A mutant ghoul’s eyeball...”

Putting down this glass bottle, Donnie turned to look at the vacuum magic circle and saw an arm wrapped in greasy, light brown bandages.

Donnie's eyes slightly lit up as a mummy's arm was very precious. Heidler Magic Academy was indeed very well-off. To make a mummy, there should be a mysterious burying ritual that had been passed down since the Age of Mythology. Therefore, a mummy was often very strong among all undead creatures in terms of magic resistance and defense. Even a real sorcerer rarely had the chance to have a mummy to be his specter servant.

Donnie wrote down the answer, but he couldn't help but stare at the mummy arm. It was his first time seeing a real one.

From the bandages and exposed skin, the mummy didn't look like a very powerful one, but it was still a mummy! Also, the materials for producing a stitched body could be recycled... Maybe that was why the academy was being this generous.

Like this, Donnie identified the parts of different magical creatures one by one,

“Stinky murloc lymph...”

“The front claw of a werewolf...”

“The skull of a goblin...”

“The back hoof of a demonized goat...”

It took Donnie half an hour to finish the work and then he started working on his own stitched body following the instructions.

He kept changing the design, so it took him a long time to finish the stitching. Swallowing, he took a glance at the clock on the wall. He knew that he had to hurry up, or he wouldn't have any spare time for correcting the design if anything went wrong...

He started drawing the magic circle using mercury.

As an apprentice, his spiritual power was not enough to complete this magic circle from the very beginning all the way toward the end, and the exam would not allow them to take potions. He had to do this part by part.

After an hour, Donnie was gasping hard on the floor, waiting for his spiritual power to recover again after over a dozen times of exhaustion. He then stood up and put the materials he picked in the magic circle in the right spots. He picked the mummy arm, the mutant ghoul's eyeball, a little demon's wings, and specter dust.

Donnie checked multiple times before activating the magic circle, in case he made any mistakes.

This was the key moment of his life. If he did it, he would enter Heidler Academy, the most authoritative magic school for necromancy, and his future would be beyond promising. However, if he failed, he could end up becoming one of those countless common magic apprentices who would become a consultant for a businessman or the police force. Indeed, those weren't bad jobs, but they wouldn't be able to provide him with high social status.

He was only seventeen, and he did not want a plain life.

Great desire seized Donnie's heart like fire. He had all those desires for knowledge, for life, and for a better future.

And it all depended on this exam!

He kneeled down in front of the magic circle and pressed his hands against the core section. His blue eyes lit up slightly from using all of his spiritual power.

The magic circle lit up, and the black magic symbols started sucking in the Repose Stone powder like crazy. The magic circle was then overwhelmed by the pale light, and the magic gems cracked one by one.

He felt great pain after activating the magic circle in his brain, and he was pushed away by the power. However, he did not care, and his eyes kept staring at the magic circle.

The pale light slowly faded away, and in the middle of the magic circle, there was an intimidating monster with wings. It had a lion head, and its left arm was wrapped with greasy, light brown bandages. Its body consisted of chunks of flesh stitched together.

The monster stood up, although it had not found its full balance. Its pupil-less eyeball took a glance at Donnie, which immediately took all his strength away.

Fortunately, the monster then lowered its head and just stood there in great respect.

Yes! Donnie wielded his arm, and his heart was full of wild joy.

However, he suddenly sensed the air of death. A chill ran over his body.

Out of his consciousness, Donnie dodged to the side and commanded his stitched body to go in front of him.

Bang!

The wall was collapsed by a fierce punch, and he felt the blood and flesh everywhere.

He was so stunned that his eyes opened wide. In the flying dust, a monster about two to three meters tall ran in and had punched his stitched body into pieces.

The body from next door was not even like a proper stitched body. All the parts were just put together without any order. Eyes were on its arms, and head in the belly. The monster had thick black miasma surrounding it.

Meanwhile, its intimidating, horrible air made Donnie's stitched body keep trembling even though it could not think and had no intelligence.

Donnie felt that he was in an ice hole. He tried to defend himself using spells, but he did not have any spare spiritual power after making the stitched body.

What was going on?

What did she, no, he, make?! That was dreadful!

He had to depend on himself until an examiner came.

Although he knew it, knowing it did not do much help. Facing the intimidating air, Donnie could not even move his single finger. His heart sank, as it was full of desperation.

He once met a level two knight, but even the knight's power was nowhere close to the monster's power.

It took him lots of work to make this stitched body, and he was this close to entering the magic school. And now, he was going to die here!

Donnie could smell the stink from the monster's mouth.

At this time, an arm wrapped in light brown bandages came between them and stuck into the mouth in the monster's belly.

Donnie was a bit touched by what his stitched body did. He then seized the chance and dodged aside. He took a deep breath and tried his very best.

“Help!!!”

Yes, that was all he could do; a bitter cry at the top of his lungs to catch the attention of the examiner.

He saw the monster’s mouth chewing the mummy arm.

Donnie’s mouth was wide open due to great shock. The monster could even chew a mummy arm!

When the eyes on the monster’s arm opened again, Donnie saw the dark red pupils. He felt totally numb in his body, and he couldn’t even talk now.

This is the end of me, Donnie thought to himself.

At this time, a beautiful face popped out in front of him,

“Sorry, my experiments always go wrong somehow. My father said that it’s because of my talent and also because I’m not able to control it yet...”

It was a charming, male voice; a standard male voice.

That was Donnie's first thought when faced with this great danger. He believed there was something wrong with this world.

"I tried to make it fly, you know. But who knows... Ha..." The teenage boy scratched his head with a big smile on his face as he said, "But this is actually not a big deal. You know last time when I..."

Donnie's brain was in a total mess. With great effort, Donnie stammered, "Be... care... ful..."

At this time, the monster in black miasma had come behind the teenager!

Donnie could not imagine why this guy could just talk so much when faced with such danger!

"I know, I know... I'll be more careful next time with my experiment. Thank you very much. I promise I'll be more careful in the future. I'm very sorry for putting you into this. By the way, I haven't introduced myself..." The beautiful teenage boy wouldn't stop talking.

Donnie stammered again; his tongue was already out of his control. "Mon... monster..."

The teenage boy's sleepy silver-purple eyes suddenly looked rather sharp. Turning around, he faced the monster right in its face. He then suddenly dropped down his shoulders and hit the monster with his own body violently.

A light somehow burst out. The monster took a few steps backward, and all its parts started falling onto the ground and rotted away into a pile of mud.

What... Donnie's mouth dropped open again. He wondered why this guy did not choose to be a knight.

"Problem solved." The teenager turned around and said in embarrassment, "I'm sorry to put you through this. My name's Brades. My father gave me the name with the hope that I can be happy, but I prefer people to call me 'Karl', which means a real man..."

"I've also got a brother whose name's Barzel. He looks nice, but he's full of mischievous ideas. Other people say that that's because he resembles my father, but I don't think so..."

Donnie wished that Karl could first help pull him up from the floor before making such a long introduction.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 830: "Karl"

While Donnie was still struggling to stand up, the sudden knock interrupted them, and they both turned to look at the door.

The door was half open, as half of the wall it was in had collapsed. The examiner wearing the ancient magic robe was looking at them with an expressionless face.

Donnie's face also felt numb, but he really wanted to ask him what took him so long to arrive, just like what often happened in those TV series that cops and knights always came so late after all the problems had been solved.

The gray-haired necromancer held a black notebook in his hand, and the way he looked at them was rather cold. He started writing on his notebook as he said, "Mutant stitched body, made from mostly low-rank materials... Power close to grand knight level. Best among these years. But the body was out of control, so some scores should be taken away..."

"Common stitched body, fully used the mummy arm... Power equivalent to a knight... Stopped the mutant stitched body twice. Very good for an apprentice, and the body was under the absolute control of the maker..."

Donnie was shocked. So the examiner was just looking? Why didn't he help? Did he trust Karl that much? Or was it also a test?

"So, that means we passed?" Brades, who preferred to be called Karl, asked in surprise, "In fact, I tried out 'the Original Body' when I was making it, to make it fly, but it turned out..."

He kept talking and talking, which made Donnie feel totally speechless. Basically, he admitted that he did not plan on making a mutant stitched body and that this whole thing was just an accident. It turned out that the thing was a twisted, weird dead body with unusual strength! How could he confess that?

The necromancer had amber-colored eyes, and they looked a bit muddy. He looked down at his notes and said in a rather peaceful tone, "You two could make them, which means both of you know the materials well."

Donnie finally realized that his answer paper had been destroyed by the miasma of the monster, but fortunately, the examiner could tell it.

“The result will be available with the rest of the subjects. Check them on your own later,” said the necromancer who had put away his notebook as he had zero interest in sharing Karl’s fascination.

After the necromancer turned around, he paused and said, “It does work better shouting out ‘help’ than relying on yourself...”

Donnie’s face flushed instantly. His cries were so anguished that they were much worse than the cries of those girls who saw ghosts in school. And he had always considered himself fairly calm most of the time.

But it also relaxed his body. He could finally stand up.

“Sorry I didn’t help you there. I was so caught up in my self-introduction. How do you feel? Move your arms and legs. See if there’s anything wrong,” said Karl.

His silver-purple eyes looked gentle again, and they were like two shining ponds in the sunlight. Donnie had to look away. The world had been confusing to him.

“It seems that you’re mentally traumatized. It shouldn’t be like this... A mutant stitched body shouldn’t be able to hurt you mentally, apart from the deterrence of death... Did I miss anything?” Karl murmured.

But he soon grinned and said, “I know. You’re just startled. Sorry. The examiner just interrupted my self-introduction. I’m Brades, and my father gave me the name, which means ‘a happy person’ in the common tongue, but I actually prefer...”

Donnie hurriedly cut him off, “‘Karl’. You prefer people to call you Karl. I know.”

“Very good! You’re the first one who remembers my name so fast!” Karl smiled, and his eyes were like two crescents. “So, my biggest target right now is to become a real man. I don’t know your name yet, but I suppose you’re a student from Nature’s Heart, right? Look at the magic robe on you. Are there many elves in your school? Last time, when I visited Stroop Forest, the Elder told me that more and more elves started to accept human beings and that they were willing to seek a sustainable way of living with human beings...”

“I’m Donnie,” Donnie answered straightaway. Karl’s face and his charming male voice bugged him. He wished that Karl could just stand there and remain silent.

“We should go now. The exam has ended,” said Donnie.

Karl clapped his hands and nodded. “You’re right. We can talk on our way. Your stitched body was good, but you can use some theories at a higher level, say, the Original Body. I used it.”

“What is it?” Donnie asked out of curiosity.

“The Original Body came from the rite called ‘Life Traceback’ and the concept of ‘Origin’ in the ancient Meshkate Empire. They believed that...” Karl went on and on and still had not finished

when they walked out of the magic tower. “His Excellency Thanatos became a top legendary because of his success in making ‘the Original Body’...”

That wasn’t something that Donnie could get to know from the radio, Tv programs, or even his teachers. Although the many concepts made his head dizzy, he was still showing great interest. The only thing he wished was that Karl could be briefer.

At this time, he suddenly realized that this wasn’t some kind of information that an apprentice should know. Was Karl someone important? Were there knights or guards secretly protecting him nearby?

He looked around, as if those guards were staring at him behind the trees along the street and that they were pointing their Gauss rifles toward him.

Fine beads of sweat began to form on his forehead, and he felt a bit cold in his back.

“Donnie, you got it?” Karl asked him.

Donnie stammered, “What... What?”

“You didn’t get it? Fine. I’ll start all over, no worries.” Karl looked even more excited now.

Donnie’s head buzzed. “I think I’ve got a general picture.”

“I see.” Karl stopped himself, feeling a bit disappointed. When he was not happy, he looked much more serious and dignified.

Donnie was even more nervous now. He wondered if the guards would pull their triggers anytime. Would he be left with a complete body?

“You know... Actually, I think you’re more like a knight. I think your strength can compete with that of a grand knight.” Donnie tried to switch the topic. In his mind, he believed that Karl was as strong as a dragon.

Karl looked a bit shy. “I’m okay.”

He then wielded his right hand and casually hit a tree beside them.

Bang!

The tree snapped right in the middle and collapsed to the ground.

Donnie almost dropped his chin.

“That’s my best, you see? Only a tree.” Karl laughed and patted Donnie’s shoulder.

Donnie felt that his guts almost came out.

Karl looked more serious now as he said, “A knight always has to face the ultimate problem sooner or later, which is to face himself and explore himself. Therefore, arcana and magic are the most important. Also, what makes me want to go to the Heidler Magic Academy is that I’m trying to change my look by modifying my ‘genes’. Well, you know ‘gene’, right? It’s a concept put forward in the manuscript called ‘What Is Life’. Have you ever read it? It’s a masterpiece in the microscopic domain as...”

The muscles in Donnie’s face twitched slightly when Karl did not leave him a chance to answer anger. He hurriedly asked before Karl went even further, “Change your look? I know many magic potions that can do this. I think you can afford these kinds of potions. They’re permanent.”

“Well, don’t you think I’m actually quite good-looking?” Karl smiled.

The smile made Karl’s face look even more gorgeous. Donnie could only nod, feeling stunned.

Karl continued, “Those kinds of magic potions will do too much to my perfect face. What I’m trying to do is to make myself look more like a man, but not doing any fundamental changes! Then I’ll be a very good-looking man! I’ve always had this wish. My mother wished that she would have a daughter when she was pregnant...”

“What does that have to do with your mom?” Donnie was feeling less nervous now that he realized he basically didn’t have to do anything as long as he was willing to listen. Karl was willing to share everything, and in this perspective, he was very easy-going.

Karl looked at Donnie and said, "Like spiritual power, willpower can also change matters, and thus, change genes..."

He was about to give a lecture again.

"That's quite a powerful and horrible willpower..." Donnie blurted out.

Karl chuckled dryly and said, "I gotta leave now. I'll see you at the Heidler Magic Academy. I'm sure you'll get in because of your stitched body..."

Karl walked away, leaving Donnie there alone.

Donnie felt that Karl was in fact very easy to get along with.

At this time, Donnie suddenly recalled something. Karl told him that a mutant stitched body shouldn't be able to hurt him mentally, apart from the deterrence of death... But how did Karl get to know that?

Donnie was totally lost.

Behind one of the biggest trees along the street, a knight had put away his rifle and said in low voice to someone else via an alchemical item, "Find his information. Don't miss anything. We gotta be cautious."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 831: Casually Confessed Secret

The cool rain drizzled on Donnie's face, making him gradually come back to himself. He shook his head. "It can't be what I thought. His behavior showed anomalies. Such a gentle and friendly man can't be..."

Donnie slowly turned around and walked out of the Mills Noble School. He intended to take a good rest in the dormitory to get himself prepared for the additional tests on ghosts, spirits, and souls in the afternoon.

He did not wait for Sammy because he knew very well that Sammy must've left an hour ago after he finished the exam. This was the field that Sammy was best at, and it was also the most mentally exhausting one. He wouldn't be able to control his desire for sleep.

As he expected, after Donnie returned to his dormitory, he found Sammy snoring on the bed. The ghost on his back was also rather lazy and unenergetic since it was noon.

Donnie couldn't help but smile at the familiar Sammy. His anxiety and concerns were greatly soothed. Pouring himself a glass of water and drinking it up, he lay on his own bed and stared at the ceiling. "He rode on an aircraft that was equipped with minor fission devices, and he was protected by the Guardian Squad of the Sword of Truth's Knights. Karl definitely has a special identity. Is he the heir of a certain grand noble? No. He has a brother..."

"Thanks to Karl, the stitched body I crafted today was highly praised by the teacher. As long as my performance isn't too bad in the afternoon, I will probably be admitted by the Heidler Magic College. With Karl's background, he will probably be admitted by the college..."

Donnie sighed in the middle of his fantasies. “If he were a girl, everything would be perfect. None of the commercial girls between TV programs can compare to him...”

The world was truly malicious!

He took a deep breath and eliminated his messy thoughts, allowing him to enter a deep-level sleep with meditation tricks so that he could be revitalized for the afternoon tests.

In the afternoon, Donnie came to the Mills Noble School on the special bus again. Led by the gray-haired necromancer in the morning, he entered a graveyard nearby.

He looked around, hoping to find Karl. However, many students were taking the exam, and they were scattered in the spacious graveyard and blocked by tombstones and trees. It was barely possible to locate a specific person. However, when he summoned and drove ghosts, Donnie suddenly heard a distant and scary scream that sounded like it came from a terrifying wrath. Together with the scream were cries for help.

Hehe. Karl is here for the exam after all. Who’s so unlucky? However, since the teacher is here, there shouldn’t be any problem, Donnie thought with a gloating smile on his face. Not to mention that there are still Karl’s “Guardians”...

As he expected, the terrifying scream of spirits soon died down.

Since souls and spirits were not Donnie’s best field, he calmed himself down and was devoted to his own tests. He modified, commanded, and adjusted the ghosts prudently until he felt that it was perfect before asking the necromancer to review his works. As a result, by the time he left the

cemetery, Karl was long gone, which slightly upset him. Although Karl was a man, it was always a pleasant experience to see him.

“Donnie, how is your work?” The moment Donnie returned to the Mills Noble School from the cemetery, he heard Sammy calling him. The evening of a gloomy day was particularly dim, so Sammy was in high spirits. His ghost no longer hid in the shadows anymore. It was waving its fuzzy arms and creaking.

Donnie smiled. “I’m 90% confident.”

He was talking about his confidence to be admitted by the Heidler Magic College.

Sammy rubbed his messy hair and chuckled. “I am 100%. Right, Donnie, now that the exam is over, our dormitory will be reclaimed. I will return to Wolfburg. What about you? Are you going home or staying in Rentato for now to wait for the final result?”

He was a native of Wolfburg, a southern city.

Hearing Sammy’s words, Donnie immediately thought of his parents and his sister. He couldn’t have missed them more, but he quickly shook his head and pointed at his neck where there were no accessories with a bitter smile. “I have to work in Rentato for two months to pay for the Lucidity Necklace that I borrowed.”

He signed a contract with the bookstore owner.

“Is that so?” Sammy asked in surprise. He had obviously forgotten what Donnie told him earlier. However, he quickly dropped it and went on, “I’m here to tell you that you can apply for a dormitory, as long as you move out before September so that the new apprentices can move in.”

“Really?” Donnie had been wondering where he could find a cheap residence. He was both surprised and delighted, and his sorrow was gone.

“So, you’ve saved a great amount of money. You have to buy me dinner!” Sammy said jokingly.

He did not feel that sad that they were graduating and departing from each other because he believed that he would see Donnie again in the Heidler Magic College.

.....

The next morning, Donnie went to the office of his school to apply for a dormitory. After he listed his poor conditions and his excellent study performance, the sympathetic elf teacher quickly granted his request. Then, without any rest, he went to the Triumph Square and entered the Knowledge Bookstore.

Dollos, the owner of the bookstore who had owl eyes, glanced at Donnie. “I thought you were going to break the contract.”

“I was delayed by something in school. Here is your Lucidity Necklace.” Donnie handed the Lucidity Necklace back to the boss. Without the Lucidity Necklace, his review and consolidation in the last three months couldn’t have been so effective.

Dollos nodded. “You will wipe all the bookshelves and spines today.”

After that, he hurried to greet a new guest who just came in.

Donnie was not a spoiled child. He found a piece of cloth in a corner and began to work.

As he wiped, he read the titles of the books. Reading was his greatest hobby.

“‘Evans Instructions’, ‘Lucien’s Guidance’, ‘Detailed Explanations of the Questions in the College Entrance Exam of Advanced Magic by Lucien Evans’...” Looking at the row of books, Donnie felt that the veins on his forehead were suddenly bulging. He was so agitated and nauseated that he almost burned them up.

Donnie had the same feelings when he saw the tests on his own bookshelf in his dormitory. Had it not been for the fact that he could earn a lot by selling those books as well as his solutions, he would’ve set them on fire.

“Why is the nightmare still haunting me here?”

Thankfully, the Knowledge Bookstore only had one row that was about tests, or Donnie suspected that he would go crazy.

It was already noon after he cleaned half of the bookshelves. Dollos turned on the home TV embedded on the wall and watched “Noon of the Empire”, a news program.

“Considering the two cases of sudden death when the sorcerer was playing virtual adventure games, Master Karu, most famous for his fraternity, has filed an application to the Affair Committee and the Magic Research Board, asking them to abort the funding for the project of ‘Virtual Magic Exercise’. He believes that the project has serious safety problems and that the combination of artificial intelligence, alchemical life, and illusion will definitely go wrong. The project should not be activated until the arcanists behind the project propose practical precautions.”

The anchor was a black-haired and blue-eyed Holmish lady, pretty with a pleasant voice.

“Ms. Heidi, the arcanist who is responsible for the ‘Virtual Magic Exercise’ project publicly states that the two sudden death cases do not contradict the principle of ‘virtual reality’, and what is needed is a body examination before the stimulation with illusion. She believes that Master Karu’s attack is absurd and illogical. It’s like when somebody drives off a cliff in an alchemical car after getting drunk, he is calling for a total ban on alchemical cars instead of forbidding drunk driving.

“The arcanists have been debating fiercely on the matter. Right now, the Affair Committee is more inclined to control the promotion of the ‘Virtual Magic Exercise...”

Donnie heard the news in the middle of his work. Finding it odd, he blurted out, “How is this happening?”

Under normal circumstances, as Mr. Evans’ student, Ms. Heidi’s project shouldn’t have been attacked so hard.

As if he guessed Donnie’s confusion, the boss chuckled. “After writing ‘What Is Life?’, it is said that Mr. Evans left our world with the empress and went to another universe for adventure to seek the path of immortality. Right now, the prince is the regent of the country. After certain things are figured out in the adventure, it is possible that the empress will return and give away the throne.”

In the first year of the arcana calendar, the Kingdom of Holm obtained the Holy City as well as all the papal states. So, “empress” was added to Natasha’s titles.

“Wow... We can go to a parallel universe for adventures now?” Donnie asked in confusion and shock.

“What do you think Mr. Evans has been working on in the past twenty years besides quantum field theory?” Dollos seemed to be rather informed.

Donnie was suddenly reinvigorated. “Are they going to the universe that intersects with ours?”

“How is it possible? When we go to that universe, the ocean of energy we count on will be no longer usable because of the quick fluctuations. Other than the demigods who partly grasp the secrets of high dimensions, the other demigods wouldn’t have much strength left after they go there.” The boss chuckled. “However, even if they go to other parallel universes, their strength will also be greatly reduced. I wonder if Mr. Evans has solved the problem in his research. After all, I’m told that only the top legends can be taken away by the demigods.”

“Alright...” Donnie suddenly felt that his horizon was broadened. This world included not just the Rentato he lived in, but also the vast cosmos and the countless parallel universes. There were too many places he could explore.

So, there was no telling when Mr. Evans or Her Majesty would return from their exploration? That could explain the situation. For the grand arcanists, it was very common for them to be engaged in field research. They wouldn’t tell anyone on purpose, and naturally, the TV channels, radio stations, and newspapers did not know anything about it.

Shaking his head, Donnie went on wiping, and he reached a corner, where a row of books on the theories of the school of necromancy was placed.

“It’s a shame that none of the books are about specific applications. Otherwise, I can try to analyze them right now.” Donnie sighed regretfully. Under the government of the Congress of Magic, arcana theories were not confidential, and everybody was welcome to study and discuss them. However, the specific magic application and alchemical tricks could only be exchanged when they had clearances, like when they became students of a certain magic college.

As he wiped, Donnie suddenly saw a book with a black spine. On the cover of the book, written in the language of the ancient Magic Empire was...

Parchment of Death.

This is... Donnie’s heart beat fast. It seemed to be a magic book about an application?

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 832: A Dense Net

A magic book on an application?

How could it be publicly sold in a bookstore?

Donnie seemed able to hear his own heart beating intensely and crazily. As per the regulations of the Congress of Magic, other than exchanging for such knowledge in magic colleges and arcana libraries, there were only two ways to obtain the applications that exceeded their own levels—to gain it from adventures or family heritage, or to become a personal student of a certain sorcerer. There had never been a common bookstore that publicly sold magic books!

