

The Mafia 951

Chapter 951 Back to Light Cay

In the blink of an eye, Vicente experienced two more days in Ravengarde, reaching his fourth day since arriving in Anicane.

After a first day that had basically been about adapting to the rules, history and important facts about this new reality, he began his activities as a member of Stonewall.

After settling his affairs at the city's Registration Center, he had his first meal, and learned why Prische had told him he barely had enough to live on in this place.

Vicente had tried several dishes in the restaurant he passed that day. But only the Sixth Class dishes, for 6th stage magicians, had any effect on bodies like him. But dishes of that quality cost hundreds of stone coins!

If one wasn't careful, one could easily spend several thousand stone coins a day on meals alone.

The local food had proved too tasty for Vicente's palate and he had spent 1,450 stone coins on that meal before returning home with a full belly.

That day he experienced, for the first time in years, the sensation of filling his belly and sleeping soundly, something he hadn't done since he started his cultivation journey.

When he woke up the next day with an empty stomach, he was not only hungry but also stronger!

However, this wasn't just because of the effect of having ascended from a lower plane. As much as his body and soul were absorbing mana almost continuously, he became stronger in one night's sleep than he should have been with 'just' that effect.

He woke up on his third day in Anicane with a cultivation of a 4-Star Archmage!

Following his surprise, Prische explained to him that the previous night's meal had helped him raise his cultivation. He was already close to this advance and, just as importantly, he had never experienced such an opportunity before.

In a way, magicians' bodies developed resistance to resources in both Polaris Realm and Anicane.

Using too many resources of a grade would lead to resistance to the effects of that resource. Only by consuming different resources of the same grade, or the same, but of higher grade, could one again benefit from the effects of those resources.

Those who had tasted nothing could benefit from even simple meals!

This was the reason Vicente had developed his strength so easily, which, according to Prisiche, shouldn't happen too often from now on.

After his one year of compulsory time in the Ravengarde core, for example, he should have been fully adapted to opportunities like that so he wouldn't be so susceptible to advances in strength.

On his third day in the sect, he went ahead with the start of his compulsory activities, just as he had planned with Prisiche.

On the first day, he dealt only with the Forge Center, which was what he was most familiar with, given his talents and skills developed in Polaris Realm.

At the Forge Center, he was assigned to study under the supervision of a 7th stage Blacksmith, with whom he was to work together once or twice a week from now on.

Stonewall's Blacksmiths were not obliged to stay under the supervision of a higher ranked Blacksmith normally. In this sect, one could develop their skills on their own using the library, the resources available to disciples, or through trade, buying resources, special techniques, and even training.

The sect gave its members a lot of freedom to learn and develop on their own, without major limitations. But with newcomers from lower planes, because of their unfamiliarity with many of the truths of forging, they had to remain under the supervision of more qualified professionals until they reached a certain level.

On his first day at the Stonewall Forge Center, Vicente did absolutely nothing great. He showed his supervisor what he could do and then received from her an order of books that he should study before their next meeting.

In a way, the situation wasn't that different from what he'd already faced with Benson, except that it was easier, since he hadn't had to convince his supervisor to give him a chance.

After a day of studying, Vicente realized that he urgently needed to catch up on his understanding of materials, forging rules, and the various ways of utilizing mana and elements. He discovered that there were a minimum of 50 techniques at his disposal, which, if mastered, could even solve the issue of the potential of firearms, among other things.

But to become a 7th stage Blacksmith, he would have to be proficient in over 200 techniques and 1,000 materials, something that would take him time to achieve.

After a day of studying the forge, he had another meal, this time containing himself better than yesterday, opting for dishes with better value for money and satiating effects.

Another night he slept soundly until, on his fourth day in the sect, he headed for the Combat Center.

As the name implied, this Center focused on developing the combat skills of its members, whether with practical fighting or theory.

In Anicane, the magicians seemed much more methodical and strategic than in Polaris Realm.

Vicente hadn't fought on his first day at the Combat Center, as he had expected before visiting the place. Instead, he was also directed to a supervisor, who set him to studying types of powers, elements and abilities.

According to Prische and the supervisor at his disposal, magic forms and the use of pentagrams had been used in Anicane for millions and millions of years. Every special magical form, attribute, power and spell imaginable had already appeared and even been studied.

The best method for a warrior to strengthen themselves was not to fight immediately, but to focus on learning about their own weaknesses and the strengths and weaknesses of other people's powers.

A truly powerful magician was not one who could crush their enemies with a single type of blow, but one who could use a thousand different methods to defeat countless enemies!

To become someone like that, one would have to study the magical forms, the elements, the possible spells to create and the magical creatures—the ones behind most pentagrams.

But even though he didn't fight on his first day, Vicente wasn't disappointed. Besides his responsibilities with the Combat Center being two to three times a week, he had heard that, at least once a week, all members of the Center should have an official fight. This even applied to newcomers from lower planes, like him!

After another day of learning, he had his meal and another night's rest. On his fifth day in the sect, it would finally be time for him to start his journey of learning medicine!

...

Vicente woke up early once again. He soon got ready before leaving his residence, accompanied by Prische.

The artificial intelligence by his side gave him some information on the way out of the house until he stopped at a bread store and bought his breakfast.

He ate on the way to the Medicine Center, with Prische taking him to the right place while updating him.

"Master, you have reached 42% progress in the mission to become a Magus. I feel that, later this month, you will reach level 5-Star Archmage," she said as she analyzed the data in his log.

Vicente himself would need to go to the Registration Center or buy one machine to find out a lot of information about his missions and other activities. But for some things, such as progress on missions and compulsory activities, Prische could update him.

"That's good. But I imagine things will slow down after that," he said in the middle of his chewing.

"Certainly. Cultivation is an endless journey in which each step forward is greater than the last. After this breakthrough to 5-Star, you'll probably go about two months without advancing and then you'll go about three months, maybe four... Anyway, don't get used to these rapid advances.

But it's possible that you'll experience something explosive again after your year here, when you're allowed to leave the core of the sect." She tried to cheer him up.

"Good."

The two entered the grand Medicine Center, a well-wooded place with a strong medicinal fragrance, but also a lot of movement.

From what he already knew, the Medicine Center not only focused on teaching the art, but also served as a hospital. Wounded and sick people from Ravengarde could access it for free, given the educational purposes of the area.

After passing many patients, Vicente and Prische arrived at the ward where he was to begin his activities.

As soon as they entered a large hall with several side staircases and corridors, one of the few people standing there spotted them, easily recognizing them.

"Vicente Fuller, right? You'll be working with me. Follow me. I don't have much time before I have to leave." Spoke a stunning blonde woman, dressed in blue attire. Without bothering to greet Vicente, she swiftly turned her back and made her way down a corridor.

Chapter 952 Pets and Medicine

Following the beautiful blonde woman in the blue dress, Vicente didn't have time to ask questions when she started talking.

