

“Do you think it adequate?” Aki asked.

Goliath floated back from the stand. “I think she will like it.”

“But will it be useful to her? Or just another toy she discards?”

“*I have difficulties damaging this creation. But I find the same is true for her,*” the Meadow sent.

“So we don’t really know,” Aki said. “And still... as a prototype, it’s quite impressive.”

“And the work of weeks of effort,” one of the dwarves spoke. A smith from the pit.

“We will get better with time,” a dwarf from Io spoke. “There are materials enough to equip an entire army.”

Aki listened to their ongoing arguments and noted what would be relevant, to bring those who weren’t here at the moment up to date.

A collaborative effort, deep below the domain of the Meadow, paid for by the Accords. A collaboration of creators, smiths, engineers, alchemists, and inventors of all kinds. The dragon corpse resting above Ravenhall had yielded incredible materials, its blood coveted and traded for by the vampire courts and famed alchemists alike, its scales and bones near impossible to even harvest, let alone shape into anything useful.

Yet there were crates of each stored in the hall here, intricate furnaces of differing designs and covered in varied enchantments were present too, the walls covered in tools many of which Aki had only recently documented.

The first creation was a spear, far less intricate in its making than what lay on the ground at the center of the smithing hall deep below the domain of the Meadow.

From afar it looked no different than a set of light scale armor, dark red, with jagged edges, scorch marks, and scratches. Marks left by the recent efforts of the Meadow and the smiths present, using their spells and furnaces to damage what they’d made.

To think she felled a creature whose scales we have difficulties even shaping into a set of armor.

“When you’re done with your testing, I will give it to her,” Aki said.

“My mind is healed, let’s try again,” Felicia said, the woman taking in a deep breath before she activated her spells.

“You sure?” Ilea asked again.

They had chosen to test in the outskirts of the Meadow's domain, the being interested in her abilities as well.

"Yes," Felicia said. Her voice sounded excited, but the look on her face was strained.

"Ready?" she sent to the Meadow, and received the confirmation in the same moment.

Ilea smiled, and activated Sunbound Creation.

Instantly, she felt the heat of the Primordial Flame, and she could see the fabric with heightened clarity. With the activation, she included Felicia within the Sunbound Creation, another pocket extending where the woman stood, healing flowing through her mind to make the experience bearable, coupled with her resistances and berserker abilities.

The telepathic link to the Meadow had cut off yet again, but this time, she had been more aware of it. She tried first to contact Felicia. "*You there?*" The spell was her own, and still it had to travel out of her reality, through the fabric, and back into her creation to reach Felicia's mind.

Adjusting her creation on the fly, Ilea soon received an answer.

"*Test eighteen. Hello. Ilea is a bitch. I hate her fires.*"

"*Now what were the first seventeen messages?*" Ilea sent back, raising her brows.

"*Sweet compliments only,*" Felicia answered.

"*Sure. Believable delivery,*" Ilea said.

"*My voice must be distorted through all of this space magic,*" Felicia sent and signaled for a break.

Just before Ilea deactivated the spell, she could feel another telepathic connection but found it difficult to let it through.

And her spell ended.

"*I felt it there, right at the end,*" Ilea sent, feeling that if she figured out her spell, she'd be able to let magic like healing or telepathy pass through and into her sunbound creation if she willed it. Same with heat, which could be highly beneficial in a battle, but she felt that one was a little more complex.

"*That's promising. And you're progressing,*" the Meadow sent.

Ilea walked a few steps without using her space magic to stabilize herself and the ground, checking on Felicia until she thought the wind mage was ready for another try.

"*Again?*" she asked.

A few days later, Ilea found herself on Erendar, sitting atop a mountain and watching Icy freeze a large section of the ongoing storms, the elemental battling a spirit brought here by a few of Ilea's copies.

Aki had sent one of his Watchers with her, to start and map out the moon of Sephilon, but while herself and her copies had cleared out a lot of spirits already, she doubted he would get far, if he

could even withstand the storms. Even normal Astrals could fly fast and likely destroy his machines.

Ilea felt the detonations of astral and ice magic far below, the mountains shaking ever so slightly from the battling Four Marks. She smiled, looking at her bracers, her ash scale armor not present at the moment.

Aki and the Accords had made her a gift. Or, she assumed, they gave her a prototype they would've created anyway.

[Calamity Scale Armor – Draconic Quality] Enchantments [Durability 7 / Lightning 6 / Mana Flow 3 / Air Flow 3 / Water Flow 3 / Heat Resistance 6]

She had to admit that the make of it wasn't as refined as even her Wyrms armor, the scales cut down into the rough shape of an armor, with edges jutting out here and there, visible scrapes and scorch marks that the dragon either had before they'd fought, or had received from their battle.

