

Chapter 908 Otherworldly

Night had fallen over the UK, streetlamps illuminating their surroundings.

Ilea wore a black turtleneck and a ski mask as Jennifer had suggested, both Cless and her mother in the same getup as they waited inside of a public garage near the prison.

“And you’re sure you’re up for this?” Jennifer asked.

Ilea looked at her and took in a deep breath. “Incredibly stressful, I won’t lie,” she said in the driest voice she could manage.

“You’re tough, I get it,” Jennifer retorted.

“You really don’t,” Ilea said and smiled.

“You really don’t,” Cless repeated and crossed her arms, rolling her eyes at her mother.

“I’ll have to think about the influence you have on my daughter.”

Cless refocused.

Ilea laughed. “I’ll go get him now. It’s about time?”

“One minute until guard change,” Jennifer said and soon started counting down the last twenty seconds.

Ilea checked her domain and teleported out into the sewers when Jennifer said one. Three more teleports and she reached the prison walls. A quick use of Fabric Alteration turned the three cameras away. Nobody was in the small yard. She teleported onto the basketball court and thought about throwing a few hoops. Checking for any interested eyes, she flew up to the indicated toilet and found Torben in her domain.

The man sat on his bed, reading in a book. He had short hair and looked to be in his late thirties. Broad shoulders and strong arms.

“*Don’t freak out now,*” Ilea sent straight into his mind.

His heartbeat shot up, his eyes going wide as he shut the book and tensed up.

“*You’re freaking out,*” she sent. “*Calm down. Jennifer sent me. Cless is back too.*”

His eyes narrowed as he slowed his breathing. Deliberate and calm.

“*Awesome. Torben, right? You can talk back, use your mind.*”

“*Hello? I can?*” he spoke, his voice deep.

“*Yes. Now for this escape to look remotely reasonable, I need you to go to the toilet,*” Ilea said.

He got up and called out to one of the few staff.

Ilea waited, keeping an eye on the security guards helpfully unaware of the camera angles. They were having a chat, the faint conversation she heard through the many walls suggested a football related topic.

“*What do I do now?*” Torben sent, standing in the toilet.

Ilea flew up to the small window and formed a few thin blades of volcanic glass. Cutting through the steel was simple. Doing so entirely without sound took a bit of patience. She was done in less than three seconds. “*Now you jump out.*”

She assumed he would hesitate at least, considering the toilet was on the second floor up. He might break a leg or two.

Torben didn’t hesitate.

He climbed up and squeezed through the window, let himself dangle down before he breathed in and let go. He landed on the soft patch of grass with a roll, though he grit his teeth when he stumbled up, one of his ankles sprained.

She decided not to try and heal him, not about to test True Reconstruction on the level zero man. Not if he wasn’t badly injured.

Ilea flew down to him and looked at the metal bars in her hand. She roughed the edges up a bit with the palm of her hand, to make it seem like a more difficult effort. The story wouldn’t be perfect, she knew that much, but with all the strange things happening, she didn’t think it would raise an alarming level of suspicion. Dropping the metal onto the grass, she looked at the wide eyed Torben, gave him a nod, and teleported them both out. Through the sewers and back into the public garage.

“And, time,” Ilea said.

Cless pressed a button on her clock and cheered. “Thirty seven seconds!”

“Torben,” Jennifer said and hugged him, the man hugging her back as he glanced between Ilea and Cless. He looked at his daughter for a few seconds before he took in a sharp breath and refocused.

“What the hell is going on?”

“She’s going to explain everything in a minute,” Ilea said and activated her Teleport, focused on her home back in Elos.

A moment later, they all appeared.

Torben and Jennifer had to steady themselves against the furniture, breathing hard at the sudden teleportation.

“I’ll go deal with the house. Make yourself at home. And don’t go outside. The Swordmouth tigers are still around,” Ilea said.

“I’ll take care of them,” Cless said with a smile and waved.

Ilea teleported straight into the Michaelson’s house, the anchor not one she would keep. Focusing on the framework of the car in the garage, she teleported to the North. “*A little gift from Earth. Donation from the Michaelsons, I assume it should provide a house in Ravenhall. You can inform Aki,*” Ilea sent.

