

Chapter 846 Reminisce

Ilea didn't budge when Ellie hugged her with a jump, the black leather coat of the now level eighty five necromancer flapping slightly.

The girl looked up with a wide smile, her brown hair in a braid that didn't hide her freckles any longer. "Godslayer!" she whispered in an excited voice.

"What are you talking about?" Walter said before his eyes went a little wider. "Oh by the go-" he shut his mouth and shook his head, his eyes losing some of their life. But not in the same way as when he used his magic, really more on a soul level.

"Wow! I can't move you at all!" Ellie said, glancing over at Naiir.

The young man seemed apprehensive, bowing to Ilea with his long black hair falling in front of his face.

[Dark Mage – lvl 73]

A few more levels, but I suppose that's how it goes if you don't fight monsters, and have no access to elixirs. She welcomed it. Ilea understood those who went out and sought a thrill, but she could see the value in this as well. Maybe that's what some of us fight to protect. No me though, I just like fighting big monsters.

She still hugged the necromancer back and smiled at the silly bow. Lucas had stood up from his chair but didn't move closer.

"Tell me you have brought the god corpse," Indra said, his voice trembling slightly. He glanced over to the still shaken Walter and touched his shoulder. "She forgot, didn't she. Uncaring for the value of such an impossible treasure! Oh the woe of life, and the disregard of the powerful!"

"I brought pieces, old man. What remained," Ilea said, finding him to look as tired as usual, though with her words it seemed like she breathed some fresh life into him.

"Truly?" he spoke in a gasp and stood up. "Oh blessed be you, Lilith! Godslayer! Mother of Sentinels!"

"Mother of Sentinels? What does that even mean?" Ilea asked when Lucia rolled her eyes and stood up.

The woman walked over and grabbed the initiates. She pulled them away and flicked Walter's forehead, then glared at Indra. "Let the woman arrive. She may be a godslayer, but she's still a guest, and not some relic to glare, pray, or grovel to."

Ilea gave her a light nod and smiled, stepping down the stairs with Weavy following behind.

"Wow, did you gain weight again?" Ellie asked with a grin.

Ilea raised her brows.

"Wait, what happens when you fly up and then impact the ground as fast as you can? Wait, that might be dangerous," the girl murmured.

“Last time I did that, I didn’t pay much attention,” Ilea said, last time being less than an hour ago somewhere in the North. *Long range teleportation truly is a marvel.* She formed a seat of ash next to the table, not about to test the nonenchanted wooden benches. She could see the insects moving in them after all.

Ilea glanced at the wide eyes Indra. “You’ll get your corpses in due time,” she said. “Wait... hmm... maybe you should do that with the Meadow actually. If there’s any magic or poison left on those bits, you’ll be dead immediately.”

The man moved a hand through his lack of hair. “Now I’m even more excited,” he murmured, trying to sit down in a calm manner.

Ilea rolled her eyes and opened a gate. She teleported the man next to her and stepped through. “*Heya, can you supervise this?*” she sent to the Meadow. “*I need a powerful barrier around some monster remains.*”

“*Here,*” the Meadow sent as a stone platform rose from the ground.

Ilea dumped whatever was left of the deep sea monsters when she saw Indra poke his head through the barrier. “Here you go. Just tell the Meadow when you want to go back.”

“Of c... of course, yes, indeed. Thank you, Liliela, godsayer, I will. I will do such,” he spoke and walked towards the platform where a barrier appeared.

“*Thanks,*” Ilea sent to the tree with a wave.

“*Happy to help,*” the Meadow sent back right before she stepped back into the Vulture’s Den.

The gate closed and she sat down on her ashen chair.

“I still can’t believe you have long range teleportation at your beck and call,” Lucia murmured as Harthome and Celene joined.

“It’s even more convenient than you could imagine,” Ilea said. “And I can also teleport to a bunch of select people and beings.”

Lucia supported her chin with both hands and glanced at Ilea with a wistful expression. “Oh, maybe I should go out there and slay a few gods myself, what do you think sweetheart?”

