

A Journey 121

Chapter 121 And I'm The Wild One.

As the night unfolded, the festive spirit exploded, enveloping the celebration in a whirlwind of joy.

Archer, Teuila, and Ella delighted in their surroundings, savoring the plentiful array of delicious food and refreshing drinks.

Amidst the festivities, many nobles from distant lands approached the trio, offering their blessings and heartfelt wishes for a successful marriage.

Approaching their table with an aura of majesty, King Lashure and Emperor Amkhu fixed their gaze upon Archer, their eyes brimming with warmth and eager anticipation.

"Archer, I eagerly await your visit to the north. I must inform Nefertiti of the betrothal, and I am confident that your union will be harmonious. However, let us postpone our conversation until the morning, when our minds are clearer," Amkhu's words accompanied by a reassuring smile.

Acknowledging them with a nod, Archer allowed his thoughts to drift as he savored the food.

Teuila began inquiring about his younger years, and Ella gladly shared stories with her new sister.

As time flew by, the celebrations neared their end. Archer and the girls made the choice to retire for the night in the cottage.

They traversed through the portal he had summoned and stepped into the bedroom. Archer, facing away, started taking off his clothes.

Sera swiftly took flight, eager to settle on her perch. Occasionally, she sought her own space for rest.

Archer cast his gaze upon two exquisite beauties in the midst of undressing. Ella gracefully initiated the removal of her dress, unveiling a mesmerizing sight of her stunning physique.

Her petite form was a work of art, flawlessly sculpted, and her petite, perky boobs jiggled enticingly with each movement.

Ella looked absolutely enchanting, dressed in black lace lingerie that perfectly accentuated her flawless white skin. Her irresistible charm was impossible to ignore.

Her hair, stylishly tied in a neat ponytail, added a touch of playful allure.

Ella had a stunning pear-shaped figure that highlighted her curves beautifully, with shapely hips and a slender waist.

Her firm and perky behind had an enchanting allure that left him completely captivated.

However, his attention quickly turned to Teuila, who possessed a stunning beauty with sun-kissed brown skin that took his breath away.

She discarded her dress, revealing the vibrant red lace underwear she was wearing, Archer's heart skipped a beat.

Her large mountains called out to him, tempting him to seek solace in their soft embrace. Her body was a masterpiece, boasting perfect curves in all the right places.

Archer found himself mesmerized by her captivating curves, particularly her shapely bubble butt, accentuated by the vibrant red thong she wore. Its allure had a profound impact on him.

He found himself irresistibly captivated by her undeniable beauty, causing him to gradually lose himself in the moment.

Each playful jiggle of her mountains ignited a fiery passion within him, while her firm and shapely thighs added fuel to his growing desires.

However, he quickly regained composure and realized the importance of controlling himself before settling into bed.

Resisting the urge to pounce on the girls, Archer knew he couldn't as their relationships were still growing.

As he settled into a state of comfort, the girls who were dressed in nothing but their underwear and crawled into bed closing in on him.

To Archer's surprise, Teuila, whom he had thought to be shy, but here she was revealing a newfound audacity that night.

Wearing a mischievous grin, she gently captured his arm between her large mountains. At the same time, Ella positioned herself midway on his body, creating an incredibly intimate scene.

Ella's touch sent shivers down his body as their skin made contact. To make matters even worse for him, she planted a gentle kiss on his cheek.

Just when he thought he couldn't handle any more surprises, Teuila joined in and kissed him too. Archer was happy but struggled to keep up with these unexpected events.

He started playfully poking the girls' stomachs, making them burst into laughter. Gradually, their giggles faded away as they settled down and quickly drifted off to sleep.

Archer woke up to a wet sensation on his neck, and as he opened his eyes, he found himself greeted by wild blonde hair and a long elf ear right next to his mouth.

As his mind cleared, Archer realized that Ella was the one lavishing his neck with kisses, her seated figure resting on his body.

Feeling empowered by the moment, he grabbed and held her perky butt and playfully nibbled on her ear, relishing her shuddering response.

With a satisfied smile, he continued to playfully nibble on her ear, hearing her letting out soft moans of pleasure.

At that moment, Archer paused, sensing the need to stop. Ella lifted her blushing face, her cheeks were a shade of red with a smile that betrayed her own excitement.

Locked in an enchanting gaze, their eyes spoke volumes. Archer, driven by an irresistible connection, inclined his head, allowing their lips to meet in a tender kiss.

Succumbing to their desires, they started to passionately kiss, their lips intertwining in an intimate dance.

Ella's tongue playfully ventured into his mouth, eliciting a sense of delight as Archer savored the sensation of her butt.

Archer moved his squeezed her, Ella's new untamed nature grew with each passing moment.

Although they momentarily ceased their kissing, Ella refused to stop and swiftly sank her teeth into his neck.

Her bite unleashed a surge of new sensations that coursed through his body, stirring a new burning desire within him.

His arousal intensified, causing his eager little brother to rub against her secret garden, causing her to let out an intense moan as she buried her head into his neck.

The two of them continued to kiss for a while and Archer felt something wet on his little brother and realized she was starting to get wet.

With a swift motion, he spun her around, finding himself positioned on top of her in the classic missionary pose.

Archer, consumed by desire, began to delicately nibble on her neck, this caused Ella to let out even more soft moans.

Their lips continued to intertwine in a fervent kiss, and she initiated a sensual rhythm, grinding her hips against his.

However, their passionate moment was shattered when a playful voice pierced the air, causing both of them to jump.

"You two are like untamed beasts. Ella I never imagined I'd witness this side of you. Hehe," the voice remarked, playfully observing their passionate encounter.

Startled, Ella let out a yelp and hastily rose up while jumping off him, her face flushing a deep red.

Unable to contain his amusement, a chuckle escaped Archer's lips, his attention shifting towards Teuila.

She lay on her side, her gaze fixed upon him, wearing a serene smile that conveyed her contentment.

Settling back down, Archer reclined as Teuila nestled her head upon his shoulder, and Ella, still blushing, rested her head gently upon his chest.

His fingers traced a gentle path down Teuila's back, eliciting a delightful shiver of goosebumps.

Meanwhile, he playfully toyed with Ella's short, blonde locks.

Weariness embraced him, Archer couldn't help but express his deep admiration for both girls.

"You both are breathtakingly beautiful, and I am truly blessed to have you both by my side," he spoke his mind as he treasured both of them.

With a radiant smile, Teuila leaned in, her hands delicately caressing his face, and planted a tender kiss upon his lips.

They shared a passionate kiss, and with each embrace, Teuila's wild side seemed to awaken, her desire intensifying.

Ella couldn't contain her laughter as she observed this enchanting and passionate moment. Teasing the girl with blue hair, she playfully remarked, "Looks like I'm the wild one, huh? Hehe."

They became entangled, their bodies pressed tightly together, their tongues locked in a struggle that stretched on indefinitely.

Reluctantly, they finally separated, gasping for air, their desire sated.

Her mesmerizing blue eyes bore into his soul, an intensity burning from within.

Teuil'a lips curled into a seductive smile as she leaned back, playfully poking her tongue toward the giggling Half-elf.

Soon, a sense of peace enveloped them, and they drifted into a peaceful slumber, finding solace in each other's presence.

The following morning, he awoke to the sound of children's laughter and joyful screams echoing through the air.

Ella stirred awake shortly after, stretching her arms and greeting him.

"Mornin', Arch. What's all that noise? Are those children playing?" she asked, her voice laced with confusion.

He turned his head to look at her, a knowing smile gracing his face. "Indeed, it seems some children are playing a game and have wandered a little too close to the cottage."

Archer stood up and put on some clothes as Ella did the same, Teuila woke up as they got dressed.

Teuila saw them getting ready and rushed to get her dress on, he cast Cleanse on all three of them.

Refreshed and invigorated, all three of them felt as though they had just emerged from a luxurious bath.

Archer took the lead, guiding them out of the cottage, while greeting the hardworking brownies who were cleaning tasks.

Chapter 122 I Prefer This Side Of You.

Stepping outside, they were greeted by the sight of numerous children gleefully running around the cottage, immersed in a game they were playing.

However, the instant they noticed Archer's presence, their game came to a stop, and silence fell upon them.

Unfazed by the quietness, Archer and the girls continued down the cottage's walkway, offering smiles to the children.

A brave young boy shattered the silence, as he was rushing toward them. He stopped and pointed at Ella and Teuila, "Are they your Qweens, Magisty?"

Archer met the questioning gaze of the blue-haired child, playfully tousling his hair before responding, "Yes, little dragon, they are indeed my Queens."

Glancing back at Ella and Teuila, Archer beheld their joyful expressions as they conversed with the other children.

Then, Archer heard the boy speak again, "Mama said you safed us, but Why did you safe us?"

He looked at the curious boy and answered, "Well, little one, why would I want any of our people to suffer? All Dragon-kin deserve to live and be happy."

Archer gestured for the boy to follow him, continuing their conversation. "What's your name?"

The little boy barely spared him a glance as they walked toward Tent City, but he quickly responded, "My name is Zyler, Magisty."

Just then, a woman's angry voice pierced the air. "Zyler! Where have you been, goddammit? You have chores to finish before you can play! Stop sneaking out, boy, or I'll spank your ass again."

Emerging from between two tents, an older woman with brown hair fixed her gaze on the boy. As she approached, she noticed that her son wasn't alone.

Her gaze met a tall young man, a charming smile etched on his face, accentuated by his four white horns and gleaming violet eyes.

Accompanying him were two striking young women, gracefully strolling alongside the other children.

It was at that moment she realized the true identity of the young man, prompting her to immediately bow.

"I apologize for my behavior, Your Majesty," she humbly expressed.

Archer gazed at the woman and motioned for her to rise. As she straightened herself, a confused expression as she saw his smile.

However, he promptly offered reassurance, his voice calm and comforting.

"That's fine. They do well with discipline and dedicated parents. I respect your approach to raising children. What is your name?"

The older woman gazed at Archer, her face beaming with a smile as she introduced herself, "Your Majesty, my name is Eloria. I am the wife of Captain Astram, who serves under the General."

He nodded as he spoke. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Eloria and Zyler. Anyway, I got to go so I will see you again soon."