“*What is... this?*” the Meadow sent.

“*Pollutes the air. Probably unneeded as well with teleportation gates being a thing, but it could be interesting to you,*” Ilea sent, and teleported back to the House, using a second anchor she had set up in case the police was fast to react to the breakout.

Summoning a tiny bit of ash, she put some heat into it and floated it over to the couch, which instantly caught fire. Jennifer had agreed to leave most of the furniture behind, to make it a little more plausible that they had managed a breakout and fled, instead of what really happened.

Ilea moved her ash through the ground floor until bright flames spread over the walls. She had to increase the heat to get the floors as well, commending the fire code regulations set in place. Checking through the house as it burned, she found the attic spider and teleported it out into the garden.

“*Sorry about your home,*” she sent, and did not receive an answer, though she saw the creature scurry away.

Teleporting down into the cellar, Ilea fanned the flames a few times with a tiny bit of heat, watching the surroundings to make sure no heroes would try to rush in and save someone.

A bit of space magic helped collapse a bit of wall here and a bit of ceiling there, the flames spreading quickly.

When the fire brigade arrived, the house was well on its way to collapse, likely too dangerous for any of them to enter.

Two of the firefighters still pushed into the flames with their heavy gear, Ilea keeping a close eye on their health. She was glad to find the house too small for them to get into massive danger. A few teleports made sure they didn’t find her in the cellar either. She helped keep a bit of ceiling steady when they rushed back out, not having found anything.

Safe and sound, Ilea thought with a smile as the second floor collapsed onto the first. She brushed her hands against each other as the flames burned around her. And a few minutes later, she vanished.

“You had her burn down our house?” Torben asked, hand on his brow. He sighed. “We should’ve talked about this.”

“Already burnt down,” Ilea said, summoning a drink for herself and two bottles of ale that she hovered over to the adults.

“Can I have some too?” Cless asked.

“No,” Torben and Jennifer said at the same time.

I’m getting the feeling that her life is going to change somewhat. Though good luck parenting a divination mage who can teleport around the world.

“I think you should probably talk to Aki. I can dump the responsibility of rehousing you on him.” Opening a gate to Iz, Ilea put her head through and quickly asked for a machine that could talk.

Aki obliged.

“Let me know when I should teleport them to Ravenhall,” Ilea said.

“I can do that, don’t worry,” Cless said, some pride in her voice.

“You can?” Ilea asked.

The girl smiled brightly and puffed up her chest.

“Well done,” Ilea said and ruffled her hair, careful not to damage her head.

“New citizens to the Accords,” Aki said and sighed. “Could’ve informed me about this before, Ilea.”

“I improvised,” she said. “They brought gifts though. Cless, contact me when you have a place. I can come dump all of your things by then. Don’t think any electronics will work though, sadly.”

Torben downed his ale and sighed. Compared to the beaming Jennifer, he looked exhausted.

“Just needs time,” Jennifer said with a glance between him and Ilea.

“Good luck in your new life,” Ilea said. “And feel free to stay here as long as you need. I have a bed upstairs too.”

One I can't really use anymore with how heavy I am.

“Thank you, Ilea,” Jennifer said as she approached and hugged her. “It means everything.” She separated. “You brought back our daughter.”

“I would’ve found a way in time,” Cless said.

Jennifer smiled at Ilea and turned back to her daughter. “Of course you would’ve.”

Ilea watched the scene for a moment before she stepped out into the north. The car was still just standing there, a few of Aki’s machines having joined the Meadow in examining the automobile.

“The substance that powers it is volatile. It would explode on activation,” the Meadow sent.

“From a place with nearly no magic,” Ilea said. *“They were safe. At least somewhat.”*

“If you consider near zero mana density, it’s possible she is right,” Aki said. *“And no civilization would create something this intricate with such a volatile concoction.”*

“It could be a weapon of sorts,” the Meadow suggested.

“It’s a car,” Ilea said. *“Like a wagon with no animal to pull it. And they went fast too.”*

“Steel powered by explosions,” Aki sent.

“Want to recreate it with explosion runes?” Ilea asked.

