

Throne of Magical Arcana

891 Ten Years Later

“That’s right.” After learning Fernando’s question, Antec made fun of him. “You were suspicious that a legend surrendered to the Church? What can they gain from that? The common archmages can receive safety and the materials provided by the Church. What can a legendary sorcerer get? After the external problems are eliminated, they will be the first guys to be thrown away.”

Such a smooth and convincing explanation did not sound like something that a guy as cowardly as Antec could have thought of so quickly.

He must have remembered it when the King of Nightmare and Stanis discussed it... Fernando mocked Antec in his heart and said solemnly, “What exactly are the legends researching in Kufuray City?”

“The mysteries of faith, the deification of gods,” Antec said frankly.

Fernando stared at him with his red eyes, until it was impossible for him to remain calm. He moved his shoulder back and asked, “What are you suspecting?”

“I don’t know, but I’m certain that it is definitely not the answer, at least not the most fundamental answer,” Fernando said solemnly.

Antec was obviously relieved. He looked at Fernando sincerely. “It is an answer nonetheless.”

“Got it. I won’t pursue it any further. Asking a coward to bear too much pressure will make him too scared to go to sleep.” Fernando heard Antec’s meaning between the lines. If he asked further, it was possible that his safety could not be guaranteed.

Antec was not angry after being mocked. He patted Fernando’s shoulder with a smile. “The more scared I am, the better I will sleep.”

The smooth feeling on his fingers made him move his hand back quickly. He blushed again because Fernando was still “Nando”!

Fernando sniffed. Feeling that his body had already recovered, he said, “I should get out of here as soon as possible. The rotten secrets buried below the ground disgust me. I have goosebumps all over my body.”

In short, he felt that the secrets were dangerous.

“I have brought over the sorcerers you hired. They’re out of the city.” Antec was very scared that Furan would see through Fernando’s identity, in which case he would definitely become collateral damage. So, he had been trying to persuade Fernando to leave as soon as possible.

Fernando looked at Antec in surprise. “It’s rare to see you so prepared.”

“Hehe.” Antec enjoyed Fernando’s “praise”.

Fernando talked with Antec for a while. After making deals about future reunions, he walked to the door and turned the knob.

At this moment, a man who appeared to be in his thirties walked in. He was so plain-looking that he would have been unrecognizable in any crowd.

He eyed Fernando up and down and said in a low voice, "Although you are a pervert, you have the vision and analysis abilities that are better than other people's. That's not bad."

"Am I supposed to be happy for your 'compliment', you idiot who cannot distinguish between dream and reality?" Fernando was as mean as usual.

The man was Stanis, whom Antec had described and painted for Fernando before, and the future King of Nightmare.

"Words cannot bring you any benefits, but magic can," Stanis said coldly. "According to Antec, you have some different opinions on illusions and dreams. I hope that they are not too shabby, or it will be a waste of my time."

Fernando chuckled. "I also hope that you won't waste my time."

The two of them communicated their opinions on illusions and dreams in the ward. Although it did not involve the detailed magic symbols and structures, they both benefited a lot from the brainstorming.

A while after Fernando left, Furan, who had been occupied in her teacher's work, came. It was not exactly love between her and Fernando, but she couldn't help but feel guilty when she thought that Fernando's misfortunes were because of her wrong intelligence.

"What? She has returned to Holm?" Furan looked at Antec and could hear nothing else.

She did not say goodbye to her? Did the recent happiness not deserve a farewell at all?

Furan was rather sad that Fernando had left and ignored her charm.

Suddenly, Stanis opened his mouth and said nonchalantly, "You're interested in a female body with a male soul? Antec is not bad. He has a soul that is even more cowardly than ladies. He'll fit your requirement after some physical modification."

"What do you mean?" Furan was stunned at first. Then, all the confusions when she was with Fernando surged up, and she glared at Antec. Fernando was not a professional actor at all. It was okay for a short while, but as they spent more time together, there were certain details that Furan found perplexing.

Antec stepped back in fear. "It... It was none of my business. Fernando was just a pervert who liked to be a girl."

He did not have the courage to lie before Furan's face.

Gloomily, Furan gritted her teeth hard and did not say anything for a long time. Right when Antec was frightened and trying to move closer to Stanis, she suddenly waved her arm. "I'll turn him into a real female next time I meet him!"

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Ten years later, Rentato was warm and vigorous at the end of spring.

Fernando, still wearing his favorite red magic robe, ignored the knights and clerics in the city and soon reached the Roasted Fish Hotel.

"Old Green, you are still not dead!" he shouted the moment he entered the room.

Old Green narrowed his eyes and looked at him. "I'll still be alive even after you are dead. Today's letters."

He threw a thick pile of letters to Fernando.

Ten years ago, after the Sword of Truth was sent back by the Church along with two saints, the situation was stabilized. However, as time went by, since the Church was caught in an impasse with the coalition army in Aalto and Tria, and the legends of the Church were distracted by the legendary sea monsters in the Boundless Ocean, the nobles in Holm began to have second thoughts and did not work as hard anymore.

The new situation reached an apex two years ago when the Liege of Death fully recovered and killed a grand cardinal in a head-on clash. Later on, the nobles would turn a blind eye to those in magic robes on the street as long as they were not with clerics. Also, more and more of them were secretly working with sorcerers, hoping that the Church could be struck out and a balance among the nobles, the sorcerers, and the Church could be forged.

An invisible hand appeared before Fernando before grabbing the letters and tearing them open. As per his expectation, he found Hathaway's handwriting to be even more elegant now. On the letters were mathematical questions so complicated that even Fernando felt dazzled, having the illusion that he was not as good at mathematics as Hathaway.

Ten years might be too short to make a breakthrough in magic, but it was enough for a mathematical master with enough talents to rise!

"This girl is not too bad at mathematics," Fernando remarked with his symbolic tone.

Green scorned. "This is your 39th similar remark. Is it really so difficult to admit that her mathematical talents are better than yours?"

Fernando did not hear that, for he had already sat down and dwelt in the world of mathematics.

"She has such a profound understanding of fluxion, no, calculus... She made decisive contributions..." The more Fernando read, the more shocked he became.

He had been writing to Hathaway and offering mathematical guidance over the past ten years, but when it came to the most cutting-edge fluxion, she only asked the basic definitions. Fluxion had been renamed into calculus by Douglas. However, in one of today's letters, the knowledge on calculus that Hathaway gave was beyond his abilities, and he had to learn it first!

“When did she pick up calculus?”

Fernando thought suspiciously. He soon remembered something Douglas said, “A young friend believes that calculus sounds better than fluxion, and she has made great contributions to the establishment of this system. So, let’s name it as she says.”

At that time, he thought that Douglas was referring to Erica who dropped by a lot. He realized now that it had to be Hathaway. She had been writing to him as well as Douglas about mathematical knowledge!

Since when was she mathematically capable of co-establishing calculus with Douglas? Fernando grimaced, feeling that he had been left behind.

“Old man, Hathaway is still writing to Douglas?” Fernando raised his head and asked.

Old Green wiped the cup as usual and said casually, “Of course, your mathematical abilities are nothing compared to Douglas’. She wouldn’t have asked for your guidance if Douglas weren’t in Allyn all the time.”

He certainly did not mind striking Fernando.

“Nonetheless, calculus has been completed years sooner than I thought. This will be the most dazzling achievement in the history of magic!” Fernando did not feel bitter but talked in excitement.

Old Green was stunned by how open-minded he was. He asked, “The most dazzling achievement? Hehe. Who could’ve thought that one of the contributors is a little girl who is incapable of magic.”

He cared for Hathaway as a senior. Even though ten years had passed, Hathaway was still a little girl in his eyes.

“It seems that I need to treat her as an equal during our communication.” Fernando put the letters back, ready to study them further after he was back.

Old Green looked around. Seeing nobody here, he asked in a low voice, “Are we taking action tonight?”

Fernando nodded solemnly before he said in slight discomfort, “You... You’d better be careful.”

Having recovered his strength, the Liege of Death believed that it was high time that they occupied a major city with necessary infrastructure so that the defense he had been secretly worked on for decades could be established as soon as possible to resist God’s Arrival. It had been ten years. Nobody knew how strong the pope was and how long it would take before he could perform God’s Arrival. They could only make preparations as early as possible.

“Are you confident?” Old Green asked in concern.

Fernando nodded his head. “Of course, because the nobles will be on our side!”

Throne of Magical Arcana

892 Accidents

In Cocus of the Duchy of Calais...

Since it was right next to the southern swamps, it was extremely hot even though it was the middle of the night. Now and then, creepy birds flew out of the darkness with bloodcurdling shrieks.

At the edge of the swamp, Arnold, who had been staring at Cocus City, was suddenly amused. “Nielson, you never thought you could return to this city someday, did you?”

He was talking about his return as a master.

This place, as the capital of the Asso Empire, had the most perfect infrastructure for the defense that the Liege of Death worked out. Naturally, it became the target for the operation.

With his bloated fat jiggling, Nielson said with unusual, mixed feelings. “I thought that I would never visit Cocus again in my life... I remember that I was praised right here by the Liege of Death when I became a ninth-circle archmage.”

Priscilla covered her anxiety with a smile. “At first, I thought the target was Rentato instead of Cocus.”

The operation was mostly to be carried out by legendary sorcerers under the secret cooperation of legendary knights. However, after the churches were destroyed and the cities were occupied, a lot of senior-rank sorcerers were needed to maintain the order and prepare for the construction of the

defense. Therefore, Arnold was waiting for the signal at the edge of the swamp with Nielson, Priscilla, Amanata, Fernando, and the other sorcerers.

Arnold clicked his tongue. “The Sword of Truth does not want to lose his territory.”

“Huh, why is Douglas not here?” Priscilla basically figured out the reason. She looked around but did not see the archmage who left a deep impression on her ten years ago.

Arnold smiled. “Douglas said that his research had approached the most critical moment, and he was onto something. So, I said that he did not need to take part in the operation.”

Then, he suddenly narrowed his eyes. “It has begun.”

He received a message from the Liege of Death. The legendary sorcerers were about to take action.

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Below the thick mud, the ragged City in the Sky lay there just as usual.

Douglas sat in the square at the center of the city, faced with pieces of papers that had symbols and numbers all over them.

The law concluded from tremendous astrological records and the application of calculus allowed him to touch something marvelous, but there was still a gap for him to figure out what it was exactly.

The questions haunted him and kept him here for days, but despite that, he never found the perfect answer.

The secrets of planets, and the power source of the earth. The most essential secrets of the world seemed to be right before him, and all he needed to do was to push the gate and embrace them!

All he needed was one more moment!

In the square, several sorcerers, who were watching over the place, roamed with their kids. They were very curious about the contemplative archmage but dared not approach him.

The kids ran joyfully far away from each other, trying to win the fruits in their parents' hands.

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Aalto was set on fire. Buildings collapsed one after another. The defense circles did not seem to be of any use.