Some light returned to Walter’s eyes at the attention from Lucia. “Gods.”

“Is it that surprising?” Ilea asked, leaning back as she summoned a bottle from his bar. “When I came here first, I helped you kill a demon. Supposed demon,” she said, winking at the Navuun now sitting at the edge of the bench.

The initiates sat down close to Ilea.

Are they still initiates? she asked herself as she opened the bottle and took a sip. *How long does a necromancer apprenticeship take? Eyn is already at the academy, hmm, maybe mind magic is easier? Or he’s just very talented.*

“What is a god like?” Celene asked as she sat down. She didn’t seem particularly fazed by the displayed title.

“I’ve met a few creatures that I think were considered divine beings. The only thing I can say about them is that they’re incredibly powerful. Magic to destroy half a mountain,” Ilea said.

“Just half?” Harthome asked and crossed his arms.

“Does that mean you can destroy half a mountain?” Celene asked.

Ilea considered. Could she? “Maybe if I have enough time... but no, I suppose not in that sense. Their magic is just beyond. Resource wise I guess.”

“How come you managed to slay one then?” Harthome asked.

“You seem skeptical,” Ilea said with a grin, raising her bottle towards him.

He raised his brows and grinned back. “Well. We’re down here a lot. Maybe you managed to get an illusion spell or something of the like, to fool us into thinking you’re a little more powerful than you are.”

Ilea considered for a moment and leaned back. “I like that idea actually. I’m really just a level one hundred illusion mage.”

“Hah, I knew it!” Harthome said, to the amusement of the others.

“How is the search going? I heard the Accords are on high alert,” Walter said.

“It’s not public knowledge?” Ilea asked.

“I could probably investigate, but we’ve not been informed by Alistair,” the man answered.

“I see. Guess I can give you a quick summary of what’s been happening lately,” Ilea said, and proceeded to do just that, telling the others about Octavia and Adam, her contact with the Mava, and recent hunting.

Walter summoned food and drinks in between, the hearth restocked with firewood.

“... and that was earlier today, so not much of an update really,” Ilea finished, raising a chicken leg to her mouth and taking a bite out of it.

“Well,” Lucia started. “I don’t suppose there’s anything we could do to help?”

Ilea smiled, continuing to eat as she switched to her telepathy. *“You can ask Aki, maybe there is something. I’ve been pretty much relegated to hunting powerful monsters and maybe the occasional diplomatic mission.”*

“You contacted and integrated the Mava into the Accords, that’s hardly... well, who am I talking to,” Walter said, the last few words a murmur. “I think if there was anything we could do, Alistair or one of the Guardians would’ve contacted us already. It is quite worrying nonetheless.”

“Maybe, but you know there’s a lot of scary stuff out there. If you constantly worry about every little thing, you’ll go bald by thirty,” Ilea said.

“A potential Ascended attack is not a little thing,” Walter said before he took in a deep breath. “But I suppose at the end of the day, we can only do what we can do.”

Ilea pointed her chicken leg at him. “Exactly. And what I can do is get stronger, and maybe get allies. You guys didn’t accidentally stumble upon a few four marks in any caverns below?”

“Luckily not,” Walter said. “I would inform you via the mark.”

“Right. How’s the brewery business going?” she asked instead.

Walter raised his brows. “You want to talk about that?”

“I’ve been fighting four marks, trying to prepare for an Ascended perhaps capable of taking a sun, from the literal sky. Yes, I’d very much like to talk about something else,” Ilea said, continuing to eat.

“Ah I’d like to see that,” Celene said.

Walter raised a brow at the woman before he spoke. “It’s all business. I showed the process to a few dozen people by now and they’re doing good work, but, I prefer my little brewery down here.” He smiled. “Suppose I can’t produce quite as much as they can, but I get a cut. It’s been quite lucrative, and I’ve hardly been in town the past few months.”

“That sounds like a good deal,” Ilea said.

“There are a lot of businesses and organizations in Riverwatch that bear your name, or are somehow connected to you. You must be quite wealthy yourself,” Celene said, raising her brows a few times.

