

Ilea impacted the massive forms, focusing on the astral being. She could feel the massive drain on her mana as soon as she was close enough for its magic to take effect. A teleport brought her close and her ash dug into the smooth blue skin. Ash and white flame erupted all around and Embered Heart released in a bright beam straight into the serpent's side. Sand scattered against their descending bodies, flashes lighting up nearby.

***[Daughter of Sephilon – lvl ?????] - [Hunger]***

Astral Lightning surged and burned into her mana, her blue runes shining bright as the energies flowed through her form. Her own fire returned what it could, ash spreading out as her intrusion burned into the massive creature beyond the level of even the Meadow. She felt a blast of death magic emanate, her Primordial Shift activating as the massive spell slithered through the entirety of the two beings and all the nearby spirits decaying in the massive storm, barely even visible within her dominion.

Her Fourth Tier ended as she remained, exiting the Shift when the spell had gone past. Already, she saw the two massive creatures falling, still entangled, partially engulfed in her own white flame. She felt all of her marks distant, no longer in the same realm as herself. The magic in the vicinity waned as the two spirits vanished back into the clouds, lightning flashing up to her right. She followed.

For minutes she tracked them and fought, spreading her fires until the serpent closed its jaws around the spirit of death and bit down with a resounding crush. The Daughter now turned to Ilea, its four wings moving in the ice cold winds of sand as the two halves of the worm fell into the clouds below.

She stared into the three white eyes of the Daughter of Sephilon, and charged.

Her ash was burned away time and time again, her mana drained as she pushed to recover and absorb everything she could with her Fourth Tier and her fires. Primordial Shift kept her in the battle as her Fires of Creation slowly spread further and further on the entire pale blue form of the serpent creature. Again, she felt the Fourth Tier spell activating, her perception slowing as she activated her Shift. She could see some of the astral energies burn into her pocket space, burning aside the very fires of creation. But it would not be enough, her fires flaring with every use of the spell.

She came out unharmed and teleported close to the massive monster. Clinging on with her ashen limbs, she braced herself against the astral lightning, feeling her mana drain as her mantle was burned aside with sheer limitless power. She punched down into the central glowing white eye with her intrusion converted to physical force, a rippling wave of force spreading out before the organ splattered out with black blood. Ilea went inside and spread her fires more and more, stabilizing herself with a few dozen limbs of ash before she unlocked her harmony.

Again, she felt lightning surge, but this time, she remained. Her Meditation Fourth Tier cleared up her mind as large ashen tendrils bore into the unprotected flesh inside the creature's skull. Most of it was set alight with fire, walls of ash burned aside by astral lightning as Ilea kept on her assault. She felt a heavy impact but didn't stop. She formed a spike and made it spin, the torque whirling the air and sand around as sparks and white flame were pulled into the spinning form. She sent it down

with a scream drowned out by the storm and lightning all around, her ash digging into the dark blue insides of the enormous creature, the spike wedging itself within the flesh as the serpent was ripped apart from the inside. Ilea didn't stop. She gripped the splintered ash still stuck within and pulled, spreading it all out as far and wide as she could. She heard the tear of flesh as a last bout of lightning burned through her defenses.

Her Fourth Tier Reconstruction was gone, and most of her mana with it.

She tasted blood in her mouth, her right eye burst.

***'ding' 'You have defeated [Lunavia – Daughter of Sephilon – lvl 2563]'***

Ilea didn't forget what had happened the last time, and spread her fires far and wide. She kept up her Fourth Tier Meditation and reactivated her Reconstruction as soon as it was back. More and more of the flesh, she burned, flying now out and on top of the monster that had impacted the frozen desert somewhere on Erendar. She could not see the two halves of the death spirit worm, the storms reducing visibility as lightning flashed in the distance, only silhouettes visible from time to time as she looked up and regenerated her mana.

It took mere seconds for the first death spirits to show up, small and large, all rushing over the frozen and cracked desert ground, through the sand storm, towards the downed astral spirit and the white flame, most burning up in the fires as soon as they arrived, the rest Ilea killed with precise ashen spears. She flared her fires with her health, slowly getting back her strength as the death spirits contributed to her mana, their magic absorbed as she burned them away.

When she reached the head of the Daughter and everything else of the serpent was disintegrated, she saw its eyes flaring back to life, astral lightning striking out in chaotic bursts, leaving seared trails in the storm and desert. She didn't let up, sacrificing more of her health and once again activating her Fourth Tiers to burn aside the rest. Several massive lances of ash impacted the head, biting deep into the creature's flesh and through into the desert. She ripped aside the remaining pieces of ash, like shrapnel ripping through the serpent's head from the inside, then burned away the pieces one by one.

Once again, she received the same notification.

***'ding' 'You have defeated [Lunavia – Daughter of Sephilon – lvl 2563]'***

Followed by a new one. Only the first of the three resulted in any levels.