It was the Congress' control measure on magic to maintain the social order, which was greatly supported by the nobles.

“If... If I can analyze a first-circle spell in advance or become an official sorcerer, my future in the Heidler Magic College will be even brighter...” Donnie felt that his heart was jumping out of his chest.

He was not born in a magic family, and he did not go through any fortuitous incidents. He had reached where he was purely with his hard work. He did not have as many resources as his classmates did, but he believed that it wouldn't be difficult for him to analyze the official spells with his talents.

Donnie quietly looked at the counter, only to discover that Dollos was fixated on the TV. So, his heart beat even faster.

“With my ability in memorizing, I can remember a complete model in one minute...” Donnie touched the back of the book.

The cover of the magic book was made of special materials, giving a cold and paralyzing feeling as if it were a bolt of frozen lightning.

The itchy feeling stunned Donnie. Then, he breathed heavily.

After that, he opened his mouth and breathed hard, moving his hand back as if his arm was being cut off.

In another three months, I'll be learning the first-circle spells and the applications legitimately in the Heidler Magic College. Why do I have to read the book stealthily and cowardly right now?

If I am caught, I will be thrown into a prison, and my future will be ruined.

The returns are absolutely disproportionate to the risks. Is there any need to hesitate?

The more Donnie thought, the more he felt that he was overwhelmed by a desire just now. This Parchment of Death was perhaps an ancient book that was only of reference value in the Congress today!

After all, magic had been soaring since the establishment of the Congress, and particularly during the past fifty years. Most of the achievements in the Magic Empire had already become antiques. It was barely possible for anyone to pick up an ancient classic and beat the contemporary sorcerers with the knowledge in the book as his trump card.

Getting rid of his desire, Donnie subconsciously wiped his forehead, only to feel coldness. He raised his head in shock, only to discover that he still had the piece of cloth, which was used to wipe bookshelves, in his hand.

“It’s like somebody cast Chaos on me...” Donnie shook his head in self-mockery. Then, he looked at the Parchment of Death, hesitating. Selling an applied magic book seemed to be a violation of the rules of the Congress and the law of the empire. What should he do?

Report it to the Punishment Department or the police department?

What if it wasn’t an applied magic book?

Donnie hesitated for a long time and gnashed his teeth. He then walked to his boss, Dollos. From the corner of his eye, he glimpsed at the few guests in the bookstore, ready to stop anyone who would approach the bookshelf where the Parchment of Death was placed. If somebody else reported it, he would be in trouble. Thankfully, the few guests all turned a blind eye to the row. Donnie was greatly relieved.

“Boss,” Donnie said next to Dollos in a low voice.

Dollos turned around expressionlessly. “What’s up?”

“There’s a ‘Parchment of Death’ on that bookshelf. Did you forget to bring it away?” Donnie had practiced saying it many times in his heart, but it still sounded dry and dumb when he actually said it.

Dollos’ face suddenly became enlivened. He said in a feigned smile, “Yes. That’s my trophy from one of my adventures. I forgot to take it away when I rearranged the bookshelves last night. Donnie, thank you for your reminder. I’ll take it back right now.”

Donnie was greatly relieved that Dollos solved the matter with the excuse he offered instead of denying it and describing the Parchment of Death as a history book. In such a case, the boss wouldn't need to kill him to keep his mouth shut because he knew too much. He had to be cautious because there were many similar plots in the TV dramas.

Dollos slowly rose, took out the Parchment of Death, and put it on the counter, before he smiled gently and said, "It's noon. Go take care of your lunch. I will not offer you free food and accommodation, but of course, your reminder is worth additional reward at the end of the month."

"It's my responsibility. That... that is unnecessary!" Donnie hurried to wave his hands, but Dollos did not say anything more. He could only walk out of the bookstore as he searched for the cheapest food in the alleys near the Triumph Square.

Watching him disappear in the crowd in the square, Dollos touched the Parchment of Death and put on an interesting smile.

Under Dollos' touch, the Parchment of Death suddenly emitted a cold and evil flash.

One of the guests in the Knowledge Bookstore pressed his soft hat and glanced at Dollos before he walked out.

...

It was not evening yet, but Donnie asked to get off work early from the Knowledge Bookstore because he intended to send a letter to his family in the post office.

Although wired phones and telegrams had been popularized in major cities, Donnie's family was in a small town and wasn't rich enough. So, they still had to count on the postal services that were cheaper.

Considering that his family did not know too many words—most of which had been taught by himself—Donnie's letter was very simple. He told them how his exam went, the magic college he chose, the arrangements for the coming months, and asked about the situation in the family. So, when he gave the letter to the staff in the post office, he did not need extra stamps.

“How many days will it take before the letter arrives? When can I get a letter back?” Donnie had sent a few letters during the past years, and he had sent letters at different times every time. So, he had to ask about the information.

The staff looked at the address on the envelope without a smile. “Normally, it will take five days. As for when you can get a letter back, that is not something we can control.”

Although it was sarcasm, Donnie was still amused. It was rare for him to encounter such a humorous clerk. This bald man was much more fun than he appeared.

After Donnie left, the bald man suddenly picked up Donnie's letter and walked backward. Soon after he left, a middle-aged man came back, rubbing his belly and complaining, “Why is my stomach so funny today? Aya, no, I need to go to the toilet again! Somebody fill in my place!”

In the storage room behind the post office, the bald man wiped the envelope with his right hand, and the sealed envelope was opened, revealing the letter inside.

“Nothing special...” The bald man unfolded the letter as he muttered to himself. He then wrote something down on a notebook quickly.

After recording it, he folded the letter again and put it back into the envelope flawlessly. Then, he took out a seal and sealed the envelope casually.

...

In a town near the Stroop Forest...

Dum, dum, dum.

Somebody knocked on the door.

“Who is it?” A girl with flaxen hair was busy preparing the dinner.

“Postman. There’s a letter addressed to your family.” A strange male voice came over.

The girl was briefly stunned. She looked out of the window, and since it was dusk, there were still plenty of people on the street. So, she opened the gate without concerns. “A letter addressed to my family? From where?”

“Rentato.” The postman was a plain-looking man whose face would be easily forgotten.

“Rentato? It’s from my brother!” Refreshed, the girl immediately opened the letter after she took it over.

The postman did not stop her but secretly observed the room. A beetle crawled out of his pants into a gap on the wood floor.

...

At the mayor’s house...

A stranger looked at the old man on his opposite side solemnly and said, “I need to check the files of everybody in this town.”

“Yes, sir.” The old mayor did not know what was going on, but he recognized the identification and the sigil.

...

In the city hall of Rentato...

A few clerks were standing before a renowned big shot respectfully.

“I need the files of all the bookstores in Rentato,” the big shot, who headed an important department in the empire, said seriously.

“Yes, my lord,” the clerks answered at the same time.

...

In the Allyn magic tower in the City in the Sky...

“Good afternoon, mister.” The arcanist who supervised the library of sorcerers’ files rose and bowed in respect. The visitor was a member of the Affair Committee with an emblem of black fire on his chest.

“I’m here to retrieve Dollos’ files that are available according to my permissions...” the member said casually.

“Yes, of course.”

...

Inside a palace with dim lights...

“Your Highness, this is Donnie’s letter...”

“Your Highness, these are the files from Pico Town...”

“Your Highness, these are the register files of the Knowledge Bookstore in the city hall...”

“Your Highness, these are Dollos’ files...”

Many documents were placed on the desk made of red wood. Five long, narrow, fair, but manly fingers tapped on them softly and gracefully, as if they were playing music.

“He’s born in a poor family with mediocre talents, but he is determined and hardworking. Also, he is a man of integrity and is not tempted by Dollos’ ‘Parchment of Death’...” As he tapped his fingers, a low and magnetic male voice echoed, with strange gentleness and peacefulness in it.

“There’s nothing wrong with his family background. His father is the owner of a grocery store, and his mother helps with the business. His sister is not in a school... None of their relatives, neighbors, or friends have anything wrong either...”

“Dollos, don’t presume that I do not know who is behind you. I don’t bother you about other things, but if you surpass the limits and are captivated by greed...” The five fingers clenched into a fist and bashed the documents.

In the palace, the ticking sounds of a strange second hand echoed. Behind the desk of red wood was a chair that had been moved sideways. A black-haired man was sitting on the chair, with his left hand scratching his chin.

His face was obviously chiseled despite the dim light. His eyebrow was thick and long, reaching his temples and making his black pupils sharp and deep. In the meantime, his long legs stretched forward lazily. Even though he did not stand up, it was not hard to imagine his height.

He pushed the files aside and pulled a drawer. Looking at the letter inside, he immediately looked upset.

On the letter, it wrote,

[Lu Xiaoen, protect Lu Xiaoxi. Your loving father and mother.]

“Why is my gentle and graceful father always fond of giving us such weird nicknames and calling us that all the time?!” the young man complained incessantly, and his previous casualness and peacefulness were gone.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 833: Enrollment

In the morning, the brilliant yet not scorching sun illuminated Donnie's dormitory through the window, covering everything with gold.

Donnie was pacing back and forth with a pair of panda eyes. It seemed that he did not sleep at all last night.

Today was the day that the result of the College Entrance Exam of Advanced Magic would be announced. Even though he was quite confident about his performance, he was still ill at ease and could not go to sleep because there would be no way out for him if he failed.

"It's alright. I've done the theoretical tests, the practical tests, and the additional tests well, unless all the distinguished apprentices applied for the Heidler Magic College this year..." Donnie comforted himself in a low voice.

At this moment, the bell rang with a pleasant voice. Donnie came to an abrupt halt and hurried to turn on the home TV embedded on the wall. He saw that the snowflake-like spots spread out ripples on the screen. Gradually, a beautiful elf with pointy ears showed up.

"Welcome to 'Morning, Nature'. I believe you must be running out of patience. Hehe. I have in my hands the list of students admitted by the major magic colleges." The elf on the TV waved the paper before her. It was covered in a red band with a magic seal.

It was the school channel of “Nature’s Heart School”. There was a one-hour program in the morning, in the afternoon, and in the evening. They mostly reported the major events in school or “shared” the bad or hilarious mistakes that the apprentices made.

Looking at the paper that was unbelievably thick, Donnie felt that his heart was beating faster and faster. Even though he was holding his breath, he could still sense its pounding.

The elf dropped the paper and smiled. “Our apprentices have performed well this year. The ratio of admittance is higher than before. But of course, somebody must be very close to success too. However, those people need not be upset. You can choose to go to the Stroop Forest and learn after the druids. After the arcanists’ years of work, the magic apprentices can be transformed into ‘Nature’s Guards’ or druid apprentices easily...”

Donnie felt that his veins were bulging. The most important thing right now was to announce the list. Why was she talking so much? To make everybody more anxious and uneasy?

Thankfully, the elven lady quickly removed the seal without further ado. She broke the band and unfolded the paper. “Now, I will announce the students admitted by the Holt Magic College. The apprentices whose names are on the list should go to the president’s office after nine to get your notice of enrollment and your rewards.”

Right now, there were only nine magic colleges, but there were almost four hundred magic schools worldwide. It was a glorious thing for both the apprentice and the school to be admitted. That was why the president of the magic school was giving the notices of enrollment in person. As long as the apprentices who were admitted by the magic colleges did not slack off and give up, they all had good chances to become official sorcerers.

“The Holt Magic College...” The more Donnie listened, the more anxious he became. The names that he was very familiar with made him feel even worse. As it happened, the elven anchor did not announce the list of the students admitted by the Heidler Magic College until the end.

Donnie held his breath and put his right hand on his left chest again, sensing the intense fluctuations that almost broke out of his chest.

“Gordian... Caroline... David...” The elven anchor read the names that Donnie was very familiar with. Right when he almost couldn’t handle his heartbeat and the terrible pressure anymore, the word “Donnie” finally came out of the loudspeaker of the home TV. It was so pleasant!

As if struck by lightning, Donnie felt numb and rigid. Then, he waved his arms hard, but his body collapsed without any strength.

He finally made it!

His life, as well as the lives of his family members, would be changed from today!

.....

Inside the Knowledge Bookstore, Dollos looked at Donnie who had come late and observed the lingering excitement on his face. He smiled. “You’ve been admitted?”

“Yes, by the Heidler Magic College, on the studies of body structure and genetics.” Donnie smiled brilliantly at whomever he met today.

As the studies in the microscopic domain went deeper and more detailed, as the models on the nature of the world and magic were basically established, and as the influences spread out to all the major fields, the arcanists had discovered that the knowledge was too enormous for them to learn. They could not study the basics of every school before they chose their favorite field like before. They had to specify the direction that they would like to work on in order to build the foundation well. Those who were not geniuses could hardly learn anything more than the fundamental knowledge of their own fields.

Of course, after they became middle-rank or senior-rank sorcerers and their longevity was extended, the arcanists still had to go back and study the basics of astrology, elements, and necromancy because astrology involved prophecy and fate, and the microscopic domain in the school of elements reflected the essence of the world. If they did not know it at all, their future studies might be greatly affected.

The school of necromancy, on the other hand, was a necessity for life extension. They did not have to learn it well, but they had to grasp the basics.

Dollos nodded his head and closed the book before him. “Congratulations, Donnie. I hope that you will make remarkable achievements in the school of necromancy.”

“Thank you, Mr. Dollos,” Dollos replied with a smile.

Dollos looked around, and seeing that there was no guest at this moment, he said, “Donnie, the three greatest problems in necromancy that need addressing are the model of the soul structure, the model of genetic factors, and the real mechanism of the ‘Original Body’. If you can unveil the mysteries of genetics, you will definitely win an Evans Prize in Arcana and the Prize of Immortal Throne, and you may become a grand arcanist and a legendary sorcerer in the future. That’s what you should work on.”

Donnie scratched his head and felt rather embarrassed upon hearing Dollos’ encouragement. “They are not something that I can take care of. I do not know the first thing about them. Well, are you aware of the Original Body?”

He keenly sensed the unusual term and asked rather curiously.

Dollos lowered his eyes and looked at the book before him. “Have you heard about the Original Body before? Even in the school of necromancy, there are few arcanists who understand it and study it. I only happen to know it because one of my old friends has been working on it.”

“I learned it from a fellow student during the College Entrance Exam...” Donnie suddenly felt that his question could be dangerous, but he had no choice except to answer it.

Dollos nodded and smiled. “Since you have heard it before, I can talk to you about the details. It’s from the ancient Meshkate Empire...”

He introduced the beginning and evolution of the Original Body. Donnie listened very attentively. Although Karl had introduced it to him before in a much more detailed way, he wasn’t in the mood to listen to it at all at that time.

“The Life Traceback ritual features slanted tombstones and coffins that only have clothes but not bodies... All the bodies are filled in the wood puppet buried at the center...” As he talked, Dollos suddenly sighed. “I’m told that the Cemetery of Eternal Sleep outside of the Heidler Magic College contains the secret. It’s a shame that I’m not qualified to visit the most mysterious and unique magic college...”

Was the secret hidden right outside of the Heidler Magic College?

Donnie looked forward to his college life even more now. If he could find some files and cracked some of the mysteries from the Cemetery of Eternal Sleep, it was possible that his capabilities would soar.

Dollos coughed. Not talking about the Original Body anymore, he simply introduced the school of necromancy in general and asked Donnie to go to work.

.....

Wu!

Clang! Clang!

The long magic steam train stopped at a dark and gloomy station. Donnie got off the train eagerly with his old black suitcase.

“So, is this Heidler?” Donnie looked around excitedly and curiously. He saw that the sky was gray and lackluster as if it were frozen, and that a vague mist was everywhere. Far away, the high, spiky magic towers that were in pitch black indicated the city’s style that was different from any other cities on the continent.

As expected of the camp of necromancy... Donnie was not intimidated. Having braced himself for this, he felt that only such an appearance befitted Heidler’s fame.

It was the middle of August, and the sunlight was burning hot outside. However, there was nothing but paleness and heartfelt chill when the sunlight got into Heidler.

Donnie moved his eyes back and searched for the signs in the station. After he finished Dollos' contract, there was no time for him to go home. After all, Heidler was the college whose semester began earliest.

"The freshmen of the magic college will gather in 152, Ghoul Street..." Donnie soon found the announcement and read the content on it.

"How to reach Ghoul Street?" Donnie frowned at the map of Heidler that he bought from a small dealer on the train. It was full of zigzagging and dizzying twists and turns.

Looking around, Donnie picked up his suitcase and walked to a worker who was busy cleaning the station. "Hello, could I ask you the way? I am a freshman at the Heidler Magic College."

The cleaner suddenly raised his head, only to reveal his rotten face, dim bones, and the two deep black holes in his eye sockets. Donnie was so scared that he almost cried out loud.

Although he had dissected cadavers, summoned zombies, and crafted stitched bodies before, it was still a horrifying experience to run into a decayed corpse in the middle of a day without any warning.

The "cleaner" struggled to shake his head. He then lowered his head as he continued to clean the station.

So, this is Heidler... Donnie's tone had changed greatly.

"Donnie!" A familiar voice came from far away. Donnie turned around in surprise, only to discover that somebody was waving his arms at the entrance of the state. The ghost on his back was also waving its fuzzy hands. It was Sammy.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 834: The Silent College

The streets of Heidler City were not messy, filthy, or filled with rotten pieces of bodies everywhere, which was what Donnie expected to see. Instead, they were rather clean and broad, with a lot of passersby on them.

However, the crowded streets, which were supposed to be lively and obstreperous, were awfully quiet. Nobody talked loudly at all. They communicated with each other in the voice of mosquitoes. There seemed to be a strange force that forbade noises in this place.

With a closer look, Donnie finally realized that most of the passersby were actually undead creatures. Some were corpse dogs with weird redness beaming out of their eyes, some were skinned men whose flesh was exposed to the air, and some were the commonly seen ghosts, zombies, and skeletons.

Naturally, necromancers in black magic robes were among the undead creatures too. Most of them were not as grim and rigid as Donnie imagined. They talked and laughed with their friends, except that their voices were kept down.

“It’s a pity that there aren’t any liches...” Donnie remarked in a low voice.

Sammy seemed to be in great spirits after he came to Heidler City. Although he still seemed drowsy, at the very least, he was not yawning frequently. Rubbing his hair that was as messy as a bird nest, he smiled and said, “I don’t think liches are fond of walking on the street...”

I don’t think they are fond of anything... Donnie leaned aside to give the way to a three-headed hell hound. It was tall and strong, with burning fire drooling from its mouth, but it had a ring on its neck and was pulled by a petite female sorcerer, running ahead of her slowly.

“This hell hound is the size of a bull...” After the female sorcerer left, Donnie couldn’t help but observe. The difference in their sizes was too glaring.

Sammy chuckled. “I saw a lich walking his bone dragon in the sky yesterday. It’s about the size of a hundred hellhounds.”

He arrived in Heidler City yesterday and lived at 152, Ghoul Street. He was waiting for the students who were to come the next day so that they could go to the college together.

“That’s great.” Donnie looked at the sky in admiration. At this moment, they already reached Ghoul Street. The high-rising magic tower made it impossible for them to lose their way.

Suddenly, a pale skull drifted out, with two needle-like red lights in the eye sockets. The teeth of the skull clattered and let out a harsh voice as it said, "All freshmen will gather and go to the college. Those who come later will be shuttled the day after tomorrow."

The voice was so unpleasant, as if somebody were rubbing a bone with rusty iron. Donnie shivered and walked into the hall with Sammy.

"Give me your notice of enrollment and your identification mark inside." An expressionless man approached them before Donnie got steady. The stranger had an emaciated face, with the same needle-like redness in his eyes.

Donnie hurried to take out his notice of enrollment and a black beetle. "Yes, sir."

"Call me Mr. Robert." The man's voice was strangely gentle and comforting. When he looked at the black beetle, the bug seemed to be illuminated by the redness too. "Well, Donnie, there is no need to apply for accommodation. You will come to the college with us."

Then, he returned the notice of enrollment and the beetle back to Donnie. Pausing for a moment, he said, "As it happens, I am an instructor in the field of body structure and genetics. I hope that you can keep up your current performance."

After a moment, Sammy looked at Robert, who had walked to the other side of the hall, and said in a low voice, "It is said that Mr. Robert is very close to the senior rank now. His body has been modified by him for so many times that nobody knows what special abilities it has."

"Well, Mr. Robert gave me a lot of pressure..." Donnie had cold sweat while walking in the gloomy environment of Heidler City. He looked at Robert, only to discover that the man stopped before the stream screen in the hall and watched the amusing program on it, with what could almost be called a smile on his face.

“I didn’t know that a dead-looking man like Mr. Robert would like to watch TV...” Donnie said in shock.

Sammy looked at him confusedly. “Why can’t a dead man watch TV?”

“Well...” Donnie was rendered speechless by Sammy. He hurried to change the subject. “We’re about to go to the college. I’m told that it’s not in the city but in a mysterious place, isn’t it?”

Sammy nodded solemnly. “I’m told that it’s a great place for necromancy.”

Both of them were rather curious about that, and they tried to guess where their destination was. Could it be in an enormous tomb?

After a while, the pale lich flew back and continued with the nasty voice, “Follow me closely and don’t get lost. Once you are lost, I will assume that you are already dead, and I will not bother searching for you.”

Donnie’s heart was palpitating. Even a drowsy and inert man like Sammy suddenly widened his eyes too. The whole team became extremely silent.

Following the lich, Donnie and his fellows passed the Ghoul Street, the Soul Avenue, and the Square of Brains before reaching a building that seemed no different from any other magic towers.

“Is this our college?” Donnie looked at the magic tower before him in disappointment.

The lich stopped and floated before the gate of the magic tower while chanting coarse, intricate, and gruesome spells.

A shadow emerged from the rocks on the ground. Spreading and growing, it soon covered the gate, making it shiver softly in the darkness.

“Follow me,” the lich said coldly, and instead of opening the gate, the lich disappeared into the shadow.

Donnie and Sammy held their breath again because of the weirdness. They slowly moved forward with the apprentices before them, wondering where the shadow would lead.

It was a pity that, however slow they were, they still reached the shadow gate. Gritting his teeth, Donnie stepped in.

As if his body were in a lake, Donnie felt depressed and suffocated, exactly like when he was almost drowned when he was a little kid. Then, Donnie felt that his body was light again, and he got rid of the “water”. He was now facing a black, white, and gray environment.

It was a messy and corrupt city, without the slightest color except for the monotonous black, white, and gray. Even the wind had been frozen in the air, like a peaceful and weird portrait.

Donnie looked at the sky in shock. It was as pale and dime as that of Heidler City, but the sun was nowhere to be seen!

The basic knowledge about alternate dimensions popped up in Donnie's head. He shouted at Sammy who was stunned next to him, "It's the World of Souls!"

However, after he blurted out, Donnie did not hear any sound at all. Everything was so quiet as if they were in eternal sleep.

As expected of the World of Souls. Donnie took a breath, having the illusion that his body was decaying. This place was definitely the best place for the school of necromancy. However, he was told that this place was very dangerous for even the senior-rank sorcerers. After all, the unintelligent specters did not care for one's background or whether or not they were rich. They only desired fresh flesh and blood.

"Follow me. Let me repeat myself. Don't get lost." With a spell that they did not know, the lich spoke into everyone's heart.

Donnie patted Sammy, who was still in a daze, and followed the lich warily and attentively, fearing that he might be left out and faced with the tide of specters alone.

Passing through the silent city, the team walked into a desolate wilderness. There were wandering ghouls with rotten and hideous faces everywhere. They could almost smell the indescribable stench.

Further away, many fuzzy ghosts were floating in the sky, with black long robes on their body.

Such an environment and such a scene refreshed the ghost on Sammy's back. It craned its head and let out soundless shrills, waving its hands back and forth hard.

Hehe. Donnie looked at the scene in amusement, while Sammy shook his head helplessly.

Suddenly, the gray sky became dark, as if it had been dyed black. No, the sky did not turn dark, but instead, the phenomenon was caused by ghosts that were gathering from all directions!

