

Throne of Magical Arcana

901 I'll Be Back One Day

Plants were strange and messy in the marsh. Some trees, besides their huge crowns on the top blocking the entire sky, had “legs” like human beings but wrapped with red vines going deep into the soil and mud. The plants made the marsh look rather creepy and dangerous.

Vicente was hiding behind a big rock, about half his height. While the ground under his feet was quite solid and dry, which was rare in the marsh, the horrible smell pouring in his nose made him feel dizzy.

At this time, Vicente was sitting on the ground, staring at something in front of him in fear. On the black mud, there was a python as thick as a bucket crawling to him. Its eyes were giving out the unusual green light just like two candles. And the terrifying air the python possessed had driven away all the other creatures in the marsh.

Vicente was not a coward. He dealt with dead bodies all the time, which forged his bravery. However, facing the python, he had lost his ability to move because of the overwhelming fear. He was neither a knight squire nor a magic apprentice. He could do nothing to protect himself.

His legs soft, his body trembling, his teeth chattering, Vicente tried to stand up but could use no strength. He could do nothing but watch the python slowly approaching him.

He had never spent this long in the depths of the marsh. In the past, he only followed the paths he was familiar with, and once he found the special plants he needed, he would go back immediately. But this time, he had spent five days here, and most of the fruits he picked on his way had already been consumed. Now, he had encountered one of the most dangerous creatures in the marsh.

The python took its time. It was not in any hurry to enjoy its lunch. As it was becoming closer and closer to Vicente, Vicente could smell the stink from its mouth and see the strange scales forming weird patterns.

When Vicente had given up all his hope, the black python suddenly raised its upper body off the ground and stared at the muddy ground behind the rock with its big eyes. Sticking out, its dark-red, forked tongue was also covered in a layer of green light.

After a while, the black python suddenly turned around and left in a hurry!

Vicente had no idea what happened. He did nothing!

Finally, Vicente had a possible explanation for this. He buried the magic book and the pale palm behind the rock. Did they scare the monster away?

But they had been buried in the ground!

Gradually, he had a further guess. The black python probably sensed something that he could not. The black python probably sensed the air of death!

Maybe in the python's eyes, there was a hell in the rock!

After recovering a bit, Vicente forced himself to leave the magic book and the palm buried where they were and carefully set off for the edge of the marsh.

Half a day later, he approached the edge of the marsh in great caution. But he saw no signs or marks there.

Vicente was quite upset. He assumed that the trouble was pretty big and the baron was even having a difficult time dealing with it. After all, before he had some accomplishments, mistreating bodies was regarded as a very evil action. Even an ordinary man who did it would be put on the gallows.

He released a sigh and decided to wait for another five days. On his way back, he tried to gather more food.

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“Shirley’s dead?!” Baron Brenzell’s eyes opened wide. He felt that he was in an unreal nightmare.

This night watcher had two big eyes and wide forehead, as well as sharp teeth. When he did not talk, he looked quite honest; however, once he grinned or talked, his sharp teeth were revealed, which made him look rather terrifying. In the baron’s eyes, he looked identical to a demon.

Crazy Hound said, “Yes, to keep the secret of the evil sorcerer, she died under the divine power.”

“You’re out of your mind! All of you! How dare you torture her!” screamed the baron’s wife.

The Baron grasped the last clue of his reason and stared at the night watcher. “So, so you are saying... Shirley didn’t say anything! Before her death, she was still an innocent follower! You’ve got no evidence at all!”

The fire of anger and pain was roasting his guts in his chest. If necessary, he would collide his head against the gate of Cocus to death to tell the grand duke and the rest of the nobles that those night watchers had gone totally crazy, and they had to be removed!

Crazy Hound said, “The Lord told us that only the evil power could make her endure such severe punishment and confess nothing, and it was also the evil power that made her die before she almost confessed. Therefore, obviously, your daughter was lured by evil and had an affair with a sorcerer.”

“Insane... All of you... insane...” Hearing the ridiculous words, the baron felt that the entire world had become so unreal. He just kept murmuring.

Crazy Hound grinned. “So, based on this, it’s reasonable for us to suspect that your family also has something to do with the sorcerer because you two have agreed to marry your daughter to a vicious sorcerer. Please follow us back to the inquisition. This is the Lord’s will, and command from the cardinals.”

The baron and his wife’s world had collapsed. Their only daughter had just died, and they were still struggling with digesting the pain. However, the crazy night watchers had put their claws on them.

The night watchers rushed up in a crowd and caught the baron and his wife.

“Let go of us! We’re nobles!”

“We’re nobles!”

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In a house in the city, Andrew and his two friends were totally shocked to hear the result.

“How is this possible? Shirley... She died?”

“They’ve caught the baron and his wife with no evidence?”

“They can treat us the same way in the future...”

Their faces now looked very pale, and they couldn’t stop shaking. Their false accusation had led out a monster even more horrifying than a devil, whose name was “night watcher”!

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“They are no way close to their daughter.” The interrogator walked out of the chamber with a cold smile on his face.

“Got anything?” asked Crazy Hound.

The interrogator nodded. “A few years ago, when the war in Aalto was locked in a stalemate, they once secretly contacted a sorcerer. They cut it off later though when His Holiness killed the Liege of Death.”

“Good. This has proved that our way surely works. They were hiding deep, but we still found them,” said Crazy Hound proudly. He reckoned that, with their purest belief, night watchers could identify the corrupted people using their instinct even without direct evidence, which was also a better way for them to claim their accomplishment.

The interrogator grinned. “I never like those nobles who keep swaying back and forth.”

“Put their daughter’s body on the gallows for a week and see if Vicente will come out.” The expression on Crazy Hound’s face had turned savage as he said, “As for the noble couple, I believe the executioner has been waiting long enough...”

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Andrew walked back and forth anxiously in the hall, waiting for information to come back from Cocus. His two friends had collapsed in the coach. What happened was totally beyond their expectation.

“Young master, Cocus told the nobles to stay calm...” The butler walked in, gasping.

Andrew felt that all his strength had been pulled out instantly. “I knew it, I knew...”

To their great shock, even if all the nobles were willing to unite together, they were just an idle threat to the Church!

Someone was knocking on the door at this time.

“Who is it?” asked the butler nervously.

“I’m here for my reward,” said Crazy Hound, who just walked in.

Andrew and his friends were so startled that they jumped up. “You?!”

“So you won’t keep your words?” Crazy Hound had a nice smile on his face.

“No, no... This is the rest of the payment.” Andrew took out a bag full of Thales.

Crazy Hound weighed it and grinned. “Good. You’re a good partner.”

Then he said with a faint smile on his face, “Many thanks to you, Mr. Andrew. You’ve made us understand how powerful we are.”

Then Crazy Hound turned around and left. Andrew was standing where he was like a stone statue. The wind coming in through the gate made him feel cold from deep inside.

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A few days later, Vicente came to the edge of the marsh again but still found nothing.

He was very worried and decided to take the risk to go back secretly.

In the darkness, he sneaked back to his village. When he was about to “kidnap” a kid to get some information, he suddenly heard two peasant women talking.

“Poor Miss Shirley. I don’t believe she was corrupted and lured by devils...”

Under the Church’s propaganda, even a peasant woman knew how to use some big words.

“You’re right. Miss Shirley is such a nice young lady, like an angel. Goddamn Vicente! He lied to Miss Shirley! If it weren’t because of him, Miss Shirley wouldn’t die in the inquisition and even be put on the gallows!” The other woman agreed.

Shirley... died?

The women's conversation was like a huge hammer that just gave Vicente's brain a fierce strike. His vision suddenly turned blurry, and he almost lost his balance.

The two women kept talking, and he had understood what had happened when he was hiding in the marsh.

His soul had been pulled away by the agony, and his mind had blanked out. He walked back to the marsh like a zombie.

Maybe he was blessed by the Goddess of Luck. On his way back, no one saw him, and he didn't encounter any monsters.

"NO!!!"

After a while, an extremely painful cry burst out somewhere from the marsh, and it was even bitter than a lonely wolf crying to the moon.

Vicente's face was covered in tears, and his eyes were ablaze with a ferocious flame of anger. He kneeled down on the ground, and his hands kept digging into the soil as if he felt no pain. His nails were completely broken from the digging, and his blood dyed the ground.

A few minutes later, two black books and a pale palm were dug out.

He picked them up, and hatred was the only thing left on his face.

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“He never came?” asked Crazy Hound, who was hiding around the corner and staring at the body on the gallows.

Tamer smiled. “It’s too obvious. Those sorcerers know.”

“Poor girl. She died for him.” Crazy Hound shrugged.

Gallows were only for “purifying” living people, so they didn’t burn her.

Quite a lot of people stopped and reproached the evil woman colluding with devils and sorcerers. Only very few people knew Shirley in person and knew it wasn’t true, but they dared not to say anything.

Among the crowd, a dark-skinned man stared at Shirley’s body but remained silent. The way he looked at her was full of agony for he could not imagine the suffering that his lover once experienced, and he could not stop blaming himself for this. However, he eventually turned around and headed off for the city gate. He never looked back again.

Walking out of the gate, he suddenly took off the cross he was wearing. Gripping the cross in his hand, he made his vows. The tip of the cross pierced the skin of his palm, and his blood dyed it.

He put the cross in the wall beside the city gate silently and then slowly walked into the darkness.

“I will be back!

“I will be back to bring you back to life!

“I will be back, and I’ll bring destruction and death!”

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902 The Treasure

On the wasteland overgrown with bushes, there were bones and skeletons everywhere.

A small group of traveling salesmen was going through this dangerous area under the protection of a dozen mercenaries. Their destination was the Kingdom of Brianne.

The wasteland was on the border between Holm and Brianne and was embraced by the big mountains where all sorts of magic creatures were living. Also, there had been rumors that this area was once the domain ruled by Viken, the King of Calamities and the governor-general of Great Holm. He was different from all the previous and following governors-general. Instead of only focusing on guarding Rentato, Viken had also conducted many experiments here close to the border. Therefore, on the wasteland, there were many strange creatures, and they were believed to be the shoddy products of Viken’s experiments.

After Viken went missing, no one ever found the entrance of his demiplane, which was located here on this wasteland. No one knew why he went missing, and no one ever found the magic items Viken left behind.

Many sorcerers saw this as a great pity. A sorcerer close to top legendary level and the master of studying bloodlines must have lots of treasure and great knowledge in his demiplane, but they had all gotten lost in the long river of time.

“Similar stories are endless. Even now, some people are still trying to find Viken’s treasure on this wasteland,” said Hassan, the deputy leader of the mercenaries, with mixed feelings. “They should think using their butts. Even if they are blessed by the Goddess of Luck and find the entrance, are they able to get the treasures in the demiplane?”

“Viken was called King of Calamities, and he was a master of studying bloodlines and transforming bodies. I bet you a bag of liquor, that in his demiplane and magic tower, there are transformed monsters close to the legendary level. Umm, maybe people already found his demiplane, but all of them became the food for the monsters,” Hassan continued.

