

## Chapter 771 Mist

Ilea wasn't sure which one to choose. Immortal was the best one for straight up battle. The Beheaded was similar to her second stage of Pain Tolerance. A benefit in some situations but fear had a good reason to exist. For her current task she mostly considered the Wanderer title. She didn't have any stealth abilities after all.

*Only works in places unfamiliar to me, which I suppose the Still Valley would be. Not incredibly useful otherwise, but I suppose that's the point.* She wondered what going unnoticed actually meant from a magical perspective. Was it some kind of illusion? Light or Shadow magic? Or something that made her movements more quiet?

*Friend is an interesting option too. Wouldn't anyone seeing that immediately be suspicious of a title like that? Then I suppose any of these would raise questions and concerns.* Deviant seemed like a good option too, if only when she was interested in learning new abilities. She already had three sets of magics she would've liked to focus more time on. All surely useful abilities for the future, or nice to have for potential evolution options. *And yet here I am.*

She selected the title and checked her status.

**Name:** Ilea Spears

**Mythical Title:** Wanderer

**Unspent statpoints:** 0

**Unspent Core skill points:** 1

**Unspent 3rd tier General skill points [2790 Total skill levels]:** 4

**Class 1: The Arcane Eternal – lvl 621**

- **Active: Archon Strike [Enhanced] – 3rd lvl 30**
- **Active: Sentinel Reconstruction [Enhanced] – 3rd lvl 30**
- **Active: Azarinth Awakening [Enhanced] – 3rd lvl 30**
- **Active: Transfer [Enhanced] – 3rd lvl 28**
- **Active: Arcane Dominion [Enhanced] – 3rd lvl 30**
- **Passive: Sentinel Core [Enhanced] – 3rd lvl 30**
- **Passive: Eternal Brawling [Enhanced] – 3rd lvl 30**
- **Passive: Eternal Huntress [Enhanced] – 3rd lvl 4**
- **Passive: Eternal Sight [Enhanced] – 3rd lvl 12**
- **Passive: Arcane Circulation [Enhanced] – 3rd lvl 28**

**Class 2: The Ashen Titan – lvl 618**

- **Active: Mantle of the Titan [Enhanced] – 3rd lvl 30**
- **Active: Titan Core [Enhanced] – 3rd lvl 28**
- **Active: Origin of Ash and Embers [Enhanced] – 3rd lvl 11**
- **Active: Embered Heart [Enhanced] – 3rd lvl 30**
- **Active: Tempered Seal [Enhanced] – 3rd lvl 30**
- **Passive: Authority of Ash and Ember [Enhanced] – 3rd lvl 24**
- **Passive: Ashen Wings [Enhanced] – 3rd lvl 28**

- **Passive: Vision of Ash [Enhanced]** – 3rd lvl 9
- **Passive: Avatar of Ash [Enhanced]** – 3rd lvl 30
- **Passive: Embered Form [Enhanced]** – 3rd lvl 30

### **Class 3: The Primordial Arbiter – lvl 611**

- **Active: Primordial Shift [Enhanced]** – 3rd lvl 10
- **Active: Fires of Creation [Enhanced]** – 3rd lvl 29
- **Active: Fabric Tear [Enhanced]** – 3rd lvl 23
- **Passive: Reality Warp [Enhanced]** – 3rd lvl 5
- **Passive: Primordial Flesh [Enhanced]** – 3rd lvl 19
- **Passive: Space Manipulation [Enhanced]** – 3rd lvl 23