With a wave, he watched as she guided the boy back to their tent.

Teuila approached with a warm smile on her face. "You truly are kind to everyone, even after everything you've been through."

Archer turned towards her, but before he could respond, Ella interjected, "Absolutely, Arch. Since you left the family, you've become an entirely different person."

Drawing closer, she paused and gazed up at him.

"I must admit, I prefer this side of you. You're much friendlier and approachable, even if you're a bit strange at times. But that's alright, everyone has their quirks."

Archer's heart ached as her innocent words struck him like an arrow.

Shaking his head, he leaned down to plant gentle kisses on both girls' foreheads before opening the portal.

However, just as they were about to step through, Jethro and Sagana approached them.

The old man spoke with urgency, "Your Majesty, may I have a moment of your time, please?"

Archer halted his steps and closed the portal, turning around with a warm smile on his face.

"Certainly, Jethro. How have both of you been?"

Jethro and Sagana stood before the trio, their smiles evident as they listened to Archer's words. After catching their breath, they began to speak.

"We have been fine, Your Majesty. I am here to inform you that we now have nearly 100,000 people residing here. Sagana and Drogath have been tirelessly rescuing more individuals," Jethro explained.

His gaze shifted to the blue-haired woman, who humbly bowed her head. Jethro continued.

"However, we require more tokens and additional space, homes, and essential resources to ensure that people can live in peace."

Archer locked eyes with the old man, understanding the situation. "I will deal with it once I have finished with the introductions."

He gestured for Teuila and Ella to step forward.

"These wonderful ladies are my fiancées. We will be getting married when we turn 19," Archer announced.

Pointing to the girls, he continued, "The charming blonde is Ella, and the captivating blue-haired beauty is Teuila. They will be spending a lot of time here from now on."

Jethro and Sagana approached the girls with the utmost respect, treating them as if they were Archer. Jethro bowed deeply, his eyes filled with admiration.

"My esteemed ladies, it is an honor to finally meet you properly. I am Jethro, a humble servant to the white king. Please let me know if you ever need anything."

Ella and Teuila exchanged glances, their curiosity piqued. Sagana, wearing an infectious smile, gracefully stepped forward, her voice emanating warmth.

"Indeed, my queens, your presence has brought great joy to the domain. I am Sagana. It is an honor to meet the future wives of our king."

The girls were taken aback by the way Jethro and Sagana addressed them, they exchanged bewildered smiles before composing themselves to respond.

Ella, expressing gratitude, spoke first, "We sincerely thank you, Jethro and Sagana. We feel deeply honored to be welcomed here, and your kind words mean a lot to us."

Teuila, her voice filled with genuine appreciation, chimed in, "Absolutely! We are overjoyed and immensely grateful for the kindness you've shown us."

After the introductions, Archer summoned his wings and gracefully ascended into the air, hovering effortlessly after flying away from the group.

With closed eyes, he visualized the domain expanding, its boundaries stretching outwards. In a matter of seconds, the domain doubled in size.

Vast grassy plains now encircled the existing area, extending its reach.

Archer envisioned a grand flat expanse where majestic, fantasy-inspired apartments rose skyward, forming a breathtaking skyline.

A network of roads crisscrossed the newly formed city, connecting its various districts.

To enhance the natural beauty, Archer conjured a large pristine lake, its sparkling waters shimmering under the sun.

He populated the lake with vibrant schools of fish and an assortment of small lake creatures, so the residents could hunt and fish.

Archer descended from the sky, his wings gracefully carrying him to the newly expanded domain.

He strolled along the lively streets of the small city, Archer couldn't help but marvel at the sight of fantastical apartment blocks that adorned the landscape.

The buildings were a magnificent blend of elegance and magic. Towering into the sky, they seemed to defy gravity, with turrets, spires, and ornate balconies adorning their facades.

Each apartment block was a work of art, exuding an enchanting aura that invited inhabitants to step into a world of wonder.

Archer approached one of the buildings and entered through an arched doorway. Inside, he found spacious living quarters, bathed in warm sunlight that filtered through stained glass windows.

The interiors were tastefully decorated with intricate dragon carvings, intricate tapestries of dragons, and exquisite furniture, creating an atmosphere of comfort and luxury.

As he explored further, Archer discovered communal areas, such as lush gardens and peaceful courtyards, where residents could gather and relax.

These spaces were adorned with colorful flowers, glistening fountains, and dragon sculptures, evoking a sense of serenity and tranquility.

Archer left the apartment block and started walking down a street, he saw many newly built shops.

Blacksmiths, Apothecaries, Spellbook shops, Artifacts, and Weapon shops. All he imagined was a small city where thousands of people can live and work until a home could be found for the Dragon-kin.

He wandered around the city, and that's when he spotted Ella, Teuila, Sagana, and Jethro entering the city.

When he approached them they were all smiling as they spotted the strange-looking buildings.

"Would you like a tour?" Archer asked the group, and their faces lit up with excitement as they nodded in agreement.

He led them to a nearby apartment block, constructed with sturdy stone. These remarkable residences stood tall and proud, boasting exquisite carvings and intricate designs.

The walls were decorated with mythical creature carvings and symbols, while dragons perched on the corners, serving as guardians.

Upon entering, they were greeted by spacious interiors that exuded warmth and comfort, with high ceilings soaring overhead and ample natural light flooding the rooms.

The walls were adorned with tapestries depicting legendary scenes and breathtaking landscapes, adding an air of enchantment to the space.

Each apartment boasted cozy nooks adorned with inviting fireplaces, providing the perfect setting for curling up with a book or engaging in lively conversations.

The bedrooms were adorned with soft, comfortable fabrics draping over the beds, creating a sense of tranquility and charm.

Chapter 123 Cementing The Alliance.

Archer guided them through the city, showcasing its various features, and after an hour, their tour was complete.

Jethro and Sagana were brimming with joy and satisfaction.

The old man approached Archer with a quick stride, his eyes filled with excitement as he clasped the king's shoulders.

"Your Majesty, when can we begin moving people in?" he asked eagerly.

Archer smiled at the man before responding, "As soon as we leave. First, we need to talk to Teuila's family."

He started walking, with the two girls following closely behind. But before they could go far, Sagana spoke up, expressing her gratitude.

"Thank you, Your Majesty. We truly appreciate your assistance."

At that moment, Archer remembered that they need more dragon tokens, and he closed his eyes once again.

Concentrating he conjured thousands of white dragon tokens, which formed a pile in front of Sagana and Jethro.

Archer decided to create bracelets that will allow the girls to teleport here whenever they want.

He concentrated his thoughts on fashioning two exquisite bracelets. Each piece of jewelry boasted gems that flawlessly mirrored the captivating colors of the girls' eyes.

Not long after starting he created two beautiful bracelets, he placed them in his pocket to give them to them later.

Turning towards Jethro and Sagana, Archer summoned a portal that would take them to his assigned room from the previous night. As he gazed up at the sky, he noticed that it was still early morning.

"Jethro, Sagana, expect to see me more often from now on. I'll be back soon," Archer said, his smile shining with warmth and anticipation.

With a wave of his hand, he opened the portal and confidently stepped through, the girls following closely behind him.

Exiting the portal, they found themselves in the bedroom that was given to them. Teuila's face lit up as she grabbed Archer's and Ella's hands dragging them out of the room.

They made their way down the long corridors until they reached the dining room, where the entire royal family was already seated.

Emperor Amkhu Sharifi and King Rayhan Samra and their respective wives were already there waiting to eat.

Upon seeing the trio, Lashure gestured to the three vacant seats. They took their places at the table and waited for the food.

Soon after, the maids arrived, carrying trays loaded with a mouth-watering assortment of dishes.

Archer's eyes were immediately drawn to the feast before him.

He gazed upon the spread of Aquarian delicacies, marveling at the vibrant colors and enticing aromas that filled the room.

The sight alone stirred his appetite, causing his stomach to rumble with anticipation. Just as he was about to dig in, Teuila interrupted, pointing at each dish and sharing its name.

"That," Teuila pointed with a smile, "is Fa'apapa, panikeke, palusami, and sapisui." Her finger gracefully moved across the array of delicacies.

Her attention then shifted to the remaining dishes as she continued her descriptions.

"Lastly, we have Faiai Eleni and Lu'au."

Archer expressed his gratitude to Teuila with a nod, and she responded with a radiant smile. The three of them eagerly began to stuff themselves full of food and drink.

Suddenly, a woman's voice interrupted his meal. "So, you're the white dragon everyone talks about. My cousin claims to have seen you while traveling back from the south."

Archer lifted his gaze, his eyes drawn to the enchanting figure before him with sun-kissed locks of captivating pink cascading down and eyes that sparkled with a mesmerizing hue.

He responded with a warm smile, "Yes, I am indeed the one. He probably did see me as I was flying all over the south."

The older woman smiled when she heard his reply, she introduced herself.

"I'm Hatshepsut Sharifi, the Empress of Zenia and your future mother-in-law." Her words were followed by a delightful giggle, and another woman joined the conversation.

"You're lucky, Hats. Neither I nor any of the girls have given Rayhan any sons, which is a shame," the woman remarked, seemingly oblivious to Archer and the girls.

Hatshepsut observed Archer as he ate, contemplating her response. "I'm not entirely sure, Haria. Nefertiti possesses a fiery temper, and she rarely gets on with others, except for me and Amkhu."

Taking a sip of her wine, she continued her explanation.

"Well, there was an incident before we departed. A young master from the influential Arsaphes family, whose father holds the position of Overseer in the northern region of Zenia, attempted to court Nefertiti. However, she used her Arcane magic and forcefully repelled his advances, resulting in the loss of a hand."

Hatshepsut set down her empty wine glass, concluding with a sigh, "Now she complains about facing difficulties in completing her academy tests because no one is willing to collaborate with her, particularly males."

Archer listened attentively to every word, growing increasingly curious about this fiery and independent girl.

He finished off a bowl of Sapasui and helped himself to a plate of Lu'au, his appetite seemingly insatiable.

Despite the amused snickers from the girls, Archer remained undeterred, focused solely on tasting the flavors of the feast before him.

As he continued to eat, King Lashure turned to him and asked a question, his voice filled with curiosity.

"Archer, when do you plan to embark on your journey to the Zenian Empire?" King Lashure inquired, his gaze fixed on him.