One of his subordinates was a teenage boy who looked quiet and scholarly. Hearing the deputy leader’s words, the look on his face slightly changed. He then forced a smile on his face as he said, “They became blind because of their greed; the treasure devoured their wisdom.”

“Oliver, you are surely a bard. You always say something interesting.” Hassan patted the teenage boy’s shoulder.

Hassan had known this young man for three to four months. Except for the fact that Oliver liked fooling around with women, Hassan felt that he was quite a good subordinate for he knew how to talk properly and how to do things in the correct way.

All men who chose to be mercenaries loved fooling around with women, so this was not a big deal.

At this time, the leader, Grigra said coldly, “Don’t talk like this next to a business team anymore. Night watchers will probably hear you.”

“We’re just telling tales!” Hassan said unhappily. What did this have to do with those night watchers?!

Grigra snorted, “I heard it from the nobles in the team that those night watchers have been acting crazy recently. They have burned a few mercenaries for discussing these sorcerer legends. The night watchers believe they are evil.”

“Really?!” Hassan was quite shocked. And so was Oliver, who was just immersed in his own thoughts earlier. They knew that those night watchers were lunatics, but he never thought that they would go this far.

“You can try if you want,” said Grigra casually. He then took a meaningful glance at Oliver. He was still on full alert toward the new member of the team. Grigra’s instinct told him that this young man was hiding something from them. Maybe he was an escaped criminal. If it wasn’t because he sensed no spiritual power waves at all on the young man, Grigra would have sent him to the inquisition already.

Oliver knew that the leader believed that he was suspicious. He lowered his head and had decided to leave the team before the journey ended.

Since he escaped from Rentato, his life had been in constant danger, and he was constantly nervous. Although he killed a man, he was not a sorcerer. Therefore, night watchers would not be chasing after him. But the mercenaries, adventurers, and sheriffs had still made his life full of risks, and he had to fight for himself.

Fortunately, he was very experienced, and he had learned some fighting skills. His smartness and the strange powder he carried had helped him come all the way to the border of the Kingdom of Holm, where he had decided to start all over again. The death of Goldson was not a really big deal, and thus, he would not be put on the wanted list all over the country. When he got to a remote area, he would be safe.

What he learned from his experience was that one could only wait for death if he got no power. Therefore, he started to meditate after abandoning his belief in the God of Truth!

However, up until today, he still had not entered the meditation environment.

Oliver was not disappointed. According to the blue, short staff, even a gifted person would need to spend six months to two years to master his spirit and then enter the blank state. He just started four months ago.

But why were earth, fire, wind, and water regarded as the four most basic elements? How did they form so many different things? Oliver, a young man who was always interested in opera, could not control his imagination as he thought to himself.

After marching forward for a while, Grigra looked around and asked them to pitch the tents. Oliver was among those who were responsible for keeping watch tonight.

It was during mid-summer, but it was still cold on the wasteland.

Sitting beside the fire, Oliver looked pensive. He watched the stars in the sky and thought to himself that he was already very close to the treasure!

He had seen the strange, red rock, looking like a demon staying low on the ground.

He came all the way here for a reason!

What Hassan said earlier scared him, for he thought that the place he was looking was in fact the entrance to Viken's demiplane. But he knew the difference between legends and reality, and he believed that he was looking for the treasure left by another sorcerer, who probably settled down here to seek for Viken's demiplane.

It was getting late, and the wind had become even colder. The two mercenaries who went out earlier to patrol the area had come back.

"It's your turn now." They kicked Oliver.

They then reached their hands to the fire and started enjoying the warmth.

Oliver gripped the short sword in his hand and grinned to the man who was going to patrol with him. "I'll take this side, okay?"

"What's the difference..." murmured the man. He walked to the other side.

After walking to a remote corner, the smile on Oliver's face disappeared. Gripping the short sword in his hand, he left the camp and walked to the strange rock.

He got ten minutes to patrol this area. He had to find the place where the treasure was hidden within ten minutes. Oliver was on full alert, and his mind was clearer than ever.

Three minutes later, he had safely approached the strange rock without catching anyone's attention and was now trying to find something in the gap between the rock and the ground.

A minute later, Oliver still didn't find anything. Another minute passed, and there was still nothing. There was fine sweat on Oliver's forehead, but he remained calm.

Suddenly, a surprised expression appeared on his face. He dug quicker and inserted the blue stick in.

With a crisp sound, the blue stick had gone into some metal gear. After that, a blue light lit up from the gap and dyed the grass nearby blue.

Silently, a cave was exposed in the ground of the wasteland behind the strange rock. The path going deep into the cave was paved with dark gray stone bricks.

Oliver took out the stick and then hurriedly walked in. He walked faster and faster, and in the end, he started running as fast as he could. According to the characters on the stick, there was a gear inside for shutting down the entrance. To be safe, he had to find it and close the entrance before the mercenaries found him.

The sound of his footsteps resounded in the corridor. Finally, Oliver saw the round hall in front of him.

The round hall was divided into a few stone chambers, and all the gates were wide open. What was in each of the chambers was very obvious—bookshelves and all sorts of dazzling gems.

Oliver was dazed for a second because of such great treasures!

Obviously, this place was a treasure vault. Oliver didn't even know where to look. Wave stone, Sun stone, the Ice Crystals...

Oliver had seen those gems on noble ladies. He understood how precious they were.

"Haha, I'm rich now!" A hoarse voice laughed behind Oliver.

Oliver was shocked. He turned around and saw his team leader, Grigra, who was walking to him looking rather greedy and excited.

There was a longsword in his hand.

Oliver didn't know what to do.

Grigra laughed. “I knew you were hiding something. I wanted to kick you out once the mission is completed. But I didn’t know you were hiding something this awesome! Thank you for bringing so many gems to me!”

He crossed his sword in front of his chest and said, “Thank God for bringing you to me and leading me to the treasure. To express my gratitude, I’ll allow you to die here!”

Gripping the short sword and the magic stick, he was so scared that he took a few steps back. Facing the team leader, who had almost reached the level of knight, Oliver had no confidence in himself.

Grigra did not want to waste any time. Without hesitation, he jumped at Oliver and lifted his sword.

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Chapter 903 Passed

Oliver, as a “warrior” who had been through life-threatening dangers many times, was not too panicked to move at the critical moment. He backed off sideways subconsciously and waved his short sword, trying to find a way to escape.

However, he was far weaker than Captain Grigra, who took advantage of the length of his sword and slashed nonstop, making it impossible for Oliver to draw near. He could not make the best use of the short sword and could not resist the attacks by raising his sword.

Clang, clang, clang.

After a few crisp sounds, the short sword fell to the ground, and Oliver's right hand was bleeding.

Grinning hideously, Grigra stepped forward and cut horizontally, further reducing Oliver's range of activity.

After only a while, Oliver realized that he had been cornered. He would have to face the flashing longsword whichever direction he went to.

Am I going to die?

When the longsword reached him, Oliver's head was dizzy, and something seemed to be bursting out from within his body, turning his eyes bloodshot. He subconsciously grabbed the only thing in his hands and raised it against the longsword.

Pa.

After a dull noise, Oliver stepped back again. He was stuck to the cold wall. More blood flowed out of his fingers, dying the blue staff red.

"Hehe!" Grigra was not concerned. Oliver could not defeat him when he had a short sword, and it was even unlikely now that he was merely holding an uncanny staff.

The only thing that made him waver was that the short staff seemed rather precious, and his heart would be pained if it was broken.

However, he thought of the room full of gems and possible magic items, and his vacillations were immediately gone. There were so many valuable items after all. He could afford the loss of the staff, as long as he killed Oliver in time and closed the entrance in case other people competed with him for the treasures!

Making up his mind, he slowed down his longsword, blew away the staff, and pierced at Oliver's chest.

Looking at the glittering tip of the sword, Oliver felt that the whole world was slowed down and that the sword was reaching his chest like a snail. However, only his mind was this fast. His body was as "slow" as Grigra's longsword. He could only watch the longsword penetrate him without being able to do anything.

Am I going to die?

I don't want to die!

After only a short while, Oliver was caught in a strange hollow state. Then, a string seemed to have been broken in his head. He felt that something flooded out of his soul overwhelmingly into the blue staff in his hands.

Crack.

With a weird “crack” coming from the staff, Oliver felt that he had opened a gate, and his whole body was enshrouded in an ocean of tiny silver electric arcs.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The silver electric arcs that emerged from the staff hit Grigra’s critical parts without meeting any obstacle.

Grigra’s face and chest were immediately blackened. His longsword hit Oliver’s body, but it led to nothing more than a shallow wound.

How can I die... Shocked and confused, he looked at the short staff before him that was still sparkling before he collapsed without any strength.

He had long confirmed that Oliver was not a magic apprentice, so he could not use the short staff even if it was an extraordinary item!

How did it happen? Grigra died with his eyes wide open in regrets.

Holding the staff with both hands, Oliver breathed hard. His back was as hunched as a shrimp. He had such a headache that he almost bumped into the wall.

After a long time, he was finally back to himself. He slowly raised his head. There was vague blood in his eyes, his nostrils, and the corners of his mouth.

Did the blast of spiritual power when I became an apprentice activate the staff? He thought in confusion, But shouldn't the staff have a central mark? Has it been erased?

He shook his head and looked at Grigra, holding the staff tightly. The fearsome captain that always terrified him was lying there lifelessly; his face dark and his eyes wide open. He was obviously as dead as anyone could be.

Not entirely reassured, Oliver squatted and examined Grigra's body carefully. After the confirmation, he looked at the staff in both confusion and ecstasy.

"Is this the power of magic?"

He quickly calmed down. He shut the entrance and found another secret exit. Then, he put the books, the items, and the gems into the magic pouch left by sorcerers and retreated.

It was not because he did not want to stay here and improve his strength first, but because there was no food here. He would be starved in a couple of days. As for the animals in the wilderness, 90% of them were stronger than him, except that they preferred brutalizing each other.

...

Two days later, Fernando came to this place and searched for "Hysterical Dance", an organization that had evacuated here. As far as he knew, although the Eye of Curse had been hiding recently, he hadn't admitted failure yet but merged a lot of smaller organizations to make up for the losses in the previous incident.

If it weren't for that, he wouldn't have known where he should go at all.

Naturally, he was unaware of the specific location of "Hysterical Dance". Only by reaching the area and passing the test of the sorcerers could he be allowed in.

"Huh, some magic traps are activated here." Fernando moved carefully on the ground instead of flying in the sky due to the night watchers' recent madness. With his spiritual power, he suddenly discovered an obvious trap with little disguise, suggesting that it was set up by a rookie.

