

Chapter 894 Eyes of the World

Ilea apologized to Icy, leaving quickly before she found another mountain range where she reset her Erendar location for the third tier of Teleportation.

Setting up her formation, she imbued all of the copies with their various tasks, telling them to return here if their mana ran out or if they killed a single Daughter of Sephilon. She could resummon them once per hour, and she could return here every twelve and a half minutes.

She kept True Reconstruction and Cosmic Deconstruction here for the time being, wondering if any of the other skills had some niche usage throughout the Accords.

Fabric Alteration could likely help with building or lifting things but she didn't trust the copy to be subtle enough to not injure anyone or destroy something. Her various heat generation copies could help with smelting things but again, safety was a concern. Perhaps they could work with the Meadow at some point, if the being agreed and provided dense stone and powerful barriers.

Any use at transportation or message delivery was no longer required with the teleportation gates and Aki's machines, but she supposed the copies could fulfill such a requirement in other realms, should that ever become relevant.

Ilea watched the copies organize themselves with each other before they moved out, floating at a leisurely speed through the sand storm of Erendar. At least the storm itself didn't seem to be enough to destroy them. She followed for a few minutes, the first spirits showing up soon. Normal Astrals.

She made sure to command most of the copies to only use their spells when they faced an actual Daughter of Sephilon. And so she watched as her small army swarmed the spirits, the two teleporters quickly appearing close and grappling the creatures as the others caught up. Astral explosions spread out until her swarm ripped the spirits apart piece by piece.

None of them were destroyed, even from the area blasts.

She received the kill notifications and saw her swarm move on. *This is kind of terrifying to watch. Now I don't even have to be present to eradicate a monster nest.*

They soon reached their goal as a large eel like spirit descended through the storm, its skin pale blue, the being at least two hundred meters long as it twirled downwards, a single bright eye set into its mouthless head. The eye glowed before a bright beam lashed out and burned past the first teleporter, and into the storm. The Daughter aimed at the reappearing being of ash when a beam of heat burned into its long body, the many flying ash copies spreading out.

Ilea saw the aura users and fighters fly close, latching on to the long creature, punching and cutting with their bodies made of ash as the Teleportation and perception users hovered close to the spirit's head, attracting its attention.

The offensive ranged spell users were hovering as far away as they could. Pyroclastic Flow, Volcanic Source, and Fabric Alteration, protected by her Sunbound Creation, Ash Scale Armor, Catalyst Core, and Framework Disruption. She assumed the latter would be more useful teleporting enemy projectiles than trying to attack itself.

The Daughter turned to face the direction where the beam had come from but turned again to face those now clinging to its long body. An astral beam flashed out and evaporated one of the ash

copies before the Teleportation user appeared in front of the remaining beam to save the Embodiment of the Arcane user, the aura and fighting copies already drawing black blood as they dug into the creature.

Ilea watched as the spirit's head froze in the air, the Fabric Alteration copy floating with one hand stretched out. In the next moment, a single lance of ash rushed out from the copy next to it, punching through the stationary head with a single violent burst. A beam of heated fires followed, setting the head alight as the other copies continued to rip into the Daughter's body.

She smiled when a notification popped up within her mind.

'ding' 'You have defeated [Heliae – Daughter of Sephilon – lvl 1620]'

Now the moment of truth, she watched as her copies kept the creature in the air, a single copy flying in from behind even the offensive ranged group. It lit up like a bright flare within the storm, Ilea blinking her eyes as she watched the distant Primordial Flame. She held her breath as the remains were set alight, her copies retreating just before the fires reached them, continuing their attacks until the last moment.

The burning spirit descended and her copies followed, the Primordial Flame wielder running out of health before it could set the entire length of the Daughter alight, stopping the attack right before it would have disintegrated itself.

And still, the fires clung to the spirit and slowly burned away what remained. The other copies now swarmed the remains of the spirit and ripped it apart while the fires consumed its form.

It took some time in the end, far more than she would've required herself, especially for a spirit at such a low level. And still, the copies won, having lost only a few of their own.

'ding' 'You have killed [Heliae – Daughter of Sephilon – lvl 1620]'

Ilea smiled as she watched the formation turn away and fly back towards the mountain range she had chosen as their base, knowing the Primordial Flame user had used up its resources. She didn't get any level ups from the kill, and she was pretty sure this method wasn't useful against the higher leveled Daughters, but it worked.

The moon needed clearing, and while she enjoyed fighting challenging foes, spending weeks and months killing low level Daughters sounded tedious at best. If her ash could do it in her absence, that was more than welcome. One Daughter for every hour, if they managed to win. But one fewer spirit was one fewer spirit, plus some experience for her. And she only had to quickly come here and use her spell.

Ilea returned to the mountain range with her entourage and left to the outskirts of the Meadow's domain with her Deconstruction and Reconstruction copies in tow.

