

Chapter 475 Possibilities

Some thresholds in the training must have been met in that week, more classes starting to emerge in the students of the Medic Sentinels. One even with the name of the organization.

It didn't take long for all of them to gain a new class, replacing one of their old ones or taking an empty slot that had remained.

Trian talked to specific people, telling them about certain achievements and advising them.

The students talked amongst each other too of course, making it hard to say if his counseling really had much of an influence in the end.

Ilea glanced over the requirements written down by the students themselves, sharing their newfound knowledge for the Sentinels to come.

'ding' 'Requirements met for class change: Medic Sentinel. This Class will replace [insert class] with all associated skills and stats -

Has endured the harrowing training of the Medic Sentinels without breaking. Has gained ample understanding of the human body and its functions. Has mastered various first aid techniques. Has a basic understanding of alchemy. Has gained understanding of various combat abilities. Has the First Aid and Fear Resistance skills. Has at least five Resistance skills at level ten or higher.

Trained and forged under the scrutiny of veterans in their own right. Chosen by the Medic Sentinels, you will embody what it means to be part of their ranks. Should you choose this path, you shall find no lack of adversity and struggle but with it opportunities and sheer unlimited potential. With both defensive and healing abilities, the Medic Sentinel provides the backbone to any organized team. And even alone, they should not be underestimated.

'ding' 'Requirements met for class change: Ashen Medic. This Class will replace [insert class] with all associated skills and stats -

Has endured the harrowing training of the Medic Sentinels without breaking. Has gained ample understanding of the human body and its functions. Has mastered various first aid techniques. Has gained a substantial understanding of ash. Has gained understanding of various advanced combat abilities. Has endured several near death experiences. Has the Pain Tolerance and Ash Magic Resistance skills in the second tier. Has the First Aid, Fear Resistance and Veteran skills. Has at least five Resistance skills at level ten or higher.

The Ashen Medic would not at first be recognized as a healer. Perhaps you may even be mistaken for your benefactor. It's on you to try and live up to such expectations. A hunter with a balanced offense and defense, using both Ash and healing abilities to fight on the front lines or to provide time and opportunities for more offensive fighters. Your path is set and opportunity calls.

'ding' 'Requirements met for class change: Ashen Sentinel. This Class will replace [insert class] with all associated skills and stats -

Has endured the harrowing training of the Medic Sentinels without breaking. Has gained ample understanding of the human body and its functions. Has gained a substantial understanding of ash and its uses in combat. Has gained understanding of various advanced combat abilities. Has come to the brink of death at least five times and pushed on. Has the Pain Tolerance, Ash Magic Resistance, and Lightning Resistance skills in the second tier. Has the Veteran and Fear Resistance skills. Has at least five Resistance skills at level ten or higher. Has defeated an enemy fifty levels higher than themselves while alone.

The Ashen Sentinel is both protector and destroyer. Wielding powerful ash magic, they are unpredictable and prepared for everything. Unwavering and ready to meet death with weapons drawn, they instill fear in their enemies and confidence in their allies. With minor healing spells and high regeneration, these warriors are difficult to take down. Ambition and drive may lead you to reach the same heights Lilith herself aspired to.

The skills often overlapped. Medic Sentinel and Ashen Medic were more defense oriented healer classes with various utility and combat skills. At a higher level or stage of evolution, Ilea wondered if they would be even more durable than herself.

The Ashen Sentinel was more focused on battle and less on healing. She compared it more to her First Hunter class that had changed her designation from healer to warrior. The same applied here.

The Guardian Medic was more focused on healing but could likely still compete with many a pure warrior.

All classes had requirements that were far beyond what most level one classes needed. Many of them were specific to the Medic Sentinel Corps and its training.

She hadn't planned to be too involved with the organization but Ilea couldn't be more proud of her students. Each of them had survived the dangerous missions she had put them on. Each had surpassed her expectations.

Ilea looked over them, each of the students focused entirely on her.

"As you heard, every single student of the Medic Sentinels has now received an organization specific class. I'm proud of every single one of you," she said.

Ilea had thought about a speech for the duration of her morning resistance training and came to the conclusion that she would keep it short. To the point.

"You have all reached the rank of Apprentice. And with that, you will receive your personal set of armor," she said.

Lorelai watched the set of armor appear, each piece held up by floating ash.

Bone and steel, she thought with a broad grin.

She was proud. Proud of everyone here, proud of herself. And she was excited. For her set of armor and for the months to come.

Lorelai had already reached level fifteen in her new Medic Sentinel class. She could heal her own injuries and those of her teammates. Could fight monsters well beyond her own level without fear.

Each name was called out.