"Is this the relic of a certain sorcerer?" Fernando was immediately in a better mood. It was not because he was greedy, but because the "Congress of Magic", having just been established, lacked both materials and money. The Union of Sorcerers suffered the heaviest losses in the incident of Cocus. The two deputy presidents who were not killed carved up the property of the organization and escaped, leaving nothing but a City in the Sky that was still in debris to Douglas and Fernando. Had it not been for the sponsorship from Hathaway, Fernando's visit to other organizations would have been very embarrassing.

So, he paused and cast spells to investigate the environment. After confirming his safety, he began to try to crack the magic trap.

About half an hour later, after a crack, the hill collapsed, and a gate was revealed.

After a thorough examination, Fernando flew in as enthusiastically as fire, only to discover that most gems, materials, and items were already gone.

“I’m one step late. If I ran into that rookie, I could’ve totally fooled... well, introduced him into the Congress,” Fernando remarked in obvious regrets.

Based on the magic books that had been taken away and the remaining battle traces, he concluded that it was the apprentice-level rookie who took away the treasure through divinity.

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Grasses and woods proliferated in the valley that was covered in vague, erratic mist.

Holding the black-covered thick book, Erica read it in fascination and calculated now and then.

“So, we are on a planet...”

“Is gravity the essence of the power of earth?”

“Is Earth Element the source of gravity?”

“The planet operates in such a way...”

“No wonder we will land again after we jump...”

Whispers of remarks and discussions echoed around Erica. The sorcerers were talking about “Mathematical Principles of Magical Philosophy” in excitement or contemplation.

The book disrupted their understanding of the world, making them feel that they had never really recognized it.

If it weren’t for the fact that the book was unprecedentedly creative, the cognitive worlds of many of them would’ve collapsed or consolidated, but even so, they still thought that their mindsets had been refreshed.

Is the world like this?

The world is like this!

Raising their heads and looking at the stars over the mist, they seemed to see the trajectories of the mysterious stars. Everything was now under control!

Erica read for a while before she put down the book and rubbed her head as if she had been exhausted. Reading the book was too painful, particularly when one did not have enough knowledge!

Douglas had once taught her calculus before, but it was only meant to lay a foundation, and a lot of details were still obscured to her. So, it was terribly difficult for her to learn the Mathematical Principles of Magical Philosophy. She meant to write to Douglas, only to find that he was out of reach.

Seeing that Erica was rubbing her head, the sorcerers around rushed to her like rabbits and begged her.

“Erica, it’s time to teach us calculus!”

“How do you think this question should be solved?”

“Should this magic model be processed with calculus?”

Their questions harassed Erica’s ears like dancing flies, making her even more upset.

However, when she looked at the earnestness on their faces, her heart was softened again. She could learn the book by herself with her basic knowledge of calculus, but they did not know anything about it and could only read the gravity-related content.

In the meantime, she couldn’t help but feel extremely proud. Many of them were senior-rank sorcerers who were much stronger than herself, but they had to ask for her guidance. Even Mr. Atlant asked her about calculus a while ago. Calculus was truly a paradigm-shifting breakthrough in mathematics!

Erica looked around and suddenly had an intense, uncontrollable delight. After the fall of Aalto, her companions had been as numb and desperate as undead creatures, but “Mathematical Principles of Magical Philosophy” was like a lighthouse in the night that drove the darkness and despair away, filling them with hope again. It was not because magic was not powerful, but because we hadn’t done enough! Our understanding of this world was too shabby!

When there was hope, the succession of magic would never stop.

Erica's lips curled, and both happy and worried, she began to teach her companions calculus.

At this moment, a sorcerer flew in and asked an archmage who was in the crowd asking questions. "Mr. Deputy President, a senior-rank sorcerer named Fernando is requesting to meet you in the cabin. He has already passed the test. Do you want to let him in?"

Before the deputy president replied, Erica suddenly stood up. "Mr. Fernando? He's very good at calculus!"

That was Mr. Douglas' words!

Most sorcerers did not know that Douglas had already become a legend.

"What? He's very good at calculus?" Hardly had she finished her sentence when the sorcerers of the valley rushed out and disappeared, leaving only the sorcerer who came to send the message and Erica staring at each other.

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Chapter 904 I'm Here to Pick You up

A cabin, located in the depths of the mountains, was surrounded by strange trees, bizarre rocks, howling beasts, and chirping birds.

Fernando paced back and forth in the cabin gloomily, considering what he should say to the leaders of “Hysterical Dance”, and how he could prevent himself from mocking them. If possible, he should also visit the Eye of Curse. Although the guy was not in the leadership of the organization, everybody knew that he was the boss behind the curtain.

Suddenly, Fernando sensed that dozens of sorcerers were flying over with his spiritual power.

He was quite shocked. A transparent wall of force field immediately appeared next to him, and the spells to break space barriers were ready.

What are they doing? So many people are attacking me? But why are they doing it so obviously, so that I would have a chance to escape?

Questions popped up in Fernando’s heart. His concerns were not gone until he saw quite a few acquaintances in the crowd who were earnest but not hostile, but he was still quite puzzled.

“Fernando, I’m told that you are very good at calculus?”

“Can you tell me the solution to this problem?”

“What’s your opinion on gravity?”

The questions from the sorcerers gathered into noises that were even more unbelievable than the howling and chirping. Fernando’s ears were humming, and he couldn’t be more agitated.

“Enough!” A thunderous roar burst out, dwarfing all the noises.

Fernando was not nearly as kind and considerate as Erica. Roaring was his major specialty.

Everybody fell quiet. Fernando said gloomily, “How can I teach you calculus if you keep talking? And how can I know your progress right now?”

Not considering that he was in their territory, or that they had many senior-rank sorcerers and even archmages who were stronger than him, he behaved as a tough teacher.

For him, there was only the extent of knowledge in arcana. Identities and strength mattered little!

After silencing the sorcerers, Fernando said seriously, “I’m here to discuss certain things with the president of ‘Hysterical Dance’. After it’s over, I’ll stay here for a couple of days and teach the basics of calculus from the start if you want. As for gravity, you should wait until you understand the previous parts.”

As an experienced sorcerer, he knew how precious Mathematical Principles of Magical Philosophy was and what a major shock it would be for the sorcerers. Therefore, he had foreseen such a reaction.

However, what he did not expect was the degree of their shock!

It seemed that he was not bold enough in his prediction!

His words made the sorcerers of “Hysterical Dance” back to themselves. They couldn’t be more surprised. It was one thing that they were asking questions bravely, but it was a whole other thing that he was ready to teach them so frankly. Shouldn’t knowledge like calculus and gravity be their greatest secrets?

Are they going to teach us just like that without asking for anything in return?

Not entirely convinced, one of the sorcerers reminded Fernando, “His Excellency the Eye of Curse has reorganized ‘Hysterical Dance’ into ‘Family of Sorcerers’. It’s supposed to be a partnership of all organizations.”

“And the leader is...?” Fernando asked directly.

Another sorcerer flew over from far away. He shouted, “Mr. Fernando, the Eye of Curse invites you to meet him.”

After being briefly stunned, Fernando nodded. “Alright.”

That's not bad. He would have to meet Atlant again even if he had to convince the president first.

Their meeting was not held in Atlant's demiplane but in a garden that was overgrown with all kinds of flowers.

"To be honest, I was thinking to capture you and elicit complete knowledge on calculus and the detailed interpretation of gravity from you." With his eyes closed, Atlant said comfortingly.

Fernando sniffed, not nervous at all before a legend. "They do deserve your effort. However, the knowledge will be shared with all sorcerers."

"All sorcerers?" Atlant asked with a smile, as if everything were under his control.

Fernando chuckled. "Yes, Douglas believes that more people and more communications are required to better recognize the world, grasp the natural laws, and analyze mechanisms behind things. So, he has defined this part of knowledge as arcana, which is to be shared with other sorcerers. As for the detailed, applied magic knowledge like magic models, they are personal secrets that one can keep to oneself."

"Arcana?" For the first time, Atlant thought deeply without a smile. "It sounds like Douglas is trying to establish an organization that is purely about the communication of arcana? Is it his definition and categorization?"

"We haven't settled the details yet, but it is indeed our wish. Also, we hope to establish a steady 'magic building' on the foundation of this organization. Together, they will be called 'Congress of

Magic' so that we can resist the Church together." Fernando did not hide his purpose or raise the issue with tricks. He mentioned everything straightforwardly.

Atlant nodded. "I'm very interested in the organization that is purely about arcana communication. As for your 'magic building', let's wait and see."

With "Mathematical Principles of Magical Philosophy", one of the most important books in the history of magic, no sorcerers wouldn't be attracted by an organization with arcana communication. Of course, they would certainly decide which part of their knowledge they would share according to the actual circumstances.

"I'm not surprised by your answer. Really," Fernando said in slight mockery. One of the important reasons for the collapse of the Magic Empire was people's selfishness and irresponsibility. "My purpose is to pull 'Hysterical Dance', well, 'Family of Sorcerers', into the group. As for the future, I believe you will make the right choice."

Besides, as people became used to arcana communication, the academic organization would be more stable, and people would be willing to maintain it. It would be easier to unite them later. Atlant knew Douglas and Fernando's plan very well, and he could not resist it.

Atlant suddenly opened his eyes that were as deep as the cosmos. "I'll wait for you."

"Douglas must've already become a legend, right?"

"Yes, 'Elect of Magic'." Fernando tried to resist Atlant's eyes.

Their communication was simple and fast, and they reached an agreement very soon. When Fernando left the garden, he was suddenly at a loss. In the beginning, Old Fox went through all troubles just to talk legends into cooperation, but his persuasion was so easy. Besides the influence of Mathematical Principles of Magical Philosophy, it was also because he had a legendary sorcerer on his back, and Old Fox did not.

.....

A year later, having visited this side of the Storm Strait for a long time, Fernando returned to the Hull Manor provided by Hathaway and saw Douglas again.

“What’s the attitude on the hell’s side?” Fernando asked his concerns without any small talk.

Perhaps because he was too exhausted, Douglas’ hair was partly gray. He said solemnly, “I spent half a year in Burning Metropolis before I was asked to leave hell. I did not meet Maltimus, the Lord of Hell. I didn’t even get to visit the dukes of hell.”

“Is Maltimus showing that he is unwilling to meddle in the main material world?” Fernando frowned. “Considering his scheme-loving personality, how could he let go of such a great change and leave the things of the main material world aside? Has he been taught a lesson by the pope? Or is he covering something?”

“If Maltimus is covering something, with his smartness, he would’ve given me a random promise to get rid of me, but he didn’t do anything, which makes people wonder if he’s covering something up. That’s certainly not his style. So, perhaps his attitude contains the information that he really wants to tell us. For example, through such an attitude, he’s telling me that he is planning a major scheme that must not be leaked or described, and that he is not far away from success. He’s asking us to be prepared and cooperate with him.”

After a brief consideration, Douglas told Fernando his analysis.

Thinking carefully, Fernando said, “This possibility matches Maltimus’ style best.”

