

## Chapter 808 Orbital Strike

The Executioner looked up with green glowing eyes.

Ilea had finished her meal, the suns having set below the horizon.

“The Sentinels are ready. The trusted forces in the Accords are prepared. Lilith, It is time,” the machine spoke.

“Where do you need me?” she asked.

“I will let you know based on the chaos that ensues,” Aki spoke. The Executioner looked up about half a minute later. “It has begun, in Riverwatch.”

Ilea stood up and cracked her neck. She activated her gate to the outskirts of the city and stepped through, magical explosions already visible inside the city. Black wings spread before she vanished, appearing above the city with two dozen ashen spears to her back. She could see as clearly as if it were daytime, the rogues and mercenaries now seeking to bring death and chaos into the settlements of the Accords and their allies would do well to hide in the shadows.

Her ash burst into fire, the first projectiles striking targets running through the alleys and streets of the city, explosions and fires spreading throughout as Executioners and Guardians moved in from all around, mercenaries revealing themselves cut down in mere seconds. She teleported down towards the mark of Dale, two silver machines inside his home with several dead assassins, Dale himself guarding his wife and daughter, sword drawn.

Ilea gave him a nod before she moved through the street, hearing a nearby scream and teleporting into a home. Her hand was raised towards a near invisible blade, her space magic taking hold of the weapon and whoever wielded it, a small sphere of ash zipping out before a hidden head exploded, leaving the illusionist falling and dead, only after he had managed to kill two of the four residents. Ilea didn't remain with the crying man who had been the next target, instead moving to the next location.

Blood magic surged as a large wood and stone inn exploded, nearby windows shattering as a red beam of light flashed up. Familiar sounding screeches filled the night as Ilea flew into the rubble. Silent Memory appeared in her hand, silver threads and ashen limbs intermingling as two dozen demon spawn were ripped to shreds. She turned her head when a larger six legged demon came barreling towards her. She braced herself and stopped its charge with a punch, a wave of arcane healing rushing out, destroying its insides before it fell to the ground, unmoving.

Ilea felt another surge of blood magic, enough to make the air tremble. She rushed to the source, a set of runes inside an abandoned mansion, a bright red shield protecting it all while a hooded figure cast their spell, more of them outside the shield. Three Centurions and a small horde of Guardians ripped through the hooded mages, arcane explosions rattling the building until five arrows crashed through and shattered the red shield, the mage within and all the runes disintegrated by arcane power.

Barriers lit up around the mansion before the chaotic stored blood magic flickered and flashed out in a red sphere, no longer channeled through the prepared runes. Ilea let the spell wash over her mantle, the normal Guardians punched aside and destroyed, the Centurions bracing against the impact, skidding on the ground and damaged, but still standing.

Another ritual was stopped a few kilometers eastward, according to the similar sounding explosion. Ilea teleported and flew the rest of the distance, finding a group of war machines and Sentinels finishing off the last hooded figures, two Hunter Praetorians atop the nearby buildings, supporting them with their arcane bows.

She looked northwards, seeing the first Taleen Destroyers fly towards the city, light green spotlights shining down onto the streets and houses, Centurions and Guardians holding on to the bottom parts of the scorpion like airships. Arcane beams charged and shot into the alleys, at targets Ilea couldn't see.

The group that had stopped the ritual was gone when she looked again. She found them rushing atop the buildings as they looked for the next enemy.

*"Virilya is under attack, whenever you're available, we'd appreciate the help!"* Felicia sent through her mark.

*"How is the situation? Felicia asked me for help,"* Ilea sent to a nearby Hunter Praetorian.

The machine turned her way. *"The settlements of the Accords are secured. Go and help them. I have an army prepared in Iz, should they accept my assistance."*

Ilea nodded and activated her third tier transfer.

*"Ilea,"* Aki sent.

She looked his way.