“What happened? Where’s our defense?” Beto, who was in the middle of a party, did not expect the Church to attack at such a moment, or that the defense of Aalto did not work at all!

Aalto was the western stronghold of the Magic Empire. It was first built to deal with the creatures in the Dark Mountain Range and only second to Antiffler in terms of sturdiness. After legendary sorcerers, vampires, dragons, elves, and other people were gathered here to resist the Church, the defense had been perfected and fortified without a care about the cost. The city was as strong as Antiffler after more than ten years. It was one of the trump cards that the coalition army hoped to offset “God’s Arrival” with.

However, the defense was not activated at the critical moment!

Furan was in a rather chilly mood as she panicked. “There’s only one reason why the defense is not activated. Something is wrong with the legend who is watching over the defense!”

“Who is it?” Beto, the twins, and Antec asked simultaneously.

Furan looked at them and snorted, “Are you idiots? The most important thing right now is to escape, not to find out which legend is wrong. Can you kill him? The grand cardinals and knights of the Church are right above Aalto, and you have the time to ask that question?”

She talked through the telepathic bond this time. While berating them, she ran to the basement of the villa. “Do not run out. We may be killed by the aftermath of the battle of legends. Do not go to our teachers either. They must’ve been stalled by the grand cardinals and legendary knights. Let’s get out of the city through secret channels and hide in the Dark Mountain Range first before we find out what happened!”

The proud students of legends were rather panicked. They did not know how to respond due to their lack of experience. Things would have been better if Stanis were here, but he had gone to the Dark Mountain Range for materials again.

Thankfully, Furan kept the basic calmness at this moment and showed her leadership. She pointed out the best way to deal with the situation.

Antec trembled hard in fear. He never thought that he would confront such grave dangers. He preferred to hide in the dark and defeat the enemy by creating dreams and illusions. Right now, the enormous noises in the sky challenged his heart all the time.

Suddenly, the purest light descended from the sky and purged all the unholy things as if it were a ruling of the god.

The light was reflected by a mysterious mirror that appeared out of nowhere and split into multiple streaks. One of them hit the house where Furan and her companions were at precisely.

A holy light burst out. With a tiny crack that sounded like the falling gavel in the hands of a judge, the whole house disappeared.

Beto, Furan, Antec, and the rest of them were only one step away from the basement, but they were all consumed by the aftermath of the Light of Judgment.

Seeing his body and his soul about to turn into holy light quickly, Beto only had one vague thought in his mind. Am I going to die so easily?

In the age of chaos and darkness, Beto wasn't certain that he could live to the natural end of his life even though he was a legend's student. He had pictured possible ways that led to his death, and all of them were heroic. Some involved battles with legends, while some were his desperate counterattacks after he was ambushed.

However, he did not know until today that he would die such an easy and unknown death. The aftermath of the battle of two legends had wiped him out completely!

It was not a heroic death at all. He couldn't even put up a fight! He was now familiar with the ordinary people who died in the previous battles!

"So, I am not the hero..." Beto's consciousness completely dispersed.

Antec also sensed the momentary vaporization of his body and his soul. His fear was finally gone, replaced by vague sorrow. "I haven't created a real dream yet..."

"I don't have many dates in my dream yet..."

"I will never live to meet Fernando again..."

"To be honest, the Nando he turned into was really pretty, although not as pretty as Furan..."

Stunned, Furan watched Beto, Antec, and her other companions swallowed by the holy light. The brightness of their life-preservation methods glittered, only to be drowned again. She knew very well that she would end just like them.

"I don't want to die here!"

“I am an empress who will become a legendary sorcerer in the future. How can I die like a common sorcerer so easily?

“There are many wishes that I have not fulfilled yet. I need to settle scores with Nando and transform him into a real girl...”

Ambitions, desires, and wishes broke out, but Furan’s struggles were useless. After a brief predicament, she was also dissolved by the holy light, leaving nothing but subtle regrets behind.

The whole time, the two legends fighting in the sky never looked at the house at all.

The house had nothing but incomplete walls that were ablaze. Nobody knew that the flames were telling the story of a bunch of legends’ students struggling against their fall, only to die in silence.

Whatever big wishes and ambitions they had, they could only be buried in such an age!

After a hot wind blew over, one couldn’t even find any ashes anymore.

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The King of Nightmare, the Stellar Mentor, and the other legendary sorcerers fought a few grand cardinals and legendary knights hard, communicating with each other through the telepathic bond.

“They are unstoppable. Gregory is suppressing Dracula and the Master of the Boundless Ocean with the strength of a demigod.”

“Mecantron stopped Danisos. Ivan and Rudolf are fighting the Mother God of the Earth and the elven queen...”

“The Silver Moon hasn’t shown up?”

“No? What do we do?”

“We have to turn to the last resort! It’s time to put Kufuray to use!”

“Alright. We can only summon the Lord of Hell now!”

After the Silver Moon’s failed attack against the former pope, the legendary sorcerers decided to add another important leverage to the battle, even if it meant that they had to sell their souls to the devils!

Suddenly, the Stellar Mentor said with a stunned expression, “It’s useless! The blood sacrifice in Kufuray is useless!”

“It’s him! It’s Banham!” Somebody finally realized who the traitor was. It was Banham, the Original Fire!

It was not the Original Fire’s turn to watch over the city, so they did not suspect him at the beginning. From what they had seen, he must have assassinated the legendary sorcerer!

Now that their last trump card did not work, the Stellar Mentor, the King of Nightmare, and the rest of them were not willing to fight anymore. They began to look for opportunities to escape.

However, a middle-aged man suddenly appeared in the sky. His face was plain and his skin was dark, but he was graceful in his sacred crown and his platinum staff.

“Gregory!”

“The pope!”

“Isn’t he stopped by Dracula and the Master of the Boundless Ocean?”

Pope Gregory smiled. “Since the Silver Moon didn’t come, Dracula could only evacuate in advance. After he left, Harex certainly did not want to waste his life here either.”

After a pause, he looked at the bunch of legendary sorcerers. “None of you are at the peak of legendary. I wonder if you can take one ‘Light of Judgment’ from me together.”

When level-three sorcerers were up against a demigod, they would be killed instantly if they did not escape through their unpredictable spells. Furthermore, in the current situation, they were still being haunted by plenty of grand cardinals and legendary knights.

“Why has he given up pursuing the top legends but focused his attention on dealing with the rest of us?” That was the final thought of the King of Nightmare and the rest of the sorcerers.

Throne of Magical Arcana

893 Darkness and Dawn

In the high sky, the Witch of Iceland, the Eye of Curse, and the Liege of Death stood in a triangle far away from each other. At their center was “Heart of Time” Kritonia who was not so confident anymore, as well as the mature man Hoffenberg who had a pair of cold silver eyes.

Neither of the legendary knights was holding their longsword. They simply floated there empty-handed.

“It’s about time. I’ll go down and ask them to cancel the defense.” Hoffenberg raised his eyes and looked at the clear stars.

Atlant, the Eye of Curse, said with a smile, “Thank you for your cooperation, Your Majesty.”

Different from Kritonia, Hoffenberg was not controlled by the Liege of Death’s death, and he was almost a top legend. So, he was more like a partner.

Hoffenberg turned around and flew downward in a streak of light as his voice rang in the sky.

“Take action!”

Hardly had he concluded his sentence when Kritonia’s body suddenly blurred into ripples. A silver sword burst out of his body and slashed at the Witch of Iceland!

He was actually holding Hoffenberg’s “Sword of Truth”!

Caught unprepared, the Witch of Iceland only had the time to activate the passive defense and blink effects. However, the light of the silver sword could not be thrown away like a parasite. It slashed the magic defense and nullified the space transportation effects, cutting the Witch of Iceland precisely.

The Sword of Truth cuts everything!

Kritonia cared about nothing else and did not defend himself at all, as if the Liege of Death and the Eye of Curse next to him did not exist.

At this moment, he could only see the Witch of Iceland in his eyes.

The Liege of Death simply watched it without doing anything because he seemed to have been transferred to a different world!

The silver sword passed through the Witch of Iceland's body, which seemed to be made of ice. It was torn apart by countless illusionary gaps into dancing pieces, resulting in a great snowfall.

Even on the verge of her death, the Witch of Iceland could not believe that the Heart of Time would attack her, because he had been implanted with a terrible curse by the Liege of Death earlier. The moment he harmed them, his blood would immediately boil and kill him.

The source of the curse was from the top legendary essence of the Liege of Death. So, even the demigods such as the Lord of Hell or the God of Silver Moon could barely lift it without catching the attention of the Liege of Death, unless a demigod-level sorcerer cracked it directly.

It was absolutely impossible!

Such a sorcerer hadn't been born yet!

The snowflakes dispersed, and the Witch of Iceland perished.

The silver streak of brightness that Hoffenberg turned into zigzagged halfway and flashed to the front of the Eye of Curse.

Atlant had realized what was going on when the Witch of Iceland was attacked. However, instead of providing aid, he simply cast a spell to escape. Therefore, when the brightness that Hoffenberg turned into hit him, only a scream came through the spaces in between, but nothing better was achieved.

“You are a fast runner...” Hoffenberg said coldly and did not chase after him. Instead, he looked at the Liege of Death and thought to himself, Don’t blame me. It’s all because Aalto has failed, and you don’t stand any chance anymore...

The intelligence half an hour ago decided his choice. Although the legendary sorcerers retained daily communication, they were incapable of establishing transmission magic circles everywhere and could only exchange messages through their demiplanes at fixed times. Since the legendary sorcerers of Aalto were in the middle of an intense battle, they certainly did not have the time to send intelligence to this place!

The Liege of Death seemed to have been abandoned by the world. He floated there. He was unable to speak, which made him realize that he had encountered a demigod.

In the sky of Cocus, a middle-aged man, who had a holy crown and a platinum staff, surfaced and said peacefully, “You should feel honored. The Lord has asked me to abort the pursuit of the dark creatures and come to execute you.”

A top legendary sorcerer and a necromancer who had been a top legend for a thousand years were definitely most horrifying. Even Dracula and Danisos did not dare to say that they were stronger than the Liege of Death. In terms of the mysterious attacks, the survival abilities, and the resurrection methods, the Liege of Death was much more skilled than them.

Looking at Pope Gregory before him, the Liege of Death suddenly asked, “Who are you exactly?”

The curse on Kritonia had been somehow cracked, which made him realize that something was not right. He then sensed a vague feeling of familiarity from the pope; the familiarity that he had sensed from a certain legendary sorcerer many, many years ago.

Voices could not be spread out of the range of Gregory's power. He raised his head and said proudly, "You don't deserve to know."

The platinum staff was raised, and the projection of Mountain Paradise appeared. The praises of "You are one, and everyone" echoed in the sky.

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Old Fox Arnold felt anxious when he saw the dancing snowflakes. The terrible feeling came through the projection of the Host Star of Destiny.

