

‘ding’ ‘You have survived the Eyes from Beyond spell – One Core skill point awarded’

‘ding’ ‘Space Magic Resistance reaches 3rd lvl 28’

‘ding’ ‘Light Magic Resistance reaches 3rd lvl 23’

Ilea was glad for her mana absorption, or she would’ve found it impossible to keep Primordial Shift up for as long as she did. The pressure around her vanished as fast as it had appeared, the sea remaining immensely dangerous as the water forced into a solid state was expanding with the explosive release of its trapped heat. Compared to the magic of the monster she was fighting however, Ilea could deal with it.

Her ash and wings reformed as her bones connected once more, her body snapping back into its intended shape. She cracked her neck as the turbulent sea burned and pushed against the newly summoned golden barrier that had appeared around her. Wings kept her in place, the water and heat creating cracks on the barrier but leaving her unaffected within.

“Violence, are you alright in there?” she asked.

Violence!

She smiled. Was he afraid? Or just more excited than usual? She wasn’t sure. Maybe he had finally seen something that actually impressed him.

Ilea opened her eyes when she didn’t feel any magic coming for her. Teleporting a few times to get out of the chaotic whirls, she found the creature several hundred meters away, floating, its light shining towards her but the magic too far away to affect her. She considered if it was resting from using such a powerful spell, if it thought her dead, or if it was stunned from the fact that she had survived at all. Not pondering the question, Ilea summoned her Wyrms cannon and aimed. *Thanks for creating all that heat.*

A beam of near white energy flashed through the dark ocean, striking into the center of the cone of light. She saw the being vanish and reappear a few hundred meters farther back, the tendrils behind it moving in an erratic manner, the white flame clinging to its form diminishing slowly.

Ilea aimed and closed her eyes, the rifle gone as her charged wings moved her forward. She felt the water give way to her passing, felt the pressure of her velocity. And this time she impacted something. The creature moved its limbs in erratic patterns, striking her as her ash, fire, and healing burned into its tough body. She could feel it now, in every movement of the monster. Fear.

You’re not hunting.

I am.

She felt it slip away once more. And Ilea followed. She had fought the creature now, for more than a minute, had seen its magic, had felt the impact on her body. And she had survived. The unknown of the dark had faded. She was fighting just another beast. Just another drake.

She was not afraid.

The tide of battle had turned. Ilea was now the pursuer, the creature trying to keep her away, using its magic to slow her down or get her off its form. The teleports grew more frequent, more erratic with each time that she appeared near her enemy.

Ilea appeared and opened her eyes when she didn't feel the beast's magic on her. She looked around but couldn't find its light in the vicinity. The only teleport in the fabric that she could find led straight up. She latched on, and appeared where the creature had gone.

It felt strange. The pressure of the water was gone. Any pressure was gone, and yet she still couldn't breathe. Ilea opened her eyes. She tensed up slightly, her wings moving behind her in serene motions. They found purchase. She was very glad for that, as there was no air around. Instead she could see the light of a thousand stars, a distant planet, its surface gray. She was in space. Ilea slowed her breathing and focused on the reason she was here. The location didn't matter. Inside of a volcano, deep below ground, at the bottom of an ocean, or in space.

The monster was here. The cone of light focused on her and the whispers started once more.

Ilea removed her eyes. She covered her face with ash and shot off towards the monster, far faster than she had ever moved. No matter resisted her passing. Her magic could let loose without inhibitions.

She impacted the being and teleported when its light started to disintegrate her, appearing above it, ashen limbs slashing down into it. There were scrapes and wounds now. It couldn't heal, or not fast enough to ignore the damage she inflicted.

Ilea smiled, her fists impacting the hard surface of the strange creature a dozen times before it vanished.

She followed.

Zero gravity had terrified her as a concept in the past, but her wings provided her with perfect maneuverability. And the lack of resistance in the way of water or air made the experience quite a lot more exhilarating than she had expected.

Ilea didn't let up, slowly overwhelming the monster with her constant barrage of attacks, her own healing and the mana absorption provided by Sentinel Core kept her in the fight and on the offensive despite the creature's higher level and pure magical power. It adapted to her in some ways but still it fought. She assumed it could escape her with the higher frequency of teleports, but it didn't, instead only using its space magic to get back into a defensible position. Healing and precognition gave her the edge, though she felt the creature had some of the latter as well, the reactions and its tail strikes too quick and adaptive. Then she didn't know how it worked, it was a four mark monster from the seas of Kohr.

Black blood floated away with each strike of her ash now, the highly resistant skin no longer as efficient at keeping her mana intrusion at bay. Her destructive healing flowed into it without pause, her flames often still clinging to it when she appeared close.

Ilea didn't let up. She knew that the fight wasn't over until the monster was dead.

Bits and pieces came off now, Ilea finally ripping through one of the dark tendrils connected to the central part of the being's form. She felt it shake as the chunk of flesh floated away into the void of space. The same size and weight as that of a car. A surge of space magic made her prepare to follow the creature when she was pushed away instead, the tendrils lashing out in wild patterns that battered against her shield, the golden light shattering before her armor was assaulted.