The armor consisted of a padded chest piece that covered her chest and back, and most of her stomach. There had been shoulder pieces offered by the team of smiths and enchanters but they were so bulky, Ilea felt they'd get in the way of her fighting. For her lower half, there was a rather well made waist guard with a layered shape of scales, coupled with leg and shin guards that were both cut from single scale chunks. Comfortable and not too bulky. All of it, Ilea knew was cut down and shaped to resemble scale armor, as a single scale piece of the dragon was larger than her entire body.

Her upper arms were bare, a set of bracers covering her forearms nearly up to her elbows. All in all, she liked the somewhat rough shape of it all, the process of its making removing some of the red color of the dragon and leaving it all very dark, but not entirely black. It was a far more comfortable design than her Scorching Wyrms Armor, which was both heavy and massive. Coupled with the lightening enchantments, she could wear this set as another layer of her defense in any normal battle.

The materials had an insane amount of resistance against the heat she could gather within her, but if she went all out with all her Fourth Tiers and the Primordial Flame, even the scales were slowly damaged. Nothing she couldn't fix with her Reconstruction however, plus it was all of draconic quality, so it regenerated anyways.

The smiths had apologized for the lack of helmet, unable to make something delicate and well fitting enough, but Ilea liked that aspect of the armor as well. It protected most of her vitals, besides her head of course, but she liked the lightweight design and high quality materials. And she knew her skull was more difficult to crack than even the thickest part of the chest piece.

She had tried.

Additional protection, and more important to her, a set of armor that wouldn't slow her down nor melt away in mere seconds. It felt appropriate to her, given her title and her magic.

Sitting there at the top of the mountain, she felt the air freeze as Icy used her Fourth Tier spell. She smiled, dangling her legs as she felt the power of the elemental's magic. Far less imposing than it had once been.

Thinking of Fourth Tiers. I'm getting pretty comfortable with my new powers and weight. I think it's time.

[Core skill points available: 32]

Enough for three additional Class modifiers. Or a shit ton of stat points.

She didn't have to think on it long. The modifiers were far more interesting to her.

One for each Class I suppose, she thought and activated her Sunbound Creation. Not at all to defend against anything, but to have a meal in peace without her food freezing or burning away instantly.

Four Mark problems required Four Mark solutions after all.

Digging in, she added her first new modifier.

'ding' 'New Class Modifier for The Cosmic Immortal'

Mana cost of all cosmic magic reduced by 25%

Not quite as good as another entire mana pool based on my Vitality, but I'll take it, she thought with a smile. Testing it with and without her Fourth Tier Meditation, she found the cost reduced but not free. So as always, one reduction is added after the other.

'ding' 'New Class Modifier for The Pyroclastic Storm'

Your ability to gauge heat in your surroundings is increased, and all heat absorption is increased by 100%

Ilea felt the change immediately, even within her own created reality. She could gauge even the heat within her bowl of stew, though of course didn't siphon any heat out of it.

Not great. Not terrible. The cost reduction is probably better. And for the last one.

'ding' 'New Class Modifier for The Sunforged Realmwalker'

Increases your harmony with all fire.

Bit undefined that one. But not a surprise considering the Primordial Flame and all that.

She tried it out, already in her Sunbound Creation. The difference was noticeable, but she didn't exactly go from a pool to a lake. Slightly better control and higher limits, as far as she could feel.

Ilea kept an eye on the exponentially growing mana cost of her Sunbound Creation, eating as she fueled the spell with hundreds of thousands of points of mana.

When she reached half, she stored her meal and deactivated the spell, only to reenter and resume eating a moment later.

I could just go to a more welcoming realm.

Or I need to bug Keyla about that dragon meat again. I bet a meal made from that wouldn't be bested by a measly astral eclipse ice storm.

She downed the rest of the bowl and sighed, stretching her arms before she looked down.

Icy had frozen her opponent and looked up expectantly, the massive chunk of ice before her entirely encasing the Daughter of Sephilon.

“Be right there,” Ilea sent as she leaned forward, a grin on her face before she fell towards the chunk of ice, her body exploding with fire.

“Ilea, please join me in Riverwatch when you can. Today if possible.”

Ilea woke with a start, rolling over in her bed of ash as she cuddled her pillow. *What is it?*

Yawning, she stood up and stretched.

A message had reached her, but she had been half asleep. *What’s going on? Aki? Wants me in Riverwatch.*

She rubbed her eyes and opened a gate, stepping out a moment later before her eyes opened wide. Ilea spread her wings and flew towards the city, hundreds of people watching from the walls and rooftops as the dense light magic of the Oracles flickered around the grounded city of Verleyyna. She found a Watcher in the skies a moment later and established a connection.

“What’s happening?”

