

Chapter 284: Technology and Magic

After the attack, Ghilanna led the team back to the Federation's Headquarters. After a few consecutive space jumps, they finally arrived at their destination.

The Intergalactic Federation's headquarters was an enormous castle floating not on a planet but on a massive piece of land that had been artificially created.

This land mass is probably three times the size of planet Earth if it was folded into a plane, and the castle essentially encapsulated the entire floating continent.

The group landed on the designated area for the spaceships before separating. Augustus and Auron headed to their quarters while Ghilanna had to make an official report.

As she walked to her destination, she observed the entire castle. It was primarily white with a little gold added to the color scheme. The whole architecture gave up a pure and noble atmosphere.

A giant carving of a golden scale stood at the center, which was the symbol of the Federation. Countless races or species walked by the carving, all of which would take a few seconds to pay their respects.

Flying was forbidden in this place, so everyone had to walk, including Ghilanna. However, she did not mind. For hundreds of years, she has walked the roads of this castle, and each time, she marveled at its grandeur, majesty, and its symbolism.

After a few minutes of walking, she finally entered the castle. The guards at the entrance did not stop her. However, Ghilanna did not criticize them for not following procedure as she knew that the castle was enchanted to detect her identity.

If someone was posing as her, there were many ways to detect it.

While walking to her destination, everyone who recognized her would stand up and salute her, and she would nod in return. Soon, she arrived at her destination in front of an office.

She waited outside for a few seconds before the door automatically opened, and she entered. Inside was a desk full of papers, and a man was writing with a feather pen, intensely focused.

Oddly though, there was no ink on the desk for him to dip in, but he appeared to never run out of ink despite never stopping writing since Ghilanna entered the room.

“President.”

“Hmm, how did the mission go?”

“Something unexpected occurred.”

“Oh, what is it?”

“The Arcane Empire is not a Tier 6 Civilization but a Tier 8 one.”

The man finally paused his writing and raised his head. He had glasses on and a handsome face with fair skin. He was dressed like a nobleman from the renaissance period.

In general, he looked human, except his ears were slightly pointy but not as pointed as Ghilanna’s.

That meant he was a half-elf.

“Are you sure about this?” asked the president.

“Yes. When we first arrive, I felt the power of their Tier 8 weapons. I will not be mistaken.” Then, she proceeded to tell him in detail about everything that occurred during their visit, including their conjectures about the Empire.

The president—Galvin Thesalor—had a pondering look on his face. He then waved his hand, and a piece of paper floated to him.

“I have noticed this Arcane Empire in the past few years. A few Casters from there had briefly shown up in many places all over the galaxy.

“They all have a few things in common: their magic system is very unique and special. It is instant and does not focus on one element, thus making it very versatile. The odd part is that most of them can use Space Movement Spell, making them deadly casters.

“On top of everything, all these ‘Arcanists,’ as they called themselves, individually, can confront 3 to 5 Casters of the same Tier and still be victorious. And according to our information, this estimation might be on the lower side.”

“Both the Arcane Emperor and Queen gave me a terrifying feeling. I had a hunch that even if I was 1 Tier higher than them, I might lose to them in a confrontation,” said Ghilanna.

“Come to think of it, even the ambassador who received me gave me the same feeling.”

“A genius that can fight higher Tier? I did not think I would meet someone like this in such a backward galaxy,” said Galvin. He knew that as a Divine Mercenary, Ghilanna was granted the ability to sense danger by her God.

So, he trusted her words.

“If this was only one person, talent could explain this phenomenon. But 3 of them, something is obviously wrong,” continued the president.

“Any ideas on the reason?” asked Ghilanna.

“The only explanation I can think of is that their magic system is unique and powerful. You said that their society was a combination of magic and technology?”

“From what little we saw, it appeared so.”

“That is concerning.”

Magic and technology could be considered two extremes that perfectly suit one another in terms of development.

Magic relies heavily on individual talent to develop, while technology relies on a large population and time.

A magical civilization could remain stagnant for hundreds of years on some planets in the universe. Then one talented individual showed up and rapidly advanced that civilization by hundreds if not thousands of years in just a few decades.

However, the moment that individual dies or disappears, said civilization could once again become stagnant and regress.

Meanwhile, technology will usually progress linearly. One individual could rapidly advance their civilization, then the people he left behind will pick up on his work and improve on it.

That way, through countless generations, technological civilizations can slowly progress—unless they destroy themselves first in war or some dangerous inventions.

Another difference between these two paths is how they view knowledge. Magical civilizations believe that only the talented/wealthy are worthy of gaining access to knowledge. This is in part due to how rare magical resources are in general.

Meanwhile, technological civilizations advocates for education and widespread knowledge for everyone.

In a world where knowledge literally equates to power, having many people educated and mastering extraordinary power is not beneficial to the current ruling class of the universe.

As such, techno-magical civilizations are considered one of the civilization models with the most potential in the universe. Especially if they managed to reach the stage where they can mass-produce magical resources.

The concept of mass production is essentially non-existent in magical civilizations since they focused so much more on individualism; they valued individuals with a high potential above everything else.

As such, any high-level techno-magical civilizations are usually placed on a watch list of the Gods and are often targeted for eradication once they appear to be posing a threat.

“Sir, what do we do about them then?”

Galvin pondered for a moment. “I remember in the information we gathered, and it was stated that some of these Arcanists left the Empire because they could not accept how much control the Emperor had over them. We could try to contact these people and see if they could join our side and learn something from them.

“We will also try to find the source of their Tier 8 weapons.”

Ghilanna nodded, but she did not think things would be that simple. The feeling that the Emperor gave him was that he was very meticulous in doing things.

She even suspected that her attack was orchestrated by him for a reason.

“How is the current situation with the rogue Death God?” she asked.

“The situation has worsened,” replied the president with a big sigh. “Based on the recent information, the entire Milky Way Galaxy was blocked by a powerful magical weapon, preventing anyone from entering or leaving.

“Right now, we cannot contact any other branches, let alone the main one.”

“Is it that powerful?”

“We do not know for sure. However, one department has theorized that this God might have an artifact of the Magus race.”

“What? Is this for real?”

“Although there is strong evidence to support that theory, there is nothing conclusive as of now,” replied Galvin while massaging his temple.

Meanwhile, Ghilanna took a deep breath to calm down.

“The Magus Race, Rulers of the Old Era. If they are involved, things will become truly complicated.”

Galvin did not respond as he knew more than her about the severity of the situation.

“We need a plan to survive this catastrophe,” said Ghilanna.

“You’re right. Currently, our best option is to gather the power of all three Tier 8 Civilizations and band together,” replied Galvin, who paused for a brief moment.

“Maybe the appearance of the Arcane Empire is not a bad thing given the current situation.”

Meanwhile, back home, Edward was preparing for a very important day, a day that would be forever remembered in the history book of the Empire.