"You've never studied medicine, right? Your medical skills come from two of your pentagrams, right? It's good that you have natural abilities that will help you in the profession. But don't get carried away. You need in-depth theoretical knowledge to practice your profession."

Vicente experienced a strong sense of déjà vu as he recalled spending the past two days getting acquainted with his mandatory tasks.

"So I'll have to concentrate on learning the theory..." He muttered when he realized she was going to get to that point.

"Of course. But I'm curious to see your skills in action. Before I give you your study program, I want to see what you can do on our guinea pigs." She smiled as she entered a wing of the grandiose Medicine Center, which didn't resemble a large medical study and treatment area, but rather a zoo.

Vicente had yet to see beasts and other magical creatures native to Anicane, so he looked around curiously, seeing several small artificial habitats and creatures of different breeds waiting for treatment.

Prisiche explained to him. "The Medicine Center doesn't allow testing on the sick and injured people who come to us because they can't hire the services of Healers.

But here we also have the mounts and pets of our inhabitants. We use them as guinea pigs for novices to study and learn their medical skills."

Vicente frowned. "That's a strange ethic. Protecting humanoid beings and using beasts as guinea pigs. What's the point of using one and not the other?"

The blonde woman laughed. "Beasts and human races are quite different, kid. Because of their physical characteristics, which are stronger in beasts than in humans, they are more resistant and recover much more easily than humans.

Mistakes in them cause fewer consequences than in humans. Also, dealing with consequences in them is easier than in humans.

And at the end of the day, not every master can afford to treat their mounts' or pets' injuries. So it's well worth accepting our terms."

"I see... Are there no Tamers in Anicane?"

Prisiche replied to his master. "There are, but they're not as common as in Polaris Realm, master. Most of the beasts in the Medicine Center are pets. In Anicane, the idea of having a beast as a

member of your home and family is much more common than it is on your plane. And with pets, Tamers are unnecessary."

In Polaris Realm, Tamers not only took care of raising, training and feeding beasts, they were also primarily responsible for treating illnesses and healing wounds.

But in Anicane, Healers did all the treating of illnesses and injuries.

When the woman called Alice, a 5-Star Magus, stopped in front of a grassy, fenced-off area, Vicente spotted what looked like a giant rabbit.

He had never seen rabbits in Polaris Realm, so he couldn't help but understand why pets were more common in Anicane than on the plane he had come from.

'It seems that the beasts here are more docile in appearance, despite their immense size.' He looked at the creature that could easily occupy a small living room in a human house.

This white-furred creature was so big that it could sit on a four-seater sofa and it would disappear beneath its fur!

The creature's big red eyes were the only part of its body that looked scary. Otherwise, everything about it seemed harmless, from its little tail to its big ears.

"This Demon Rabbit has some fractures, internal injuries and, as you can see, has lost part of its left ear. A wild beast attacked it after a breach in the security mechanisms of its family's property.

Anyway, heal it with your skills. I want to see how far you can go without medical knowledge."

Vicente watched the big rabbit in silence, signaling to the creature that he would help it.

Then, under the observant gaze of Prische and Alice, he made two cyan pentagrams appear from his body, moving the mana at his disposal through his gem, feeling for the first time the difference of doing this after arriving in Anicane.

For a moment, Vicente closed his eyes, feeling entirely different, as if he were a totally new person.

The shell of mana enveloping him broke, and he felt his surroundings more deeply. As he looked at the 'bunny' in front of him, he felt the creature's heart as if it were in his hands.

With a glance, the creature realized what Vicente was doing and promptly lowered its head when it saw one of Vice's hands advancing.

The creature's blood moved faster, with mana entering its body while magically, its severed ear regenerated at a frightening speed.

In just five seconds, 80% of the white rabbit's internal wounds had recovered, while the creature's vitality had improved, visible in its eyes, which now bore no pain.

When the ear finished regenerating, fur grew on it, making it look identical to the uninjured ear.

Alice narrowed her eyes when she saw this, impressed by such a good ability coming from a lower plane.

Meanwhile, Prische couldn't help but be thrilled to see her master's powers in action for the first time.

Vicente smiled at the sight of the creature while massaging its enormous head. It was funny how such a gigantic creature could become so gentle with a mere touch.

'Your fur is really soft... And warm.' Vicente felt his eyes closing as a feeling of tranquility washed over his body.

But suddenly, his heart beat differently and he opened his eyes as he retracted his hands.

"That?"

"That's one of this rabbit's powers, master. Creatures like it always have special abilities. In its case, it can influence the mind and body and take all the stress off your 'shoulders'.

Some pets like it are used to support their families. If you let yourself be carried away by its power, you would probably sleep for the next few hours in its fur.

This sleep would probably help give you more strength for an important training session or, if you were recovering from a battle, speed up your recovery factor... In short, the applications are many." Prisiche explained to him while Alice wrote something down on a tablet.

"Oh? Impressive. I've never heard of any creature like that in Polaris Realm." Vicente was sincere, understanding a little more about the difference between having pets in Anicane and his place.

Alice then cut through Vicente's thoughts. "Very well. I already have a good idea of how your abilities work. You're quite privileged, I must say. It's not for nothing that a total amateur was appointed to learn under my supervision."

He didn't know whether to take this comment positively. But Vice smiled all the same as he went back to massaging the big rabbit, this time protecting his hand so as not to be carried away by the effects of the creature's power.

"Your ability only seems to activate a self-healing factor in your targets, which means you have no control over how the recovery takes place. It depends only on your target's body, so mutations and other problems can happen because of your lack of control with the ability." She coldly analyzed what she had seen.

"Your efficiency with this guinea pig was very good, but in a more complex organism, it would have been different. You could have created bigger problems for them, but also a temporary solution at best. You must follow my training program if you want to avoid these problems and become a true Healer."

She handed Prisiche a token, which the artificial intelligence quickly absorbed.

Meanwhile, Vicente couldn't help but express his concern in his pale face. "Are you saying that those I've healed in the past can go back to the way things were?"

"It's possible." She looked into his eyes, wondering what that meant. "But it's unlikely. Lower planes are much simpler than Anicane. There's so much mana here that certain mutations that would have a 0.01% chance of happening on your plane can happen here with a chance of over 40%.

Were the people you helped stronger or weaker than you?" She asked, to ease the doubt in his heart.

"Weaker."

"Then you don't need to worry. The mutations I worry about rarely happen in beings much weaker than the Healer. Also, on lower planes, these mutations would appear almost instantly and you would know about them. Nor do the effects usually wear off in brief intervals when the patients are much weaker than the Healer.

In any case, take this into consideration from now on. I know you can change your situation using that atomic manipulation skill you have, but it's best to avoid using it until you've mastered in-depth medical knowledge.

Now, concentrate on this for the next few weeks. Your artificial intelligence will guide you to me if necessary or when you've finished learning this initial program.

