

Chapter 361 Demonic Tendencies

“Seriously Walter. Would you be willing to teach some people your brewing craft? Or is it a closely guarded secret?” Ilea asked, her inner Lilith showing herself at the marvelous opportunity to get insanely capable people to work for her.

He shrugged. “I suppose I could teach some. Not enough room and resources here to produce bigger amounts. Not that I could do everything myself anyway. It’s one of our best sellers in Riverwatch. Do you mean people around here?”

She quickly shook her head. “No, Ravenhall and perhaps Hallowfort. Either seems too far away now but maybe we could open a school in Riverwatch. I’d pay you handsomely of course.”

Walter laughed. “We can talk about that after I met Alistair. I’m apprehensive of even entering the city as it stands.”

“You’re a mage, not a necromancer though.” Ilea pointed out, identifying him to be sure.

[Mage – lvl 207]

“There’s more to identifying someone than the skill used. Dark magic is easily spotted by anyone with an advanced mana perception ability. Plus, I might get surveilled or even followed simply for my high level and unknown status.” He explained.

“Complicated lives, being a sorcerer of dark magic. You should get a healer tag, people either cherish you or underestimate you. Perfect for most situations, really.” Ilea added.

Lucia chuckled. “Try the enchantress tag, I’m like a magnet for fucking thugs. It might be different if they knew I was a necromancer too.” She laughed, joined in by some of the others.

“Timeless.” Neeto grumbled from behind, his literal bone fingers sliding over the chest piece of the Eternal Guardian armor.

“It is.” Ilea said as she turned around. “What do you think?”

“I would like to meet this fellow too. Was he the bone shaper?” Neeto asked.

“No, that was one of the elves.” Ilea commented.

“Powerful and inexperienced. I had assumed elves were ancient beings of unlimited knowledge. It is good that the smith was present.” He explained as he let go of the armor. “Do you have other bones or perhaps skeletons with you?”

Ilea looked through her storage items quickly, the only thing notable being the red liquid from the Descent. Still, she thought it best to keep that under wraps for now, same with the Tungsten Key. Neeto and in case of the key, Iana were both surely capable but they could tinker with something less mysterious and potentially dangerous first.

Ilea was quite aware of her hypocrisy but getting herself in danger and getting her friends in danger were two completely different things to her. *Iana has the Gate key to figure out. As for Neeto.* She got up and motioned for the skeleton to follow. “I have something but it’s kind of messy still.”

“Bones?” Maro looked up from the rune he was staring at.

Indra turned his head too. “Bones? A corpse?”

“Food?” Weavy beamed into her mind.

“Thirsty fuckers.” Lucia commented and held her glass out to Walter.

The sorcerer complied and smiled towards Ilea. “Appreciate you not dumping them in here again.” He said and waved, walking back to the bar to get his woman a drink.

Ilea was let to one of Indra’s experimentation rooms, candles already lit and burning down. *What’s their budget on candles?* She wondered and summoned Green’s corpse onto the wooden workbench.

“That’s...,” Weavy exclaimed in their minds. “Evolved Spawn... very rare. It was... powerful too. More so than me even.” He explained and hovered closer.

“Yea, the head is messed up from when I killed him but the rest should be relatively intact. Knock yourselves out.” Ilea said and stepped back, watching the group converge on the corpse like starving vultures. She rolled her eyes at the accidental connection.

She let them be and blinked back into the common hall. Maro was there so whatever sinister idiocy they could cook up, at least someone powerful enough to deal with it was present.

“More elves?” Walter asked, placing filled glasses onto the table.

Only the initiate girl Ellie, Celene, Walter and Theo remained. The rest apparently left to see whatever she had brought as well.

Ilea quickly collected her bone armor and hammer again before she sat back down, sighing and taking a sip of her filled glass. “Fitting name for your brotherhood.”

Walter chuckled. “You wouldn’t believe the amount of thought I put into it.”

“Did you shag one of the elves?” Celene suddenly spat out.

“What?” Ilea asked.

“Shag, fuck, had intercourse with. Made *love*. You know what I mean, come on. Did you?” She insisted.

“I did.” Ilea replied simply. “But it wasn’t a very different experience than having sex with a human. I don’t think your fantasies would be fulfilled.” She explained plainly.

Walter chuckled while Ellie got red. Theo didn’t really seem to listen at all.

Celene looked like someone had doused her with cold water. “Really?” She asked meekly. “No special abilities? How was the-”

The barkeep cut her off. “Please Celene, I really don’t want to hear about about an elf’s cock.”

“Not much different honestly. I was a little let down myself. At least he was level two hundred, I think you should shoot for that instead of a specific race.” Ilea nonetheless replied, smirking at Walter and the look he gave her.

“There you go.” Walter commented. “Knowledge I neither asked for nor needed.”

“They still have balls to rip off so it might in fact, come in handy.” Ilea commented with a grin.

The man waved his hand sideways. “I suppose that counts.”

