

## Chapter 480 Requirements

The first explosion of fire and energy was similar in power to the blast she had used against the Ascended. Delivered in a sphere instead of a more focused cone but the effect was similar.

She broke their defense.

Compared to the steel wall of the steel man, the Specters fared quite a bit worse.

They were pushed back, half their bodies instantly vaporized, the rest burnt and molten.

Ilea could however not get through their bones, leaving them to quickly regenerate. She knew she had to overwhelm their resources just as much as they would have to overwhelm hers. This was a fight of attrition, the creatures leaving little room for trickery or overwhelming force.

Not at her current power. She knew that the Ascended could simply stop them in their tracks, with space magic or steel. It could use void magic to entirely remove them out of existence, if that was how it worked.

But she wasn't quite there yet.

Ilea enjoyed it as she closed the distance to the first one, already half its injuries regenerated when her ashen tendrils, fists and reverse healing hit it, all at the same time.

She had fought these monsters for months, had refrained from attacking herself, but now she could finally pay it all back. *Your resistance training is appreciated. Now let me help you get some from my magic.*

The three other Specters advanced, recovered fully once more as they focused on the well known enemy.

Ilea blinked in the last moment, avoiding the blades before she sent a barrage of ashen projectiles into the creatures. She had the mana. Every little bit of damage would help.

The dark fog around her had lost its terrifying nature, the creatures she fought merely more to her than training dolls. They were lifeless, monstrous creatures. Some of many she had met and killed.

These were a little more resilient, more so than most of the monsters in the Descent even.

The Vampire had been more powerful, that much was true, but he lacked the finesse these creatures were using. She wondered how many of them were necessary to take down a starved vampire.

*Three maybe? Or all five?*

If they were sapient, one might be enough. Able to retreat upon taking damage, recover one's resources, exploiting weaknesses.

These were just drones made to kill, creatures of death seeking to end everything that walked into their domain. Or perhaps they sought to die themselves, after millennia of madness.

Ilea was pushed back as a few well placed swings didn't allow her to advance, one even nicked her arm but the blade barely bit to her bone. The wound closing near instantly.

Blood erupted within her body, the explosion more subdued, as if the substance itself strained against the foreign influence.

The Specter didn't react at the eruption within its own body that came in response, just minor damage to the unfeeling creature.

Absolute Destruction spread into the nearest of the humanoid beasts, fire and cinders flaring up as her ashen abilities entirely demolished its defenses, now spreading into it freely.

The creature would soon fall if its enemy could keep up the relentless offense. If it kept avoiding their attacks, kept itself from being pinned down.

Ilea didn't make a mistake. Not after all the training she had done with them, after her skills had reached this level.

The Specter of Rot was a highly dangerous creature, a monster perhaps made for war, or one born out of malice and spite. The origins of the being did not matter anymore as its remaining life burnt away in an flare of ash and embers.

A monster had invaded their den.

Its kin did neither react nor did they stop their assault.

Just as much as the monster in their midst continued casting its powerful spells, the four of them entwined in a dance of death, one untrained eyes would not be able to comprehend.

Ilea grew more bold, taking hits to get in more of her own.

When the next creature fell and only two remained, the balance of the fight started to shift, Ilea more often appearing behind them, her spells hitting before they could even detect her.

She knew how they moved, knew their reach, the spells they could and would use. She knew how the space distorted when they vanished, knew how far away they usually appeared.

Ilea was used to the feeling of sharp bone digging into her flesh, her skills allowing her to take blows in exchange for devastating mana intrusion attacks. She knew the end of the fight was near, knew the creatures would die.

She wondered if they knew too. Wondered if they hoped for a mistake, a sudden weakness, a stumble.

Ilea moved through the air as surely as she moved on the ground. She skewered and punched, dodging blows and ignoring spells as she whittled down the health of the vastly higher leveled creatures.

Her ashen tendrils swirled to the left of the falling Specter, instantly biting into the flesh of the last remaining foe.