Having just savored the flavors of a succulent piece of meat wrapped in a delicate coconut leaf, Archer lifted his eyes to meet the king's gaze.

He replied, "Once the celebrations are over, we will journey to the north. But rest assured, King Lashure, Teuila can return here whenever she wishes."

Archer's assurance resonated with the man, a warm smile on his face. It alleviated the king's concerns about allowing Teuila to embark on this grand adventure with Archer.

Returning the smile, Archer reached for another plate, his appetite undeterred. However, before he could savor another bite, a voice interjected, breaking the momentary tranquility.

"Do you plan to return home after your visit?" The voice belonged to a slender, tanned man with brown hair and eyes.

It was Emperor Amkhu Sharifi. Finishing the food in his mouth, Archer replied.

"Yes."

Amkhu smiled and added, "When you arrive in Zenia, make your way to my capital Alexandria and present this medallion to the guards at the city's entrance."

With a flick of his hand, the emperor tossed a gold medallion to Archer, who caught it and examined the intricate design. The medallion featured the image of a crocodile-like creature.

Amkhu explained, "This medallion will grant you passage through the gates and guide you to the palace. I am eager for you to meet Nefertiti."

Archer smiled as he carefully stowed the medallion in his Item Box. The breakfast continued for a little while longer until the table was finally cleared.

King Rayhan Samra set down his wine glass and fixed his gaze upon Archer, addressing him directly.

"Will you take a Mana oath to refrain from attacking the Nethania Kingdom and provide assistance in its time of need?"

Archer raised an eyebrow, his gaze locked with the king's, before responding with a confident smile.

"Certainly, but in return, you must swear not to harm my future wives, and refrain from attacking me or any Kingdom I am associated with."

Rayhan stared at the young man who was smiling as Archer went back to talking to the two pretty girls by his side, he inwardly hated that he didn't have a daughter before speaking.

"Okay deal." He started reciting a mana oath in front of everyone.

"I, Rayhan Samra, pledge to the world's mana, with all the sincerity in my heart, that I will never lay a hand of harm upon Archer, his beloved wives, or any kingdom he is affiliated with. May my words resonate throughout the realms and be bound by the strongest threads of mana."

He sat back down and started drinking more wine, Archer looked at the man but didn't feel anything different.

Rising from his seat and spoke "I, Archer, wholeheartedly pledge before the world's mana, that I shall never inflict harm upon the Nethania Kingdom, in any manner or guise. In their time of dire need, I vow to extend my aid without hesitation or reservation. May the echoes of my solemn words reverberate across the vast expanse of realms, forever entwined with the unbreakable threads of potent mana."

The triumphant cheers and jubilant celebrations reverberated through the hall, celebrating the official start of the Tri-Alliance of the Southlands.

With this sacred pact, a new era of tranquility and harmony descended upon the Southlands, nurturing prosperity for generations to come.

Monuments, standing tall and resolute, would rise in everlasting tribute. They would etch into the annals of history the name of Archer, the white dragon, and savior of the Southlands.

Each stone and carefully crafted inscription on the towering structures would serve as a testament to the profound gratitude inspired by his heroic deeds.

In the years to come, the white dragon's descendants would be treated as honored guests, embraced with love and reverence all over the Southlands.

Chapter 124 When The Sun Embraces Her Fate.

[Ravenna City, Capital of The Solari Empire]

A few months after the Celebrations in the Aquarian Kingdom.

Hemera's peaceful sleep was shattered by the piercing screech of an Archeleon eagle echoing through the palace.

Startled, after stretching her body she got out of bed and made her way to the bath. She entered the chamber as she stripped out of her nightgown, and slipped into the steaming hot water.

The soothing warm bath, her mind remained consumed by the looming academy exam.

If she passed this test, her father would grant her permission to enter the forbidden library and delve into its collection of rare books.

Hemera submerged herself in the soothing bath, her thoughts drifted away from the incoming test.

In that moment of peace, the vivid memory of her dream resurfaced, capturing her attention once more.

Closing her eyes, Hemera let her thoughts drift back to that dream. She found herself standing in a lush, verdant forest, the scent of pine and earth filling the air.

Sunlight streamed through the canopy above, casting shadows on the forest floor. The atmosphere was serene, yet tinged with a sense of impending doom.

In her dream, Hemera realized that she was not alone. A magnificent white dragon stood before her, its scales shimmering ethereally in the sunlight.

Its violet eyes were filled with wisdom and power, As she watched the dragon a colossal giant emerged from the depths of the forest.

Towering above the trees, it exuded an aura of darkness and malevolence. The giant's skin was ashen and rough, its eyes glowing with a fiery intensity.

It brandished a massive, jagged club, ready to strike. But the dragon quickly attacked first, it lunged at the giant and tackled it.

The two of them started fighting, claws slashed through the giant's tough skin as large fists pummeled the dragon's beautiful white scales.

The sheer intensity of the fight quickened her heartbeat, but she pushed aside the lingering thoughts and started washing her tanned body.

Emerging from a blissful hour-long bath, Hemera gently dried her skin and adorned herself in a stunning chiton, adorned with a captivating blend of gold and white.

Her attention then turned to her shoulder bag, which held her beloved collection of tomes and spellbooks.

Her father had given her a considerate present, a space shoulder bag after discovering her deep love for knowledge.

With this bag, she could now carry and protect her cherished books, allowing her the freedom to immerse herself in reading whenever she pleased.

Having meticulously arranged her attire, Hemera gracefully made her way to the vibrant dining hall, enticed by the tantalizing aroma of a delicious meal.

As she entered the room, the loving gazes of her mother and three older sisters warmly welcomed her, their eyes filled with affection and admiration.

Their eyes spoke volumes, shimmering with love before they started eating again as they finished speaking.

Approaching the table, Hemera sat down, her attention was captured by a plate brimming with her favorite food Souvlaki.

She started eating and savoring each bite as she indulged in the tender meat. It was at that moment when her mother, Agatha Helios spoke, breaking her concentration on the food.

"Hem, you have your academy test today, correct?" Her mother's voice resonated with a blend of concern and support.

Hemera looked up, meeting her mother's gaze.

Agatha had the same golden blonde hair as Hemera, coupled with beautiful green eyes that shimmered with wisdom and love.

She was a tall woman with an attractive figure, and she greatly admired her mother's dedication to maintaining her health through participation in various sports.

Hemera nodded her head as she spoke in an excited voice, "Yeah Mata, it's the test we take every year to see how we are progressing in our studies."

Before Agatha could reply, her sister Eudora asked a question to Hemera. "How is it that you have such a profound love for those ancient tomes and spellbooks, my dear Hem?"

Hemera gazed at Eudora, her sister with the same golden blonde hair and captivating golden eyes as her. However, her sister also possessed a curvaceous body just like their mother.

A smile graced Hemera's lips as she answered, her words brimming with passion.

"Eudora, these old tomes and books hold a wealth of knowledge about the past and they can teach us many things."

With a gentle gesture, Hemera lifted her shoulder bag and retrieved a few aged books, showcasing their worn pages.

She continued, her voice filled with conviction.

"Take this book, for instance. It aided Pater in increasing the empire's crop yields. And this one contains countless recipes that have healed our people afflicted by devastating diseases, saving countless lives. Knowledge holds immense power, Eudora. If it can be used to help others, why should we not embrace it?"

Eudora gazed at her passionate younger sister and smiled affectionately. "There's no issue, Hemi. I was simply curious. I'm well aware of how much you've assisted Pater."

She took a sip of wine, then continued speaking.

"It's no surprise that people refer to you as The Wise Princess. It's truly admirable how deeply you cherish knowledge and pursue it with such passion."

With a blush gracing her cheeks, Hemera smiled warmly in response to her fourth sister's kind words.

Just as the pleasant atmosphere settled, Calliope, her eldest sister, and a mirror image of their mother began to speak.

"Has anyone here heard the whispers from the northwest? There are rumors of giants causing chaos by raiding caravans and small villages."

She ate the food on her fork and continued.

"Even foreign adventurers have made bold claims of discovering an underground city infested with hundreds of these colossal beings."

Hemera's eyes widened as she listened to her elder sister's words, a sudden realization dawning upon her. It echoed the fragments of her dream.

She swiftly retrieved a weathered book from her collection, flipping through its ancient pages with a mix of anticipation and curiosity. Her mother and sisters gathered around, their eyes fixed on her.

Her mother asked a question in a concerned voice, "What is it Hemi?"

Hemera didn't reply just read out a prophecy from a long-dead historian who was known as a madman.

"In the realm of Mediterra, a prophecy unfurls, Where giants emerge, chaos in their swirls. Empires and kingdoms, put to the test, Armies crumble, unrest manifests.

But from the shadows, a white dragon takes flight, With strength and valor, it enters the fight. Against the giants, its fury unleashed, Their reign of terror forever ceased.

In a majestic dance, the sun and moon align, Their love's radiance, in the darkness shines. Through celestial harmony, peace is restored, And happiness blooms, by their union adored.

Giants vanquished, their menace no more, Mediterra exults, its spirit soars. With the white dragon's triumph, a new era dawns, Where love and peace reign, erasing all thorns.

So heed this prophecy, let fate be your guide, For Mediterra's future, shining and wide. When giants fall, and the sun-moon entwine, The land shall prosper, as harmony aligns."

She finished reading the prophecy, leaving her mother and sisters confused. Lysandra, her sister, broke the silence and asked a question.

"What does it mean by the sun and moon dance? Is it some kind of celestial event, like a full moon?"

Their mother directed a question to Hemera. "Hemi, who wrote that book?"

Hemera looked at her mother, tucking the book away, her mind lost in thoughts about the dream she had.

"It's by Sophocles, Mother. Why do you ask?"

Agatha rolled her eyes and let out a sigh. "Oh, it's him. Don't worry girls he's known for his eccentric ramblings and wild ideas."

Hemera's sisters sighed in agreement as they all sat down. She finished her meal and prepared to leave, bidding farewell to her family.

"Mater, sisters, I must go to the academy now. The test is approaching. I'll see you later."

After bidding farewell to the ladies in the dining hall, Hemera ventured out of the palace, greeted by well-wishes from those she passed along the way.