Fifty people had been chosen as Medic Sentinels and now fifty people graduated.

It had been only a little over a month but Lorelai wouldn't believe anyone who told her that, not without the count she had kept. It had felt like a year had passed.

She had seen death before but never this close, this personal. And never had she thought she would find the courage to stand in its presence.

Not just stand but fight it.

Ilea didn't seem so alien anymore, her power not unreachable but respected.

She couldn't imagine the waves this organization would create in the human plains but Lorelai couldn't wait to see them. To be a part of them.

She too received her set of armor and a personal congratulation from Ilea. Lorelai didn't ask her if the bone was her own, she knew it already. And she loved the idea.

A part of her will always be with us, protecting us.

She nodded to Nathan, Celeste, and Luke.

Their journey had only just begun. But she didn't feel uncertain anymore. She was one of the Sentinels.

"In the coming weeks, your training will continue, adjusted to the new skills and abilities you have unlocked. Those who deem their second classes useless or a bad match will receive information and specialized lessons to determine and work towards something better."

"I encourage you to think out of the box. Find something that suits you," Ilea finished.

Felicia twirled in the air, arrows and spells whistling past before she landed on the ground, crouching low as her wind shot out.

Two soldiers were cut in half, another one dodging the near invisible blade.

She dodged left and rolled, feeling the glaive slash through the air above.

Major Braak finally reached the enemy group, his spear piercing through two skulls in the blink of an eye, the man vanishing before he slashed the neck of a third soldier.

Felicia rushed three mages preparing a group spell, blades of wind slamming into a hastily erected barrier. She pushed on, teleporting when the heat of emerging flames appeared around her.

She felt the fire burn through her armor, watching as her spells slashed through limbs, heads and the ground alike. She breathed out, the wind picking up around her, quickly putting out the flames still clinging to her body.

She looked around, expecting more soldiers to fill in the contested position.

But nobody came.

“Something isn’t right, we’re advancing too quickly,” she said to the Major.

He ripped his spear out of a dead mage and cleaned it off on the fallen’s robe.

“I agree. Something is amiss,” the man said and joined her side, the two looking over the battlefield from the slightly elevated position.

Spells flared up in many places, the Baralia slaves and soldiers overrun by the high level teams of Empire elites.

The approach had worked well so far. They probed the defenses of cities and settlements, dealing as much damage as possible before artillery and numbers would overwhelm the defenses over time.

The Empress didn’t want to risk too many losses, nor did she have to.

With both Asila and Nipha joining the war, it was only a matter of time until Baralia was overwhelmed.

Felicia could only praise the Empress for focusing on her own empire and people first. Moving the whole army would have left them vulnerable to monster attacks and other parties. This would cement the power of Lys, not only fighting a war of conquest but reinforcing cities and protecting their own people at the same time.

Baralia had always been a split kingdom, powerful nobles following their own interests and only banding together in emergencies or if the high king commanded it directly. By now they were scrambling to defend the wealth and power they had accumulated, slowly falling one by one.

Odiah was the fifth city they had approached, testing its defenses and the troops stationed within.

So far it had taken weeks of desperate battle to take over or entirely burn down each larger city. None had capitulated and nobody expected any of the remaining cities to do so.

Slaves were rising up in many towns and settlements, some towns already taken over when they arrived.

One of the southwestern cities had defected the country after losing the siege of Riverwatch. An event that encouraged many slaves and dissidents to rise up in the southern parts of the kingdom, bolstering the forces available to General Velamyr Ryse.

It hadn’t surprised Felicia that many soldiers and guards had put down their weapons as soon as their masters and lords had been felled or their loss had become certain.

How much of this did you plan, Alyris of Lys?

She would meet her after all this was over. And have her own name and title restored. The head of the Redleaf family. Major Felicia Redleaf.

They're already telling stories about the Major of wind, the sacking of Heruch and her part in it. If only you hadn't faced an entire army, Ilea. Maybe I would have come out on top for fucking once, she thought with a smile.

Lilith, demon of ash... of course. That sweet food lover? She would be nowhere if we hadn't used her as a trap disarm tool back in Dawntree.

She was glad the woman wasn't like herself. Or worse even, Maria.

Felicia would have beaten her group down to the brink of death. Maria would have killed them and their families, and everyone in the village or town they grew up in. For what they had done to her.

"This is quite boring, Felicia," Maria said as she appeared next to her.

"I expected more," she added.

"We all did," Braak said as he looked over with disdain in his eyes. "Butcher."

Maria winked with a vicious grin on her face.

Lightning cracked in the distance, making them all look over.

A powerful bolt of magic slammed into a group of soldiers on the ground, barely visible from the distance.