There was nothing but the creature. No notifications, no thoughts, or questions. No uncertainty. Just the next nudge to the left, the next limb rushing forward, the next sound of ash or bone cutting flesh.

A sickening scene that would have terrified her old self, would have been manageable to her a few years past, but now, she saw the beauty in it. The joy of a fight that could only end in death.

Either hers or that of her enemy.

A last punch unceremoniously killed the Specter, its body lifelessly falling to the ground as if its strings had been cut.

Ilea remained hovering in the air of the dark cavern. The lack of light didn't bother her anymore, and not just because of her sphere.

The dark mist that flowed lazily through the dungeon prevented her from seeing far but she didn't see any other creatures lurking about.

A dim light shone in the distance, Claire's barrier, and within it her two companions. She smirked, seeing Trian squint his eyes as he tried to see what was happening. Claire on the other hand seemed to have some way of seeing her, though her eyes weren't exactly focused on her.

She left the bodies where they were and moved her wings, slowly floating through the mists until she came up on the shimmering shield.

"They're dead," she said and landed, walking a few steps until she stood in front of the spell.

Claire slightly moved her right hand, the spell dissipating instantly.

***'ding' 'You have defeated [Specter of Rot – lvl 615]'***

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***'ding' 'You have defeated [Specter of Rot – lvl 632]'***

***'ding' 'The Azarinth Sentinel reaches lvl 349 – Five stat points awarded'***

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***'ding' 'The Azarinth Sentinel reaches lvl 351 – Five stat points awarded'***

***'ding' 'Kin of Ash reaches lvl 349 – Five stat points awarded'***

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***'ding' 'Absolute Destruction reaches 3<sup>rd</sup> lvl 24'***

***'ding' 'Azarinth Reversal reaches 3<sup>rd</sup> lvl 20'***

***'ding' 'Heart of Cinder reaches 3<sup>rd</sup> lvl 20'***

***'ding' 'Storm of Cinders reaches 3<sup>rd</sup> lvl 18'***

***'ding' 'Bone Magic Resistance reaches 2<sup>nd</sup> lvl 6'***

Ilea rolled her eyes at the fact that one Specter gave her four total levels and four only rewarded six.

“And?” Trian asked.

She smiled and nodded to the mage.

“Get a pen ready, there’s a lot of text.”

***‘ding’ ‘Following requirements have been met. Has unlocked at least one unique class. All class skills leveled into the third tier. Has defeated a level 750 creature or higher without assistance. You have fought and survived three battles against a level 1000 creature or higher. Has significantly contributed to the defeat of one or more level 1000 creatures or higher.***

***You have proven to be truly extraordinary. The potential of one additional Class has been unlocked.***

***Additional Classes exceeding your race’s limitations will have subdued effects. They cannot be chosen as main Classes due to their abnormal nature.***

“Fuck. Yes,” Trian commented.

Claire nodded next to him, scribbling everything down with a steady hand.

***Name: Ilea Spears***

***Unspent statpoints: 30***

***Unspent 3rd tier skill points [The Azarinth Sentinel]: 0***

***Unspent 3rd tier skill points [Kin of Ash]: 0***

***Unspent 3rd tier General skill points [1714 Total skill levels]: 3***

***Class 1: The Azarinth Sentinel – lvl 351***

- ***Active: Absolute Destruction – 3rd lvl 23***
- ***Active: Sentinel Reconstruction – 3rd lvl 30***
- ***Active: Azarinth Awakening – 3rd lvl 30***
- ***Active: Blink – 3rd lvl 27***
- ***Active: Sentinel Sphere – 3rd lvl 25***
- ***Passive: Sentinel Core – 3rd lvl 30***
- ***Passive: Azarinth Fighting – 3rd lvl 30***
- ***Passive: Sentinel Huntress – 3rd lvl 8***
- ***Passive: Azarinth Perception – 3rd lvl 23***
- ***Passive: Azarinth Reversal – 3rd lvl 19***