As she walked down the streets, she marveled at the grand entrance of the academy. It stood before her like a magnificent castle, embellished with Greek-inspired architecture.

The campus itself presented a picturesque fusion of buildings, each exuding a distinctive aesthetic reminiscent of ancient Greece.

Flowers bloomed abundantly, lending a vibrant and enchanting atmosphere to the surroundings.

Continuing her journey, Hemera passed through the front gate, where the guards paid her due respect with a bow.

She navigated the corridors, her thoughts still consumed by the weight of the prophecy and the remnants of her dream.

Finally, she arrived at her classroom, where the teacher was already speaking. The sound brought her back to the present.

"We will be departing for the Nymphara Forest. The test will involve hunting creatures and gathering plants to test your current knowledge. Further details will be provided upon our arrival."

After the class ended, everyone exited the classroom and proceeded toward the carriages. They embarked on a journey to the Nymphara Forest, with time ticking away.

In the midst of their travel, a girl with captivating blue hair spoke to Hemera. "Hemera, would you like to join me, Evangeline, and two other girls for the test?" she asked.

Hemera's smile widened, and she nodded in agreement. "Certainly Eleni! I'm eager to see how the test unfolds."

[This is the end of Volume 1: A Journey Begins]

Chapter 125 When The Sun Embraces Her Fate. (2)

Hemera gazed out of the carriage window, the landscape unfolded before her eyes like a living painting.

Vast fields of vibrant wildflowers carpeted the rolling hills, swaying gently in the breeze.

She watched as ancient olive groves stretched across the land, their silvery leaves shimmering in the sunlight.

Majestic cypress trees stood tall and proud, their dark, slender forms adding an air of mystique to the scenery.

The smell of herbs and flowers mingled in the air, a sweet and invigorating perfume that awakened Hemera's senses.

After a few hours of journeying, a beautiful forest came into view on the horizon.

Its emerald canopy stretched far and wide, offering shade and shelter to mythical creatures and hidden wonders.

Hemera's eyes filled with anticipation as the carriage neared the sprawling greenery of the forest.

With a gentle stop, the carriages came to a halt, and students of various ages poured out, forming a lively gathering.

Eleni approached her accompanied by two girls, introducing them, "Hemera, meet Helen and Ariadne. They are the final additions we needed to complete the test."

She spotted the two brown-haired girls, who smiled warmly and offered a bow while speaking in unison, "Princess Hemera, it is an honor to be in your group."

Smiling warmly at the girls, her voice filled with cheer. "Helen, Ariadne, let's treat each other as classmates. We're here to work together and pass the test, so let's get along."

They exchanged smiles as a teacher shouted, "Gather up, students!"

Hundreds of students gathered together, forming a crowd in front of a tall, slender man with grey hair and glasses.

He began speaking, his voice commanding attention.

"The mid-year tests will commence shortly. I am here to provide you with the rules and objectives of the test. In the forest, you will encounter various beasts, and each group must hunt beasts worth a total of 2000 points. Your performance will be evaluated when you return based on the beasts you kill and the plants you collect during your journey. Remember, there are three important rules to follow: do not engage in combat with other student groups, refrain from theft, and exercise caution when venturing deeper into the forest as more formidable beasts may await you. Additionally, the academy will provide storage rings to each student for convenient item storage. Now, let's start preparing. The test will begin shortly."

Hemera and her four companions went in search of their teacher, who was distributing the rings they needed.

Having found their teacher, the group eagerly collected their rings, brimming with anticipation for the upcoming test.

Their teacher wished them good luck and reminded them of the rule, they were to proceed in groups of five.

He emphasized that if they heard a loud whistle, they were to return immediately.

With a final bid of good luck, their teacher departed, leaving the group ready to embark on their adventure.

Suddenly, a resounding whistle pierced the air, accompanied by the commanding voice of the tall man. "Begin!" he bellowed.

With determined nods, Eleni and Hemera began their journey to finish their test, venturing into the dense forest alongside other groups in search of formidable beasts.

After hours of exploration, Hemera's group, at last, stumbled upon a beautiful clearing, providing a welcome sanctuary.

Hemera found a cozy spot, allowing herself to relax. She reached into her shoulder bag and pulled out a Sesame Bar.

Indulging in the tasty treat, she couldn't help but notice her tired companions, in desperate need of some rest.

At that moment, Helen, catching her breath, turned to her with a curious question.

"Hemera, I've noticed that you don't seem exhausted like the rest of us. You've maintained a faster pace than us over the last couple of hours. How do you do it?"

She looked at the brown-haired girl with a big smile and spoke, "Pater made sure I trained with the royal guard as I've grown up. Plus, I love being active, except when I'm reading."

Helen observed the princess of the empire and contemplated the authenticity of her royal status.

To her surprise, she discovered the princess to be incredibly down-to-earth and easy to relate to.

Hemera then offered the four girls some of the honey bars, which they gladly accepted. They all sat down together.

After 10 minutes, Ariadne swiftly alerted the group, "Incoming beasts! Get ready."

Hemera sprang to her feet, preparing to cast a spell at the approaching creatures.

She tightened her bag, bracing herself as an angry large beast charged through the underbrush.

Eleni swiftly called out, "It's an Ironborn! Be careful, girls!"

With swift grace, Hemera unleashed the Sunbeam spell she had acquired from an ancient tome discovered years ago.

Her incantation resonated in the air as she directed the powerful beam toward the oncoming beast, specifically targeting its leg.

"Sunbeam!" she shouted.

A radiant beam of yellow-red light surged from her hand, striking the creature's front right leg with force, tearing it clean off.

The display of Hemera's spellcasting abilities left the four girls in awe and astonishment.

Without hesitation, she dashed towards the remaining beasts, casting a spell she rarely used.

"Solar Infusion!"

A brilliant yellow glow emanated from her, enveloping her body as she closed in on the creatures.

With boosted agility and finesse, she deftly evaded a swing of their menacing tusks.

Landing firmly on her feet, Hemera unleashed a powerful Sun Bolt, propelling it toward the skull of the largest beast.

The creature collapsed to the ground, defeated, while Hemera stood triumphantly before it, a wide smile adorning her face.

Turning her attention to the bewildered and excited girls, Hemera's confusion surfaced as she addressed them.

"What's the matter?" she inquired.

Before anyone could utter another word, three more Ironboars emerged from the same bush, their menacing presence filling the clearing.

Hemera carefully examined the formidable-looking beasts, their massive bodies covered in resilient and rugged skin, providing a solid defense against any attacks.

Their tusks gleamed with a deadly sharpness, and their eyes emitted an eerie red glow.

The thunderous snorts and grunts of the Ironboars reverberated through the air, instilling fear in the hearts of the four girls.

However, Hemera remained composed and confronted the nearest creature, a confident smile gracing her face.

Witnessing the Princess's bravery, the other girls felt a surge of panic but quickly rallied to join the fight, unleashing a barrage of fire, wind, and earth spells upon the remaining boars.

Together, the five girls engaged in a fierce battle against the trio of Ironboars, their efforts strained as they struggled to overcome the relentless onslaught.

Amidst the chaos, Hemera fearlessly confronted the largest and most menacing of the three, recognizing it as the leader of the pack.

Harnessing the power of the sun, she surged forward with Sun Radiance coursing through her veins, granting her enhanced speed and strength.

As a Sun Elf, she possessed a unique ability to tap into the energy of the sun, empowering her during daylight hours.

The ferocious beast lunged at her, its razor-sharp tusks aimed to strike, but Hemera quickly evaded the attack with nimble grace.

With unwavering focus, she unleashed a powerful Sunbeam spell, directing it with pinpoint accuracy into the skull of the Ironboar pack leader.

The lifeless beast lay sprawled on the ground as Hemera turned her attention to the two girls engaged in their own battles with the remaining boars.

With a joyful laugh, she swiftly moved towards them.

Effortlessly, she leaped into the air, floating like a leaf, and gracefully landed on the back of one of the boars.

She unleashed a powerful Sunbeam, piercing through its back. Hemera skillfully severed the beast's spine, causing it to collapse and struggle to move.

Without hesitation, she turned her attention to the last boar and jumped at it.

Mid-air, she cast multiple Sun Bolts that pierced the beast's flesh, leaving behind seared holes.

As she landed gracefully, Hemera patted herself down, getting rid of the dust that clung to her, leaving the other four girls in a state of shock and amazement.

With a flushed face and sweat streaming down, Eleni hurriedly approached Hemera, scanning her from head to toe.

"You're insane, Hemera! We've known each other for years, and you never cease to amaze me," she exclaimed.

Hemera turned towards the blue-haired girl, sporting a smile on her face, just as the green-haired Evangeline approached them.

Wearing a beaming smile, Evangeline addressed Hemera, "Excellent work, Hem! You possess amazing magic."

Helen and Ariadne nodded in agreement upon hearing Evangeline's words.

Suddenly, a thunderous roar reverberated through the air, shaking the very ground beneath them. In response, a deep, guttural roar echoed in reply, leaving the group in a state of utter shock.

As groups of students rushed towards them, a boy approached the girls, shouting frantically.

"Run, girls! A dragon and a giant are fighting! They've wreaked havoc on large parts of the forest."

The group started to flee, but Hemera abruptly halted.

The vivid recollection of her dream flooded her mind, and in a decisive moment, she spun on her heels and sprinted towards the fight.

Casting her Sun Radiance spell, Hemera felt her body surge with even greater power. She resolved to embrace her fate and assist the white dragon in its struggle against the monstrous giant.

Chapter 126 Treasure Hunters.

Fifty treasure hunters formed a brave group, venturing on an expedition to the accursed city of Frosthalm.

Their mission was given to them by a noble from the Frostwyn Duchy, who had provided them with a promising lead.

Whispers within the guild hinted at a hidden trove of thousands of gold coins, precious gems, and the rare raw mana stones concealed deep within the depths of Frosthalm.

Within the ranks of the treasure hunters, a pair of young mysterious twins caught many hunter's attention, each twin possessing their own captivating allure.

One twin possessed a mesmerizing mane of obsidian black hair that was styled into twin tails, her piercing green eyes seemed to hold hidden depths.

The other twin boasted flowing locks of golden hair that framed captivating red eyes, sparkling with an enigmatic allure.