“A healer that kills.” Theo suddenly said, looked up and got something from his pocket. A harmonica. “Life and death. What a spectacle.” He murmured and started playing a melancholic tune.

Walter got his lute and joined in.

The conversations died down and music prevailed. Some of the others returned but the necromancers stayed in their experimentation chambers for the next hour.

Ilea excused herself to sleep an hour or two in one of the rooms, summoning her bed to make it an acceptable stay. She drifted off quickly, Meditation and her healing magic calming her mind. *I like these misfits.*

Ashen limbs extended as her sphere spread through the room, adrenaline pushing her to wake up. *Demon.*

She sat up while rubbing her eyes. “Weavy, what are you doing here?”

The demon floated near the door, curiously looking at the ashen protrusions. “Marvelous power. You do not stop surprising me.” He chuckled, imitating the noise well.

“Answer me.” Ilea demanded.

Weavy sent her an emotion that suggested his eyes rolling. If he had any. “This is my room.” He simply stated.

“Oh.” Ilea replied and yawned. “Sorry about that then.”

“You may use it whenever you please. The demon you brought... its corpse that is.” He continued, casual about the intrusion. “A thinking, calculating demon spawn. Extraordinary. I understand there were reasons why you killed it but would you tell me of him?”

Ilea felt a little bad that she had taken up his room. The small and empty room that was. She assumed it was meant for storage. “Of course. What time is it?”

“Time? Ah... yes. It is the time of moons still. You were asleep for two units.” Weavy replied.

“Units?” Ilea asked and got up, storing her bed again. “You mean hours.” She stretched and cracked her neck. *Two hours. Fucking luxurious at this point.* “I can tell you about Green.”

“He had a name?” The demon hovered closer, his voice sounding excited through the connection.

Ilea nodded and opened the door. “Let’s go somewhere with light. And yes, a name. I assume he evolved somehow or leveled Intelligence. He was at level three hundred and forty.”

“High but not immensely so.” He touched his chin as he floated behind her.

They went to the common hall, Walter the only one there.

“Back already?” He commented. “Weavy, you’re done with the skeleton?”

“I am no necromancer or bone magic wielder, sorcerer.” The demon replied.

Ilea went on to explain her encounters with Green, the way he talked, his abilities and power, as well as the apparent wish he had.

Weavy listened carefully and remarked on some little things. He was silent after she had finished. “King. Of humans and monsters.” He said finally.

Walter sat down with them and served some bread and cheese. “Thinking of new aspirations?” He asked jokingly.

The demon waved him off with clawed elongated hands. “I do not intend to rule. Too much work and not enough fish summoning.”

“That’s the second time I hear about this. What happened exactly?” Ilea asked.

The barkeeper shook his head. “The incident will not be spoken of. No more fish summoning in our crypt.”

“No MoRe FiSH suMmoNiNgS.” The demon projected the words in an annoyed tone. “I’ll just summon them in the Karth cave systems.”

“I don’t care if you do that. As long as you take care of whatever comes out.” Walter replied.

“Hmm...,” The demon thought about it.

Ilea had assumed he would love the idea but it seemed he wasn’t as confident about the summoning as he seemed. Either that or the incident was truly traumatic. Even to a two hundred year old demon mind mage.

“Walter, can I use two magic items on top of each other? Like two necklaces?” Ilea asked.

“Why the sudden question? Did you find another storage necklace?” Walter asked.

“No, got a gift.” She said and summoned the red tear.

The man touched it and smiled. “Interesting effect. Make sure to hide that from the necromancers, they will pester you to trade it. Did you claim it?”

“Claim? You mean like I claimed my storage item?” Ilea asked.

“Yes, exactly.” Walter said.

“No. There was no question when I got it. Does that mean it belongs to someone else?” She asked.

The man shook his head. “You can use it. Did you ever wonder why your necklace hasn’t been damaged so far?”

“I mean, sometimes. Just attributed it to magic. Why is that relevant here?” Ilea spoke.

He smiled and answered, “If this is a magic item that cannot be claimed, it won’t have the same protection as your storage item. Once you claim it, there’s a connection between you and the item. Damage to it gets partially transferred to you and in time, it can even repair itself. In theory. I never owned something like that myself. Just a heads up, in case you want to wear this new one too. It will most certainly break if hit by a sufficiently strong attack.”

Convenient. Ilea chuckled. “The things my necklace has gone through. Well, now I have an explanation as to why. Wait, can this work for armor too? My Bone armor can regenerate already.”

“Not really. You wouldn’t want damage to the armor to be transferred to you, now would you?”

Walter asked and smiled. “That’s what Neeto meant by timeless... I didn’t want to believe it. You really are out of this world by now. Glad to have you as a friend of the Vultures.” He added and held up his glass.

Ilea lifted hers too. "To the best brewer in Elos."

"Bold statement." He replied and took a sip.

Ilea leaned back and smiled. "I was wondering, maybe you know something about this too." She started. "You too Weavy. I'm looking to get a class for classless humans, a fighting healer class that is."

The demon looked at her once more. "A class. Simple, they heal and fight, soon one will emerge."