“Oh. You arrived. I appreciate it,” Aki sent to her, excitement in his voice as his machine watched the thrumming magic. *“Remember all those Reconstruction copies you made in the past few weeks?”*

“Sure,” Ilea said, her eyes going wide. *“You did it?”*

“With the help of a few dozen dwarven enchanters. And we learned a lot in the process. But well, this is a test. It should in theory w-”

A rumbling sound came from Verleyyna before the magic stabilized. Slowly, the city began to rise, chunks of rock falling as the ground shifted from the massive weight finally lifted yet again.

Ilea watched as the Sky Domain rose once more, a third of it or more gone, with scorched and broken stone visible at the bottom, and yet it flew as it once had.

She could feel the marks on Feyrair and some of the other Hunters from within the large city, crossing her arms as she remembered the battle that had brought the city down.

“Are you sure this is a good idea?” she asked.

“There had been ongoing tensions between the elves and the people of Riverwatch. Flying the city away and to the outskirts of the Navali forest will be beneficial. Plus, Isalthar gets a more permanent base for his Hunters, protected by the Oracles of the Sky domain.”

“That sounds like it would be complicated when it comes to their rules and what the Hunters have been working on.”

“Oh it is, and has been. But they’re handling it well. You are the Monarch, and Feyrair rules in your stead. Tolerating a few new things seems at least manageable for them,” Aki informed.

Ilea watched the city fly up, glad she had her elven friends to rely on when it came to all this. And she supposed it was nice to have Verleyyna back and flying, though she still wasn’t quite sure if she trusted the Oracles.

Suppose it’s better to have them farther away from Riverwatch than right here.

“How do you like the armor by the way? It’s been a few weeks,” Aki sent.

Ilea made her ash recede and tapped her bracers. *“Love it. It’s super comfortable.”*

“I’m glad to hear that. Having mentioned your copies, we’ll soon be ready to start more trials with your cosmic healing.”

“I’m happy to assist whenever,” Ilea sent with a smile, cracking her neck before she looked at the suns. *“What time is it?”*

“Just past one in the afternoon,” Aki sent.

Ilea grit her teeth. *Shit. I’m late.*

She focused on her mark left on Felicia and vanished a few moments later, appearing in a forested area a few hours out of Virilya, in a clearing.

“And here I thought you had forgotten about me,” Felicia said, the woman floating upside down and looking out into the dense line of trees.

“Sorry, I managed to sleep a little,” Ilea said and joined her. “What are you doing?”

“Hunting.”

“Monsters?”

“No.” Felicia said. “Lunch.”

Another week passed as Ilea hunted in Erendar and spent time with Felicia and the Sentinels. She found herself sitting on the cliffs of the eastern shoreline of the Plains, contemplating this world and the other realms she had available to her.

Aki and the Meadow were progressing fast with their translations and knowledge gathering from Earth, but she had to admit that after her initial return to her former home, she didn’t have much of an interest. There was nothing to fight, and she had no desire to get involved with international politics. Plus now that she could get coffee and chocolate whenever she wanted, she found that there wasn’t that much that made her want to go back with any kind of regularity.

Mark and Cless’s family had gotten homes in Ravenhall, and they were settling in well, at least with what she’d seen.

Erendar was a little more quiet around Icy’s den, but it would take a long time for her to make meaningful progress with the moon.

Which still leaves me with the other continent or continents of Elos. She had pondered the question a few times. It would be simple for her. Take off and fly there, see what else this realm had to offer. And yet something made her hesitate. In a strange manner, she felt as if it wasn’t her place to discover these secrets. She had spent time with the Sentinels, but they weren’t the only ones growing and expanding. All of the Accords seemed to be bustling with activity, with new technologies and magics.

The first expedition out into the seas would surely be launched soon. And she knew that the Meadow strongly advocated against any fixed teleportation gates on the other side of a large body of water. Thinking of the Leviathan, she had to agree.

It would be easy for her, and yet she had her space magic, had her anchors in other worlds, and she still had yet to find a Transporter in Kohr. *Erik knows where to find one*, she thought and smiled. The luxury of realm travel was locked to most if not all members of the Accords. So they had to find their adventures here, on Elos. *And I can find mine elsewhere.*

Maybe I'll visit and see what they will have discovered.

Summoning a bottle of ale, she watched the late afternoon suns hanging in the skies, wondering where her journey would take her next.

A lot had happened since she had arrived here, in this realm. And she wasn't quite at the point where she wanted to pick up painting or the intricate study of magic.

Drinking from her ale, she smiled. *Might visit the Vultures for a bit. They always manage to inspire me.*

Before she could contact Walter, Ilea received a message through her marks, the voice of Aki resounding in her mind.

"Found Ascended facility. Calling in everyone. Please join at the Meadow's Domain as soon as you can. Highest priority."

Ilea sighed, her plans and mood ruined as she stood up and activated her Teleportation.

Nearly forgot about all that.

Always something else.

She finished her ale and vanished.