

## Chapter 929 Ascended

Erik felt his mana drain rapidly, despite his Arcane Form. Keeping up his Fourth Tier illusion in the vicinity of a Source was challenging, let alone the chance of Ravana accidentally hitting his hidden and stationary form with a ranged attack or her domain.

And yet he always welcomed a difficult task.

He saw Ravana move and fight the specters he projected, fueled by his power and a remnant of their memories. She killed them one after the other, her steel and lightning cutting through the battlefield with bright surges and far reaching creations, faster and stronger with every passing moment.

Only when he was sure that everyone had managed to retreat did he stop his Fourth Tier spell, leaving his Arcane Form active as he looked at the Ascended.

Ravana rose up from the crouch she had been in, steel flowing away as she ripped the mace out of the ground. She found him flying some distance away and narrowed her eyes. "An impressive creation, human. But it won't save you. None of you."

"You have your Source," Erik spoke, casting a set of illusion spells when she rushed at him, her mace thrumming with lightning and power as it passed through his form without trace.

He focused on six projections, all of them flying as he spoke through one of them. "The beings of this realm are not responsible for what happened to the Olym Arcena. You have caused enough death and destruction already."

Ravana raised her arms, lightning flashing down into all of his projections, barriers summoned above all. Three of them shattered, the illusions destroyed. The others held as thick metal wires whipped out in their direction, all of them lost as his spell faltered.

Thunder rolled through the vicinity.

"You are not a warrior. I do not expect you to understand."

Ravana braced to charge when she stopped and looked up into the distance. She stood and waited, her chest rising.

"They found him," she spoke. Closing her eyes, she lowered her head for a moment, then refocused on Erik.

Erik felt space magic next to him, tensing up as he prepared another spell.

He breathed out when he saw a familiar figure appear from thin air. Horns and scales of black glass, armor of ash.

Ilea stared at the Ascended and then stepped forward. "*You need time to rest, I'll give you as much as I can.*" Her hand raised, a gate came into existence behind her.

A small dome of lightning flashed out from Ravana, some of the power around her dissipating as she let go of her mace, the weapon crashing to the ground. "We have started this battle," Ravana spoke. "And I will finish it."

*“As much time as you can bear,” Erik sent back to his ally as he looked at the Ascended, then Ilea. “She has vibration magic too, a dome near fifty meters around her and more targeted attacks.”*

Ilea didn't answer, her eyes focused on the waiting Ascended.

*“Start slow if you can. She has just deactivated one of her enhancement spells. We'll figure something out.”* He sent the words and hesitated for just a moment. Once again, he looked at the Dragonslayer title and flew through the gate. If anyone could stop Ravana, it was her.

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Lightning rumbled through the dark clouds above, mists pooling in the distance.

Ilea felt the ash and heat of the Fire Wastes. She saw the craters all around, the burning grounds, the dead void creatures who had gotten too close to the battlefield.

It smelled of magic, of fire and lightning, light rain falling as the winds flowed past. Her gate closed and she cracked her neck, looking at the Ascended, the power she felt from the being vastly decreased after the lightning dome had expanded. *The Architect is dead, and the others are spent.*

*Start slow, he says.*

Her Fourth Tier of True Reconstruction waned, seven barriers appearing around her form and the health she had already lost regenerated.

*“You found him, Dragonslayer,” Ravana said and started walking closer, her two white eyes glowing bright. “After everything he did to this realm. How did it feel? When you killed him?”*

Ilea didn't reply. She breathed, every second precious, to bring back her Fourth Tier at full power. Every second, she regenerated mana. And every second, her allies recovered in turn.

But she didn't plan to rely on them.

Ravana was here.

And so was she.

*“I felt relief,” she said, walking towards the being, smaller rocks turned to dust below her boots.*

*“Ah, how disappointing,” the Ascended spoke. “You are so gripped by fear that you cannot allow yourself the satisfaction of conquest.”*

Ilea narrowed her eyes as her breaths quickened. Heat started to gather in her core. *“He destroyed my home,” she said. “Tens of thousands have died. For what?”*

Ravana laughed, the sound echoing over the battlefield. She crouched as a pulse of magic emanated from her. She bore no weapons, and the lightning above stirred but did not move. *“A mere Extraction? No creature worthy would die to such a thing!”* she shouted and rushed forward.

Ilea met her, precognition showing her the heavy punch coming for her chest. Her eyes widened, the attack changing into a feint in the last moment, her defense adjusting as the Ascended did the same.