Also letting out soundless shrills, they flew toward Sammy overwhelmingly. The terrible pressure and scent of death almost made a lot of apprentices wet their pants. Had they run into a scourge of the undead?

His body shivering, Donnie pulled Sammy, hinting him to stop the ghost on his back.

At this moment, the lich before them sniffed, and a black curtain appeared out of nowhere, covering all of them.

After the black curtain disappeared, Donnie realized that they had already pressed deep into the wilderness and were far away from the army of ghosts.

"Get your ghost under control," the lich said coldly.

"Yes, sir," Sammy replied; his voice shaking. The ghost behind him, on the other hand, held its own legs like a scared kid who was crying soundlessly.

Donnie looked at the ghost in amusement. *Are you terrified by the army of ghosts too? You almost turned us into ghouls.*

Dragging Sammy, whose legs were too unsteady to support him, to move forward, Donnie suddenly saw a magnificent city in the frozen black, white, and gray world. There were black, silver, and white pointy magic towers in the city that displayed different colors. Among the magic towers were rarely-seen overpasses that connected different directions delicately.

Around the city was a quiet cemetery with tombs everywhere, which were packed densely. Slanted black tombstones were before them.

“Slanted tombstones...” Donnie was briefly stunned.

After passing the cemetery, Donnie and his fellows reached the edge of the city under the leadership of the lich. After they passed the city gate that was dozens of meters tall, the feeling of consolidation and depression was immediately gone. They heard the familiar sound of talking again, as if they had suddenly returned from the realm of the dead to that of the living.

“Everyone, as you have seen, there is no way that you can leave this place without the guidance of senior-rank mentors. Therefore, you have to work and study really hard, because those who slack off will not be able to go home. Alright, welcome to the Heidler Magic College. Please claim your school robe and badge with your identification mark and your notice of enrollment. Then, you can go to your dormitory with the mark on the badge.” The lich disappeared after giving the announcement.

Dragging Sammy, who had not fully recovered, and his ghost, Donnie got the black robe and the emblem of pale fire from a magic tower nearby. He asked the way and walked to his dormitory.

When they were near their dormitory, Sammy finally took a long breath and rubbed his hair. “The World of Souls is really horrible. I was so scared just now...”

As he spoke, he opened the door of the dormitory, only to be stunned. He blocked Donnie’s sight.

“I... I’m sorry. We... We’ve come to the wrong dormitory!” Sammy stammered and apologized.

Donnie looked at the door plate. “Room 202 of the Life Tower in the Origin Zone. It can’t be wrong.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 835: Roommates

Sammy, in the lead, hurried to turn around, but his head seemed to be attracted by what was inside the room. Donnie, who was behind him, was busy reading the number on the door. As a result, the two of them bumped into each other.

“Wait. How do you know that you’re in the wrong dormitory when you haven’t seen the number yet? Have you already been to your dormitory, and you realize that you’re in the wrong one because of the different arrangements in the room? But you still have your luggage in your hands! Huh, you have a twin ghost on your back! That’s a very special spiritual phenomenon. It will be

very helpful for us to unravel the specific structure of the soul...” A magnetic and pleasant male voice came from the room.

The familiar voice and the talking that never seemed to finish struck Donnie like a lightning. He was completely stunned.

Karl?

How is it possible?

The guy turned out to be his roommate!

A picture suddenly popped up in his head. He was surrounded by dozens of knights at gunpoint, and in the sky were the views of tides, suns, and bolts of lightning made by the radiant knights who could be elementized.

The horrible picture made Donnie’s body shiver. While Karl was warm and amiable, it did not mean that the knights who were protecting him were the same. Perhaps, his innocent mistake would lead to overreactions. Also, Karl might not be as simple-headed as he seemed!

“M... Miss, how can I not know I am in the wrong dormitory after I see you?” Sammy said, blushing. Because of the Back Spirit, few girls were ever interested in him. Whenever he faced his female classmates, he was either in dire need of sleep or he became extremely awkward and clumsy.

“Who’s a miss? I am, without any questions, a man, a knight who protects ladies, and an arcanist who pursues the truth. What makes you think I am a girl?” Karl sounded angry.

Fuzzy and anxious, Sammy blurted out, “What makes you think you are not a girl...”

Before he finished his sentence, his mouth had been stifled by Donnie, who feared that he would infuriate Karl and let them be fired upon by electromagnetic cannons.

With a flattering smile, Donnie moved his head aside and looked at Karl through the gap between Sammy and the door frame. “Karl, it’s been a long...”

His voice came to an abrupt halt, and he forgot to close his mouth. Staring at Karl inside, he looked like a statue.

Today, Karl was wearing the standard long robe of the Heidler Magic College, which further highlighted his fair skin. The sloppy clothes covered the body curve that he did not have. Together with his pretty face and his glittering silver eyes, he would make everyone think that he was a flawless and beautiful girl.

The greatest feature of the robe of the college in classic style was that it was genderless! The manly air that Karl added to himself with male clothes, bow-ties, etc. was gone, and he looked no different from any other female students. No wonder Sammy was in a hurry to apologize.

Suddenly, an idea occurred to him. If he spent a lot of time with Karl, would he find the other girls too ordinary when he hung around with them?

“You... You... You... You are Donnie?” Karl finally remembered Donnie’s name. He was briefly stunned. “You’re my roommate too?”

The slight blush on his fair face suddenly reddened, and his glittering eyes became sharp. The intimidating vibe made the ghost on Sammy’s back crouch again.

Donnie took half a step back and looked at Karl in shock, with messy ideas like “it’s dangerous”, “I should take cover”, and “why is he angry?” in his head. However, after looking around, Karl immediately lost the threatening gaze and said with a blooming smile, “We’re now roommates! How coincidental is that! Is this your friend? Is he our roommate too? I planned to buy you dinner to apologize after the exam is over, but I had to leave early because of a minor accident in the afternoon exam. I didn’t expect to meet you again on the first day of college. Are you majoring in body structure and genetics too? Then, we will probably be classmates...”

Karl’s eloquence woke Sammy up from his embarrassment. He looked around and read the sign on the door again. “You are really a guy?”

It was truly unbelievable!

“Of course, I am an authentic man!” Karl said proudly and waved his arms. “Do you want to try my strength? Donnie knows it. I am very strong. I can crush five people of your body size in one punch. Well, it’s just a joke. My strength is only mediocre...”

With a bitter face, Sammy said, “I believe you. I do.”

He already saw the Adam’s apple on Karl. Now that he was no longer in a panic, he also sensed the maliciousness of the world exactly as Donnie did.

“Come on in. As roommates, we need to help and encourage each other in the future in order to make progress together so that we can walk further in the journey to explore the mysteries of genetics and souls...” Karl bowed slightly and extended his left hand, like a graceful gentleman.

Why is he so talkative? Also, he is as formal as a news anchor... Donnie wiped his sweat and stopped looking at Karl’s face that could be compared to the most beautiful girl’s as he feared that his expectations would be raised too high.

The dormitory of the Heidler Magic College was not splendid, but it was clean and tidy. Four beds made of black metal had been placed next to the walls. Before the beds were everybody’s desk.

The desk was made of bright yellow wood and divided into two floors. On the upper floor, there was a bookshelf. Behind the closet in the back, it was a door that seemed to lead to the balcony and the bathroom.

“There’s a home TV by the door. Everybody has their own magic refrigerator on their nightstand. Right, the two pieces of metal on the bed are magic radios that you can stuff in your ears so that you will not affect other people when you listen to Arcana Voice at night. However, there are no magic air conditioners in this place because the whole Heidler Magic College is covered in magic circles and set at a permanent temperature that is neither too cold nor too hot. And such, magic air conditioners are not necessary...”

The moment Donnie dragged the suitcase to an empty bed, he heard Karl’s magnetic voice. The guy introduced the items in the room thoroughly and enthusiastically.

Does he not have many chances to talk on other occasions? That’s unlikely. Who can stop such a big shot like him from talking? A weird thought occurred to Donnie.

“It’s a shame that there’s no room for pianos, violins, or flutes here, and magic gramophones and players are forbidden too. As a matter of fact, there is a lot of music that I would like to share with you. I have created some works myself too...” Karl said in disappointment.

The magic players were the improved version of gramophones. They could store more music as well as more convenient to use.

“Behind that door is the balcony. On the left side of the balcony is the bathroom. There is no kitchen, no living room...”

At this moment, Sammy, whose bed was next to Donnie’s, could not stand such a “pretty girl” making male voice anymore. So, he combed his messy hair and said, “Donnie, put on your magic robe. We have to pick our courses and mentor.”

“Haha. I just did it yesterday,” Karl interjected without any self-awareness. “How about it? Do you want me to introduce it to you?”

He seemed to be asking, but he immediately said without waiting, “The most distinguished mentor on body structure and genetics is naturally Mr. Felipe. However, he is also the director of the Laboratory of Heretics, and since he works on the cutting edge of necromancy, he does not have much time except for the occasional open classes. The other teachers each have their own specialties. For example...”

Donnie felt that his head had grown huge. “We came late, and we don’t want to miss the course selection today. Karl, how about we talk later while we are on the way?”

He was told that all the classes of the magic college were to be selected publicly. If they were late, the classes with great teachers would be full.

He couldn't help but complain about the Heidler Magic College. It was said that the other colleges would ask the students to select the courses after they all arrived, but here, the students who came early got to select early. However, it did agree with the habit of coldness and indifference of the school of necromancy.

"Alright, I'll tell you the details on the way. You must not select the teachers who are too busy doing their own research to teach classes or those who are not professionals themselves..." Karl said with a brilliant smile.

Donnie and Sammy looked at each other with a bitter smile, both felt that there was no way they could stop Karl from talking.

Putting down the suitcase, Sammy picked up the magic robe to distinguish the front side from the back. Then, he unbuttoned his clothes. However, he had a very uncomfortable feeling while unbuttoning his clothes, although the ghost on his back showed no reaction as if nothing was wrong.

He looked at Donnie, only to discover that Donnie was also stunned after he took off half of his old school uniform.

"Why have you stopped?" Karl said at the perfect moment.

Both Sammy and Donnie turned around, only to discover that Karl was looking at the two of them with his big, beautiful silver eyes.

Immediately, they understood why they felt uneasy. It was the same as taking off clothes in front of a girl!

“Well, Karl, do you mind turning around?” Donnie said awkwardly.

Karl was stunned. “Why? We are all guys.”

Donnie thought for a moment and replied with what he learned from the noble etiquette class, “Even guys should also respect each other’s privacy.”

Karl nodded and did not say anything else. He walked out of the dormitory.

Donnie and Sammy seized the moment to take off their old clothes and put on the magic robes and the corresponding shirts. In the end, they clipped the emblem of pale fire and their badges of apprentice and intern arcanist on their clothes.

“Let’s go.” Donnie was greatly relieved after he changed his clothes.

“Alright!” At this moment, a strange voice suddenly echoed, giving both of them a shock.

Looking at the source of the voice, they discovered a plain-looking, fat young man, who had black hair and blue eyes before another bed.

“When did you come in?” Sammy asked in confusion.

The young man replied with a smile, “I’ve been here all the time. I came to this dormitory earlier than you did, but you didn’t notice me.

“Hehe. My name is Jones. I am your roommate, and I will major in the soul.”

“How is it possible?” Donnie blurted out. He had carefully observed everything when he came in. Also, Sammy’s ghost had powerful instincts.

Jones opened his hands. “There’s nothing I can do about it. Wherever I stand, it seems that I am under the stealth skill. The guy who informed me to take part in the College Entrance Exam almost couldn’t find me.”

“Then... Let’s go select the courses together.” Donnie gritted his teeth, and seeing that it was getting late, sent a friendly invitation.

This was definitely a room of weirdos!

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Chapter 836: Ubiquitous Shadow

The Heidler Magic College was at a magic tower with pointy tops. Walking among them, one would feel that they were walking in a strange forest. Man-made lights shined from the sky, creating a magnificent view.

“Mr. Robert is Mr. Felipe’s student. He has remarkable expertise in genetic factors, cell memories, and application of necromancy. Also, it is said that he had just exchanged for the files of blood power studies left by Natravos and modified his blood and body deeply based on that. For example, his left eye has been replaced with the Eye Demon’s, allowing him to cast certain ray-type spells quickly with a combat ability close to the senior-rank sorcerers. His right hand contains the tentacles of the Mind Stealer, allowing him to disrupt the mental skills and absorb the enemy’s brains and memories...”

“If you are interested in the few fields above, you may consider selecting Mr. Robert’s classes. He is definitely one of the most distinguished middle-rank mentors, and he is as good as the senior-rank mentors in knowledge and practice...”

Karl introduced the mentors excitedly, like a blooming tulip attracting the attention of the students and teachers passing by. However, they were immediately shocked by his voice, leaving a road of statues wherever he went.

Is it really okay to describe Mr. Robert’s special abilities just like that? Donnie’s lips twitched. He subconsciously imagined what Mr. Robert would be like. From the expressionless dead-looking

face, a brown eyeball protruded from the left eye socket and was connected to the eye socket by clear veins. His right hand opened, and many scarlet tentacles crawled out to all directions...

“It’s the typical look of a monster... Necromancers are truly terrifying!”

“However, on second thought, they are also very cool and threatening, aren’t they?”

Weird thoughts bubbled up in Donnie’s heart and broke apart. Suddenly, he felt that his right sleeve was tightened, and he was refreshed, only to realize that Sammy was pulling it.

“Donnie, aren’t Mr. Robert special abilities supposed to be a secret? Why is Karl talking as if everybody knows it?” Even a drowsy and fuzzy young man like Sammy realized that something was not right and asked Donnie in a low voice.

Seeing that Karl was still talking too excitedly to notice their anomaly, Donnie said also in a low voice, “Karl is the descendant of a big shot...”

It was his speculation. After all, if Karl was a big shot himself and had done something great, he must have seen it from the news before.

Sammy nodded his head and stopped asking, not wondering which big shot’s son Karl was at all, because he was too sleepy at this moment to care about anything else. All he needed to know was that it was a big shot that he could not piss off. Also, Karl was introducing the mentors on body structure and genetic factors, not the field of souls and spirits, which he was interested in.

The ghost behind him, having been intimidated twice in a row, leaned to him wearily, as if it were also in need of sleep.

Listening to Karl and looking at Sammy's trance-like expression, Donnie thought to himself, *A man who can compare to an elven princess and a Back Spirit guy who likes to sleep more than anything. How weird my roommates are...*

Iristine, the elven princess, had once given a speech in his school.

"Yes. Only you are normal." An unexpected voice entered Donnie's ears. He subconsciously nodded his head. *Yes. I am the only normal person in this dormitory. Wait, who's talking to me? How does he know what's on my mind?*

He turned around abruptly, only to discover that Fatty Jones was looking at him with a smile. He asked in shock, "When... When did you come?"

"Didn't you invite me to select the courses with you?" Jones answered peacefully without being infuriated at all.

"Yes." Donnie scratched his head like Sammy. *But I've completely forgotten that! He's indeed another...*

"Indeed another weirdo roommate," Jones continued with a smile.

Donnie's face was frozen. "You can read my mind?"

“No. The bridge we are walking on is named ‘Path of Serenity’. When your emotions are too intense, your thoughts will echo in the corridor. This is a way that the mentors remind the students of the importance of tranquility in the research of necromancy. Otherwise, you will hurt both other people and yourself. Did you not hear the voice in your heart?” Jones pointed at the black and white bridge.

The branches up ahead led to the teaching tower and the experiment tower respectively. There were no windows. Vague light emanated from the bricks on the wall and the floor, giving a cold and chilling feeling.

Donnie listened carefully. There was indeed a distant voice of “indeed another...” in the air. He looked at Karl and Sammy embarrassedly, only to discover that one of them was too busy talking and the other was simply nodding his head. Neither of them noticed anything else.

“Thank god they did not hear that...” Donnie was relieved.

“Are you not worried about me?” A plain but strange voice echoed again.

Taken aback, Donnie turned around and looked at Jones, realizing that he had forgotten the guy again!

“I... I’m sorry.” As an honest, normal young man with boundaries, Donnie hurried to apologize.

Jones waved his hands and smiled. “It’s alright. I actually quite like my specialty. At the very least, even the enemies will forget about me when I am in danger. I once encountered the scorpion men

when I traveled in the southern desert with my friends. After a fierce battle, both parties retreated, and I was forgotten and left at the center of the battlefield...”

“But as a result, I don’t think any girls can remember you, can they? If you are married in the future, will your wife forget that she has a husband?” Donnie asked curiously.

Jones’ face became rigid. He smiled bitterly. “Let’s not talk about such a poignant subject...”

“That’s why I chose necromancy. I hope to study blood powers and modify my body. I have to transform the special talent into an ability that I can control.”

“Good luck,” Donnie said sincerely. “By the way, what’s your name?”

“Jones. I have introduced myself to you many times...” Jones’ voice was as predictable as a ghost.

“Have you? Why do I only remember the time in the dormitory? But I only remember that you introduced yourself but cannot remember the specific content...” Donnie more and more felt that everybody in his dormitory was a freak except himself!

The four of them entered the teaching tower along the Path of Serenity and found the place where the courses were selected.

“Aya, the distance is too short. I’ve only introduced half of the mentors, and I haven’t talked about any of the classes yet. That’s not my fault. It’s only because certain mentors have too many files...” Karl said regretfully.

That's because you rambled too much. You have told us everything about Mr. Robert's brother's neighbor's boss's wife... Donnie thought to himself. Then, his eyes glittered, and he found himself in a room that was full of strange devices. Such devices were the size of desks and covered in silver or black metal shells. Before them, two flickering lights were flashing. Above them was a metal plate similar to the stream screen.

“What is this?” Donnie looked at Karl. *He must know the answer and would be glad to offer it!*

Karl's face was full of excitement again, making him as glowing and attractive as the sun. “This is an artificial intelligence that has mixed certain soul pieces. It is so much more fun than those which are being popularized...”

“Artificial intelligence?” Sammy's body shivered. His eyes were wide open, and his sleepiness was gone.

Donnie was also excited. Was it the legendary artificial intelligence?

“How do I use it?” Donnie interrupted Karl's interpretation.

Karl did not go mad. He stopped before one of the machines, took off the badge of pale fire on his chest, and placed it on a dent above the “artificial intelligence”.

Then, the red and green lights flashed much more intensely, and an unemotional voice echoed, “Welcome to use artificial intelligence. How can I help you, Mr. Karl?”

“Give me the menu.” Karl turned back and smiled at Donnie and Sammy, who were dazzled again.

“Alright.” This time, the metal plate similar to the stream screen unleashed colorful brilliant lights and gathered into a hologram in the air. There were many icons that were marked with different words on it.

“There are the course selection system, the game system, the test system, and many others in it. You can have a try yourself...” Karl said quickly while he extended his right hand to point at an icon in the air with his narrow, long forefinger. Immediately, the light and shadow on the hologram changed, and cubes in different colors and shapes fell from the top like toys.

Watching Karl move his fingers quickly on the hologram as if he were casting spells and hearing his uninterrupted introduction, Donnie somehow felt that he had been caught in an illusion.

“Is this the game of ‘artificial intelligence’? It seems rather interesting, isn’t it?” Sammy focused his eyes on the hologram.

Shaking his head, Donnie walked to another “artificial intelligence” and put the college badge in the slot like Karl did, asking the alchemical life to display the menu.

However, instead of playing the game, he went straight into the course selection system and found the field of “body structure and genetic factors”.

“Prerequisite courses?” Donnie clicked the option in confusion and saw a bunch of classes that he had to take.

“Electromagnetics, Magic Crystals, Application of X-Rays in the Observation of the Microworld, Basics of Quantum mechanics, Atoms, Molecules, and Cells: A Brief Introduction, Composition of Human Body, Dragons’ Body Structure...”

Reading the names of some of the classes, Donnie was so stunned that he could clearly sense the signature of Lucien Evans on them.

Why? Why did he have to learn those things even in the school of necromancy?

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“Studies on genetics have dived deep into the microscopic domain and thus gone beyond the capability of traditional magic spells. Observation methods based on the knowledge of the microscopic domain shall take over here, say, the combination of X-ray and some magic crystals. Therefore, we also have to understand relevant arcana schools apart from necromancy. Of course, it’s pretty much a brand new area that just started a couple of years ago, so nothing major has been found yet.”

The male voice sounded both strange but somehow also familiar to Donnie. He hurriedly looked back and saw a chubby teenage boy with black hair also operating an “artificial intelligence”.

“Jones?” Donnie asked, “How did you know?”

Jones answered while still working on his project, “I noticed you were staring at the schedule. I know you don’t understand such an arrangement.”

“Besides observation methods, as our bodies also consist of atoms and molecules, we have to learn about the microscopic domain to understand life matters,” Karl responded while playing his game. “Also, there is mathematics. If you don’t know math, you’re going nowhere in arcana.

“As you’ve seen, there’s a course called Advanced Mathematics in necromancy, and it’s very systematic. The course comprises calculus, matrix, analytic geometry, complex variables functions, real analysis, and mathematical analysis, and it goes all the way through our next five-year study.” Karl added, “It’s as important as the rest of our compulsory courses like Genetics and Body Structure.”

As long as Karl started talking, very rarely would he be brief. He tended to be very specific, and his words were often very informative.

Hearing the terms, Donnie felt dizzy, and he even had the impulse to crack the “artificial intelligence” in front of him. Although he revered the leading characters in mathematics very much and he was not bad at math, he was not a genius, so learning math definitely was full of pain!

Turning to the next page, Donnie saw the course named Advanced Mathematics in Necromancy. He plucked up his courage and chose a good mentor under Karl’s suggestion.

He then finished his registrations for all courses, including those lab courses.

Because they were here relatively early, and they followed many suggestions from Karl on choosing mentors, both Donnie and Sammy had successfully found their ideal mentors for each of their courses. They were lucky to have Robert as their mentor on the Composition of Human Body because they would then automatically enroll on his Body Reform, which was an advanced course in the school of necromancy.

After this, Donnie's timetable was ready. He had lots of courses during the day except for Sunday. One would easily suppose that most necromancy courses should be delivered during night time, but this place was the World of Souls, so the trouble could be saved. Donnie had to review all the stuff he learned during the day as there was no way that he could remember everything right away.

Seeing that more and more students were waiting, Karl forced himself to leave the "artificial intelligence", and he took a glance at Donnie's timetable. "We'll have many courses together, so we can go together. Many magic towers here look identical, and there are also some illusion mazes that act as defense. You can easily get lost if you don't have a guide. Last time I ran into several girls who got lost nearby a magic tower, and they were almost in tears..."

Donnie hurriedly asked, "You know this place well?"

Sammy was being rather sleepy again. Donnie was the only one who could stop Karl's lecture.

"I've seen the map. I'm a genius at finding directions!" Karl was full of confidence. If someone did not believe him, he'd keep talking until the person believed.

Donnie hurriedly nodded. "Then we'll count on you next Monday morning."

"No problem." Karl patted on his chest, but his beautiful face made his movement look cute. "I like these courses, for we can do magic experiments!"

Experiment? Karl?

Donnie turned to look at Karl's chipper face. He became very nervous. He wondered if it was still okay to choose another mentor, or if he could apply for sick leaves during lab sections to avoid doing experiments with Karl together.

Karl kept going on and on, as if his mouth never dried from giving lectures. His speech, however, did help Donnie and Sammy remember where to find the library, Magic Exchange Office, Dean's office, Paper office, the tower where specters were sealed, burying place, restaurants, and the dining hall. Like how the TV and radio programs were introduced, in the academy, cuisines from different countries all gathered here, which fed Donnie and Sammy very well.

Heidler Magic College was big. It already passed midnight when they came back to their dorm. Sammy leaned against Donnie as he could fall into sleep at any time. Donnie also felt exhausted. However, Karl still looked very excited and energetic.

"What a tiring day. We should get some sleep now." Walking to his bed, Karl gave himself a long stretch elegantly.

Donnie looked at Sammy who had fallen into deep sleep in his bed and believed that they should be the right people calling themselves exhausted.