"Hey. You know about the copies. This one can show you Cosmic Deconstruction, and this one I was thinking could go out and heal people throughout the Accords, if there is a need still," she sent.

"I appreciate it. It will be helpful, though may I make a suggestion?"

"Shoot," Ilea said.

"We don't know exactly how your True Reconstruction is different from its previous iteration. Cosmic energies are entirely new and I suggest we test it first. And not on your body imbued with both astral and arcane power," the Meadow spoke.

“Right. I mean you can have these two until their mana runs out. I’ll come back in an hour to resummon them, the rest is hunting Daughters,” she said.

“Hunting... Daughters,” the Meadow said. “You’re not even fighting them on your own anymore?”

“It’s an attempt. I was thinking I could bombard Erendar from orbit as well. With how much mana I have, coupled with limitless harmony, all the heat I can generate, and the Primordial Flame...”

“Wait. I... I don’t know what kind of energy output we’re looking at here, but your magic could alter the surface of Erendar irreversibly, let alone possible collateral damage to beings still surviving on the moon.”

Ilea scratched her cheek. *“Right. That could be a problem. What if I do the same to Sephilon itself?”*

“I don’t know what kind of beings are there. Just because the Daughters are named after the planet does not mean only monsters reside on it. I implore you to restrain your methods. There is no rush in dealing with Erendar.”

“Fair. Let me know if you come up with other ideas. I assume Sephilon is farther away than I think as well, might take a while to get there,” Ilea said, grinning to herself at the thought of flying to the planet of a moon. With her very own wings of ash.

“Let me know if anything comes up. Oh, and I didn’t find anything near the facility of Ker Velor. There was an old tear in the fabric but he must’ve fucked with it to prevent anyone from learning anything or using it,” she said.

“That is unfortunate, I will relay that information,” it spoke. *“Did you speak to Garonoth about the threat of the Architect?”*

“Not yet. The dragon I killed was his son. I don’t want to bother him for the time being. But I’ll visit again soon,” she said. *“Anything else?”*

“Not for now,” the Meadow sent. *“Thank you for the copies.”*

“Sure. Have fun with them,” Ilea said and teleported to her new anchor in Erendar.

Back out in the storm, Ilea set herself the goal to familiarize herself with the new extent of her body and her magic. She had to know how heavy she really was, had to know how fast she could travel, how much pyroclastic flow she could summon in the span of one second, ten, and a minute. She had to know how much health the Primordial Flame consumed and she had to learn to get used to her new sets of teleportation.

And then she planned to read some more. The Journey of Valdyr Ainsbane had yet to conclude after all. And she knew there were seven more volumes.

The next three days passed quickly, and Ilea got through two volumes of the book series. She wondered if the author made things up, but she remembered learning about quite a few of the creatures mentioned in the book in her lessons back with the Hand.

Her training went reasonably well. She was heavy. Heavy and fast. And her spells multiplied that by ludicrous amounts. She came to the conclusion that she should probably keep all of her auras off if

she planned to enter any settlements. Not for her own sake, but there was a limit to how much she could control. One wrong step or move and someone could be dead. And she didn't want to act like everything around her could break with a simple touch.

It felt strange, to not have the spells active at all times anymore, and she had to get used to the different stages. Walking around with no buffs active, activating her spells, and using her Fourth Tiers. Each felt like day and night compared to the last.

The spells themselves and her vast experience with all of the prior versions helped tremendously with her control, but she still felt like her new form was more made for Erendar than the Plains. With her Fourth Tier Meditation active, she even managed to dance without breaking any of the thin wooden floors the Meadow continuously provided.

She could feel her copies getting wiped out one by one, the swarm likely having encountered another Daughter above two thousand. They weren't quite enough, but the endeavor remained worth it overall. Every second spirit more or less, they managed to take down. Even with all that, she hadn't gained another level since, likely because there was no danger to her in the slightest. She wasn't even there.

"You're getting better," the Meadow said when another floor splintered due to an incredibly slight misstep.

Ilea sighed. *"This is more frustrating than your fabric puzzles."*

"At least you won't destroy most town buildings by now."

Ilea smiled. *"Right. Just thought it would be faster."*

"Unleashing one's power is only natural. Keeping it under perfect control requires mastery."

"It wasn't an issue before," she said and tried again. *"And my stats are super high."*

"You broke through a threshold with your evolutions. Now you understand how difficult it was for me not to kill you back when we used to train," the Meadow sent.

"Don't say that so casually," Ilea murmured in her mind, finishing the seventh step of the dance routine without breaking the wood. She rejoiced with a fist pump, the movement sending a wide crack through the floor board. *Fuck. "Again."*

Aki watched with slight amusement as Ilea tried to dance without breaking anything, his Watcher flying nearby, assisting the Meadow in the analysis of the cosmic energies some of Ilea's spells now held. Her copies had run out of magic, her next usage of the spell another twenty seven minutes and fourteen seconds away. All in the wasteland of the North, arcane lightning flashing down occasionally, blocked now by the barriers of the Meadow.