Do you have questions?" She looked at him seriously.

After seeing him nod negatively, she said, "Good," and left, telling Prische to take him to the medical books wing of the Center.

Chapter 953 First fight in Anicane

Two days after being introduced to medicine by going to the Medicine Center for the first time, Vicente returned to the Combat Center to continue his journey to become a warrior fit for Anicane.

Today, he would have his first fight since arriving in Light Cay!

He woke up eagerly, putting aside his experiences in the Medicine Center and Forge Center over the last two days, where he was focused on just learning new theories for the time being.

Right after eating out, he rushed to the Combat Center, in one of the corners of the Ravengarde core.

In this part of the city accessible to Vicente, no vehicles were allowed above the area, a contrast to the remaining reality of the city. However, this was clear from the activity carried out there.

The Combat Center differed greatly from what one would imagine at first glance. Instead of a large building in the shape of an arena, as might expect, the place was a vast area with almost no buildings, similar to the training centers of soccer teams on Earth.

Apart from a small building housing the library, places for study and meetings for the Center's members, almost the entire area comprised special fields, some with grass, others with other types of terrain.

There was even a training ground, which was a large swimming pool the size of a soccer pitch and 33 meters deep, where underwater battles could be fought.

Such a place for training and fighting was not for beginners like Vicente, so the site of his first fight was just a modest field in one of the last areas of the Combat Center.

As he walked all the way to his training ground today, Vicente came across a few disciples coming and going, but also his supervisor, already positioned on the grass in front of him.

This square field, with a hundred meters on each side, covered in perfectly cut grass, had almost no buildings around it. Apart from two stands with three tiers of seats, there were only two small buildings on the sides where the stands weren't, where large tools facing the direction of the field were.

Vicente didn't understand what each of these tools was for, but he already knew that, together, they could broadcast, almost perfectly, everything that happened in this place to the entire Light Cay!

Unlike in Polaris Realm, where people had to go to arenas to watch fights, in Light Cay people could buy a tool similar to television on Earth. Through it, they could follow anything they wanted, paying the fees for each event they wanted to follow.

How did Vicente know this? He had bought one of these tools for 7,000 stone coins and paid another 1,000 coins for the right to watch the major fights at the Combat Center for the next 10 months.

The best thing about this was not the chance to watch shows at home like on Earth, but that the devices behind these broadcasts were almost perfect. Even at home, one could get the same experience of watching the combat alongside the warriors fighting.

Such an observer could feel the effects of the fighters' powers with such precision that it would be as if they were right next to the warriors, but without the risks involved in being so close to a fight.

If one was compatible and had an outstanding talent, they could even learn a few things just by watching a fight!

"Vicente Fuller, are you ready?" Asked a man with human eyes, mouth and nose, but horse's ears and fur, human hands, but horse's legs.

On the back of this pink-skinned individual was a long ponytail of white hair, but which, combined with his humanoid clothes, could easily be mistaken for his costume.

Vicente saw his supervisor, Miles, and nodded his head in affirmation. "Yes, instructor. I'm ready to fight. Who will be my opponent?"

Miles pointed to one of the five men next to him, the one who looked most like a human, whose only difference was the large gills on the sides of his neck. But apart from that feature, he seemed no different from Vicente's race.

"Bazel will be your opponent today," Miles said as the guy with the gilled neck smiled as he took a step forward.

Vicente looked into the sea-blue eyes of Bazel, this 6-Star Archmage. Even though he wasn't much stronger than him, Bazel was a native of the area, someone Vice wouldn't underestimate.

He had never fought since his arrival and his tests with his powers were no good, as long as he had no opponents to compare himself to.

He was much stronger than when he was in Polaris Realm. Vicente estimated that his current strength, compared to what he had achieved before killing Demien, was at least three times greater.

But where would that place him?

In Polaris Realm he was sure that, with such power, he could easily kill even Master Archmage vampires, individuals who, in his opinion, would be classified as between 5-Star and 7-Star Archmages in Anicane.

However, was that a good estimate? He didn't know, since he had seen no combat yet, or even fought.

'Bazel is an Outer Disciple like me. But he's ranked 200 on the Outer Disciple rank. At 43 years old, he's a good talent from the Combat Center, a warrior who should become a Magus in no time.'

Vicente looked at his opponent, having already studied several of the youngsters who were positioned under Miles' wings.

Unlike the other two Centers where he had compulsory activities, the Combat Center maintained a more supervisory relationship between its members. Better-placed members looked after each other, usually organizing training sessions and refereeing matches.

Even a training session could get out of hand. But as this was a righteous sect, referees to prevent major mistakes were always needed during training sessions.

Anyway, all the sect's Centers had their own ranks, more than one in fact, since for each hierarchical position, there was a different rank. With the Combat Center, Vicente's opponent today was ranked 200 in the rank of the Center's Outer Disciples. Meanwhile, Vice, who had never fought in ranked matches, was at position 998.

"I hope to help the younger brother discover his actual strength by Anicane standards. I'll take it a bit hard, but don't take it personally," said Bazel as he smiled at Vicente. "Welcome to the sect, little brother, hehe."

The two greeted each other before Miles gave the signal to position themselves in their corners before the start of the match.

Soon after, the two were allowed to begin!

Chapter 954 Current Power Estimate

Vicente looked at his opponent, who was dressed in a leather suit, boots and gloves, with only his head uncovered. Bazel then revealed his magical form.

As the man's appearance suggested, his magical form was of the animal type, a kind of sea creature.

Upon revealing his powers, Bazel condensed what seemed to be a sea of mana around him, from which emerged a fish the size of an adult dolphin, which was surrounded by six pentagrams.

The configuration of Bazel's magical form was yellow, green, green, cyan, cyan and cyan.

This was an impressive configuration, something that, even if it didn't compare to Vicente's pentagram configuration, would shock the entire Polaris Realm.

But not only did Bazel's configuration tell about his power and how 'common' certain things were in Anicane, it also showed the origin of his pentagrams.

'Bazel has at least three pentagrams of natural origin. Whether bought or earned, this is a great achievement that will make him even more powerful in the future.' Vicente clenched his fists as he felt his heart pound.

Another impressive thing about Bazel's 'presentation' was the amount of mana he could manipulate, something to do with the free mana in his surroundings and not just his soul power.

But while Vicente was learning about the differences between Polaris Realm and Anicane, his five observers, as well as his opponent, couldn't help but narrow their eyes when they saw him reveal his pentagrams.

Something deep in Vicente's soul told him not to use everything from the start, even though Bazel was probably formidable.

He revealed only his magnetic power, while his cyan gem glowed brightly.

Six pentagrams appeared one after the other, three of them cyan, three of them indigo!

Even though he was only at 4-Star Archmage level, the mana in the area suddenly concentrated around him, getting a little out of Bazel's control.

The terrain of the battlefield vibrated subtly, while the sky above them seemed to have lost its luster, with a magnificent gray cloud forming above the field.