Three feints, one of her own in turn, before a strike crashed against the first of her shields with an explosion of force, cracks forming before it splintered into bits of glowing light. She took a step back, two more shields broken with heavy strikes in the next second, a third punch she deflected, feeling the weight of the attack rush past, air coming with it before she struck back with her own fist, ash slamming into the thick steel plating as Cosmic Deconstruction and her Scorching Intrusion burned into the Ascended with a flare of energies and heat.

Jumping back, she had her hands raised and watched Ravana.

The fabric was distorted near her, the Source making it near impossible to teleport.

The Ascended closed her eyes as the foreign magic flowed through her, then opened them with a grunt. "Worthy of your title. Few wield cosmic magic. Yes. This should be enjoyable." She rushed forward, flying now.

Ilea spread her wings before the first strike broke one of her barriers with a shock wave, three remaining. She saw seven strikes coming, four of them mere feints as she deflected and attacked back, her own punches avoided entirely as she focused to find an opening. She grit her teeth and went in, her last barriers broken as she delivered a heavy punch to her foe's chest, another to her stomach, magic burning bright as they clashed.

*You've faced dragonfire.*

*This is just an Ascended.*

Flying to the side, Ilea twirled her body in the air, a kick slamming down on Ravana's raised arm, protecting her neck as intrusion flashed into her. Ilea saw an attack coming and raised her own arms, the impact sending out a shock wave before she was sent flying, only for her leg to be caught by Ravana's outstretched arm.

Another punch of hers landed in the side of the ascending being before Ravana's fist struck down into her armor.

Ilea felt the air punched out of her chest before she descended, crashing into the stone ground with a wave of rocks and debris exploding outwards. True Reconstruction flowed through her, healing the damage done to her as she pushed out of the ground and stood. Looking up, she saw a dozen steel beams the size of buses flying down.

Ash appeared before her, a thick wall cushioning the weight and momentum of the steel. She could feel Ravana push the metal deeper while she pushed back, more ash, smoke, and glass forming as her creation enveloped the steel entirely. She saw the Ascended beyond, rushing down and towards her.

Ilea sent a wave of space magic through the smoke and at the flying being, slowing her ever so slightly. Raising her arm, Ilea sent out her gathered heat in a bright cone of fire, the energies crashing against sheets of metal as Ravana covered her face with her arms and raised her knees to hide behind the summoned metal. The flames passed and the half molten sheets opened up, Ravana crashing down into the ground with Ilea flying back.

She raised her arms and deflected the first strike, the second crashing into her shoulder, scale armor ripped away as her flesh ruptured below, the next hit struck her chest, the air punched out of her lungs as she felt her heart threaten to burst. Another hit, she deflected, sending her intrusion into the steel being with a bright flare of magic. Two feints and she was struck into her stomach, organs

exploding with the force and reforming again before she took the next step back. A last kick sent her flying back a single meter.

She focused and pulled on her ash, a cloud of smoke and heated glass rising up and engulfing the Ascended. Ilea sent in scorching intrusion, forming two lances of glass before she sent them flying forward and into the warrior. She blinked her eyes, seeing that the projectiles hit and punched into the metal, and all the way through. And she saw that Ravana simply stood within the smoke, breaking the lances with her arms. Metal lashed out from her form, ropes as thick as her arms, extending into the size of tree trunks as Ilea flew back, twirling in the air to avoid the moving steel.

She summoned her own tendrils of ash when the creations reached her, a dozen strands turning into a hundred as ash met steel.

Ravana walked through the smoke, arms raised as more steel formed.

And Ilea burst into light, the Primordial Flame spreading through her creation in instants, the entire battlefield flaring up with yellow fire, burning steel, stone, and the very air alike, her own armor burning now with her fires. Below it all, she saw a dome of metal, melting and reforming as her fires burnt. She looked above and summoned a single spike of burning black glass, increasing its size until it was broader than the dome itself. The glass thrummed when she charged it with her wings. A split second later, she sent it down into the steel.

The ground shook, the side of a distant mountain rumbling as a part of it broke off, descending into an avalanche of stone. The steel dome wasn't just broken but entirely flattened, the spike digging deep into the ground before splinters webbed up throughout its massive length, large parts of the glass shattering before the entire thing started falling to the side.

Lightning surged above, seven flashes cutting down and through the glass, down into the center of the crater below.

Ravana flew up with a burst of explosive force, bits of yellow fire falling off her form with liquid steel, new plates forming below, all blemishes gone in mere moments. Sparks of lightning now flowed over her form, the energy she exuded entirely different.

Ravana raised her arm, a one handed mace of steel forming before another strike of lightning cracked down and into the weapon, thunder following. Her eyes shone bright before she rushed forward, the air exploding outwards, set alight as she advanced.