### **General Skills:**

- **Ashen Limbs** – 2nd lvl 12
- **Azarinth Barrier [Mythic]** – 2nd lvl 10
- **Bulwark of Ash** – 2<sup>nd</sup> lvl 14
- **Dancing** – lvl 10
- **Deviant of Humanity** – 3rd lvl 30
- **Drill** – lvl 20
- **Elos Standard language** - lvl 7
- **English Language** – lvl 15
- **Gourmet** – lvl 12
- **Harmony of the Drowned** – lvl 18
- **Heavy Archery** – lvl 11
- **Identify** - 2nd lvl 4
- **Meditation** – 3rd lvl 20
- **Minor Earth Manipulation** – 2nd lvl 1
- **Minor Ice Manipulation** – lvl 18
- **Minor Lava Manipulation** – 2nd lvl 3
- **Monster Hunter** – 3rd lvl 21
- **Monstrous** – 2nd lvl 6
- **Oxygen Repository** – 2nd lvl 16
- **Sage of Torment** – 2nd lvl 18
- **Soul Perception** – 2nd lvl 6
- **Spear of Ash** – 2nd lvl 11
- **Teaching** – lvl 11
- **Telepathy** – lvl 13
- **Veteran** – 3rd lvl 30
- **Warhammer Mastery** – 2nd lvl 4
- **Arcane Magic Resistance** – 3rd lvl 30
- **Ash Magic Resistance** – 2nd lvl 7
- **Astral Magic Resistance** – 2<sup>nd</sup> lvl 20
- **Blast Resistance** – 3rd lvl 18
- **Blight Resistance** – 2nd lvl 8
- **Blood Magic Resistance** – 3rd lvl 22
- **Blood Manipulation Resistance** – 2nd lvl 20
- **Bone Magic Resistance** – 2nd lvl 20
- **Corrosion Resistance** – 2nd lvl 20

- *Crystal Resistance – 2nd lvl 20*
- *Curse Resistance - 3rd lvl 15*
- *Dark Magic Resistance – 2nd lvl 14*
- *Death Magic Resistance – 2nd lvl 20*
- *Devour Resistance – 2nd lvl 8*
- *Diamond Magic Resistance – 2nd lvl 6*
- *Divination Magic Resistance – 2nd lvl 7*
- *Dust Magic Resistance – lvl 10*
- *Earth Magic Resistance – 3rd lvl 20*
- *Emerald Magic Resistance – 2nd lvl 5*
- *Fear Resistance – 2nd lvl 4*
- *Flesh Magic Resistance – lvl 16*
- *Gold Magic Resistance – lvl 1*
- *Gravity Magic Resistance – 2nd lvl 20*
- *Health Drain Resistance – 2nd lvl 20*
- *Heat Resistance – 3rd lvl 29*
- *Ice Resistance – 3rd lvl 14*
- *Lava Magic Resistance – 3rd lvl 13*
- *Light Magic Resistance – 3rd lvl 16*
- *Lightning Resistance – 3rd lvl 15*
- *Mana Drain Resistance – 3rd lvl 8*
- *Mental Resistance – 3rd lvl 19*
- *Mist Magic Resistance – 2nd lvl 20*
- *Obsidian Magic Resistance – lvl 3*
- *Pain Tolerance – 3rd lvl 4*
- *Petrification Resistance – 2nd lvl 3*
- *Poison Resistance – 3rd lvl 4*
- *Rot Resistance – 3rd lvl 6*
- *Ruby Magic Resistance – lvl 18*
- *Sand Magic Resistance – 2nd lvl 20*
- *Sapphire Magic Resistance – lvl 16*
- *Shadow Magic Resistance – lvl 19*
- *Silver Magic Resistance – lvl 6*
- *Smoke Magic Resistance – 2nd lvl 7*
- *Soul Magic Resistance – 3rd lvl 9*
- *Sound Magic Resistance – lvl 18*
- *Space Magic Resistance – 3rd lvl 19*
- *Stamina Drain Resistance – 2nd lvl 20*
- *Time Magic Resistance – 2nd lvl 20*
- *Topaz Magic Resistance – lvl 20*
- *Vine Magic Resistance – lvl 14*
- *Void Magic Resistance – 3rd lvl 26*
- *Water Resistance – 3rd lvl 4*
- *Wind Resistance – 3rd lvl 17*
- *Wood Magic Resistance – 3rd lvl 11*

**Status:**

**Vitality:** 2000  
**Endurance:** 530  
**Strength:** 545  
**Dexterity:** 500  
**Intelligence:** 2181  
**Wisdom:** 2200

**Health:** 69840/69840  
**Stamina:** 5291/5300  
**Mana:** 130018/132000

*I suppose not having my Ice Resistance higher means I can level it more now,* Ilea thought. The title didn't make her feel any different but she supposed she was somewhat familiar with this mountain already. "I'll be back," she said to the elf standing next to her before she jumped down into the depths.

One thing the elves from the ice domain were adamant about was that she had to enter at the edge of the territory. Flying over it was practically suicide. That was if one couldn't face the collective might of an Elven domain. This time she had a reason to be here. Testing herself against a domain could come later.