"Senior brother, forgive my insolence, but here I come."

Vicente raised his two hands sideways as his voice distorted in the power of his movement.

Bazel felt a chill run down his spine as a gigantic bluish beam formed behind his position.

Turning his face sideways and looking behind him, he saw a titan of lightning holding a trident behind his back. But, at the same time, a minor point of space in front of his body distorted, turning into a zone devoid of light.

As if matter had appeared out of nowhere, a three-meter-long metal sword pierced through the dark hole, blue lightning covering its body.

Swooish!

"Oh, shit!"

Bazel found himself surrounded by two powerful attacks and couldn't help breaking into a cold sweat.

He put aside his plans to go 'easy' on the newcomer in the first few moves of the fight and activated his main ability.

Two of his cyan pentagrams glowed brightly, while the azure fish, swimming in the sea of mana around him, moved, opening its mouth and sucking in a large amount of mana.

Its body grew five times, resembling a puffer fish after inflating its body.

A Thousand Exploding Thorns!

Each of the protuberances on the fish's body had thinned out until they became very slender needles and were propelled everywhere possible.

The lightning giant, attacking with a trident, acted simultaneously with the sword created by Vicente with the metals of his body, reaching the area of the creature's sea of mana.

The needles propelled by his opponent's body reached both of Vicente's movements, degrading parts of his sword in particular.

Meanwhile, the sea of mana around Bazel also hindered Vicente's movement in parts, blocking some of his offensive power.

But while his sword barely reached Bazel in one piece, his lightning trident attack reached his rival with over 60% of its power.

Ka-Boom!

The sound of thunder rang out, making the other young men under Miles' supervision break out in a cold sweat as they looked in Bazel's direction.

Miles clenched one of his fists, while one corner of his lips lifted, his heart leaping into his chest.

He was a 3-Star Magus, but as he watched Vicente attacking with such power, Miles couldn't help but feel he was witnessing someone truly challenging who could challenge him in the future.

'Impressive! Such power was born on a lower plane?' He asked himself as he clenched his fists tightly. 'He won this fight in his first two moves!'

As the instructor thought with great prospects for Vicente, Bazel felt his sea of mana unravel, while the spiritual body of his magical form had already disappeared.

He fell to his knees on the ground, blood dripping from his gills, his neck, mouth, and ears as his body convulsed.

"This victory is yours." Despite everything, he was still conscious, his eyes with a surreal clarity, which summoned a tough expression on Vicente's face.

He had just won his first fight in Anicane, but he couldn't help but be shocked by Bazel's resilience.

'Bazel has endured all this and is still conscious...' Vicente clenched one of his fists as he felt his pentagrams returning to his body. 'It may seem easy what I did, but the level of power I just used could have destroyed Demien, leaving no trace of his existence!

But Bazel doesn't even look that bad!'

Bazel was certainly in no condition to continue fighting, a sign that Vicente was stronger than him.

But this opponent's physical resistance to maintaining his consciousness caught Vice's attention.

If Bazel could do that, then a slightly stronger opponent with similar endurance attributes to Bazel's should cope even better with Vicente's current powers.

'I have to fight more battles. But with only this one, I can say that my limit is between 7-Star and 9-Star of the 6th stage, probably the middle ground, 8-Star,' he thought, considering not his limit using magnetic power, but the Throne.

There were individuals more capable than Bazel, so it was possible that there were even individuals below 8-Star who would be a tough challenge for him. But the fight with Bazel was a good one, as there were certainly more individuals similar to this guy in Light Cay than to monsters like Vicente himself.

As he left the field of combat, Vice smiled subtly, seeing that, despite everything, he still had a talent and powers strong enough for him not to be totally ordinary.

'Perfect! With what I have now, I can work well on my growth in Stonewall!'

Chapter 955 Instructor's Recommendation

"Vicente, good battle. You obviously need to go through a period of adaptation, but it's good that you start thinking about the rank of Outer Disciples in readiness. With your strength, you could soon enter the top 100."

The young people next to Miles heard the group supervisor and couldn't help imagining that the supervisor wasn't exaggerating.

But some of them looked at Vicente out of the corner of their eye, with a certain curiosity, perhaps a doubt, whether he could beat one of the Outer Disciples in the top 100.

'The top 100 of each of the hierarchical positions in the sect is advertised on the main channels and billboards around the city. Anyone who reaches the top 100 is a monster with the potential to go far and make a lot of coins,' thought one of the young men waiting to fight.

'But precisely because the top 100 is so generous, everyone capable of reaching that level is a real monster, with great cultivation, speed of comprehension and incredible pentagram configurations.'

Another of these young men smiled as he saw Vicente stopping next to Miles. "Good luck, younger brother Fuller. Reaching the top 100 is possible, but it's difficult."

Vicente had already heard everything there was to know about the top 100 of each of the ranks from Prische, so he understood well the competition to achieve this feat full of benefits.

For all the hierarchical positions within Stonewall, the top 100 ranks always had great benefits for the members who held them. These advantages increased according to one's position in the ranks, but in short, they gave bonuses on the salaries of sect members, rights to claim resources and artifacts, the right to use special training and cultivation sites, among other things.

There were missions in the sect that one could only do if one's position was in the top 100 of one of the ranks. There were also certain services that were only available to members who were well placed in the ranks.

'Top 100, huh? For that, I'd have to fight battles broadcast to the entire 'island' and expose my powers to millions of magical creatures.' Vicente looked in the direction of the artifacts responsible for broadcasting events.

As much as these devices were there, they weren't active today. In fact, with a few exceptions, training sessions like today's were not broadcast. Only official fights valid for the Combat Center rankings were 100% broadcast.

This was a big negative point for those fighting, in Vicente's opinion. He preferred not to have to expose his powers to the masses. However, he couldn't deny the temptation, since accessing the top 100 and its benefits could really make one's journey in the sect much easier.

It was possible for him to increase the speed of his progress within Stonewall just by accessing a position in the top 100.

He didn't want to expose his powers, but he couldn't help wishing for what he could achieve by getting a good position in the ranks.

As for the difficulty of the mission, Vicente didn't care if he had to defeat monsters. His aim was to reach the peak and he would travel any tortuous and thorny path to achieve his ambitions!

"I'll do my best to achieve it, instructor. When can I start challenging for the rank?" Vicente stopped next to Miles, while the Healers went to deal with Bazel.

Miles shook his head as he smiled approvingly at Vicente. "You're going to accompany Enoch at the end of today's training and learn more about the challenges and the rank positions. I want you to train with us for another two weeks and then challenge someone to a ranked battle."

'So, I'll be able to fight in about a month in Anicane. That should stabilize my strength better... Anyway, that's according to my plans. I'll start doing my optional missions at that time too.' Vicente nodded to Miles and Enoch, a 6-Star Archmage level man with serpent eyes and tongue.