He also trained with a new batch of students in the Ravenhall Academy, personally present with one of his Pursuers for the evaluation process and entrance exams. He watched the students take in the

distant dragon far above the snow covered city. Most of them would've seen Ilea bring it in, others annoyed that they had missed it. New faces, most of them young, some older, ready to join the Academy, each for their own reasons, with their own background. Some would become adventurers, would learn how to fight with their spells or spears, others would learn about healing. New classes and teachers were added depending on requests, and depending on his evaluations, and those of other faculty.

He felt joy as he saw the awe, ambition, and hope of the newcomers. At the same time he saw the blood, the grit, and tenacity of the new Sentinels he faced. Determination pushing them beyond what most could endure, or wished for. Arcane blasts shattered against his shields as he pushed them back, taking out one after the other with precise strikes that left them bleeding, some dismembered. Again he heard them moan and scream, healing their own heavy injuries after yet another loss. But not a single one complained.

"We lasted four seconds longer this time." He heard one of the Sentinels say as a deep wound in the young man's chest healed up.

The range of emotion was stark. Perhaps some were better prepared for the life they thought they wanted, while others were yet unknowing, or perhaps in denial. He was there for it all, and tried his best to provide guidance and training to those who would ask. Thousands of questions and requests came in every single day, collected and categorized by himself and his machine army. Some were too detailed or irrelevant to handle, while for others he hired or requested help from someone else. Requests as mundane as a missing cat in Riverwatch to the eradication of a stray demon summoned to the village of Maywatch in the far eastern Plains.

At first, adventuring jobs had reduced in quantity, most every creature quickly taken out by one of his machines or by high level adventurers, Shadows, or Sentinels that could now travel far across the lands in seconds, but the world was shifting. Few had noticed yet, but he knew that the people of the Accords and those beyond were starting to take more risks, were exploring forests long thought cursed, were digging deep into ancient mines, knowing a nearby gate could bring them to a healer in mere moments, or they ventured into ruins accompanied by his machines.

The notice boards were empty, but not because there was no work. It was because there were so many taking jobs. Opportunities were abound, and only those who pushed beyond themselves would find a place among legends such as Lilith.

He saw the darkness of near a thousand tunnels, bored into the grounds in systematic patterns by his Executioners, more created in the many facilities throughout the lands. A silent thanks he spoke to the One without Form. Without the being which had controlled this sphere and Source before, his reach would now be nowhere near as far. And still they had not been successful. Another three Executioners broke into a dungeon, one beset by a species of six legged furred monsters, not yet categorized. He fought them directly, learning of their patterns and magical abilities as he went, documenting as their likeness was shared with the Meadow and added into the newest volume of monster encyclopedias, the dungeon location marked and noted down as well whilst his Executioner killed the creatures after all attempts at diplomacy had failed.

If there were facilities created by the Architect, it was only a matter of time until Aki would find them. The question remained, how much time there was left.

Another attempt at crossing the oceans was foiled, this one near the bottom, and with a new prototype made to swim at fast speeds. He had not even heard the creature coming, his machine destroyed in an instant.

His attention moved across the lands, to a watcher near the Fire Wastes of Ash, smoke rising from dozens of battle sites. The expected exodus of Elven kind, now that the threat of the One without Form had passed, had not occurred. Or not exactly how they thought it would, their kind far more divided than they had assumed. He saw another bright explosion far in the distance, powerful enough to destroy an entire district of Ravenhall, if there were no shields at all. He didn't know which elf it was, but considering the shock wave and the heat he measured even kilometers away, he assumed it was their Monarch, or someone close enough. Coupled with the Cerithil Hunters present once again, in the Navali Forest, the Accords had to keep more than a few eyes on the whims of the ancient rulers of the west.

If one of them set his eyes on the Plains, the collateral damage could be catastrophic, and even he doubted he had the power to stop them. But he was not alone, and with every passing day, the peoples of the Accords would grow.

Little moved in the desert of the west and south, his Watchers patrolling as he kept an eye on the Druned and Mava, still within their new and sacred Oasis. It was a tragedy that he hadn't been there upon its creation. His attention moved farther west and deep below the mountain ranges of Olruin, where Paarah was left dormant, his machines exploring and recovering in quiet sleepless work.

He saw through the eyes of a lone Hunter Praetorian sitting in front of an old chapel near Myrefield. The skies were gray in this part of the world. Rain would soon begin to fall, and his machine was to be replaced by another in three minutes time, the energy within its core running out in the mana thin environment. He felt a surge of power when light came from within the chapel, a complex spell manifesting as he rushed back and away, green eyes focused on the happenings.

A ripple pulsed out and through the air, space magic flowing over grass and flowers. Messages were sent and spoken as he saw a single figure step out of the ruined chapel.

Rain started to fall.