***Class 2: Kin of Ash – lvl 351***

- ***Active: Armor of Ash – 3rd lvl 30***
- ***Active: Aspect of Ash – 3rd lvl 30***
- ***Active: True Ash Creation – 3rd lvl 30***
- ***Active: Heart of Cinder – 3rd lvl 19***
- ***Active: Storm of Cinders – 3rd lvl 17***
- ***Passive: Ash and Ember Unity – 3rd lvl 27***

- *Passive: Ashen Wings – 3rd lvl 24*
- *Passive: Eyes of Ash – 3rd lvl 17*
- *Passive: Avatar of Ash – 3rd lvl 30*
- *Passive: Keeper of Ash – 3rd lvl 27*

**Class 3: None**

**General Skills: Hidden**

Ilea checked her status before moving on.

***‘ding’ ‘Requirements met for class acquisition: The Demonic Herald. No current skills or stats will be lost, be aware that other Classes may become unavailable -***

***The unknown. Has slaughtered one thousand demons. Has forced a Mind Weaver into submission. Has instilled fear into one hundred sapient beings or more. Has the Mental Resistance and Pain Tolerance skills in the third tier. Has two classes at level 350 or higher. Has unlocked an additional class before reaching level 600.***

***The Demonic Herald wields fear and the arts of mind magic to subdue and conquer all. She slaughters those who stand in her way. The demon realm trembles at the call of her name, only spoken in whispers. Only those chosen shall stand by her side, her path destined for greatness. A vicious queen of death and pain wielding overwhelming magic as she leads her armies of beasts.***

***‘ding’ ‘Requirements met for class acquisition: The Ashen Lecturer. No current skills or stats will be lost, be aware that other Classes may become unavailable -***

***The uncompromising. Has inspired fear and pain in her students. Has helped create two or more Classes. Has broken and healed the minds of those taught. Has revealed secrets others would choose to keep even beyond death. Has discussed and learned from ancient beings. Has the Sage of Torment skill. Has the Pain Tolerance skill in the third tier. Has two classes at level 350 or higher.***

***The Ashen Lecturer is not to be questioned. She is the pinnacle of humanity, a being shrouded in myth. She inspires both fear and adoration in those who know her, sheltering her chosen in her mantle of power. Those she taught will be broken, rebuilt, and forged into monsters of their own. None shall stand in their way and even in the face of death, they shall fear only one.***

***‘ding’ ‘Requirements met for class acquisition: The Mad Shadow. No current skills or stats will be lost, be aware that other Classes may become unavailable -***

*The heralded. Has defeated an army. Had at least three songs written about her. Is known in more than twenty cities. Has defeated her supposed peers with reasonable ease. Has the Veteran skill in the third tier. Has two classes at level 350 or higher.*

*The Mad Shadow is a legend born in Ravenhall. She has freed slaves, fought armies, and defeated unimaginable monsters. Her name has been invoked to force children to sleep, to threaten criminals, and even to frighten wild beasts. She is known to appear when danger is afoot, when creatures of the dark lurk in the shadows. Her name is a whisper, just like her form, a true Shadow that cannot be seen or heard, and yet it is there. Be wary.*

*'ding' Requirements met for class acquisition: The Benevolent Knight Hero of the North. No current skills or stats will be lost, be aware that other Classes may become unavailable -*

*The righteous. Has saved at least one settlement of destruction. Has saved a long forgotten King. Has allied with creatures others would dismiss as monsters. Has convinced a level 1000 being to help in battle. Has defeated an army. Has been knighted. Has been truthful in the face of adversity. Has risked her own life for that of another. Has two classes at level 350 or higher. Has unlocked an additional class before reaching level 700.*

*The Hero of the North is a being of noble spirit. She inspires devotion and affection wherever she goes, helping those below her stand or financial position without question. She is a savior to the weak, a knight in brilliant armor riding on a mighty and beautiful steed. The hero denies all praise, returning to her humble home when her people are safe yet again, waiting for the call to return. Stories will be written about her, songs telling of her benevolence and pure soul!*

*'ding' Requirements met for class acquisition: The Headless Horror. No current skills or stats will be lost, be aware that other Classes may become unavailable -*