"Familiarize yourself with the rank and its rules. Watch some official fights when you're resting. Otherwise, continue with your studies. Your power is impressive, but there are several types of opponents who are your nemeses and will be difficult to deal with.

As soon as you show yourself, these opponents will want to challenge you and beat you easily." Miles advised, giving Vicente this important warning.

In Anicane, the magical forms were much better known than in Polaris Realm, which meant that specialists knew much more about the type of opponent that was ideal for them.

Considering the rules of the rankings and how easy victories could help to move up several positions in the rankings, many individuals followed the official fights to find easy opponents for themselves.

In the special case, nemesis opponents were those who had special powers that were in the weakness of a particular magician's power. Such opponents had many advantages over their opponents and could fight even with multi-star disadvantages and still have the greatest power.

Vicente had met no one like this in Polaris Realm, but within Stonewall there were nemeses of his powers!

Vicente stood next to Prische and the artificial intelligence of his companions, who differed totally from each other.

Some wore humanoid appearances similar to Prische's, looking like real living beings common in Anicane. But many of the artificial intelligences had peculiar appearances.

For example, Miles' artificial intelligence was the glove on his right hand. Meanwhile, Enoch's artificial intelligence was a small frog, sitting on the head of this individual with snake-like features.

This was rather curious, given Enoch's origins...

But Vicente wasn't there to judge anyone, nor did he want to be judged for using the appearance of a beautiful woman in his artificial intelligence.

He stood there, listening to comments, saying little, watching the group's battles that morning.

He wouldn't fight again today, but he would follow two other battles of his companions, individuals he would face over the next few weeks.

As long as he was under Miles' supervision, he would have to fight once a week against his colleagues, who were also supervised by Miles.

He would watch each fight taking mental notes, learning about his teammates' powers and also about the typical characteristics of Anicane fighters.

At the end of the training sessions, he would move on with Prisiche, Enoch and this guy's toad, going to learn more about the ranks of the Combat Center.

Chapter 956 The Most Important Thing to Know

"Here we are." Enoch opened his mouth as he looked at the gigantic billboard that covered one of the facades of the Combat Center's administration building.

It was easily the largest billboard Vicente had ever seen in his two lives, over 500 meters long and 50 meters high, extremely bright and clear, showing the top 100 positions of one of the Center's ranks.

"The Center's primary display shows the top 100 positions of each rank daily. It shows the ranks of Outer Disciples, Inner Disciples, and Core Disciples 80% of the time. 20% of the time it shows the ranks of the Outer Elders. The other Elders and Masters don't have their ranks displayed, so we can't easily see them. But they do exist and are important in the upper echelons."

As he listened to Enoch's explanation, Vicente observed the divisions in this magnificent screen. Closer to its center were large squares, similar to status cards, with the appearances of the most important names of the rank. On the sides, in smaller squares that were harder to see, were the worst ranked of the top 100.

Vicente could easily see that some of them had nicknames instead of their real names, some of them carried flags and symbols that were famous in Light Cay.

Enoch had been introduced to this place in the past and knew what might be on Vicente's mind now. He said, "The major forces on Light Cay are the groups behind the trade on our island. For them, their 'poster boys' are crucial in maintaining the dominance of their families and groups.

It's not uncommon for a large family of blacksmiths to invest in members from outside the family to draw attention to their weaponry. Such groups give free artifacts to great talents youths, resources to strengthen them, and opportunities. In return, these talents represent their forces in competitions, attract business, and more.

Look at number 78, Eli from Hot Threads. Hot Threads is the name of a major craft store. He usually uses Hot Threads artifacts in his fights and helps sell the brand."

Vicente's eyes narrowed as he remembered how sports had been exploited by the aggressive marketing of large corporations on Earth.

'What a crock of shit! Even in the world of cultivation, there's something like that?' He asked himself, making a strange expression.

However, he wouldn't judge others for using such a strategy. It made sense to gain resources to promote a brand. In fact, in the world of cultivation, it made even more sense to "sell" one's soul for opportunities like the one these people had.

This could be the chance for them to grow faster, to avenge their defeats, to live longer, or even to live better. In such a world, it was worth everything to grow.

But Vicente didn't like these methods.

'Now I understand the {Affiliation} part better... It seems like they take that factor seriously here.' Vicente looked at the top of the rank, where he saw an extremely absurd score.

[99.983 pts.]

"What are those points?" He asked, as he had heard nothing from Prische about it until now.

"Every time you fight, you gain points until you leave your hierarchical rank. If you defeat an opponent of the same strength as you, you'll get between 10 and 100 points. It also depends on your opponent's rank. If you face someone weaker and win, your gain will be lower, between 1 and 50 points. If you beat someone stronger, between 100 and 200 points.

It's variable, and it's best not to try to guess how many points you can earn by challenging someone. Once you make the challenge official, the number of points you can earn will be announced before the match.

Losers also receive points, but less. Usually the loser gets 10% of the winner's points."

Vicente looked into Enoch's eyes. "Why?" He asked in surprise.

Enoch laughed, showing his sharp snake teeth. "You must think it's strange to reward a loser. But that's because the sect values those who fight official contests. Even a loser who doesn't give up is more valuable than a coward who hides from fighting.

Anyway, because of this, it is difficult to reach the top 100. Every time one of the top 100 disciples fights, they earn points, whether they win. So, in order to reach them, you have to perform almost perfectly or wait for one of them to move up.

When an Outer Disciple becomes an Inner Disciple, their record is erased from our rank and entered into the Inner Disciple's rank, and so on."

"I see." Vicente turned his eyes back to the rank, curious to fight an official match. "How do I challenge someone? Are there any limits that prevent me from challenging them?"

"No. You can challenge even the number one in the rank right now. But the ranked game has its order. Everyone wants to fight the strongest, so some disciples have 10, 15, 20 challenges waiting for them.

If you receive more than one challenge, you can choose to ignore some and accept the one you are interested in first. Depending on how influential you are, this may allow you to never have to accept some uninteresting challenges... In other words, challenging the top of the rankings is hard to do well. In short, it would depend on whether the challenger wanted to fight you. But they usually only fight other well-positioned people.

Fortunately, disciples are required to take up to 3 challenges per month. This is especially true when a disciple with a lower rank than the challenger is behind the challenge. So if the challenger has up to two challenges besides yours, you have a 100% chance of getting your fight against that individual. Beyond that, there are no guarantees."

Vicente liked the rules of the Combat Center. It really wasn't fair to force the top warriors to fight the weaker ones who were only interested in scoring points. On the other hand, there was the possibility of promotion, as long as one had the strength.

The only downside was the possibility of being seen by people from all over the island, but that was a downside he would have to accept.

Clenching his fists, Vicente was determined to spend some of his time over the next few days working out who would be his first opponent in a ranked match.

"Just make sure you do the challenge 24 hours before you want to fight. Fights will take place at least one day after the challenge. But they can also take days to happen, depending on how quickly the challenger accepts."

