

Chapter 649 Lessons

She smiled at the group. “Is that the usual way you treat unidentifiable adventurers?”

The man seemed to be caught off guard a little, his joke likely born of a bet that perhaps didn’t seem like the best idea in hindsight.

“I meant no offense, Miss,” he said with a charming smile. “We had wondered who would walk by Lord Fiore’s side. It seemed appropriate to suggest Lady Lilith, as there were rumors of her visit to the Corinth Order today.”

“Just to be clear,” Kyrie said. “This Is Lady Lilith, founder of the Medic Sentinel Corps.”

The guys seemed shocked.

Now you believe it? Not when you see a two question mark battle healer? I guess it’s just my getup. Should just walk in with my new Wyrn armor and destroy a few buildings in my wake to be true to my reputation.

“I wanted to show her the school of magic, and introduce her to some of the young talent honing their skills here,” Kyrie said. “Now that you’re already here, maybe you’d be willing to show off a little?”

Ilea glanced over to the shadow mage. *Oh you.*

“Are you sure?” one of the men asked, looking at her.

“It’s a bout then? What exactly are the boundaries and who wants to join?” Ilea asked.

“Everyone here against Lilith. I suggest you start over there,” Kyrie said, pointing at a set of strategically placed cover. “And you start here. I would suggest no killing,” he said to Ilea and smiled.

“All of us? Isn’t that a little unfair?” one of the men asked, rolling his shoulders as he winked at her.

Ilea at least gave credit to the other two, one just slightly unsure but the last one terrified as he looked at her. *I’ll kill you last*, she thought and smiled at him as sweetly as she could.

“Lilith has powerful defenses. It would surprise me if you could injure her severely,” Kyrie said and stepped aside. “The fight is over when one side is incapacitated.”

The five students gave their assent without further questions, likely having hoped Kyrie would suggest a bout when they had heard about his visit.

Ilea watched them take position, waiting in her spot with her arms crossed in front of her. More onlookers had joined by now, discussing with each other or setting up bets. Those too far away to identify her made some terrible miscalculations.

“I’m ready when you are,” Ilea said.

Kyrie snapped his fingers and the students attacked.

Magic flared up behind their cover, projectiles and beams flashing out towards her. Ilea raised her brows, impressed by the intensity of their magic. *Good Classes for their levels*, she thought, smiling when she saw Helia hesitate with her condensing water beam, after Ilea had remained stationary.

She displaced the spells to the side and started walking to the side. Her flat hand stopped the water beam now shot at her, a chunk of stone slapped to the side with her wrist. *Wonderful. They're even weaker than I thought.*

Ilea stopped near a large tree and sunk her fingers into it, a limb of ash forming a scythe like blade before it slashed past the bottom. She casually turned to the group. "Here you go," she said and threw the tree in a horizontal sweep.

They all covered behind their cover instead of dodging or teleporting away, one of the guys straight up staring at the incoming log until his friend dragged him down.

She looked up at Kyrie and shrugged. *I don't even know what to say*, she thought and turned back to the students, slowly walking towards their cover as they scrambled to get their spells aimed at her.

Ilea whistled, freezing everyone in the vicinity. Playtime was over. If Kyrie wanted them to get a lesson, she would oblige. Ilea displaced the five students close to her and grabbed each one with a few growing ashen limbs. She didn't have to use her Deviant aura to terrify them. "Some monsters above your own level can paralyze you with just a screech or roar," she said, watching them start to writhe when the effects wore off. "Your teleportation won't work once their bodies or magic touches you. Generally speaking."

Ilea considered breaking a few bones but decided against it. The Sentinels knew what they signed up for and they could heal themselves. This felt more like torturing puppies. *Arrogant noble puppies.*

Instead she just teleported them up about thirty meters, watching them fall as they screamed. She caught them a few meters before they landed. Only two of them looked ready to make a non lethal landing. *Panic and fear clouding their minds.*

"What do you do, when you're faced with a beast that can kill you in a single strike?" she asked, stepping up to the guy who had already been terrified before. Surprisingly he seemed a little more calm now.

"You... run," he said.

"Exactly," Ilea said and threw him to the side, the man hitting the ground with a pained yelp before he stumbled up and ran towards a slope leading out of the pit.

"When you see an enemy stand still at the might of your magic. What could it mean?" she asked the remaining group.

"That our magic is... inconsequential," Helia answered.

"Or they're terrified of your might," Ilea said. "Though I suppose both may warrant a pause to consider. The least you should do is make some distance and observe. But I suppose it can already be too late at that point."

"Why are you doing this?!" Joanne shouted. "Do you get enjoyment out of it?"

Ilea walked over to her. "You agreed to a bout, did you not?"

She remained silent.

“You identified me and learned that I’m far above your level. You heard that I’m Lilith, but you didn’t believe it, even when Kyrie said as much,” Ilea said. “You’re lucky I’m not an actual demon, because then you would long be dead.”

