

Chapter 420 Blaze that Fucker

Ilea held on as the massive beast moved through stone and sand with ease, its magic pushing aside whatever lay in the way. Her second tier Sand Magic Resistance helped, massively reducing the pressure she was under.

She kept the Fae within a small cocoon of ash that she held onto until they emerged back out into the open.

Her wings fanned out to protect herself against the strong wind filled with sand. “You should get some distance now, little one,” she said to the Fae, moving the ash away.

It teleported in front of her and giggled into her mind.

Violence!

“I’ll focus on survival,” she said and smiled, seeing the Fae vanish without a trace right after.

The Trakorov continued with the same momentum, pressing forward and through the storm with heavy steps.

Ilea deactivated her Sand Resistance, hoping to get one or two more levels as they approached, now that they weren’t yet facing the Elemental directly.

Each step brought them closer, the storm increasing in intensity, brushing against Ilea’s armor.

The visibility was atrocious but she kept steady, knowing that the Elemental would be at the center.

The eye of the storm, she thought and thought of a cool theme playing in the background. There was nothing of course, just the sound of wind and sand brushing against the massive creature and her rather tiny person in comparison.

Her buffs were ready, all her skills much more powerful than they had been back on the first layer. Her Sand Magic and Blood Manipulation resistances would provide the necessary defense against the creature, coupled with everything else in her arsenal.

Ilea had no illusions about fighting the elemental herself. The magical pressure she felt was extraordinary, something she could only compare to the northern storms themselves or the creature she was holding onto.

This time, she would take the part of a healer. If the Trakorov died or fell to the corruption, there was nothing else that stood in the Elemental’s way. Another plan could be formed but this one had been just crazy enough to potentially work.

She felt the pressure from below and grinned.

‘ding’ Arcane Magic Resistance reaches 2nd lvl 17’

Heat rushed out from the Trakorov, small flames clinging to her ash as the monster roared its challenge.

Its maw opened wide before a stream of lava sprayed into the storm of sand. It didn’t stop, instead increasing in both heat and velocity as its cone increased. Everything it touched mixed with the

molten rock, sticking to it and falling down. A path had formed within the storm, filling up again quickly but allowing a glance at the enemy they were facing.

Ilea stared at the eagle like wings spreading out from a flying cat like body. A woman's head sat on the body's shoulders, adorned with goat like horns. A being made of sand, a part of the storm and its center at the same time, lined with corruption slithering through its whole form.

It turned towards them just as the lava slowed down and hissed in an almost inaudible frequency.

Ilea instinctively covered her ears, the Elemental once more hidden within the storm as the waves of sound washed over her. Blood dripped from her ears before her hearing returned again.

'ding' 'You have learned the General Skill: Sound Magic Resistance – lvl 1

Sound Magic Resistance – lvl 1

Intricate and difficult to master, used by both mages and monsters. You have withstood and survived sound attacks, making you more resistant to its effects.

Ilea sent healing magic into the creature below her, focusing on the organs she thought to be its ears. They had withstood the attack but showed signs of damage.

Her precognition made her form a wall of ash in front of her, adding her wings to the mix before the storm twisted and moved, as if living. First away and up before it came down upon them, a thousand blades of condensed sand that washed into both her and the Trakorov.

It flowed down like a river, Ilea's defenses shredded away as the sand was deflected to the side, chipping at her wall of ash, constantly regenerating until her defenses were breached. Her skin held up better but it too was cut and bruised, more with every passing second.

Heat gathered within her as she regenerated her body against the constant assault, pulsing as much healing mana into the monster below as she could.

Corruption seeped into her body from the sand, fought and removed by her resistance.

The storm returned to its former state as she stood up from her crouched position, her ash and body reforming at the same time. "Is that all?" she asked, her voice enhanced before a wave of heat rippled out of the Trakorov, the corruption that was forming on its body washed away in an instant.

Its wounds closed quickly, even without her help. A roar joined Ilea's challenge as they watched the storm twist and condense before them, whirlwinds of sand filled with chunks and spikes moving over them.

The monster below her slammed its tail down into the sand and spewed lava, the river turning into a high pressure beam as the heated material cut through the storm, reaching the Elemental and slathering its whole right wing and body in burning orange red heat.

Another hiss resounded, Ilea continuing to heal them both, gritting her teeth against the magical pressure, feeling a headache form in her head before a chunk of it exploded outwards. Instant healing reformed her head as she took a deep breath, watching the Elemental shed a truckload of sand covered in lava, its body reforming as the storm raged around it.

'ding' 'Sound Magic Resistance reaches lvl 2'

Catelyn felt the pressure from this distance, their group approaching quickly after the Elemental's cry had frozen them in place.