"Run!" he roared desperately.

From every part of the swamp, gold knights and radiant knights came at them as elements and light. In Cocus, red robes arrived under the protection of the holy light. In the darkness, the night watchers reaped lives unpredictable.

Coming back to themselves, Congus, Nielson, Priscilla, Fernando, and the other sorcerers did not know what was going on, but they began to try their best to kill their enemies. In the meantime, they used life-preservation spells as soon as possible, hoping to escape even by means of suicide!

The battle was most intense.

Arnold searched for Priscilla and Fernando, hoping to give them a hand before he escaped.

At this moment, Kritonia saw him from the high sky. He narrowed his eyes and waved his right hand. The Sword of Truth immediately cut Arnold in a streak of brightness.

“You are too weak to be involved in this? Smartness without strength is nothing,” he mocked casually.

The magic effects on Arnold had been broken before they were activated. The sword passed through his body.

The cold and stinging feeling paralyzed Arnold’s soul and made him turn to Rentato subconsciously. He thought in confusion, Am I finally going to die?

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“Old fox!”

“Old fox!”

Struggling to the edge of the siege despite the wounds, Fernando saw the old fox hit by the silver sword just as he was about to cast Chaos Teleportation.

In his mind, the old fox was an extremely cunning old man. Whatever he said, there might be a scheme behind it. He was always at ease, and everything was under control.

Shouldn't he have more backup plans and more reinforcements? Was he dying just like this?

A dagger pierced out of the darkness into Fernando's back.

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Below the ground near Rentato...

Douglas sat at the center of the square in a daze, fully concentrated on the problem that was of paramount importance.

After working hard for a while, he raised his head in exhaustion and looked at the remaining sorcerers.

At this moment, a few little kids ran and played with each other. One of them accidentally threw away the apple in his hands.

In a parabola, the apple fell to the ground of the square.

The curve struck Douglas' head like a lightning and illuminated all the darkness. Everything he accumulated in the past was gathered into an answer.

“That’s the case!

“That’s the law of the motion of celestial bodies!”

As if he were crazy, Douglas picked up his quill and wrote on the paper next to him quickly.

All the fires in Allyn suddenly died out, and dull explosions came from the earth.

The sorcerers who stayed in this place looked at each other in bewilderment, having no idea what had happened.

It was night, and Rentato was supposed to be covered in darkness. However, a scorching sun hung in the sky and released light and heat.

Behind it, a vast and boundless universe appeared, and the stars functioned in both apparent and mysterious patterns.

“What happened?” The guards of the city who hadn’t slept yet were astounded.

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Near his death, Arnold suddenly saw the rising sun in the direction of Rentato, which was a major contrast to the darkness on his side. He struggled to put on a smile.

“Am I having an illusion?

“Or has he truly succeeded?”

In vague consolation, he was ripped into shreds by the Sword of Truth.

Fernando also saw that. Trying to prevent himself from being affected by the stunning effect of the dagger, he disappeared through Chaos Teleportation.

“It’s daytime in Rentato? Douglas’ cognitive world has half solidified? A feedback from the real world?”

They were the last thoughts before he passed out.

In the meantime, “Ceaseless Wind”, the legendary knight of Cocus, joined the battlefield and blocked everybody else who was trying to escape.

The ivory ocean of holy light consumed the sky. The Liege of Death's body turned transparent irreversibly.

Sensing the changes in Rentato, he smiled with complicated feelings. "The succession of magic never stops."

Pope Gregory seemed twenty years older all of a sudden, and his hair turned gray. He looked at the sun in Rentato and coughed. "It's only the half-solidification of the cognitive world. He's a new legend at most."

He needed quietness after God's Arrival and did not want to attack again, so he said to Hoffenberg, "You go and take care of it."

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The people he was familiar with collapsed, the old fox's blood spilled on his face, enemies were everywhere in the darkness, and it was impossible to escape... Fernando suddenly woke up from his nightmare, feeling pain all over his body.

"Huh." Somebody next to him sniffed.

Fernando looked in shock, only to discover that he was inside a spacious wagon, which was riding steadily without any bump. Inside the carriage, a most beautiful girl was staring at him expressionlessly.

She had a pair of clear and cold eyes.

“Hathaway?” Fernando recognized her although they hadn’t met for ten years. He couldn’t help but feel that the little girl had grown into a gorgeous woman.

Hathaway was wearing a common red court dress. She nodded her head as acknowledgment. Then, she thought for a long time, only to come up with nothing to comfort Fernando, so she simply said, “The obstacles to Douglas’ legendary level are no more.”

Fernando was back to reality all of a sudden. He roared in frustration and depression, “How is that going to help? The Liege of Death is dead, old fox is dead, Nielson is dead, everybody is dead!

“How is a new legend going to help anything?”

With her eyes glimmering, Hathaway stared at him for a while. Then, she picked up a thick, black-covered book nearby. “Douglas asked me to give it to you.”

“A book?” In his desperation, Fernando took over the book and looked at the cover, only to be briefly stunned.

It was “Mathematical Principles of Magical Philosophy”!

Throne of Magical Arcana

894 A Meeting of Three

“‘Mathematical Principles of Magical Philosophy’... This is so Douglas...” Having known Douglas for years and communicated with him on magical knowledge often, he had a profound understanding of the guy’s naming style.

For some reason, Fernando’s anxiety and uneasiness were appeased when he saw the book. Just like when he studied magic every time, he forgot the dark reality, as well as the dark and hopeless environment, and completely devoted himself to the glamorous world.

It was a pity that there wasn’t a place where one could read magic books quietly, unless they ran far away. However, how far could they run if they only backed off?

Fernando’s mind was disturbed again, but he already opened the book subconsciously. The familiar handwriting entered his eyes.

The first part of the book was on the definitions of various symbols and scalar quantities. Fernando was involved in the discussion on the content before and soon understood them. Then, in the first article, Douglas pointed out three laws straightforwardly and established the mathematical preparations.

“The three laws of motion...” Fernando breathed hastily and could barely control his feelings. He read out the content aloud when he should have read it in his heart.

The three laws that Douglas concluded from nature were simple, straightforward, and apparently correct. One would feel that the laws went without saying the moment they read it. However, Fernando sensed more things from the three laws. The world he knew was dismembered into countless independent things that operated around the three laws!

The mysteries of the world were hidden in the phenomena that people believed to be natural and in the truths that they thought apparent!

After reading the three laws, Fernando felt that the whole world looked different in his eyes!

He completely forgot the heavy failure previously and the frustration brought by the Church. He was completely focused on the book.

In the second article and the third article, Douglas discussed and proved the objects' motion status under ideal circumstances and when they were restrained through strict mathematical approaches. Calculus that Fernando was familiar with was used as a main tool.

Fernando did not have much trouble understanding it. He felt that his long-time accumulation of knowledge had finally been summarized.

The more he read, the more admiration he had. Douglas' three laws were perfect! It was definitely the most in-depth description of motion in the history of magic!

However, his admiration did not last long. His mind was soon occupied by the title of the third article—"On the Law of Celestial Body Movement and Cosmic System".

The first three articles were like water that had been stored. They surged out in this article and gathered into something called "gravity". It was truly astonishing!

Also, Douglas discussed the shape of their own planet, the motion of the moon, the trajectory of comets, and the tides of the oceans based on them. Then, he analyzed and established an enormous universal system that included stars, planets, comets, and all the other natural phenomena!

“For a moment, the whole world is before my eyes...” Fernando forgot everything else and summarized his feelings in the notes.

His eyes had lost focus. A storm was brewing, and countless bolts of lightning were appearing.

Hathaway did not seem to sense Fernando’s change. She was still calculating something with her pen and paper. The content was almost the same as the third article on Mathematical Principles of Magical Philosophy.

After reading the book, Fernando wasn’t back to himself until a long time later. He grabbed onto the book so hard as if he feared that it would be gone.

It was too precious!

For a sorcerer, it was too precious!

After a long time, he finally roared, “Gravity! Is it the mysterious force that attracts the stars to move?”

Earnestly, he took out paper and pen from his magic pouch and began to deduce on his own.

The result clearly matched the astrological observations. Fernando said to Hathaway in excitement and confusion, “Is this the mystery of our world?”

“Yes.” Hathaway nodded. Her silver eyes were still indifferent, but they were covered in a hazy mist, as if she was also touched by the revelation of world mysteries even though she was a princess instead of a sorcerer.

Fernando clenched his fist and suddenly knocked his head. “It’s not an illusion! It’s not an illusion!”

Casting a spell to his eyes, he looked at the sky through the thin curtain.

Stars were glittering brilliantly in the middle of the night, but in Fernando’s eyes, many bright lines that bound and powered them were added among them.

“There can’t be a magic circle that is more magnificent than that...” Fernando complimented sincerely without any sarcasm.

Hathaway stopped her pen and looked at Fernando coldly. “Not desperate anymore?”

Fernando’s face had a twisted expression, and his voice became low as he said, “After reading Douglas’ Mathematical Principles of Magical Philosophy, I have a feeling that everything in the universe is under the control of sorcerers... Although the odds of success are low, I would like to shed the last drop of my blood for the pride and for the exploration of more mysteries.

“Also, given more time, when more sorcerers understand the laws of the universe and grasp calculus, there will be a population boom of senior-rank sorcerers, archmages, and even legendary sorcerers.

“For example, after reading the book, I am already confident to become an archmage in ten years although it hasn’t been long since I reached the eighth circle.”

In his excitement, Fernando revealed his true thought.

Hathaway nodded. “You need time.”

It was her principle never to speak more words than necessary!

“Time... We are not necessarily running out of time...” Fernando thought hard and analyzed the current situation, looking for things that could be made use of.

At this moment, the wagon stopped.

“We’re here.” Hathaway stood up, opened the door, and flew out.

She’s flying out? Fernando’s eyes were popping out. When did the little girl become a sorcerer? Also, she’s at least in the fifth circle!

The one driving the wagon was Fernando's old acquaintance, "Blue Grace" Sharp. He sniffed and said, "You were a bad influence on Hathaway. She went to the royal library in secret and found the files about the Will of Elements."

The Will of Elements, an organization of legends in the Magic Empire, was destroyed by the Sword of Truth, but the files and books were secretly collected by Hoffenberg.

Fernando's lips twitched. I only taught her mathematics, not magic! Don't blame it on me!

The wagon stopped at a corner of a quiet manor. Fernando sensed something the moment he got off the wagon and looked at the darkness on the left side.

Tall and strong, Douglas walked out of the darkness. He seemed even more mature than before, like a charming gentleman in his forties.

Looking at Fernando with a smile, he said straightforwardly, "There are four things. Firstly, I've become a legend. It's a brand-new class that I received from the feedback of the real world. I've named it 'Elect of Magic'.

"Secondly, a lot of archmages and senior-rank sorcerers survived. I've copied 'Mathematical Principles of Magical Philosophy' and offered it to them.