“So, we must not be sluggish. In a decade, if it’s short, or a century, if it’s long, something big may happen,” Douglas reminded Fernando.

.....

Twenty years later, in year 398 of the Saint Calendar, inside the greatest swamp of the Duchy of Calais...

A man in a black magic robe was roaming on the mud. He did not wear any hood, revealing his face that was nothing more than a bag of bones. He was so terribly slim and pale that it was impossible to tell his real age.

His left hand had lost all the colors of vitality. Pale and dim, it was covered in the vague of death. The moment it pressed a seven-headed swamp earthworm, the insect decayed with pus flowing out, turning into an undead creature.

Raising his head that was only slightly better than that of a skeleton, the man looked at the sky and said to himself coarsely, “Shirley, I’m here to pick you up.”

“Sorry, I’m late.”

As he spoke, he stepped forward. The deep black mud in the swamp suddenly bubbled as if it were boiled water.

Then, the mud was lifted and thrown to the sky, splashing everywhere, and monsters that had been rotten to the bones stood up!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 905 For Your Return

Baron Brenzell's manor was much more deserted after the owner was changed several times. Wild grasses grew on the hills behind the manor. Under the morning sunlight, dew was rolling on them.

A dew dropped on a pile of coiled bones, leaving vague wet marks.

The bones of the serpent shivered, but it was back to peace again. Around the creature, there were a winged tiger with rotten furs and flesh and yellowish pus flowing everywhere, tremendous ghouls that spread out their hideousness and stench, and countless ghosts wandering in the sky that were in absolutely no fear of the sunlight... The hills seemed to have become the nether world that was full of undead creatures.

In the middle of the undead creatures, a man, who was nothing more than a skeleton, touched the rocks with his pale, dim left hand and looked at the city with his thoughtful eyes.

At the city gate, a middle-aged man in a bishop's robe was walking to the church solemnly.

"Good morning, Mr. Bishop." Everybody who passed him bowed and greeted him. He was Arroyo, a bishop of the cathedral of the city and a rigorous cleric.

Drawing a cross on his chest, Arroyo blessed habitually. "The Lord protects us all."

Just like that, he slowly reached the entrance of the church. Under the homage of a few knight squires, he stepped on the stairs and entered the gate.

Vague holy light surrounded the gate, making everything solemn and pure.

Arroyo stopped at the center of the hall and prayed devoutly, "Only Truth lives forever!"

Then, he left from a side door, reporting to the red robe the status of faith in the towns, villages, and manors nearby.

After the report was done, he began to inspect the entire church to check if there was any negligence or disrespect. After the inspection, it would be the time of prayer, repentance, and learning.

It was his monotonous life in the past thirty years, except that he had grown from an intern reverent behind the bishop into the most notable bishop in this church of this city. He had witnessed the rise and decline of many families in the city.

“We must thank the Lord’s blessing.” He prayed sincerely in his heart.

Then, he realized that he reached the room where the transmission circles were deployed. So, he confirmed the intactness of the place with greater wariness, making sure that nobody except the designated personnel came in.

“Very good. Nothing is wrong.” His grim face put on a smile as he looked at the shimmering transmission circle.

Suddenly, he frowned, feeling that the transmission circle was so evil that it was like a gate to hell or abyss.

An idea automatically popped up in his head. Some cleric has betrayed, and the Lord of Hell is invading this place!

“No, it must be destroyed!” The moment he made up his mind, he suddenly had the understanding that he could not destroy the transmission circles quickly enough with his divine power. The only solution was to concentrate his power and detonate himself!

With a strong sense of sacrifice, he stepped forward and announced, “Only Truth lives forever!”

The few reverends who followed him were stunned at the holy light that was emanating from Arroyo. Then, the whole world was reduced into darkness after an explosion.

BOOM!

The transmission circles were blown apart, and the room simply collapsed.

The red robe who supervised the most important church sensed it in utmost shock. He could not believe that a bishop would betray the Lord and destroy the Lord's transmission circles voluntarily.

Then, two ninth-circle spells popped up in his head. Brain Scourge and Memory Meddling!

However, even a legendary sorcerer couldn't have played the two spells so marvelously that the victims would help him achieve his purpose voluntarily without any resistance!

Such sorcerers were most difficult to resist, and they were most dreadful!

BOOM!

In another place of the city, the core that controlled the divine power circles was drowned by the brilliance of self-detonation too.

BOOM! BOOM!

After hearing the two consecutive explosions, the slender man at the center of the hills outside of the city stood up. His eyes were both gentle and cruel.

Hooooooooo!

The undead creatures on the hills, in simultaneous howls of death, rose from the ground overwhelmingly.

The slender man floated toward the city. Behind and below him were the undead creatures who had returned from the abyss of revenge!

The guards at the city gate were checking the people who were entering the city when they suddenly sensed that the sky was dark. They raised their heads subconsciously, only to tremble in fear and paleness.

In the sky, the monsters who had nothing but bones and rotten meat left obscured the sun and brought death. Amid them was an evil necromancer who did not wear a hood.

Their legs trembled, and they collapsed on the ground. The people in lines ran about in fright, only to fall too as the army of undead creatures drew near.

The undead creatures did not let out any noise or go on a rampage. Ignoring those people, they flooded to the gate, entering the city through the gate, over the wall, or from the sky.

“Enemy incoming!”

Clerics and knights stood up from different places of the city, confronting the necromancer in the sky.

The necromancer seemed to be in a trance. He mumbled to himself, “I am Vicente. I am back...”

“Kill him!” Holy light and long spears were tossed at Vicente.

With immense hatred on his dry face, Vicente raised his head and let out a devastating howl.

As the sound waves spread out, many fuzzy banshees were dancing. All the flying clerics and knights hit the ground like raindrops. Those who could not fly trembled in fear as they watched it.

Vicente’s face became cold. Looking at the red robe who was struggling to resist Banshee Wailing, he raised his left hand and pointed at the red robe.

Countless streaks of black hair immediately burst out of the red robe’s body. He became as withered as a corpse. Then, he fell from midair helplessly, splitting into multiple pieces, but there was not a drop of blood.

Vicente looked down at the city and suddenly descended, landing before a middle-aged knight who was holding a longsword.

“Don’t... Don’t... Don’t kill me...” The middle-aged knight waved his eyes in panic and moved backward. The knights around him were too frightened to help him.

Vicente said coarsely and earsplittingly, “Andrew.”

“You... You know me. You... You are Vicente!” Andrew’s eyes widened as he recognized the terrifying necromancer before him. The man looked exactly the same as twenty years ago except that his face did not have the slightest flesh anymore!

Vicente walked to Andrew slowly. “It was you who reported me and killed Shirley.”

“It... It was none of my business. ‘Crazy Hound’ did it. I never thought that Shirley would get killed.” Andrew was almost in tears.

“Crazy Hound? Where is he?” Vicente asked coldly, ready to invade his brain if he did not get an answer.

Andrew was willing to confess anything to save himself. “‘Crazy Hound’ is appreciated by the grand cardinal of the duchy for killing a lot of sorcerers and promoted to Cocus.”

“Cocus? I will find you...” Vicente looked toward the north. His eyes were full of coldness and irresolvable hate.

Then, he stared at Andrew again. “Who else was involved?”

“There... There’s also Lotell, Goon, the Tamer, and the Bone Digger. They are in the Inquisition here.” Andrew revealed the names of all the people who were involved in the case.

“Very good, to thank you for your honesty, I will not kill you in person.” Vicente put on a cruel smile. The army of the undead creatures behind him raged forward and drowned Andrew.

“NOOOOOOOO!”

Miserable and painful screams echoed nonstop while the undead creatures ripped and swallowed Andrew’s flesh until there was nothing but bones left.

Vicente looked at the nobles who were gathered in the place. After they pushed Lotell and Goon out, he waved his hands, rotting the two nobles and turning them into zombies.

“Vicente, we had nothing to do with what happened. We are very sorry about the death of the Brenzells too. We will not stop you from seeking your revenge, but please do not kill the innocents.” The knight in the lead tried to calm down and begged sincerely.

Vicente said coldly, “You could’ve saved her, but you didn’t do anything.”

Then, the army of the undead creatures surged forward, consuming all the nobles.

After several minutes, Vicente reached the gate of the Inquisition on piles of bones. Most of the night watchers here, including the Tamer, had been killed in the battle just now.

“The Lord will not spare you!” The remaining interrogators in the Inquisition glared at Vicente.

Without saying a word, Vicente simply let the army of the undead creatures devour them, leaving only screams and the Bone Digger whose hair had been grayed.

“I only regret that I did not find out your whereabouts!” The Bone Digger seemed zealous and devoted.

“You’ll have plenty of time for regrets,” Vicente said coarsely and softly, not intending to argue with him.

Pale fire emerged from the soul of the Bone Digger, burning him and making him cry in pain.

“The Lord will... Ahhh! ... will punish you!

“NOOOOOOOO!

“Ahh! Damn it. Have mercy! Have mercy!”

“Have mercy!”

Vicente walked to the cemetery without looking back, leaving the begging man behind. Gradually, the screams died down. Since the ordinary people were too scared to breathe, the whole city was as quiet as if it were dead.

In such silence, Vicente entered the cemetery and reached the tomb that he had seen too many times in his dreams.

The tomb opened without a sound, and the coffin rose straightly.

Vicente walked to one side of the coffin, fell on one of his knees, and opened the coffin gently.

“Shirley, I’m here to pick you up.” As the gap grew larger and larger, his cold eyes were more and more tender, filled with love and guilt.

Inside the coffin, a skeleton was lying quietly.

Vicente leaned down and kissed the mouth of the skeleton softly. As if he were in a dream, he said, “Shirley, it will be fine. Everything will be fine. We will be together forever.”

A tear dropped from his eye onto Shirley's face.

Corrupt the soul and pursue death, not for an eternal life, but for your return!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 906 Undercurrents

The rotten mud was releasing a strong smell. A wild wolf, having barged into the place in panic, was deeply mired in it. Howling, it tried to pull its leg out, only to be trapped deeper and deeper, until the mud consumed its ears and nose and interrupted the screaming.

It was what Vicente saw when he returned to the swamps. The place where he was usually active was now occupied by a creepy man in black.

All the parts on the man that was exposed to the air had nothing but bones left. Red, needle-like fire was bouncing in his hollow eyes. His clothes were filled with unusual patterns sewed with glamorous gold lines.

Noticing Vicente's return, he asked with a voice as depressing as the dead, "Where have you been? An envoy from the Congress of Magic is coming."

Vicente replied casually, "I visited home and took care of some stuff."

By the way, I picked up Shirley.

“You visited home? You took care of some stuff? Did you destroy the church and the Inquisition in the city?” The black-robed lich exclaimed in shock and fury, “Do you have any idea what great trouble you are bringing us into? Do you want our organization to be destroyed?”

Now that the Church had absolute advantages, the massacre by a necromancer would definitely be regarded as the greatest provocation. It would lead to the hunting of legends!

