Chapter 104 - The Living and The Dead Roland

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Accepted it?

This was a simple phrase, but Roland could guess how much suffering Aldo had gone through in order to accept it.

Vivian also sighed lightly and went down the stairs.

Roland drank fruit wine and let his thoughts run wild for a while. He thought about Aldo and about John and mixed in thoughts about magic modelsâ€"anyway, it was a mess.

Then, he put down the wine cup, closed his eyes to rest, to eliminate the distracting thoughts in his mind, and then continued to derive his Spell Puppets model.

He was greatly inspired by the hidden node in Language Proficiencyâ€"the other spell models might also have hidden nodes.

There werenâ€™t nodes in level-zero spells, so it was quite easy to extrapolate data. After about four hours of experimentation and data extrapolation, Roland was surprised to find that there did not appear to be any hidden nodes in the level-zero spells.

It seems that not all spells had loopholes like Language Proficiency..

It was really a pity. With a few more nodes, Roland felt like he could give the magic puppet a few more characteristics.

For example, he could have the magic puppet grow a few more hands, which would allow it to carry more equipment.

Or, enhance the magic puppetâ€™s identification between friend and foeâ€¦ Wait a minute!

Since the spell model of a Spell Puppet had no hidden nodes, how about adding one or two himself?

Once this idea sprouted, it seemed to grow in Rolandâ€™s mind like a weed.

Why is it that game NPCs can create their own magic, and I can only alter other peopleâ€™s spell models?

Canâ€™t I create one on my own?

After a moment of excitement, Roland quickly became discouraged.

Ideas alone wouldnâ€™t do. Motivation was also needed to turn thoughts into reality, andâ€¦ a knowledge base.

How was a spell model constructed?

What were the combinations of spell model nodes?

How to determine the meaning and function of a node in the spell model?

These three basic problems alone baffled Roland, not to mention the practical difficulties that emerged.

It seems that he had much more to learn.

At least, he had to first figure out what the nature of magical elements was, what the nature of mental power was, and what the principle of the reaction between the two was.

Roland felt that he had to figure out these three things before he could talk about creating a blank spell model.

There were many books in the library, but none of them had basic core contents he needed.

The majority was advanced use of mental power, as well as some insights on the practical use of advanced spells.

Then there were the biographies of many mages or biographies of knights and so on. There were a lot of spell models, but Roland wasnâ€™t in a hurry to learn these spell models. The learning of spells was an endless process. Master one, and then create several derivative spellsâ€"this way was much more efficient.

None of the books in the library touched on the basic theories or nature of magic.

Was it the local Magic Tower that didn't have this knowledge? Or did the entire world fail to establish a fundamental theory of magic?

The former was highly probable, the latter unlikely.

Even if humans didn't have such a system of knowledge, what about the elves?

This race was said to have the highest level of magic attainment and a long life expectancy. Did they have a fundamental theory of magic?

Time passed quickly as Roland pondered in a disorderly way.

The white moonlight shone down at an angle from the window and formed a semicircle of white light on the ground.

The whole city had quieted down; it was late at night.

Roland got up. He had an appointment to keep.

But unexpectedly, just as he went down to the second floor, he bumped into Vivian.

She had a sleepy look on her face. She held a glass of water in her hand. It seemed that she was thirsty and wanted to fetch some water.

When she saw Roland, she was so startled that her sleepiness disappeared. Both shocked and pleasantly surprised, she asked, "Deputy Chairman… Where are you going this late at night?"

"Going for a walk!" Roland smiled and continued, "You should go to bed early. Don't stay up too late. Staying up late is a great enemy of women."

With that said, he went down the stairs.

Watching Roland's figure disappear at the bottom of the stairs, Vivian was a little bit disappointed, but then she suddenly stared into the distance with wide eyes: *Deputy Chairman is still young and vigorous, what else can he be doing out so late at night?*

With these thoughts in mind, Vivian grudgingly wanted to bite on her handkerchief.

Clearly, I can also do it. Why didn't the Deputy Chairman come to me? Do I not have the least bit of charm?

There was a curfew in Delpon, but it only affected ordinary people.

Nobles and most professionals ignored this prohibition.

However, Roland couldn't exercise this privilege now, so he took ordinary clothes out of his Backpack and put them on in a private place. Then, he especially searched for a dark and hidden road, came to a rich neighborhood, found a relatively remote small manor, and climbed in.

Although he was a mage, the strength of a professional still gave him decent physical flexibility, and he was also a Golden Son; their overall growth rate was higher.

Mages only appeared to have a weak body and spirit relative to Warriors, but compared with ordinary people, they were still very powerful.

The small manor was quiet, with no guards patrolling it, and no servants, it seemed, on standby.

Only in the small room on the second floor was there a faint glow of candlelight.

Roland tread on the grass passing through the smooth courtyard and arrived at the entrance.

He pushed gently… The door wasn't closed.

When he entered the building, he found that the building was quite ostentatious. It looked luxurious on the outside, but inside… There wasn't much furniture. The living room looked empty, with only a table and a few chairs.

The room with lights on was on the second floor.

Roland found the stairs and went up to the second floor. The door of one of the rooms was ajar, and the faint light of the candle peeped through the crack, leaving a long orange mark on the floor.

Roland walked over and gently pulled the door open.

Inside sat a young man who looked nervously at the door as it was pulled open, but he sighed lightly in relief at the sight of Roland.

After entering the room, Roland closed the door.

The young man blew out the candle on the table.

The room darkened, but since the moon shone in, it didn't appear gloomy; instead, there was a sense of tranquility.

Roland sat down across the table and asked, "Little Edward, did you ask me to come over this evening to tell me something?"

"My eldest brother is the fall guy," Little Edward said earnestly as he looked at Roland.

There was deep sorrow hidden in his eyes.

Roland had found time during the day to make inquiries.

The young nobleman who had been made the fall guy was called Roland Edward, the same name as Roland's.

When Roland learned this, he finally realized why the nobles watching from the sidelines were roaring with laughter. They were not only ridiculing the dead Roland but also ridiculing the living Roland.

And the mastermind behind the scenes especially selected a person with this name to take the blame for him—the significance was already quite clear.

I can give in, but I still have a way of making Roland die.

This was what it meant. The sense of dilemma unique to nobles—obviously afraid but still forcibly resisting and boasting—haunted by a contradictory, boring, distorted sense of self-esteem.

Roland really wanted to laugh.

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