

The land has very much lived up to what it was talked about to be. As Phobos and the others continued their research and gathering, there was no shortage to the lack of kindness or hospitality the land provided. It was apparent that they were beginning to overstay their welcome.

Trekking his way back towards the aircraft along with some of the others who explored a bit farther off, Phobos looked into the distance as he saw raging storm clouds beginning to slowly roll in towards their location. With it brought ink-like rains and gusts of powerful winds beginning to tear through the landscape.

The winds carried with it chips and small shards of metal that cut through the air like tiny daggers. If not for their protective wear, they would be experiencing tons of mini lacerations. Whether or not it was just as bad or worse than the glass desert on a bad day was up for debate. Even if it wasn't, which Phobos highly doubted, as this weather was unlike anything seen on Skire which is saying something.. at least the glass desert didn't have a highly dangerous, corruptive substance or tainted beasts that held an inexplicable hatred towards anything untouched by ichor.

Speaking of which, said beasts have started cropping up more and posing even more risk to safety. Both approaching the camp and those away from the camp resource gathering. The Core seemed adamant on proving its visitors wrong at every turn in thinking they were prepared. Though unable to stay here for long, what little time they did have to perform their tasks and learn is progress and steps closer to understanding this looming threat just beneath their homeland.

The ground suddenly began to shake violently. However, it didn't feel like it was caused by any ordinary cause of an earthquake. It caused everyone to become unbalanced on their feet, struggling to keep their balance upright. It stopped almost as quickly as it came and before long, one of the researchers pointed towards the direction behind them and exclaimed 'Titan!'.

Phobos turned his head and sure enough, emerging from the ocean of ichor in the far distance with the substance dripping from it like waterfalls. Not only that but shapes could be seen sifting through the ichor towards them.. a swarm of encroaching ichor beasts. The scene felt like something straight out of a movie or video game. This gave a huge jolt of electricity through everyone's veins and they began booking it back to the aircraft. Their lives all literally depended on it more than it already did prior.

In the commotion, some supplies and gathered materials were left behind but some, like Phobos, managed to hold onto the materials they had on them. Filing their way into the open aircraft as the group leader urged them along. Once everyone was onboard, the aircraft captain quickly closed the entrance and having already started the craft when the conditions were getting worse, began lifting them into the air. Beginning their ascent back to the safety of Skire.

Just as the army of dripping beasts breached the coast of the island they were just on, they had ascended a safe distance into the air. Far from immediate danger, especially from some of the much larger, taller creatures. The ichor titan let out a bellowing roar as the airship continued to ascend, leaving the titan and everything else on the Core to grow smaller and smaller until finally they were up to the safety of Skire.

Phobos exited the ship and followed with his group back to the guide quarters, where he and others who managed to hold onto their materials, set them out to continue to be further studied. After all of that, he was grateful to still be alive and that no one had been taken by the ichor or had to be left behind this mission.