“Claire manages my gold. She bought up a lot of things and I just bring her whatever wealth I find, not that there’s been a lot recently. Suppose the independence of Ravenhall and the war here has helped a lot in that regard. I’m not great with all that, but I’m glad someone I trust can have an impact with it,” Ilea said.

“You don’t want to be directly involved?” Lucia asked. She narrowed her eyes slightly.

Ilea shrugged. “Not really. I’ve gotten directly involved in too many things already,” she said and smiled.

“You have a talent for finding the right people for the right positions,” Walter said.

“The Meadow and Aki alone have changed the Plains permanently,” Lucia said.

“They’re pretty incredible, yeah,” Ilea mused.

They were quiet for a few seconds.

Ilea thought about Erendar and the Taleen dungeon where she had found the little dagger. A dagger that now controlled an entire army, and a shit ton of facilities. And the Meadow who could now oversee an entire settlement, with hundreds of different species and monsters in its domain it could try and help lead to awakening.

“Did the gods you slayed have penises?” Celene asked, breaking the silence.

A few grumbling complains resounded at the same time.

She rolled her eyes. “Or *other* sexual organs.”

“I don’t know,” Ilea said in between a few more annoyed exclamations. “I don’t see why many of them would even have sexual organs. They’ve either evolved to this state or were born from magic, so no need for natural procreation? Maybe.”

“That is a valid point. But wouldn’t they want offspring? Smaller gods?” Celene asked, gesturing with her hands as if to indicate a smaller being.

“Would they still be gods if they were weaker?” Harthome asked.

“Didn’t you say beings become divine when people believe them to be gods?” Ellie asked.

Lucas glanced at her. “Maybe there are different ways to become a god?”

“Who would have believed some underwater monster to be a god, in a dead realm nonetheless,” Naiir interjected.

“Maybe we can ask Violence when he visits again,” Ellie suggested.

“The Meadow could know too,” Naiir said.

“No, let’s not go there again. Too many annoying nobles and scholars,” Ellie said. “I don’t like the way they look at us. Just because we’re at a lower level.”

“It’s because we’re dark mages and necromancers,” Naiir retorted. “The only thing they accept is blood magic, even though it’s the only magic that destroyed entire cities in recent history.”

“Necromancy and the dark arts are feared for a reason,” Walter said. “Recent history is not the only history out there.”

“Then how did we not know about the third sun?” Ellie asked.

“I don’t know,” Walter said.

“Evan knew about it,” Ilea said.

“Evan?” Walter asked.

“The founder of the Foundation, I thought you knew him,” she said.

“No. I have traveled there once, to learn what I could, of the world and magic. But I did not join the Seekers. I was not allowed access to large sections of the libraries, let alone what was still hidden farther down,” Walter said.

“Would you like to?” Ilea asked.

“You wouldn’t...” Walter said, considering. He looked at Lucia.

She shrugged. “A vacation? It’s been a while.”

“Traveling there would take months, even with the gates we would have to cross the desert,” Walter said. “And how well do you know him exactly? The Seekers do not just let anyone join their ranks, and even then it takes time to gain access to more knowledge.”

“I can ask him,” Ilea said.

“I. I would very much like to go there again,” Walter said. “For a time.”

“I can teleport you around, that’s not a problem,” Ilea said.

“*Hey. Dark mage friend would like to visit and learn from your library. Can I bring them?*” she sent to Evan.

“*I don’t think I can repay the debt of knowledge that I owe to you. They are welcome,*” came the answer, mere seconds later.

“Yeah, he’ll have you. We can leave whenever,” Ilea said as she continued eating. “After dinner.”

Walter had already stood up. “I need to pack.”

“Dear, I don’t think there is any haste. And if we go to this library, you can’t stay in there for more than twelve hours per day. A good balance is important,” Lucia said, giving Ilea a glance. “I haven’t seen him this excited in a while,” she whispered, knowing Ilea would hear.

“Be sure to thank Evan,” Ilea said. “And just contact me when you want to get back. The trip would be annoying without a way to fly.”