"Thirdly, not all of the legendary sorcerers were killed in the battle of Aalto. At least seven legends, including the Lord of Frigidity, the Lord of Abyss, the Umbral King, and the Owner of Souls, survived. Some hid in the Dark Mountain Range, some returned to the northland, and some went missing. I've asked someone to deliver 'Mathematical Principles of Magical Philosophy' to the Lord of Frigidity. The top legends like Prince Dracula, Danisos, and the Mother God of the Earth are not dead at all."

After a pause, he continued, “Fourthly, the empire has completely collapsed, and the Church has never been more powerful. However, it also means that the conflicts between the Church and the nobles will be more and more intense.”

The current situation, the prospects in the future, and the individual efforts had been perfectly reflected in the four things. It was enough to show most desperate sorcerers the dawn of hope!

Even though Fernando had already made up his mind just now, he still felt that he saw the light in the darkness when he saw Douglas’ confident smile.

However, he was still quite surprised. “You’ve copied ‘Mathematical Principles of Magical Philosophy’ and sent it to all the sorcerers?”

Although he kept saying that more sorcerers would make breakthroughs if they read “Mathematical Principles of Magical Philosophy”, he knew very well that such a magic book that contained mysteries of the world was the great secret that every sorcerer cherished. It was their power source and the guarantee of their position and wealth. Nobody would share it easily unless the other person offered something equal or much more valuable in return.

For them, magic knowledge of such a level was almost their life!

However, Douglas had copied and offered “Mathematical Principles of Magical Philosophy” to all the sorcerers?

It was completely against common sense and humanity!

Douglas nodded his head. “At a moment like this, we have to break the norm.”

He said solemnly, “Actually, I’ve never been fond of the ways that the sorcerers communicate in the empire. You should know that exchange of information helps us get more inspirations and figure out more things. Also, I have a feeling that, in the future, magic research will be more and more difficult when it presses into the nature of the world. All the sorcerers have to work hard together selflessly in order to move on.

“I believe that it is necessary to separate the magic knowledge that can be communicated and the magic knowledge that should be kept to oneself. Well, the former should be focused in the fields like mechanisms of magic and the essence of the world. Maybe we can give it a new name. Well, it’s about the mysteries of the world. Let’s call it ‘arcana’.”

“Arcana?” Fernando repeated it, feeling that something old and rotten was collapsed by a cool, refreshing breeze.

So be it! After all, there weren’t so many old guys around telling them what to do now!

“Arcana.” Hathaway lowered her head and pondered the meaning of the term.

“Arcana...” Sharp said in a low voice in confusion, puzzled why Douglas tried to create a useless new term in such difficulties.

Arcana!

Throne of Magical Arcana

The Hull Manor was at the edge of a forest. It was a resort where the Hoffenberg family had their summer hunting. Since it was only the beginning of spring, there were few guests and servants. It was quiet and peaceful.

The study in the manor was the place where King Hoffenberg handled state affairs during his holiday. It was protected by powerful divine power circles. However, it was three sorcerers who were under the protection of the divine power circles now.

Douglas lived in the place secretly as a guest of the royal family. He had to change his magic robe into the most popular high-collared coat nowadays, which made him slightly uncomfortable.

“Did you arrange for Douglas to hide here?” After they entered the study, Fernando asked Hathaway casually, trying to figure out whether it was her intention or the Sword of Truth’s.

He had no time to pay attention to the sky during the battle, but since the Liege of Death and the Witch of Iceland perished while the Sword of Truth and the Heart of Time were as alive as ever, it was not hard for him to infer what happened. The two noble knights must have betrayed them!

The losses were heavier than what Fernando could bear. He found it even less possible to trust the nobles and the knights right now.

Hathaway nodded her head. “Yes.”

She was a noble, but she had become a sorcerer. Plus their years of friendship, Fernando actually trusted her more.

Sharp chuckled. “Do you think that His Majesty does not know what Hathaway did? He’s only pretending that he doesn’t. We only did what we had to do. There’s not a single noble who wants the Church to completely destroy the sorcerers. It’s like what Douglas said. Our conflicts with the Church will be more and more intense from now on.”

He was uncertain about the future.

Seated on the high chair at ease, Douglas said peacefully, “With the Mother God of the Earth, the heretical churches, Dracula, the Silver Moon, the Dark Mountain Range, and the Boundless Ocean, there’s still a long way to go before the Church abandons the nobles. However, now that the coalition army has been crushed, it’s barely possible for them to stall most forces of the Church. The Church’s control over its territory will reach its peak. You have to be prepared to endure it.”

His speed was neither too fast nor too slow, and his voices carried the unique magnetism of a middle-aged gentleman. Although he was describing an ominous situation, Fernando and Sharp were eased and less panicked.

Is it the vibe of a legend, or has Douglas grown into such a charismatic leader? Such a question suddenly popped up in Fernando’s heart.

“I fear that endurance won’t help.” After calming himself down, he confessed his concerns. They were also the concerns of the Sword of Truth, as well as most nobles, because there was no hope of winning at all.

Douglas drank a mouthful of water before he continued with his soothing tone, “From the previous cases, it is not hard to see that the pope has to recover after every usage of God’s Arrival. In the

jargon of the sorcerers, the cooldown of this divine power is very long, and the former pope has shown us the outcome of using it too often. So, we don't need to be so scared of God's Arrival.

“‘Silver Moon’ Alterna escaped in heavy wounds after taking a blow of God's Arrival, which means that it is possible to resist God's Arrival. After she recovers, we can find a way to summon the Lord of Hell or the Will of Abyss. It is not entirely impossible to surround the pope.”

The analysis was obvious, but it was difficult for anyone to calm down and think when they were in a panic. Clever minds could not see beyond themselves when they were covered in fog.

Hearing Douglas' analysis, Sharp was calmer and calmer, finding confidence again.

“However, summoning the Lord of Hell or the Will of Abyss requires complicated rituals and enormous prices. It's likely that the Church will discover and sabotage it in advance. Also, the Will of Abyss is crazy and bloodthirsty. He may turn out to be an enemy after being summoned.”

Sharp expressed his own thoughts.

“Hehe. What a coward.” Fernando looked at Sharp in disdain. “Although the Will of Abyss is crazy, we can make preparations in advance to guide him in the direction we like.”

As a sorcerer born in the Magic Empire, Fernando did not reject summoning demons and devils even though he never liked those stupid evil guys.

Douglas smiled. "Perhaps I need to go to hell and talk to the Lord of Hell. He's a demigod who is sensible and capable of analysis. Perhaps we can find a way to allow him to arrive more easily. To be honest, I'm never a fan of blood sacrifice."

After he became a legend, he was capable of traveling in alternate dimensions even without the help of oriented Portals to Alternate Realm.

"You can wait for a moment. Considering the value of 'Mathematical Principles of Magical Philosophy', you will probably make another breakthrough soon." Fernando felt that it would be better if Douglas waited until he was stronger, in case the Lord of Hell despised such a "weak" partner.

"Improving myself is not contradictory to going to hell." Douglas nodded. "By my estimation, I will probably reach level three in thirty years, with reasonable combat ability."

He looked at Sharp. "This path is dangerous and difficult, but it will be absolutely hopeless if we don't do anything. Only if we walk one step at a time can we leave a path of hope in darkness and desperation."

"Actually, the situation today is not too bad, that is, for the sorcerers. Ever since the fall of Aalto and the demise of the Liege of Death, the leaders of the Church have paid less attention to sorcerers but focused on the heretical churches and the dark creatures. It means that you will suffer less hunting in the future." Sharp told them the important changes he sensed recently.

Douglas smiled in self-mockery. "There are merits to being weak."

Fernando interjected in despire, "I thought that Ivan would burst into conflicts with Gregory after failing to become the pope, but he turns out to be as docile as a sheep."

“The power of the clerics is from the God of Truth. Revolting against the pope chosen by the God of Truth equals to revolting against their god. No cleric has the courage to do that, which means that they will have no partners or supporters. Also, it’s said that the pope has a method known as ‘Excommunication’. It can block the connection between the clerics and the God of Truth so that their hearts of faith cannot be refilled. So, how can Ivan dare to challenge Gregory?” Douglas shook his head.

Hathaway suddenly said coldly, “There is Excommunication.”

“There really is...” Douglas nodded solemnly. “However, we need not be disappointed. Ivan probably won’t challenge Gregory directly, but it doesn’t mean that he’s unwilling to cause trouble or create enemies for Gregory. Perhaps his attitude toward sorcerers has changed. We can try to get in touch with him.”

The four of them discussed for a long time and settled many plans. Fernando felt the passion he had when he just joined the Union of Sorcerers again.

Douglas patted his clothes and stood up. “Fernando, your wounds are still not recovered. Take a rest now. We can talk about magic sometime later.”

“Alright. I’ll discuss ‘Mathematical Principles of Magical Philosophy’ with you later. It’s definitely the most brilliant masterpiece in the history of magic.” Fernando did not hold back his compliment.

Douglas smiled. “I’m glad that you think so highly of it, and I’m proud of my work too. However, the more I study, the more confused I am. Hehe. The unknowns are always so fascinating. What is gravity? What is the nature of gravity?”

Well... The depths of his questions stunned both Fernando and Hathaway, who did not know how to respond at all. Sharp, not knowing any arcana, shrugged and walked to the window, pulling the drapes.

The pure and warm sunlight sprayed in from outside the room, covering everything in gold. Before anyone knew it, it was already dawn!

“Fernando, I need your help to contact the other sorcerers. Let’s try to establish another union.”

“Don’t call it a union. It reminds me of the old fox. Let’s call it the Congress of Sorcerers.”

“Fine by me.”

“It does not sound good...” Hathaway remarked in a low voice.

...

Erica’s heart was particularly heavy when she looked at the sorcerers around her who were desperate and helpless. The little organization she was in could barely deal with such a great tsunami.

She moved back to her room and sat on her bed while holding her knees. Thinking for a moment, she took out a black-covered book from the magic pouch. It was from Mr. Douglas from their last correspondence. Because of the escalation of the situation, she never had the time to read it.

Opening the book, Erica read it carefully, with subconscious admiration.

As she read on, her hands trembled so violently that she could barely hold the book steadily. Although she hadn't picked up calculus that Douglas mentioned in his letters, it did not stop her from getting a rough idea of what the third article said.

"Gravity...

"Is it the string on the piano of the Goddess of Magic?

"Is this the reality of this world?

"Magic is so much more marvelous than I thought!"

So astounded, she didn't even know that Atlant, the Eye of Curse, had come to reorganize her group.

...

After a squeak, a girl in a court dress opened the door of the room. The candle in her hand illuminated the dark room.

Where the light was gathered, a tall and slim young man looked back at her in fear, with a heart in his hands and a broken body in front of him.

Crack.

The candle fell onto the ground, and the beautiful girl covered her mouth, asking in disbelief, “You... are a sorcerer?”

“No, no...” His face livid, the young man shook his head in a panic, but he was unable to answer the question.