Ilea braced for impact, the Ascended crashing into her, a shock wave ravaging her organs as the two were sent flying over the landscape, Ilea trying to grapple her foe, reverse reconstruction now flowing into Ravana as Ilea healed herself. Her right hand found a grip around Ravana's left, but the other hand slipped past her, and the mace slammed down into her chest. Layers of her armor were compressed as the shock of force and lightning went through her with a tremor, blood vessels bursting as she let go of Ravana's right hand, raising both her arms to block the mace coming for her head. Another shock, her forearm bones shattering and her flesh destroyed. Yellow burning ash and smoke engulfed the Ascended as her ashen limbs extended out, finding matching limbs of steel as they flew through the air.

She blocked the next strike too, her recovering bones destroyed again, before a third strike sent her down towards the ground.

Ilea didn't slow herself, feeling the heavy impact rolling through her as the ground shook and stone was turned to dust. They had moved northwards in the few split seconds, had reached a mountain

range. She pushed herself out of the crater around her, her arms healing in an instant as her third tier flowed through her.

She grit her teeth, seeing Ravana land a few meters away and just above the crater, looking at her mace and then towards Ilea.

“Durable. But still just flesh,” the Ascended spoke as she let go of her mace, the palms of her hands meeting as she closed her eyes.

Ilea felt an attack coming, she could feel the dense mana coalescing around the being of steel, but she could not teleport away.

Nor did she want to.

Everything shook, her teeth grit as she felt the strange vibrations, stone around her turned to dust and the air sparking up with flames. She could feel her ash and body trembling, her resistances minimizing the effects as she healed against it, and still she found her right eye bursting out, then her left, followed by her liver, then her heart.

A grin came to her face, seeing the glowing brightness all around in her domain. Entire seconds passed as she focused on the magic, on the damage done to her body. She strained and slowly raised her arm, protecting and healing her brain all throughout. Ilea could feel her muscles burst as she summoned ash and fire, pushing it through the dense field around her, slowly moving it towards the close Ascended.

***‘ding’ ‘You have learned the General skill: Vibration Magic Resistance – lvl 1’***

***Vibration Magic Resistance – lvl 1***

***A rare and dangerous form of magic, combining a mastery of sound and heat to create a force meant only to destroy. You have faced this magic and survived. Try not to get hit again.***

Ilea fell to one knee when the spell ceased, her armor destroyed and blood running down her face, her ears, and out from a hundred separate cracks and wounds in her skin and muscle. Half her organs were destroyed, fractures running throughout most of her bones.

She took in a raspy breath, and grinned, dropping her creation when she saw Ravana didn’t move. Her third tier healing flowed through her, bones mending, organs reforming, her vision returning as her eyes were remade entirely.

“Is that it?” Ilea asked, her ash scale armor flowing over her, ignited by the Primordial Flame.

“A warrior after all,” Ravana spoke, her eyes glowing bright. She raised her arm, mana gathering before her hand.

Ilea activated her Fourth Tier Reconstruction, her muscles tensing as she felt the cosmic energies rush through her, overwhelming power pushing her forward as she met the wave of vibrations ripping through the air. Sunbound Creation formed as she focused, Ravana’s magic unable to break through before Ilea sent a charged wave of space magic straight into the being.

The wave impacted the Ascended, sending her tumbling back and through the air. She impacted an outcrop of stone thirty meters back and broke through entirely, her trajectory changed as Ilea followed with thrumming wings.

She reached the Ascended and twirled in the air to avoid a strike of her mace, storm clouds gathering above, lightning cracking down into a cloud of bright burning smoke and ash that formed above. Ilea sent in two waves of intrusion, then landed the first punch, mana burning into her

enemy. She deflected the mace, grappling around Ravana's stomach before they crashed down and into the mountain. She charged her Cosmic Deconstruction, her reversal continuing to burn into the being. Her fist snapped down against Ravana's head just as the mace struck Ilea's other arm. Stone cracked in two directions as the air was set alight from the extending force of their strikes.

Forming metal strands pushed her back as she brought down the entire weight and force of the Pyroclastic Flow. She pushed her fires as she watched Ravana form more and more metal around herself. Ilea dodged aside when near white lightning cracked down from above, more gathering as the frequency of bolts increased.

A dome of steel grew and spread out, working its way into the stone, covered in yellow flames before the entire thing raised itself up, a hundred meters in diameter, a sphere of steel.

Ilea watched as it came down, raising her arm as she activated her Volcanic Source. The Primordial Flame flared up and out into the sphere, melting through the metal in an instant, and still the weight of the creation came crashing down, liquid steel reforming into ropes and lashing out at her.