***'ding' 'You have killed [Lunavia – Daughter of Sephilon – lvl 2563]'***

Ilea laughed, but found her time of triumph short lived when four massive jaws broke out of the ground below, large enough to be outside of her dominion. She watched the massive spirit of death exit out of the frozen sands and cracked her neck. Blue arcane runes burned with power as she didn't flee but instead aimed downwards, and into the sands.

She moved the present mountains of ash, forming spears massive enough to kill a creature such as this. Monsters that could wipe out cities in the span of minutes, that could destroy entire nations. She moved her wings to keep herself in the air, watching as the serrated teeth and massive jaws blotted out the pale light of the astral lightning storms. Ilea healed herself when the very air decayed with death, her smile unwavering despite the thrumming waves of magic.

"With regards of the Meadow." She moved down her arms, and all the ash came with it.

Hours she fought. Hordes of spirits, both astral and death, she killed. Daughters, eldritch horrors flying in the sand and astral storms, she found and hunted down. One after the other, she defeated, and killed. Some, she lost in the chaos, caught between the endless battle of spirits, others yet, she had to flee from, her mana depleted by their very presence, her defenses shattered by their astral storms and beams, even more so when several attacked her all at once. Creatures of magic itself, as powerful as the Elementals and the Oracles she had faced before. Beings of astral magic, their Fourth Tier spells only countered with her Shift. She fought and killed, often unable to finish the job with more spirits coming in to join the fray.

An endless storm of battles. An endless storm of magic. Time passed, she did not know how long, Ilea turning from hunter to prey, to observer. She moved between the battle sites, regenerating and absorbing all the mana that she could, back to fighting, when her resources were back. One of the fights brought her out of the storms and past the atmosphere of Erendar, the flying spirit of death, an insect like creature of shifting forms, she killed and burned away without a sound, her attention moving up and to the reddish circle of the eclipse.

It was calm, for a moment, Ilea floating with her wings and fires up in space, her wounds healing, and her mana regenerating. No longer did it feel like she did not belong. She kept her eyes on the ring of light around the looming planet of Sephilon, gray storms covering its dark surface just like the moon below. She closed her eyes and felt the astral energies, felt the light of countless stars reach her form in their journey through the fabric and space itself.

#### ***'ding' 'Star Touched reaches lvl 6'***

Ilea looked back down, towards the astral storms. She felt as if the stars themselves were looking at the moon of Erendar. Eyes in the fabric that neither cared nor felt. One realm, surely only one of many, lost to creatures of magic, engulfed in endless strife.

*The Meadow has lofty goals, if it thinks to bring life back to this moon,* she thought and rolled her shoulders, her mana soon back to the highest point. Twenty four levels she had gained already, investing her stat points into the usual three categories.

Ilea didn't know if the Meadow could do something about this place, but every spirit she killed, would improve their chances. The moon of Erendar, engulfed in endless strife, but strife, she knew, and down again, she flew, once more into the fray.

Hours soon turned into days as Ilea grew to know the whirlwinds and astral lightning, much like she had gotten used to the northern storms in Elos. So far, she had only informed the Meadow that she was still alive, and that she had arrived without issue. Tracking time was difficult, Ilea sometimes meditating whilst floating in space, still in the orbit of Erendar as she recovered her Meditation Fourth Tier. Her levels and resistances grew as she fought the spirits. They had powers ranging from gravity magic, to wind, to lightning, and to time itself.

After one extensive battle with a spirit, she impacted the ground with its lifeless corpse, as she now often did, spreading her flames to burn away the rest of the creature. When she reached the tail end of the corpse, disintegrating what remained with bursts of her health sacrificed to flare up the fires, she felt something new in her dominion.

Her eyes went wide as she teleported closer to the source of the new magic. Lightning impacted the frozen ground nearby. Ilea used her ash to spread out the sand and debris in the air, revealing crystals made of ice, larger than entire buildings. Cracked and shattered they lay, much of it covered in dark blood. Chunks of pale blue skin and flesh littered the surroundings that painted not a battle, but a massacre.

Ilea smiled as she landed on the ground and looked around. The ice crunched and splintered with every step she took, the magic present but not near as potent as she would've expected from a being this powerful a creator.

*You're still around, aren't you?*

Ilea sent waves of ash into the encroaching hordes of death spirits, forming spinning blades within to rip through the lower leveled monsters that had detected her living form. The surroundings quieted down again. She crouched and touched the ice, using Eternal Huntress and Veteran to try and find a trail. There was something, she could tell, but in the storms and chaos, she couldn't pick it out. Her Reconstruction Fourth Tier didn't help either, so she added Meditation.

It felt as if the world around her quieted, as if everything slowed down. She walked, knowing where to go, knowing which section of the battlefield to focus on. She ended her spell but stood now at the edge of the splintered and strewn about boulders and chunks of ice. At the start of a trail, easily picked out residual ice magic amidst the astral and death energies that lingered in the air all around.