...

Blowing a melodic whistle, a black-haired and black-eyed young man trotted joyfully on the street. His handsome face and his unique scholarly vibe were particularly attractive for ladies.

“This play stinks. It’s not even as good as the one in my head!” He clicked his tongue and criticized it. In the meantime, he couldn’t help but remark, “Mrs. Audrey was too hot and passionate...”

Suddenly, a man, probably in his thirties, ran close from a corner and shouted in a panic, “Run! Run out of the city! The viscount knows that you slept with Mrs. Audrey!”

“What?” The young man’s face immediately turned pale. His easiness was gone. He took his luggage and ran off immediately.

By the time he got out of the city, it was already sunset.

“How beautiful!” He gradually recovered his calmness and chuckled. “This is a good opportunity for me to go to Rentato. I’ve always wanted to visit it anyway. I’m the man who is destined to become the greatest playwright!”

Against the sunset, the black-haired young man blew a cheerful whistle again.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 896 Still In Mundaneness

In the study in the Hull Manor, the thick curtains were pulled to the two sides. Covered in gauze, the window let in the sunlight and created splendid golden light in the room.

Hathaway was calculating something behind the desk with the quill in her hand. Now and then, she raised her head and talked with Douglas and Fernando in simple words. If what she wanted to express was too complicated, she would choose an oral-and-written approach.

Douglas, standing before the window, looked solemn, as if he was deep in thought. He paced back and forth in the golden realm of sunlight. Occasionally, he came to a sudden stop and pointed out the critical immaturities in Fernando and Hathaway’s thoughts. By the time they offered their rebuttals, he would start pacing again as a thinker.

The scene where they discussed arcana and magic was like a vivid painting. It was a pity that nobody was there to record the brilliant tableau in the history of magic.

Such discussions had lasted many days. All the confusion that Fernando and Hathaway had on gravity, the motion system of celestial bodies, and the three laws of motion had been perfectly answered, giving them copious returns.

“When I applied calculus to the ninth-circle spells, I realized that the difficulties of construction were significantly lowered...” Fernando waved the paper in his hands.

On the paper that had been processed with magic, light and shadow coexisted, giving a strange cubic feeling to the magic model.

“Not just the ninth-circle spells, all the spells above the third circle have been mostly simplified. If the difficulty to construct and learn spells was 100 in the past, it’s only 60 now,” Douglas replied as he paced.

Staring at the paper in his hands, Fernando suddenly said with mixed feelings, “If calculus were established twenty years sooner, we would have plenty more archmages and senior-rank sorcerers today. The combat abilities of the sorcerers of the same rank would be doubled too.”

Douglas paused and turned around to look at Fernando. “How is your recovery? Have you grasped calculus and gravity?”

“There isn’t a problem for now,” Fernando said affirmatively.

Douglas nodded his head. “Then, please contact the other organizations and express our willingness for cooperation. Also, remind them that they must lie low even if they do not have any materials in the next couple of years. We cannot try anything until the conflicts between the Church and the nobles reach the crest.”

“In any case, those cowards dare not do anything!” Fernando said in disdain. Then, he put his quill and his paper back, as if he were ready to leave.

Nobody could deny that Fernando was a man of action.

Douglas turned around and looked at Hathaway. “Hathaway, you should return to Rentato. The Church and the other nobles will suspect you if you stay here for long.”

“Okay,” Hathaway replied, but her quill did not stop at all.

Douglas took a deep breath. “The Lord of Frigidity and the Eye of Curse have concealed their demiplanes. So, I need to pay a visit to hell first.”

After a brief union, the three of them embarked on different roads for the future of the sorcerers.

.....

Crack.

The candlestick fell to the ground into pieces, and the broken candle died out after flickering for a while. The whole room was caught in absolute darkness, with nothing but the beastly moans.

“Shirley, don’t be scared, listen to me!” When the noises were gone, the sound of an agitated young man echoed. He had the pupils of a cat.

The girl breathed heavily but did not respond.

“Shirley, calm down, I’m not a sorcerer. Trust me, I’m not a sorcerer!” The young man was also breathing heavily, like the bellows that were being pulled hard.

The girl named Shirley gradually suppressed her panting. Out of the young man’s expectation, she said calmly, “Vicente, you calm down too. Whether or not you are a sorcerer, I love you all the same.”

Her words were like a marvelous spell that drove away the depressing and suffocating air in the room.

Vicente’s eyes seemed unusual and allowed him to see things in the dark. So, he agilely lit the candle on the desk, which had been slapped off by him just now.

The room was filled with dim light again. Vicente had already put down the heart in his hands and wiped off the blood. He rushed to the girl and asked excitedly, “Really?”

Shirley bit her teeth and nodded solemnly. “I don’t care who you are. I’m only worried about losing you. The Church won’t let go of a sorcerer.”

Vicente laughed like an innocent child. He even spun for a few circles before he hugged Shirley and kissed her temple. “Rest assured. I’m really not a sorcerer, and for you, I will never become one.”

“But the body over there...” Shirley pointed at the broken body on the long table in fear.

Vicente held back his delight and cleared his throat. “I discovered the possessions of some sorcerers at the edge of the swamps, including magic knowledge and mysteries about the human body.

“At first, I was indeed fascinated by the marvelous magic, but then I thought of you. We’ve known each other since childhood. You secretly taught me the common tongue and the Sylvanas language even though you were a noble. You declined so many distinguished nobles just to marry me, which made your father and your mother very angry. How can I abandon you and walk on the path that only means hiding?”

Vicente added sweet words to his explanation. Shirley’s lips curled, and she tried not to show her smile.

The nobles in this period still learned the language of the Magic Empire in private.

“So, I buried the books on magic at the edge of the swamps again and only brought back those about body mysteries.” Vicente pointed at a few books on the table.

Shirley asked in confusion, “Body mysteries?”

Vicente suddenly became solemn. He said with mixed feelings, “I’ve met too many helpless patients in the charity. They have no money to ask the reverends to treat them with divine power, and they can only count on the herbs and potions from the doctors like us.

“Other people may be unaware of it, but as a doctor of the charity, I know very well that the herbs and potions can only cure minor diseases. As for the patients who are in slightly more serious conditions, I can do nothing but watch them moan and scream as they approach the end of their lives. It pains me and makes me feel helpless. The doctors of the charity always become either cold or insane.”

Leaning into Vicente’s chest, Shirley touched his back. “I understand. You know that I often help out at the charity. I’ve seen a lot of deaths too. Many patients were only little kids, and they just died in front of me. At that time, I only hated that I was not pious enough to be a nun to have the divine power.”

“So, I’ve always wanted to find better recipes for drugs, but I realized that the human body is full of mysteries. I don’t know the structure of the heart or if there is anything else in our body. I don’t know how our body functions as a whole. Then, how can I find better recipes?” Vicente’s eyes were full of hope, which made him glow. “I want to understand the mysteries of the human body. I want to figure out what our body is made of!”

Shirley felt that Vicente today was more charming than ever. She nodded. “It’s a good thing, but you must not disturb the rest of the deceased in the cemeteries, which will be noticed by the Church.”

“I’ll look for bodies in the forest and the swamps. If I can’t, I’ll study animals first.” Vicente announced confidently, “After I become a famous doctor, I don’t think your mother and your father will prevent you from marrying me anymore.”

Shirley suddenly blushed. “As a matter of fact, I came here today because they... they already said yes.”

“Really?” Vicente almost jumped to his feet in excitement.

.....

The city gate of Rentato was unusually crowded and lively.

“How prosperous! As expected of Rentato!” The black-haired and black-eyed young man complimented, “I should thank the viscount for catching me. Without him, I wouldn’t have made up my mind to come to Rentato!”

Squeezing into the gate, he suddenly shouted, “Rentato, I’m here!”

“What a lunatic.” The citizens around all looked at him.

The black-haired young man, however, was not bothered. He encouraged himself, “Oliver, you are going to be a celebrity of this city!”

He looked around, searching for a fancy hotel. The fact that he was literate and could write plays suggested that his family conditions were not bad, except that his parents died too young and did not discipline him much.

“Haha. This is the place...” While talking, he groped for his wallet, but his smile was frozen all of a sudden.

“My wallet! Where is my wallet!?” Oliver shouted and looked around in a panic, but his wallet was nowhere to be found.

As the cold breeze of spring blew by, young Oliver felt the cruelty of Rentato for the first time.

Throne of Magical Arcana

897 Les Misérables

All the pedestrians were coming and going fast on the street, but Oliver stood at the center like a statue.

As a young man, although he was brilliant in plays and quite experienced in certain aspects, and it was not his first trip outdoors, such a situation was still too much for him to bear. That was his living expense for the next couple of months!

What should he do? What was he going to eat? Where was he going to sleep?

Countless questions flooded into his head with frustration and anger, making him feel that the sunny afternoon was dark and that the crowd around him was indifferent and distant as if they were in different worlds.

“Bloody thieves!”

After a long time, Oliver burst out a howl that almost tripped over the passersby.

When he howled, he grabbed his suitcase tightly, fearing that another thief would emerge and steal his last possessions.

Not bothering the other people who were eying him as if he were a psycho, Oliver unleashed his feelings. After a while, he finally calmed down and began to consider how to survive.

“Calm down, calm down. Oliver, you have the talents, the appearance, and the physical strength to live through the difficulties.” Oliver encouraged himself and thought quickly, trying to find a solution from his experience, but most of his experience came from plays.

“That’s right. At such a moment, all I need is someone who appreciates me. My new life will begin there.” Finding a solution from his plays, he clenched his fists. “Oliver, your most precious belonging is not your lost wallet, but your mind and the scripts in your suitcase. As long as you show them to the gentlemen with good tastes, you will immediately get a decent reward.”

Having found a solution, Oliver regained the spirits of a young man. He took out a few thick piles of papers from his suitcase. Clutching them tightly, he asked the way while he fantasized what he would buy after he became rich; an extravagant house, several obedient and beautiful maids, delicate and delicious food, famous wines, hot lovers, and most importantly of all, a few goons to kill the bloody thief!

The Society of Plays, located in Alanmu Street, was not far away from the gate. Oliver saw the unique building that was supported by gray stone pillars very soon.

He paused when he saw the guards at the door. He remembered a commonly used cliché in plays, which was that the hero was refused by the proud guards because of his ragged clothes, and therefore had to achieve his purpose through other indirect approaches.

“I cannot make such a mistake.” Oliver felt that he was really smart to take that into consideration. So, he walked to a square nearby and combed his hair, which had turned messy during his earlier catharsis, in front of the pool that was as smooth as a mirror. He then took out a new black coat from his suitcase, replacing the dirty one on his body. In the end, he folded a handkerchief into a flower and put it in the pocket on his chest.

“An elegant gentleman.” Oliver nodded in satisfaction and walked to the gate of the Society of Plays again.