“Magic, even enchantments, would not be stable enough. One fluctuation and it would be over. No, there are far more effective ways to create something similar. And without legs, it would be difficult to navigate most terrain.”

“We had streets all over. Mostly flat, built for cars specifically,” Ilea sent. *“But I can get you more than that. Coffee beans for example.”*

“I would be interested in books,” the Meadow sent.

“Manuals and science stuff?” Ilea asked.

“I was more thinking novels. But anything you can get really. I don’t understand the language yet either, but it won’t take long until I can create translations.”

I wish computers worked here, Ilea thought and summoned Jennifer's laptop. She sucked up all the mana around her until there was little to nothing left. The device still didn't turn on. Which means my dream of music won't come true either.

Or wait.

"Do you have recording devices? For music?"

"For sound and images as well," Aki sent. "If you want to take a Watcher with you. It can store information while in the other realm and then you can return it here where I can look at the data."

Not exactly copying wikipedia onto a flash drive, but it's a start. Ilea thought with a smile. "You should also look for information on those who got teleported away seven years ago. Once you can access a computer and through it the internet."

"You intend to go and find them?" Aki asked.

"You two can think about what we should do. I will as well. A large operation would lead to a lot of people finding out about magic. Which could cause a lot of chaos. There are billions of people on Earth. If that all comes to light, and if they find out I can teleport around and open gates to other realms, there will be problems.

"Familiarize yourself first, and I suggest putting it on a low priority. Earth has managed in the past seven years, and those who have been moved away, they're either dead or made a new life for themselves. Reuniting them with their loved ones would certainly be nice, but I don't want to cause chaos for that."

"We will be careful," the Meadow sent. "The fissures you could reopen would lead to hundreds if not thousands of other realms however. A consideration for the future."

"A consideration for the future," Ilea confirmed with a smile. "But first, I want you to study coffee beans and coffee making. And man, there are so many foods that we can add to Elos."

"Of course," the Meadow confirmed, though she didn't know for sure if it agreed to shut her up or if it really agreed.

"Should I take you there right now?" Ilea asked, looking at Aki.

"I will modify one of the Watchers, give me a few hours," the machine said.

"Sure," Ilea answered and stretched. "How busy is my team?"

"Should I relay a message?" Aki asked.

"Would be nice. I have a way back to my realm, and would be happy to show them some of the things there. They probably shouldn't leave Mark's apartment, but I can show them some food and movies."

Aki remained quiet for a moment. "Claire and Trian have replied with generic work related excuses. Kyrian asks if Aliana could join."

"Sounds good," Ilea sent.

"And Mark has asked to return soon as well," Aki said.

"I'll get him too," Ilea sent with a smile.

Less than half an hour later, the group appeared in Mark's apartment, Aliana and Kyrian instructed not to use any of their spells while on Earth.

Ilea made sure the shutters were down before she stored Mark's sofa and made a new one out of ash.

"This is... strange," Kyrian said as he looked around. He didn't wear his armor for once, instead a plain shirt and black pants.

Aliana had a similarly simple getup, the woman walking over to the kitchen before she started looking at the knives and other gadgets.

Ilea turned on the projector and smiled when the others glared at the sudden picture.

"Light magic? I thought there was no magic here," Kyrian said.

"No, this is technology, not magic. It runs off electricity. Humans here made a bunch of cool shit, even without spells," she said and gestured for them to sit down.

"I have to check up on a few things in the gym," Mark said.

Ilea looked at him. "*You seem troubled.*"

"I..." he started. "*I've been thinking. With my age. All the things I saw. The things you've shown me. I need some time to think it through.*" he sighed. "I'll go on a walk too. Should I get you anything?"

"A random assortment of foods and drinks from any supermarket? Coffee beans too, and grains. Seeds, any kind you can find," she said.

"So the Accords want to get a piece of Earth," Mark said and smiled.

"We've cultivated that stuff for ages. Let's see if it grows in Elos," Ilea said and smiled.

"Worth a shot," Mark said. "Should I get drinks too?"

Ilea summoned her stack of cash and made it hover over to the man. "Why not."

"Will take me some time."

"No worries," Ilea answered and got the remote. "We're starting with Lord of the Rings."