

## Frozen Star 126

### Chapter 126: Signs of Power

[POV Liselotte]

Dawn brought with it the kind of silence only winter can keep.

The wind barely stirred the forest branches, and the sun—pale and almost shy—filtered through the trees, painting the snow with golden reflections. After yesterday's battle, my muscles were still tense, and my mind full of questions.

I had lost.

Not in a bitter way, but in one of those defeats that teach more than victory ever could.

Distance.

That had been my greatest obstacle.

No matter how strong my sword was or how much ice I could conjure—if I couldn't reach my opponent, my power would simply fade into the air, harmless.

Leah and Chloé were waiting for me in the back courtyard, near the frozen lake. The still water beneath the ice reflected the sky like an endless mirror.

“Did you sleep at all?” Leah asked, brushing snow off a rock before sitting down.

“A little. But I can’t stop thinking about the fight,” I replied. “There’s something I can’t just let go.”

Chloé tilted her head, her golden eyes gleaming with sharp curiosity.

“What’s bothering you?”

“My magic.” I raised a hand, and a small frost flower bloomed on my palm, crystalline and delicate. “I can create ice, shape it, even control its density... but I can’t move it beyond a certain point. I can’t push it like a projectile.”

Leah nodded thoughtfully.

“Your ice responds to form and direct contact. It’s an extension of you, not a weapon you can throw.”

“Exactly,” I said, frustration edging my voice. “If I want to attack from a distance, I have to get close enough for the ice to spread from the ground or a nearby surface. But that leaves me exposed.”

The wind blew softly, lifting tiny white crystals around us. For a moment, silence returned, broken only by the crunch of ice beneath our boots.

“You could turn that to your advantage,” Chlo   said at last. “If your ice can’t fly, make the ground do it for you.”

I looked at her, puzzled.

“The ground?”

“Think,” the wolf continued, her mental voice calm and firm. “You don’t need to throw the ice if you can make it grow from anywhere. If your power spreads through the ground, you could make spikes rise, traps form, or even send the cold toward a distant target by using frozen surfaces as channels.”

I stared at the lake. The idea was forming slowly in my mind, like water beginning to solidify.

“A channel of ice...” I murmured.

Leah stood up, her eyes lighting with interest.

“That could work. You could create a kind of frozen network, connecting points in the terrain to extend your reach. If you can keep a steady mana flow, you could trigger an attack from a distance—without moving.”

“But there’s a problem,” I said, looking at my hand. The little frost flower was already melting away. “If I lose connection with the ice, it falls apart.”

“Then you have to maintain the link,” said Leah. “Not through force—through rhythm. Like breathing.”

I fell silent, watching the sun shimmer over the lake. The surface seemed calm, but I knew something deeper slept beneath it.

Breathe.

Keep the link.

Let the ice flow, not force it.

“We could try something small,” Leah suggested. “A line of ice between you and a distant point. Just try to keep it stable without breaking.”

I nodded.

I extended both hands toward the lake. The mana answered, cold and dense. Frost spread slowly across the surface, tracing a white path that stretched forward like a living root.

For a moment, it seemed stable. But then the line cracked with a sharp snap.

“Tsk... again.”

“Too much pressure,” said Chloé. “Your mana doesn’t need to dominate—it needs to glide.”

Leah stepped closer.

“Do it like when you shape the ice of your sword. Not with strength, but with precision.”

I tried again. This time, I closed my eyes and focused on the feel of cold air in my lungs, on the distant murmur of sleeping water.

The ice spread again. Slowly. Gently.

A thin but solid line crossed the lake’s surface, reaching the opposite shore.

It didn't break.

Leah smiled.

"That's it. Now... use that link."

"How?"

"Make the ice listen to your intent."

I took a deep breath.

I visualized the line of frost as an extension of my arm, as if my sword stretched through it.

Then, focusing my mana at one point, a small ice pillar burst from the far end of the lake—so suddenly that the cracking sound echoed across the surface.

The link broke after a second, but the pillar remained.

“You did it!” cried Claire, who had been watching us from the shore, jumping with excitement.

Leah grinned.

“That was a directed attack, even if small. If you can stabilize several channels at once... you could control the battlefield without moving an inch.”

I stared at the ice, my heart pounding.

It wasn’t much, but it was something—a first step.

Chloé stretched, letting out a long sigh.

“Just remember, every ice channel consumes mana. Don’t create more than you can sustain.”

“I know,” I replied. “But if I learn to combine it with movement... I could even use it in real combat.”

Leah nodded.

“You could set traps or send a freezing strike from beneath your opponent. You don’t need the ice to fly—you just need it to appear where you want it.”

The wind rose again, lifting shimmering snowflakes that swirled around us.

For the first time, I felt I understood something essential about my magic.

It wasn’t about controlling the ice.

It was about listening to it.

Letting the cold speak—and guiding it, not commanding it.

I closed my eyes, extended my hands, and let the mana flow freely.

The ice moved beneath the snow, almost imperceptible, like a silent river.

I could feel it under my feet, advancing toward the horizon.

Leah watched me in awe.



“You’re doing it.”

“Yes,” I whispered, smiling. “I think I finally understand.”

The ice stopped, steady and unbroken.

For the first time, it didn’t shatter.

Chloé lifted her head, sniffing the air.

“Your power is changing, Lotte.”

“No,” I corrected softly. “It’s just awakening.”

The lake lay still, crossed by frozen lines that shimmered under the sunlight like blue veins on the skin of winter.

And as I gazed at that silent landscape, I knew this was the beginning of something new—

A new way to fight.

A power not bound by closeness or fear... but by balance.

Leah stepped closer and placed a hand on my shoulder.

“When you master it, I want to be the first to face it.”

“Deal,” I said with a smile.

Chloé yawned.

“Just warn me before the next fight starts. I’d rather not get caught in your ice by accident.”

We laughed.

The sun began to sink behind the trees, tinting the ice with shades of pink and gold.

And as the northern wind whispered through the branches, I felt that—for the first time in a long while—the cold wasn't an enemy.

It was a part of me.

The ice breathed with me.

And its voice, silent and pure, promised that the true battle had yet to begin.