Ilea raised her arms as her limbs continued to impact the being, her healing pushing into it when she felt the pulse coming. A surge more powerful than even the fourth tier spell it had used before. She activated her transfer spell but found the spell failing, instead using her wings to move away from the creature. An invisible pull of space magic slowed her down. She didn't dare open her eyes when the light and space magic started to disintegrate her defenses. She didn't have to think twice to activate Primordial Shift.

Two creatures locked in zero gravity and absolute silence, one exuding light and space magic, so potent it burned through reality itself. The other wrapped within a spatial shift, wreathed in the white flame of creation, tendrils of strange flesh, and the fabric itself, kept alive through arcane healing and her sheer resilience forged through a thousand battles, trained by beings many considered gods, hammered into the hunter that she was.

Distorted and half burnt up, Ilea smiled. She felt the magic flow into her, absorbed through Sentinel Core, her body healed time and time again as she gathered much of the heat the monster produced through its insane magic. Her eyes were gone, the whispers sneaking into her mind lessened by her Mental Resistance. Light magic powerful enough to disintegrate even the flame of creation, space magic to stop her abilities and slow her to a crawl. Madness inducing mind intrusion.

A monster of raw magic. A terror of the deep. A being that now fought her in the void of space, far above Kohr itself.

Her prey.

Ilea screamed, golden barriers shattered as soon as they were summoned. Her body reformed and was burned away, her ash summoned and disintegrated, her flames flaring up and subdued. The stalemate went on for what felt like days, but she didn't flee, didn't waver. She grit her teeth whenever the bones were present, protecting her brain as she continued to summon her defenses with all the mana the creature provided.

And then it stopped.

Ilea moved. Forward, the bone of her right arm reforming, muscle sprouting from her shoulder and elbow to envelop the limb. Her skin was back when her fist impacted the monster, a wave of arcane energy released into its form. The residual heat of its spell burned her ash, her body below, but she had tread through the vicinity of a source. This would not stop her.

Ashen limbs latched on, cutting into the creature as Ilea moved around it, the weak bursts of light avoided one after the other, her destructive healing pushing into the monster with each passing second. White fire now enveloped its entire size, heat pockets exploding where she had punched mere moments earlier.

Ilea struck her hand into a deep cut and opened her palm, the fires of creation flaring up with a chunk of health sacrificed. The heat stored within her rushed through her arm, exploding in a chaotic maelstrom of fire and heat. One of the tails impacted her, the motion more a twitch than an intended attack. She moved her hand into the boiling insides and summoned ash as she went, expanding spikes cutting against the tough flesh of the monster until she gripped something solid. She steadied herself against the twitching form before she pulled. A second pull, then a third finally ripped free whatever she had grasped.

She opened her eyes to find a black eye the size of her head. It bled dark blood from two dozen cuts, twitching before it started to light up. Ilea clasped it between her hands and squeezed, the

organ exploding in soundless gore, her armor covered in black bits and blood, more of it floating away. The whispers that had started in her mind vanished in an instant, a ding resounding instead.

More followed.

Ilea tried to take in a deep breath, finding herself choking on the lack of air.

She looked at the floating bits and pieces of the creature, all of it slowly fading away with whatever momentum had remained from her attacks. She shuddered. Finally, she realized how quiet it was. There was no motion. No air. No water. She was floating. In space.

The black blood slowly burned away in the fires still alight, Ilea looking down at the planet she assumed was Kohr. She couldn't locate her marks, even that of Violence strangely distorted.

"You're still around, right?" she sent.

Violence!

Safe?

Ilea smiled. *"I suppose it is."*

Turning away from the planet, she looked out to the stars, wondering if they all belonged to this realm. Kohr. Or if the other realms she had been to were somewhere out there. The fabric was connected, she knew that much. Perhaps space magic was nothing other than a way to travel through the endless void of space?

It felt strange. The lack of resistance. The lack of matter. More so being able to move around with her magical wings. Ilea found the sensation new but not quite unfamiliar. Some of the void magic abilities she had encountered felt similar, though certainly more chaotic. She supposed it had to do with the fact that they were used in a space full of matter. Out here it felt almost serene, though her fear was only alleviated thanks to her ability to move, and her long range space magic.

The little Fae appeared on her ash armored shoulder.

It didn't speak, watching the dead remains of the monster float through nothingness. It slowly raised on arm and tapped Ilea's armored cheek.

Impressed

"I've come closer to death before," Ilea said. Her weird flesh ball ability hadn't even activated. Something she was more than glad for.

The Fae looked around.

Go

Back?

Maybe

Dangerous

Here

"Creatures lurking in space?" Ilea asked.

Feel

Fabric

She did as the being said. The wisps were there, as they always were. And yet she felt it all strangely loose. And light.

“Is Elos out there? Can you see the suns of your home?” she asked.

The Fae watched the stars and finally shook its head.

