

Chapter 892 Get together

Ilea felt the massive barrier covering the fortress city of Ravenhall. She saw the two dozen enchanted cannons atop the walls and those built into the mountain side taking aim, and she saw the thousands of green eyes set within the machines tasked to protect the city. Dozens of Shadows and Sentinels were flying above, ready to fight.

The streets were packed with people, many now watching the shadow descending upon their homes.

She kept her focus on the massive weight of the dragon as she slowed to a stop near the city. The feat required an ungodly amount of mana, her Fabric Alteration and True Reconstruction eating into her reserves. But she regenerated more than she used, a lot more.

Ilea wondered if a bed of ash to carry the dragon on would have been more effective, but her space magic allowed for greater control, and she didn't plan to just dump the thing in front of the city.

A monument needed to be seen.

Half an army of high level and flying individuals gathered near the eastern gate of the city, moving out and towards her when the barrier opened near the gate.

Interesting. So they can partially open that thing up. Looking at the cannons, she could see the importance in that. Otherwise they would fire at the defense itself. *Can't imagine the work that went into this thing.*

Claire was among the first to reach her, flying with glowing runes embedded into her armor.

She joined Ilea and gave her a quick glance, eyes widening for a split second before she focused. "How long can you manage that weight?"

"I'm fine for a while. But we should get to work."

Claire nodded, drawing a rune into the air where a red flare came to life, the others spreading out and positioning themselves around the dragon. Most of them at least took a glance at Ilea, but nobody else approached.

Violence

"You like what they've built?"

The Fae nodded, still sitting on her shoulder.

"Where to?" Ilea asked.

Claire pointed to the mountain against which the city was built, then to its peak.

"Difficult for craftsmen and men to get there," Ilea said.

"It's not purely about that," Claire said. *"You made the effort to bring it here."*

Ilea felt the weight of the dragon lower slightly when the first mages and warriors spread out below the creature, various elements and magics coming to life to support her. She saw the metal of Kyrian spreading out in a mesh below as Sulivhaan's gravity magic started to affect a large part of the dragon. She knew they couldn't carry the thing by themselves, but it helped.

Various flying war machines with jets burning out of their backs or legs helped stabilizing the massive creature. Beings from Hallowfort joined as well, different magics taking hold as they worked together to support the weight.

“Should I let it slip for a second?” she sent to Claire.

Claire sighed. *“If you really have to.”*

“I was joking,” Ilea said. *“I don’t want to make them feel bad.”*

“I can feel your power from over here. Coupled with that title and the four question marks, I think nobody is under any illusions. But I won’t give you an excessive reaction. If anything, I expected nothing less from you,” Claire said.

Ilea smiled. *“I’m pretty sure I could surprise you still, with some of my abilities.”*

“Impress me with your next dancing lesson. If you didn’t plan to drop that entirely.”

Ilea raised her brows. *“Got me there. I’ll be back, but I think we’ll have to reinforce your office floors. I’ve gained some weight.”*

Claire nodded absentmindedly, looking at the scaled wings of Ilea before she refocused. *“Let’s move, before it becomes too much to carry. And while I trust the barrier, I don’t think stress testing with thousands in the streets is a great idea.”*

“Probably not, no,” Ilea said as she started guiding the dragon towards the mountain.

Slowly, they flew the creature up and towards the mountain, where teams of earth mages were preparing the upper third of the high reaching stone formations to accommodate the enormous body. Trenches were dug and supports were constructed, guided by experienced builders of the Pit and the Taleen.

Claire joined her again when they had crested the summit, the city spreading out far below.

“I don’t suppose you know how heavy that thing is? Some of the dwarves are worried the entire mountain will topple.”

Ilea looked down and smiled. *“Yeah, I don’t think that’s a worry. Not if we lower him slowly.”*

“They also asked if the black lance could be removed. Placing the body with that thing still stuck in there is apparently going to complicate things,” Claire said.

“Sure,” Ilea said as she flew down whilst she kept her Fabric Alteration up. She noted that True Reconstruction was still going strong, the damage to her body immense, but so was her resilience and health, let alone her health regeneration, helped by the Fourth Tier itself now as her first tier healed not only mana but health as well.