At this time, he saw that Karl was slowly taking off his black magic robe. His long, beautiful neck had been revealed and then... his curved waist.

“Karl!” Donnie blurted out, feeling his nose a bit hot and his heart beating fast. “Can you... go to the changing room?”

“What? I’m a man!” Karl was a bit confused, but he smiled later on. “You value privacy, I see. You emphasize on this even more than some nobles!”

Karl followed Donnie’s words and walked to the changing room. When he came out wearing a loose white shirt and a pair of pajama pants, Donnie looked away again.

Donnie took a shower and then finally lay down. In bed, he could not fall asleep. The schoolwork was even more difficult than he thought, and some courses even made him feel very concerned. In this dorm, there was also such an “important character” living with them. He wondered how his life in the academy would be in the close future.

Donnie wished that Karl could figure out how to modify his body genetically as soon as possible so that he could feel more relaxed living with him.

Wait... Did they forget someone on their way back? The student called... J...?

“Karl? Are we all here? I think we forgot someone!” Donnie hurriedly asked.

“Thank you for asking. I was always with you all.” The unique voice came to Donnie in the darkness before Karl responded. “By the way, my name’s Jones, and I think you have perhaps forgotten about it.”

Donnie buried his head under his pillow and released a sigh in his mind. What kind of dorm it was!

...

The dark night sky was solemn and quiet, but its edge looked rather gray and pale. The World of Souls was always like this. No change took place here.

In the color of black, white, and gray, Heidler Magic College, surrounded by the countless tombs, looked rather creepy and also very mysterious.

The gravestones were engraved with the names of the dead, the date they were born, the day they passed away, as well as the honors that they once earned. Some of the epitaphs were amusing, and some were rather serious and solemn.

Standing in the graveyard, watching the names and the black fog rising, Donnie recalled what Mr. Dollos once mentioned—the rite of Life Traceback and the “Original Body”.

His heart beat faster and faster, as if something in the middle of the graveyard was summoning him.

Although he had sensed the danger, Donnie could not help walking further toward the center of the graveyard.

There was a huge tomb in front of him. The gate of the tomb chamber was only half closed.

Donnie walked through the gate and came to the main chamber along the passage. The dim light in this space made the atmosphere beyond dreadful.

Pushing open the gate of the main chamber, Donnie was shocked. There was a huge body, which consisted of a different intelligent creature, lying in the coffin. And the black miasma filled in the entire space.

Suddenly, the body sprang up and opened its eyes. They were just two dark red spots, and the air of death poured out from them.

Donnie felt this great paralysis in his body. He wished that he could cry out loud, but he could not. He could do nothing but watch his own body corrupting and soul dissipating. In the end, there was the eternal, silent darkness.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhh!!!”

Donnie jumped up in his bed and gasped hard. It was sunny outside, a crisp, promising morning.

“Nightmare again?” asked Sammy in concern.

Donnie nodded, but then shook his head. “Maybe I’m just not used to this new place...”

But why this dream again?

Was it because he wanted this secret so bad?

“If it keeps happening,” Karl popped his head out from the washroom with a toothbrush in his mouth and said, “you have to go and see some mentors to make sure you’re not cursed. I once saw...”

Obviously, the toothbrush in his mouth was not going to stop him from talking.

Donnie nodded seriously and said, “Thanks, Karl. But you’d better hurry up. It’s time for the ceremony.”

The ceremony in Heidler Magic College for a new term was always very simple. Schokola, the president, only gave a short speech. Then Donnie and Karl followed the crowd and went to the classroom for electromagnetics.

“I’m your mentor for electromagnetics, and my name’s Ginton,” said a middle-aged man who looked rather well-educated, who was wearing a pair of wire-rimmed glasses and looked a bit thin. “This is our first class, and I’ll lead you to the lab to do some experiments. From the experiments, you’ll see with your own eyes some classic electromagnetic phenomena, which we’ll explain later in our upcoming classes.”

“Yeah!” Karl said cheerfully.

Donnie wondered if he could stay here...

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Chapter 838: The Strange Lightning

The experiment magic tower was silver-white, and its architectural style was not really in accordance with the overall atmosphere in Heidler Magic College.

It wasn't far away from the main tower and was connected to the main tower by eight gray bridges. Students wearing black magic robes were walking on the bridges.

Following Ginton, Donnie and the rest of the students had come to a big lab that occupied the entire floor.

“There're many fascinating experiments in electromagnetics, say, those showing electromagnetic induction and electromagnetic waves. I did one with my elder brother, and we were above the ocean beyond the Pearl Islands...” Karl shared his experience with Donnie, and his eyes were shining with passion.

However, Donnie was on full alert. “How was it?”

He did not care what Karl did, but what consequence that caused.

“It was perfect! Even more perfect than we expected!” Karl slightly lifted his chin out of pride.

“What else did you get? What was the consequence?” asked Donnie in great caution.

Karl chuckled dryly. “There was no consequence. Our experiment even created a new research field for arcanists in electromagnetics, to conduct lightning high above in the sky using electromagnetic waves, which can greatly improve the power of many senior-rank electromagnetic spells...”

“Really?” Donnie was very surprised. As a good student from Nature’s Heart, he was quite familiar with this field.

“Of course!” Karl answered in a bit of a rush, as he disliked the suspicion. “We conducted countless flashes of lightning, like a forest of lightning. A couple of deserted islands nearby were also on fire...”

He suddenly stopped himself here and smiled with embarrassment. “My father said that there’s theoretical support, but you’d better use the...”

Donnie completely ignored the rest of the words. Instead, he murmured, “Lightning forest... Islands on fire...”

He had decided to stay away from Karl as far away as he could. Obviously, Karl's experiment just strayed away so much from his original intention—an experiment for testing electromagnetic wave communication.

Glinton said to them seriously, "If you want to learn about electromagnetism, electromagnetic induction is something you can never avoid. Today, I'll show you a few small experiments on this so that you all can see it with your own eyes.

"But I have to remind you that a magic lab does have very strict rules. Failing to obey them will lead to bad consequences, for yourself and also for other people. And you'll be punished. I won't repeat myself here on what the rules are as they should have become a part of your soul since grade five."

He turned around, and his eyes were shining with a red light. Then two red rays shot out from his eyes and hit the gate of the lab. The gate rippled like there was a layer of water on it.

He then took out his badge on which there was a white skull. When the badge was pressed against the central part of the gate, the gate slowly opened.

"Lots of experiments can be done here. But you can't enter this one without the permission and help of an instructor. If you want to do some experiments on your own, go and apply for the access to the common labs on floor one to seven," said Glinton.

Donnie murmured in a low voice, "But what if things still go wrong even if the rules are strictly followed..."

He was, obviously, not talking about himself.

As a fifth-circle sorcerer, Glinton could hear Donnie's words. He looked a bit pissed and said, "Nothing can go wrong if you stick to the rules. If it is my fault, none of you will be hurt because I'm here. Also, Heidler Magic College is already twenty-one years old, and the accidents that have ever happened cannot even fill up a piece of parchment. The worst accident ever only destroyed an operation desk.

"This is what we all feel proud of as instructors of this college. This comes from what we gained from building the 'Path of Serenity'."

"Yes, sir," answered Donnie hurriedly. He did not want to leave any bad impression on his mentor.

The arrangement of the lab was very similar to that of those less advanced labs. The only difference was that there were more alchemy facilities that they did not recognize. The students could still identify a couple of the facilities and devices though, for example, the famous Cyclotron.

Seizing the chance that Karl was looking around, Donnie secretly went to the other side to stay closer to the gate.

After a couple of minutes, Donnie finally felt more relaxed when seeing that Karl had gone to the corner, instead of looking for him. However, he was then concerned that a big accident might happen at any time because of Karl.

His nervousness caught the attention of a few students close to him. A green-eyed girl with brown hair smiled. "Don't worry. It's just like what we did in our schools. Mr. Glinton would allow us to use Cyclotron today anyway."

She was not a gorgeous girl, but the habitual smile on her face made the girl look rather easygoing and kind.

“Thanks. I’m Donnie, you?” Donnie answered politely. But he knew that it was sensible for him to feel very concerned.

The girl grinned. “Call me Shirley. I’m from the Duchy of Orvarit. I hope you see me as a good guest.”

Donnie had the typical look of a Holmish, so Shirley was joking.

Natasha had regained control over the Duchy of Orvarit, and she was now the Grand Duchess. There were rumors saying that she was giving the title to her youngest child. Natasha and Lucien Evans kept their children away from public attention, and the children’s names were even replaced by their titles in TV or radio programs.

“No matter where we come from, we’re all members of the Congress and followers of knowledge. There’s no host and guest,” said Donnie politely.

In the magic school, Sammy was totally devoted to his study, and he rarely talked to the girls, but Shirley made him feel quite relaxed.

Shirley nodded and pointed at their mentor. The class was going to start.

Worried as Donnie was, he still stayed focused.

In the front, Glinton was explaining the discovery and development of electromagnetic induction. From time to time, he would use experiments for demonstration, and he would occasionally pause so that the students could repeat the experiments.

Glinton definitely deserved the compliment given by Karl. Serious as he was, his lecture was rather interesting and engaging. Soon, Donnie had forgotten about his worries.

Somehow, Donnie felt that the sky outside had become very dark as if thick dark clouds were gathering over the building. Also, the atmosphere in the classroom had become rather oppressive from some invisible energy wobbled in the space following a certain frequency.

Donnie wondered if it was going to rain.

It was not. When he looked out the window, he saw fine flashes of lightning jumping in the dark clouds!

But they were in the World of Souls! There were neither storms nor dark clouds here!

They were under the protection of the mythal of Heidler Magic College! The weather would remain the same here.

He recalled Karl's beautiful face and blurted out, "Sir, look!"

Glinton instantly realized the approaching danger. He quickly cast a spell and a few force field swirls appeared in front of the windows. He then commanded decisively, “Leave the lab!”

While the apprentices were panicking, Donnie, who was mentally prepared, was acting calmly. “No rush. Follow the rules and get out one after one!”

Glinton took a look at Donnie and nodded his approval. “The alchemical life will soon activate the defense magic circles.”

Under the guidance, the apprentices were leaving the lab in great order and good efficiency. Soon, only the mentor was left in the lab.

Glinton released a sigh of relief. When he was about to leave, he heard this deafening boom.

A flash of lightning as thick as an old tree hit right on the outer layer of the magic tower’s defense and broke it into pieces, while the force field swirls for absorbing energy was doing no help at all.

Glinton was startled. Looking a bit awkward, he quickly left the lab with a blink.

With the help of the alchemical life, the apprentices had been sent to an open area in the distance. They saw thick flashes of lightning, which looked like huge snakes, striking the lab, which they just left.

The deafening booms would not stop. The students could hear the defense shield of the magic tower cracking and snapping. The lab soon went on fire, and the thick smoke had overwhelmed the entire place.

Donnie had never seen anything like this before. His eyes opened big, and his hands were trembling slightly. If it had not been their mentor and the protection of the magic tower, and if he didn't notice it early, he could have been dead already!

"This is the most horrible accident ever in the past twenty-one years..." said a hoarse voice.

Donnie turned around in surprise and saw the fatty squatting down to the ground. He was watching the tower on fire through the strange pair of glasses on his nose. The glasses kept flashing, but it wasn't catching anyone's attention in such a situation.

Donnie remembered that the fatty was indeed one of his classmates in the program of Body Structure and Genetics, and they were in the tower earlier together.

"What are you doing?" asked Donnie.

The fatty was holding a pile of paper with his left hand, and his right hand was moving fast with a pen. He answered without even looking back, "I'm writing to Allyn Impression. They appreciate my talent and have made me their special correspondent. This is going to hit the headline! I'm also going to make good money out of it!"

Donnie took a glance at the paper and saw the news title given by the fatty.

[Horrible! The Most Severe Accident in Twenty-one Years; Pain! Consequences of Heidler College's Negligence!]

“Good, huh?” said the fatty proudly.

“Not bad...” Donnie paused a second and asked, “By the way, what’s your name?”

“...” The fatty went silent.

At this time, someone was murmuring by their side, “That’s the end of me... Am I gonna be kicked out? Lu Xiaoen’s gonna be in a rage if he knows...”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 839: Handling the Results

The magnetic male voice and straightforward worry made both Donnie and the fatty felt slightly startled. When they turned around, they saw that Karl was watching the tower that was on fire with his good-looking eyebrows curved in a frown, which made Donnie and the fatty want to iron them out.

The fatty did not know the reason behind it, but Donnie clearly knew that such a beautiful “girl” who could catch people’s attention at any time was, in fact, the one who caused this whole accident. He weighed his words a bit and said, “Karl, the college won’t punish you as long as you are sure that you stuck to the rules. Did you break any?”

“No, I didn’t.” Karl shook his head hard and then lowered it. “I thought the senior-rank magic tower would prevent this from happening. The college would know it was me for sure...”

Donnie released a sigh of relief. At least, Karl never broke any rules.

He could use this to comfort Karl, although he was not sure if the college was going to kick Karl out or not.

“So what? You did nothing wrong, and... Ummm... they wouldn’t dare to treat you unfairly...” Donnie was being quite ambiguous. He was referring to Karl’s powerful background. Kicking such a student out without a proper reason would bring great pressure to Heidler Magic College.

Although Donnie could not identify the magic items that Karl was wearing, he could sense the horrible power within them. Donnie believed that even some major nobles or senior-rank sorcerers could not afford them.

Karl nodded slightly as Donnie’s comforting words more or less worked. He said to himself, “Lu Xiaoen taught me so many lessons; one more isn’t a big deal...”

Lu Xiaoen? That was a very strange name that went against the grammar of the common tongue. Donnie wondered if Lu Xiaoen was Karl’s father or elder brother.

“You did it?!” the fatty asked in great surprise. He was just listening to their conversation like he was invisible.

Karl took a glance at the fatty, and his silver-purple eyes suddenly became sharp. Donnie wasn’t affected, but the fatty felt the great pressure as there was already sweat on his forehead.

He dared not to ask anymore.

At this time, Shirley from the Duchy of Orvarit walked to them and smiled as she just survived a disaster.

“Donnie, thanks to you, we’re all saved!”

“I was... was lucky...” Donnie suddenly stammered when facing such a compliment from a girl.

Karl murmured in a low voice, “I’d also remind you all if he hadn’t seen it...”

Shirley did not hear him because of the lightning and thunder. She smiled at Donnie and said, “Yes, you were lucky that you saw it. But you helped us get out. Compared to how you look now, you looked very different when you were giving commands.”

Donnie’s face flushed slightly. Like Sammy, he scratched his head a bit and said, “I was also saving myself.”

Suddenly, the deafening clap of thunder was cut off, and everything had fallen into a great silence.

The apprentices all looked up and saw the gray fog pouring out from the sky, which had taken away all the horrible power from the dark clouds.

“They used mythal... Finally...” said the fatty thoughtfully.

As for what the mythal was in Heidler Magic College, the apprentices did not have a clear clue. They heard that it had something to do with some necromancy circles, including the one named Miranda 12 Circles.

Shirley took a strange glance at the fatty, having no idea of when he arrived, but she also didn't care.

“It's safe now. I have to go find my roommate,” Shirley said to Donnie.

After Shirley left, Donnie turned around and found himself staring into a pair of blue eyes.

“What're you looking at?” Donnie was a bit startled.

The fatty said with a bit of jealousy, “I think the girl likes you...”

“We did not even know each other until an hour ago!” Donnie hurriedly explained.

“That’s right. It only took you an hour... Ummm...” The fatty sighed.

Donnie was a bit pissed but also feeling rather shy. “I didn’t mean it. We’re just classmates!”

The fatty looked away. “You will know her roommates. Don’t forget me.”

Donnie was totally speechless. He didn’t even know the fatty!

“So, both of you are completely inexperienced, right?” said Karl, who had already forgotten about his worries. “I can tell.”

His left arm supported his right arm, and his right hand was rubbing his chin.

“I...” Donnie tried to disagree, but he somehow could not lie.

The fatty was surprised. “How do you know?”

Karl smiled gently and said, “When the girl was thanking Donnie, Donnie was acting like a brand new baby in a relationship. He should’ve asked the girl to buy him lunch so that he could buy it back next time. Back and forth like this, and one day, grabbing the girl’s hand won’t be difficult.”

“Ask the girl to buy him lunch?” the fatty asked sincerely.

Karl said proudly, “For sure! Do not feel afraid to lose your face. My father once told me a story of a farmer waiting beside a tree trunk day after day for a dead rabbit. The result is just like how you imagine it to be. To win love, you have to take the initiative. Are you telling me that you’re going to wait for a girl to run into your arms?”

Donnie felt that it was a beautiful girl in front of him who was lecturing him on how to pursue a girl, and he did not feel very comfortable with it. He hurriedly cut Karl off, “So, you’re... experienced?”

Karl looked up at the sky and said, “Of course!”

He paused a bit when no one said anything, “You want me to show you?”

The fatty nodded excitedly, but they were stopped by the fatty. “No, no. An accident just happened. We’d better behave ourselves before a decision is made on this.”

“Yeah...” Karl looked upset again, as he lowered his head.

The fatty also recalled his mission. “I’ll send out the news report first, and we’ll continue after going back to the dorm...”

“Which dorm are you in? What’s your name?” Donnie asked confusedly.

The fatty did not know what to say.

Finally, he released a loud sigh. “Never mind... Before this problem is solved, I won’t have a chance...”

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In the Allyn magic tower in the City in the Sky.

Heidi looked pretty much the same as twenty years ago. She still had the same round face, a few freckles, and long, linen-color hair. The only difference was that she was now wearing an eight-star arcana badge and a ninth-circle magic badge. Also, she was wearing a few dazzling rings. There was one from the Holm Crown Prize and one from Evans Prize in Arcana. She found or made the rest of the rings herself.

“Madam, today’s Allyn Impression is available. You want to have a look?”

It was the ring on her left little finger that talked.

Heidi sipped her black tea and said, “Sure.”

The ring then lit up with red light, and a light beam projected an illusionary pile of newspaper in front of Heidi.

Heidi held the teacup with her left hand and touched the light screen to turn the pages with her right hand.

When Heidi saw the title, “Horrible! The Most Severe Accident in Twenty-One Years; Pain! Consequences of Heidler College’s Negligence”, she was amused and quickly turned to the corresponding page.

After reading the news, she was laughing too hard to sit up straight.

Fortunately, she had always been developing Lu Xiaoxi’s interest in body structure and genetics on purpose, or Lu Xiaoxi would now be studying at the Atom Institution. Her teacher should be thankful because of it!

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In the main magic tower of Heidler Magic College.

Schokola, the president, picked up a gold speaker and said in the typical cold and hoarse voice of a lich, "We've decided to discontinue Brades' study in the college. He brings dangers to other students."

The calm and serious male voice came out of the speaker, "I do not agree."

Schokola paused a bit and said, "This is the most terrible accident ever since the establishment of the college."

The male voice remained the same tone as he said, "Before this, didn't I ever tell you all about Brades' situation? Didn't I ever tell you all that a senior-rank sorcerer must be there to supervise him?"

"But they were in a senior-rank magic tower," Schokola explained.

"It's your problem," said the male voice.

"So you're showing your attitude?" Schokola's voice became even colder. As an archmage, he felt very disrespected by the young man in the speaker.

The male voice sounded a bit amused, but it then became serious again. "Yes, this is my attitude. Of course, I'll be responsible for the college's loss. But it is impossible if you want to expel Brades."

"I'll do a quote list," Schokola said. He had to stop insisting. After all, the man in the speaker had made his compromise.

“Alright. Send the list to Brades,” said the male voice, which sounded slightly annoyed.

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“This much?!” Karl looked at the list and almost burst out into tears.

Schokola said gloomily, “Yes, you pay or you leave. Up to you. Of course, your elder brother will pay for it first. He asked me to tell you that the money will come from your own treasury from your future fiefs. This is the first step to grow up, and it’s called ‘take your responsibility’.”

Karl’s voice trembled as he said, “I... I’ll pay...”

Karl kept his head very low as he walked back to his dorm, as if the world was going to collapse. He went directly to bed without saying anything, which made Donnie and Sammy quite unused to it.

But they were also glad that the college was not kicking Karl out.

“Get some sleep. We have Mr. Felipe’s open class tomorrow,” Donnie said excitedly to Sammy.

Sammy nodded. Recently, he was getting more and more dispirited.

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Dark red eyes, the air of death...

Donnie sprang up in his bed and gasped very hard. It was this nightmare again!

Suddenly, he felt something not right. He turned to look at the window, and he saw Sammy standing there with his eyes tightly closed. The specter behind his back had completely overlapped with his body.

Sammy started walking out in a creepy manner.

Donnie was about to stop him, but his mouth was suddenly covered.

“Don’t wake him up, or Sammy’s soul will perhaps disappear forever. Let’s go and follow him,” Karl said in a very low voice.

Donnie was startled, but he could tell from Karl’s voice that he was excited.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 840: A Creepy Adventure

Sammy was moving like a rusted piece of machine. His arms and legs looked rather clumsy, but he wasn't slow at all. He had come to the door of their dorm and pulled it open. Then he walked out into the dark corridor, which was only partially lit up by some dim lamps.

"Let's go," said Karl one more time. Like a black panther, Karl jumped out of his bed.

Karl had many thoughts in his mind. He did not know what to do, but he wouldn't let his friend just go like this. He had no other choice but to go with Karl.

Sammy, still with his eyes closed tight, then walked to and jumped down the stairs. However, his jumping did not make any noise, as if each step had been turned into a pile of cotton.

Donnie was scared stiff upon seeing this. He said to Karl in a low voice, "I don't think he's conscious. He's following some kind of instinct, or he would have taken the elevator."

Their dorm was located on the second floor of the Life Tower, and this place was equipped with elevators to all the floors. Rarely would anyone take the stairs. Therefore, many magic lamps had stopped working, but no one cared.

Karl watched Sammy jumping down the stairs around the corner.

"Perhaps he doesn't want to take the elevator..."

It was Karl's voice, but Donnie heard his voice directly from his own head.

Donnie was a bit startled.

"We can do mind communication. You don't have to speak out..." said Karl.

Donnie guessed that it was because of some kind of magic item that Karl was wearing. Without a doubt, Karl had some very unusual background.

"Wait a sec," said Donnie. He was confused as he asked, "You said he didn't want to. So you mean Sammy is under someone's control?"

"Not sure. Maybe something is calling him, or maybe like you said, he's just following his instinct." Karl's eyes slightly squinted, and he made his movements as gentle as he could.

At the staircase, there were two magic lamps. However, one had completely broken, while the other only had its half side working in a rather unstable way. With the light flashing, Donnie said in a panic, "We should tell our supervisors. They'll handle this."

Donnie was talking about the guarding sorcerers in this tower.

Under the flashing light, Karl's good-looking face now appeared to be a bit gloomy. "There's no need. If Sammy is just doing a special sleepwalk caused by the specter, we two should be able to handle this. Calling the supervisors will startle him. But if someone's really controlling him, in Heidler Magic College, a place completely covered by the mythal, we're not going to be hurt as the supervisors could always arrive in time as long as the mythal is triggered by any spells."

After many years of development, the medical system in necromancy had given many diseases-specific names that were regarded as evil in the past.

He turned to look at Donnie, and his silver-purple eyes looked both a bit nervous and excited. "Don't you want an adventure? Don't you want to handle this on your own? Maybe Sammy is heading for a great treasure or someplace where great power is hiding..."

His magnetic voice lingered in Donnie's mind. Long and redundant as it sounded, what Karl said to Donnie seemed to have this irresistible power that managed to trigger the desire in Donnie's heart. He nodded subconsciously and kept going further with Karl.

Someone was summoning Sammy?

Like me?

Donnie thought to himself but had no clear clue. As if he was being controlled by Karl, the two of them walked out of the Life Tower.