"I see."

With that settled, Vicente would soon follow only Prische through the Combat Center to return to his study routine there.

Chapter 957 Nemesis Powers

One week after the last training match against Bazel, Vicente had made progress in the three Centers he had dedicated his time to during that time.

He was familiarizing himself with the new forging rules and special techniques to improve his forging skills and meet the continent's standards, but he needed more time. For the Medicine Center, he felt he could change his situation in no time, as he was progressing rapidly.

Meanwhile, his focus was on the Combat Center, where after a week of studying, he had had another training match today. This time, he had defeated a slightly weaker opponent than Bazel.

Now, he was still in the Combat Center, having finished his match and moved on to the area's administration building, where the Center's library was located.

Once inside, he stopped next to a large shelf of books on magical forms.

He was studying Anicane's magical forms and beasts carefully, especially the powers that were nemeses to his electromagnetic power.

As he sat down, he opened a book that he had read the last time and had already seen that he could learn with it about his nemesis' powers.

{Anti-Magnetism}

{Features: it can neutralize, control, or nullify the effects of magnetic fields and magnetic forces. It can be used for both defense and attack, making its user extremely versatile and dangerous in combat where magnetism plays a crucial role.}

{Details: it can nullify fields that come into contact with the bearer of the power, or even in an area where the user has cast a special spell; it can manipulate non-magnetic materials with a material control or create artifacts resistant to magnetic forces; natural resistance to magnetic fields, protective fields...}

The first of the magical forms that were the nemesis of his magnetic powers caught Vicente's eye, but he didn't stop reading, continuing his search for the next.

{Mana Manipulation}

{Features: Mana Manipulation, when transformed into a special power by a Magic Gem, goes far beyond the natural mana manipulation of a magician. A user of this form of magic can control not only their own body's mana but also the mana of their opponents. The dominant form of this power is to interfere with the spells and special abilities of the targets of the user of this type of power.}

{Details: Among the most common uses of the power is the mana rejection in certain areas; suppression of opponents; enrichment of magical artifacts by concentrating mana on them; absorption of magical attacks; magical telekinesis...}.

The list of possibilities for users of this form of magic was immense, containing three pages of possibilities for this type of magician alone.

Prisiche saw the part of the reading where her master was, and said in a low voice, "I wouldn't worry about that kind of power, master. Mana Manipulation at that level is so rare that even in all of Anicane, there may only be one or two such magicians. And even then, they are the nemesis of all kinds of powers, so most of them have little freedom or can be killed quickly."

"That makes sense." He sighed.

The possibilities of Mana Manipulation were too powerful, capable of frightening even someone as confident in his talent and powers as Vicente.

"I hope I never meet someone like that," He said her in a low voice, making Prisiche laugh subtly.

"You are modest, master... But you're right. It is best never to meet such an opponent. The risks would be too great."

{Water Manipulation}

{Features: it allows the user to control, shape, and influence water in various ways.}

{Details: some of the most common ways to use this power are to control liquid water, manipulate ice, steam and mist, cleanse, heal and control climate...}

Among the details of this magical form was a warning that when the elemental affinity of this magical form was remarkably pure—similar to Vicente's affinity with light and darkness in relation to the Throne—the power could reach the point of being able to control the intracellular water of living beings.

Vicente understood how this could be his nemesis, as any power with the potential to paralyze his body or mana was a natural nemesis.

Like Mana Manipulation, Water Manipulation—at a high level—was hard to come by in Anicane, and all its practitioners were hunted down from the start of their journeys.

{Telepathy}

{Features: it's a psychic ability that allows its holder to mentally communicate with other people, read thoughts, influence minds, and even project their own ideas or mental images onto others.}

{Details: it can be used for a variety of purposes, including silent communication, espionage, mental manipulation, and strengthening emotional bonds...}

Vicente had heard of telepaths in Polaris Realm, but had never fought one. However, this skill, like Water Manipulation, had to be of a high level to be dangerous to him.

{Illusionism}

{Characteristics: it allows the user to create visual, auditory, tactile, or even mental illusions.}

{Details: it can be used to deceive, distract, confuse, and manipulate others, making Illusionism a versatile and powerful tool in combat, espionage, and entertainment situations...}

Some abilities were not exactly nemeses of Vicente's powers, but nemeses of most powers. He continued to study these special magical forms, eventually focusing on learning the methods to act against the bearers of them.

There were ways to counter each of these abilities, some more difficult to achieve, with requirements that depended much on one's origin. Others were easier to counter, but there were still some that required a much higher cultivation level than the opponent's.

By the time he finished reading the book, Vicente was tired. At the end of his day's study, he left the book where he found it and made his way home.

On his way to the dormitory where he now lived, a special place for newborns from lower planes, he met one of his colleagues from the Forge Center.

"Larissa?" He asked when he saw a beautiful white-haired woman waiting for him, her arms folded as she stared at him.

This was Larissa Carstensen, a woman from a world called Concordia, whom he had met at the Forge Center while searching for information.

"Let's talk," she said as she turned and entered her home, four doors down from Vicente's.

Chapter 958 Another Earthling?

Upon entering the home of the beautiful white-haired woman, Vicente looked at the lively decor of the place, with many plants, pots, and paintings, especially some depicting models of vehicles he knew.

'A car!' His eyes widened as he saw the vehicle in one of the paintings in the living room.

There were cars in Light Cay. But they differed greatly from the ones on Earth. The cars in Light Cay were hovering vehicles, extremely minimalist and based entirely on mana. The car in Larissa's painting, however, was like the combustion vehicles on Earth, from its shape to its wheels.

Vicente froze as he looked at this painting, thinking for a moment about his reincarnation in Polaris Realm and what it might mean.

'Is Larissa also a reincarnated person who came from Earth like him?' He asked himself in shock, not knowing what to do at that moment, freezing in uncertainty for the first time in a long time.

Larissa wanted to say something to Vicente, but when she saw him turn pale at the sight of that picture, she approached him, also looking at the vehicle in question.

But unlike Vicente, she had a twinkle in her eye when she remembered the man behind the vehicle. She closed her eyes for a moment, remembering a distant past.

'Lothur... I wonder where you are? We will ever see each other again ?' She smiled subtly as she picked up the painting and handed it to Vicente.

"This is a car, a sedan, to be exact."

Vicente looked into her eyes, startled by such a specific word.

"But even though I became a blacksmith and helped develop the automobile industry on my homeworld, I wasn't the one who invented it. The strongest man on my plane, a revolutionary behind a victorious era, created the Concordia cars before he came to Anicane."

As she spoke, Vicente realized it wasn't she who had been reincarnated after probably dying on Earth, but this Lothur guy.

'It seems that reincarnation wasn't exclusive to me... As expected. After all, I'm not special. But there must be a greater reason for people from Earth to be reincarnated...' As he thought about it, he couldn't help but look at the picture and come to a different conclusion. 'Earth... Is it another lower plane? Or maybe it's part of another universe?'