Joanne grit her teeth but remained quiet.

Ilea looked into her eyes and doubted the woman would get something valuable out of this. *If this isn’t going to teach her anything, only the real thing will manage. But somehow I doubt she’d ever join an actual adventuring team.*

She let them go and addressed the onlookers. “Anybody wants to test their spells and abilities, I’ll provide what pointers I can give.”

It took a few seconds for anybody to react, Helia being the first to walk up to her. “Can I just test my spells on you?”

“Go ahead,” Ilea said.

“Sure?” Helia asked again as water formed in front of her hand.

“You can’t hurt me,” Ilea said. “I’ll even bet ten gold pieces on that.”

The challenge incited a few of the onlookers, some jumping down into the pit now.

“Lady Lilith? Does that wager apply to everyone?” the man asked, lightning crackling around him as he approached. He was at level one twenty.

“Of course,” she answered, layering her ash armor.

“Are we just going to take that, Halstein?” the man asked as he circled her, addressing the growing student body.

What is this? A high school recess brawl?

It certainly felt that way when people started shouting, joining in as mages started forming a loose circle around her.

Ilea positioned herself in such a way that nobody would be directly behind her. She didn’t trust them not to injure each other.

Time to humble some people.

Ilea walked to the next student, watching him circle around her as a few dozen spells impacted her side. She maneuvered him against the side of the pit where she grabbed his arm, his ice flower spell exploding in her armored face, pieces of sharp frozen water hitting her eyes and shattering in the process.

“Got you. Well done aiming for my eyes,” she said with a smile, looking at the terrified young mage before she threw him away, his body impacting the ground four times before he came to a stop. *Bruises... oh he broke a rib. Let me fix that,* she thought and healed the injury.

She looked at the large group of students running around to reposition, blood on some of their faces, ash and dust covering their armor. Most were panting, groups of two or three getting the injured out of the way. *They're almost starting to look like actual adventurers.*

Ilea could've used Monster Hunter once more to freeze them in place, she could've sent ashen limbs or copies after them, or use her heat spells to incinerate all of them at once.

However for this dangerous group of individuals, she needed to think with next level tactics. Evolved so to say. After about twenty minutes, most of them had been running on magical fumes for quite some time, having shot their load early in a pride boosted effort to take down the surely not as impressive as the songs walking myth of Ravenhall. A valiant effort for sure. Perhaps they'd be enough to stop one or even two demon spawn.

Her exceeding experience however shocked even them, as she changed from a brisk walk to a light jog.

She giggled to herself as she saw the terrified expressions, the fear near palpable in the air. All of them had seen dozens of students roughly thrown around, some even going unconscious. The sound of breaking bones coupled with pained yelps and screams had really changed the feel of this bout, Ilea however still enjoying herself as much as at the beginning.

Their confident grins had turned to despair, more so with each passing minute. Spells impacted her again, less frequent and less powerful than at the start. Perhaps an impressive display to a local Ruby rank adventurer but to someone who regularly faced ancient monsters capable of summoning miniature suns or tempests, they may as well have been children throwing rubber toys.

She waved to the faculty members now watching outside the pit with Kyrie, only the latter lightly waving back.

Have they never seen a Shadow? They'd slaughter this bunch, she thought, seeing some of their faces. Though it was impossible of course to discern their actual thoughts.

The students scrambles, some of them rushing up the slopes to leave the pit and surrender. Her jog really was quite terrifying it seemed.

She would've liked to just teleport them back, to really instill the terror of facing an ancient beast. *Have I accidentally become an Ascended? No... once I'm at four marks, I'll shred that thing to bits with a mere thought.*

'ding' 'Sage of Torment reaches 2nd lvl 9'

This is hardly worth a mention compared to the Sentinels, she thought, hearing a yelp when she threw an armored student to the side, a loud oof resounding where he hit a tree. She checked to find his arm bruised but not broken. *I'm getting better at this.*

Ilea thought it funny that throwing around these level one hundred *fighters* required more finesse than dodging a four mark's continued attacks. Perhaps this wouldn't be so useless after all.

She could tell Kyrie itched to jump in, as did a few of the teachers, most at least close or slightly above level two hundred. None did however, for understandable reasons. Dignity. Ilea herself wouldn't be bound by such lowly standards. If a stronger person appeared, she'd happily get beaten up to learn about her limits. Even better if she didn't have to hold back at all. *Guess that's the Meadow for me.*

“Thanks for training. Must be hard not to squash me,” she sent to the creature, catching the hood of a robed void mage. *They have such rare powers and yet so little experience.*

“Surprisingly durable. I only hold back ninety-nine percent,” the Meadow sent back.

Liar. I know it’s at least two percent, she thought, throwing the mage back and over her shoulder. Her slow approach wouldn’t have worked on a large field but the small pit allowed her to outmaneuver the students even with her slow speed. She caught another one a few seconds later, the remaining fighters exhausted, bleeding, and out of mana.