*"Make the gate large."*

She smiled as the runes took hold, her form appearing above the familiar streets and alleys of Virilya. Screams resounded in the night, explosions audible as flares of fire and red light were seen throughout the city.

Several spells were aimed her way as she spread her wings, one noble sending an arcane missile at her chest, the magic spreading over her mantle without causing any damage. She gave him a look, all color fading from his face as he started to stutter.

*"I'm here to help,"* she said to the unit of nobles, glancing at Felicia. *"And I can bring more help if the Empire wishes."*

*"Come with me, Lilith,"* one of the older men said, turning before he flew towards the central district.

Felicia looked at her and nodded, smiling before she charged towards an explosion in the city below.

Ilea followed the man, the layout of the attacks very different from the devastating past invasion and subsequent siege from Baralia troops. This time, they were aiming to kill civilians and to destroy as much of the city as they could, the consequences of demon summonings and blood rituals entirely ignored. She landed near the Halls of Eternity, two dozen armored nobles present, including the Empress herself, the woman dressed in the imperial gray, her silver eyes darting towards Ilea as soon as she had landed, bloodied black wings collapsing on her back.

*"The Accords offer their assistance, if you would have our Guardians inside your city walls,"* Ilea spoke.

“Lunacy, we do not need their armies here,” one of the higher leveled nobles spoke, heavy enchanted plate armor obscuring his face.

“Can you guarantee that the Guardians will leave this city once this is over?” one of the nobles asked.

“They will be gone, I guarantee it,” Ilea said. “Now let’s not waste any more time. Civilians are under attack.”

Ilea ignored the obvious scorn coming from a few of the nobles, most of them showing support in their body language. A few going as far as nodding her way.

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Empress Alyris of Lys looked at the ashen healer, the one who brought together their now most prominent competitor in the Plains. Standing here amongst her nobles, all high ranking members of their ancient Houses and her court, asking to bring their armies into the heart of her Empire. They could deal with this attack. Virilya had survived the Baralian siege, they would survive the remnants of their enemies.

*“Alyris. Listen to her,”* Syrithis spoke, the half elf and her most trusted guard not one to speak up in such a time. She looked her way, seeing her masked lover fly above. *“My father trusted her. And I shall trust her in turn. A Guardian of Cerith will not betray us.”*

Alyris raised her chin. She looked to Syrithis, then back to Lilith. “Very well, Lilith. We will tolerate them here for one day. Summon your machines.”

Ilea’s blue eyes narrowed ever so slightly. She gave Alyris a nod before she vanished.

The Empress looked up as more of the nobles rushed away to engage in the ongoing chaos, she found the black winged woman flying a few hundred meters away, bits of glowing embers embedded in her ashen wings and armor. She saw the skies change, ever so slightly, silver rushing out from beyond a moment later, flying machines the size of houses coming down upon their capital, hundreds of smaller green machines holding on to their forms. Black winged healers accompanied the hordes of Taleen creations, large war machines falling down before fiery jets propelled them forward.

She knew they were here to fight the enemies of Lys, but the impression was made regardless. This was not a force they could challenge. “Spread through our city, and prevent further chaos and death. Go now, warriors of Lys!” she spoke, her voice raised as she steeled her will, eyes soon back to the ashen wings in the distance. Too long had they waited within their barrier, too many had died in the siege. It wouldn’t happen again, even if their pride would be wounded. It was a blow she was willing to take, for the sake of her people.

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Ilea stopped her gate spell, her mana reaching critical levels. *“You really prepared to impress,”* she sent to one of the Hunters as she flew down to help in the chaos.

*“This is but a fraction of my armies, Ilea. You know that. They don’t,”* Aki said.

*“Now they do,”* she said, appearing in a home where she found two people about to cut down an injured man. Their axes were raised as ashen limbs slashed through their bodies, the civilian left without injuries as Ilea moved on through the city. She landed on a square where stores and homes had been broken into, corpses littering the ground. She found a dying woman on the ground, grabbing her hand as she healed her.