“Congus, it’s my business. If you are unsatisfied, I can withdraw from the organization.” Vicente replied simply without any argument.

The lich was exactly Archmage Congus, the leader of “Supreme Soul”. In the incident of Cocus, he managed to survive with the many life-preserving skills of the school of necromancy. However, “Supreme Soul” suffered a destructive blow later, and only a few members escaped. He had to lie low for quite a while.

A few years later, when the situation was less intense, he left his shelter and tried to reorganize “Supreme Soul”. Then, he accidentally learned that the Liege of Death’s demiplane was never discovered by the Church and seemed to have automatically closed. Therefore, he returned to the swamps near Cocus to search for the possible leads on the Liege of Death’s demiplane. Out of his expectation, he discovered Vicente Miranda, a self-made necromancer, in the swamps.

With only a few commonly-seen magic books on necromancy and the incomplete materials in the swamps, the man became an official sorcerer after only a couple of years. Congus, who intended to reorganize “Supreme Soul”, appreciated him and brought Vicente into “Supreme Soul”, promising that he would offer guidance.

However, what happened in the following twenty years made Congus unable to believe his eyes. Perhaps due to his lack of formal magic education, this Vicente Miranda had many ideas that were the opposites of the principles in necromancy, but for the same reason, he had succeeded in rectifying and improving many principles of necromancy. He made quite a few major breakthroughs in body structure and circulation. Receiving the feedback from the real world many times, he reached the ninth circle at a speed that Congus could not imagine!

Twenty-eight years, growing from nothing to an archmage. He was definitely a genius among the geniuses. Even in the heyday of the Magic Empire, there were few people who could compare to the record in Congus' knowledge. Even Thanos, the Sun King known as the strongest sorcerer, took a longer time than Vicente did due to the specialties of Untraceable Destiny.

Of course, Congus had also gained tremendous benefits from Vicente's breakthroughs. Together with Mathematical Principles of Magical Philosophy and Basics of Calculus from the Congress of Magic, his cognitive world was close to half solidification, and he was confident to break into the legendary level in fifty years.

So, Congus had complicated feelings about Vicente. He planned to treat and groom the man as a student, but the man had become as strong as himself so quickly that he, who had been busy re-establishing the organization, did not have the time to really bond with him.

However, Congus did not intend to suppress Vicente to ensure his power, because he knew that Vicente had perhaps sacrificed part of his flesh through a certain unique item. Otherwise, he couldn't have become an official sorcerer in such a poor environment with few materials. If he wanted to become a legend, he would need more theoretical breakthroughs and more time than Congus did. By then, Vicente would bow before him in respect without him doing anything.

Hearing Vicente's simple and cold reply, Congus held back his fury and said, "I trust that it will not happen again?"

"There's a 'Crazy Hound' in Cocus." Vicente did not hide it.

“Only one night watcher?” Congus was relieved. “I’ll ask our branches and the other organizations to lie low for now.”

Vicente nodded. “Who has come from the Congress of Magic?”

He was quite interested because he had read Mathematical Principles of Magical Philosophy and Basics of Calculus in Congus’ place and was quite shocked by the ideas in them. He also applied them to his studies in body structure and circulation. Had he not picked up calculus, he couldn’t have constructed magic models so easily or set a record of advancement however brilliant he was.

Therefore, even though he looked indifferent, he had been longing to meet Derrick Douglas, the author of the two books.

Congus floated before Vicente. “It’s Fernando, one of the co-authors of Basics of Calculus.”

He too had complicated feelings about the Congress of Magic. On one hand, he resisted their intention to annex “Supreme Soul”, but on the other hand, he appreciated them for publicly sharing Mathematical Principles of Magical Philosophy and Basics of Calculus.

“I can meet him.” Vicente touched the magic pouch in his pocket.

.....

In the forest where the Supreme Soul was hidden...

It was the day of which a small fair was being held, where people could exchange magic materials and books, so the place was lively and noisy. Vicente and Congus bypassed it and stepped into an underground palace.

“The meeting will be held half an hour later.” Congus sat behind his desk.

Vicente did not say anything. He stopped before Congus’ bookshelf, took out a thick book, and read it carefully.

Half an hour passed before anyone realized it. At this moment, the sorcerer at the reception brought in a lady who was as bright as fire.

“Fernando?” Congus asked in uncertainty because the gorgeous lady was too different from Fernando.

Fernando nodded. “The night watchers got their eyes on me. I have to change a bit before I go out.”

He pulled his belt. His breasts immediately collapsed, and he became a stout handsome man.

Looking at the transformation, Vicente said in disgust, “Pervert.”

Born a normal person, he always respected gender boundaries. Even if he needed to change himself, he would only focus on height and appearance.

Fernando was immediately enraged. “It’s better than you who makes everyone throw up the moment they see you!”

Vicente did not reply. He was too lazy to squabble with him.

Fernando lost momentum after his roars met no response, so he turned to look at Congus. “I would like to meet the author of ‘Theories of Body Structure and Circulation’.”

Recently, Congus had compiled Vicente’s research into books and traded them for the latest accomplishments of Douglas, Fernando, and one mysterious “Miss Silvery”.

Congus raised his skeleton hand and pointed at Vicente. “You just met him.”

“Huh?” Having become an archmage, Fernando finally noticed how young Vicente, who was also an archmage, was!

In the fair outside...

It was the first time that Oliver, who kept a mustache, had participated in such a lively magic fair with his friends. He searched for beautiful sorceresses while he looked at the magic books casually.

After twenty years, due to the lack of books and guidance, he was still at the fifth circle.

“Mathematical Principles of Magical Philosophy, Basics of Calculus... What are they exactly?”
Having been hiding here and there, Oliver barely took part in any gatherings. Many things and many books were unknown to him.

The dealer looked at him as if he were a bumpkin. “Just take a look and you’ll see.”

“Huh. I can read them?” Oliver picked up the books.

After a while, he already forgot to pursue beautiful sorceresses or anything around him. He was completely devoted to the world in the books.

Such books!

Such theories!

.....

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

Aradeline, a level-nine red robe, walked into the sacred room in awe. He did not dare to raise his head before he paid respects to Pope Gregory.

At the beginning of this year, His Holiness killed the Mother God of the Earth with “God’s Arrival”, completely banishing sorcerers, dark creatures, and heretical churches into the Dark Mountain Range. It also marked the complete doom of the Sylvanas Magic Empire, the last of the three Magic Empires!

After paying respects to the pope, Aradeline realized that Ivan, the strongest saint, was also in the Bright Hall waiting for the pope’s instructions.

“You will organize the grand cardinals and the legendary knights to patrol along the edge of the Dark Mountain Range. Be prepared to conquer the place in fifteen years.” Pope Gregory calculated the time of his recovery and added some more time.

Ivan, who was handsome and masculine, lowered his head. “As you wish, Your Holiness.”

Watching Ivan leave, Gregory narrowed his eyes. Although he was not worried about the betrayal of saints with his trump cards like Excommunication, he still took precautions out of habit. For example, he kept Ivan busy in the Holy City or the Dark Mountain Range without allowing him to return to the north where he rose from. Also, he had dispatched the few grand cardinals close to him to different parishes.

After a brief silence, Gregory said to Aradeline kindly, “I appoint you as the bishop of the Snow Cathedral in the North Province of the Schachran Empire. I hope that you can work with Felix well.”

Sending his own men to the place was also one of the precautions.

“Of course, Your Holiness,” Aradeline answered anxiously.

Throne of Magical Arcana

907 Gathering

“Hey, are you buying them or not? Don’t stand in the way of my exchange.” Seeing that Oliver read and studied “Mathematical Principles of Magical Philosophy” and “Basics of Calculus” before his stand in fascination, the dealer drove him away angrily.

“Huh?” Oliver shivered hard, coming back from the feeling as wonderful as Mountain Paradise. He waved the books hard. “Yes, I’ll buy them! Which organization are the authors from?”

He couldn’t wait to meet the sorcerers who had created such a marvelous mathematical system and astonishing theories and express his excitement.

Although he only skimmed through the books due to his lack of knowledge, he still sensed the pure beauty of mathematics and the shock of gravity that was beyond its age.

“Mr. Douglas of the Congress of Magic wrote them. The co-authors of ‘Basics of Calculus’ also include ‘Ms. Silvery’ and Mr. Fernando of the Congress of Magic,” the dealer said with obvious respect when he mentioned them.

In delight, Oliver took out a low-quality Wave Stone and packed up the books and the other materials he selected. He mumbled to himself, “The Congress of Magic! They’re all from the Congress of Magic! I’m going to join the Congress of Magic!”

The books of such a level were an unparalleled shock for a beginner!

After a few murmurs, he raised his head and stared at the dealer; his eyes glittering. The dealer stepped back in fear and said obscurely, "I... I never sold any unqualified goods."

"Could you tell me where I can join the Congress of Magic?" Oliver asked in excitement.

Slightly relieved, the dealer said angrily, "If I knew it, I would've joined it myself!"

Then, he said seriously, "Over the past twenty years, the Church has been keeping the pressure on us. All the organizations can only develop in secret. How can you join them so easily?"

"I'm sure I can find the answer!" Oliver already made up his mind. Even though the Congress of Magic had few sorceresses, he would have to join them!

Therefore, he asked everyone in the fair and did not stop even though he was disappointed again and again. He paid a fortune for that.

However, his obvious action assured the sorcerers who watched over the fair that he was not a night watcher.

Finally, for the sake of “Soul Stone”, one of the sorcerers gave him a tip. “Mr. Fernando of the Congress of Magic is visiting the place. You can go and wait there.”

He pointed at a trail in the woods outside of the fair.

“Mr. Fernando?” Oliver was excited again and rushed to the trail to wait there.

The guards of the place spared someone to keep an eye on him, in case he leaked the intelligence.

After a dozen minutes, Oliver saw a stout man in a red robe, a lich, and a skinny man walking from the turn of the road.

“Although you are a horrible person, your ‘Theories of Body Structure and Circulation’ is worth a read,” Fernando, who barely praised anyone, said.

Coldly, Vicente said, “Although you are a pervert, you know what you are doing when it comes to calculus.”

He did not give in at all.

Fernando sniffed, holding his urge to roar with the desire for arcana communication. Within the Congress of Magic, Vicente’s theories had been categorized as arcana.

He had a fairly good understanding of body structure too. His communication with Vicente and Congus went rather well.

Standing not far away behind and listening to them discussing theories that he could not follow at all, Oliver immediately felt that he had just entered the gate of magic, and a whole world was out there waiting to be explored by him.

“One day, I will join them in the discussions of the world and human bodies!” Oliver clenched his fists and set his goal.

At this moment, Oliver was almost certain that the short, red-robed sorcerer was Mr. Fernando, so he waited anxiously. When the three of them approached him, he stepped over and bowed in the standard etiquette of sorcerers. “Esteemed Mr. Fernando, I am a student who admires Mr. Douglas and you for your vast knowledge. I’m wondering if I could join the Congress of Magic and receive your guidance.”