She flew close to the mountain side, a massive growth of ice visible to her right, the thing clinging to the steep incline like a limb grasping for stone. The air was already cool but as she descended towards the mist, Ilea could see ice crystals trying to form on her mantle. Nothing quite remained due to her resistance. She gasped when she reached the actual mist. A strange sensation of various magics, soon changing into a perfect stillness.

She felt more than heard whispers as she descended, her very soul fighting against the strange sensation. The feeling receded a little when she landed on the snowy ground. Her weight pushed her deep into the crunching bed of white, the mist still present and preventing visibility for more than a few meters. Her eyes couldn't pierce it.

Ilea took in a deep breath, in the snow almost to her hips. Her lungs cooled before she breathed out, the air just barely visible as a seeping cold settled in her body. She could move and survive, but the resistances were more than necessary, both ice, and soul. Strangely, she felt the mist itself was packed with magic too but her perception was somewhat affected. In more than one way it felt like she was cut off from the outside world.

She couldn't perceive her marks. Or not quite the same. In Kohr they were simply not present. Here she could feel a faint calling but the distance and directions were impossible to determine. By far the strangest phenomenon she perceived was the fabric itself. The wisps were present, but she had never seen them quite so static. *Maybe with Icy.* She wasn't entirely sure. Her ability had improved vastly when the skill had evolved. Though she wouldn't have been surprised to find an Ice Elemental in the vicinity.

Looking at the locator, she found the direction had changed. To the right instead of forward. *Not particularly surprising*. She couldn't perceive the mountain side that should've been behind her. This place was certainly strange. With what she had seen, Ilea would've described it as some kind of middle realm. Connected still to Elos but in a much less tangible way than most other locations she'd been to. *No wonder people can't escape this place*, she thought and looked up. Ilea assumed just flying up wouldn't exactly bring her back to where she entered, but it wasn't the time to test such theories.

The locator hadn't led her astray so far, and she definitely trusted the talen enchantments more than her own sense of orientation. Especially with how the space here behaved, neither her eyes nor her other sets of perception much of a help in what seemed like a wasteland of snow. For now, she refrained from generating more heat, the environment not affecting her much beyond a constant strain on her self regeneration and soul. The pressure on the latter was negligible with her high resistance and the fires of creation.

Ilea tried to teleport a few meters ahead but found her spell failing. *Not failing. Freezing*. She could see the remains of her attempt in the fabric, the connection stopped halfway through. She wondered how it affected other magics but decided not to bring more attention to herself than necessary. Her ash she could generate and move around, but everything was much slower than usual. Not so her own movements. She cut into her arm with some ash and healed the wound, her blood keeping the cold away as she recovered. It was slowed to an extent but not in a way she deemed problematic.

She spread her wings and pulled herself out of the snow, flying low over the landscape as she tried to see with her dominion. The mist certainly obscured everything, but she couldn't quite make out how much of the effect was in the mist and how much of it was the cold itself. Perhaps there were even other spells woven into the environment to cause the effect.

Ilea flew slowly, not only due to a conscious choice. The arrow pointed in the same direction still but she felt the surroundings themselves played tricks on her mind. Perhaps they were changing but she assumed it was just a simple mist magic effect. One she could understand if used by simply another mage but this was an entire territory.

A few minutes later, she saw something in her dominion. The first thing besides snow she had seen, unmoving and without discernible magic emitting from its form, though she didn't quite trust her perception to that extent. Still, she was curious. Ilea waited for a minute but nothing happened, so she moved closer. And found a large Wyvern like creature covered in flakes of ice and snow. It looked unhurt, legs deep in the snow, wings cradled around itself and eyes closed. She could tell it was very much dead, her healing magic able to discern as much despite the ice and mist.

*Food stored for later? Or did you just fly in here on accident?* She assumed the elves living here ate meat too, just like Ben did. *But if a Wyvern type creature can't escape, then I suppose that answers the flying out question.*

She continued for more than an hour, flying through the cold mist. She found the occasional creature frozen in place, though nothing that struck her as particularly interesting. Perhaps a few years ago she would've thought differently, but then she'd likely be thinking of how to escape this place instead of admiring the powerful frozen beings. After fighting the strange flying monsters in Kohr, it took a little more to impress her.

When the hour had passed, she noticed a change, the even snow leading down into some sort of decline. Not overly much but it was noticeable. Another twenty minutes later, she could feel a change in the surroundings too, an icy wind picking up. Less than half a minute passed before the

entire surroundings were taken over by a powerful blizzard. The effects of the mist were increased in the strange phenomenon. Ilea assumed it wasn't a strictly natural occurrence, now generating heat within herself to fight the effects of the cold.