Ilea locked eyes with the woman, making out the raiders within her dominion, a few of them already shouting as they failed to teleport away. A few brave men charged her as she activated her reverse healing. *“Go and hide until this is over,”* Ilea said to the woman as the attackers fell to her magic, their bodies hitting the ground in near unison.

Her wings spread before she shot up, flying along a nearby road while her dominion pierced the homes, stores, and workshops, hundreds of people hiding behind locked doors, some armed and armored, some looking out the windows to get a better idea of what was happening.

A Taleen Destroyer flew past above, shields flaring up when a set of explosive projectiles struck its side. Arcane beams were sent down in response, the machine turning as a group of Guardians rushed over the nearby roofs.

Ilea found a group of imperial guards hiding behind cover on a broad square, several attackers hunkering down in a storefront, spells impacting both sides as they tried to gain the upper hand. She landed with a heavy impact, the cobblestone cracking under her weight and momentum. She pushed off the ground, her armored body smashing through the frantically summoned shield and the remaining glass of the storefront. She continued on, smearing the low level barrier mage into and through the stone wall before she landed on one knee, her wings fanning out and slicing through two more attackers. She stood up and teleported the three fleeing individuals in front of her, one ashen limb slashing through their necks in one quick flash.

Ilea teleported to the survivors and healed those injured without a word. She looked at the dust covered face of a terrified guard before she teleported up and twirled. Her wings moved and she shot off to the next street. Ilea slowed and flew up, trying to spot more battles, rituals, or explosions. Already there were Destroyers flying around with their searchlights, Guardians, Dark Ones, Imperial soldiers, and city guards running on the roofs, through the streets, or flying above in search of the attackers.

She felt a powerful wave of magic when she saw a streak of red light shoot up from a distant set of buildings. A blood ritual far beyond what she had seen today. She was about to rush there when something lit up near the central district. Energy coalesced before a beam of bright arcane energy was released from the artillery cannon defending the city. The impact disintegrated several buildings, including the ritual and its casters. A bright explosion spread out as Ilea closed the distance, looking for those injured or dying.

She healed those who had survived, teleporting them out of the still burning arcane fires, blood

magic remaining in the air. One hooded blood mage ran at her with a sword, his left arm broken from the arcane and blood explosions. He brought the steel down, striking her mantle without leaving a dent. Ilea grabbed the weapon by the blade and slammed it through his skull, leaving him to fall as she flew up again.

*“Aki asked me to contact you. Ravenhall is secured. A large demon horde is approaching Yinnahall,”* Trian sent.

Ilea turned and charged her wings, flying past the city walls before she found the teleportation gate bunkers outside the capital walls. She landed near the gate leading to Morhill, two dozen Imperial guards looking at her with wide eyes. “I need to use that,” she said.

“Y... yes, Lilith,” one of them said and rushed inside, the guards inside activating the gate for her.

A moment later she appeared in Morhill, the city swarming with Guardians and adventurers, though there were few fires here. Appearing on the teleportation circle to Yinnahall, she gave the guards a look and vanished as they activated the gate.

Ilea teleported up twice and spread her wings, flying up even farther as she took in the city on the hill, the market that had grown around the teleportation gates outside, the fields and forests beyond. Fires still burned within the city walls, smoke rising from within and without but she quickly found the reason Aki had called her here.

Red light flickered kilometers away in the distance, as if a lightning storm had been summoned. She could see the demons approaching. A horde the likes of which she hadn't seen since the summoning in Ravenhall, larger than most groups even in Kohr. Above flew a massive demon creature the size of the void tentacle creatures she had faced in the past month. It looked different, elongated and more akin to an actual squid, the red lightning storm moving with the pale creature summoned from the depths of the forgotten realm of the Ascended.

An army of Guardians coalesced near the field, flying Destroyers and Hunter Praetorians gathering as they prepared to reap through the demon horde.