After that, he stood where he was uneasily, fearing that he would be declined and miss the opportunity.

After being stunned briefly, Fernando said seriously, “The Congress of Magic welcomes every sorcerer, but we have to make one thing clear first. Everybody who joins the Congress has to accept the atmosphere of open discussions and the stipulation that arcana is publicized to all the other sorcerers in the form of papers. Of course, the authors of such papers will be rewarded by the Congress of Magic and every reader.”

“Arcana?” Oliver asked in confusion.

Fernando explained the definition of arcana, before he asked again, “Can you accept it?”

Oliver thought for a moment. Other than the magic models and some casting tricks, he did not have many arcana theories that deserved to be kept a secret, so he solemnly nodded his head. “Yes, Mr. Fernando.”

Not expecting that joining the Congress of Magic was so easy, Oliver was so happy that he felt unreal.

Fernando nodded his head. “However, until then, you have to receive our vetting. After all, we cannot allow any night watcher to sneak in.”

“That’s not a problem.” Oliver’s sense of unreality was gone, and he was back to the ground.

Listening to the conversation between Fernando and Oliver, Vicente felt that he was not needed here, so he turned around and left.

.....

In the Snow Cathedral...

Looking at the files at hand, Aradeline looked at the level-seven red robe who was in charge of the Inquisition in obvious discontent. “Why haven’t you captured the nobles? They are guilty of conspiring with sorcerers!”

The red robe said respectfully but without fear, “Mr. Aradeline, they are only suspects. We do not have any proof. The Lord teaches us not to punish anyone easily.”

“Proof? We don’t have any proof?” Grimly, Aradeline threw a book to the red robe. “Have you never read ‘Maul of Sorcerers’?”

The red robe glanced at the cover and said calmly, “Having been promoted to be an inquisitor from a night watcher, Crazy Hound certainly has a lot of experience. His ideas and approaches are very suitable to the places where the sorcerers are blatantly active, but Mr. Aradeline, this is the north where we developed first at the beginning. We have the purest faith. The nobles are trustworthy. They cannot be compared to their counterparts in Holm.”

Aradeline stared at the red robe with fury in his eyes, almost accusing him of misprision and betraying the Lord. However, when he remembered other similar things that he saw in the North Province, he held back his fury and nodded his head. “Whatever it is, we need to ask more if they are suspects.”

After the red robe left, he narrowed his eyes with a heavy heart. Something was not right with the North Province. He had to investigate in secret.

.....

Another twenty years passed, and it was the end of year 424 of the Saint Calendar.

Aradeline was as grim as before when he read the thick pile of documents before him. The problems of the North Province were graver than he thought. Many clerics conspired with nobles, accepted bribes, relished entertainments, and forgot that the sorcerers were not extinct yet and the war in the Dark Mountain Range was not won. Also, they seemed to have different opinions about the doctrines!

Everything was obviously led by someone in the upper level. All the leads pointed to the few level-nine red robes in this parish, who were all big shots who watched over the major churches like himself.

During the last twenty years, Aradeline eliminated obstacles and found clues bit by bit. Finally, he completed the preliminary investigation recently and decided to unveil the scheme.

According to the protocol, he had to report to Saint Felix, the grand cardinal of this parish, first.

He had never questioned the loyalty of Felix. As a matter of fact, no clerics had ever betrayed the Church so far. “Excommunication” and the existence of God prevented it from happening. So, he defined what happened here as addiction to entertainment and lack of devotion. A saint, who had got rid of the basic desires, would certainly not dwell in entertainments, nor would he be impious, or the Lord wouldn’t have granted him such great power.

Picking up the files, Aradeline reached the cathedral Felix was in through a transmission circle. He waited for ten minutes before Felix met him.

“The situation is very terrible.” Felix turned the materials and read carefully for a while before he reached the conclusion solemnly.

Aradeline agreed with him. “Yes, Saint Felix. We have to educate them soon.”

Looking at the closed door, Felix said to Aradeline, “You go and draft a plan first. Let’s discuss it.”

“Yes, Your Highness.” Aradeline bowed and turned around.

After only a few steps, he suddenly sensed the arrival of a horrifying holy light, and his mind was slowed to the minimum.

Before he sank into eternal darkness, he struggled to turn his head, only to discover that Saint Felix just dropped his right hand with a smile of mockery on his lips.

On Dec. 21, 424, Aradeline, bishop of the Snow Cathedral of the North Province of the Schachran Empire, was ambushed by sorcerers who conspired with devils and was unfortunately killed. The Holy City was shocked.

.....

In a place similar to a theater, the seats around the dais at the center had all been taken.

“Therefore, I don’t think that earth, fire, wind, and water are equal to elements. Rather, each of them should be regarded as a force...” Oliver waved his arm and spoke to the people below him confidently.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 908 Gradual Movemen

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

"Your Holiness, there's a piece of secret intelligence from the north." A red robe delivered the confidential file sent by the transmission circle in reverence.

Pope Gregory took over the letter and opened it, reading it carefully. The red robe, on the other hand, waited for his instruction, ready to dispatch His Holiness' order to all the parishes.

"Maltimus has secretly controlled a city in the Schachran Empire that is closed to the northwest of the Dark Mountain Range. He's planning to arrive through blood sacrifice." The pope appeared rather shocked. It was obvious that he did not expect that the Lord of Hell could have done so much right under his nose. It seemed that years of victories and the chaos at the edge of the Dark Mountain Range had blinded the clerics.

If Aradeline hadn't been murdered for accidentally discovering the conspiracy of hiding sorcerers and devils, which forced the dozen parishes in the north to investigate with full strength, he probably wouldn't have known anything until the Lord of Hell arrived.

Slightly riled, he picked up the platinum staff and rose abruptly before he announced, "Summon Ivan and Gwent to Godfrey City to the northwest of the Dark Mountain Range. I shall purge the polluted land myself."

He did not go there alone recklessly. After all, his enemy was a demigod. If he defeated Maltimus with a high price, it was possible that the stealthy Silver Moon would arrive from the sky. So, he summoned two saints to Godfrey City. One of them was a top legend, and the other was close to the peak of legendary. In such a way, there wouldn't be any problem.

“Understood, Your Holiness.” The red robe began to draft the order.

Thinking for a moment, Gregory nodded. “In the meantime, compliment Felix for his remarkable investigation, which will offset his punishment for letting Aradeline be killed.”

“As you wish,” the red robe said respectfully.

After leaving his seal on the order, Gregory stepped into the transmission circle, planning to destroy the Lord of Hell’s hope before his arrival.

.....

An hour later, in the high sky of Godfrey City...

Gregory looked down below grimly without saying anything.

Ivan, who had golden hair, scratched his rising nose and said solemnly, “We’re still late.”

The city down below had been entirely enshrouded in blood. Painful and yet somewhat charming screams were bursting out. In the middle of the blood, corpses were floating up and down. It was most dreadful.

At the center of the city, a hideous gate, which was engraved with the skulls of countless devils and humans, was disappearing. The intense stink of sulfur was rising.

Gregory sniffed. “It’s not late. At least, Maltimus hasn’t got out of here yet.”

His greatest concern was that Maltimus would escape and instigate trouble everywhere instead of fighting him upon arrival. With the guy’s strength as a demigod and his cunningness, the “country of faith” under the God of Truth would be mired in continual trouble, and the sorcerers, dark creatures, and heretical churches that hadn’t been wiped out yet would have a chance to catch their breath.

If a demigod was determined to run whenever he sensed something wrong, it would be quite tricky even though the pope had God’s Arrival.

After saying that, he raised his right hand without any hesitation. Raising the platinum staff high, he said solemnly, “The Almighty God of Truth, you are one, and everyone.

“You are the moment, and forever.

“You are the creator, and master.”

Streaks of holy light burst out from his body and flowed on the surface, making him dazzlingly sacred.

In the meantime, the magnificent, solemn, divine, and transcendental vibe descended from unknown heights and completely covered the city.

Inside the city, a fuzzy shadow that had a pair of goat horns appeared. Releasing the horrible air of evil and corruption, it tried to get away from the locking of God's Arrival.

Behind the creature, the nine-floored hell appeared in turns. The Bronze Castle, the Burning Metropolis, and the Silent Plain seemed real.

In all the cities nearby, the believers knelt and prayed, feeling touched. There were indescribable warmth and peace around them.

"You are one, and everyone.

"You are the moment, and forever."

...

The prayer came to the sky of Godfrey City, hollow, vast, and shocking.

In the sky, the projection of Mountain Paradise showed up. The angels and the holy spirits all prayed, and hymns were echoing nonstop.

Gregory slightly narrowed his eyes and waved his platinum staff gravely.

From the seventh floor of Mountain Paradise, infinite light broke out and gathered into an ocean of holy light, drowning Godfrey City.

“NOOOOOOOO!”

Miserable screams came from inside the city. The enormous evil figure quickly collapsed.

Everything was soon over. The whole city disappeared from the surface of the planet.

Gregory’s face was pale, and his right hand was shivering beyond his control, but his voice was still rather steady. “Compliment Felix again. His intelligence is invaluable.”

It would’ve been a major disaster if he were slightly late.

“As you command, Your Holiness,” Ivan and Gwent said at the same time.

Gregory nodded his head. “Alright, return to the Holy City with me.”

From what he could see, the Silver Moon probably wouldn't take any action.

At this moment, Ivan asked concernedly, "Your Holiness, should we postpone the Highest Conference of the Church next month until next year?"

"No, let's stick to our schedule." Gregory reviewed himself and felt that he was still in good shape. So, he was unwilling to show other people that he was weak. After all, he had rested for enough years, and he did not use God's Arrival twice in a row.

"Alright, Your Holiness." Ivan drew a cross on his chest and prayed in a low voice, "Only Truth lives forever."

.....

"Oliver has redefined the four elements and included gravity in them. Then, what are elements really? They require strict definitions. I believe that there is a myriad of elements in this world. For example, it's impossible that gold, silver, and sulfur are the same element. They do not have many experimental similarities." Hathaway was never afraid to reveal her poor verbal skills during arcana discussions. Her silver eyes were full of excitement.

Douglas nodded. "That's a great idea. I feel that I'm enlightened."

Before he finished his sentence, Fernando walked in gloomily and said, "The Lord of Hell has been blown back to hell by the pope."

“What happened?” Douglas asked, frowning.

Fernando described the intelligence he received in great detail. In the end, he concluded, “I thought that he had a great scheme. So, it was nothing more than a secret arrival, which hadn’t really been kept a secret at all. He was discovered by the Church in advance and enjoyed a ‘God’s Arrival’. What an idiot.”

“Do you really think the Lord of Hell is an idiot?” Douglas showed unusual excitement.

Fernando thought for a moment but had to admit it. “He’s not an idiot, so...”