But with each line of Vicente's thoughts, more questions and doubts arose in his mind.

"... After all, he left here two thousand years before me. Today he must be a great expert on Anicane. I'm sure of it," she said as she finished talking about this man named Lothur, the creator of the Concordia cars.

"Two thousand years? All that?" Vicente asked as he frowned, thinking that maybe this Lothur was already too strong for him to dare approach or had already died.

If that was the case, it would be too bad for him!

Larissa put her painting back on the wall and walked over to the sofa in the middle of the living room.

She said to him, "He was the strongest of my plane, a hybrid of humans and demons. He easily reached his peak with his women. I, on the other hand, needed over two thousand years to cultivate to the same level as him, and I face the choice of entering Anicane or staying behind as the protector of our plane."

"Is there such a choice?" He sat up as he asked, his eyes wide with surprise.

"Yes, but not every plane has this position. Only planes without mana have guardians, protectors, whatever you want to call them. They are gods who keep order on those worlds, but they are not irreplaceable. I've heard that some planes work just fine without them, so not every plane has one.

The planes that have a guardian usually have this option after you ascend. Either you enter Anicane, or you follow the path of the Guardians."

"Are there any advantages?" Vicente asked her while Prische stood next to him.

The white-haired 'girl' said, "It depends. They can't get far, and they're limited. But they say they can live forever... But I don't know how true that is. I've only interacted with one of them once, for a few seconds."

"I see... I didn't know that, and I didn't expect you to be that old."

She smiled at him, hearing someone talk about her age in his tone for the first time. He suddenly treated her like an old woman.

"Don't worry about the difference in our ages. I've only been here in Anicane for eight months. So we are both in the same situation."

Larissa was in the same situation as Vicente, with her body receiving mana beyond her control, but on a smaller scale. But her cultivation couldn't help but attract his attention.

'Coming from a world where there is no mana is really different. Larissa had to restart her cultivation when she arrived in Anicane, but even so, it only took her eight months to go from zero to 7-Star Paragon cultivation.'

Larissa's cultivation was currently that of a 7-Star Paragon, far below Vicente's, but something that should quickly reach the 6th stage and rise within that level until she became a Magus.

As she resumed her cultivation, this time following Anicane's rules, she quickly regained her former strength.

"So, what do you want from me today?" He got straight to the point after considering the strange situation he had encountered upon entering her residence.

Larissa became more serious and asked, "Vicente, what do you think about us forming our own faction?"

He leaned back on the sofa and immediately understood what Larissa really wanted.

There were many different kinds of factions in Stonewall. But they all had their disadvantages and their advantages. This was evident in the {Affiliations} tab, where a leader could easily manage his group members.

Larissa, like him, was a great talent where she came from and could go far in cultivation. So, like him, she had thought about forming her own faction instead of joining an existing group.

In her life at Concordia, she had learned not to compete with geniuses greater than herself, and now she had found someone who surpassed her once again.

'He gives me the same feeling as Lothur... Last time it took me a while to ally myself with someone like that, but this time I won't make that 'mistake'.' She continued to look seriously at Vicente.

Chapter 959 New Faction

Vicente thought about Larissa's proposal for a minute, wondering how far he could go with this woman he had just met a few days ago.

The problem for him wasn't trust. Situations in which two strangers had to start a business together were not uncommon in the cultivation world. Even more so, given the existence of mechanisms to certify promises. Agreements between strangers were not uncommon.

But he wanted to know more about her, her goals, who she had already talked to about this proposal, and even who she had worked with over the past eight months.

Unlike Vicente, who was new to everything in Anicane, Larissa had seen enough of the place to have trusted acquaintances, enemies and rivals.

"I think it's interesting. But where exactly are you going with this?" He started with the most important thing—her motives.

"Everything in Light Cay depends on stone coins. As leaders of our own faction, we get to keep most of the profits from the faction's actions. Existing factions and families get the best of any kind of activity that low-ranking members do. That's what I want first—resources." She got right to the point, but it was only the first step in her plans.

"But what I really want, what we all want, is power and influence," she said, looking him in the eye, not hiding her true ambitions. "I will not lie to you. I want to be in charge of Stonewall. To leave our 'island' and explore Anicane without worrying about my position.

As I told you, several people from my plane have come to Anicane, some of them close acquaintances whom I would like to see again..."

As she spoke, there was a sparkle in Larissa's eyes, her tone charged with energy and genuine desire.

She wasn't in love with Lothur Ritter, whom she most wanted to see again. She knew what the man was capable of and how beneficial it could be for her to be close to such a powerful and talented friend.

Lothur could be dead by now, but Larissa believed that wasn't the case. If she was right, he must be at least a high-ranking Grand Magus by now. And that alone would be enough for her to profit from meeting him again.

'Lothur and the others will want to know about the situation in Concordia. His wives have left their families behind and will surely welcome me, even though 2,000 years have passed.' The white-haired woman thought as she spoke to Vincent.

"... Anyway, my intentions are no different from anyone you'll come in contact with in the future. Everyone, deep in their heart, wants power. Some deny it, but in order to fulfill other ambitions, they need power and eventually give in to it."

He nodded in agreement. Vicente preferred to deal with direct people. "Are you involved in any way that I need to worry about?"

"Not that I know of." She smiled as she said it. "Like you, I'm registered at the Forge Center and the Combat Center. I also have mandatory activities at the Diplomacy Center.

I've only completed two non-mandatory missions in the past few months, and I'm doing four more now. None of the ones I've completed required me to fight against other sect members, so I shouldn't have any mortal enemies. But maybe I have someone plotting against me for darker reasons? There are crazy and dangerous people everywhere, so I can't guarantee you won't have any problems if you ally yourself with me."

Vicente understood the woman's situation. 'Well, anyone who lives long enough to be relevant will have a history. It's normal to have some problems, and I'm not worried about it.

On the other hand, she had to restart her cultivation, so she must have been careful during those months. Any problems she had were minor and probably wouldn't be a big deal.'

"All right." He agreed as he showed her one of his hands. "I agree to form a faction with you. However, I don't know if we can have equal positions in the faction. As I understand it, the role of the {Affiliations} tab manager is exclusive to a single member."

She smiled, understanding Vicente's doubt. "That's not a problem. You haven't dug deep enough to understand how the sect works, but within the {Affiliations} tab, there are unique positions that can be assigned.

When we create our faction in the Registration Center, we can create a hierarchy and their respective functions, rights, and responsibilities. You can be the Faction Leader, while I'll be the Deputy Leader, or whatever title we choose for that role."

"Can we do that?" Vicente looked at Prische.

Prische nodded, not having interrupted their conversation so far. "Yes, master, you can. The {Affiliations} tab is quite complete. You should create your faction and learn more about it in practice. There are so many functions, I wouldn't know where to start explaining them."