Both twins had matching twin tails which added to their charm.

Dressed in meticulously crafted leather armor that accentuated their agility and speed, they exuded an air of mystery, their intense gazes only deepening the intrigue that surrounded them.

Despite their appearances, the twins maintained an aura of quiet reserve, never engaging in conversation with their fellow hunters.

Only when their leader addressed them did they break their silence, their words carrying an accent unfamiliar to the ears of the other hunters.

Thalia, the blonde twin, cast a concerned gaze at her sister and voiced her unease. "Xanthe, something feels off about this."

Xanthe, the twin with lustrous black hair, responded calmly, "We are not alone, Thalia. There are forty-eight other hunters accompanying us, and if rumors are true the Duke has enlisted more hunters who arrived ahead of us."

As they traversed the winding path, their voices intertwined in a quiet conversation.

Suddenly, their gaze was drawn to a castle on the horizon, its grandeur standing like a beacon of warmth in the frigid northern expanse.

The mighty Shadowflow River originated in the desolate lands in the far north, stretching all the way down to the Central Duchy.

Along the path to the castle, the constant movement of carriages traveling to and from kept the guard's work busy.

The twins rode their horses until they reached the entrance. There, their leader Karia, a formidable woman with strong muscles, short white hair, and piercing blue eyes, dismounted and approached a group of men.

Thalia and Xanthe trailed behind, drawing nearer as Karia paused and exchanged greetings with the men.

"Velor, when shall we set out on our journey to the north? The 50 hunters I brought are brimming with excitement and are ready." She inquired.

A tall man with dark blue hair locked eyes with Karia, his lips curving into a smile as he responded. "As always, Karia, forever ready to leap into the jaws of the beast at a moment's notice."

At that moment, his gaze shifted to the young twins standing behind her, their presence was like silent statues.

His smile widened when he saw their beauty, and Karia couldn't help but anticipate what was about to unfold.

Recognizing the man's intentions, she offered a quick warning, out of professional courtesy.

"I wouldn't, Runo. They are not your average girls."

Undeterred, he approached Thalia, who observed him with her captivating red eyes.

The man came to a sudden stop in front of her. His face, adorned with a beard, twisted into a cunning grin as he spoke in a lecherous voice.

"Wow, you're a stunning little girl. How about we get to know each other better after the hunt?"

In a flash, Xanthe disappeared from view and reappeared beside the man, launching a swift punch that connected with his jaw.

The force of the impact sent him flying to the side, caught off guard and staggering from the strike.

Laughter filled the air among the other hunters, entertained by the unexpected turn of events that had befallen the man.

Xanthe marched forward, her steps deliberate and purposeful, until she stood right above the man.

In a detached tone, she conveyed her message as she firmly pressed her boot against his face, applying pressure.

"Do not gaze upon my sister in such a vile manner again. If you do, death will be your only fate. Do you understand?"

The man struggled to nod his head under the weight of Xanthe's boot pressing down on him. Sensing his compliance, she lifted her foot and returned to her sister's side.

Kalia shook her head with a chuckle, accustomed to witnessing numerous failed attempts of people trying to court the two sisters. They always ended up put in their rightful place.

The older woman and the twins began their work, dedicating an hour to their preparations before setting off toward the Frostholm Wall.

Moving away from the castle, they continued their journey toward the north, eventually reaching the wall a couple of days later, marking the culmination of their travels.

However, what awaited them outside left them stunned.

The number of soldiers had tripled, bustling about the area. Spellfire Mortars sat on the wall ready to be fired, and to their astonishment, the legendary Dreadnought Battalion was present.

These warriors were highly esteemed by the Empire for their towering height of eight feet, bulging muscles, and notorious reputation for wreaking havoc on the battlefield.

Though quiet by nature, they relished the thrill of combat and spilling the blood of the Empire's enemies.

The treasure hunters came to a halt when a man donning an officer's uniform stepped forward, raising his hand to signal their attention.

"Stop, what's your business here?"

Kalia dismounted her horse and approached the man, coming to a stop in front of him. She retrieved a piece of paper from her pocket and handed it to him.

He took it and proceeded to read through its contents. After a few minutes, he gestured for them to continue on.

The group of 50 treasure hunters entered the perimeter of the wall. Xanthe and Thalia followed Kalia into the expansive courtyard.

There, they encountered a variety of buildings that housed extra soldiers, blacksmiths, and shops tailored to the needs of the army and hunters.

They were instructed to wait until all the hunters were gathered before entering the Dreadvale, the name given to the valley after the Doom of Frosthalm.

The group had to wait for a day, using that time to rest and gather any remaining essential equipment.

Having bought the supplies they needed, they gathered extra food and potions. With their needs fulfilled, the hunters decided to rest until the hour arrived.

Eventually, a man approached and notified them that they were now granted permission to enter.

With their preparations complete, they approached the imposing barrier of metal that prevented the beasts and creatures from the Hollow from venturing south.

A strange sight awaited them, hundreds of hunters from all corners of Pluoria had assembled.

Thalia turned to her sister, a sense of unease creeping over her.

"Xanthe, something doesn't feel right. There are loads of other hunters here. I doubt any survivors will gain much from the treasure."

Xanthe regarded her cautious sister, nodding in agreement. "We must remain vigilant and keep a close watch on Miss Kalia."

They fell silent, their attention fixed on the multitude of hunters assembled by the gate.

A sizable gathering of 2000 treasure hunters, joined together in their pursuit of gold and priceless treasures hidden within the accursed city.

After an hour of patient anticipation, the afternoon sun descended, its golden rays casting breathtaking colors over the wall.

All the treasure hunters had assembled, led by the renowned guild known as The Seekers of Fortune. They held a prominent position among the hunter guilds of Pluoria.

Kalia's group had been designated as the vanguard for the upcoming expedition, and they would depart soon, accompanied by another 400 hunters.

As the plans were being finalized, the vigilant twins kept a watchful eye on their surroundings, becoming aware of the numerous lecherous gazes directed their way.

Turning to her sister, Thalia expressed her disdain.

"Humans disgust me. They all act the same when attractive women are present. And it's not as if we are the only ones. There are over a hundred women here, yet they still stare at us."

Xanthe regarded her sister, who despised the lewd attention they received and agreed with her perspective.

"Sister, they are mere animals. Animals are driven by instinct when they encounter beings of higher standing. It is in their nature to look."

Kalia listened to the conversation and couldn't help but roll her eyes. She was aware that the two girls belonged to a prestigious vampire lineage in the Bloodmoon Empire.

However, what puzzled her was that they appeared to be ordinary teenage girls, indistinguishable from humans.

Suddenly, a shout echoed through the air. "Hunters, prepare to enter the Dreadvale! The bridge is descending."

The group gathered near the deep moat, a defensive trench dug to protect the wall for years. The twins watched intently as the massive wooden bridge slowly lowered.

With a resounding thud, it slammed into the ground. A man approached Kalia and engaged her in conversation.

"Kalia, you and your hunters must leave now. We'll follow up soon after. Some of our members are currently occupied." He said, sporting a cocky grin.

Thalia turned to her sister and whispered. "See how lecherous these animals are? Father was right about them. They're probably exploiting some poor farm girl from a nearby town."

Xanthe responded with an impassive expression. "Thalia, remember our goal of exploring the world? We'll encounter all sorts of individuals on our journey."

Thalia stubbornly nodded and they set off toward their horses. The vanguard made their way across the bridge, accompanied by three wagons loaded with their provisions.

Chapter 127 Treasure Hunters. (2)

The vanguard marched across the bridge, Thalia gazed at the towering wall before her. It stood strong and formidable.

Its stone surface bore the scars of time and countless battles, serving as a reminder of its impenetrable nature.

Over the years, the wall had been strengthened and upgraded, becoming an imposing structure.

It featured two imposing bridges that connected both sides, serving as the only means of entry on foot into the Dreadvale.

In the front and back of the wall were deep ditches, acting as additional barriers on either side.

It had successfully thwarted numerous beast waves and attacks, with flying creatures brought down by mages and archers.

Thalia and Xanthe closely trailed behind Kalia, who led the group from the front.

She turned to the twins, cautioning them, "Girls, stay vigilant. We've received multiple reports of creature attacks near the wall."

The twins nodded, their eyes filled with determination, as they pressed onward, venturing into the foreboding Dreadvale.

As the group crossed the second bridge, watched closely by the vigilant wall guards, their eyes widened in astonishment at the desolate landscape that greeted them.

A chilling sight unfolded before their eyes.

The once-thriving land had been transformed into a barren wasteland, a stark contrast to the stories they had heard.

Bones of humans, beasts, and creatures littered the ground, creating an eerie carpet that crackled under their feet.

Grinning skulls stared through empty eye sockets, their silent testimony mocking the living with a sense of impending doom.

The once-majestic trees now stood as gaunt specters, their withered branches reaching out like skeletal arms, swaying ominously in the cold breeze.

No signs of foliage remained, only twisted and decaying remnants of what had once been.

A sickly haze clung to the air, obscuring distant horizons and casting a pall of despair upon the land.

An unsettling silence permeated the atmosphere, broken only by the mournful howl of a distant wind.

In the midst of this eerie scene, Xanthe's sharp eyes spotted a dilapidated farmhouse in the distance, its appearance rundown, and its front door has been broken off.

Kalia led the hunters as they continued down the old dirt road toward Frostholm.

After an hour of travel, the group's unease intensified as an unsettling change swept over the surroundings.

The horses abruptly halted, their instincts overriding any commands from their riders. A heavy fog descended upon the area, casting an ominous veil over their path.

A palpable sense of fear hung heavily in the air, emanating from the trembling bodies of the horses, revealing their unease.

Paralyzed with fear, the horse's minds consumed by a desperate longing to retreat to the safety of the wall, the hunters awaited Kalia's command.

"Everyone, tether the horses by the old farmhouse and proceed on foot!"

Thalia and Xanthe dismounted their trembling horses, but the frightened animals bolted away the moment the girls released their grip.

Standing there, their senses heightened, they listened intently to the eerie silence that surrounded them. Thalia took charge, casting an enhancement spell.

"Radiant Eyes."

As her spell took effect, Thalia's vision sharpened, allowing her to spot an arrow hurtling toward Xanthe.