Although there was no difference between day and night in the World of Souls, as there was only black, white, and gray in this space, there were some places that were brighter and darker so that apprentices could sleep better at night. After walking out of the Life Tower, Donnie felt it was rather dark and quiet around, and he could only see the bottom of many magic towers. He looked

up, and the sky bridges were like spider nets crossing each other. The sky was “dead”, as there was neither the silver moon nor any stars.

The night was cold. The breeze chilled Donnie. He looked around, but other than themselves, he saw nothing alive.

“Don’t lose him,” Karl reminded.

Donnie nodded nervously, but he could tell the excitement in Karl’s voice.

In the silence and darkness, the three of them, one in the front and two following behind, had walked past a few magic towers and finally came to the front gate of the college.

The entire Heidler Magic College was like a city consisting of tall magic towers and was cut off from the outside by the tall and long walls. The so-called front gate was, in fact, a light screen with the height of dozens of meters and the width of more than ten meters, on which countless magic patterns were flowing like water, giving out the strong air of death.

“Is he leaving?” Donnie asked Karl through mind communication. Sammy was now standing in front of the gate.

“Maybe, perhaps, probably... We’ll see something interesting as long as we keep following him. Once, I asked my elder brother to explore an ancient tomb with me at midnight...” Karl said excitedly. However, his long-winded story did not distract him from staring at Sammy attentively.

Feeling it rather strange, Donnie said, “But Sammy can’t go through the gate. It has been closed. We’d better try to wake him up or wait until he goes back to the dorm himself...”

Before Donnie could finish his words, to his great surprise, he saw Sammy reaching out his right hand and pressing his hand against the light gate. Then, the surface of the gate rippled around Sammy’s hand. A second later, Sammy had been devoured by the light.

“He... He’s out!” Donnie stammered.

What happened to the defense mythal? Where were the senior-rank mentors watching the control center?

“Go! Or we’re gonna lose him!” Karl jumped out as he grabbed Donnie’s right hand.

Like a magic steam train, Karl rushed at the gate. The energy swirl on it was shrinking!

Donnie was pulled by Karl, and he was basically “flying” to the gate. He found the feeling a bit familiar to him as he once got bumped away by an ox when he was younger.

Karl was even more full of strength than he thought!

Donnie suddenly had this wet and cold feeling as if he were soaked in water, but that feeling only lasted less than a second. Then all the colors he could see had quickly faded away, and only black, white, and gray were left.

Donnie saw graves; lots of them. The black gravestones were all sloping.

Come!

Come!

Come!

Donnie's heart was thudding fast. It was exactly like in his nightmare, and he was being uncontrollably pulled forward into the graveyard by something, while Sammy was also walking to the center of the Cemetery of Eternal Sleep.

Danger!

That place was the core of the rite, Life Traceback. It must be dangerous there!

They had stepped out of the gate and entered the true World of Souls. Their mentors wouldn't know in time if anything bad happened to them!

They could not keep following Sammy like this!

Donnie's instinct made him cry out, trying to catch the attention of the college.

However, his crying for help turned out to be totally silent. Even air was dead here.

This place was the World of Souls. Anyone below the legendary level could not make any sound at all.

He tried to cast some spells to make some noise, but facing the summoning power, Donnie could not stay concentrated at all. He was listening to his own heart thudding crazily, and the desire in his heart grew more and more intense.

"Karl. It's dangerous in the front. Find our mentors!" He reminded Karl through mind communication.

Karl did not even look at him. He was staring at Sammy walking ahead of them attentively.

"What are you afraid of? The cemetery is also part of the mythal..." said Karl.

Donnie kept telling Karl about his nightmare, but Karl wouldn't listen.

Donnie kept trying until he finally saw the familiar huge grave. He had given in to the desire in his heart and decided to move on.

Sammy had no hesitation at all, and he had walked through the half-closed gate of the grave. Karl paused a bit, but he still followed up.

The gate, the corridor, and the bricks... They were identical to what Donnie saw in his nightmare. However, as soon as they walked around the corner, they were shocked to see that a group of mummies was coming!

He didn't see any guards in his nightmare!

Donnie's heart was beating so fast that it could jump out of his chest at any time, and he felt very desperate. Mummies were powerful, and those ones coming were not even common mummies. Donnie could tell from their greasy bandages.

He took a step back, and his back was against Karl, whose silver-purple eyes now looked rather sharp and the look on his face was beyond serious.

Donnie hoped that the many powerful magic items that Karl was wearing could protect them, as well as Karl's incredible strength.

However, to his great surprise, the group of mummies ignored them and walked past them.

"Why?" Donnie murmured confusedly. He was straining every nerve to get ready to cast the most powerful spell he knew. But the mummies just passed by as if they did not exist!

“Weird,” Karl said briefly, which was rare.

“Yeah... Strange. Usually, you two catch lots of attention,” said a coarse, quacking voice.

“Who?!”

The voice almost startled Donnie out of his wits. He never even noticed that someone was following him!

The fatty said, “I was with you two the whole time...”

Donnie took out his small notebook, which he carried around with himself, and saw what he wrote to himself.

[If you see a fatty pretending that you two know each other well, that fatty is your roommate, Jones.]

Donnie put on an awkward smile and said, “Don’t follow us silently like this again...”

The fatty felt aggrieved. He was the one who always got ignored.

“Let’s go,” Karl reminded them. His voice sounded nervous, but he was actually even more excited.

Along the corridor, they walked further. On their way, they had run into floating specters, dragon-liches, and strange undead made of flesh pieces, but none of those did anything to the apprentices, as if they were in two different dimensions!

At the front was the main chamber. Donnie knew it. He wondered if the dreadful undead creature he saw in the nightmare was behind the gate. Would it be able to see them?

At this stage, he had completely gone out of control because of the summoning power, and Karl and Jones were also being driven further by their great curiosity.

Pushing open the gate of the chamber, Donnie’s eyes suddenly opened big!

Sammy was standing in front of a huge, black coffin and was facing them. His eyes still closed tight, but the smile on his face looked rather blood-curdling.

“Sammy!” Donnie blurted out, but he could not make any sound.

At this time, the lid of the huge black coffin was suddenly pushed open. Black miasma gushed out, and from the coffin, the familiar terrible undead creature climbed out!

Even taller than a giant, even eerier than a stitched body, even duller than the World of Souls... This thing's eyes opened sharply and were now kindled with dark-red fire. The air of death filled in the space.

Donnie felt cold and numb, and he knew that Karl and Jones felt the same way. However, Sammy was totally out of the influence and jumped into the coffin.

The chamber started shaking fiercely. There was a bottomless black pit. Something beyond touch and indescribable was hiding in it.

The black miasma bulged, but the coffin and the undead creature were firmly preventing it from coming out.

What was in there?

Donnie's consciousness gradually faded.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!!!”

Donnie jumped up in his bed, gasping with all his effort. Badly shaken, he looked around and was glad to find out that he was still in the dorm. Luckily, it was just a dream!

But suddenly, he gave a gasp of horror, as he found that Sammy, Karl, and Jones were all gasping hard with their foreheads covered in sweat!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 841: Karl's Idea

It can't be such a coincidence, can it? Donnie felt that the uncanny fear grabbed his heart tightly like a giant hand, making it difficult for him to breathe.

"You... had a nightmare too?" he asked uneasily. Even though he tried to keep his voice steady and normal, it still came out like the smoke at night.

"Yes." Karl was the first to catch his breath and answer Donnie's question. Then, he looked around at Sammy and the rest of them with his beautiful silver eyes and said rather solemnly, "I dreamed that Sammy was possessed by his ghost and lost his self-awareness before he walked to the center of the Cemetery of Eternal Sleep. In order to find out the reason, Donnie, Jones, and I followed him..."

"Me too!" Before Karl finished, Donnie and Jones blurted out, equally appalled. The few people in the dormitory had the same nightmare?

Could it be any weirder?

Was there really a ghost that was haunting the dormitory and influencing everywhere in secret? Or had all of them been cursed?

Donnie swallowed hard. Cold sweat gathered on his forehead and slipped off his face one drop after another. He sensed a fear that he had never felt before.

“You’re the same? You followed Sammy into the tomb, saw the Original Body, and found a certain item that was sealed below it?” Karl raised his voice. He seemed shocked and scared, but he was also excited.

At a loss, Jones replied, “Yes. When we passed the tomb, the mummies, the dragon liches, and the other undead creatures turned a blind eye to all of us. So, it was because we were having a dream... I was rather puzzled back then because not everybody had my talent of ‘stealth’. However... However, why was I noticed and affected? Why did I have the same dream as yours?”

In apprehension, he kept mumbling to himself, unconvinced that he had been involved in such a weird matter when he had always escaped everyone’s attention. Only at such a moment was he really behaving like a teenager.

The more he listened to it, the more certain Donnie was that everybody had the same nightmare but from different perspectives. Or rather, it seemed that the few of them were manipulated to perform an opera.

How did such a weird thing happen?

“What about you, Sammy? What did you dream?” Karl jumped off his bed and stared at Sammy. He was standing next to his bed in a thin shirt.

Sammy was on his bed. The ghost on his back seemed to have lost all the vitality and was wandering lazily. He did not say anything, as if he were still dwelling in the nightmare.

Hearing Karl's question, Sammy shivered hard, and the remaining confusion on his face all turned into fear. "I... I dreamed that I was summoned by something and walked forward uncontrollably. There was nothing but darkness and silence on my way, as if it were the legendary last destiny. Then... Then, the enormous body made of countless intelligent creatures appeared and woke me up, making me realize that I was in a dream. I struggled and tried to free myself, only to no avail. In the end, I sensed death..."

His voice was not clear and sounded like dream talk, but it was enough to let his roommates know that Sammy had the same nightmare! However, he sensed the nightmare from the perspective of the possessed ghost.

"Karl, this is too weird for us to resolve on our own. Should we report it to the college tomorrow morning?"

Fatty Jones and Sammy immediately agreed. Although they were all talented and proud, they were teenagers and not even official sorcerers yet. Now that they ran into such an unimaginable incidence, it was only natural that they were panicked and looked for targets they could rely on. Without any doubt, the college, which had plenty of senior-rank sorcerers and archmages, was their pillar.

Donnie asked Karl first because he sensed from his dream that Karl had the curiosity of a cat and might encourage them to investigate in secret. Therefore, he hoped to strike his eagerness by asking him the question. Also, with the guy's background, it was possible that he could see something and offer valuable suggestions.

Karl paced back and forth in the dormitory. Suddenly, he said in a low voice, “What if it’s a secret experiment of the college?”

“What? The college’s experiment?” Voices of shock echoed with intense disbelief.

“I am just saying a possibility that cannot be ruled out. Maybe a certain mentor was studying the relationship between the soul and the dream, right? Because it seemed to be different from the regular dreams that are based on brain structure. If it’s a confidential experiment that he does not wish anyone else to know, after we report it to the college recklessly, it’s possible that...” Karl made a throat-cutting movement.

Greatly alarmed, Donnie said with his shaky voice, “It’s just a possibility...”

His voice gradually lowered, because he discovered that it was indeed very possible! In Heidler, there was barely anyone that could avoid the sensors of the defense if they tried to influence them in secret, unless the alarm was not dealt with at all...

The roommates suddenly fell into extreme silence. Only the vague sound of breath suggested that there were still living creatures.

“However, we are only magic apprentices...” Frowning, Sammy said while clenching his velvet quilt so hard that veins were bulging on his head.

Jones sat on the bed like a ghost, as if he was pretending that he did not exist. “Let’s not scare ourselves. If it’s the college’s secret experiment, there is no way that we can get away from it. So, why don’t we take our chances? I do not want to have the same nightmare and wait for the final outcome every day, hoping that whoever behind the curtain is not malicious! I don’t want that!”

Having worked as a secret reporter for two years, he managed to remain sane, but hysteria still got the better of him toward the end.

“Everybody had the same nightmare... Whoever did it is too strong for us to investigate in secret...” Donnie tried to remain calm.

Out of everyone’s expectation, Karl smiled, which bloomed in the dark dormitory like starlight. “I know. What I’m saying is that we should not report the matter to the college in a rush. I have secret channels to contact the outside world. I’ll send the incident out and ask the professionals to analyze the causes and offer suggestions. After all, there are plenty of ways to let a few people have the same nightmare, and we are incapable of determining which one it was. Then, we will decide whether we wait for rescue or report it to the college.

“It’s just one more day of waiting. It shouldn’t be too dangerous.”

Secret channels? Professionals? Donnie suddenly recalled Karl’s background. As if he saw the dawn in the middle of a night, he asked excitedly, “Is it really okay? Thank you in advance!”

With Karl’s identity, it shouldn’t be difficult to deal with such a stealthy schemer.

If he really had the most terrifying strength, he need not hide in the shadow at all, and he could’ve overthrown the Congress to do whatever he wanted!

Jones and Sammy were equally excited. They looked at Karl at the same time and were finally relieved after Karl nodded. Then, one of them further moved back into the corner, and the other began to observe the surroundings sleepily.

“I thought that you would encourage us to investigate on our own...” Relieved, Donnie said casually.

Karl chuckled. “Do I look like such a reckless and inconsiderate man?”

Yes! Donnie, Sammy, and Jones thought to themselves.

“I have the keen intuitions that come from my parents. When I sense that something is too tricky for me, I’ll ask for help,” Karl said proudly. “I’ll send the message first thing in the morning. Then, we’ll go to Mr. Felipe’s open class.”

He seemed to have forgotten his previous fright and become “carefree” again.

“Yes, there’s Mr. Felipe’s open class. I have to get some sleep.” Sammy nodded, so eager to sleep that he did not seem to have had any nightmare.

Although Felipe did not specialize in ghosts, he was the most famous necromancer in the past three decades. Therefore, Sammy admired him and wanted to attend his open class.

As he spoke, Sammy lay down again. In no more than one minute, his roommates heard the familiar breath after he was sound asleep.

Karl raised his eyebrow. “I envy him so much. He can fall asleep whenever he wants. Insomnia is not a problem for him at all.”

“That’s a whole wrong way to interpret it...” Jones said in a low voice. How inert and befuddled one’s brain must be if they could still sleep after such a nightmare? “My roommates are truly all monsters...”

Donnie glanced at him. *So are you, and I am the only normal person here!*

However, according to Karl, the enormous undead creature I saw was the Original Body?

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Outside of the Heidler Magic College, the slanted tombstones rose from the ground, and the graves behind them were scattered around a gigantic room in a rather mysterious way.

Two people descended from the dim, pale sky of the World of Souls. A young man with golden hair and a child’s face smiled at the man next to him. “Mr. Felipe, are you planning to establish a branch of the Heredity Laboratory?”

It seemed that he made use of the power of the defense, which allowed him to utter in the Cemetery of Eternal Sleep.

Felipe was still tall, slim, and handsome, with a sickly face. With his hands in the pockets of his black coat, he looked around and said briefly, “Many factors that affect my research can be avoided here.”

He was only wearing two badges on his chest. One of them was the badge that was a hand holding a quill, suggesting that he was a member of the Arcana Review Board, and the other badge looked like a pale hand. There were neither arcana badges nor magic ones.

Seeing that Felipe had no desire for communication, the man with a child’s face smiled and accompanied him through the Cemetery of Eternal Sleep to the gate of the college. He did not dare to say anything else.

Suddenly, Felipe stopped and stared at the dark tomb at the center, squinting.

His face did not seem to change, but it was grimmer than before.

“Mr. Felipe?” the man with a child’s face asked in confusion.

Felipe moved his right hand, which was wearing a white glove, out of his pocket and pointed at the center. “The scent of death there seems more intense now.”

“What about it?” The man with a child’s face did not feel anything wrong at all.

Felipe snorted but did not bother to explain himself. He simply gave an order, “After the open class, give me the records of the defense in the last three days.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 842: Open Class

After the adjustment of the environment, it was brighter and brighter, and a new day began in the Heidler Magic College.

Donnie, who could not sleep, jumped from his bed and rushed into the bathroom the moment he heard the echo of the Skull Bell. He shouted, “Sammy, Karl, rise and shine! Mr. Felipe has an open class today! We won’t be able to get into the room if we are late!”

The open class, as its name suggested, was open to all apprentices, provided that they could find a spot in the hall.

Since he was woken up in the night, Donnie had considered seizing the opportunity and going to the teaching tower where the lecture was to be held in advance. However, he knew that during the period between midnight and when the Skull Bell was rung, nobody except certain senior-rank mentors with permissions was allowed to approach the three central magic towers of the college—the teaching tower, the experiment tower, and the office tower.

From the seniors that he talked to in the past few days, Donnie had heard a lot of stories where sorcerers broke into the three magic towers at night only to become zombie guards.

“So, it was indeed only a nightmare that we passed through the whole college without raising any alarm...” Donnie thought to himself.

Karl, who had fallen asleep at some point, sat up in confusion. After he combed his hair, his gem-like eyes finally glittered again. Then, he jumped off his bed and knocked on the metal rail of Sammy’s bed, urging him to get up.

Sammy rubbed his head and yawned, as if he had forgotten what happened yesterday. Then, he was suddenly dazed and said nervously, “Karl, don’t forget to send the message out.”

“Rest assured. I always have the best memories,” Karl said with a toothbrush in his mouth and foams all over his lips.

After Donnie was done washing his face and brushing his teeth, he browsed his notebook and patted his head. “Jones, let’s go.”

“You finally remember me.” Fatty Jones seemed rather moved. “Only after you wrote me down in your notebook.”

“Of course.” Karl cleaned his shirt before the mirror, grimacing in dissatisfaction. However, whatever strange expression he made, he still looked like a pretty girl. “My father once said that below the senior rank, the best memories cannot compare with a short note.”

He put on his magic robe and was about to walk out of the room. Opening the door, he said, “Remember to save a place for me.”

“Not a problem.” Donnie put on his magic robe.

After seeing Karl off, the three of them were suddenly caught in awkward silence. They were yet to fully recover from the nightmare last night. If it weren't for Karl's astonishing background, they wouldn't have been able to stay calm at all.

“Let's go. We will miss Mr. Felipe's speech if we are late.” In the end, it was Donnie who broke the weird silence.

“Alright,” Sammy said with bloated eyes.

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“So many people are already here?” Donnie was blasted by the heat and the noises the moment he walked into the lobby on the first floor of the teaching tower. There were one and a half hours to go before the open class, and almost three hundred people were already waiting in lines!

Looking at the jam-packed lobby ahead of them, Sammy shook his head in surprise. “We got up immediately after the Skull Bell was rung. How could they be faster than us?”

“Perhaps they did not brush their teeth or wash their face. Perhaps they finished everything before the bell was rung and rushed here the moment they heard the knock.” As a secret reporter, Jones was rather knowledgeable and experienced.

Sammy looked at him strangely. “Who are you?”

Having been struck too many times, Jones was already numb. He shrugged and said, “I am your—”

Before he concluded his sentence, Sammy had already turned around unconcernedly and talked to the ghost on his back. He did not care about who he was at all! Or rather, he felt that the question was not important.

“We aren’t too late either.” Noticing Jones’ “fury”, Donnie interjected, “The speech hall can accommodate five hundred people. We can definitely go in.”

“Yes,” Jones said in relief. That was the reward of a nightmare!

After half an hour, more and more queues had been lined up outside of the speech hall without leaving any empty ground. The apprentices and sorcerers who came late could only look at the crowd in regrets and leave reluctantly.

At this moment, Karl walked in from the outside. He was obviously shocked by the massive crowd, but he was agile enough to swim among the people like a little fish and approached his roommates.

The apprentices behind Donnie were all infuriated when they saw Karl cutting the line, but before they lashed out, Karl raised his head and smiled. “Forgive me, my friends have been keeping a place for me.”

His smile was mixed with apology, shame, pitifulness, and gentleness. The apprentices’ eyes bulged immediately as they said, “It... It doesn’t matter.”

It was not until then that Karl turned around and said to Donnie, Sammy, and Jones in a low voice, “I’ve already sent the message. We will receive the analysis and suggestions of professionals by tomorrow.”

“Thank you, Karl,” Donnie said honestly.

The four of them stopped talking and started to think about their own business until the gate of the speech hall was opened and the people before them moved forward in order.

Because they were not too late, Karl and the rest of them were at the center of the hall and could see the podium ahead rather clearly. Outside the gate, many magic apprentices and sorcerers who did not have a seat were standing and listening.

At this moment, a smaller gate on the other side squeaked, and a tall, slim man in a black coat walked in. He coughed with extreme indifference on his sickly face.

“Mr. Felipe is exactly like what’s described in the paper,” Donnie said in a low voice.

Felipe did not like being exposed to the public, so he rarely accepted the invitations of TV interviews and preferred newspapers or radio stations.

Karl smiled in a low voice. “I wonder if his arcana expertise is as what the newspapers described...”

“You don’t know that?” Donnie asked, finding it odd. Such a renowned archmage who had good chances to become legendary should’ve received much attention in his family. *Huh. Why is Mr. Felipe only wearing the badges of the Arcana Review Board and the Hand of Paleness, instead of arcana and magic badges like regular sorcerers would?*

Karl shook his head. “I do not have enough arcana knowledge to decide his papers and his research, and my brother does not like to discuss him. However, he must be awesome to have won so many honors.”

From the podium, Felipe looked around at the apprentices and sorcerers down below. Wherever his eyes reached, everybody fell silent. Then, he spoke with his special gloomy voice, “I am Felipe. You may call me mister or mentor. I’m here today to show you the bleeding-edge theories and achievements in genetics. It’s possible that you do not understand them, but you must know them, or you will rot like the bodies in coffins without being able to present any valuable works...”

Donnie listened attentively. However, he keenly sensed that Mr. Felipe’s eyes seemed to have stopped for a while on the few of them. Of course, the pause was so short that Donnie thought it was his illusion.

“Mr. Felipe is entirely different from the other mentors. The other mentors all said that they were here to share the latest knowledge with us, but he...” Sammy asked the ghost on his back to rub his forehead to keep himself calm.

Jones also nodded. “Yes, he is very blunt and straightforward, completely ignoring our feelings...”

As Felipe’s speech went deeper, everybody was captivated by the marvelous genetics, which included chromosomes, genetic models based on alchemical reactions, and the speculations and experiments on heredity.

Most of the information was too much for the sorcerers and apprentices to understand, but they were indeed amazed by the wonders of the field that involved the secrets of life.

“That is all my speech. Do you have any questions?” Without them knowing it, it was already noon, and Felipe put his right hand back into his pocket.

The apprentices and sorcerers were just back to themselves and hadn’t even raised their hands when a magnetic male voice said, “I have a question!”

Donnie looked at Karl, only to see his highly-raised hand and his fully-written notebook.

Felipe nodded and said casually, “What is your question?”

Karl stood up excitedly and bowed. “Hello, Mr. Felipe, I am Brades. I would like to ask your opinion on the current genetic model. Personally, I don’t...”

Donnie held his forehead helplessly and moved his eyes away, pretending that he did not know Karl. Based on his experience, Karl would certainly ramble on.

However, instead of waiting for Karl to finish, Felipe answered the question, “It’s obvious that the abundances and wondrousness of this world cannot be described and inherited by this simple model.”

Everybody gasped hard. Was Mr. Felipe openly expressing his dissatisfaction regarding the current genetic model?

COMMENT

Karl seemed rather uncomfortable when his long speech was cut. So, he asked again, “Then, Mr. Felipe, do you think it is possible to change one’s look by controlling genes? Is it possible to—”

Felipe interrupted him again, “That’s not a problem at all. As a matter of fact, the blood power research in the Magic Empire is exactly a practice in that regard, except that they did not have any theoretical guidance and could only summarize the pattern by abundant human experiments.”

Karl’s face was so twisted as if he were being suffocated. “I have one more question...”

“Please give other people a chance. You’ve already asked two questions,” Felipe said straightforwardly.

Karl could only sit down gloomily, but his lips were still moving up and down, as if he were talking to himself.

Donnie couldn’t help but feel amused. Normally, there was no way that he could stop Karl from rambling. It was quite enjoyable to see the guy choked.

In the meantime, he raised his own hand, waiting to be picked.