Ilea didn't retreat, she summoned all the ash she could around herself and charged, her burning smoke and ash clashing with moving melting steel, the two beings meeting in the middle, waves and punches fueled with cosmic magic slamming into steel while lightning and vibrations flared out with each strike of Ravana's mace.

Their creations clashed around them as they staggered up a few meters apart from each other, behind them a glowing furrow cut deep into the mountain.

Ilea cracked her neck and crouched.

Ravana did the same.

Shock waves extended from both before they crashed into one another, dozens of strikes and feints with each passing moment, every hit ripping away steel or mana as the two flying warriors met and separated time and time again, crashing through a mountain peak only to impact the side of another, rock sliding down as the beings exchanged blows.

The two came crashing down past the Naraza range, Ilea sliding to a stop with the Ascended stopping before her.

She was down to half her mana. A few million still, but she felt the force before her, the Ascended powered by the very might of a star, dents and missing metal plates reforming just as fast as she could heal with Reconstruction. She saw the dull and broken right eye of her enemy lighting up again, the cracks gone as a new undamaged mace appeared in her hand.

"You feel it, don't you?" the Ascended asked, spreading her arms. "Your fears are gone. Your mind is focused. Clear of all the needs and wants of flesh. You are here. In this moment."

Ilea grit her teeth. And activated Meditation, then rushed forward, seeing Ravana still with arms open wide.

A pulse of magic flowed past her. Something she had not felt in a long time.

***'ding' 'You have felt the call of the Huntress – You are paralyzed for three seconds.'***

Ilea watched as the being before her raised up her mace, lightning flowing over the steel as it thrummed with vibrations.

“I always preferred Monster Hunter,” Ravana spoke and brought down her mace with a bright flare of lightning, tremors sent through Ilea as the ground shook and cracked a hundred meters outwards, her form sent flying as she heavily impacted the ground four times in the span of a second.

Ilea could feel the residue of lightning and vibrations flowing through her. She flew out of the burning furrow left in her wake, the paralyzing effect already gone thanks to Ravana’s words and the deliberate charge of her attack. Ilea found another chunk of her mana gone, and a few seconds of her Meditation with it.

“Everyone feels safe,” the Ascended spoke and rushed down, Ilea dodging back as the being landed in a crash. Ravana stood up again and looked at her. “When we should all remember, the first time we heard the call of a true monster. And the paralyzing fear it brought.”

She rushed forward, storm clouds moving over the mountain range to the south and following their master.

Ilea summoned two gates, one in the path of her enemy and the other a hundred meters away, only to find them disintegrating against the power of the Source, the Ascended moving through her creation, bringing down her mace. Meditation activated and Ilea deflected the strike, much of the vibrations still singeing into her side, sparks of cosmic mana flaring out as her Fourth Tier took the hit. She used Framework Disruption on her enemy, but found her entirely immovable, tethered to the fabric with the force of a star.

She ducked and punched, waving her hand upwards to use Cosmic Deconstruction, smoke and the Primordial Flame burning into the Ascended, destroying her steel form and still she couldn’t stop her, every bit of damage done to the being, mana, physical, and soul, all reformed in mere moments.

“And how else could I defeat such monsters. Than by becoming one myself.” Ravana’s words rang out as they exchanged blows, steel burning and mana flaring up in sparks.

Ilea could match her. She could land blows and her creations could cut through her steel, but it all felt futile against the power of a star.

She was pushed back, on the defensive now as her mind raced.

Biting her lip, Ilea traded blows, both of them sent skidding back over the earth.

*I can’t beat her.*

She grit her teeth, the two of them flying through the mist covered northern landscape, Miststalkers burnt away by their very presence, distant monsters fleeing at their approach.

She didn’t know what to do. Her own mana and flames had seemed endless, and yet she stood against the First Ascended, wielding the power of a Source. Her gates still opened. She could flee, run to recharge, but what would be the difference? Ravana would find another target. She would fight and kill, until when? Until she had killed everything in this realm? Until she got bored and teleported somewhere else?

Ilea raised her brows when she realized something.

She didn’t want to run.

No.

Ravana had to die.

And yet her power was not enough.

She focused on a mark far in the North, one of two targets she had not messaged in the past hour since all of this had started. *“I can’t kill her. Not alone.”*

She dodged seven more attacks and summoned a bright and burning cloud of smoke when the voice of the Meadow sounded out within her mind.

*“We are evacuating my domain. Bring her here if you can. We will be ready.”*

Ilea kept on fighting, focusing back on her enemy as she added bursts of flight towards the north. Towards the Meadow.