*You better not be dead, Icy.*

Ilea spread her wings and followed the magic. She couldn't fly fast, often losing the faint trail left behind by the being of ice. She considered the possibility of it being some other creature, or perhaps one of the Daughters capable of ice magic, but the battlefield left her confident enough.

Her last kill brought her to just over level nine hundred in all of her Classes. Coupled with surviving the many Fourth Tier spells of the monsters, she was sitting at twenty six Core skill points. Enough to add two Class Modifiers. Ilea chose her first Class again, for both, in the hopes of adding to her mana pool or regeneration.

She focused on the trail and added the first modifier.

***All mana regeneration increases by 1% to a maximum of 100% for every second you are not hit by an enemy attack***

Immediately, she felt the difference, as if every cell in her body sped up with every passing second. *So essentially double mana regeneration if I don't get hit.* She smiled. *Getting back into fights is going to be even easier. And what's the second one?*

Another ten core points spent, she received another modifier.

***Excess generated mana instead charges a second mana pool equaling your total health [0/121600]. Mana from this pool can be transferred into your main mana pool at will***

*The bet was worth it after all, she thought with a wide grin, seeing the numbers go up as soon as she received the addition. It felt like a new connection within her soul had formed, and she knew instinctively how to access it. Good thing my health is so fucking high. Primordial Flesh, I thank thee. And yet another reason to invest into Vitality.*

She only allowed herself a short moment to celebrate. Ilea could already see a few large shadows in the storm move closer, hunting her for the magic she possessed. *And now, I'm sure the target set on me just grew larger too.*

The trail she followed led her straight into another whirlwind. She had to wait until it had passed, even her Meditation not enough to discern the faint ice magic within the charged tornado filled with sand and astral energies.

She fought off the hordes and the two Daughters that came, neither above two thousand, and burnt away in mere minutes. When the whirlwind had passed, Ilea flying above a blood covered mountain of ash, she could feel the trail once more.

It led her through the storm, and to another set of massive cracked ice boulders. She felt the presence of a spirit, and summoned ash to push away the sand and debris.

Between the blood covered ice chunks, she saw a smooth pale blue feline head, six legs and a thin body. She saw the trailing tail vanishing in the storm beyond. Three white eyes looking in her direction.

Ilea felt the arcane flow through her as she landed on the ice covered ground. She stopped and summoned ash above, hidden in the storm of sand. Dense and massive swaths. Her eyes were focused on the now approaching creature. The same one she had fought so long ago.

Astral energy coalesced before the three eyes. Bright light flashed up as the beams shot out as one.

Ilea raised her right arm and summoned three golden barriers, the first two shattering on impact but the third merely cracked and holding.

*Got a few new toys since we last met.*

She waited until the creature was close, its massive claws flaring up with astral energy, the spirit now only visible in her dominion. She knew of its abilities, knew how fast it had regenerated against all the damage she had dealt.

Ilea raised her arm, the last golden shield shattering before the claws dug into her mantle. She skidded on the frozen ground but remained standing, a smile on her face as she looked into the white eyes in the storm, so very close to her. The mana drain didn't feel near as oppressive as it had the last time they had fought.

*"Not a rematch you wanted,"* she sent, pulling down on the floating ash above them.

The first impact sent a wave of ash, sand, and air exploding outwards, the spirit slamming down into the ground. The next four chunks bludgeoned into the massive form, breaking skin and everything below. Seven more ash projectiles followed, turning the already mangled form of the spirit into mere mush of dark blood and blueish skin.

Ilea willed the ash to settle. She saw in her dominion as the bits and pieces of broken flesh slowly started to knit themselves back together.

*"Greetings from the Meadow."*

White fire flared up in an instant, clinging to the remnants of the creature like burning oil to flesh.

Ilea overpowered the spirit's regeneration in mere moments. She an ashen copy and infused it with mana. *Pull its tail onto the fire.*

***‘ding’ ‘You have defeated [Larinis – Daughter of Sephilon – lvl 1740]’***

Ilea kept the fires up and waited for her copy to pull in the kilometer long tail. Until everything was burned. Another ding resounded when the last bit of the creature’s tail was disintegrated.

***‘ding’ ‘You have killed [Larinis – Daughter of Sephilon – lvl 1740]’***

She received no levels at all from either defeating Larinis once again, or from killing her. *Guess I already got my rewards back when we defeated that thing together.*

“And now I finished the job,” she murmured. Ilea spread her wings, seeing that nothing had remained of the monster. *Just another one of them*, she thought and focused on the trail of ice magic, stronger now already.

She found more battle sites covered in ice as her search continued, crossing a mountain range and kilometers worth of desert, all within the storm. Spirits came and went as she fought and burned them away one by one. Lightning cracked into the ground less than ten meters away as she pushed through the wind and sand. She noticed the air growing cooler. Flashes lit up in the distance, two large silhouettes visible within the storm, one of them a four legged creature, antlers reaching up towards the sky.

Ilea smiled and charged her wings.

*Found you.*