*The terrifying. Has lost her head multiple times. Has willingly donated her body to another. Has lost one hundred limbs. Has willingly taken fatal damage. Has sought out sources of pain and destruction to forge her body. Has instilled fear in thousands. Has the Flesh Magic Resistance and Monster Hunter skills. Has two classes at level 350 or higher. Has unlocked an additional class before reaching level 600.*

*The Headless Horror is a being of nightmare. Whoever finds themselves in her path can only pray for her lenience or hope to have something of interest to present. She is a monster, true to the word, using her body and limbs to attack in a vicious and uncontrolled manner. Nothing can kill nor stop her. A murderous disaster on one to three or more legs. She wields flesh and blood magic without regard for her own safety, until her enemies drown in her own or their blood. Run, for she has cometh.*

*'ding' Requirements met for class acquisition: The Trakorov Rider. No current skills or stats will be lost, be aware that other Classes may become unavailable -*

*The quite frankly, unhinged. Has ridden a Trakorov. Has two classes at level 350 or higher.*

*The rider and her steed will bring the end of time itself. If either can be woken from their slumber. She wields fire and molten rock, bathing her enemies in fury before they are crushed by the weight of her body. Everything will be burned, cooked, and devoured.*

*'ding' 'Requirements met for class acquisition: The Arcane Touched. No current skills or stats will be lost, be aware that other Classes may become unavailable -*

*The changed. Has survived in concentrated mana. Had lethal amounts of mana channeled through her. Has the Arcane Magic Resistance skill in the third tier. Has two classes at level 350 or higher.*

*The Arcane touched is a being attuned to the force of arcane itself. Her body is a weapon clad in the limitless depths of mana. Her thoughts and emotions are one with the will of nature. A recluse, seeking out the depths of the arcane. Only the most precious of mana will satisfy her on her quest to power.*

*'ding' 'Requirements met for class acquisition: The Faen Valkyrie. No current skills or stats will be lost, be aware that other Classes may become unavailable -*

*The ferocious. Has saved three Fae with no ulterior motives. Has protected a Fae with their own life. Has befriended a rare murderous Fae and together has reveled in the joy of violence. Has marked an ancient being with the goal of protecting it. Has been welcomed into the domain of the Fae and survived without going mad. Has visited three different realms. Has the Arcane Magic Resistance, Space Magic Resistance, and Veteran skills in the third tier. Has two classes at level 350 or higher. Has unlocked an additional class before reaching level 500.*

*The Faen Valkyrie is a mysterious being that has befriended and fought at the side of the Fae. A being that not only found a violent member of the ancient and unchallenged collective but one that understood and bonded with this irregular. She is a being of battle, both resilient and destructive. Her body is a weapon to defend and one to execute judgment, enhanced by the Flame of Creation coursing through her veins. Her will shall bend space itself, no realm guarded from the storm she brings.*

Trian joined his hands together above his head. "Damn."

"Hell yes," Ilea whispered, sharing a smile with Claire who had just finished writing.

"Lots of choices," the woman said, keeping her pen ready. "Nothing normal like Fire Mage? Or any of your Sentinel Classes?"

Ilea shook her head. She tried to think about it, focus on other options or another choice. There was nothing.

"This is what I have," Ilea replied.

“Now don’t be hasty, Ilea! I know you like that horned creature but hear me out,” Trian said as he pointed at her, looking on as if she was a dog with a grape in its mouth.

Ilea just rolled her eyes and cleaned herself with ash.

“Do you have a favorite already? Or do you want to hear opinions?” Claire asked.

She shrugged. “We have time. Not here though, let’s head up, we can talk outside,” she said.

“The Headless Horror sounds right up your alley, Ilea,” Trian said. “More legs are always welcome, no?”

“Why did I take you with me again?” she asked. It seemed like the man regressed back into his older self whenever they were inside of a dungeon. Maybe the dense mana went to his head.

“Are you healing me?” he asked, trying to slap away the ash swirling around his head.

“Just making sure,” Ilea murmured.