She focused on the lance and started pulling it out. She stopped and instead dissolved the hardened ash. She left the bit that was still stuck inside of the dragon to prevent anything from leaking out, in case its blood was valuable to some alchemists or blood mages.

When the engineers and mages were ready, Ilea started to slowly lower down the massive corpse, aided by the many helpers who adjusted the placement of the legs and wings, preventing rockslides and damage to the mountain. The creature was angled so that its head and one arm and leg each were visible from the city, almost as if it coiled around the top of the mountain. One of its wings was placed over the summit and visible as well, with most of its body and the other wing set down

on the other side. Just to make sure the dragon couldn't slide down and flatten half the city. If it fell, it would crash into the empty valley beyond.

Dust was raised when the weight of the creature slowly came down upon the mountain, more supports added as the engineers adjusted to the placement. A few supports broke off and tumbled down towards the city, quickly stopped by the earth mages waiting for such an event.

Ilea moved the tail around the side of the mountain and set it down onto the supports above the city before she let go, seven barriers flaring to life as her Fourth Tier Reconstruction turned off. She breathed in, no longer carrying the weight of the dragon. With a thought, she dismissed the barriers as well.

To think I needed all of my skills to just turn it around before...

She wondered what she could do with everything active, controlling the framework from within her Sunbound Creation. *This is shocking enough for everyone here, and I might accidentally flatten the city if I fuck around too much.*

She couldn't help but smile at the ridiculous consideration, but she had to admit that the risk was very much real.

She saw Trian and Kyrian flying closer, now that the dragon was placed, everyone else joining the engineers or various groups as they took in the new monument.

"How did you kill something that big?" Trian said.

"She entered its eye," Kyrian said and pointed at the head of the dragon now looking down into the valley, one of its eyes gone.

"Yep," Ilea said and grinned. "Wasn't quite that simple though."

"So that's the kind of power you're wielding now? A lance that massive," Trian said.

Ilea raised her brows, addressing both of them with her telepathy. *"Oh no. That was before my evolutions. I... have a little more power now."* She raised her hand and closed her fist.

"Want to show off?" Trian asked and smiled.

"I don't think that's the best idea," Ilea answered.

He raised his brows and looked at Kyrian. *"She doesn't want to show off."*

"That's a bad sign," the metal mage said.

"I just need to get used to it all. Maybe I'll show you some of it at some point. If I can guarantee you don't evaporate instantly."

"You're not joking," Kyrian said. *"Everyone is already in awe of this ridiculous spectacle. Not that I'm surprised. About the dragon or the fact that you may just be too powerful to truly comprehend. You were close to the Meadow already, weren't you?"*

She didn't deny his words.

"I'm already thinking we should mark this as the day of the dragon. A new festival that could be held every five years," Trian suggested, now looking back at the massive creature.

"Wonderful," Ilea sent with a dry tone.

Trian smiled as he glanced at her. He flew closer and touched her shoulder. "Haven't evaporated yet. You do feel like steel though. Did you gain weight?"

"Lots of weight," Ilea said.

Dense! the Fae shouted.

"Better keep those Four Marks visible. I doubt many will be brave enough to approach you like that," Trian added.

"Do you mind telling the story?" Kyrian asked. "Or is that too much?"

"For you guys, I don't mind. But I'm not going to give interviews to the Accords or anybody else that is interested. We could stay at the Meadow's. Probably not a lot going on there, now that there is a dragon corpse to see and harvest in Ravenhall."

She wanted to talk to the Meadow anyway, make sure the being knew it was her. She understood as well. For most of the people here, she had just changed from a ridiculously powerful human to an even more ridiculously powerful human. Three or four question marks, all it meant were levels. But the Baron and Meadow understood the true extent of the change, or at least more of it than most. She definitely felt glad that she had friends who could empathize, at least a little. And friends who just didn't really care, like her team.