"I see. All right then. Let's do that." He looked back at Larissa as she stood and shook his dominant hand.

"Have you found anyone else for this faction? I imagine you've been in contact with many people in the last eight months." He walked out of the house with Larissa, who immediately wanted to go to the Registration Center.

She nodded approvingly as she carried a green bag, her artificial intelligence. "I have three names that we can bring into the faction in a short time. But I don't want to bring them over to our side right away. In fact, we'd better wait."

"Why?" He didn't understand.

"I've been recovering my cultivation for the past few months, so the contacts I've had access to are low-level Paragons and low-level Archmages at best. Apart from my superiors, I've hardly met any powerful members of the sect." She smiled bitterly at her situation.

"The names I have aren't that impressive. They're people who can join the faction, but it's better to have other names first. That way, they'll join us at a lower 'cost'."

Prisiche recommended to Vicente. "That is really best, master. As much as you can define the way the faction will work, it's normal for the first members to get bigger bonuses due to a tradition of seniority."

The first members of a faction must be of a high level, or at least very talented. Once you have a minimum number of members, you can recruit more people without having to pay absurd bonuses to low-level beginners."

Vicente was still not used to the reality of this place, so he accepted the recommendation of the two women who knew more about this sect.

They made their way to the Registration Center, talking about the faction and what they should do as soon as possible.

"You need 200,000 stone coins to register a new faction," said a woman in the given area for that.

Vicente's eyes widened when he heard it.

Chapter 960 5-Star Archmage

"I'll pay." Larissa promptly moved to transfer her stone coins to the Registration Center, causing Vicente to watch her with wide eyes.

"Don't worry, you'll pay me for it. As we're partners, half of the 100,000 coins are mine. The other half you'll pay me back in the future." She smiled at him.

As much as 200,000 coins were a lot even for her, she had been gathering these resources for months in order to open her faction. But even though she had the coins, she wanted Vicente by her side and, given his position, he certainly had to be the leader. So even though she was paying for everything now, she wasn't bothered by the difference in their status. For her, this was an investment.

Vicente was no fool and could see that this was the case. But seeing how easily she made this exorbitant payment, he imagined that the factions' possibilities must be really wide.

'200,000 coins are not a small amount even for Magus... That's quite a limitation for the formation of new factions.' He thought as he nodded to her, assuring her he would pay her back in the future.

They registered their faction under the name {Golden Partners}, a group divided into five hierarchical positions and a few basic rules, such as punishment for betrayal, a ban on unauthorized infighting, among other mechanisms necessary to keep the group together.

But they didn't go deep into creating the faction. According to Prische, they could develop the faction's mechanisms and functions later, as the group grew. For now, they only had the basics to get the group up and running and to have certain rights.

Vicente appointed Larissa to the hierarchical position below his own, but she would have full autonomy to lead, as long as it didn't conflict with his interests. For the time being, there were no defined rewards or salaries for faction members, but he and Larissa were already prepared to offer them. Without immediate benefits, it was unlikely that anyone would want to join them.

Larger factions didn't need to do this with new members, as such groups usually offered a wide range of opportunities. But a newly created group hardly had such possibilities, so only stone coins could attract them more easily.

But even if the group grew well in the future, high-ranking members usually had their salaries, so they would have to worry about creating real assets for {Golden Partners}.

"That's all for today," Larissa said, as she walked with him back to the area of the newbies' residences in Light Cay. "Don't rush to fill our group with members or pay me. Take your time, Vicente. Your first few weeks are crucial for you to learn and know where you're stepping. So take it easy.

I have another four months here before I can go out and cultivate, so until then, don't worry too much about forming the group. The important thing is that we have the foundations for the faction when it's time for you to leave the city core."

"All right. I'll get on with my compulsory and optional missions first and as soon as I feel comfortable, we'll go ahead with some invitations." He understood he couldn't rush.

As much as he wanted to complete his plans for Anicane as soon as possible, things wouldn't change overnight. Without even being able to leave the Ravengarde core, it wouldn't do for him to rush now. Ideally, in just a year's time, he would begin to focus on the group he had created today.

But it would be good for them to devote a little time to preparing calmly and efficiently.

So the two of them said goodbye, and he and Prisiche returned home, tired from the day of study and training. Not being able to cultivate was really strange for him and he constantly felt a bit anxious because of it, he also found it harder to recover physically and mentally.

Meditation not only helped him reach new levels, it was a process that greatly aided his physical and mental well-being, recovery from fatigue and injuries.

Unable to do this, Vicente went to sleep, leaving him to get back to work on improving his knowledge the next day.

...

After the formation of Vicente and Larissa's faction, a week passed, and the two only saw each other once during those days.

Larissa was busy with her own affairs, while he had a lot to learn.

But after three weeks since making his entry into the sect official, it was time for Vicente to get involved with the optional missions he had previously accepted.

After studying at the Medicine Center this morning, Vicente followed the recommendations of the {Ritual Mission}, heading to the place where he had to report.

As he walked through modern Ravengarde, he showed stronger cultivation than a few days ago, having reached 5-Star Archmage level!

The changes he had been experiencing were stimulating him faster than he had expected, allowing him to make this further improvement.

The rank level of this mission was 6-Star Archmage, so he thought he had a good chance of completing it, even with a lower cultivation. Fortunately, the mission didn't have a specific requirement, so he decided to do it first.

"Tomorrow I'll start the {Training Mission}." Vicente thought to himself as he entered a beautiful six-storey building, navigating the corridors as Prische led him to Ritual Hall number 12.

"Outer Elder Collins, I'm here for the {Ritual Mission}, classified as a 6-Star Archmage." Vicente introduced himself as he entered a beautiful hall adorned with various symbols and wall decorations made of rich colors.

The man wearing a cloak and holding a staff in his right hand looked at the young human. "Outer Disciple Vicente Fuller, I've been expecting you," said the old low-level Magus in a calm tone, his rat-like head evoking a strange feeling in Vice.

"Today we're going to perform a Banishing Ritual. You've already experienced this kind of ceremony, so it won't be so strange for you." He motioned for Vice to come closer to him.

Vicente frowned. "I have?"

"A Banishing Ritual is a way of expelling unwelcome entities or energies from certain places. Can you remember anything like that on your journey?"

Vicente opened his eyes wider, remembering his departure from Polaris Realm and arrival in Anicane.

"You remember," the rat-headed man said with a smile on his face. "Very well, that was a high level ritual, enforced by the forces of nature on your plane. What we're going to do today is a low-level version, produced by our own powers.

To do this ritual, you need materials, a chant, symbolic gestures and mana, of course. Today you're going to help me and learn by observing. But soon, I hope you'll be able to perform the 10 basic types of ritual common to Stonewall members."

Vicente followed the old man, watching him climb onto a small platform and open his arms.

"All right, let's get started."