"General Ryse has joined the battle," Braak said. "Regroup at Camp C, we need more information."

"Why? Let's just go in there and kill them. Might just be they put everyone behind the walls," Maria said.

"It's unusual. They don't have the resources to stand against a siege. Nor would they keep any soldiers outside at all," Felicia reasoned.

The void mage rolled her eyes, not denying any of the words.

"We'll-" Felicia started when she felt an incredible spell manifest to her right.

All of them looked at the same thing, a beam of red light extending out from the center of the Odiah city walls. Up and into the sky, vanishing into the dark clouds floating above.

"What the fuck is that?" Maria asked in an excited tone.

"A curse of blood..." Braak whispered. "Run, get as far away from that as possible!" he finished the sentence already running, teleporting away in between words.

Felicia didn't have to be told twice. The power she felt from the light eclipsed every manifestation of magic she had felt before in the entirety of her life.

Maria spread her arms and started laughing, daggers in hand.

Let her be, Felicia told herself and followed the Major. Maria would face the challenge head on but Felicia didn't have the same confidence. She activated all her skills and flew up and away.

A look back revealed the brightening of the beam. Chaotic power that would soon combust.

She prepared her defenses, turning around and summoning an enchanted shield as she continued backwards. It didn't matter to her skills.

A glance down showed the running Major Braak, a group of soldiers and freed slaves in tow as he shouted for everyone to retreat.

A loud crack resounded, as if the very fabric of reality folded unto itself.

The wave could be seen from kilometers away. A pulse of blood magic that would devour all.

Felicia didn't dislike the Major but her reasons to descend and put herself and her shield between him and the approaching spell were primarily selfish.

He was a well respected and well known major of the imperial army. And he had seen her efforts.

If he was gone, she would lose a powerful future supporter in her endeavors.

"BRACE!" she shouted, sending a wave of air towards the approaching spell as the major and most of the soldiers braced themselves or tried to get behind her shield.

Felicia felt the force impact her defense, the magic sizzling over the ground around her as she was pushed back. A part of the spell washed over her, her blood heating up as she screamed, going to her knees.

A blazing agony was all she could comprehend, her very insides shaking as her mind went blank. She coughed and retched up blood, her mouth burning. Breathing felt dry and painful, her senses slowly returning.

Her health was regenerating, a few of her skills activating due to the heavy damage. She took a deep breath, still on her knees as she slowly forced herself to get up.

The sky had turned red, wisps of dark crimson energy clinging to the ground like flames, dancing in a mocking way. *Should have never come here*, she could almost hear them say. *You will never get back what you lost*.

"Braak!?" she shouted and stumbled up, finding the man covered in burns a few meters behind her.

He was standing, his breathing heavy before he spit out blood. She hadn't seen him in such a state before. They needed a healer. Her own skills wouldn't make her regenerate indefinitely, not without any enemies nearby.

A few of the soldiers had recovered too, standing up while a few others remained on the ground, dead or unconscious.

One of them turned to Braak and formed a spell. His head exploded in a gory mess when Braak's spear punched through the skull without resistance.

Felicia formed wind blades, assessing the situation. The man hadn't gone mad.

She looked at the remaining soldiers. Their eyes had become bloodshot and unfocused, the veins on their necks and arms pushing through the skin with a dark crimson color. *Dead men walking*, she thought and formed a few blades of wind.

[Cursed Warrior – lvl 105]

That isn't good.

It would solve her immediate problem of health regeneration but suggested something quite a bit more troublesome.

The soldier attacked. His footing remained sure, his sword held with both hands as he tried to dodge the blades of air. Unsuccessfully.

"Camp C!" Braak shouted, his spear twirling and knocking down the rest of the cursed soldiers.

Felicia finished them off with wind spears to their heads. “What happened?”

The man just shook his head and started jogging towards the direction of the camp, erratic movements and smoke already visible in the distance.

She left the major and floated up, the battlefield having turned into chaos. Soldiers were fighting their own, spells formed and exploded. A quick glance to the city walls revealed only silence. The spell had done what it was supposed to do.

Flying down, she grabbed the two unconscious soldiers who hadn't fallen to the curse and rushed back to the camp. They needed healers. She hoped a few had survived.

A sinking feeling remained in her gut, her spells cutting through groups of turned men and women who attacked their previous allies, most of the latter unconscious.

She grit her teeth and ignored the coldness spreading through her, ignored the fact that she was slaying her allies, all of it fueling the cold fury in her heart, aimed at those who forced their hand.

The cost of blood magic was no mystery to her. She would kill every last one responsible for this, every noble and high ranking officer in these forsaken lands.