On her third flight, she was paralyzed by another pulse of magic, near fifty strikes slamming into her mana before she crashed down into the dark lands of the North, her flames engulfing a lake full of Miststalkers, bringing back some mana as she stood up once again.

Ravana landed with a scream, lighting and vibrations flaring out as Ilea dodged aside and flew away.

Did Ravana know she was luring her into a trap? She had to. Did she care? *She said it herself. They started this fight, and she would finish it.*

Ilea stopped in the air and summoned a wall of burning black glass behind her, she charged her wings.

A strike landed on her back, right after Ravana had broken through the glass, the shock wave sending her forward but her wings thrummed with power nonetheless, pushing her forward as her speed increased, the very air set alight. Looking back, she saw lightning flashing out from the Ascended. She kept up with Ilea and soon started gaining ground.

Ilea used the distance she had initially created to add in her teleports, keeping out of range of Ravana as her own mana recharged, her health however burning away with every passing moment.

With single minded focus, Ilea zoned in on her mark.

The landscape did not look the same, and she doubted she would have found her way without Eternal Huntress.

She didn’t breathe. She was leading Ravana straight into a trap, but a part of her wondered if by doing so, she was bringing death straight towards her friends and allies.

*Trust them*, she thought and pushed her wings, teleporting yet again when Ravana moved to close the distance.

*Trust them, and fight.*

Before she could see the floating obelisk flying above the dark landscape of the north, a burning chunk of rock flashed past, fire trailing its form, the air fanning out where it had hovered a mere moment prior.

Behind her, she saw the impact and an explosion, Ravana flying out of it with pieces of metal missing from her form.

*“Get her closer,”* the Meadow sent. *“And wait for my call.”*

Ilea opened her eyes wide when she saw the hundreds of floating rocks, each the size of a house.



She slowed and turned, more rocks flashing past as Ravana flew wide to dodge them. *“She has a shout ability to paralyze even me for three seconds!”*

*“Informing the others,”* the Meadow sent back.

Ravana laughed as lightning surged, her flying form rushing in towards Ilea.

A bright and golden barrier flared up and cracked when the Ascended crashed into it, appearing wooden roots tangling with ropes of metal.

The Ascended broke out and made distance, raising her mace to summon a storm above, lightning rippling through the dark clouds as she gathered her power.

*“Aki requests a gate to Iz. A large one. Ormont managed to override the rules. For a few minutes at least.”*

Ilea obliged, reaching a hand behind herself where a broad fissure formed above.

She saw glinting red light, green fire, purple magic of the void, gold, and silver. Massive machines summoning their magic as they stepped out of her gate and into the North, four to six meters in height, blades of golden light appearing in the air, lightning sparks emanating from the being made of copper.

Twelve machines larger than most of Aki’s forces. Weapons were brandished and magic flared up. Golden blades and cursed flames, lightning and arcane, void and wind, the Core Guardians of Iz spread out to join the battle.

And behind them, she could see seven figures.

Vor Elenthir, flying at the back with void, metal, and space magic at the ready. Near him flew Nes Mor Atul, the Ascended shrouded by moving winds, eyes glowing. Near them, she could see the blue glowing arcane form of Eregar and the fire clad elf she had seen when they had arrived in the Wastes. Owl hovered between. Nelras Ithom shined with bright light, his leaf bladed spear thrumming with power. Next to him flew the First Vampire, a miasma of blood magic emanating from Verillion as he grit his teeth, eyes blood red and claws extended.

*“You did once want to see all of my Fourth Tier spells,”* the Meadow sent, when a pulse of mana rushed out and a high reaching glowing tree thrummed into existence behind its floating obelisk, bright and burning, roots of golden light breaking through the ground as magic flared up and out.

Ilea breathed in a sharp breath, feeling the newfound power flowing through her as golden root like veins glowed between her runes. Another pulse flowed past, and she could feel a healing force encompassing all.

*“We stand together,”* the Meadow’s voice resounded in her mind, its magic permeating the fabric and everything within.

She grit her teeth and prepared, seeing the empowered warriors and machines joining her side.

Ravana lowered her mace. And charged.

Ilea met her.

A dozen impacts followed in an instant, sounds lost in the chaos as spells ripped through metal and barriers exploded. Rocks flashed past and struck the Ascended, roots clinging to her form, metal flaring out in large and massive tendrils, cutting through shields and magic alike. Dozens of

lightning strikes met the glowing projectiles flying through the air as Ilea clashed with Ravana. She was sent flying right before Nelras and Verillion closed in on the Ascended, clouds of debris and flames spreading out.