Ilea had succeeded, bringing something into the fight that could potentially take out the ancient and revered being of sand.

She spread her tails to protect the group of support mages who volunteered to join them.

The elf had formed a broad white barrier in front of them, stopping the occasional sand projectile that made its way towards them.

Five Wyverns were flying around the group, purple flames dancing in their maws. Maro controlled them, his whole focus needed for the high level undead.

Venekov had insisted on joining them, golden sparks occasionally visible around his body as he too protected a small group of flying mages.

They watched the sandstorm condense and form a river a hundred meters broad, washing into the scaled black monster.

"Now! Go!" Catelyn shouted, all of them advancing as one, barriers around them as the Wyverns fanned out to draw the Elemental's attention.

She felt the familiar feeling of bard spells, making her focus better and her flames burn just a little brighter.

They closed the distance as the river of sand washed into the massive creature that remained unmoved.

Catelyn flew upwards, condensing her mana into a glowing sphere of fire. She watched the Sand Elemental and pushed more and more into the spell, more than she had ever risked before.

The river stopped before a stream of lava broke through, covering a part of the flying enemy. Wyverns rushed forward before she released her spell, the flaming meteor vanishing in blinding speed as the sandstorm reformed around them.

Catelyn teleported down and started healing herself when she heard the cry of the creature, their group flying close together as the healers activated their spells, shining runed white barriers taking the brunt of the force, quickly cracking under the pressure.

A flash of light made her blink before an explosion resounded, sending both heat and a shock wave her way.

Ilea smiled, flying down in front of the Trakorov's maw before her limbs lashed out, ripping out a human sized chunk of corruption that had lodged itself between its carapace. She stabilized herself and dug farther down before a wave of Heat made the rest of it burn up.

Her ashen armor reformed quickly, her singed skin healing below as she remained hanging from the monster's face.

She watched the sand around them focus once more, forming a hundred meter long blades above them. *Ah fuck*, she thought and aimed her limbs up, releasing Heart of Cinder into the closest blade that quickly approached.

Fire and heat slammed into the sand, changing the blade's trajectory enough to slide past the Trakorov's armored back. The other six blades crashed down, making the creature buckle as it roared.

The shock wave followed, Ilea holding on with her wings and all her ashen tendrils as her body was pushed away.

She blinked up onto the Trakorov's back and found two of the weapons had penetrated, one deeper than the other. Ilea jumped into the wound and released heart of cinder, burning away the corruption the clung to its insides before she immediately started charging it again.

Her ash spread and pulsed healing mana into it, slowly reforming tissue as she felt more rumbling from outside. She focused on her task, hearing explosions resound.

The Trakorov roared, followed by a high pitched whine.

Ilea felt the sweat rolling down her brow and back, reforming cubic meters of flesh before she blinked into the other wound twenty meters away. There was enough room within and she activated Heart of Cinder again, only charged for a couple seconds but enough to burn up the corruption.

Her monster ally was insanely powerful but it was also slow, its heat wave ineffective in dealing with the constantly spreading orange veins.

Maro sent the Wyverns towards the Elemental as he watched in terrified awe as the blades of sand crashed into the monstrous armored creature.

The shock wave sent his Wyverns tumbling through the air as the elf reformed his barriers, many of the lower leveled mages whimpering as the healers kept the group alive.

He focused again and made his undead close in on the Elemental, purple flames setting it ablaze from various sides. The destruction was incredible and still the creature remained unfazed, uncaring and frenzied, simply too large and monstrous to be affected by the Wyverns.

Tendrils of sand lashed out, grabbing at the undead as Maro made them dodge and get distance. One of them was caught up and got dragged into the sand, pierced by a dozen sharp ends as its flames burned bright, until they were smothered inside the sand, the creature drowned and crushed.

He looked away when another one of Catelyn's fireballs exploded, blinding light and heat following right after, seen and felt even behind the elf's barriers.

The group remained partially shrouded by shadows and illusions but the sheer pressure and magical power these creatures emanated made it mostly obsolete.

Maro watched as the Trakorov jumped and buried itself into the sand with surprising speed, the sound of cracking stone and moving sand audible even from several hundred meters away.

Ilea was nearly done with the second wound when the creature buried itself in the sand. She held on inside the small crevice left and waited, the light coming in from outside vanished for a couple of seconds as she charged her Heart of Cinder and felt the heat rise not just within her.

They burst out of the ground, an explosion of heat, fire and lava washing over her as she formed her wings and covered herself in all the ash she could.