He paused, because he thought of something critical.

Other people might be unaware that the Lord of Hell had been planning a major scheme since decades ago, but Fernando knew it very well!

“Therefore, the fact that he is blown back to hell by God’s Arrival means that the real big scheme is upcoming. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have come in person to distract the pope’s attention with his heavy wounds as a price. Our opportunity will come in half a year at most.” Douglas stood up abruptly as his excitement was replaced by calmness.

Fernando nodded and agreed with Douglas’ deduction. Hathaway also rose and said with mixed feelings, “I’ll go inform my grandpa.”

The Sword of Truth was almost four hundred years old, and he had suffered heavy wounds in the fierce battles in the past when he always led the charge valiantly. He was now teetering at the end of his life. Also, ten years ago, a legendary ritual did not really succeed, and his longevity was only extended by thirty years. So, if there was still not an opportunity, the Congress of Magic probably would lose the firm ally who had been disappointed by the Church.

As a king, Hoffenberg could not tolerate the restraints on nobles right now.

“This opportunity comes a bit early. None of you has become a legend yet. We are still relatively weak,” Douglas said with mixed feelings. After the Congress was established, Fernando and Hathaway revealed brilliant talents, and so did Oliver who joined later than them. They all showed the potentials of being a legend. In other organizations that were in partnership with them, thanks to the Congress of Magic’s dissemination of knowledge, Vicente, Erica, Owen, Thomas, Terrie, and many other people were also making remarkable progress. They were regarded as future legends, but the time was still too short for the new-generation legends to be born.

“Hu. In any case, now that the opportunity has come, we cannot evade it.” Even a man as carefree as Fernando sighed. If they failed again, it would be barely possible for them to rise again.

“Thankfully, both Congus and Amanata are legends now. Together with the Lord of Frigidity, the Eye of Curse, and me, we are at least as good as the nobles in Holm.” Douglas smiled and comforted them.

Fernando chuckled. “You are a monster who can unleash the power of the peak even though you are only on level three. It’s a pity that it will take some more time before you really reach the peak.”

“There are as many unknowns in this world as there are stars. For an arcanist, there is never a peak,” Douglas replied subtly.

Hathaway suddenly interjected, “I’ve reestablished the Will of Elements.”

“Huh?” Fernando looked at her in confusion, wondering why she reestablished the Will of Elements. Was she considering withdrawing from the Congress?

“In the future, when the Congress starts to merge other organizations instead of uniting with them, the Will of Elements will be an example.” Hathaway had considered it for a long time and therefore said rather fluently.

Fernando’s lips twitched. “It’s really visionary of you...”

However, it’s certainly not a bad thing to have great hopes.

“Let’s not get ahead of ourselves but be fully prepared and seize this opportunity!” Douglas took a breath and clenched his right hand subconsciously.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 909 Chasers of Light

In the Holy City, the Bright Hall was in the highest place, and the Hall of Scriptures of the Saint Biso Seminary was only second to it.

This building looked like the arena in the Sank Kingdom. It was flat at the center with a magnificent podium. There was not a dome. The seats around rose in circles to dozens of meters high.

Whoever stood at the center would see nothing but the countless people from the auditorium that were staring at him, and the pressure could be enormous. The sun in the high sky shone with a golden brilliance, as if God were watching the place, adding to the sacredness in the environment.

At the sunset, the remaining radiance of the sun beamed into the hall and covered everything in brilliant gold.

In the dazzling gold, however, the whole hall kept a weird silence, as if something horrifying was brewing and was about to break out.

“You are the incarnation of the Lord of Hell and the greatest devil. You stole the Lord’s power in the world while He is asleep!”

His words were still echoing in the hall and everyone’s heart, so deafening that everybody felt like they were dreaming.

Ever since the establishment of the Church, has anyone questioned the pope in public?

Ever since the establishment of the Church, has anyone disrespect the pope?

Ever since the establishment of the Church, has anyone accused the pope of being the incarnation of devils?

Can devils perform “God’s Arrival” and lead us to defeat sorcerers, dark creatures, and the heretical churches?

Feeling absurd and ridiculous, all the clerics were stunned. They looked at the pope, who was grim on the podium, and Saint Ivan down below, who seemed to be covered in a golden coat!

What’s going on?

Why is the strongest and most pious saint opposing the pope?

Is he not scared of “Excommunication”?

At this moment, some said aloud, “According to the Cannon, the Lord teaches us not to admire or worship idols. So, we only establish crosses. However, you have publicly announced that you are the incarnation of the Lord and His spokesperson in the world. You ask us to admire and obey you. That’s only something that devils do!”

Another... Another person is accusing His Holiness to be an incarnation of the Lord of Hell!

The clerics in the hall were stunned. They then discovered that Saint Felix was walking toward Saint Ivan from the back. Then, they saw that Aleksey and Uriel, another two saints, left the crowd, followed by seven saint cardinals!

So many saints and sirs support Saint Ivan?

Is... Is His Holiness really the greatest devil?

“This is absurd! His Holiness has just heavily wounded the Lord of Hell with God’s Arrival and driven him back to hell!” Saint Gwent attacked the traitors angrily.

“How can he convince other people otherwise?” Ivan declared resolutely.

Pope Gregory pressed his left hand and stopped the other saints from arguing with Ivan. He raised his platinum staff and said solemnly, “Whoever betrays the Lord will be deprived of his glory and caged in hell forever!”

Words were useless. The grace of the Lord would prove everything.

The golden brilliance suddenly turned ivory, sacred, and holy. The holy light on Ivan, Felix, and the rest of them flew out and dispersed in the sky.

“Excommunication?”

“Excommunication!”

All the clerics shivered. That was the best proof of the pope's identity. If he were not the Lord's Executor on earth, why on earth could he deprive the other clerics of the Lord's blessing?

Saint Ivan must've been deceived!

However, they sincerely hoped that the pope would only punish the leaders. After all, it would be a heavy loss for the Saint Truth if so many saints and saint cardinals were lost.

Suddenly, Ivan opened his arms, as if he were embracing the people and the world.

Countless tiny angels surfaced around him, singing and praising him in hallowed hymns.

A giant hole was torn apart in the void up above, and the projection of Mountain Paradise appeared. Spots of holy light flew out and gathered into a pair of sacred, inviolable, lustrous wings!

"Excommunication" was eliminated, and Ivan's vibe rose, giving the clerics feelings that were to the pope's vibe.

"Devil! Open your eyes. This is the blessing of the Lord!" Ivan announced. "Our divine powers came from the Lord, and nobody except the Lord can take it back. Only devils will try to pretend that they can deprive us of our abilities. That's the evidence that he's stealing the Lord's power!"

Although it was highly illogical, the clerics couldn't tell it now. Even the pope's supporters were astounded. Excommunication did not work! Ivan was close to the demigod level!

Could it be...

They were unwilling and dared not to think further!

"Your power is from the devils. Only devils are immune to Excommunication!" Gregory said before he raised the platinum staff.

Everybody was alarmed. Was it God's Arrival?

At this moment, the sun was disappearing, and a silver moon seemed to be rising in the sky!

After a brief hesitation, Gregory performed "Light of Judgment".

Ivan did not intend to fight the pope in the middle of so many saints and saint cardinals. The wings made of godhood on his back flapped quickly and blocked "Light of Judgment", and the rebels activated the one-time legendary items they prepared in advance, vanishing from the spot.

Only by a public barrage could the pope's years of intimidation be broken so that they could better develop in the future. They had to take the risk!

Not expecting that they would flee immediately, Gregory was one step late. He ordered with an awful face, “Ivan, Felix... have been corrupted by the devils and betrayed the Lord. All the grand cardinals, except for those who are watching over local parishes, will follow me to purge them in the north!”

In the Cathedrals of Seraphs in Olenburg, capital of the Schachran Empire...

Expressionless knights broke into the church. Under the leadership of some clerics, they began to arrest the so-called “heretics”.

Ivan, Felix, and the rest of them, after reaching the cathedral through the transmission circle, immediately changed its structure in case the pope came directly.

“Did everything go well?” In the cathedral, a man wearing a crown asked solemnly. He was as brawny as a bear and had a funny nose.

“Yes, Your Majesty,” Felix answered on behalf of Ivan.

The man was Rostov II, a level-three legendary knight and the current emperor of the Schachran Empire.

Smiling, he bowed at Ivan respectfully. “Please be crowned as the pontiff, Saint Ivan!”

“Please be crowned as the pontiff, Saint Ivan!” Felix and the rest of them also paid respects.

His face unchanged, Ivan raised his right hand and said solemnly, “I shall eliminate the heretics and restore the glory of the Lord with the pious believers!”

In 425 of the Saint Calendar, during the Highest Conference of the Church, the grand cardinals including Ivan revolted, resulting in the schism of the Church.

.....

In the Dark Mountain Range, a night watcher checked the time. After confirming that the Highest Conference of the Church should be over, he strode to the headquarters of the Dark Congress that had just been established.

“I am an emissary from the New Saint Truth. I would like to meet Danisos and Dracula.”

.....

When the Highest Conference of the Church was held, Douglas, sensing something, invited “Family of Sorcerers”, “Supreme Soul”, “Cabin of Palmeira”, “Will of Elements”, “Shadow Singers”, and other forces for a meeting.

Outside of the magic tower, the sorcerers below the level of archmage talked and exchanged items. Inside the magic tower, the legendary sorcerers and the archmages discussed the situation.

At this moment, Douglas changed his face. His demiplane appeared behind his back and shivered.

“According to the intelligence from hell, Saint Ivan accused the pope to be an incarnation of devils during the Highest Conference of the Church and established a New Saint Truth in the Schachran Empire. He has the support of three saints, seven saint cardinals, all the grand cardinals in the north, and all the legendary knights in the northern kingdoms.” Douglas soon calmed down and told everybody the news.

“What?” The news was so astonishing that many sorcerers brought out their crystal balls to confirm it.

Since nobody was covering it, they reached a conclusion very successfully and looked at Douglas in excitement.

Douglas stood up. “Hathaway, you will talk to King Hoffenberg and ask him to fulfill his promise. On the other hand, we will stand up openly according to the deal to show them that they are not supporting rats who only dare to lurk in the dark.”

“Kalolla, you will be responsible for the north coastline. Just stick to our grounds. There is no need to destroy the cathedral in this place.” Douglas looked at the Lord of Frigidity.

“Alright.” The Lord of Frigidity was not dissatisfied with Douglas giving the command. The man’s capabilities, talents, and achievements in arcana had deeply convinced him.

“We will be responsible for Colette,” Congus said voluntarily.

The Eye of Curse did not stay behind. "I'm going to the Duchy of Calais with Erica."

"I need to go to Cocus," Vicente said indifferently.

Knowing his past, Douglas nodded. "Then, you can swap with Erica."

Then, he looked at Amanata, the Master of Shadows. "Would you like to go to Brianne?"

Amanata nodded his head as acknowledgment.