Far

Away

“I see,” Ilea answered, summoning a gate to Kohr. She would not tempt fate, despite the absolute nothingness all around her. She had just won a battle. The least she felt like doing was have a meal.

Checking her dominion, she quickly summoned whatever bits remained of the creature, and stored them all within her domain.

Flying through the gate, she stepped onto the salt stone. Her spell vanished behind her. *A gate to space. Fucking crazy,* she thought and found herself a nearby slab of stone. She walked over and sat down. The sky was overcast with dark clouds as was most often the case in Kohr. Ilea summoned herself a meal and started looking through her notifications.

‘ding’ ‘Fear Resistance reaches 2nd lvl 8’

‘ding’ ‘Oxygen Repository reaches 2nd lvl 20’

‘ding’ ‘Harmony of the Drowned reaches lvl 19’

‘ding’ ‘Harmony of the Drowned reaches lvl 20’

‘ding’ ‘Harmony of the Drowned reaches 2nd lvl 1’

Harmony of the Drowned – 2nd lvl 1

You have been submerged in liquid for longer than you should’ve survived. You crave to become a creature of the deep and have proven that you will go to any lengths to achieve that. While your biology doesn’t strictly allow for gills, magic has its ways. You can stay submerged in liquid for much longer.

2nd stage: The effects of deep water pressure are reduced as your body adapts to its surroundings.

Nice to have. Not that I really need it anymore at this point.

‘ding’ ‘You have survived the Light of Stars skill – One Core skill point awarded’

Two fourth tier spells? Or do I just get core points whenever I survive a sufficiently powerful ability?

'ding' 'Star Touched reaches lvl 4'

'ding' 'Star Touched reaches lvl 5'

I assume because I was literally in space. No atmosphere to impact the light. I hope my body can handle all that. I suppose I would've noticed by now. She checked with her healing just to make sure but didn't notice anything strange. Though she supposed getting burnt up by fourth tier light magic was probably pretty unhealthy as well. Maybe more than being exposed to unfiltered sunlight.

She smiled at how ridiculous it all seemed. Finding an eldritch space and light magic beast in the deep oceans. Fighting it. Then getting teleported to space of all places. Continuing to fight. And winning. What the fuck has my life turned into?

'ding' 'You have killed [Скрытый источник – lvl 2072]'

Two thousand. She grinned at the thought. I'm coming for you, Meadow.

'ding' 'The Arcane Eternal has reached lvl 737 – Five stat points awarded'

'ding' 'The Arcane Eternal has reached lvl 738 – Five stat points awarded'

...

'ding' 'The Arcane Eternal has reached lvl 754 – Five stat points awarded'

'ding' 'The Ashen Titan has reached lvl 734 – Five stat points awarded'

'ding' 'The Ashen Titan has reached lvl 735 – Five stat points awarded'

...

'ding' 'The Ashen Titan has reached lvl 751 – Five stat points awarded – One Core skill point awarded'

'ding' 'The Primordial Arbiter has reached lvl 733 – One stat point awarded'

'ding' 'The Primordial Arbiter has reached lvl 734 – One stat point awarded'

...

'ding' 'The Primordial Arbiter has reached lvl 750 – One stat point awarded – One Core skill point awarded'

'ding' 'Ashen Limbs reaches 2nd lvl 16'

'ding' 'Ashen Limbs reaches 2nd lvl 17'

'ding' 'Azarinth Barrier [Mythic] reaches 3rd lvl 21'

'ding' 'Azarinth Barrier [Mythic] reaches 3rd lvl 22'

'ding' 'Bulwark of Ash reaches 3rd lvl 6'

'ding' 'Identify reaches 2nd lvl 8'

‘ding’ ‘Meditation reaches 3rd lvl 28’

‘ding’ ‘Monster Hunter reaches 3rd lvl 27’

‘ding’ ‘Monstrous reaches 2nd lvl 15’

...

‘ding’ ‘Monstrous reaches 2nd lvl 17’

‘ding’ ‘Divination Magic Resistance reaches 2nd lvl 18’

...

‘ding’ ‘Divination Magic Resistance reaches 2nd lvl 20’

‘ding’ ‘Light Magic Resistance reaches 3rd lvl 24’

...

‘ding’ ‘Light Magic Resistance reaches 3rd lvl 26’

‘ding’ ‘Space Magic Resistance reaches 3rd lvl 29’

She invested her stat points into Vitality, Intelligence, and Wisdom, the latter two each receiving one hundred points. *I might get to three thousand on these.* She would’ve thought her mana capacity ridiculous if it hadn’t been for the conversation she had with Owl. While she could hunt and kill four marks, her raw power output wasn’t quite there yet.

‘ding’ ‘Following requirements have been met. Has reached level 750 in three Classes while human. Has enhanced every available Class skill and leveled each to the end of the third tier.

You have pushed to the pinnacle of your magic. Fourth Tier Class skills have been unlocked.

Only one skill can be enhanced to the fourth tier per Class. Choose wisely.

One Fourth Tier skill point awarded’

Here we go. Certainly took a while. Now let’s see what we get.