Reacting swiftly, she drew her sword and deflected the projectile.

Acknowledging her sister's skill, Xanthe nodded in gratitude and retrieved her spear from a storage ring, skillfully parrying the onslaught of incoming arrows.

Suddenly, a bone-chilling howl pierced the air, heralding the emergence of a swarm. Waves of Ratlings charged recklessly toward the hunters, driven by a frenzy to destroy.

The Ratlings, named after the fall of Frosthalm, moved with a single-minded determination.

Kalia's voice echoed with urgency, "Hunters, brace yourselves! It's an ambush!" Each hunter swiftly armed themselves, standing resolute in preparation for the imminent threat.

With remarkable speed, a shield wall was erected just in time to meet the violent assault of the Ratlings. The wall held firm, though the impact pushed it back.

Meanwhile, archers positioned at the rear unleashed volleys of arrows, while mages cast spells into the horde, creating chaotic explosions of magic.

Thalia locked eyes with Xanthe, and a silent understanding passed between them.

With unwavering determination, they sprinted towards the shield wall, their movements fluid and purposeful. As they neared the shield wall, they leaped over it with grace.

Empowered by their vampire essence coursing through their veins, every motion of Thalia and Xanthe exuded a deadly grace.

They descended on the opposite side of the wall, ready to unleash their fury upon the Ratlings.

Thalia moved with mesmerizing agility, her sword cutting through the air with lethal precision, dispatching dozens of Ratlings in rapid succession.

Xanthe, standing tall and resolute, commanded the battlefield with an air of majesty.

Her sweeping attacks cleaved through the horde, decapitating any foolish creature that dared to venture too close.

In a moment of perfect synchronicity, the sisters unleashed a shared spell, their voices intertwining with arcane power.

"Blood Vigor."

An intense surge coursed through their veins, further augmenting their already formidable abilities.

Their senses sharpened, their bodies grew stronger, and a wave of power enshrouded them, fueling their relentless attacks.

Undeterred by the sheer number of Ratlings, the twins seemed to transcend the limitations of time itself as they engaged in a relentless dance of destruction.

Their movements flowed with precision and grace as if guided by an unseen force.

Hundreds of Ratlings succumbed to their relentless onslaught, but for each foe defeated, a hundred more surged forward to fill the ranks.

Thalia quickened her pace, honing her focus on the larger and more formidable Ratlings, her strikes unerringly finding their mark.

Meanwhile, Xanthe stood firm at the front of the shield wall, her powerful strikes cutting down the Ratlings and holding back their relentless advance.

Despite the loss of several hunters during the chaos, the wall held firm, and the twins continued their relentless slaughter of the swarm.

Their unwavering attacks created breathing space for the other hunters, enabling them to launch a counterattack.

After an hour of relentless fighting, the last of the creatures were dispatched. A fatigued Kalia emerged, her voice strained yet filled with gratitude.

"Girls, well done. Without both of you, we would have lost even more hunters."

Her gaze turned to the fallen, and it was then that Xanthe inquired, her voice devoid of emotions, "How many have we lost?"

Kalia lifted her gaze, locking eyes with the vibrant green orbs of the twins. For a fleeting moment, she felt herself teetering on the edge of a trance, but Thalia swiftly intervened.

"We have warned you, Miss Kalia, about meeting our gaze. You risk falling under our charm."

Kalia shook her head, a knowing smile gracing her lips as she replied, "We lost 13 hunters. Four were dragged off, and nine perished on the frontline."

The twins nodded in unison, meticulously cleaning their weapons before securely stowing them away.

With the horses gone, the vanguard continued their march on foot until the sun began to set.

Kalia's voice echoed through the ranks, "Halt! We shall make camp for the night. We cannot risk traveling further; it's the perfect time for another ambush."

The weary group came to a stop and turned their gaze to the right, where the tumultuous Shadowflow River flowed beside them.

The hunters swiftly set to work, establishing a tightly packed camp, while some of them erected a protective Rune perimeter.

Thalia and Xanthe positioned their tent a little distance away from the rest, creating their own magical perimeter of defense.

Kalia organized the night watch rotations when a piercing screech reverberated from all directions, causing a flurry of activity in the makeshift camp.

The men and women quickly gathered, forming small defensive squares in anticipation of an incoming attack. Yet, despite their anxious waiting, nothing happened.

The tense atmosphere lingered, and the twins stood outside their tent, scanning the surroundings. Thalia activated her Radiant Eyes once more, searching for any signs of danger.

However, even with her enhanced vision, there was nothing to be seen.

It was then that Kalia called out to everyone, "Everyone, calm down. I'll increase the number of guards so you can get some rest."

As the night wore on, the atmosphere was filled with the sounds of screams and screeches, echoing through the air.

Out of the total count of over 400 hunters, a dedicated hundred stood on guard, ever watchful and prepared for any potential attacks.

As the morning sun rose, the dense fog dissipated, revealing a desolate landscape that stretched out before them.

The river, characterized by its deep and mysterious waters, exuded an eerie ambiance. Whispers spread among the hunters, murmuring about glimpses of moving shadows beneath the surface.

Thalia approached Xanthe from behind as she stood at the river's edge, her gaze fixed on the distance. Concern etched in her voice, Thalia voiced her apprehensions.

"Sister, there is an eerie silence around us. I fear another attack may be imminent," she expressed her worry.

Xanthe nodded in agreement and responded, "Yes, sister, there will be another attack, but not just yet."

As the group dismantled their temporary camp and prepared to resume their journey, their attention was drawn to the approaching figures of the remaining hunters.

Leading the group was the same man who had spoken to Kalia earlier.

The vanguard came to a halt as the other hunters reached them, displaying signs of weariness but no major injuries. Stepping forward, the man addressed Kalia directly.

"Kalia, we were ambushed three times during our journey here. Ratlings were among the attackers, alongside some unidentified creatures that none of us have encountered before."

Chapter 128 Treasure Hunters. (Final)

The hunters pressed forward. Kalia and the twins were at the rear, guarding the wagons.

Thalia turned to her sister and whispered, "Sister, do you sense that?"

Xanthe closed her eyes, sensing a deep rumbling coming from below them. Her eyes shot open, filled with alarm, and she shouted, "Attack!"

Just as her words echoed through the air, enormous chasms opened up all around the hunters, unleashing thousands of Ratlings, accompanied by even more monstrous rat creatures.

These towering Ratlings seethed with uncontrollable rage as they crashed into the hastily formed shield walls.

Kalia swiftly moved forward and shouted to the leader, "Velor! Pull your men back and regroup! If we don't, the swarm will overrun us!"

Velor nodded and ordered. "Pull back to the wagons, we need to regroup!"

Despite the hunters' efforts to regroup and create a defensive formation around the wagons, some of them fell victim to the monstrous rat-like ogres.

In a merciless display, those unfortunate hunters were massacred, their bodies torn apart before they could even scream.

Undeterred, the remaining hunters firmly planted their shields into the ground, prepared to face the creatures.

The raging Rat-Orges assaulted the shield wall, their ferocity driving them forward. The impact of their charge shattered shields.

Yet, their rampage met an abrupt halt as a sudden blur of ebony and golden locks materialized, Thalia and Xanthe sprang into action.

Thalia, as swift as a striking viper, swiftly decapitated one of the Rat-Ogres, while Xanthe plunged her spear deep into the other's skull.

Amidst the anguished cries of their fallen comrades, who were mercilessly seized and dragged away, the remaining hunters mourned their loss.

Nevertheless, they regrouped, reconstructing the shield wall.

The twins, driven by their unwavering fighting spirit, swiftly moved across the battlefield, taking lives as they went.

However, the relentless swarm of Ratlings continued to surge forward unabated. Thalia moved with lethal precision, slaying three of the advancing creatures as they closed in.

Xanthe's sweeping attack momentarily pushed back a portion of the encroaching horde, her sister Thalia by her side.

The battle raged on for another hour, resulting in the loss of over 200 hunters.

The injured were being tended to by the healers, while the remaining hunters solemnly organized and cremated the fallen.

Sitting around a campfire, Kalia, Thalia, and Xanthe took a moment to rest. The air was heavy with silence until Kalia broke it with a question, her voice filled with concern.

"Girls, do you think it's going to get worse?"

The twins exchanged a nod, and Thalia spoke up her tone grave.

"We have just over 1500 hunters left, and by the time we reach the city, we will likely lose more."

And she was right after traveling for another day and a half they saw Frostholm in the distance but something looked different.

What greeted their eyes was a chilling sight.

The once majestic city now lay in ruins, with wooden ramshackle structures erected haphazardly, seemingly built by the very swarm they were fighting against.

The river that flowed alongside the city mirrored the desolation. It was filled with the remains of shattered ships, a haunting graveyard of vessels that had met a tragic fate.

The water, once serene and inviting, now held an ominous presence, whispering tales of lost souls and forgotten battles.

The hunters observed the scene before them, a shiver ran down their spines.

Thousands of Ratlings swarmed through the wooden buildings, their frenzied movements accompanied by other indescribable horrors that lurked in the shadows.

Velor stopped the hunters. "Stop! Take a rest and keep your guard up."

Kalia and the twins approached him, Kalia spoke as she got close. "Velor what's the plan..."

Before she could finish her sentence, a deafening roar echoed through the air, interrupting her words and causing a ripple of tension to sweep through the hunters.

Everyone jumped to their feet and looked toward the city and when they did they lost all hope.

The ground trembled beneath the hunters' feet as a menacing horde of 10-foot-tall Rat-Ogres charged toward them.

These grotesque beings possessed elongated limbs, twisted features, and a haunting aura that sent shivers down the spines of even the most hardened hunters.

Fear and determination mingled in the air as the hunters braced themselves for the impending clash.

Their weapons gleamed in the sunlight, ready to face this new and formidable threat.

"Rat-Ogres incoming!"

Kalia's voice cut through the tense atmosphere, her command ringing clear. "Hold your ground! Shields up! Prepare to engage!"

The hunters tightened their formation, shields interlocking to form an impenetrable barrier.

The deafening sound of the creatures' thunderous footsteps grew nearer, sending a surge of adrenaline through the warriors' veins.

