

Roshia strode confidently through the sea of corpses she had created. Her long black hair hung down in a braid almost to her waist. She had sharp pointed ears like all other elves, but that was the only resemblance to her origins. Her skin was a gray sickly color, her eyes entirely black, and the remnants of many different robes and armor hung on her. The cries of the dying surrounded her. Every now and then one of her elite bone knights would plunge their sword into the survivors, ending their cries forever. Every death brought her a new soul, every soul grew the size of her mana pool. But the souls of these soldiers were only drops in a vast ocean.

Roshia had walked the path of a necromancer for thousands of years now, but she had never forgotten the promise that brought her here. The promise was to her little girl. Liluth, her daughter, had been killed in the neverending territory disputes between the races of humanoids. The elves, humans, dwarfs, goblins, orcs, and halflings fought endlessly over the tiny islands that made up their world. She and her daughter had tried to escape the endless fighting to a newly discovered island, one of the first newly discovered islands in a millenia. Their peace had been cut short. As Roshia had held Liluth's limp body, she had promised that she would remake the world. That no one in this new world would ever want for land, and that the war between the different races would be put to an end.

Roshia strode up to a gathering of prisoners. They were the generals, the kings, the nobles of every race arrayed before her. Roshia had unintentionally ended the hostility between all races. They had rightly seen her as a threat to their existence and combined all their strength to defeat her. But the Alliance had been for nothing. Her armies and power had grown unstoppable as she conquered one island after another.

At first she had let these islands be resettled so that she could harvest them again. But in the last century her strategy had changed. Her mana pool had grown large enough to remake the world many times over. So each island she conquered she left behind a legion of her minions. But there was still a problem: her mana only regenerated at a fixed amount, and it would take her billions of years to fill her mana pool. Necromancers were long lived, but their lives were measured in the tens of thousands of years, she would die long before she accumulated enough mana to remake the world.

Roshia had decided to outsource her problem. She had always known her main weakness as a necromancer was a lack of intelligent allies. Despite her inability to acquire allies, she had figured out a way to get her enemies to solve her problem for her.

On each island that she conquered she had placed an artifact containing a small portion of her vast mana pool. But this artifact had the same problem as she did, there was a fixed amount of mana regeneration into a mana pool that would take thousands of years to fill. She had let one of her islands be reconquered so that the Alliance against her could find one of these artifacts. She started having her armies of undead intentionally lose to mages that wielded these artifacts against her. She had placed these artifacts in the hands of powerful skeleton mages, and anytime these skeleton mages were destroyed the armies they controlled would fall apart. She

had made it look like the secret to her power were these artifacts. The last 50 years had looked like a long drawn out war to fight over these artifacts, even as all the races were slowly slaughtered to fuel her mana pool growth. All of it had been a ruse, to convince the humanoid artificers and magicians to work out a solution to her problem. If they could increase the mana regeneration of these artifacts then she could steal their method and use it for herself.

It had taken most of those 50 years for Roshia to eliminate the political factions that were against using the artifacts. She would crush them in battle, while granting miraculous and unlikely victories to those who used the artifacts against her armies. Once the Alliance realized that they had to increase the mana regeneration of the artifacts it had taken them almost no time at all to figure out how to do it. They'd already had a secret solution, but they had just been too cautious to use it on artifacts that they didn't fully understand.

They had figured out a way to burn off part of the mana pool itself to create a mana regeneration rate that was based on the size of the mana pool. Roshia had been trying to do something similar for centuries. The idea was obvious to those who studied mana pools, but the method for doing it was thought to be impossible.

With this powerful artifact that could regenerate massive amounts of mana they had finally started winning battles against her that she had not intended for them to win. Finally! She had gotten what she needed, and this was when she intervened. Roshia had controlled these magical artifacts the entire time, she had just never used this control.

With her trump card in hand, she marched a huge army out of the sea onto the final and largest island of the Alliance. They had met her with their own great army, ready to use the artifacts to crush her. On the eve of battle, Roshia had cut off access to the artifacts. The Alliance's army had been crushed. And now she stood before the leaders of the faction that had helped her succeed. Her bone mages had been given orders to capture and hold all of these men and women. The leaders of the Alliance stared at her with defiance and hate.

Roshia smiled before she addressed them in a dry raspy voice: "I wish to thank all of you from the bottom of my tattered heart. You have all worked so hard and sacrificed so much to stop me, but I was never your enemy. Thanks to all of you and your work on the artifacts I can now fulfill a promise I made to my daughter. I will remake this world. For helping me I will reward you and your descendants with power in the new world."

Their faces slowly changed from anger and hate to confusion. Roshia didn't wait around to hear any of their responses. She took the artifacts she had created, and absorbed their mana pools back into her own. She was also able to gain their mana regeneration technique. She replicated the mana regeneration for her own mana pool. It had taken nearly a hundred million souls to acquire a mana pool as large as hers. And in an instant she would burn the equivalent of a million souls out of this mana pool in order to gain a tiny percentage of her overall mana pool to regenerate per day. It would take over 3 years to fill up, but this was just a blip in time for a

creature that had lost count of her age thousands of years ago.