A beam of purple light flashed past, followed by golden light and blades of wind.

Ilea flew through and past the explosions and debris, shock waves spreading out around her as hundreds of projectiles clashed with steel, lightning flashing down from the dense clouds above. She closed the distance and saw Nelras flanking, the tip of his leaf spear glowing bright right before he was sent flying with a single chunk of steel appearing right before him.

A call came from Ravana, paralyzing her right before she closed the distance. Ravana locked eyes with her for a split second and followed Nelras, golden and blue barriers appearing before him as she slammed her mace into the defenses. They cracked and splintered as she extended her free hand, a wave of vibrating force stopping the flanking Verillion in his tracks, the massive Lead Core Guardian rushing in, both shielded by appearing barriers. Ravana broke through the defenses in front of Nelras and brought down her mace, the elf vanishing before her second strike could connect, moved out of the permeating mesh by the Meadow. Her metal cut through the heavy plating on the approaching machines before she met Verillion, her lightning and steel spreading out and cutting into both him and everyone nearby, wounds healed near instantly and still she pushed on, through the barriers, space magic, roots, and all the spells that they could summon.

Ilea watched as Ravana sped up, crashing through a set of stone walls and golden barriers, slowed and stopped before her vibrations shook and destroyed the defenses all around her. Steel ropes slung around the Meadow's obelisk before the creation splintered and exploded into a thousand bits and pieces, a sphere of steel flowing into existence around the Ascended as fire engulfed it all.

Ravana rushed out and crashed into three of the Guardians, barriers broken, steel dented in, the golden machine caught by metal wires and shredded into shrapnel. And still, she sped up more, a shock wave extending with shields shattered into glowing bits of light when the First Vampire met her, red glowing lines mending where her steel had been cut by the blood and Meadow enhanced Verillion. A red beam of arcane and a dozen blades of air cut into her summoned shields as she aimed for her next target.

She dodged the wide and flaring spear burning with bright light, taking the last two hits before she met the former Monarch of the Sunlight Wastes. Their weapons met three times with sparks of light and lightning before the elf disengaged, spitting blood as a dozen spells flared up and roots appeared around the Ascended.

She didn't dodge, instead bringing together her hands. Vibrations shook the air, destroying all the magic coming for Ravana, Nelras pulled away by moving wooden branches right before the Ascended charged again.

*"Get her down towards Vor!"* the Meadow sent into Ilea's mind just when she could move again.

She charged her wings and flashed down to intercept Ravana, aiming both of them towards the Ascended she glimpsed beyond.

They flew as her magic flared with every one of Ravana's strikes, and then a pulse went out, the fabric itself shaking. She could feel the domain of the Meadow, and everything around them halted, Ilea with her fist ready to strike, Ravana with her mace raised, their other arms gripping each other as they hovered motionless within the air.

She could see the thrumming vibrations spread as Ravana pushed against the space.

*“Your Sunbound Creation. Now!”* the Meadow called out and the Primordial Flame flared up.  
*“Help me hold her there!”*

Ilea could feel everything around her, the chaotic forces of the fabric, her own creation, the will of the Meadow, the magic of Ravana, vibrations and lightning flaring out, and she felt the Source, between it all, and all encompassing.

Runes flared up below them, a circle hundreds of meters wide and glowing atop the destroyed lands. Blue and golden lines filling in and growing in intensity, the arcane form of Erik flying in the distance as his power meshed with the magic of the Meadow.

And Ilea held on. Not with her hands and arms, but with space itself, holding back the unfathomable force of magic within the First Ascended.

The runic spell finished, and a wave flowed past.

A calm came onto the fabric.

And the pressure of the Source lessened.

Still, Ilea felt Ravana struggle, her arms unmoving as her magic flared up and out.

She watched as the Meadow’s will extended, steel plates pulled open on Ravana’s chest.

Her lightning and vibration ceased as new metal formed and pulled her chest back together.

Ilea activated Meditation, willing her perception to spike as well, and then she charged her Fabric Alteration. She focused on the framework now easier to grasp, single parts now visible to her. She grabbed onto the plates, and pulled.

More steel waited within and she felt both herself and the Meadow will it all apart, pushing away the newly forming steel until Ravana’s heart lay bare.

Ilea heard the Meadow scream inside her head, but she had felt this before.

The Source.

Flames dancing on its surface.

Heat unimaginable.

Something that should not be.

And yet it was.

Ilea felt the Primordial Flame within her stir. And she reached out, with both her fire and her will on space itself. Her eyes were wide, her healing pulsing in her mind as something deep within her screamed, cradled by her fires and her cosmic might. She felt Ravana struggle, but it did not matter. She could not grasp the framework of the Source, but she didn’t have to. Her fires grasped its shape and her space magic pulled out the steel in which it nestled.