"Meadow's sounds good," Kyrian said. *"Anybody else I should get?"*

"I'll let them know, don't worry," Ilea sent and looked through her marks. She hadn't exactly planned to make this a celebration, but a part of her certainly felt like celebrating. Maybe the others could use the occasion as a reasonable break as well. *And here I was scared to go into a populated area.* She looked at her friends and smiled, sending an invitation to many of her marks. *I should've known better.*

Claire flew up to join them. "So, there's some uncertainty as to the dragon. It's yours after all."

"The Accords can have it. I suggest prioritizing high level craftspeople to work the materials, armor maybe for high level Sentinels and Shadows," Ilea said.

"I thought as much, just wanted to make sure," Claire said. "I'll talk to a few people and regarding your message, I'll be joining you later."

"Do that, would be nice to have you there," Ilea said.

"They're really swarming it," Kyrian murmured, hundreds of people flying up towards the mountain by now, more yet already constructing lifts that would bring those without the ability to fly up to the dragon.

Suppose that's part of the process to get armor and weapons made from that thing. "Let's go then, before attention shifts from the dragon to me."

The Fae tapped her cheek.

"Can we hang out in your domain? Or are you bothered by my presence?" she sent to the Meadow.

"I would love to have you here, Ilea," the being sent back.

She smiled and opened a gate to the northern outskirts, going through first. Trian and Kyrian followed.

"I'm sorry for my reaction before," the Meadow sent.

"It's fine. No offense taken. If anything, it was the appropriate response," she sent back. *"But hey, I did it."*

"You more than did it, Ilea. Please still refrain from showing that fire. Not only because of me," the Meadow spoke.

"No worries. I understand," she sent and deactivated her space magic resistance. *"A teleport?"*

Trian and Kyrian vanished as she felt a pull. She started smiling as the space magic increased until she too vanished and appeared in the Soul Forge.

"You're not as easy to move anymore."

"I didn't expect that change. Think I can't use the teleportation gates anymore?" Ilea asked, looking down to see the solid steel of the Soul Forge resisting her weight.

"They should still work, but they will take longer to activate, and you'll have to supply some mana," the Meadow sent. *"I took the liberty of reserving the Soul Forge for the day, seeing how the Accords occupy much of my domain as it is."*

"Appreciate it," Ilea said and watched as both Kyrian and Trian changed into formal clothing, the former in mostly dark gray and black tones, the latter in black and bright red.

Keyla appeared near the door and looked around. She wore an apron and gloves, blood splatters visible on the white cloth. She grinned through her reptilian teeth. *"A dragon,"* she murmured and walked past the long table. *"Is there a kitchen in this place?"*

"I don't think so," Trian said.

"I brought my own, that room free?" she said and pointed.

"You don't have to stay. I expected you to be interested in the dragon as well," Ilea sent.

Keyla glanced at her, yellow eyes slightly narrowing. *"Way ahead of you, four mark."*

Ilea saw her summon an entire mobile kitchen in one of the rooms over, two blades appearing in her hands before a massive slab of meat came into existence, still permeated by potent and familiar magic.

Ilea grinned, deciding not to lean against the table. *Of course.*

The Fae vanished to join the cook as more people arrived near the entrance.

Catelyn was first, the orange red fox looking at Ilea with some apprehension. *"What is this feeling?"* She didn't move closer.

"The flame?"

"You carry something strange... a flame, is it?" the fox asked.

Ilea nodded. *"I won't show it off. No need to be afraid."*

"I'm not afraid," Catelyn said and raised her chin, a spark of fire in her eyes.

"You should be," Ilea said.

Catelyn jumped onto the table and started summoning plates and bowls of various snacks and foods. “Only if you’re clumsy.”

Dale appeared with Abby, Rhett, and Alaina, all of them making large eyes at the surroundings and the present beings. The guard captain smiled when he saw Ilea, taking in a deep breath when he must’ve used identify on her.

Next came Walter with Lucia, followed by the rest of the necromancers and Weavy.

“I must apologize, dragonslayer of ash, but I must see the spoils of your battle,” Goliath finally sent back, in response to her initial invitation.

Least wasted with him, Ilea thought and walked over to greet the necromancers, introducing the people who hadn’t met each other before.