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After the open class, Felipe sat in a secret chamber in the teaching tower by himself. The artificial intelligence before him was playing all the pictures recorded in the college in the past three days. After the development of artificial intelligence and alchemical storage materials, it was much easier to save things now.

In the dim pictures, the whole college was in order, and when it came to night, everything was quiet without the slightest anomaly. Felipe stared at the pictures with a cup of red wine in his hand, not leaving out any detail. However, after half a day, he still did not find anything that deserved his attention.

Suddenly, someone knocked on the door lightly.

“What is it?” Felipe asked.

“Mr. Felipe, somebody sent a note to you.” It was a servant.

Felipe nodded, and the door of the room was opened. The servant walked in and handed a plain-looking note to him.

“Donnie?” Felipe saw the handwriting that he was rather familiar with on the note and read the word on it.

.....

In Room 202 of the Life Tower...

“Hu. It’s not dangerous. My brother asks us not to worry about it and just leave it alone.” Karl jogged in from the outside and waved the note in his hands in great delight.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 843: The Heredity Laboratory

“Really?” Donnie, Sammy, and Jones stood up at the same time, with delight and disbelief beaming out of their faces.

Karl nodded heavily. “Of course. I’m too familiar with my brother’s handwriting and seal.”

“I mean, is he really confident about that? Did he specify the cause or tell you who was behind it?” Although Donnie knew that Karl’s brother was probably a strong and influential big shot, he did not know the guy in person after all. Also, it was a matter that concerned his own safety. So, he couldn’t help but ask again, refusing to believe it so easily.

Karl tossed the note in his hands to Donnie. “He couldn’t have made the statement without a 90% confidence. Well, he only said that it was not a common dream in the domain of illusion but involved something more sophisticated. He did not point out who the mastermind was. I estimate that he must be still investigating and hasn’t drawn any conclusion yet. The only thing certain is that the enemy is not as formidable as we thought. So, we’ll pretend that we have forgotten the matter while we secretly observe and wait...”

Donnie looked at the note in his hands. The content was basically what Karl said, but of course, in a much more concise way. At the end of the note was a seal in the shape of a black hat, which seemed common but carried distinctive air.

“But I really don’t think it’s very safe...” Jones muttered. However, there was nothing he could do. Reporting it to the college recklessly might put himself in danger.

Sammy took a breath in relief. He extended his right hand to his left shoulder to pat the ghost, which had been rather lethargic recently. Then, he yawned and said obscurely, “Since Karl’s brother put it that way, there is no need for us to be worried about the matter. I’m so sleepy.”

Donnie’s facial muscles twitched. “Sammy, I don’t think you are taking it seriously. So far, the real cause of the matter and the mastermind haven’t been found out. How can we not be worried?”

“So what? What else can we do except to be more careful?” Sammy was rather carefree. He took off his clothes and got on his bed.

Karl smiled, and his eyes were twinkling. “There’s really nothing to be scared of now that my brother is on it. If that nightmare happens to us again, we are going to explore it well...”

He was obviously eager again.

Donnie couldn't help thinking to himself that the guy seemed rather confident in his brother.

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The next day in the morning, the four people of Room 202 were busy washing up and brushing their teeth when they heard heavy door knocks.

Donnie put on his magic robe and walked over, opening the door. "Come on... Mr. Robert?"

It was the dead-looking Mr. Robert who stood outside of the door. The red needle-like brilliance in his eyes and the clear veins on his emaciated face chilled Donnie.

Why was he here in person?

Despite his horrible look, Robert had a gentle and comforting voice. "I happened to be passing the Life Tower, and I dropped by and came to ask you if you are willing to join the Heidler Branch of the Heredity Laboratory as apprentice-level assistants?"

"What Heidler Branch of the Heredity Laboratory? Is it an institution that Mr. Felipe has established in the college? Does 'you' include Donnie, me, Sammy, and Jones, or only some of us? Mr. Robert, I am really interested in genetic factors, and I have a reasonably good understanding of that..." Karl charged out with a toothbrush in his hands and white foams flowing from his mouth as he blurted out his questions and self-introductions.

At this moment, the apprentices who were going to the teaching tower noticed Robert who had a special appearance. They stopped and looked at Donnie and his roommates in shock.

The Heidler Branch of the Heredity Laboratory? Is it true?

Donnie, Sammy, and Jones were too shocked to speak anything. They were crammed at the door and looked at Robert earnestly, waiting for his answer.

“Because it is convenient to conduct certain experiments with high requirements in the World of Souls thanks to its special conditions, Mr. Felipe has been planning to set up a branch of the Heredity Laboratory here. A few days ago, the basic arrangements were settled, and the recruitment began. I was the first arcanist to be picked by Mr. Felipe,” Robert explained the reasons unhurriedly. “Because of your questions in the open class, you left some impression on Mr. Felipe, so he asked me about you when he decided to hire apprentice-level assistants. Since I was very satisfied with your efforts, I recommended you to him seriously.”

Pausing for a moment, he added, “It includes Karl, Donnie, and Jones.”

The apprentices around were finally back to themselves as they gasped hard. It was really the Heidler Branch of the Heredity Laboratory! They were really going to study under Mr. Felipe! Why were they chosen instead of other people?

Shocked and jealous, many apprentices couldn’t have regretted more. Had they known it in advance, they would have raced to ask questions like Karl did to leave a good impression on Mr. Felipe. Everybody in the Life Tower knew Karl’s name because of his special appearance.

“Really?” Donnie and Jones asked in disbelief again. Sammy, on the other hand, lowered his head in frustration. He was an apprentice who majored in the soul, after all, and the Heredity Laboratory certainly wouldn’t pick him.

Robert nodded. “Why would I lie to you about that? Mr. Felipe remembers you because he has always believed that the arcanists who do not ask whys are not qualified arcanists.”

It was something President Douglas said before. All the apprentices knew it very well, but now that they heard it again, they felt that their remorse was biting their hearts like rats. They shouldn’t have been restrained by shyness, fear, or other feelings! They must be bolder to ask whys in the future!

“It’s... It’s fantastic! Thank you, Mr. Robert...” Donnie expressed his gratitude excitedly. Although Mr. Felipe had asked about them, they wouldn’t have been picked without their mentor’s recommendation.

Jones was stunned. He had an ignorant smile on his face, as if he had entered his “domain”. The surprise came too unexpectedly. He wasn’t prepared at all!

Robert nodded and said expressionlessly, “It seems that you are all willing to accept the offer. Then, you can come to my office later. I’ll bring you to the branch of the laboratory to check in.”

“Mr. Robert, what will we mostly do as apprentice-level assistants? Help with experiment materials? Observe and feed the creatures we cultivate? Or will we analyze them with the knowledge in the studies of magic crystals?” Seeing that plenty of people were watching, Karl quietly put down the toothbrush and got rid of the foams in his mouth. He was a graceful gentleman who valued manners!

“Somebody will tell you what to do.” Robert’s lips twitched as he ignored Karl’s storm of questions.

“How marvelous!” Jones wasn’t back to himself until Robert was far away. He then waved his arms excitedly.

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After the lift descended to the hall, it did not stop. Instead, it emitted a pale brightness that was connected to the mentor’s badge on Robert’s chest, before it continued descending into the darkness.

“Well, is the laboratory below the ground?” Karl looked around in excitement and curiosity.

Donnie turned around, pretending that he did not know the guy. Although his roommate looked as quiet and peaceful as a lake, the guy was actually like an energetic cat.

Robert simply turned a deaf ear to Karl’s incessant questions.

After a while, the lift stopped, and the pale curtain of light was opened. A silver metal shuttle-shaped object appeared up ahead. Robert stepped on it first.

“We need to take an underground shuttle?” Karl asked joyfully.

Neither Donnie nor Jones had seen it before, and they were rather ill at ease. They were grateful for Karl's introduction.

"Yes." Robert nodded.

The underground shuttle was closed and moved forward along the tunnel quickly. After three minutes, it came to a stop slowly. On its left side were two silver metal gates that were cold and splendid.

Robert waved a strange badge at it, and the gate backed off from two directions, revealing a pathway with walls that were like an orange beehive. It was shaped in such an astounding style that even Karl subconsciously stopped talking.

After they passed the channel in silence, many different roads stretched out before them. At the end of every road was a different metal gate.

"I'll lead you to apply for the entrance badge first," Robert said briefly.

As he spoke, the metal gate on one of the roads was opened, and Felipe walked out with his hands in the pockets of his black long coat.

"Good morning, Mr. Felipe!" Donnie and Jones greeted him in excitement. Karl was late, but he also paid his respects.

Felipe glanced at them and briefly stopped on everyone's face. Then, he said casually, "This place is not your playground. I hope that you can remember that."

"Of course, Mr. Felipe." While Donnie and his roommates replied, Felipe had already moved past them and walked to the other side.

Suddenly, he stopped and said without turning around, "Do not ask Karl to run any experiment yet. Let him be familiarized with the work of the research groups first."

Donnie was secretly amused. Had Karl's notoriety as the "laboratory vandal" spread to the ears of Mr. Felipe too?

Karl pursed his lips and couldn't have looked more wronged.

At this moment, Donnie's heart suddenly raced, as if something deep inside the laboratory or further into the ground was summoning him.

What's that? Donnie stared at the wall in a daze, uncertain whether or not it was his illusion, because the feeling of being summoned flashed fast.

He observed Karl and Jones, whom he almost ignored, only to discover that they sensed nothing. He was even more confused. Did he really have an illusion because he was too worried?

"It's inconvenient to ask right now. We can discuss after we are back in the dormitory..." Donnie held back his anxiety.

.....

At night, in Room 202 of the Life Tower...

Because Karl and Jones did not have the feeling, and neither did Sammy who was having a class, Donnie's strange feeling did not raise much attention. After all, they believed that somebody was taking care of it for him.

In his sleepiness, Donnie's heart raced again, and he seemed to see the color of fire in the darkness.

He opened his eyes quickly, only to find himself lying before a tombstone. Sammy, Karl, and Jones were not far away from him, and they were observing the environment with confusion.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 844: Action

"How did it happen?" Donnie blurted out in shock and fear, but after his voice spread out, it seemed to be melted in the air and did not raise the slightest ripples. There was still nothing but quietness and serenity among the black and white tombstones.

Jones looked at him, frightened, and then at Karl. *Didn't you say that we need not be worried? Then, why are we having the same nightmare?*

They were very familiar with the experience, which was absolutely the same as the last nightmare!

Karl looked around, slightly confused. He then smiled gently. "It's just a nightmare. What's to be worried about?"

His voice echoed in Donnie's heart like some sort of spell. On his peaceful and gorgeous face, silver eyes were glittering like two beautiful stars. There wasn't the slightest fear but curiosity and the desire for exploration.

.....

In the control pivot of the office tower of the Heidler Magic College...

The stream screens were displayed in every corner of the college. Light and shadows were altering all the time.

Some of the screens showed the same dormitory from quite a few perspectives. The plate on the door read "Life Tower 202".

In the darkness of night, the dormitory was as quiet as any other place without the tiniest anomaly. Under the illumination of the tender lamps, it emanated unusual coldness.

Standing before the screens, Felipe stared at them with his hands in the pockets of his long coat. They were not just manifesting the pictures but also playing the sounds and the simulated waves that were perceived, making one feel that they were on the spot.

However, Room 202 was still quiet and usual.

“Hehe.” Felipe suddenly snorted.

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“How can we not be worried? If our dream can be manipulated in the heavily defended college, who knows what will happen next?” In the “dream”, Donnie seemed more temperamental than usual, because he sensed the summoning from far away again. His heart beat faster and faster.

Sammy was both scared and puzzled when he looked at Karl. “Didn’t your brother say that we should leave it alone? But why are we entering the same nightmare again? I really thought that there was no need to worry about it...”

The ghost on his back, energized, was stretching its arms in great delight.

And you really stopped worrying about it? Jones secretly mocked Sammy.

Karl waved his hands. “When my brother says that there is no need to worry about it, there is no need to worry about it.”

He seemed rather confident, but Donnie, Sammy, and Jones were not convinced. *Does anybody know your brother? Who knows whether his promise is valid? After all, the one thing that is certain is that we have come into the same nightmare!*

Blinking, Karl did not explain why he trusted his brother. Instead, he simply grimaced and said, “As a matter of fact, we weren’t really harmed in the previous nightmares, were we?”

Well... Donnie was dazed. It was indeed true. The previous nightmares, though vivid and intimidating, did not really hurt them before they withdrew from the dreams under the watch of the Original Body. Not just that, but it seemed that the increase of their spiritual powers had also been greatly accelerated. Was it a benefit of such “dreaming”?

“However, the harmlessness of the previous nightmares does not mean that we won’t be harmed in this one.” Jones tried to cover his existence, fearing that a ferocious specter would suddenly emerge from the darkness.

Sammy nodded slightly. “It happens often in the field of soul and illusion that the victims could be killed when their dreams are controlled. The King of Nightmare is particularly good at that.”

“That’s right.” Karl nodded solemnly and said with a peculiar smile, “However, now that we have already entered the dream, why don’t we explore actively and find out the reason? After all, if danger awaits us, we will run into it in any case if we are being manipulated, and if there is no danger, we will not be harmed no matter how we explore. Besides, this is our dream. If we believe that we are strong, we will really be strong.”

Donnie, Sammy, and Jones were all stunned. On second thought, Karl's words did make sense, because they all sensed that the summoning from far away was getting stronger and stronger. Even if they did not take any action, they would be attracted to it sooner or later!

Meanwhile, they vaguely felt that something was wrong with Karl's statement.

"However, before that, we need to see if we can break out of the dream!" Fatty Jones gnashed his teeth.

Huh, break out of the dream? Donnie and Sammy both looked at Jones, astounded. Neither of them had much adventure experience. They had no idea what Jones was planning to do at all.

Jones raised his left hand, put it in front of his mouth, and bit it hard.

"Ahh!!!"

A miserable cry burst out in everybody's heart and did not break the silence of the cemetery.

Putting his left hand right, and looking at the bleeding tooth marks on it, Jones said to the surprised Donnie and Sammy in self-mockery, "I'm told that pain can help people get away from dreams, but it seems that whoever controls our dream is very powerful."

“As I said, this is a very special ‘dream’...” Karl mumbled before he continued with a smile, “The ordinary pain wouldn’t do. Jones, why don’t you knock the tombstone with your head? Maybe you will get away from the dream after you pass out.”

In a bitter smile, Jones looked at the tough black tombstone, on which a pale epitaph was written in the ancient magic language—”He thought that he wouldn’t die, but he did.”

“Forget it. I don’t think it will work.” Jones compared the hardness of his head and that of the tombstone and backed off without a word. He tried to summon his “talent” and prevented himself from being watched.

Karl chuckled. “Then, should we set off to the central tomb?”

“Alright!” Donnie did not hesitate this time, because he could barely control his body right now. Therefore, they might as well seize the day and explore actively!

Now that Donnie had reached a decision, Sammy certainly wouldn’t object to it. To be honest, he hadn’t quite figured out the situation yet.

Now that there was no object, the four of them pressed toward the central tomb under Karl’s lead.

The cemetery was covered in a vague black mist. The sky was as gray and dim as before. The enormous tomb loomed there quietly like a dark monster, and its half-open gate resembled the mouth of the creature.

Swallowing, Donnie suppressed his fear and walked into the monster's mouth behind Karl.

The moment they entered the pathway, they encountered the mummies that they were rather familiar with. However, they were not panicked this time thanks to their experience. They moved slightly to the side and avoided the route of the mummies' march so that they could react in time in case of an emergency.

With their gray cloths saturated with oil and their eyes full of pale fire, the mummies passed before Donnie and his roommates without a sound. Perhaps they were also releasing the stench of decay, but none of the intruders could smell it.

"So, they really cannot see us," Donnie said in a low voice.

The ghost behind Sammy stretched out as he asked, "Was it the same last time?"

In the previous nightmare, he was possessed by the ghost and did not sense much. He could only listen to Donnie's description.

"Yes. It's exactly like last time." Karl was even more excited as if he had remembered something.

.....

Outside of the enormous tomb, the vague black mist seemed to be frozen. The place was in utter silence as it had always been.

Suddenly, in the middle of the black mist, ripples spread out, and a figure was gathered out of nothing!

He was wearing a black long coat with his hands in his pockets. With a tall nose, thin lips, and a sickly face... It was Felipe who watched the screens in the control pivot!

He had entered the dreams of Karl, Donnie, and the rest of them!

Looking around, Felipe nodded slightly with a grim face. In the monotonous gloom, he walked toward the gate of the tomb unhurriedly.

Suddenly, he stopped and looked at the back of the tombstones sharply, before he demanded, "Get out."

Behind the tombstone, many other ripples spread out and gathered into a human being.

He was wearing a black double-breasted suit with a top hat. He was very tall but not slender. He had black hair and black eyes, with a chiseled face. His eyebrows were dense and extended to his temples in a slant. He was a handsome and masculine man.

"You're here too." Felipe did not seem surprised.

The man said with a lazy smile, “Having discovered me so easily, Mr. Felipe, you are truly out of my expectation.”

Felipe turned around and kept walking toward the gate of the tomb before he asked casually and indifferently, “I came here because I used the special help of the college’s defense. Why could you?”

“As the child of a demigod and a top legend, I certainly have my own special abilities.” The man also walked to the gate of the tomb at ease. However, from what Felipe could tell, his answer did not provide any information.

Felipe opened the tomb and walked in like a king who was inspecting his territory. “You didn’t ask for anyone’s help? Are you not scared that it may be dangerous?”

The man chuckled and was not nervous at all, as if he were on a vacation in the Land of Thousand Lakes. “As the child of a demigod and a top legend, I certainly have my own special abilities.”

The same words meant different things. Felipe stopped talking and walked into the pathway.

.....

After they opened the gate of the main vault, Donnie and his roommates immediately saw the dark coffin.

Their “harmony” with the powerful undead creatures on the way did not ease their anxiety at all. They all stared at the coffin in tension, fearing that the terrifying “Original Body” inside would

suddenly sit up and banish them from the dream with its eyes that represented death, or even simply deprive them of their lives!

Of course, they were also more or less thinking of escaping from the dream with the Original Body.

The vague scent of death started circulating, and a dark abyss appeared below the dark coffin, as if something intangible had been hidden below.

In the meantime, screeches echoed inside the coffin, and the Original Body that was beyond the imagination of Donnie was about to sit up.

Donnie, Sammy, and Jones all had intense desires. The abyss was summoning them!

It made them unable to control themselves. Before the cover of the coffin was moved away, they threw themselves into the coffin “fluently”.

Karl was briefly stunned. Then, gritting his teeth and touching an accessory on his chest, he stepped forward and lunged into the abyss too.

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Chapter 845: The Eighth Research Institution of the Congress of Magic

The dark mist spread out so densely that one could not see his own fingers or hear his own voice. They felt that they were caught in the purest and quietest death. Even their soul was befuddled, without the slightest idea occurring to them.

Suddenly, something gray penetrated through the intense black mist. Donnie shivered and got away from the mind frigidity. He found himself standing in the middle of a desert that was full of black sand. The sky was pale and gray, the same as any part of the World of Souls. Not far away up ahead, a black, ragged palace was standing. It was ancient and splendid, releasing the infinite air of death.

Dum, dum, dum.

Donnie's heart was beating fast again, as if something was summoning him inside that dilapidated palace. The call was so strong, so clear, and so irresistible.

"Is there something summoning me in the palace?" somebody asked, and the voice appeared in Donnie's mind.

Donnie turned back in confusion, only to discover that Sammy, Karl, and a fatty were standing behind him looking at the same palace not far away.

Well, who is this fatty?

Donnie did not ask it out. Since the guy had a nightmare together with them and was included in Karl's mind communication, he had to be very close to them. It was a shame that he did not carry his notebook...

The ghost behind Sammy trembled nonstop and buried its face on Sammy's neck, as if it were intimidated by the black palace and what was in it. However, in the meantime, its hands pulled Sammy's body, as if it were urging him to enter the palace and approach the thing.

"It's a dream of such a level?" Karl said to himself, half lost and half refreshed. Then, he announced as if he were giving an order, "Let's go in and take a look!"

Donnie and Sammy did not reply. Under the strong summoning, they had already walked off.

Passing the desolate wilderness, the four of them drew close to the black palace and saw the gate that was carved with pale patterns.

The patterns were weird, twisted, mysterious, and vintage. They seemed to be in a certain intangible rhythm.

Wu! Wu! Wu!

Suddenly, a loud and miserable cry came over. Donnie and Sammy almost tripped themselves over.

In a defense posture, Karl looked at the source of the sound eagerly. The “attacker” must be either strong or special to make sounds in the dream that was similar to the World of Souls!

They saw a half-rotten owl on the top of a broken pillar near the gate. Pale bones protruded from its body made of black, rotten meat, and its two wings were gray and slim. On its head, one of the eyes had decayed into a black hole, but the other retained the strange brownish colors and was staring at the strangers indifferently. It kept letting out miserable cries, which made Donnie, Sammy, and Jones tremble in intimidation. Was it the envoy of death? Was the sound here to claim their lives?

“An owl that can keep its original appearance in the palace shouldn’t be surprising. Have you not seen any undead creatures? I must’ve dissected dozens of such owls...” Karl said in disappointment.

Donnie couldn’t have thanked Karl’s talkativeness more at such a moment, which relieved him from the devastating and strange cries of the owl. Otherwise, he feared that his soul would be broken one bit after another and transformed into part of the palace. Although he did not know why Karl was not affected, his feeling was definitely unmistakable!

“Let’s go in.” After an elaborate talk, Karl opened the gate with mysterious patterns.

The gate opened without a sound. It was nothing but pitch darkness inside, as if countless monsters were hiding.

Dum, dum, dum.

The moment the gate was opened, Donnie, Sammy, and Jones all clearly sensed something. It was right there in front of the palace!

“Come on!”

“Come on!”

The summoning had already turned into a concrete voice. Donnie and his other two roommates stepped forwardly subconsciously, but Karl looked around and observed the environment in great curiosity.

The more they stepped forward, the clearer the voices of summoning became.

“Come on! You will receive power and a long life!”

“Come on! Strength, wealth, glory, and beauties are waiting for you!”

“Come on! You need not study or research arduously anymore. You will grasp the unparalleled power immediately!”

“Pu.” In the mind communication, Karl laughed in amusement, which slightly woke up Donnie, Sammy, and Jones whose heads were already swollen with blood.

“What are you laughing for?” Donnie asked subconsciously.

Unable to hold back his laughter, Karl said, “The temptation is glaringly inconsistent. The first two statements are formal and grandeur, but the last one is too specific. Haha. You need not study or research hard to grasp power. It seems to be specifically prepared for the students who have taken the College Entrance Exam. It’s like a weaselly man holding a donut and saying to a little girl, ‘You should come with me. You will have wonderful food every day, and you don’t have to go to school or finish your homework’. Haha. Don’t you find it petty and amusing?”

“No...” Sammy blurted out.

Donnie and Jones also nodded. Karl truly had strange humor.

“You can hear the summoning?” Donnie suddenly realized something. Didn’t he say that he could not hear the summoning?

Karl chuckled. “I have certain special abilities...”

He did not explain much. Intense curiosity beamed out of his face, as if he could not wait to meet this tasteless tempter.

After they passed the hall, it was seven stairs before them. Above the stairs was a grave and intimidating throne.

Sitting on the throne was a unique black full armor that was glimmering in coldness. It was poised as if a real person were seated there.

It sat there quietly, but it seemed to have filled the whole universe and dominated everything. Before the mask of the helmet was the impenetrable darkness, exactly like death that nobody could escape or see through.

The moment they saw the full armor, Donnie, Sammy, and Jones' heartbeats were slowed. At a loss and enthralled, they extended their right hands and were about to touch it.

The overwhelming power was right before their eyes, and the ecstasy of controlling everything was so clear. As long as they took parts of the full armor and put it on themselves, they would obtain it easily!

How could Donnie, Sammy, and Jones, who were still magic apprentices, resist it?

Even Karl who had been conscious the whole time frowned, his face changing all the time. He simply watched Donnie and the rest of them acquire the black armor without doing anything.