"The Congress will take care of Holm." Douglas tightened his collar. "Now, we have to mobilize everyone."

Clang!

The ringing of the bell from the magic tower gathered all the sorcerers around. They saw that the legends walked out in the middle of the archmages.

Standing on the stairs, Douglas described the news first. The sorcerers down below were too excited to believe it.

“This is our opportunity, and we have to seize it. After the Church gets the situation under control, perhaps we will never have such a good chance,” Douglas said honestly. “However, even if we succeed this time, it doesn’t mean that we will immediately have safety.

“On the contrary, to win the support of the nobles, we have to stand out and fight the Church openly. So, our success this time will only be the first step to reforge the glory of sorcerers. Every new step in the future will come with even greater dangers. Many of you may not live to see our real renaissance.”

All the sorcerers on the spot were caught in silence.

Douglas went on. “However, if we don’t stand out, we will only be paralyzed by the temporary stability in the dark and gradually swallowed by it. Our children, our students, and all the future generations will never live in freedom and peace. They will never get to learn arcana and magic without external oppression.”

The sorcerers felt the same. Many of them had never experienced the splendor of the Magic Empires. Ever since they were born, they had been hiding like rats in a gutter. They did not want their offspring to live such a life again.

Taking a deep breath, Douglas waved his arms hard and said, “The path to brightness is destined to be one paved with our bones and blood, but we do not have a choice!

“Although we are struggling in the darkness, we must never forget to pursue the light!”

Chapter 910 (END) - The City in the Sky

End of TMA

Chapter 910 The City in the Sky End of TMA

After Douglas' speech, all the sorcerers on the spot left for different places silently but steadily, ready to fulfill the tasks that they had been given. They were not excited, not zealous, not provoked, but were taking action with determination after rational consideration.

We know what we want, and we know what we are going to pay!

After the sorcerers left in order, and the legendary sorcerers who were returning to their own organizations through their demiplanes had reached their destination, Douglas heaved a soft sigh and said to Fernando, "It's time that we take action."

Fernando did not say anything but followed Douglas to the depths of the cave.

At dawn, the vigorous sun was rising, driving the darkness away and bringing the light.

At this moment, the plain near Rentato suddenly had an enormous earthquake. Noises were bursting out from the depths, shocking the animals and forcing them to flee.

BOOM!

The ground collapsed into dark holes. Countless cracks were spreading out.

Terrifying magic waves broke out in the pits. The dazzling light from them almost eclipsed the sun in the sky.

Valentine, the grand cardinal who was responsible for Rentato, certainly couldn't have neglected such noises. He activated the divine power circle of Rentato quickly and led the red robes as well as the giants of the Inquisition to the place.

As a saint, he could not hide in Rentato without investigating or doing anything. The sorcerers could not be allowed to go on a rampage!

When had such a thing ever happened in the territory of the Saint Truth?

Even though the enemy had more than three legendary sorcerers, he believed that he was definitely able to save himself as long as he did not run into any of the top legends.

As he flew toward the plain, he asked a red robe to order the noble knights to follow them and provide help.

Therefore, bishops and reverends were sent to the camps of the Sword of Truth's Knights, the Verdict Knights, and the Saint Cross Knights, urging them to set off.

"The nobles are less and less active over the years. They are not nearly as enthusiastic as the beginning. We have to change that!" Having similar ideas, the clerics reached the camps.

“You should go surround the plain right now!” a bishop commanded the Sword of Truth’s Knights.

“Blue Grace” Sharp was not here, so “Argent Punishment” Cesc stood out and replied coldly, “As per His Majesty’s order, no knights are allowed to leave the camp without his permission!”

“What’s the meaning of this?” the bishop cried angrily.

Cesc said expressionlessly, “This is exactly our meaning.”

“Are you betraying the Lord? You have been corrupted by the sorcerers!” The bishop was outraged. “You will be tried and burnt at the stake!”

Cesc waved his right hand, and silver bolts of lightning immediately created black ravines before the bishop.

Staring at the bishop in the eyes, he said, “One more word, you die; one more step forward, you die.”

“You!” The bishop was stunned. He never thought that a noble knight could be so disrespectful toward a servant of the Lord.

He looked around, hoping to find a knight who could defend the dignity of the Lord.

Swords were drawn, reflecting cold brightness under the sunlight. All the knights in the camp looked at the bishop maliciously.

They already had enough of those jackasses!

The Church was already divided. Let's see if they are still so arrogant!

The bishop stepped back in fear, unable to believe that it was the Kingdom of Holm that had always basked in the grace of God.

In the Nekso Palace, the Sword of Truth, ensconced on the throne, stared at the void before him thoughtfully. Illusionary cracks appeared and vaguely manifested what was happening on the plain.

Outside of the temple, dukes, earls, and other nobles, who had been gathered, watched the closed gate and waited for the king's order in silence. At this moment, they fulfilled their vow and gave everything to their liege that they pledged loyalty to.

Of course, had it not been for the years of oppression from the Church, which made them scared day and night, they wouldn't have been so united.

The lights in the pits on the plain were more and more dazzling. A magnificent, terrifying pressure was leaking out. It could be vaguely seen that an enormous city was rising from down below.

When Saint Valentine reached here with the red robes and the giants of the Inquisition, he happened to see the mountain-sized city surpassing the horizon under the lift of the light.

“A floating city? Another sorcerer is trying to create a floating city?” Valentine thought in surprise. Hadn’t the plan of a floating city been proved a failure again and again in the Magic Empire?

“The name of the city is Allyn. In the language of Sylvanas, it means ‘City in the Sky’.” With a solemn declaration, a sorcerer in a black robe appeared before the floating city that was enshrouded in brightness.

“Douglas, the president of the Congress of Magic.”

Alarmed, Valentine recognized the sorcerer.

Over the past decades, Douglas had taken actions several times, saving a lot of sorcerers and killing many clerics and night watchers. His name was put on the Cleansing List.

Douglas stared at them thoughtfully and gravely. Suddenly, a weirdly-shaped celestial globe appeared before him.

“Paradise of Stars!”

The environment immediately became dark and boundless, with stars flashing here and there. Valentine and his companions were trapped.

There was nobody except Hoffenberg in the temple in the Nekso Palace.

However, he opened his mouth and said nonchalantly, “Douglas is indeed extraordinary. He’s planning to kill Valentine even though they are on the same level.”

“Hehe.” Somebody sniffed in the void before him. It was Pope Gregory, who was fighting against the heretics in the northern frontline.

As the monarch of a major kingdom, he had ways to secretly reach out to the pope.

The clerics who returned from the camps of knights in frustration were shocked and scared. After discussing for a while, they decided to confront the king and see if he was bold enough to publicly acknowledge that he betrayed the Lord!

Right then, the holy light that covered the city was concealed, and everything was back to normal.

“What’s going on?”

“How is this happening?”

The clerics looked at each other in shock. The terrifying waves were not gone yet, but why had the divine power circle vanished?

“It’s the Nekso Palace!”

“It’s Hoffenberg!”

They suddenly realized what it was about. The divine power circle had two control pivots, one located in the cathedral and the other in the Nekso Palace!

“Is he really supporting the sorcerers?” the clerics thought in fear and shock.

BOOM!

An enormous noise broke out in the district of nobles near the Nekso Palace. The clerics looked in fear, only to see a magic tower rising and taking shape quickly under magic effects!

It seemed to have been prepared for a long time, or the magic circles couldn’t be completed so quickly!

A magic tower is established in the district of nobles?

The clerics felt coldness to their bones.

BOOM!

A black, spiky magic tower was growing at a visible speed, but Zakley, the saint cardinal of the capital of the Duchy of Calais, could only watch it in shock and fright in the cathedral whose defense had been entirely activated because he saw “Ceaseless Wind” Raymond standing next to Atlant, the Eye of Curse!

BOOM!

In the capital of the Kingdom of Brienne, in Kasvig, the capital of the city alliances in the north coastline, and in the capital of the Kingdom of Colette, similar magic towers were rising one after another, announcing to the world the return of sorcerers!

As for the grand cardinals of those places (none of them was a legend because those places were not the Church’s focus), some were killed, and some managed to keep themselves safe in the cathedrals thanks to the divine power circles. They asked for the help of the Church, but the Church, which was in the middle of a war with the North Church, could only deploy a few legends to them for now. They were outnumbered by the enemy.

The Inquisition of Cocus, on the other hand, had been strewn with bodies.

No, the bodies crawled and rose to their feet again, following Vicente.

Wandering in the Inquisition surrounded by the army of the undead, he saw the appalled “Crazy Hound” in the inquisitor’s office.

“Vicente?” The previous massacre in the town made him know that Vicente was alive and back for his revenge.

Looking at “Crazy Hound”, the man whose face had been worn out by time, Vicente said coldly, “You have the honor to be the first offering to revive Shirley.”

As he spoke, “Crazy Hound” raised his hands and grabbed his own neck. He moaned painfully but could not utter a word.

Then, his body became rigid, and it was stored into a special coffin by Vicente.

...

Sorcerers entered Rentato one after another. Looking at the high magic tower, they had complicated feelings. The magic tower, as well as themselves, could finally show up in public!

On the plain, the vast, boundless cosmos disappeared. A lot of dead bodies were falling, but Douglas was still in the sky. The floating city behind him, on the other hand, began to ascend rapidly!

“He’s indeed a monster who has the combat ability of a top legend,” Hoffenberg remarked casually.

From the void, Gregory's voice came out again. "What do you want?"

At this moment, he had to count on the power of nobles, so he asked straightforwardly.

"The Church's introspection. The Church needs to know its boundaries," Hoffenberg said so peacefully as if he were just talking about the weather.

"Introspection? Boundaries?" Gregory sounded angry.

"Yes." Hoffenberg did not back off at all. He softly touched the Sword of Truth next to him with his right hand.

...

The floating city, which looked like an upside-down mountain, flew higher and higher. The buildings in them had all been repaired, and all the cracks were gone.

BOOM!

After it reached the planned location, light burst out, and the floating city shivered up and down softly.

The sorcerers near the plain and in Rentato all watched it with their hearts palpitating, fearing that it might fall.

The quake stopped, and the enormous city floated in midair steadily. The magic stripes and patterns glittered one after another, constructing an invisible rampart!

“It’s... It’s really flying...”

“That’s the floating city...”

The sorcerers covered their mouths in case they cried out aloud. The endeavor that the Magic Empires had never accomplished succeeded in the darkest age! The flying city was also a sign that their rat-like lives had come to an end!

The future might be even gorier, but there would be light!

The clerics, the nobles, and the ordinary people looked at it in astonishment. A city in the sky. Was it the Lord’s residence? Then why had it been stolen and occupied by the sorcerers?

Before the floating city, Douglas magnified his voice with magic and announced solemnly, “This is Allyn, the City in the Sky, and the headquarters of the Congress of Magic!”

His words were short and simple, but all the sorcerers who heard him wept.