Owl and Elfie arrived next, the two drawing quite a bit of attention away from Ilea.

“You did it,” Elfie said and hissed. “The others may join later. Feyrair told me he is working on something very important and can sadly not come. His heartfelt condolences.”

Ilea hissed in turn, as amused as she could manage.

She smiled when Myr Iva and Ren Va appeared as well, the first Mava growling immediately upon arrival.

“I warned her,” the Meadow said.

“It’s me,” Ilea said as the Fae joined her, sitting down on her head.

“What’s wrong with her?” Trian asked, glancing at Ren Va.

“I’m not sure,” the other Mava spoke. “Something about her power. I don’t understand.”

The white fox looked around the hall with hectic glances, eyes opening wide before she jumped behind a nearby crate, crouching down but no longer growling.

“She’ll get used to it. I’m talking to her,” the Meadow sent.

“Get her out if she wants to leave. I don’t want to terrify her,” Ilea answered.

“I will. Seems like she wants to try and stay,” the being sent.

The Elders of the Hand joined, sans Adam of course, Verena supporting a dejected Pierce, with Lucas smiling at the gathered crowd.

Ilea teleported a mug of ale into her hand and sipped from it, smiling as she looked at the elders. She nearly choked when Verena introduced herself and Pierce, the latter with her chosen name of Dragonkiller.

“The Greater Lich,” Indra exclaimed as he looked between Elfie and Owl, likely overwhelmed by possibilities.

Yeah, I think this was a good idea.

“Yet again, taking a leap,” Walter said, having joined her side. “I brought ale, didn’t know what this was about.”

“I’m still the same,” Ilea said and touched his shoulder, very careful not to exert any force at all. “Your ale is very welcome, friend.”

“So, a dragonslayer?” Abby said as she stopped before Ilea, looking her up and down.

“I’m afraid I’m taken,” Ilea said, looking past the woman and at the slightly confused Felicia who took in the chaotic scene before finding Ilea.

“I told you not to bother her,” Dale said as he joined his wife.

“She’s a grown woman, Dale,” Abby countered.

“And she can destroy cities at a whim,” he said.

“That’s why I talked to her!” Abby said as if that explained her interest.

“I feel like I’m intr-” Felicia said, her eyes going wide. “Oh.”

Ilea wasn’t sure what to say.

Felicia squealed and tackled her with a hug. “You did it!” She pulled away and kissed her. “A four mark human,” she exclaimed before getting close and whispering. “I’m proud of you, Ilea. I really am.”

“It’s good to see you. Not an issue with your work?” Ilea asked.

“Are you kidding me? All of Virilya is scrambling to get a look at the dragon, and the court is begging me to find out what I can about you.”

“*Fair. We can discuss it later,*” Ilea sent.

“*I knew this relationship would be beneficial to my position in the capital,*” Felicia said and smiled mischievously.

“*Sure, Lady Redleaf. We might want to get you to a higher level as well. I gained weight.*”

“*We’ll make it work,*” Felicia said.

Claire finally joined with Cless in tow, the girl crossing her arms with chaos in her eyes.

Growing up so fast, Ilea thought as she locked eyes with the girl.

Cless averted her eyes and left Claire’s side.

“Everything alright?” Ilea asked when Claire walked over.

“Yes. The excitement is very much welcome, and news is spreading fast. Hundreds of requests for dragon materials already. And there are whispers going around that Lilith has become a four mark human.”

“That’s a ridiculous claim,” Walter said as he opened a barrel of ale, filling a mug before he took a sip.

“Agreed. She’s level two hundred at most,” Dale said. “I even fought her before. Not bad for someone her age, but I’ve seen better in my guard.”

The two men looked at each other with perfectly straight faces.

“Weaker than even the youngest of elves, I hear,” Elfie said.

An Executioner walked past, green eyes glowing bright. “I hear she nearly failed her evaluation to join the Shadow’s Hand.”

Kyrian chuckled as they watched, Trian taking a sip from a glass of wine as Iana, Chris, and Evan appeared near the entrance.

“I appreciate the high regards, guys,” Ilea said. “Now please fuck off, Keyla is done with the meal.”