In the black desert that was full of sand, two people were gazing at the enormous palace quietly. It was exactly Felipe and the vigorous handsome young man earlier.

"Just as I expected..." The young man chuckled, the laziness on his face unchanged at all.

Right when Donnie, Sammy, and Jones were about to touch the weird armor, he suddenly extended his right hand and pressed the void before him.

All of a sudden, he became illusionary, as if he had dispersed and existed everywhere. The whole black desert immediately shook violently, with the earth falling apart.

His hands in his pockets, Felipe observed the changes in silence without any expression on his face.

Power, fortune, and glory were near at hand. Donnie was so passionate that substantial desire oozed from his eyes. His palm was almost reaching the cold armor.

Right at this moment, the earth shook so violently that Donnie, Sammy, and Jones fell on the ground.

Donnie, who was slightly awakened, realized in surprise that cracks were appearing on the captivating armor. Then, it broke apart without a sound and turned into a cluster of dispersive black, white, and gray.

The moment he saw the indescribable and intangible black, white, and gray, Donnie felt that his mind was frozen in eternal quietness. Even his body started to rot.

Crack.

Something clearly broke.

Donnie opened his eyes abruptly and observed the environment, but his face was frozen again. He thought that he had got rid of the dream, but the scene around him was still strange.

It was infinite darkness, with silver or gold magic runes glittering like stars. They were joined into different constellations and brilliant nebulae.

In the middle of the flowing magic symbols, the cluster of black, white, and gray couldn't have been quiet. Donnie did not have the feeling that he would die the moment he saw it anymore.

“What is this place?” Donnie asked subconsciously, not expecting an answer.

However, Karl's voice echoed. He replied in confusion, “A very familiar place...”

It was not until then that Donnie realized Karl, Sammy, and the fatty were still next to him.

Squeak.

A door seemed to be opened. Donnie looked over in shock, only to discover that a silver gate appeared in the starry cosmos. From out of the gate, a graceful old man in a red, glamorous magic robe came in. He seemed as energetic as ever.

“Ah...” Karl sighed in surprise and delight.

The old man seemed to have sensed something and suddenly turned his eyes at them. In the slightly dirty red eyes, electricity was glittering.

Donnie trembled and was paralyzed as if he had an electric shock. He then lost consciousness and fell into the darkness.

The darkness ebbed, and Donnie rolled over and sat up, breathing heavily nonstop. He looked around again and was finally relieved.

The rays out of the window were dim, and it was quiet and peaceful in the room. It was his own dormitory. He had finally got rid of his nightmare!

However, that old man was truly intimidating. After only one glimpse from the guy, he had been completely woken up.

“Finally awake...” He heard the voices of Sammy and the fatty.

Karl, however, chuckled in a low voice without any stop as if he had been deranged. Donnie was rather intimidated and feared that something was still not right.

“Karl, are you alright?” He ventured to ask.

.....

After the dream was broken, Felipe and the mysterious young man did not appear in the place where they entered the dream. Instead, they emerged in a metal tunnel whose wall was full of decorations in the shape of hives.

The two of them walked forward in silence for a while until they reached a grim gate. Next to the gate were several words written in the common tongue.

[The Eighth Research Institution of the Congress of Magic: Lab of Demigods.]

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 846: Seals

An invisible light passed Felipe and the mysterious man, and the silver gate was immediately opened, revealing a honeycomb-shaped pathway in splendid colors.

On the pathway, an old man in a red magic robe was staring at them with lightning bouncing out of his eyes. He lambasted, “Was Brades here just now? Otherwise, Hathaway’s experiment couldn’t have had such an accident! Also, I sensed him!”

The young man secretly grimaced. “Maybe...”

Then, he asked innocently, “What exactly has happened?”

.....

Clang!

The Skull Bell of the office tower let out a long and freezing echo.

Donnie happened to be drawing the last line in his soul. So, the magic model collapsed and absorbed the ocean of energy crazily. Life and death entangled, and “power” kept branching, resulting in fierce changes.

After everything died down, a complicated “crystal” was added into Donnie’s soul. It flowed mysteriously as the vivid representation of a certain law. It also showed that Donnie had crossed the phase of apprentice and become an official sorcerer!

It was the breakthrough that countless magic apprentices had dreamed about, but most of the apprentices could barely fulfill their wish.

After they became official sorcerers, not only would they be given the power that could kill apprentices and ordinary people easily, but they would also automatically become the members of their hometown’s parliament, same as the nobles. For the children of civilians, it meant that they had stepped into the upper society!

Donnie, who was not of a noble background, reviewed himself in delight. After he almost touched the black armor several months ago, Karl, Sammy, and he never had similar nightmares. Their lives and studies were rather peaceful, and it was much easier for him to make breakthroughs in spiritual power. So, after Karl and Sammy, he became an official sorcerer before the new year! It was a reasonably good achievement even considering all the apprentices of the Heidler Magic College.

Although some people had become official sorcerers before they were admitted by the Heidler Magic College, most apprentices were never qualified to fight for the rank until the end of their freshman year. Few of them made the breakthrough before the new year.

“I feel that the few nightmares polished my soul. That’s why my spiritual power increased faster and more steadily...” Donnie had a lot of random thoughts. “The nightmares are enough to cause such changes. What could have happened if I touched the black full armor in the end?

“That’s not right. Perhaps I would have been controlled by the black armor. I can’t be too greedy... Well, I should visit home during the new year holiday and thank Mr. Dollos by the way. Without his generous help, it would’ve taken forever for me to become an official sorcerer...”

.....

In year 24 of the arcana calendar, at the end of the Month of Ice, any drop of water would be frozen in the blowing wind immediately. The passersby on the street covered themselves in thick clothes and lowered their hats under the coldness.

“It’s already so cold...” On the Hexagram Station, Karl pulled his man suit and intentionally exhaled, raising a white mist from his mouth.

Although Donnie had become an official sorcerer, he hadn't cast any spell that could resist the coldness. Therefore, he was also shivering. Holding back his black magic robe, he said, "Yes. Winter only feels like winter in Rentato."

The Heidler Magic College was in the World of Souls with a permanent temperature adjusted by the shield of the college, making it impossible for the students to perceive seasonal changes. After they were out of the World of Souls, Heidler City had been corrupted by the air of the World of Souls for too long and therefore looked more or less the same. On the magic steam trains, there were air conditioners that provided heat. So, although they had seen snow all their way here, Donnie and Karl did not feel that it was winter until this moment.

"I need to go home. See you after the holiday," Karl said in a sweet smile. Then, he waved his hands. "By the way, Happy New Year!"

Sammy and Jones were separated from them in the station in Heidler. After all, their destinations were different.

Watching Karl disappear into the crowd in the station, Donnie sighed faintly. It had been half a year, but he was still not used to Karl's look yet.

Shaking his head, he got rid of the thought and walked out of the station. He had booked a train ticket to return to his hometown tomorrow, and he could only visit and thank Mr. Dollos as well as the teachers who took care of him while he was in school today.

Near the Triumph Square, Donnie walked toward the Knowledge Bookstore in joy, eager to tell Mr. Dollos the good news that he had been promoted into an official sorcerer. It was a simple, understandable show-off that Donnie couldn't stop himself from doing.

“How did this happen?” Donnie stood before the Knowledge Bookstore in a daze, not understanding what happened.

He saw that the gate of the Knowledge Bookstore was closed, with quite a few pieces of dim and fuzzy paper stuck to it.

“How is it closed?” Donnie approached in surprise and identified the words on the paper carefully.

“This store has been closed for tax evasion by the Tax Office of Holm.”

“This store has been co-closed by the Punishment Department of the Congress of Magic and the Police Department of Holm for selling banned books.”

“This store has been co-closed by the Punishment Department of the Congress of Magic and the City Hall of Rentato for selling fake and unqualified magic items.”

...

Donnie read the orders and mumbled to himself, “What exactly did Mr. Dollos do?”

Ten years ago, thanks to the further popularization of magic items and the growing number of alchemical workshops of different categories, the life in Holm changed greatly. One of the greatest

new features was the division of labor. Therefore, Heinrich, the prime minister back then, separated the government departments that used to be combined, in order to deal with the new situation.

Although Mr. Dollos did seem to have committed crimes, Donnie remembered his help and was reluctant to leave. So, he looked for the owners of the nearby stores and asked them carefully.

“A few months back, people of the tax office summoned Dollos first, claiming that he committed tax evasion.”

“Dollos never came back after he was summoned. In the days that followed, more and more people came to stick those seals. There were quite plenty of them.”

“I’m told that Dollos has already been sentenced to prison and that he won’t be released for another five years.”

Faced with Donnie who had the badge of an official sorcerer on his chest, none of the store owners dared to lie or use the nicknames that they gave to the tax collectors and the police officers.

“Sentenced to prison...” Donnie murmured in a low voice and struggled for a moment, but he still decided to visit Mr. Dollos. After all, the man had offered tremendous help to him.

However, Donnie was soon disappointed, because the staff of the Congress told him that Dollos was kept in a prison far away, and that his whole holiday was only enough for a round trip. So, taking the suggestion of the staff, he wrote a letter to Dollos and left his own mailing address.

.....

Wu!

Clang! Clang!

The noise when the train came into the station scared off the kids who were playing around. Even the adults were more or less intimidated. It hadn't been long since the railway was extended to the town, and the folks were not used to the gigantic creature that could run on its own yet.

Donnie slowly walked out of the magic steam train. Seeing the familiar buildings and mountains, he had a lot of complicated feelings.

"Huh, isn't it Donnie White?" There were not many residents in the town. They were quite familiar with each other.

"That's right. It's Donnie. He seems much taller and bigger now. Wait, has the badge on his magic robe changed?"

"One black circle on the silver background. He... He is an honorable Mr. Sorcerer now!"

In the blink of an eye, the town residents whom Donnie was quite familiar with changed their expressions to one that was full of admiration and fear, as if he were no longer the Donnie they knew but a strange Mr. Sorcerer that was even more esteemed than the mayor!

Although they hadn't met an official sorcerer many times, the generous treatment that their petty mayor offered every time had left them a deep impression. Without them knowing it, had their neighbor's naughty kid become a high and mighty sorcerer too?

The residents' change of attitudes couldn't have escaped Donnie's senses, which were now keener and keener. He was both somewhat uncomfortable and somewhat delighted. No wonder everybody wanted to be a sorcerer and a noble. At the very least, until he could really explore the world, the feeling of being respected could motivate him to work hard.

After a brief silence, somebody left the station and shouted, "White, White, your little Donnie is back! He is now a Mr. Sorcerer!"

Donnie hurried to move forward to the exit.

Very soon, a middle-aged man whose face seemed to have been whetted by frostbite appeared on the street near the station. He was old and had gray hair. Had it not been for his lack of wrinkles, he would've convinced everyone that he was in his fifties. Behind him was a plump woman and a young and vigorous girl.

The three of them were equally excited and delighted. The two ladies were weeping already.

"Father, Mother, Lily..." Donnie walked to them. His voice was choked with tears.

His father held his hand tightly and patted it hard. "Great, great, so great..."

At this moment, Donnie felt that all his previous ordeals were worth it!

.....

Passing the new year in easiness and delight, Donnie was quite satisfied with his new life. The only unpleasant thing was that the town was still very underdeveloped. Lamps were only set up near the station, and there weren't any home TVs. The only entertainment was Arcana Voice on the empty ground to the east of the town.

On that day, when Donnie, his parents, and his sister were about to go out to listen to Arcana Voice, a wagon with the sigil of a noble suddenly stopped before their house.

"Greetings, esteemed Mr. White. My lord, Baron Herdos, would like to invite you to his manor. He's hoping that you could help him resolve a problem that has bothered him for a long time." A butler-looking man got off the wagon.

Knowing that Baron Herdos was the lord of the few towns around, Donnie dare not disrespect him. "What is the nature of the problem? I would be happy if I can offer any help."

The butler did not lie. "My lord has an ancient castle that seems to be haunted by ghosts. We asked for the help of several magic apprentices and sorcerers before, but it did not work. Two magic apprentices even died inside. We're told that you have already become an official sorcerer, and you are a student of the Heidler Magic College. So, my lord sincerely asks for your help. You are a professional."

Donnie had a conditional reflex of fear about such things. However, before he declined the request, the butler already said, “Whether or not you can take care of the problem, my lord will offer you ten queen gold coins as a reward. If the matter is resolved, there will be even more!”

Throne of Magical Arcana

847 The Minor Negligence

Ten queen gold coins? Donnie’s breath suddenly turned heavy. He knew that he would earn a lot of money after he became an official sorcerer, but he had been barely engaged in any deals in cash since most of the subsidies in school were exchanged to arcana points. Therefore, after he heard the offer of ten queen gold coins, his heart beat fast, and he swallowed hard.

Ten queen gold coins were nothing for nobles, wealthy merchants, and sorcerers. However, having been brought up poor in a civilian family in a small town, Donnie had never seen one gold coin in his entire life. Also, he could earn the tremendous wealth that could significantly improve his family conditions without promising that he could solve the problem. How could he not be tempted?

If he wished to continue on the path of sorcerers, materials, recipes, books, and extraordinary items were unavoidable. All of them needed the support of wealth!

If he could really take care of the problem, how much would Baron Herdos pay him?

Donnie thought about so many things that even his voice became slightly coarse. “If I can fix the issue, how much would the baron pay me?”

The butler's face was unchanged, and he did not mock Donnie's overconfidence even though a third-circle sorcerer had been hired before but failed. He said respectfully, "My lord said that, if Mr. White could restore the peace of the castle, you will be given an additional 'Magic Glove', which is a level-two extraordinary item, besides the ten queen gold coins."

An extraordinary item? Donnie felt that hot blood was surging into his head. He almost accepted the request immediately.

Thankfully, the meditation and casting exercises that he had been doing helped him maintain his last consciousness. He said calmly, "Baron Herdos is the lord of this town. I am very happy to help him. However, I need the records about how the previous sorcerers and apprentices handled the anomaly in the castle. If I am confident enough to solve it, I'll go to the castle in person."

He couldn't be more prudent about such a matter.

A smile appeared on the butler's respectful face. He took out a thick pile of documents from his suitcase and said, "These are the records you need."

Sensing Donnie's surprise, he explained with a smile, "My lord is no stranger to sorcerers, so he knew that you would need those."

Donnie's puzzle was answered. He took over the records and examined them with magic. Finding no sign of tampering, he read them carefully.

After a long time, he turned the pages and said peacefully, "Two apprentices were so surprised that they jumped out of the window of the castle, which got themselves killed. There is no death record of sorcerers. Well, it shouldn't be too dangerous for me. Mr. Butler, please lead me to the baron."

The first half of the sentences weren't meant for the butler. They were for his parents and his sister in case they were worried.

As he expected, after hearing his explanation, Lily and Mrs. White, who were concerned and about to stop him, were both relieved. It was an honor of their family that their son (brother) was appreciated by the lord. It was really the right decision to let him go to the generic school!

As civilians, they were more revered by their lord than the regular sorcerers were.

Donnie's father nodded in excitement, telling Donnie to go without concerns about the family.

.....

Near the town were the rising and falling hills that were covered in evergreens. A deep, dark castle stood next to a beautiful peaceful lake and added to the magnificence of the scenery.

Inside the castle, Donnie and Baron Herdos, who was coughing all the time with an emaciated face, sat face to face on the couch.

"This castle has been in our family for nine hundred years. It's a symbol of the Herdos family. However, the haunting in the past decades has been bothering us. I hope that you can help fix the problem, Mr. White, as a professional of the school of necromancy," Baron Herdos said in a weak voice.

He had been living in his villa in the city and barely returned to the castle. Today, he had specifically come back to wait for Donnie. After the establishment of the electric system and the popularization of alchemical items, more and more nobles preferred to live in the city or the suburbs. Castles were gradually being abandoned unless the infrastructure could be extended deep into the woods in the future.

While Donnie was a necromancer majoring in body structure and genetic factors, the knowledge on ghosts and evil spirits was among the compulsory courses of the Heidler Magic College. So, he was no stranger to them. He asked solemnly, "I wonder what happened decades ago that caused the haunting ghost. I hope that you can tell me everything without neglecting any detail."

A ghost certainly could not have come out of nowhere.

"Nothing really happened. The previous sorcerers asked the same thing," Baron Herdos replied with a bitter smile.

The sorcerers he hired before were not the professionals of the school of necromancy, but since they were here to address the problem, they had certainly done their investigations. Unless they were out of their minds, no sorcerers would act recklessly.

"It seemed to have appeared all of a sudden. Maybe somebody did something in secret, but it's been too long, and the leads must be gone already," Baron Herdos added.

Donnie nodded his head. "I hope that you can give your family files during that period to me. All the files. I'll stay here tonight and kill my time with them."

“Thank you for your help in advance, Mr. Donnie.” Baron Herdos nodded. Then, he left ten queen gold coins on the table, before he left the castle with his butler and returned to the city.

The servants of the castle all came during the day and left by the evening. None dared to spend the night here. Therefore, after Baron Herdos left, the castle resumed its peace and gloom. Fire was burning furiously inside the furnace, but it could not drive off the deep coldness.

Donnie examined the castle and found nothing. Then, he got into a bedroom and began to meditate to stay sharp, waiting for the night to come.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

After three bell knocks, the old clock suggested the arrival of ten o'clock. According to Donnie's files, all the ghost-related phenomena happened after this hour.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

The moment the bell stopped, Donnie heard a dull and strange voice. He frowned. Was it the sound of the wind blowing at the window frame? However, he had checked a moment ago, and all the windows were closed!

Touching the sorcerer's badge on his chest, Donnie opened the door and entered the corridor, walking toward the source of the sound.

Bang!

An enormous and dull collision echoed behind Donnie. He was so scared that he hurried to turn back, only to discover that the room that he just left was closed automatically!

Wu! Wu! Wu!

Weeping noise that was as feeble as an illusion found its way into Donnie's ears. He had goosebumps all over his body. Had it not been for his nightmare experiences, he probably couldn't have remained calm.

Wu!

The sobbing wind suddenly blew in the corridor.

Candles died out one after another, and the castle was completely enshrouded in darkness.

Donnie hurried to cast a "Luminosity". His glove immediately glowed like a torch and illuminated the environment.

However, all of a sudden, a cold and gloomy breath blew at Donnie's neck, making his hair erect. Then, "Luminosity" ended without a sound!

"This evil spirit is even more horrible than described!"

Having seen all kinds of undead creatures in his nightmares, Donnie felt the power of the evil spirit more clearly than regular sorcerers would. He accelerated to the gate of the castle in uneasiness. “It interrupted my spell without alarming me at all! How could the previous sorcerers have survived?”

Generally speaking, such evil spirits were all stranded in a place. As long as he left the castle, he would be safe!

“Ge! Ge! Ge!”

A white fuzzy shadow floated before him and laughed devastatingly.

“If I didn’t let them leave, would they have delivered food to me again and again?”

Donnie was greatly alarmed. It knew what was on his mind? Or maybe... was it shaking his determination with the illusion and the words?

“Rest assured. I will not simply eat you; I will suck your soul slowly and gradually.” The shadow flashed here and there, not giving Donnie any chance to lock onto it. “Ever since I was woken up, I have been very abstemious. I will only suck half of your soul, which will make you forget what happened and come here once every few months.”

Donnie moved forward warily, unaffected by the words. The evil spirit did not stop him either.

He was more or less relieved, feeling that the evil spirit was only bragging. At this moment, he had reached the gate of the castle.

All he needed to do was to run out!

Donnie pulled the gate, but it was the hall of the castle out of the gate!

Shock and coldness rose from his feet, paralyzing his whole body quickly.

“Haha. I like fear more than anything else.” A pale, illusionary face appeared before Donnie. It opened its mouth and spewed stench out at Donnie’s face brutally. He was so dizzy that he could not focus his attention to cast any spell again.

Looking at the face at a loss, Donnie felt colder and colder. His soul seemed almost frozen.

He survived those nightmares, only to be killed by this not-so-powerful evil spirit in the end?

Suddenly, Donnie sensed that something cold surged in his right hand. Then, it lifted beyond his control and snatched the face before him.

Is this my right hand?

A palm in the monotonous black, white, and gray appeared in Donnie's pupils. He felt that he saw the never-fading death the moment he saw this hand!

"No!" The evil spirit cried miserably, as if it had seen what it was most scared of.

Then, it was stiffened as if it were waiting for Donnie's right hand.

The right hand passed through it, and the evil spirit was dismembered and thrown into the black, white, and gray, vanishing into nothingness.

Donnie was back to himself. He hurried to cast Luminosity, only to discover that everything was the same as before although the candles were put out.

"An illusion? No, it must be real!" Donnie raised his right hand. Looking at the hand that showed no anomalies now, he mumbled, "What happened? Why did my right hand turn into that?"

In the previous moment, he felt that he was the dominator of death!

"It... It feels a lot like the black, white, and gray and the black armor in the nightmares!" Donnie suddenly raised his head, and his face was covered in a cold sweat.

.....

Outside of the castle, a magnificent person stood quietly and smiled. “As I expected, all the problems cannot be resolved so easily.”

Throne of Magical Arcana

848 Trump Card or Insidious Problem?

Cold wind passed by, and the sweat on his forehead was almost frozen into ice. Donnie trembled hard because of the coldness. However, he was not woken up but merely looked at his right hand half in delight and half in fear, recalling the picture from just now.

The monotonous black, white, and gray, the eternal silence that seemed to affect the environment and completely overwhelmed the evil spirit, and the snatch that could directly penetrate the defense of the evil spirit. His right hand was so strange and so powerful!

It felt very similar to the black full armor that he met in his nightmares and the black, white, and gray that was sealed at the center of the illusionary cosmos!

Did something go wrong during the nightmares, and he was corrupted by the “monster” without him knowing it?

Donnie felt scared from the bottom of his heart when he thought of the monster that could manipulate their dreams and that resembled the purest death when he looked at it. So, he shook his head violently, waking himself from the trance. He roared in his heart, I need to find Karl immediately! Only he and the big shots behind him can help me fix the problem! They must be very interested in the monster!

The roars in his heart drove Donnie to walk forward toward the gate of the real castle. At this moment, he saw the glimmering powder on the carpet.

Powder of the evil spirit?

Donnie came to an abrupt halt. Was it left by the evil spirit after it died?

The powder of the evil spirit was a middle-rank material that was very rare and precious. It was something that Donnie never thought he could have before!

However, Donnie was stunned. Before stooping to pick it up or retrieving it with a spell, he heard a clear voice in his heart.

“The evil spirit just now must’ve been as strong as a fifth-circle sorcerer. Chances were that it was close to the senior rank. Killing me should’ve been as easy as killing an ordinary person for it, but it could not resist my right hand at all under the weird black, white, and gray. It broke like a bubble after I poked it...

“Is my right hand so powerful?

“The contamination of the monster alone has already turned me so powerful?”

Sensing the power of his right hand for real, Donnie hesitated. For a civilian who had grown from an ordinary person to a magic apprentice to an official sorcerer through hard work, such capabilities were beyond his imagination before.

“With the hand, I will have the power to suppress the specters below the senior rank. It’s possible that I can even affect the senior-rank ones...

“Also, it seems able to eliminate the extraordinary abilities below the senior rank like the ‘Elimination’ blood power. It may be even stronger than that...

“In such a case, I’ll be able to take adventures in the World of Souls and explore the mausoleums that are considered dangerous. I will acquire all kinds of materials and astronomical wealth, which will significantly improve my strength...

“Strength means position. I will be treated respectfully even if I am faced with a grand noble...

“My father and my mother wouldn’t need to worry about the grocery store anymore. They can enjoy the convenience brought by the alchemical items... Lily will have a chance to go to the generic school instead of helping with the family chores and waiting to be married without having a life of her own...”

Donnie’s facial muscles were unprecedentedly twisted in horrifying hideousness.

“After all, nobody could tell that something is wrong with my right hand! At least, Karl and the big shots behind him did not notice it!”

Gradually, Donnie put his right hand back into the pocket of his magic robe.