He did not bother to look at the guards when he approached the gate. He merely snorted condescendingly when they came to stop him.

The two guards, deceived by his easiness and his appearance, thought that he was a noble sir and moved back, daring not to stop him.

“Haha. Oliver, you are fantastic! You will make it!” Oliver complimented himself and walked faster.

“Hey! Hey! Let me tell you, I will be the greatest playwright in the future! You can’t be so impolite!”

Several minutes later, Oliver was picked up by two brawny men and thrown off the stairs.

“Get lost, fraud!”

“What an arrogant lunatic!”

They cursed and tossed Oliver’s suitcase and scripts out.

Crack.

The suitcase was opened when it hit the ground, and his clothes and scripts were blown away.

Watching his most cherished scripts fly before him and land in the dust, Oliver was at a loss for a moment before he roared in fury, “You will regret it!”

A young gifted playwright like me will definitely achieve something great!

Packing up his stuff in misery, Oliver wandered on the street aimlessly, not knowing what he could do or where he could go.

“I’ll find a shelter tonight and take a look in the city hall tomorrow to see if I can get a job.” Seeing that the dark clouds were rising, Oliver recovered from his frustration and gnashed his teeth. “I can create poems. I’m good at words. How will I be starved in Rentato?”

Gradually, he picked up his confidence. He found shelter under the eaves and hid below it.

Hualala.

A torrential rain poured, raising a mist on the ground.

Oliver was dazed by the scene before he suddenly turned happy. “My experiences today will inspire my future creations!”

Pa.

Oliver felt that his head was exploding. He struggled to turn around, only to discover that a homeless guy was glaring at him.

“This place is mine!” The guy pointed under the eaves.

The fury that Oliver had the entire day burst out. As a young man, he roared, “I occupied it first!”, while he lunged forward and fought the homeless guy.

Suddenly, his face was frozen, and his eyes lost the focus, because another homeless guy came from behind him and knocked him hard in the head with a wooden stick.

Darkness, blood, pain, and coldness haunted Oliver, making it impossible for him to get away from the unimaginable misery.

After trying his best, Oliver suddenly sat up. The darkness before his eyes faded, revealing the dim candlelight before him.

“Where... Where am I?” he mumbled, looking at the shabby cottage. He felt that his head was in pain.

“My house.”

A man’s cold voice echoed. The door to the room inside was opened, and a stout, tough-looking baldy walked out. “You’ve been sold to me.”

“What?” Oliver jumped off his bed in disbelief, only to be knocked to the ground by the man with one punch.

“Call me boss, do you understand?” The man showed his muscles. “Shut your mouth and listen to me.”

His head felt dizzy after the punch. Oliver touched his swollen lips and looked at the baldy in fear.

The baldy chuckled. "As an outsider who does not have money or strength, you were bold enough to fight local homeless guys. Hehe. After they knocked you out, they stole your clothes and sold you to me. From today onward, you will be my subordinate. You will be freed when you have done enough labor to compensate for the money I paid for you."

This bad*ss does not seem too bad... Covering his lips, Oliver asked, "What do we do?"

"We bury," the baldy replied in disgust.

When it was only dawn, the baldy, who was named George, led Oliver to a morgue.

"The bodies that do not have relatives or money are stored here. It's our job to bury them in the new cemetery. We'll be paid by the Church and the city hall." The moment George opened the gate, the stench of decayed bodies spread out, making Oliver who never smelled such a thing before gag hard.

Many other burial men in ragged clothes were in the morgue. They were all George's subordinates.

"Hey, quite a few new babies are here today," George said in delight. Then, he strode to the newly-delivered bodies and searched them carefully for possessions that might be of any value. If their clothes were relatively intact, he would simply take them off.

Oliver sweated and shivered hard, feeling that he had come to hell.

After he was done looting, George laughed. “Boys, let’s get to work!”

Oliver moved the bodies to a special wagon unwillingly. When he touched the cold skin, he almost jumped away. He felt that his hand was so dirty that he was almost stinking himself.

The burial men were together all the way from the morgue to the new cemetery. Oliver did not have any chance to escape. Baldy George also told him that he had connections in the Church and the city hall, and that if Oliver dared to escape, he would be buried in the new cemetery directly.

The stench of rotting bodies was everywhere in the new cemetery, causing the slums nearby to smell the same permanently.

“Only poor people live here. The reverends of the Church never bother to clean it here,” George complained and asked Oliver to dig holes.

The new cemetery had been preprocessed by the reverends. So, chances were few that undead creatures would show up. They were rather confident.

Holding the shovel, Oliver dug pits mechanically and numbly. In the middle of his digging, several bones appeared out of nowhere, forcing him to step back in fright.

“Has this place been taken?” George touched his bald head. “It’s alright. Just bury on the top of them,” he said unconcernedly.

Bodies were thrown down, and mud was sprayed on the top of them. Very soon, the land was even again.

George found a wooden tombstone and put it at the center of the cemetery. There were no sigils or epitaphs, only a shabby cross.

“Is my life going to end like this?” In the stench, Oliver thought numbly and confusedly.

...

In a manor in the suburb, the hall was ablaze with lights, and delicious food could be smelled everywhere.

“What’s his name? Well, Vicente, would you like one? This is the best cigarette from the Kingdom of Brienne.” A fashionable young noble, black-haired and blue-eyed, grimaced at Vicente while holding a few yellowish cigarettes in his hands.

Both his countenance and his tone were full of condescension.

Blushing, Vicente shook his head. “I’m sorry. I don’t smoke.”

“Yo, what a mama’s boy. No wonder Shirley likes you,” the young noble said sarcastically.

Shirley, who was not far away from Vicente, moved forward and raised her head. “Yes. I hate men who drink, smoke, and do not have any manners.”

Then, she dragged Vicente to a dinner table not far away and said in a low voice, “Vicente, please don’t mind. This is all my fault. I shouldn’t have asked you to join this dinner.”

“It’s alright. We are going to be married soon. I will have to face this sooner or later.” Thinking of his dream, Vicente announced proudly, “I’m very open-minded. It’s true that I’m not a noble who has been enjoying those things since childhood, but I’ll try to be better than them and make sure that your future life won’t be any worse.”

Far away, Shirley’s parents looked at them with cold expressions.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 898 Dignity of Nobles

Deep into the night, in the luxurious main bedroom of the manor...

Shirley’s father paced back and forth gloomily and complained to her mother, “It’s all your good idea! You said that by agreeing to his proposal and allowing the poor boy to get in touch with nobles, he will lose confidence and leave Shirley voluntarily, but what happens in the end? He clutches her even more tightly!”

“I didn’t know he was so shameless!” Shirley’s mother said grimly.

Shirley’s father scorned, “You do not know humans at all. Such poor boys only want to become nobles through marriage. The more we show it to him, the more he would crave for it. How will he leave voluntarily?”

“Why did you agree with me and accept the proposal if you think you know everything?” Shirley’s mother roared angrily. “Tell me, what solutions do you possibly have? It’s like Shirley’s mind has been controlled by magic. It’s impossible to talk sense into her! She even threatens me with her life!”

Shirley’s father turned cold. He chuckled. “Of course I have solutions.”

Shirley’s mother was briefly stunned. “You have solutions? What are they? Why didn’t you say anything earlier?”

Her questions revealed her panic and anxiety.

“I sent someone to follow the boy. He’s very interested in herbs and potions, and he often goes to the swamps to search for strange plants.” Coldly, Shirley’s father raised his right hand. “After a while, we’ll ask a mercenary to follow him to the swamps. Then, crack...”

He made a throat-cutting gesture.

“What? Are you going to kill him? Are you not scared that Shirley will hate us for the rest of her life? She often threatens us with her life!” Shirley’s mother asked nervously.

Shirley’s father put on a cruel smile. “How can she possibly suspect us? We are good parents who have been softened by her. If we want to kill him, why would we agree to his proposal?”

“You...” Shirley’s mother suddenly realized it. “That’s why you agreed to his proposal?”

“Of course. Why else would I have given in?” Shirley’s father nodded. “During the dinner, the few young men who are into Shirley seemed quite dissatisfied with that boy. Shirley will definitely consider them as the main suspects. Jealousy is always one of the greatest motivations for crimes.”

“Very good. I do not want to see the boy ever again!” Shirley’s mother smiled in satisfaction. “Honey, you are so smart. When are you going to do it? I need to watch over Shirley.”

Shirley’s father shook his head. “Don’t be hasty. As I said, jealousy is always one of the greatest motivations for crimes. Those young men are all nobles. There’s nothing they dare not do to civilians. So, let’s observe for a while. Maybe they’ll do it for us. In that case, we wouldn’t need to risk looking for a mercenary. That’s the reason why I held this dinner party.”

“You’re always right.” Shirley’s mother nodded with a smile.

.....

In a guest room near the main house of the manor...

The three most provocative nobles in the dinner had been secretly gathered.

“Andrew, I cannot hold back my fury,” a noble who had naturally curly hair said angrily.

The young noble named Andrew said gloomily, “Me too! It’s true that I like Shirley, but I will not go crazy if I can’t have her. If she is married to another noble, I will only be sad but won’t do anything outrageous. However, she is going to be married to a civilian who has no hope of activating his blood power! This is an insult to me and the dignity of nobles. How am I going to face other people at parties? ‘Hey, aren’t you the Andrew who was bested by a civilian boy?’”

“That’s right. I only hate that I cannot kill him right now!” Another young man, who had amber-colored eyes, waved his fists hard.

The noble who talked first nodded his head. “I feel the same. However, the boy is Shirley’s fiancé right now. If we do anything, I’m afraid that the Brenzells will be infuriated. They are very influential in the neighborhood.”

He appeared very frustrated. Brenzell was Shirley’s last name.

The room was caught in awkward silence.

Suddenly, Andrew snorted. “In fact, we do not have to do anything in person.”

“Huh?” His friends looked at him in confusion.

Andrew smiled. “I know a night watcher. All we need to do is to accuse the boy as a magic apprentice.”

“He’s a magic apprentice?” the amber-eyed noble asked in shock.

“Maybe, maybe not, but he will be one,” Andrew said coldly.

Oh! The other two nobles, being no stranger to such tricks, immediately understood what Andrew meant.

The noble with the naturally curly hair asked another question, “But what if Baron Brenzell goes to save him?”

Andrew chuckled. “Since the Church occupied Aalto, those sorcerers have been hiding more stealthily. Many night watchers haven’t killed any evils for a long time. It’s said that the leaders of the Inquisition are not satisfied, fearing that the night watchers would lose their value. So, those night watchers definitely wouldn’t let go of leads on sorcerers. As long as we find ‘proof’ before Baron Brenzell rescues him and force the boy to confess, will the baron dare to resist the Inquisition and the Church?”

“If there isn’t any proof, we will let him ‘die’ due to excessive interrogation before the baron saves him. After all, he’s just a civilian. Nobody really cares about it.” The young noble with amber eyes complemented the plan.