As the charging horde closed in, the clash became inevitable. Battle cries mixed with the clash of steel and the grunts of exertion, creating a symphony of chaos on the battlefield.

In the midst of the fierce struggle, Thalia and Xanthe moved with swift precision, their weapons slashing through the air with deadly accuracy.

Together, they became a whirlwind of strength and skill, cutting down the monstrous humanoids that dared to challenge them.

The hunters stood strong, defying the overwhelming odds. Their courage and bravery blazed like a fierce flame, empowering their every attack and defense.

With each passing moment, they were being pushed back but they refused to give up, Velor was on the frontline he cut down three Ratlings but was quickly grabbed by Rat-ogre and torn to shreds.

As the battle raged on, a flicker of hope sparked within the hearts of the hunters, only to be swiftly extinguished by a bone-chilling howl emanating from the city.

All eyes turned toward the source of the haunting cry, and a collective gasp escaped their lips as a ghastly sight unfolded before them.

Toweringly tall figures, resembling grotesque hybrids of humans and beasts, jumped of Frosthalm's wall and approached the hunters.

These monstrous beings stood at a height of 10 feet, adorned with imposing horns atop their heads.

Their sinewy muscles bulged with unnatural strength, their blood-red eyes gleamed with a malevolent hunger, and their mouths filled with rows of razor-sharp teeth.

A wave of terror washed over the hunters as the grotesque creatures locked their sinister gaze upon them.

To their shock and horror, the creature at the forefront spoke in a bone-chilling voice, its words laden with vile intent.

"Man-Lings...Fiends will Devour...Sacrifice...For the swarm!"

The beasts, now known as Fiends, charged forward, forcing more hunters to step up and reinforce the shield wall, even as they continued to fend off the relentless Ratlings.

The Fiends trampled over numerous Ratlings in their path, leaving Thalia and Xanthe in awe as they witnessed the creatures plow through the hunter lines with brutal efficiency.

With ease, the Fiends slaughtered the defenders, their long claws severing heads and limbs, while the Ratlings swarmed over the wall, adding to the chaos.

Kalia, panic evident in her voice, rushed up to the girls accompanied by 30 surviving hunters who had arrived with them.

She urgently spoke, "Girls, we need to retreat. Those Fiends are terrifying and have already slain every captain who came with us, except for a few."

The twins exchanged nods as they swiftly sheathed their weapons and turned to flee from the gruesome slaughter.

The Fiends ruthlessly massacred any hunters who couldn't escape their relentless pursuit.

In the meantime, the creatures chased after Kalia's group, their chilling howls and menacing jaws filling the air.

Thalia, Xanthe, and Kalia ran together, their hearts pounding with the urgent need to put distance between themselves and the relentless horde.

Amidst the chaos, a single Fiend singled out their group, its predatory instincts kicking in as it swiftly closed the gap, moving with uncanny speed on all fours.

The 30 hunters, panicked and huddled together like frightened chickens, desperately hoping to fend off the Fiend.

The twins, however, knew it was a useless attempt and forcefully dragged Kalia along with them.

Kalia struggled against their grasp, desperately attempting to break free and remain with the hunters.

However, her resistance faltered as she witnessed the Fiend pounce on the group, mercilessly slashing its claws and sinking its teeth into hunters.

Realizing the dire situation, Kalia relented and allowed the twins to lead her away.

They ran for hours, their lungs burning and legs aching, until finally, they caught sight of the abandoned farmhouse they had first come across.

As the group gathered around Kalia, their chests heaving with exhaustion.

The man among them managed to catch his breath and spoke. "We owe you a debt of gratitude for your help. Those Fiend creatures overwhelmed our guild."

Kalia nodded, understanding the situation and feeling a sense of unease.

She spoke with concern and realization. "You're not alone in underestimating what we're facing. The reports didn't prepare us for the fierce and swift attack. It could be a sign of an imminent wave."

They continued running as the twins rejoined them and the group sprinted toward the wall, their hearts pounding as more fiends emerged.

Their pace quickened, but just when it seemed all hope was lost, a barrage of powerful mana blasts soared over their heads, crashing into the fiends with explosive force.

Some of the creatures were torn apart, their grotesque forms scattered.

A man from the group couldn't contain his elation and shouted, "It's the Spellfire Mortars! The defenders on the wall have spotted us!"

However, his celebration was abruptly cut short as a Ratling's spear pierced his body, snuffing out his life in an instant.

He fell to the ground, a life extinguished without even realizing his fate.

The twins were the first to reach the towering wall, followed by Kalia and the two remaining hunters.

The gate lay open with the Dreadnoughts standing there, the soldiers let them pass as the Ratlings slammed into their shields.

With their large hammers, they butchered the creatures as they retreated into the wall. But Kalia had an issue, Thalia and Xanthe vanished before they got interrogated.

Chapter 129 To The Beat Of Their Own Drums.

The festivities continued on for hours, allowing Archer and Ella time to socialize with Teuila's family and mingle with nobles from all over the Aquarian Kingdom.

As night fell, they were offered accommodations within the palace.

Ella and Teuila decided to share a room and convinced the ever-lazy Sera to join them, bidding farewell to Archer with kisses on his cheek.

Shortly after their departure, exhaustion overcame him, and Archer succumbed to a deep slumber.

Archer enjoyed a restful sleep, free from the haunting nightmares that had plagued him before.

With the arrival of the first rays of morning, piercing through the window, he started to awaken from his tranquil slumber.

He was greeted by a gentle breeze that wafted into the room, filling it with a refreshing aura.

With a sleepy yawn, Archer swung his legs off the bed and stretched his body, loving the satisfying cracks that emanated from his joints.

Archer rose from his bed, stretching his limbs as he walked toward the window. As he did he cast the spell of Cleanse upon himself, cleaning his body.

Opening the window, he welcomed the soft morning light that streamed into the room, revealing the bustling cityscape below.

As he looked out, Archer observed the bustling streets, filled with people heading to work and guards patrolling.

Some workers could be seen tidying up the streets, ensuring cleanliness throughout the city.

Beyond the vibrant streets, the sparkling blue waters of the Aquarian coastline caught his eye, reflecting the brilliance of the morning sun.

Archer immersed himself in the captivating view, deeply appreciating the harmonious blend of nature's beauty and human innovation that defined Aquaria City.

In this place, tradition and modernity intertwined seamlessly, and the vibrant spirit of the Aquarian people emanated from every corner.

After some time, Archer's sharp eyes detected a small red blur rapidly closing in on him through the air.

Squinting to get a clearer view, he quickly recognized her with a smile.

It was Sera, the cheeky small dragon, soaring towards him with astonishing speed. With uncontainable enthusiasm, she crashed into his chest, embracing him with all her might.

She clung to him tightly, her playful nibbles on his neck causing him to laugh. He began gently stroking her, returning the affection with a warm smile.

"You silly girl," he chuckled, "it was just one night. The girls wanted to spend time with you. But remember, I'll always be here for you."

Sera looked up at Archer, she was met with his warm smile, igniting a surge of emotions within her.

She loved to express affection for her beloved boy. With a swift movement, she crawled up his chest, finding a comfortable perch on his shoulder.

Drawing closer to his head, she gently nudged him, seeking his attention.

Archer felt the gentle caress of Sera's sandpaper-like tongue against his cheek as she started licking him, a surprisingly delightful sensation that sent a tingle of pleasure through him.

Filled with unwavering devotion, Sera showered Archer with affection, pressing herself as close to him as possible.

Each tender lick spoke volumes, affirming the deep and profound bond they shared. After a while, she settled down and sat contently on his shoulder while purring.

It was at that moment that Teuila and Ella walked into the room, catching sight of Archer standing on the balcony, lovingly stroking Sera.

Ella approached with a smile, remarking, "So that's where you went, girl. You just can't stay away from your boy can you, hehe."

Archer turned around, his gaze fell upon the two girls. A smile spread across his face as he warmly greeted them, "Good morning, you two. How was your sleep?"

Teuila was the first to respond, "It was good. So, what's the plan?"

The little half-elf nodded in agreement, her eyes fixed on Archer, waiting for his next words. Taking a brief moment to ponder, he considered Ella's fondness for bows.

With a plan in mind, he looked directly at Ella and spoke, "We will visit the finest weapon shop in the city and buy the best bow we can find."

Ella's expression turned to one of surprise, while Teuila's face lit up with a knowing smile. It was as if she had just recalled something important, prompting her to speak.

"I know the perfect shop. Let's bid farewell to Mama and Papa and make our way there," Teuila suggested.

Agreeing with her suggestion, the three companions nodded and followed Teuila, who led them toward her father's study.

Upon reaching the door, Teuila knocked lightly, causing the voices within to momentarily cease.

"Come in," A voice beckoned.

Teuila pushed open the door, revealing her father seated at a table, engaged in conversation with the two other rulers Amkhu and Rayhan.

The three youngsters stepped into the room, Lashure's eyes lit up with a warm smile, catching the attention of the two other men.

They turned to see the three standing there, smiles appearing on their faces.

Rayhan, the first to speak, greeted them with a friendly tone, "Good morning to you three. I hope you had a restful night."

Amkhu, joining in the exchange, added, "Morning. I assume you're setting off today?"

With a grateful nod, Archer acknowledged their warm greetings and returned their greetings with one of his own.

With a cheerful tone in his voice, Archer greeted the trio, "Good morning, all of you. I must say, I had a restful sleep. And yes, Amkhu, we are ready to depart now."

The three men nodded in agreement, and Lashure gestured for them to take a seat. They settled onto a comfortable sofa as he began speaking.

"I wish the three of you a wonderful journey, and I implore you to stay safe," he expressed sincerely.

"Since the downfall of the Kagia and Kheesara Kingdoms, bandits and outlaws have been attacking caravans and travelers on the roads throughout the Southlands. Additionally, it is worth telling you that neither king has been captured, but the kings of the two smaller kingdoms are currently imprisoned."

The trio nodded in agreement. Teuila's voice broke the silence, "Yes, Papa, we will be careful. Before we depart, we plan to visit The Blade's Edge. Ella needs a bow."

Lashure nodded approvingly, his gaze shifting to Archer. "I have no doubt that Mr. White Dragon here will keep a watchful eye over you girls. Remember, you are always welcome here."