Ilea felt her eyes pop, her mind blanking for a moment before she was back, seeing the scorched remains of her bones as they quickly recovered, muscle and skin forming as her ashen armor spread over her again.

The spell hadn't activated her Azarinth Perception but she knew she had dipped below half of her health at least. Her wings formed as she tumbled in the air, seeing the skeleton of a Wyvern falling twenty meters away.

Niivalyr watched with wide eyes and a manic grin as the Trakorov reemerged, swaths of sand and boulders of rock exploded outwards as the creature jumped up and towards the Elemental, its maw opening wide as a spreading heat instantly changed the very air.

A beam of blinding light, fire and lava exploded upwards, engulfing the Elemental entirely.

He formed several barriers and held out both hands, pushing all the mana he could into the defense as he changed the runes to defend against heat and fire.

A wave of wind and sand washed over the flying group, followed by a scorching heat that instantly shattered two of his barriers. Healing mana flowed into him from behind as his skills were enhanced by various spells.

The third barrier broke as he felt his mask melt his robe on fire and his hands burnt to the bone. Pain Tolerance in the second tier kept him focused, all his attention on the last remaining barrier that kept most of the heat and fire away.

His sight started to blur as cracks started to form on his remaining defense. He felt the familiar presence of Catelyn teleport in front of him, her body burning bright as she roared, redirecting the heat into herself before several beams of fire shot out and slammed into the sand below.

He saw her fall, caught a moment later by the sole surviving expedition leader.

The skin on his hands reformed as he ripped off the mask, tearing molten skin before a new one appeared to cover his features. Meditation recovered some of his mana as he let the last barrier shatter, forming another one immediately after.

The healers focused on him and Catelyn who hissed at the pain, still conscious.

Ilea twirled in the air and saw the Trakorov diving towards the ground. Drops of lava spread outwards from above like fireworks, a part of the layer's ceiling covered in the molten glowing rock.

The sand on the ground had turned to glass, at least for a hundred meters. The storm had been pushed away, a wave of sand still visible in the distance as it moved away from the explosion.

The Elemental remained in the air, turned to glass in its entirety.

A serene calm followed as Ilea held her breath. Two seconds later the Trakorov landed on its four legs, a booming explosion resounding as its weight crashed into the sand and stone below.

Cracks formed on the glassed form of the Elemental before it shattered with a deafening hiss followed by a wave of magic that sent Ilea rolling through the air, stabilizing herself again quickly.

She charged her wings and watched as chunks of glass shattered away and fell to the ground, the Elemental breaking out of the prison formed of its own body.

Her ally had turned and growled at the floating creature, dozens of wounds on its head and chest seeping dark blood.

She sped up, reaching the Trakorov near instantly before slowing down, blinking the rest of the distance and cutting away the corruption in silence. One of its eyes had been infected, ripped out and reformed as she flew around its face, continuing with its chest and legs a moment later.

“Don't give up on me now, big guy!” she shouted, her voice enhanced with all the encouragement she could muster.

The terrifying creature sent a wave of heat outwards, the corruption vanishing as Ilea's armor vanished and reformed again. She smiled and went to the cleaned wounds and started healing, focusing on her task in all this.

Maro watched in disbelief as the Elemental broke out of its glassed prison, his Wyverns turned to smoldering skeletons, those closer to the Trakorov completely turned to ash.

The wave of magic and sound crashed into the elf's barriers, the front one cracking slightly before it recovered.

A roar resounded from behind him, Catelyn healed up, her eyes cold and her flames burning bright.

"Let's finish this," she said and lightly pushed away the healers. "King Maro," she said and nodded at him, "Noble Elf."

She flew ahead and looked back. "The rest, flee from here," her voice was final, only the expedition leader doing a double take before he too nodded to her and teleported away as far as he could.

"We will stay close together," she said and moved next to the elf. "This is your last chance to leave," she added.

Maro gulped as he looked at the sand pouring out from between the glassed chunks floating in the air.

"Not an adventurer? Fuck that," he said to himself and appeared on the elf's left.

"Make it taste our curse, death and fire," Catelyn said, her body growing a little more.

"It was an honor, to fight by your side," Niivalyr said, his barriers shattering into a thousand shards that vanished a moment later.

Heat gathered between Catelyn's paws as she growled, her eyes burning with rage and power.

Maro sighed lightly, spreading his arms as death magic spread through his veins.

The three of them sped up, flying towards the Elemental, raging as it slowly broke out of its shell.

Purple flames started burning around Maro as he channeled his mana into both his hands, forming an erupting flash of death magic that slammed into the Elemental a moment later, decay and death spreading as he pressed on with fear and excitement.

That damn woman, he thought with a light smile on his lips.