Ilea charged her wings and flew towards the monsters, stopping when she was about a kilometer above the creatures. It would take minutes for them to reach Aki's line of defense. She formed three spheres of ash and opened a gate to the domain of the Meadow.

Ilea made the opening as large as she could and angled it down towards the encroaching enemy, sending the three spheres through.

The first chunk of stone appeared near instantly, an explosion rattling the surroundings as the sound barrier was broken through. Several tons of rock impacted the ground with devastating force, flattening a few dozen demons before the force of the impact ripped apart another few hundred. More chunks of stone followed, the sound of the impacts deafening her entirely as she watched the landscape be reshaped by the power of a god.

She sent another three spheres through, the bombardment stopping as fast as it had started. Chunks of soil, rock, bone, flesh, and tree still impacted the nearby lake, fields, and forests, some flying as far as Aki's defensive line. As the dust cleared, she could see a series of deep craters, chunks of rock at their center. Most of the demons were dead but the flying squid like creature remained, protecting itself as it hovered outside the direct impact zone.

Ilea flew silently, hearing the creature cry out with a shrill sound, its anger directed at the unseen Meadow. She opened another gate right above its form, uncaring for its level as she sent for another

bombardment.

The Endless Meadow obliged.

The first ten chunks of stone were deflected off the creature's pale skin, tearing through the landscape as they reached the ground. The next set dug into its body with wet impacts, pushing it towards the ground as it moved its tentacles, red lightning spreading up and outwards, some of the stones exploding in flashes of light.

Ilea aimed her cannon and released a fully charged beam of Embered Heart, leaving a line of white flame on the being. She summoned spears of burning ash to cover the creature as more rocks came from the Meadow. One more burst of red lightning spread out, her precognition informing her about the incoming damage. She grinned, the lightning burning away several sets of her mantle in an instant, the rest flowing through her slowly, her healing pushing against it as she felt her muscles tense, her jaws locked before she cracked her neck and aimed once again with her cannon.

The next beam tore into one of the creature's eyes, her fires spreading further as its body was mangled by the incoming rocks. At last it hit the ground, pounded into the earth as its flesh and bones were bludgeoned beyond recognition, the earth itself shaking, debris raised and flung aside.

**'ding' 'Your group has defeated [Буря - lvl 1723]'**

**'ding' 'Eternal Huntress [Enhanced] reaches 3<sup>rd</sup> lvl 8'**

**'ding' 'Eternal Sight [Enhanced] reaches 3<sup>rd</sup> lvl 16'**

**'ding' 'Titan Core [Enhanced] reaches 3<sup>rd</sup> lvl 30'**

**'ding' 'Origin of Ash and Embers [Enhanced] reaches 3<sup>rd</sup> lvl 15'**

**'ding' 'Authority of Ash and Ember [Enhanced] reaches 3<sup>rd</sup> lvl 27'**

**'ding' 'Vision of Ash [Enhanced] reaches 3<sup>rd</sup> lvl 13'**

**'ding' 'Fabric Tear [Enhanced] reaches 3<sup>rd</sup> lvl 25'**

**'ding' 'Reality Warp [Enhanced] reaches 3<sup>rd</sup> lvl 11'**

She sent through another set of spheres as she watched the bloodied dirt rise into the air. She leaned through the barrier to find a bunch of wide eyed prisoners within a barrier. *"I should use you more often,"* she sent.

*"I do hope what we killed was worth my intervention. I do not want to participate in the murder of living beings,"* the Meadow spoke.

*"That thing could've wiped out an entire city of awakened beings. I think you hold the moral high ground,"* Ilea said. *"And the literal high ground. That demon is absolutely wrecked."*

*"I don't like that grin on your face,"* the Meadow sent.

*"My face is covered in ash armor,"* Ilea sent.

*“I know when you grin,”* the Meadow sent.

Ilea rolled her eyes and moved her head back through the gate, deactivating the spell as she flew down to check on the dead creature.