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With the final hurdle out of her way, Roshia began implementing a plan that had taken her centuries to figure out. With her massive magic reserves from necromancy she had been able to learn of the physical rules of the universe far easier than any regular mage. This has allowed her to formulate a plan for the entire creation of a universe. But her dark magic had also blinded her to the voices and guidance of spirits. Which is why she had become stuck, and unable to figure out something as simple as how to increase her mana regeneration.

The first step of her plan was sealing away the six races in a safe place while she did her work. To do this, she placed each race on their own island. After her long war with the Alliance there were only tens of thousands left from each race. Then she cut the islands off 20 feet below the waterline. Then she created a composite of silicone and other metals melted together to form a glass bubble for each island. Within each bubble she created and charged massive mana stones that would power weather patterns and other natural processes, artificial gravity, and a protection from the radioactive elements in space. She then floated these protective habitats away from the planet and safely into orbit around the sun.

The second step was to create a pocket universe with new rules. She knew much of how this universe worked after studying it for millennia, but she had found there were too many limitations. Creating pocket universes with magic was not difficult, but making them steady with a set of rules that didn't cause horrible problems was very difficult. This had taken many decades of testing and breakthroughs for her to perfect. The primary problem she had with her current universe is that it seemed optimized for empty vacuum space. This was no good to her. She wanted land.

The new universe would be a 2D plane. The bottom and top would be an impenetrable void. Gravity would be constant, always pulling objects down to the bottom of this new universe. The top would alternate between a bright blue simulation of sunlight, and a dark expanse filled with starlight. These would be the boundaries of the universe, but horizontally there would be no boundary. Land would keep on extending into infinity.

The third step of the plan was to fill the universe with raw material for construction of the land. Roshia did this by creating a black hole in the center of the now unpopulated planet. She used the entire planet as her initial base of raw materials. It was possible to create raw matter with magical energy, but it was much more efficient to simply burrow the material from another universe. With about 250 billion cubic miles of raw material Roshia had more than enough to construct the center of her new universe.

It was to be a large hexagonal meeting area for all of the races. On the outside of each wall of the hexagon she would place one of the 6 races. At each corner of the hexagon, a wall 100ft

thick and ten miles high from the floor of the universe to its ceiling made of raw iron would extend out towards the edge of the universe. The walls would be constantly hardened with mana and completely impregnable. The walls would extend for 10,000 miles before they would begin shrinking. It would take the walls another 1000 miles before they shrank to only being 10ft thick and 3 miles high from the floor of the universe. The three mile high height would be enough to rise over any surrounding landscapes. The walls needed to taper off mostly to preserve mana. Even if no one was attacking the wall it would constantly be fighting the force of gravity. Roshia had considered making the wall an exception to the rules of gravity, but having such a massive object exempt from one of the rules of the universe created way too many other problems.

Within the hexagon the central area would mainly become a trading hub for all 6 races to intermingle. Roshia had not originally planned for this trading area, but the final Alliance against her conquest of the planet had shown that they were capable of working together. It would be mostly empty space for now. She would put the leaders of the species in charge of their own gates leading from the inner hexagon to the outer walls. Within the hexagon it would initially only be a series of causeways and platforms connecting each of the 6 entrances to one another. However, the leaders could unanimously agree to expansion plans within the inner hexagon.

Finally at the top of the inner hexagon was the 'brain' of her new universe. She had put most of her planning and thought into the construction of this 'brain.' A series of matter containment areas, each element of the periodic table getting its own pocket universe for containing extra matter. Any of these elements could be extracted from the pocket universe and combined with each other into a cubic yard of material. There were also a series of pocket universes with different rules of physics that could slowly convert any element placed in them into one specific element. Then, in case they ran out of raw materials, there were two backup plans. One was to continue taking raw materials from the last universe. The other was to start creating new matter using the energy of souls.

That energy from souls brings us to the fourth and most important part of Roshia's plan: energy generation. All souls that died in this new world would be recycled back to the central hexagon and used to maintain this new universe. It would also stop any other necromancers from rising up and trying to destroy what she had done. The beauty of this plan was perfect. As each race grew, expanded, and ultimately died, they would fuel the universe's energy to create new land. The creation of that new land, the placement of the new materials, the weather and climate spells that would be needed to maintain that land, and all of the other spell maintenance work would be handled by an intricate system of mana crystals. To a more advanced civilization, it might have looked like a giant factory assembly line and computer all mixed into one.

As new land was created new weather and climate spells would be added. The height of the land could vary from deep oceans to tall mountains, and anything in between. The temperature could go from inhospitable cold to inhospitable heat. The skies could be filled with clouds and rain, or empty and dry. Every conceivable combination of climate factors was possible, including

many that would not have existed in her old world. All of these climates were possible, but there was one climate that would be the norm. It was the same climate as that island she had found with Liluth all those years ago. It was temperate, with the perfect mix of rain and sun. It was seasonal with hot, dry summers and cold, wet winters. All of the races could be comfortable in this climate. And Roshia could finally feel some peace in her heart as she fulfilled her promise to her daughter.

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As Roshia finished her creation she brought each of the races into the new universe and explained to their leaders the basics of what she had created. That would be her last contact with them. She had decided to live out her life monitoring her new universe and correcting any of the problems that might arise. She also knew that she would need to monitor all of the different races to identify someone to groom as her successor. Someone with Roshia's unique magic talent of understanding the physical universe. Roshia's story mostly ends there, but the story of the Unending Land, as it came to be known, had only just begun.

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