“Or long range teleportation,” Ellie said, propping up her chin with one hand whilst glaring at Ilea. Ilea glared back.

“It’s so unfair,” the necromancer said.

“Is it?” Ilea asked.

“Yes. You get to fly around and teleport to all of those interesting places, get to meet interesting creatures, and all that,” Ellie said.

“You can do that too. First I would suggest training with a Guardian or ten, then maybe you can hunt in the region, then go to a few dungeons, get to two hundred, and look for something more specialized. After that you’ll have to find more powerful creatures, but I’m sure Aki, the Sentinels, or Shadows can help with that as well,” Ilea said, considering her words for a moment. “It’s really so much easier now that the teleportation gates and Aki are around. I’m sure he’s found dozens if not hundreds of dungeons by now.”

Ellie’s smile wavered. “No. You see. I want all of the benefits, with none of the work. And the killing. Gross.”

Ilea raised her brows. “Well, I don’t have a suggestion for that then. Not yet. Maybe there will be a way to level up Classes without any effort in the future. Oh, becoming an Ascended or something like that could be an option. They’re not the strongest beings I’ve encountered, but they do wield formidable magic.”

“I doubt such a process is simple,” Harthome said. “Let alone the resources it would require. And if we’re talking about souls, then no offense, but Ellie, you would not survive.”

“So we’re back to getting strong to get stronger,” Ellie said. “I’d rather study here, and maybe in the Ravenhall Academy in a year or two, when Indra considers me ready.”

“That’s fair. You might be able to resurrect a flying being or something, to carry you for traveling,” Ilea said. She enjoyed having her own wings more, but the thought of flying around with a bunch of large eagles or riding a Wyvern into battle was enticing.

Or a dragon, she thought with a devious grin. Not Audur though. Something with fire. What was the name of Fey’s dragon again? I should visit them at some point.

The rest of the dinner progressed with a few more exchanged stories and considerations of potential study and leveling places for the initiates. Ilea’s suggestion of them joining the Sentinels was rejected by everyone at the table. She wasn’t particularly surprised.

Ilea rolled her shoulders when she stood up, yawning right after. “So, you’re ready to go?”

Walter and Lucia had packed their bags, the two giving her a strange dark magic tourist vibe. Both of them wore hats, and enchanted armor.

I suppose they have some Heat Resistance.

Ilea remembered the Isanna desert to be rather hot, when she first visited at least. By now her entire understanding of temperature had changed a tiny bit.

They said their goodbyes when Ilea focused on Evan’s mark.

“Alright, hold on tight then,” Ilea said.

“Wait!” Lucia said. “Hold on to what?”

“It’s just a figure of speech. You don’t need to hold anything,” Ilea said and activated her third tier transfer.

Her spell manifested as she connected Walter and Lucia, the three of them appearing in a well lit and furnished office, next to Evan who sat behind his desk.

He looked up and sighed. “You are all too close.”

Ilea smiled and teleported them all in front of the desk. “That’s how the spell works, I’m afraid. You’re never safe, ancient librarian.”

“I did just realize that in a very real way,” he said and paused. “Godslayer. I assume congratulations are in order?”

“I’m working towards my next Fourth tier, maybe then,” Ilea said.

“Your, next one?” Evan said, raising his brows. “I am far too busy to be surprised about your progress. It is good to know that one of our most important assets in this supposed conflict is growing with such haste.” He looked at Walter. “Ethinu Skorn, it is not the first time you have been to the Foundation.”

Walter bowed. “It is not.”

“Then I hope you remember the rules in place. Because you are an associate of Lilith, you will receive special privileges. I hope you do not intend to abuse such. Your actions here are your own, as are potential consequences,” Evan said.

“Can I leave? Or do you want me to listen to the lecture as well?” Ilea asked.

“You may,” Evan said. “If you ever find the time, I would be interested in your findings in regards to the divine, and the Fourth tier.”

“Sure,” Ilea said, considering her marks before she decided on her home instead. “Enjoy your vacation,” she said to her two slightly lost looking friends before her spell started to manifest.