She didn't stop however, the locator pushing her forward through the storm. Her wings were slowed even more, but she reached a milestone soon after. The decline opened up into some kind of underground, though the top was mere ice. *An entrance to the domain.*

Which meant she had managed to cross the wasteland protecting the Still Valley itself. She flew down into the opening, out of the frozen storm and into the strange new environment. The ground was a few dozen meters below. Glittering ice, reflecting light from sources she couldn't make out. Between ground and ceiling stood trees of ice, roots and crowns near indistinguishable. There were hundreds she could see, in every direction.

The storm was gone from her perception in mere moments as she descended, the surroundings entirely quiet. The only things she could hear were her own heartbeat and the movements of her wings. She didn't land, instead keeping herself afloat as she generated heat. The fabric remained unmoving, the space around her near entirely still. There were no animals, no insects, no monsters, no leaves rustling in the wind. Just ice.

She followed the locator, keeping her eyes open for any elves now that may be hiding. Ilea was fully aware that she could already be hunted, but she trusted her ability to avoid a sudden attack. A few minutes of flying later, she spotted something hanging from a tree a few hundred meters ahead. The form was half grown into the ice tree itself but the shape was decidedly humanoid. A sleeping elf.

*Sleeping, meditating, waiting, whatever he's doing,* she thought and made a detour to avoid the being. Soon she found herself seeing another set of elves, then three more. They were all in similar positions, though none of them particularly close to each other.

Soon she had to fly past some of them, closer with every passing minute. Already she had seen a few dozen Elves, though she never went close enough to identify them. *Maybe they're dead.* She glanced at one of them when she saw their eyes open.

Ilea flew around one of the massive trees and listened.

She heard cracking ice. Then a hiss.

*Did he spot me?* She waited for a little while, soon seeing the elf fly by within her dominion. Not towards her but simply past. *Managed to avoid that one,* she turned and looked straight at a set of blue eyes a few hundred meters away. They were focused on her, a curious expression on the elf's face before he stepped into one of the trees, and appeared a few meters away from her, walking out of the ice in a manner that defied the laws of the fabric. Ilea knew there was no space magic involved.

"Nar vestaar?" the being asked, floating in the air. The elf had braided white hair, his body clad in white armor that looked like something between wood and ice. Runes and images adorned it, intricately carved or magically added. His skin was near as pale as his defense, sharp teeth in his mouth and piercing blue eyes that seemed to flow like water.

**[Ice Mage – lvl 712]**

"I'm afraid I don't speak elvish," Ilea answered and hissed a greeting.

The elf raised his brows and grinned before he hissed back. He remained in the air, perfectly still other than his eyes and mouth.

The elf looked up and focused, his eyes squinting a little before he opened them wide. “What. What are you?” He spoke with a strange accent.

Ilea wondered if he simply hadn’t spoken Standard in a long while. She considered before she answered, the elf not seeming in a particular hurry. None of the others had broken out of their ice yet. “I’m a wanderer.”

“Wan... derer,” the elf considered the word. “You are... not of this place?”

“I’m just passing through,” Ilea said and smiled.

He considered for nearly ten seconds. “I think I like that. Nas arin Wanderer,” he spoke and hissed with amusement before he floated back into the ice.

Ilea hissed. “Nice to meet you too,” she said and flew onward. *He didn’t attack. Not yet. What a strange interaction.* She attributed it to pure luck, both the ice domain elves she had talked to quite adamant that a human was most certainly not welcome to travel through their home. And yet every elf was an individual. Perhaps she had chosen the right words. *What if he hadn’t liked them? What if I had moved differently, or had summoned magic?*

The elf had ninety levels on her but she still thought she could’ve at the very least survived. Then again teleportation was vastly limited down here. If a ranged caster of similar power fought her here, she might actually be overwhelmed. Granted if they could move through the ice like that elf did.

She kept on flying, an eye on the various elves hanging off the trees. She almost missed it when one of them opened his eyes, two small black pupils focusing on her before he broke out of the ice.

He hissed, decidedly hostile, powerful magic gathering around him as thick ice armor formed, two curved near invisible blades growing from the handles in his hands, a thin mist left behind where the weapons moved.

***[Ice Warrior – lvl 541]***

*Guess I’m not getting through this without a fight.*