She lifted the woman up, watching her squirm. *Hmm. Maybe not exactly. I would catch them eventually, once they’re exhausted or need sleep. Or at worst when they die of old age. I’m immortal after all,* she thought and smiled brightly, tears streaming from the girl’s face.

“Please...,” she squirmed.

“Aw,” Ilea mused and put her down, smiling when her precognition kicked in. She caught the girl’s hand and broke her wrist, the metal spike she had controlled falling to the ground. “Good. Honor doesn’t help when your survival depends on it. Use what you can.”

She healed the girl and threw her away, teleporting when she saw her flight angle. Ilea put a foot between the metal mage’s chest and the ground, her knees slapping against the earth with two loud thuds. “Careful now,” she said and rolled her around with her heel. “If you land like that you might break your neck.”

The young woman whined, her perfect blond hair and cute face absolutely ruined. “It... hurts,” she whispered.

“Astute observation,” Ilea said and looked around to find no healthy students remaining in the pit. *The jog really broke their spirit. Maybe I should use less powerful attacks, like Absolute Destruction.*

She walked over to a young man, coughing as he woke up. “You should get that waistguard checked out, a few straps came loose. Shouldn’t happen from a throw like that.”

He looked up at her and smiled lightly. “Hardly matters now, does it?”

“Not against me, no. But your next battle may not be quite as hopeless,” Ilea said and helped him up. “Seems like your friends abandoned you.”

He sighed, waving off a group of three more or less apologetic men sitting above the pit. “I’ll reevaluate my alliances,” he said. “Want to be friends?”

Ilea raised an eyebrow at him. “I don’t know you, kid.”

The man shrugged. “Worth a shot. My mother always said that befriending powerful people is the key to influence.”

“It’s the key to resistances, that’s for sure,” Ilea said. “Now fuck off or I’ll throw you again.”

“Yes ma’am,” the student said and saluted, running away as fast as he could.

Good on you. I’d have caught you on a lighthearted jog.

“Nobody else want to join?” she asked, looking at the exhausted onlookers.

Kyrie appeared a few meters ahead of her. “I think that’s enough for an afternoon,” he said with obvious amusement. “Don’t you think?”

“Sure you’re not up for a brawl? Showing off your mighty power to the impressionable student body,” Ilea said in a quiet tone.

“I believe Halstein has embarrassed itself quite enough for one day,” he mused. “May we?” he asked, gesturing upwards.

“Sure, but I think that’s enough of a tour for me. Thank you, Kyrie,” Ilea said, spreading her wings and ascending next to the man.

“Can’t say I expected to keep you here. What are your plans now?” he asked.

Ilea smirked. “I believe that’s my business.”

He chuckled. “Of course. I was merely curious what day to day business a person like you may have,” the man said, flying up next to her, the two soon hovering about sixty meters above the school grounds. He looked down and breathed in deeply. “To think what you could do to this place in mere seconds.”

“I’m not a madwoman, Kyrie. I’m sure there are enough dangerous people in Kroll you can worry about,” she said. “And monsters,” she added, remembering the whale creature flattening a large section of Ravenhall with a single spell. She wondered what the miniature sun spell would do to Halstein. *Best not think of those scenarios.*

“I’m not thinking of you, Ilea. I know you’re not our enemy,” Kyrie said with a thoughtful expression on his face. “I bid you farewell then, may our paths cross again, in similarly favorable conditions.”

“And to you. Greet Michael if you get the chance. Tell him he still owes me. Oh and thanks again for the feast, it really was delicious,” she said and started charging her wings.

Kyrie smiled. “I will deliver your words, Ilea.”

He felt the magic build within her wings before she shot off, a wave of air pushing him back as he lifted a hand to protect his face. The ashen healer was already just a small dot to his eyes, vanishing entirely a few seconds later.

He sighed, cracking his neck as he flew down to inspect the damage on the students. He was glad she had restrained herself to this degree, not even injuring any of the fighters. Of course he could already hear some people whining about unnecessary force and threats to talk to parents, uncles, or the king himself. Most of the students however seemed either awed, thoughtful, or downright hopeless. An improvement in Kyrie’s eyes, compared to their confidence before.

They can be angry at her all they want. Nothing they do or say will mean anything to her. They learned of their place in the world, unmistakably.

He hoped they would take the experience in stride, humbled and eager to grow. Most of these students were already powerful enough to face common beasts in the wilderness but they had to learn about what could be out there. Confidence was helpful, but it would only go so far.

Kyrie said a few encouraging words to the most downtrodden students before he joined the faculty. *They know she did more for them in one hour than they may have done in the past few years.*

He knew the teachers, their reactions both obvious and in character. The few who were both pragmatic and truly cared for the well being of their students seemed more than happy about the impromptu lesson. *Interesting. It seems some of you may have needed the reminder too,* he thought, preparing to leave. *Well, we do tend to forget about the dangers of the world, protected in our walls by those we deem inhuman monsters.*