With grateful smiles, they spoke to the three rulers for a while before leaving. Archer assured Amkhu and Rayhan that he would pay a visit to their homelands in the future.

They exchanged farewells and made their way out of the room, they unexpectedly encountered Mele and her sister, Malia.

Mele's face lit up with a warm smile as she opened her arms wide, embracing Teuila and speaking with affection and pride.

"My darling Teuila, embarking on a journey with her beloved to explore new lands and encounter new people. Among all your siblings, I never would have guessed that the once reserved and introspective young girl would be the first to embark on such a journey."

Her voice carried a hint of nostalgia, and her eyes shimmered with maternal love as she held Teuila tightly, cherishing the sight of the confident and spirited young woman her daughter had become.

She released Teuila from her embrace and turned to Ella, taking hold of her. "Little El, look after these two. They have a way of marching to the beat of their own drums."

Ella nodded in agreement and replied, "Of course, I will. Teuila is my new friend, so I won't let anything happen to her. But Arch can take care of himself."

She glanced mischievously at Archer and playfully stuck out her tongue before Mele released her grip. Ella then joined Teuila's side.

Teuila leaned in and whispered to Ella, "Watch what she does now. She does this to all my brothers."

Mele approached Archer and enveloped him in a warm hug, pressing his head into her massive cleavage.

Archer relished the soothing feeling and the delightful fragrance emanating from her, but their embrace soon came to an end.

Mele smiled at the young man and spoke as she let him go, "Take care of them, Archer, and be sure to come back and visit. It has been a pleasure getting to know you."

Smiling at the woman, Archer exited the palace, with Teuila and Ella following closely behind him.

Their first destination was The Blade's Edge, where they planned to purchase a bow for Ella.

After a short walk, they emerged from the palace and proceeded down the bustling main street.

They walked for some time until they finally stumbled upon the shop they had been searching for.

The establishment stood prominently, constructed from a combination of sturdy stone and warm wood.

It exuded an air of meticulous maintenance, evident from its pristine appearance. Its sign said, "The Blade's Edge Weapon Shop," which caught their attention.

With Teuila leading the way, she stepped forward and motioned for the others to follow suit.

As the three entered the store, their eyes were captivated by the vast array of weapons, armor, and merchandise on display.

Behind the counter, two people engaged in a heated conversation, seemingly unaware of their arrival.

One of them stood as a towering figure, a tall and robust man with a magnificent grey beard cascading down his chest.

His imposing presence exuded strength and wisdom. The other person was a petite woman with a head of short grey hair.

Despite her stature, her captivating brown eyes possessed an intensity that captivated Archer and the girls.

Chapter 130 Preparing.

The three of them approached the shop counter, as an intense exchange between a man and a young woman crackled in the air.

The frustrated voice of the older man reverberated throughout the store, his words echoing, "Sione, we can't keep striking deals with every new adventurer who stumbles in here! Our hard-earned coins are vanishing into thin air!"

Annoyed by his daughter's kindness, he stormed off towards the back, forcefully slamming the door behind him.

Left in his wake, the young woman with captivating brown eyes stepped forward to take his place behind the counter.

Her gaze met Teuila's, causing her eyes to widen in surprise, and with a smile on her face she quickly went to bow but was stopped.

"No need to bow, Sione, I've told you many times before," Teuila reassured her, her voice full of friendliness. "We've come to purchase the finest bow you have available."

Sione nodded, pausing momentarily to gather her thoughts, before disappearing into the back room.

Within moments, Sione's father Tui emerged from the back. Upon spotting Teuila, his anger melted away as he addressed her with respect, bowing while he spoke.

"Princess It's good to see you again, Sione told me you want to buy a bow?"

Teuila acknowledged his words with a nod, then gestured towards Ella. "Yes, my friend Ella here is the one in need."

Ella beamed with happiness and waved at the man, who paused, lost in thought, as realization struck him like lightning as he remembered something.

He hurried back to where he came from under the watchful gaze of the four, wondering what the big man was doing.

After ten minutes of rummaging and clattering, he returned, cradling a bow carefully wrapped in a piece of old fabric.

Tui looked up, about to speak, when his attention was captivated by the young man silently accompanying the two women.

His eyes widened as he saw the four horns and beautiful white scales, causing him to stutter, "Y-y-young man, aren't you the Hero of Aquaria? And the fiancé of our esteemed princess here?"

He met the man's gaze, confirming his identity with a nod before introducing himself, "I'm Archer."

The astonished man shook his head, a broad smile illuminating his face as he extended his hand for a handshake. Archer gratefully accepted the gesture, reciprocating with a firm grip.

"I'm Tui, Owner of The Blade's Edge. Let me show you the bow. I think you'll like it."

Tui's excitement surged as he unveiled the bow concealed beneath the weathered fabric, revealing a stunning sky-blue bow.

It instantly reminded Archer of the Recurve Bows found on Earth, evoking a sense of familiarity and admiration.

Archer extended his hand to pick it up, his fingers wrapped around the bow, and he got a shock, the bow weighed nearly nothing.

The bow felt as if it were nothing more than a small twig. With a nod of assurance, Archer passed the bow over to Ella, inviting her to check it out.

Ella's eyes sparkled with eager anticipation as she accepted the bow, cradling it delicately, and appreciating the perfect craftsmanship.

The smooth texture of the bow's surface felt comforting against her fingertips, enhancing her connection to the weapon.

She marveled at the elegant curves and the beautiful blue color, Ella felt mana flowing through it.

Looking around she spotted some arrows, she made her way over to them. With a swift motion, she positioned an arrow on the bowstring, her perfect movements mesmerized Archer.

She pulled back, the tension built, her focus narrowing on an imaginary target. As Ella pretended to release the arrow, the bow string moved with ease.

Ella's face lit up with a radiant smile, her eyes reflecting a mix of joy and even more happiness.

With a voice brimming with uncontrollable excitement, she exclaimed, "This bow is incredible! It feels as though it was crafted just for me!"

Archer glanced at Tui, who was looking at the half-elf girl with a wide smile as she was examining the bow.

"The bowstring is crafted from boiled troll guts, making it far superior to ordinary ones. The only thing that surpasses it is the legendary Arachne silk."

Tui started to share more details about the bow, his voice filled with enthusiasm.

"The main body of the bow is crafted from Runewood, a rare and potent material obtained from the heart of the Howling Jungle. This bow possesses remarkable power and has the ability to be infused with mana, allowing it to shoot mana arrows. It's an ideal choice for magic users seeking to boost their ranged attacks."

When Archer heard that, he knew it would be perfect for Ella. He then spoke, "How much? And what types of arrows do you have?"

Tui was about to speak, but Sione suddenly rushed off to gather something. Not long after, she returned with four types of arrows in her hands.

She looked at Ella and began speaking, "Well, we have four types in stock: Piercing, Light, Explosive, and the Seeker arrows."

Sione organized the arrows and continued, "The Seeker arrows are very popular. They home in on the chosen target, making them ideal for long-range precision shots."

Ella's eyes shimmered with excitement as she nodded, her gaze fixated on the array of arrows. Archer and Teuila couldn't help but notice her contagious enthusiasm.

The two of them burst into laughter, but their amusement quickly subsided as they saw Ella's puzzled expression, her head tilted slightly to the side.

"Why are you two laughing?" she inquired, her voice tinged with curiosity.

Teuila's smile warmed, and she responded, "We can see how much you adore them."

Ella's smile widened even further, her joy evident in the flicker of her ears. She nodded eagerly, expressing her happiness.

Archer redirected his attention to Tui and Sione, his intention clear. "I'm interested in buying all the arrows you have in stock, along with the bow. How much for it all?"

The father and daughter exchanged astonished glances, and it was Sione who spoke first.

"Well, we've never had someone purchase such a large quantity of arrows before. The total cost would be 100 gold coins. The bow itself is 70 gold coins, considering the rare materials used in its crafting, and the remaining 30 gold coins cover the 10,000 arrows that are currently in stock."

Sione's explanation came to an end, her gaze fixed on Archer. He confidently reached into his pouch and withdrew 150 coins, placing them on the counter with assurance.

Tui accepted the pouch, giving it a slight jingle as he weighed its contents. He nodded in approval, his eyes meeting his daughter's with a smile.

"They've paid the full amount and even a little extra. We truly appreciate your patronage, Princess, Archer, and Ella."

With the transaction completed, they began gathering Archer's order. Bundles of the four kinds of arrows took up so much space that he started to store them in his Item Box.

As time swiftly passed, Archer quickly stored away all the arrows. Just before their departure, Tui approached Ella, presenting her with a sleek and stylish black quiver.

Expressing their gratitude to the father and daughter, they bid farewell to the shop and stepped outside. As they walked, Teuila started to speak.

"El and I could use some armor. It's time we wore something more suitable for battle than our dresses. There's a shop by the docks called Valor's Armory, they sell really well-crafted armor"

Archer and Ella nodded in agreement and they started to follow Teuila through the bustling Aquaria streets.

With each step, the sounds of the city faded, replaced by the distant cries of seagulls and the sounds of waves hitting the docks.

Arriving at their destination, the scene unfolded in front of them was a vibrant hub of commerce and activity.

Sturdy wooden piers extended into the crystal blue waters, forming pathways that weaved through a bustling crowd of sailors, merchants, and dockworkers.

The air was tinged with the smell of the sea, Archer felt refreshed when the air filled his lungs.

Brinebeaks glided through the sky, their calls blending with the distant sounds of creaking cranes and the clatter of cargo being unloaded from ships.

The dockworkers, straining their muscles and faces covered with sweat, were tirelessly moving barrels, crates, and bales onto the docks to be taken to their destinations.

Flags from various kingdoms fluttered and twirled in the gentle breeze, their vivid colors proclaiming the arrival of ships from distant lands.

Each vessel bore its own unique characteristics, and Archer's eyes saw a spectacle of dwarves, elves, Demi-Humans, and countless other races.

Archer gazed at a distant cliff overlooking the docks, his attention was drawn to the sight of children joyfully leaping into the beautiful waters.

Just then, Teuila nudged him gently. "The shop is over here, Arch. It seems to be busy," she remarked, gesturing towards the far end of the road they were on.

Nodding to her, they set off toward their destination, eager to continue on with their journey.