She could feel the resistance, and once again, Ilea charged her Fabric Alteration.

She did not see Ravana’s face. She did not see her allies.

All she saw, was fire.

And a moment later, she pulled it free, Ravana’s magic vanishing in the same instant that bright and hot flares of burning flame burst out and lashed into the lands, shattering the runic circle below and

yet again intensifying. Ilea couldn't contain the endless fire, and yet she tried, feeling her own creation fighting back against the flames before her.

At the edge of her domain, she saw the single form of Vor Elenthir approaching through the skies, barriers shattered and steel melting as he pushed into the space. She didn't know why he came, but she extended her healing and her Sunbound Creation, feeling the Meadow's spells empowering both herself and everyone around. Ravana's form still hovered but her steel now glowed white red and melted, no longer harnessing the power of the Source but instead exposed to it.

Vor flew ever closer, both with his will and her control on her creation, endless fire burning through barriers, wood, shields, and metal, flowing over the protective Primordial Flame, Ilea's creation shaking in the face of the star. And yet he pushed on, slowing with every passing meter, all of their spells keeping him alive and moving, until he reached the near white sphere at the core of it all.

Ilea let his magic pass, four shapes of metal covered in runes appearing before him, hovering around the Source. They did not melt but instead glowed with power, drawing on the star before they snapped together into a perfect cube, all the energy and heat around them vanishing as winds and pressure slammed together, Vor's form and the little bits that remained of Ravana were flung aside before all of it was caught by the Meadow.

Ilea stepped out of her creation, Meditation gone as she poured healing into the mind of Vor, herself, and everyone else, hands shaking as she pushed back against what she had seen, and felt.

His eyes opened a moment later, his attention moving to the cube before he relaxed, flying in the air. "That was close."

Ilea smiled, feeling the strain on her mind lessen. "For all of our past history, you're not half bad." She moved her wings when the Meadow's spells waned, her focus back on the remaining molten steel that had once been the First Ascended. The group kill notification hovered somewhere in her mind, accompanied by a few level ups, core points, and a new title, but she didn't check them now.

*We did it.*

Erik appeared, looking at the cube and then Ilea. Verillion joined a moment later, his arms crossed.

Owl appeared nearby and squealed. She hugged Ilea's flying form and let go a moment later, the others gathering around, healed every moment by the powerful magic of the Meadow and Ilea.

"*Well done,*" the Meadow spoke into her mind.

"*We did it together,*" she replied.

Ilea deactivated her Fourth Tiers as she took in a deep breath. "That's two down."

Ilea felt her mana recharging, the others gathering nearby as she watched the metal cube in which the source was stored.

"Niraela," Nelras spoke as he flew closer.

"She is dead then?" Nes asked.

"Yes. Burned away, soul and body," Owl spoke.

“What of the Architect?” asked Vor.

Ilea looked at him. “The same. We found him in a facility orbiting Kohr. It is destroyed, as is he.”

Vor Elenthir sighed. “A more surgical approach would’ve preserved much of his knowledge. But I understand.”

“Thank you, Ilea,” Nes said, looking up to the sky before she closed her eyes.

“What now?” Ilea asked.

“It is, our star, is it not?” Nelras asked and looked towards the two Ascended. “Your technology has brought it here. Can it be undone?”

Vor looked at him for a long moment. “I’m afraid it is not so simple. The Source here is not what your star had been.”

“Not even with my healing?” Ilea asked.

“I have found no way to restore the sun in Kohr, even in theory, by using another star. Any manipulation would only lead to more destruction, and even should you succeed in placing another sun into the skies, this one or another, the same result would follow as has from the Extraction itself,” the Ascended spoke and paused. “I am interested to experiment with your powers included, though a return back as you wish it, will not come to pass.”

“*Nor does it have to,*” the Meadow spoke. “*The fabric was shaken, but it is stable once more. And we know of the Haven, Marrindayne, and the Fae created Oasis of the Mava, all pushing back against the mists and arcane lightning, their lands unaffected.*”

An Executioner stepped up, green eyes glowing. “*And we have long range teleportation. Cities and settlements are now underground, and those who have survived will continue to do so. Our fight against the Architect and the First Ascended has concluded. Most of those gathered here are not yet part of the Accords, but you have fought by our side. For that, I thank you.*”

“*And yet much is to be done. I do not wish for our kinds to live like scavengers, hiding from the storms and creatures of the void, so I ask you all, will you stay and work with us? To bring some semblance of balance back to our realm.*”

Ilea looked at the gathered group.