The noble with the curly hair said in concern, “However, will the night watchers be used to ‘creating sorcerers’? Will we suffer from it in the future?”

“Idiot, we are nobles!” Andrew scorned. “Alright, let’s gather some Thales so that it would be easier to convince the night watcher I know.”

When the three of them were in the middle of the heated discussion, a maid was standing outside their door. She was holding a tray with her right hand, and her left hand was frozen before the door, as if she were about to knock it.

Her face pale, she heard everything they said inside.

She was a human being with special blood powers. Although she never activated this bloodline and became a knight, she had excellent hearing, and she was sent to cater to the guests in this room by the Brenzells for that reason.

Holding her breath, the maid slowly left the door and walked to the main bedroom in a hurry.

“Very good, you’ve done a great job. I’ll take care of it. Don’t tell anything to my daughter in case she worries,” Baron Brenzell said in “fury”.

Hehe. This is a great plan. After tomorrow, there’s nothing I can do to save Vicente Miranda. Shirley, don’t blame me. I wish I could do something... He rehearsed how he would comfort Shirley. Well, after Vicente is captured, this maid should be buried in the garden.

No flaws should be left behind.

The next day in the morning, the maid, who had nightmares all night, woke up early and delivered breakfast for the guests, only to discover that the young nobles, including Andrew, were gone.

They've taken action? the maid thought worriedly. Miss Shirley had been treating the servants kindly and never abused them. She would be very sad if her fiancé died. Would there be enough time for the baron to stop it?

Concerned, she reached Shirley's bedroom without her knowing it. She then heard a happy melody sung by a gentle female voice.

The miss is very happy...

She thought subconsciously and wondered if she should let Shirley inform Mr. Vicente to hide until the baron took care of everything.

In her impression, the Andrews were much more notable than her master, so she was worried that Baron Brenzell could not stop it in time.

She lingered before the door and couldn't make up her mind. On one side, it was the miss who had been treating her well, and on the other side, it was the baron's order.

Suddenly, the door was opened, and Shirley looked at her in confusion, not knowing why she was at her door.

After a brief hesitation, Shirley asked gently, “Neece, do you have any trouble? Is there anything I can do for you?” She thought that Neece had come to ask for her help.

Neece shivered and made up her mind. She looked around and said in a low voice, “Let’s talk in the room.”

After the door was shut, Shirley heard the whole story from Neece.

Her face immediately turned pale, and worries surged out of her heart. If it were an ungrounded indictment, she believed that everything would be alright as long as she begged her father. However, there were a few bodies in Vicente’s basement that he had dissected!

If it was discovered by a night watcher, who would believe that he was not a sorcerer except for herself?

Her parents were not satisfied with Vicente in the first place. They might help him under normal circumstances, but they would certainly not vouch for Vicente under such circumstances.

No, I have to inform Vicente and ask him to destroy the bodies or throw them back into the swamps! Shirley paced anxiously and decided to go to Vicente’s house.

She considered asking servants or guards who were faster to send the message, but she couldn’t tell anyone about the bodies!

.....

In the new public cemetery...

Oliver and another burial man were left by Baldy George, because the tomb watcher had just been buried in the cemetery today, and no substitutes were found yet. George was asked to supervise it for a couple of days and set off fireworks when there were signs of undead creatures so that the night watchers could come in time.

George certainly wouldn't stay in the creepy cemetery himself, so he left Oliver here. Now that you are bold enough to seduce my daughter, I'll let you know that I am the master of your fate!

If he weren't concerned that Oliver might escape, he wouldn't have left another burial man with him at all.

Oliver suffered unprecedented sufferings and pain recently. The pride and confidence on his young face were replaced by numbness and endurance. His heart matured.

"Love is the only candle in this miserable world..." he remarked in a low voice. Although George's daughter was not pretty and not exactly his type, she warmed his desperate mind.

Looking at his companion who always seemed ready for a fight, Oliver decided to take a walk.

“If you dare to escape, I’ll capture you and bury you alive!” the other burial man threatened him.

Oliver was in a bad mood again. He had enjoyed quite some beating recently. After he left the cottage of the tomb watcher, he roamed in the cemetery. The intense stench had little influence on him right now.

“The moon is so beautiful, but I am so miserable...” Oliver raised his head and looked at the bright moon. He was immediately in the mood for poems, but when he was about to write a sonnet, he suddenly stepped onto nothingness and screamed, “Ahhh!”

Pa, crack, crack.

A huge part of the cemetery collapsed, and countless bones and rotten flesh were revealed. The slackness of the burial men had left the earth unsteady

Chapter 899 - Even A Rabbit Bites if Pushed to the Corner

899 Even A Rabbit Bites if Pushed to the Corner

Late at night, the air in the new public cemetery was rather cold. The loud noise created by the collapse was sent by the wind and was thus already heard by the burial man from a distance. The burial man rushed over.

The burial man yelled and woke Oliver up, who was now feeling rather dizzy from being thrown to the ground.

“You bloody idiot! Look at what you’ve done! If you don’t fill the pit tonight, I’ll throw you in it! Damn!”

His words were nasty, and the fact that Oliver was still at a loss made him even more furious. He spat on Oliver and then walked away back to the cabin.

The viscous mucus hit the center of Oliver’s forehead, and he then started fiercely throwing up. He was throwing up so badly that his entire stomach had been emptied, and then the bitter bile came up.

It was not only because of the mucus. It was also because he found himself covered in sticky dead body fluid and rotten flesh. His left hand was still grabbing the set of half-rotten guts, and in his right hand, there was a thick femur.

The scene was worse than any nightmares he had never had. It was beyond disgusting!

Oliver hurriedly threw the guts and bone away and held his breath. He felt that the horrible odor could kill him anytime.

At this time, some blue light blinked and flashed past, which caught his attention.

Oliver’s eyes were sharp. Following the direction, to his surprise, he saw that the femur had cracked, and from within, the blue light was shining through the fine cracks.

The great curiosity and hope made him forget the killing odor and how dirty he was. His movement had become very gentle.

He carefully moved to the femur and picked it up with great caution.

There was indeed blue light coming out!

Oliver didn't check it immediately as he had learned his lesson. Instead, he climbed to the edge of the pit by grabbing a few bodies. After looking around and making sure there was no one else around, he cracked open the bone carefully.

He did it rather carefully, and the blue light was revealed bit by bit as the small pieces of bones on the outside were falling. Finally, Oliver got a light blue short stick in his hand, and the stick looked rather delicate and transparent.

Oliver was shocked, having no idea what it was.

Then he quickly hid the short stick in case George and the rest of the burial men would see.

Anything found from the bodies had to be submitted to George, who would make a selection and give the valuable ones to the city hall officials in charge of the cemetery and the priests. It had happened several times that George and his men immediately took Oliver's findings away when Oliver spotted something valuable. Not only that, George would not even pay him on time but just give him two bad meals a day.

Oliver wanted to bury the stick somewhere close and dig it out when he got a chance to leave this place. He would then get himself some money by selling the stick. However, at this time, he noticed the many small characters engraved on the beautiful stick, which was as blue as ocean water.

As a young man who loved opera, Oliver had spent lots of time studying characters and learning different cultures. Therefore, he immediately recognized the characters. It was Sylvanasian, one of the three most common tongues in the ancient Magic Empire!

Ms. Audrey's material was a great help to Oliver for understanding the characters. Oliver had lots of thoughts in his mind. He figured out the correct reading order and found that it was a piece about meditation! In the end, the owner even wrote down where he buried his treasures on the short stick!

Earth, fire, wind, water... Is this a sorcerer's meditation method? Oliver had heard many stories from bards and some operas, and they were about how an evil sorcerer did bad things to nobles and ordinary people, but in the end, the sorcerer was defeated by the clerics and nobles together. He had some thoughts on where this came from. He believed that it was from a sorcerer who did this before he or she died. Maybe the sorcerer hoped that this could be left to someone, but the person never came...

Oliver was a romantic person, and thus, he naturally longed for the mysterious life of a sorcerer who was always under the Church's chasing. As a devout follower, his conscience had plagued him multiple times for this, so he never did anything evil or tried to be a sorcerer himself.

However, what he had experienced in Rentato had made his belief less solid.

Why his Lord never saved him when he was suffering so badly? Why would the priests allow George and his men to do whatever they wanted and even protected them? Why could those clerics, nobles, and wealthy people enjoy luxurious coffins and tombs after they died, while a poor man, no matter how devout he was, could only be thrown into such a pit?

Did the Lord call this justice?

If so, he should save himself using a sorcerer's method first.

No one would know. In the future, he would be rich, and he could still be the same devout follower of the lord.

The conflicting feelings and thoughts appeared within Oliver's mind. Finally, he decided to bury the short stick first to save it for the future. After all, once becoming a sorcerer, he could possibly be spending his whole life living in fear and hiding. He did not want that.

Oliver buried the short stick beside a gravestone and left a secret sign for himself. He then hobbled back to the pit as he still had to fill it; otherwise, George and his men would definitely beat him up again.

Oliver knew that there would be no sleep for him tonight.

At this time, someone kicked him in his back and then punched him to the ground. Oliver felt pain all over his body, especially in his back.

"Damned lazybones! You did nothing! You wanna die?!"

It was Goldson, another burial man. He started beating Oliver up using all his strength.

Oliver could do nothing but to cover his head with his arms. Like a shrimp, he curled his body to protect his most vulnerable parts against the punches and kicks that were falling like raindrops.

After a while, Goldson started feeling a bit tired. “Get up and get the work done! Or I’ll throw you in it!”

Before Oliver responded, Goldson had turned around and walked back to the cabin. He did not know how Oliver was staring at a gravestone with a special sign behind him. There was blood in Oliver’s eyes.

Oliver knew that he would die sooner or later if he did nothing. But if he was going to die, they would die with him!

He slowly climbed up and walked to the gravestone. After digging out the short stick, he hid in the pit and carefully read it. After remembering the characters, he hid the short stick in front of his chest.

He then climbed out of the pit and picked up the iron spade left by Goldson.

He shoveled dirt into the pit to fill it, and the work only lasted for half an hour. With the spade in his hand, Oliver walked to the cabin with his face slightly flushed. His movement was quiet, for he didn’t want to wake Goldson up.

Entering the cabin, Oliver heard Goldson asking while half-dreaming, “All done?”

That was way too fast.

“This one is blunt. I am taking a new one,” said Oliver, who sounded like a sheer coward.

“Bloody slug,” cursed Goldson. “Sharpen both the spades after the work’s done.”

The iron spades were given by the city hall. They could not afford iron items.

“Ok,” said Oliver.

At this time, Oliver had come to Goldson and was now standing behind his back. The silver moonlight went through the window and covered him in silver-white. Under the witness of the moonlight, Oliver’s shadow on the opposite wall raised the spade high in the air!

And then it fiercely dropped.

“Ahh!!!”

