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Chapter 102: Success

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It was rush hour at this time. Roland mixed with the throng of people coming home from work, twisting and turning in the central city districts, especially searching for small lanes and alleys to worm through.

After half an hour, he took a shortcut back to his neighborhood.

If Jin Wenwen could still track him like this, Roland would surrender to her.

In the afternoon, Roland stayed at home reading the forums and chatting with the idiotic mage players in the group, occasionally answering their questions, but mostly bragging with them and telling dirty jokes.

It was quite a pleasant and fulfilling afternoon.

Hawk's transfer of 120,000 yuan had arrived, and in addition to the recent tips here and there on the forums, Roland's personal balance was now close to 400,000 yuan.

This was before mages even started paying for his specialty.

Roland's dream of a million yuan in savings should be easy to realize if the mages started paying specialty fees.

With money comes confidence—even if Roland didn't go to work and chatted on the Internet, idling his time away, he didn't feel any anxiety or pressure.

Even if the game stopped working tomorrow, nearly four hundred thousand yuan was enough for him to live for a while. And if he didn't want to join a company and work as a corporate slave, he could be a bodyguard now that he learned boxing and miaodao arts—perhaps, he could meet a rich lolita and rise to the peak of his life.

Mm! this is quite a good daydream.

At night, after Roland showered, he climbed back into the immersive cabin.

When the real world was about to connect with the gaming world, he always felt a sense of weightlessness. Before his eyes, there would be a winding passage flowing with streaks of light, it was as if he were passing a wormhole of some kind.

The world before his eyes was black and white. Vivian and the others still maintained their previous actions. Roland couldn't move—he couldn't even turn his head.

After a few minutes, the world changed back to its original color. Vivian and the others started to move again.

They didn't know they had been frozen for nearly 16 hours.

After instructing the magic apprentices for a little while, Roland was eager to return to his laboratory.

He unfolded the model of Language Proficiency in his mind, and after looking carefully over a hundred nodes, he checked them with the data and confirmed the function and effect of each node.

Finally, assuming that the magic was successfully cast as the answer, he estimated that there were seven possible solutions to the problem. He imported the previous node data into these seven solutions, and used backward reasoning on each of them, testing them one by one.

After seven unsuccessful attempts, Roland compared the experimental records and found that there were four possible scenarios—the error all pointed to a blank magic node.

That should be a bridge node.

However, this node didn't exist in the spell model.

Perhaps, the existing spell model didn't indicate this node.

Roland took a deep breath. It was time to test his conjecture.

He closed his eyes, and his spirit followed the path of the spell's nodes, carefully probing.

When you focused on the spell model, you would feel the illusion of walking through a large pipeline that ran in all directions with turns all over the place.

This was also why spell models were needed to cast spells.

Without the guidance of a spell model, humans would definitely be lost in these labyrinthine mental power channels.

Then, the failure to cast would recoil upon their mental power.

With a *ba* , their heads would explode.

Roland carefully channeled his mental power into the vicinity of the hidden node, and then began to look for channels nearby, and sure enough! He found a way to the unknown node.

Suppressing his excitement, Roland guided his mental power to slowly spread, and after about two seconds, his mental power was connected to an unmarked node in the spell model.

At the moment the connection was established with this node, two beard-like connecting lines between nodes brightened slightly with this node at its center as if inviting Roland to pour in his magic power.

Roland remembered that one of the magic models he had derived from his experiments looked something like this.

Then it had to be right.

He injected his magic power and the two nodal lines lit up immediately.

There was a flash of azure light on Roland, and he felt like he had successfully cast the spell.

Then, he opened the system interface and found one more system icon on his status, as expected. It was a question mark.

Roland's consciousness clicked on it.

The system displayed this: *For unrecorded spells, as the creator, you have the right to name them.*

Magic never seen before?

Roland was stunned for a moment. He immediately went to the library, turned over several books, and found that he could read the characters of Hollevin.

Then, he ran to the third floor—separated by a single floor—and listened to the conversations and discussions of the magic apprentices below.

He also understood them without any hindrances.

Having both the effect of Language Proficiency and Character Proficiency! he succeeded!

Roland clenched his fist and almost cried out in joy. Then, he calmed down, reopened the system interface, and gave the spell a name.

Unhindered Communication.

As soon as the name was given, a system notification popped up, bright red and long, to Roland's surprise.

System notification: F6 guild, player Roland, created a spell, "Unhindered Communication," preliminarily determined as a level four-spell, prophetic type. As the creator, Roland is rewarded a special exemption bonus for this spell; the casting difficulty will be the same as a level-two spell and consume half as much as it would for a normal player. In addition, Roland will receive a unique specialty: Spell Seeker.

Spell Seeker: +50 maximum mental power, +10 maximum health.

Once this announcement was released, Roland was stunned.

Then the guild chat box flashed incessantly.

Schuck: Kickass.

Betta: Kickass.

Brazil: Kickass.

!;

All the members of the guild expressed their respect for Roland in a uniform manner.

Now Roland not only became famous, even the existence of F6 was refreshed in the players' minds.

Currently, F6 was still the only player guild, and although Silver Wings received a lot of information from Roland, they seemed to be having a little trouble dealing with Boursin.

Boursin didn't want to meet with them, or even talk with them, unwelcoming to them because of their low statuses.

Roland went back to his study, lay back halfway on his chair, and snickered a few times, his heart filled with pride and satisfaction.

He was a young man, and no matter how staid he usually appeared, he still had some vanity.

The first innovative spell and a server-wide announcement. He could brag about this achievement till the game was shut down.

Half an hour later, Roland stood up.

Now that Unhindered Communication had been created, the rest of his time would be spent on strengthening Spell Puppet.

He returned to the magic lab and was surprised to find Aldo coming up the stairs.

In the ten days since they'd last seen each other, Aldo seemed to have become somewhat haggard and his beard had grown quite a lot.

They stood facing each other in the doorway of the magic laboratory.

Roland looked at him, and after sizing him up, he said, "You must be very unhappy that I didn't come into conflict with the headquarters."

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