Bang!

The cold wind blew, and a window that was opened at some point bashed into the frame brutally.

Donnie was suddenly woken up. Sensing the freezing coldness, he was suddenly refreshed, and his desires were overwhelmed by his fear again.

“What happened to me just now? The monstrous air in my right hand makes me powerful, but who knows if it will corrupt me and turn me into an unconscious zombie one step after another?

“The power that is beyond control and of unknown sources must be studied carefully... Too many senior-rank sorcerers have been killed in reckless attempts...

“As long as I am alive, there will always be opportunities!”

Donnie finally made up his mind and decided to call Karl, who had left his personal number to him, immediately after he was back to the town. Then, the outcome couldn't be more severe than losing a right hand. Also, with any luck, there would be some power that was controllable and did not have insidious problems left.

Outside of the castle, the tall person chuckled. “It's good that the guy has a remarkable control over his desires. Otherwise, he would not just be corrupted by the air of death, and it's possible that ‘Greed’ would be triggered.”

Primeval devils could never be extinguished as long as intelligent creatures existed. They would reappear and regather in a dozen years at most, except that they would not be as powerful as before for a while.

...

Donnie traveled in the quiet and dark forest by himself. Roars of beasts burst out now and then intimidatingly, but for Donnie, it was much easier and safer than the castle. Those beasts and ghosts combined could not compare to one “Paralyzing Breath” from the evil spirit.

He had left a note to Baron Herdos, indicating that he had fixed the problem of the evil spirit. Then, he returned to his town without any delay.

Enhanced by magic, Donnie saw the familiar town after only two hours. Except for the station of the magic steam train that was illuminated by the bright lamps, the other places were utterly dark and quiet.

Donnie chose to go to the station. He walked to the office and knocked on the closed door heavily.

“Who is it?” the cleric inside asked in fear. Could it be a bandit?

Many magic steam trains that shipped cargoes passed during the night, so somebody had to stay in the station for coordination. However, in such a small town, barely any of the staff had the power of the magic apprentice, and they could only deal with dangers with the burst guns, but the bandits had already learned their lessons. They knew how to dodge the weapon and wouldn’t wait to be shot like what they did in the past.

If the bandits were as strong as knight squires or magic apprentices, it would be even more dangerous. After all, burst guns required human aiming and could not lock onto the target with spiritual power.

Donnie took off his sorcerer's badge and waved it at the window. "I am Donnie. I need to use the phone in the station. This is the right of the sorcerers."

According to the agreement of the Congress of Magic and many countries, the official sorcerers could use the communication facilities in public places with their badges in emergencies.

The cleric inside was greatly relieved. After confirming the authenticity of the badge, he opened the gate. "Come on in, Mr. Donnie. The phone is on the desk."

Donnie nodded. Having no time to thank the guy, he hurried to go to the desk and dialed Karl's number.

After three beeps, Karl's lazy and vague voice came over. "Who's calling me in the middle of a night? Do you not know that this is a very inhuman and brutal thing to do?"

He seemed to be rather angry to be woken up from sleeping.

Donnie was briefly stunned. Karl's voice sounded less magnetic on the phone. "Karl, this is Donnie. I have run into something weird."

“Donnie? What weird thing?” Karl seemed refreshed. Then, he said habitually, “If it is not weird, you will have to apologize to me. Interrupting other people’s sweet dream is punishable by sentencing into prison. I have to stay energized to listen to Grandpa Victor’s concert tomorrow, which is probably going to be his last one. I cannot miss it, and I cannot yawn during it...”

“The black armor monster in the nightmares is attached to my right hand,” Donnie said straightforwardly. That was the only way to stop Karl’s rambling.

In fact, he also knew that Victor’s concert would be held in Rentato tomorrow, as had been introduced by Arcana Voice.

As Mr. Evans’ music teacher, he was too old to hold concerts anymore even though he had been taking magic potions. It was said that he would hold a farewell concert in both Aalto and Rentato to show that he treated classic music and pop music equally.

Although Victor was known for his good student, all music lovers knew that Mr. Victor’s achievements in music were enough to make him a master. His other few students had also distinguished themselves with their music even though they were not as good as himself or Mr. Evans. So, he had been praised to be the best music mentor.

Karl suddenly raised his voice. “The black armor monster in the nightmares? Does your right hand demonstrate frozen black, white, and gray, suppress the undead creatures, and eliminate spells?”

“How did you know?” Donnie was quite surprised.

Karl smiled. “Of course I know it. My father saw it and told me before. Hehe. It’s great that you told me, or your vitality would fade away quickly. Perhaps in a couple of years, your body will start to rot...”

“Then, what should I do?” Donnie was glad that he made the right choice.

Hesitating for a moment, Karl said, “It’s going to be fine for the time being. I’ll come to find you after Grandpa Victor’s concert. Alternatively, you can take the earliest train to Rentato tomorrow morning. I’ll have someone pick you up.”

“I’ll come tomorrow!” Donnie dared not delay at all and decided to go to Rentato the next morning. “Thank you, Karl. I’ll stop bothering you. I need to take a rest.”

Karl chuckled. “You’ve woken me up, and you want to go to sleep? No, you have to chat with me!”

“But you have a concert tomorrow...” Donnie could not refuse it. He felt that he was exhausted.

Although Karl was talkative, he was certainly not insensitive. Noticing Donnie’s reluctance, he ended the call.

Donnie went home quietly. He dared not go to sleep, fearing that he would have nightmares again. So, he began to meditate.

...

In the middle of the fuzzy and hazy meditation, Donnie's body suddenly trembled. He felt that the scene before his eyes changed greatly. Around him was the frozen, dull black, white, and gray, where mountains, rivers, cities, and villages were reflected and countless undead creatures were wandering everywhere without the slightest sound or color.

“The World of Souls? I'm having a nightmare again?” Donnie thought in shock. He had entered a dream without sleeping?

“This city is a mess, but it looks somewhat familiar... It's Aalto, 'Capital of Music', that the documentary of the Sky TV Station mentioned!”

Donnie had never thought that he would come to a city on the other side of the continent.

Outside of the city, two persons that seemed both real and illusionary looked at everything quietly. One of them said in a low voice, “Brother, aren't we going to do something?”

It was Karl's voice. As it turned out, he could speak in the World of Souls, except that he was also in black, white, and gray right now!

Chapter 849 - News End of Side Story: Year 24 of the Arcana Calendar

849 News End of Side Story: Year 24 of the Arcana Calendar

The pale and dim sky, the topsy-turvy city, and the colorlessness and soundlessness covered the World of Souls in the eternal coldness and silence.

The taller of the two persons who were observing Donnie from outside of the city said in a low magnetic voice, “Rest assured. It’s going to be fine. I’m only trying to figure out what he is trying to do and where he is going after releasing some of his air through such hard work.”

“Alright.” Karl trusted his brother very much and did not say anything else. “He must be looking for a way to get out of his quagmire. Hehe. If he seeks cooperation, we wouldn’t seal and study him all the time. Grandpa Fernando has plenty of experiment materials, and Father has established a demigod path of arcanists. We’re researching him just to figure out what ‘death’ is, how it can be included in the current arcana system, what extraordinary abilities it has, and whether they can be modified into the legendary spells of the school of necromancy...”

The taller person rubbed his temples. “You’re not strong enough and can only count on your talents right now. So, you should not talk much in the World of Souls.”

...

Donnie looked at everything around him in a daze. Staring at the Psalm Hall, which had appeared in the district of the poor for a long time, he was finally back to himself and thought bitterly, I’ve always hoped to visit the Capital of Music, but I did not plan to come under such circumstances.

He was rather ill at ease, not knowing why the mysterious existence dragged him into the World of Souls. So, he did not even have the interest to visit the Psalm Hall before him.

Suddenly, he felt that his right hand was cold. A distant, old, and hoarse voice echoed in his heart. “Go back! Go back to where you belong!”

The voice was both magnificent and cold, numbing Donnie's soul and making him feel the most earnest summoning from far away and from the bottom of his heart!

It deprived him of his resistance. Just like it was his own wish, he strode forward and pressed toward the deepest part of the World of Souls.

At this moment, Donnie hadn't lost the ability to think. He was puzzled about the source of the summoning and his own destination. However, he did not find it strange that he accepted the summoning, as though it were his own thought and the only reasonable action.

As he walked on, the cold, monotonous black, white, and gray surfaced on Donnie's right hand, before it covered Donnie's whole body. His blue eyes, the silver background of his magic badge, and the silver spots on his arcana badge were all highlighted. He flashed forward, and every step seemed to be covering a long distance.

After a long time, Donnie's eyes glittered. A group of magnificent, boundless palaces was reflected in his pupils. Many of the palaces rose into the pale sky, their tips beyond the eye, as if they led to the residence of the true god.

It was a splendid and magnificent view that Donnie had never seen before and could never imagine. So, he was stunned there like a vivid statue.

However, Donnie trembled hard and woke up from his shock, because he sensed the horrifying vibes that could collapse his soul. They were only secondary to the black armor in his nightmares and much more powerful than his mentor Robert, shaking both his body and his heart!

Looking at the mummy that was covered in brown, oily cloths, the monster in a black cape with a long scythe and a misty face, the gold skull that drifted up and down, and the enormous dragon of bones, Donnie hated that he had taken the creature identification class so carefully that he recognized what they were the moment he saw them.

The Primordial Mummy, the Servant of Death, the Demigod-lich, and the Dragon of the Death. They were all legendary undead creatures!

Further away, from the horde of the dense undead creatures, a lot of similar air was coming over.

“L... Legendary...” Donnie’s eyes widened. He would’ve been covered in a cold sweat if he weren’t in the World of Souls. He had never seen or got in touch with a legend in his entire life!

Despite the rapid development of arcana and magic, and even though telegrams, phones, satellite stream, and radio programs had made the world much smaller, “legendary” was still something that most intelligent creatures feared and admired. It represented the sublimation of life and absolute domination.

The fear in Donnie’s heart made him back off subconsciously, but the ancient and overwhelming voice was still roaring, “Come back! Come back!”

It forced Donnie to step forward instead of backing off. He was about to approach the evil and horrifying Primordial Mummy.

Donnie’s legs were shaking, and his teeth were chattering. He would love to pass out right now to avoid being torn apart and swallowed by the legendary undead creatures.

However, at this moment, the Primordial Mummy collapsed forward like a mountain and knelt on the ground, placing its head next to Donnie's feet.

Without a sound, countless undead creatures fell on their knees, raising an enormous wave, as if they were embracing their dominator and their king!

Donnie looked at the scene in shock. Too many thoughts rolled in his heart. He was both shocked and somewhat satisfied. The feeling of being respected was so marvelous that no wonder so many people sought after it.

"It's a pity that those legendary undead creatures are not kneeling for me..." Donnie managed to stay awake and flew forward following his heart. Wherever he reached, both the legendary undead creatures and the small festered zombies that even Donnie could've killed easily knelt before him.

After the undead creatures fell on their knees, Donnie was able to see further. Then, his eyes encountered a pair of transparent amber eyes!

It was a monster in the myths, but Donnie, who had been watching stream shows all the time, was no stranger to it. It was a dragon! It was a crystal dragon that was fully covered in transparent scales!

The crystal dragon seemed to be wearing something, which allowed its scales to emit cold and dreamy brilliance even in the World of Souls. However, it was in an extremely weird state. It was crouching among the undead creatures and picking something with its claws. Many gray, bulging bags were hanging on its back, and a black cloth that could only cover its nose was on its face.

The might of the dragon surged at him, and Donnie lost his calmness and shouted, "Monster!"

“Monster!” The crystal dragon was scared too, and its slightly juvenile voice turned sharp.

Then, the person and the dragon both turned around and fled, as if they were both scared of each other.

Observing it from far away, Karl said in amusement, “Why is he collecting garbage here again?”

“With the item that Father gave him, he cannot be perceived by the legendary undead creatures. Naturally, he has to come here to search for valuable materials and gems.” The tall shadow chuckled. “Many materials here are very precious.”

“That’s so filthy!” Karl pinched his nose and raised his voice as he said, “I won’t acknowledge him as my friend anymore!”

The taller person turned his eyes to Donnie. “Is there any secret in the Temple of Spirits that’s worth his return?”

“Maybe something here can help him get out of the trap.” Karl snorted at the crystal dragon’s back, which was disappearing far away.

...

After he escaped from the dragon, Donnie entered the group of enormous black palaces from a side door. The roar in his heart was higher and higher, and the feeling of being summoned was stronger and stronger!

It made him move faster and faster, as if the greatest benefits were awaiting him up ahead!

Passing through the temples, Donnie suddenly beamed with interest, because one of the palaces was full of bookshelves on which countless yellow books were covered with an intense stench.

The instincts of an arcanist made Donnie stop and observe the surroundings.

“Those books must be very precious. Otherwise, they wouldn’t have been preserved so thoroughly and emitted colors in the World of Souls...” Donnie thought in delight. He held the deepest love for books because they changed his fate!

Although he had the strong urge of drawing a book out and taking a look at it, the strong sense of summoning prompted Donnie to surpass the bookshelves and run to the exit.

After he left, a young male walked out of a corner that was blocked by the bookshelves. He had silver hair and silver pupils, with an eccentrically handsome face. In a red shirt and a black coat, he was holding an opened book in his hands.

“Hehe. You’re back again? Interesting...” He closed the book and followed Donnie casually.

“Immortality!”

“Come back!”

Similar roars echoed in Donnie’s heart. The black, white, and gray on his right hand gradually covered his whole body.

It slowed and paralyzed his mind. His body seemed to have been occupied and controlled by someone invisible.

Pale and dim fire was ignited inside his pupils. Then, he flew toward the exit up ahead earnestly.

Donnie, who managed to retain part of his consciousness, could only see the things ahead of him and lost the ability to control his body.

Karl, who was tailing him far away, said in amusement, “Is he trying to return to the Path of Immortality?”

“Maybe he has found something in his research, and he is confident to get out of his trouble through the Path of Immortality,” the taller person said casually and did not hurry to stop them at all.

...

The wall where countless faces of souls were gathered, the channel that released the air of immortality, and the landscape that was dispersing and collapsing all the time... The weird pictures popped up in Donnie's head. Although he had seen none of them before, he had the clear vision that he was about to see them in a minute!

After he left the exit, Donnie saw a "familiar" square, and the wall where the soul faces were frozen stood at the entrance of the palace at the end.

However, there were plenty of other things that Donnie wasn't familiar with!

Above the palace hanged red banners that read:

[We sincerely welcome the God of Silver Moon to inspect our work...]

[By all the members of the Ninth Research Institution of the Congress of Magic...]

[Portal of All Realms!]

The cheesy decorations made the voice that echoed in Donnie's head burst out a miserable cry.

"NOOOOOOOO!"

At this moment, a tall and kind-looking old man walked out of the back of the Furnace of Souls. In a tailcoat, he smiled gently and waved his hands, extracting the black, white, and gray inside Donnie's body and recovering him!

“Mr... Mr. President!”

How could Donnie not know the president of the Congress of Magic!

“This is one of the most advanced research institutions of the Congress. It was founded by Lucien in person for the travel and exploration between parallel universes. Now that you are here, you can visit it by the way.” Douglas did not mention anything that happened just now.

Donnie bulged his mouth widely and forgot to close it. Why could he hear the name of Lucien Evans in such an uncanny place too?

Far away, Karl laughed rather delightedly.

(End of Side Story: Year 24 of the Arcana Calendar)

Throne of Magical Arcana

850 Side Story: John

“Hey! Ha!”

A little boy no older than ten was holding a wooden sword high and striking it forward.

Bang!

The boy on his opposite side, who was of a similar age, waved his sword to block it. The two swords collided in a dull noise.

Under the scorching sun, the two boys were sweating hard. Their cheeks and their necks were all wet. Even so, they were still gritting their teeth and focused on the sword practice.

On the stairs nearby, a golden-haired and brown-eyed man slightly nodded, expressing his satisfaction with the boys' sword practice. He looked young and handsome, but his manners were mature and trustworthy, making it impossible to tell his accurate age.

However, he was in an obvious trance right now, as if he had seen somewhere far away through the child before him.

"John, what's on your mind?" A slim, tall, and beautiful woman walked over from his back. She felt gentle and had blond hair and blue eyes, different from the common look of Holm.

John's eyes were focused again. He turned around with a smile and said to Kalie, his wife. "When I watched the children practicing with their swords so hard, I remembered that Lucien and I practiced in exactly the same way when we were little in the empty places in the slums of Aalto. However, he was not as strong as I was, and he was never satisfied. His sword was knocked away every time..."

Kalie held his waist from the back and smiled gently, “Who could’ve thought that one of the two kids in the slums of Aalto would turn into an earl of the empire, a radiant knight, and the deputy captain of the Sword of Truth’s Knights, while the other one would turn into a demigod, a grand arcanist, a prince of the empire, and a great musician?”

“Yes. Life is like a play.” John patted his wife’s arms and said with mixed feelings, “At first, I only thought to be an official knight to change my family’s life, protect them, and protect the duchy. I never dreamed that I could become a radiant knight or have a wife as beautiful as you.”

Kalie was taller than John, so she was able to lean her jaw on John’s shoulder. Hearing his words, she couldn’t help but smile.

Looking ahead, John became tranced again. He said with a smile, “Lucien couldn’t have expected his achievements today either. At that time, his greatest wish was to become a civilian who had a regular income. Fate is truly a wonder that even the astrologists cannot predict. I remember that Lucien and I used to stand outside of the Psalm Hall fantasizing that we could listen to a concert someday. Hehe. I have almost forgotten what the Psalm Hall looked like now...”

“Do you miss Aalto?” Kalie asked keenly.

John smiled steadily. “Yes. I do miss the Psalm Hall, my old house, the black forest where I had my knight training, and the bards and performers on the street. Hehe. Those who are old always tend to miss their hometowns and their childhoods.”

“Old? Are you suggesting that I am old too? I’m only a few years younger than you.” Kalie pretended to be angry. “Do you regret choosing to stay in Rentato instead of a fief near Aalto?”

When he became an earl, John had a chance to choose his hereditary fief. At that time, Natasha had already become the Grand Duchess of Orvarit and could give him the land near Aalto. However, John eventually decided to stay on this side of the Storm Strait.

John did not give an answer. He patted his hands, hinting the children to stop. He then gave them a few reminders before he returned to the villa with Kalie.

“It’s time for my regular patrol,” John said unhurriedly.

Kalie nodded. “I’ve already prepared your knight suit and your armor.”

When he passed the hall, John stopped Kalie and pointed inside. “Listen to the beautiful music. My mother is holding yet another salon.”

“Yes.” Kalie did not quite understand what John meant. His mother often invited the noble ladies to her salon. What was to be surprised at?

John pointed at the study upstairs. “My father must’ve been to the Musicians’ Association.”

“Yes.” Kalie was still confused.

John said with a smile, “Rentato has magic gramophones, air conditioners, home TVs, refrigerators, alchemical cars, and many other items that have changed our life. It is the place with the best magic popularization. My father and my mother are used to them, and they enjoy them. Asking them to go back to Aalto would be a torture for them. Besides, with the airships available

now, we can reach Aalto in a couple of days for holidays without transmission magic circles. So, I never regretted my choice.”

In the end, he added, “For me, home is where you are. I will always choose the place that you love. What I miss is my childhood and the time passed rather than Aalto.”

Kalie blushed and did not talk. She dragged John back to the main bedroom on the second floor and helped him get changed.

Bang!

When John was cleaning his clothes before the mirror, a dull explosion echoed from the other end of the corridor.

Neither John nor Kalie showed any unusual reaction, as if it were as common as door opening and closing.

“Something went wrong in Elvin’s experiment again...” John listened carefully, catching the footsteps in the laboratory and sensing that Elvin was still alive. Then, he sighed rather regretfully. “He became a second-circle sorcerer only with the help of potions, but he is never devoted to arcana.”

Elvin was a free spirit. He disliked the boring arcana and magic studies, and he preferred the popularized alchemical items. In Lucien’s words, he was more like an inventor than an arcanist.

Kalie comforted him, “Elvin is very smart, but his interest is fixated on the popularized alchemical items right now. After he knows that it is impossible to conduct his modifications effectively without profound arcana and magic knowledge, he will work hard.”

Kalie was a level-two arcanist and a fourth-circle sorcerer herself.

“Alright.” John nodded and put on the last part of his armor.

.....

Above the Stroop Forest, John asked his subordinates to scatter and patrol on aircraft. He roamed in the air and observed the forest carefully.

Since many elves had been introduced into the human society, the responsibility to defend the abyssal gap had been shouldered by the Elven Court, the Elder Council of the Druids, and the Congress of Magic together, and the major knight associations of the empire were asked to deal with the demonized creatures or missing demons around the forest.

Debates had always remained unabated regarding how to deal with the abyssal gap. The elves wished to seal it completely, and so did the nobles and civilians in the few counties around. After all, even the thorough protection couldn't be perfect. Not only was the forest being polluted more and more severely, but certain creatures and demons had also entered villages, towns, and cities. Although they were all taken care of in time, some people were still killed or crippled.

However, most sorcerers and knights hoped to keep the gap and the Town of the Anonymous. The place had limited the strength of the invading demons. They did not need to worry about the formidable beings like Demon Lords or Dukes, and they could obtain many senior-rank materials. It was certainly much better than going into the abyss for adventures.

As far as John knew, the Highest Council had reached a decision and established a research squad. The target was to separate the two realms and to keep a buffer area on the first floor of the abyss for the convenience of adventures and exercises.

“Ahh!!!”

A grunt echoed in John’s earpieces. He immediately became grave and swooped like an eagle.

In the forest, a few knights were resisting the attack of a beautiful girl back to back. She had delicate and lovely demon horns on the forehead, and part of her body was covered in bright black armor. With the most tempting body curve and face, she was every inch a powerful succubus.

The few knights were all wounded. Caught unprepared, some of them were dying and were in dire need of rescue.

Holding a thorny whip, the succubus attacked quickly, spreading out pink and dark mist with her naturally-endowed spells.

Suddenly, a longsword enshrouded in darkness slashed from the sky and drove the mist away. All the spells that the succubus cast were nullified.

John did not turn into elements or light. He looked as plain as a common grand knight. However, wherever his longsword pointed at, all the extraordinary abilities were reduced into nothingness!

“The Elimination blood power!” Greatly shocked, the succubus flapped her wings and tried to flee.

However, her speed had been greatly weakened. John caught up to her and cut her to the ground.

“Don’t... Don’t kill me! I can acknowledge you as my master and serve you well!” The succubus twisted her enticing body, hoping to exchange for a chance of survival!

“You weren’t such a peace-lover when you assaulted my teammates, were you?” His face unchanged, John slashed his longsword and executed the succubus directly.

The succubus’ shock was frozen on her face. The few knights attacked by her seemed rather regretful too.

BOOM!

The earth suddenly shook so violently that the knights could barely stand on their feet.

“What’s going on?” John looked at the source of the earthquake in shock, only to discover that a bloody plain appeared on the horizon vaguely. The space before it was twisted and weaved into an unbelievable, hideous crack. Behind it was the view of the abyss on different floors.

Before the protruding abyssal gap, a young man in a black double-breasted suit was floating. He had a black bow-tie with a monocle on his right eye, handsome and gentle. The darkness that surrounded him was as contorted as the abyss itself.

“Lucien?” Seeing the familiar back, John blurted out.

At this moment, Lucien pressed his hands forward. His body became so fuzzy that he seemed to be in an intangible and unapproachable world. A boundless cosmos showed up behind his back with stars glittering in it.

BOOM!

The fog near the gap was too thick for John to see the changes clearly. He only saw that the space collapsed, and the Scarlet Plain, as well as the abyss behind it, slowly broke away from the gap!

In the meantime, an enormous storm swept across the Scarlet Plain and completely consumed it. The thick, long bolts of lightning separated it from the second floor of the abyss that it was connected to!

The “abyss” had been shoved away?

Looking at Lucien who appeared like a god in the high sky, John was rendered speechless. He was suddenly grasped by vague sorrow.