Walter chuckled. "He's not entirely wrong. Are you trying to teach new healers? I didn't take you for a teacher."

"I founded a healer organization in Ravenhall. My class doesn't work because you need to eat a rare elixir that is also highly deadly. Plus, the healing is on touch only. Not exactly the best." She explained.

"I suggest asking different healers for help, maybe contact the orders. I'm not sure if that will be very helpful though. Being a part of your order and perhaps being taught by you might create possible classes already. It's hard to say." Walter explained. "General skills and knowledge in the direction you want them to go is helpful too. Picking up a sword is easy but being taught to wield it by a legendary swordsman will yield completely different results in your class selection."

"So you're saying I need to be a teacher?" Ilea sighed.

Walter laughed and shook his head. "No, not if you don't want to. I'm just saying that even just seeing your abilities or being exposed to them might help. You don't have to stand there and teach them about healing. Not that it would hurt."

"So just general inspiration, general skills, education and training will get results?" She asked.

"Potentially. There's a reason the healing orders guard their secrets so well. Not just them of course. Nobles and any powerful classes do, really. Many use elixirs too as well as inhumane training methods. You'll just have to test things out and see what results you get. I wholly support more healers though and with you backing them, I doubt any of the orders would be much of a problem." Walter explained.

So I'm on the right track. "Thanks. Just wanted to make sure I'm not completely wrong with my assumptions." Ilea said. "I leveled so fast and pretty much just did my own thing for so long that I'm probably still less knowledgeable than most commoners."

"I sincerely doubt that." Walter said. "There are many reasons you became as powerful as you are now. Becoming a healer and fighter combination is advised against in so many ways. It's not supposed to be as strong offensively as purely warrior or body enhancement classes, nor are they as good at healing as pure healers. Either one is the preferred choice normally. You proved some people wrong."

"I got lucky. Several times until I had my class. It wasn't exactly choice either." She said. "We will find out if this is one of the few lucky classes that can pull it off. Having a healer in your team is insanely valuable though, even if they might not be as good as a pure one. Nor do you have to constantly protect them if they're trained and have a more warrior, tank or rogue like second class." She surmised.

"Interesting times ahead, for sure." The man said and smiled. "What are you going to do in the north?"

“Potentially help out with a dungeon problem. Best case, the problem has resolved itself in the meantime. I’ll probably stay for a while either way and level up some more. Plenty of fantastic opportunities.” She said.

“Which monsters do you use, of those you mentioned.” Walter asked. “I’m curious.”

Weavy was attentive as well.

“Miststalkers. They’re around level four hundred and higher. And there’s pretty much an unlimited amount of them all around the north.” She explained.

“The ones that come at night? Maybe I could try myself too.” Walter suggested.

Weavy made a confirming noise.

“They drain health and mana. So you better have a way to regenerate that quickly. If you get too close, they attack with mist magic too. Ranged attacks don’t work well because they vanish after too much damage. I suppose it’s possible if you instantly kill them or immobilize them somehow.”

“Sounds fucking horrible.” Walter sighed. “No easy way for me then.”

“She could hold them for us and we attack from afar.” Weavy suggested.

“What about the drains, do you have unlimited mana and life?” The barkeep asked.

“She can heal us too.” The demon said. “Lady Ilea, I have a proposition.”

She rolled her eyes and chuckled. “I’m not powerleveling you Weavy. Mind magic is insane enough, I’m sure you can find a dungeon around here housing some beasts that are weak to it.”

“I’m looking every day. The ones stronger than me have ways to overcome it. All those I have found so far.” He sent an emotion that suggested deep sadness. “The weaker ones I show to Eyn.”

“At least the boy can level.” She said and chuckled. “Make sure to let the others spend some time with him too, we wouldn’t want him to become a mind mage who eats people, no offense.”

“Why not?” Weavy asked. “They taste fantastic. I do not harm innocents as was agreed, neither does the boy of course.”

“He’s not to eat people.” Ilea said.

“Of course, of course. He himself has objected to the idea.” The demon waved her off as if she was some conservative grandmother suggesting that the newest fad is to be forbidden.

“That’s why you always bring so few bodies.” Walter mused.

“I bring as many as you ask. The cities in the west still hold thousands, rotting, some rising from natural magic alone. It is hard to resist when the smell is so overwhelming.” The demon explained.

I think I just puked a little in my mouth. Ilea swallowed hard and took a sip of her beer.

“I don’t understand why you people can’t appreciate a good meal. You always want me to hunt rare animals instead of just collecting corpses. A truly arrogant race. Me and my spawn never complained about eating our own.” Weavy added and shook his head.

“Growing up in the Great Salt has its charms, doesn’t it?” Ilea asked in a dry tone.

“Certainly does. I don’t suppose you want more food?” Walter asked and too the empty plate.

“You underestimate my appetite.” Ilea said.

“And you overestimate our stocks.” Walter replied and caught the golden coin she flicked his way.

“At your service.” He added and bowed mockingly.