“I have fought by your side,” Nelras spoke. “And I will continue to do so.”

She smiled at him.

“I can stay for some time,” Erik said. “Perhaps Ilea, you can help move me between this realm and another? While the fabric here has stabilized once more, the same is not true for Irenthal, infected still with the void. I am sure my expertise here could help, and I am humbled to learn and work with those gathered here,” he said and looked to Vor Elenthir.

The Ascended glanced at the Source, to Ilea, and finally to Erik. “My debt to this realm remains, and the debt of the Ascended has grown. I see the value in collaboration, though my main goal remains to bring back life to Kohr, however long it will take. If you allow me to study this new Source coupled with whatever efforts we will undertake, I see our goals as compatible.”

*“I am sure the Source will have its part to play. Your expertise in the Extraction, and the stabilizing runes brought to the Haven will be most welcome in the coming years,”* Aki sent. *“We will want to study it alongside you.”*

“As is reasonable,” the Ascended spoke. “It has been a long time since I have worked with others. It will be a welcome change.”

*“And you, Nes Mor Atul?”* Aki spoke, turning to look at her.

She opened her eyes. *“Of course I will help, after all that has happened.”*

Aki gave her a nod and glanced at the First Vampire.

“I will return to Marrindayne. There is much to be done, as you have said,” Verillion spoke. “Our collaboration is recent, but these events do not change my will. If anything, they have shown how important an alliance really is. Our rituals will be open for the Accords to study. We will find a way to take back our lands. It is the least we can do, for those who were lost.”

There was a pause as everyone flew in silence.

Ilea thought of the cities destroyed. She thought of Dale as she moved him down towards the shelters. She was not looking forward to seeing him, but she knew she would have to.

But not yet.

“I feel your power, Monarch. And yours, Nelras Ithom.” the fire clad elf spoke. He hissed towards Ilea. “The Wastes will not stand in your way, beings of the Accords. But I should return, and tend to my lands.”

*“We will get you there, Monarch, and we will be in touch,”* Aki sent.

Ilea hissed in turn, then looked out towards the wastelands. “I don’t suppose the Source can help us wipe out the remaining monsters?”

“No,” Erik said. “Not yet at least.”

She breathed in deeply, then sighed, a slight smile coming to her face. She was glad the Architect was gone, and Ravana with him. “In that case, I’ll leave you to think and research what you can. While I do what I do best,” she said and glanced at each of them in turn.

“There will be millions,” Nes spoke as she looked at her.

“Exactly,” Nelras said. He flew closer and twirled his spear. “And she will not be alone.”

“Me too!” Owl spoke, her eyes glowing.

Ilea smiled. “Our world is crawling with creatures of the void.” She rolled her shoulders. “Let’s get to work.”

***Author’s note:***

*And there it is. The last climax done.*

*Thank you for reading my shit.*

*Quick Q&A:*

**Q:** *So is this the last chapter of Azarinth Healer?*

**A:** *No. But everything after this, I consider epilogue.*

**Q:** *So when is the next chapter coming out?*

**A:** *Not sure. I will shift my focus from Azarinth to other projects. Maybe Infrasound, maybe something else. Epilogue chapters will come out first on Patreon, but there remains to be no schedule and I don't plan to write more than a few chapters (0-3) per month, as I want to shift my focus. For January I will pause pledges as the timing of this post was tight and I didn't want to leave you without time to make an informed choice as to your continued support (Which means existing Patrons won't be charged on January 1<sup>st</sup>). The Sentinel Tier (2.50\$) will grant access to these chapters once they're out, but as there is no schedule, I suggest checking in some time in the future and seeing if the available content is worth it for you personally.*

**Q:** *Why not finish the story fully first?*

**A:** *I want to keep some interest in the story up, both for the future book releases but also for possible patreon income. Plus, now that the threat of Ker Velor is dealt with, the tone goes back from tense to much less so. I think a chapter here and there is fitting, especially with different PoVs etc. Might even do voting on patreon for which characters or places should be the focus next. And I think like that, the ending of the series can be more a fade out rather than super abrupt.*

**Q:** *Are these chapters coming out on Royalroad as well?*

**A:** *Yes. Just delayed, but I don't have concrete plans as to how long etc. Will also depend on how much I write.*

**Q:** *So when's the next project coming?*

**A:** *I want to recalibrate first and see where I'm at with my writing. I will keep you informed when I have things to share. I deliberately don't want to be specific.*

*Will add to this if more questions come up.*

*Until then, once again, thank you, for being a part of this journey.*

*I hope you liked it.*