Goldson's bitter crying only lasted for a second and was cut off by his last breath. He had never expected that the useless, young coward from a rich family who only knew how to please girls would have the guts to murder him!

Goldson was dazed. He was never on alert when facing such a coward!

Fear had frozen on Goldson's face, and his unfocused eyes opened widely.

Blood dripped onto the floor from Oliver's spade. He spat on Goldson's head.

"You're good, uh? You've got something? You said you were gonna bury me, uh? Come! Come show me!" Oliver yelled at the body crazily.

After a few minutes, he slowly calmed down. After finding dozens of Fells from Goldson's pocket, Oliver put on Goldson's clothes.

After that, Oliver walked out of the cabin. The spade was still in his hand, and his left hand grabbed the short stick tight under his shirt. He then walked silently into the darkness.

The wind started roaring, and the night now looked even darker. There were now only dead bodies in the new public cemetery.

...

Shirley hurriedly came back to the village. Before she could walk to Vicente's place, she was stopped by a local peasant woman.

"Miss Shirley, don't go. Vicente, Vicente is a sorcerer!" said the woman in fear. "Fortunately, you two are not married!"

Shirley's head buzzed like she just got struck by a flash of lightning. She pulled the woman's arm and asked, "Vicente... How is it possible?!"

Were night watchers here already?

"Miss Shirley, you have no idea how terrible it was! They found lots of dead bodies in his basement! He's indeed a sorcerer! The clerics found it out..." the woman explained quite clearly to Shirley, but Shirley felt that she was going to faint anytime.

"Where is Vicente then? Did they catch him?" Shirley tried her best to stay calm.

The peasant woman looked very concerned. "No. They said he went to the marsh in the early morning!"

Shirley released a sigh of relief. As long as Vicente was still alive, there was still a chance!

She believed that Vicente had gone to the marsh to find the special herb because of what happened last night. He got lucky!

Shirley thanked the woman and hurriedly went back to the manor. She hoped that she could find Vicente in the marsh herself and tell him to hide for a while until her father solved the problem. He was not a sorcerer, so he only had to take out the magic book. However, she knew it clearly that as a noble lady, there was no way that she could go across the marsh and find Vicente there. She would probably end up getting lost there.

Therefore, she was about to send her servants there before her servants found out that the clerics were chasing Vicente. She was going to tell the servants that Vicente was the target of a few nobles' revenge plan.

As soon as she walked into the garden in her family's manor, a figure jumped out.

"Shirley, you like flowers? I found them in the marsh!" Vicente looked rather excited while waiting for Shirley's praise. In his hand, there were a bunch of scarlet flowers.

Throne of Magical Arcana

900 They Were Only Dogs

Shirley was startled and almost burst out screaming. She hurriedly looked around and then took a step forward. She grabbed Vicente's hand.

Her reaction confused Vicente.

Shirley tried to keep her voice low by overcoming her fear and nervousness. "Vicente, you have to run. The night watchers found the bodies in your basement."

“What?!” Vicente could not believe his ears even though it was Shirley who told him this, and Shirley was the person he loved and trusted the most in the world. “Impossible... This is impossible. How did they find it? How did they know?”

There was no way that night watchers could search every single house in an area for their number was too small for this.

Seeing that Vicente was panicking, Shirley told him what happened as briefly as she could. “Andrew felt humiliated, so they found the night watchers to kill you in the interrogation room. My servant heard them plotting.”

“I see, I see... I am not a sorcerer. I never want to... Why are they pushing me...” Vicente felt both angry and nervous. He was at the edge of a nervous breakdown.

Shirley tried to make it short. “Don’t worry. I’ll ask my father to help you. You’ll only have to accept an inspection and the Lord will know you’re not a sorcerer. But you have to hide in the marsh for a few days so that my father can deal with it.”

Her clear explanation and calm tone comforted Vicente.

“Okay. I’ll listen to you, Shirley,” said Vicente.

At this time, he had to count on Baron Brenzell. It happened before that a noble stood out to protect a sorcerer suspect. However, the suspect still went through the strict investigation and made the church believe it was a mistake.

“There’s not enough time for me to prepare clothes and food for you. Be careful in the next few days. If everything goes well on my father’s side, I’ll ask a guard to carve the trees along the edge of the marsh with the symbol we previously agreed on,” said Shirley.

At first, the baron did not agree on Shirley and Vicente being with each other and even cut off the letters between them. So the young lovers had previously decided on some simple symbols to inform each other how they were doing. Now, the symbols had become useful again.

At this time, Vicente suddenly looked very nervous. “I see people coming...”

He had a pair of eyes as sharp as that of cats, and he could see way better than common people. They were now hiding in the garden and being surrounded by lots of plants and bushes, so it was hard for people coming from outside to spot them.

“The night watchers are coming...” murmured Shirley. As Vicente’s fiancée, she had expected that the night watchers would come to investigate, but she didn’t know they would be this fast.

Vicente was very nervous. Once the night watchers walked in, the two of them would be seen!

He couldn’t hide in a room in this manor because the night watchers would for sure search the rooms one by one!

Maybe he should hide here and wait for a chance?

At this time, Shirley suddenly looked up. “Vicente, you stay here. I’ll distract them. Five minutes later, you go to the marsh through the side gate of the manor.”

“It’s dangerous!” said Vicente. In common people’s minds, those night watchers were as horrifying as sorcerers, demons, and evils.

Shirley shook her head decisively and said, “I’m a noble. They won’t do anything to me. Go and hide, now!”

...

Outside of the manor, the leader of the night watchers whose codename was Crazy Hound said to the rest of the night watchers, “You go to different directions and guard all the exits. I’ll go into the manor with Tamer.”

Under this circumstance, the night watcher called Tamer was much more useful than the rest of them because of the many magic creatures he trained.

“Sir, they all say that Vicente has gone to the marsh, and we are here only for figuring out the areas in the marsh that Vicente visits most often. Do we have to make this so big?” A night watcher believed that they should go to the marsh as soon as possible instead of spending too much time in the manor.

Although called Crazy Hound, he was rather cautious. “No matter when, we block off a place and then enter. This is our principle. Can you say for sure that there’s only Vicente in this manor? How

do you know his fiancée hasn't been lured? How do you know whether the baron is secretly supporting sorcerers or not?"

The night watcher who asked the question kept apologizing.

No wonder their leader had taken out the entire team. Crazy Hound was worried that there were nobles involved in this.

"According to the previous investigation, Vicente and Miss Brenzell are very close. If we keep a close eye on her, we probably don't have to search into the marsh," Tamer added.

At this time, Crazy Hound sniffed something and suddenly commanded, "Hide!"

The team followed his order immediately and hid in the fields and trees.

Half a minute later, a lady showed up beside the manor gate. She was dressed like a maid, but she wore a black gauze hat. The hanging veil covered her face.

She looked around and made sure no one was around. Then she hurriedly set off for the marsh.

"It's Shirley. She can't hide from my nose." Crazy Hound grinned to Tamer.

Tamer also put on a creepy smile. “She must be informing Vicente. She can’t ask her maids or guards to do it.”

Very likely her maids and guards would sell her out if she decided to do so.

“You’re right. It seems that the task will be pretty easy.” Crazy Hound had the brutal smile on his face, for they would win the reward from the Inquisition as well as from Andrew. If they could make this even bigger and involve more people, they would earn even more!

When Shirley had walked some distance away, Crazy Hound whistled and gathered the team again.

“We follow her. Tamer, you stay here and watch the manor, just in case,” commanded Crazy Hound.

“Yes, leader,” said Tamer politely. He had many “pets”. Although he could not monitor the entire manor, guarding the main gate and watching the baron should not be a problem.

Crazy Hound decided to lead the entire team for fear that Vicente had got his helpers. They secretly followed Shirley through the green field, thin trees, and finally arrived at the marsh filled with miasma.

At this time, Crazy Hound’s eyes suddenly opened big, for he saw that Shirley had started walking back!

What did she do? How did she inform him?

No! They were fooled by her!

Crazy Hound was furious, but he knew that it would have been too late if he led the entire team back. So he and his team directly jumped out and closed in on Shirley.

“Who are you! What do you want!” Shirley shouted.

Crazy Hound said gloomily, “Miss Shirley, where’s Vicente?”

“I don’t know. How do I know? He hasn’t come back from the marsh yet,” said Shirley as calmly as she could.

“Then why are you here?” Crazy Hound was about to lose control.

Shirley responded coldly, “Come to find him. But when I see the marsh, I know there’s no way that I can find him in this place. I’m a noble lady! So I’ve decided to go back. He should just die in there.”

“If you don’t change your mind, I’d have to take you back to the inquisition.” Crazy Hound’s eyes started looking red.

“Dare you! I’m a noble!” said Shirley aloud.

Crazy Hound sneered, “So what? As long as a noble has anything to do with a sorcerer, he will also be put on the gallows.”

“Take her!” commanded Crazy Hound. “She’ll know what an interrogation is like in the inquisition!”

“You crazy dogs! My father will protest to the Church. You will be severely punished!” Shirley screamed for she could not believe her ears.

“Go ahead!” Crazy Hound was not going to change his mind.

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“The night watchers took Shirley to the inquisition?!” asked Baron Brenzell in great shock and anger.

After confirming the information, he had gone outraged. “Those lunatics! They don’t even obey the laws! I’m going to see the viscount!”

He then rushed out furiously.

After half a day, the baron came back with an extremely shocked look on his face. Facing his wife, who kept asking what was going on, the baron finally said, “I don’t know. I never expected this. The Church didn’t care about nobles’ opinions at all. They... They even threatened me. They said they’d take me in as well if they find anything against me.”

“Are they out of their minds?! The nobles will protest together!” The baron’s wife could not believe it.

Brenzell shook his head dispiritedly. “Protest? How? We can’t defeat the Church.”

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In the interrogation chamber, the screams of a young lady lingered.

“She still hasn’t said anything?” asked Crazy Hound.

The interrogator replied gloomily, “Not yet. She’s more staunch than anyone I’ve seen. We’ve pretty much done the most severe damage to her body, but she still won’t say a word.”

“Use divine spells then,” said Crazy Hound in despair.

The interrogator was shocked. “She’ll die. She’s a noble.”

“It’s okay. She’s just a noble,” said Crazy Hound. The attitude that the Church showed today had further supported Crazy Hound and made him even crazier. In his mind, a noble lady who was willing to marry a sorcerer was by no means innocent, and neither was her family. He believed that the Lord would also be on his side.

The interrogator finally put on an evil and cunning smile. “Alright. It’s time for the nobles to understand who they are. They’re only dogs raised by us.”

He walked into the interrogation chamber in long strides. The screams slowly turned into bloodcurdling cries like a nightmare. Eventually, even the cries had disappeared.

“Dead. What a pity. She had a pretty beautiful face.” The interrogator walked out with the look of excitement still on his face. Obviously, he enjoyed the process.

It was all quiet now in the interrogation chamber, as if the girl named Shirley had never even been sent into this place.