

A Journey 151

Chapter 151 Oasis Spice Traders.

Archer pressed forward while Teuila unleashed her sword on the approaching zombies. Ella continued firing her arrows, targeting the undead with lethal precision.

Ashes swirled in the wind as Archer neared the creatures, but he choose not to engage in close combat.

Instead, he unleashed a barrage of powerful spells: Eldritch Blasts, Element Bolts, and Plasma Missiles.

Explosions erupted in all directions. The guards of the caravan were shocked by the sudden help.

The horde of zombies and ghouls surged toward them, their relentless advance instilling a sense of panic in the guards.

As the undead creatures drew nearer, Archer took a deep breath and unleashed a stream of violet flames that engulfed the horde.

In a matter of seconds, they fell to the ground, their bodies consumed by the flames, leaving only ashes behind.

Meanwhile, Ella showcased her remarkable Archery skills, consistently hitting her targets with her light-infused mana arrows.

Teuila fearlessly defended herself and Ella, ruthlessly cutting down any undead that dared to get close to them.

Sera flew in graceful circles above the trio, showering the undead with her beautiful red flames that proved just as deadly as Archer's fiery breath.

Archer started using his tail, swiftly swiping at the legs of nearby zombies and ghouls. Together, the three of them fought relentlessly until the tide of the undead began to slow.

The ground was littered with lifeless corpses, prompting Archer to incinerate them further with well-aimed fire bolts.

Sera landed gracefully on his shoulder as the caravan guards cleared a path through the carnage.

After the chaos settled, a plump man approached the trio. Ella put away her bow while Teuila cleaned her blade with water magic.

Archer casually brushed off the clinging ash as the man stopped before them. He glanced at the three and introduced himself.

"Thank you, young ones. You arrived just in time. I am Omar Finch, the owner of Oasis Spice Traders, a small merchant group based in Akhetemhat, a border city of the Zenia Empire," Omar greeted the trio.

Archer, addressing the older man, introduced himself and the two girls before walking away. "I'm Archer, and these girls are my fiancées, Teuila and Ella. It's a pleasure to meet you, Omar."

As the three of them started to walk away, Omar called out to them, halting their steps. "Would you like to travel with us? I can speak highly of you to the Nomarch, and he may reward you."

Archer turned around, retrieving the medallion given to him by Emperor Amkhu Sharifi from his Item Box.

He showed it to Omar, whose eyes widened, immediately bowing in reverence. The three of them felt a sense of confusion, yet they refrained from expressing it.

It was Ella who leaned closer and broke the silence. "Let's join them on their journey, Arch. Making friends in different places can prove valuable in the future," She whispered.

Archer chuckled and nodded in agreement. "Alright."

With their decision made, they turned back to Omar and accepted his offer. However, before Archer or Ella could respond, Teuila spoke up.

"Yes, we will accompany you. Which direction are you heading?" She inquired.

Omar shifted his gaze to the blue-haired girl and replied, "We're heading back to Akhetemhat City. We've just completed a trade mission to the south."

The three nodded at the man who smiled and guided them to his carriage, he spoke as they walked along. "My wife is in the carriage with my two children. If you girls want to join her she has tea and snacks."

The girls turned to Archer who nodded at them so they entered the carriage and he jumped up on the roof to relax.

He found the gentle swaying of the carriage to be soothing, creating a sense of relaxation. Sera nestled on his chest, and he gently stroked her, eliciting a contented purr from the small dragon.

Omar watched this and was confused, as he clearly could tell the boy was strong but he didn't act like it.

Shaking his head as he motioned for the caravan to continue on, hours passed as they traveled through the jungle.

As the sun began to set, the decision was made to press on until they reached the Khemra Sands where the Everflow River flowed through.

The girls checked on Archer but soon noticed that he and Sera were fast asleep. Amused, they chuckled at the sight of him tightly hugging the little dragon, who seemed to enjoy the embrace and wrapped her tail around his arm.

Night fell as the caravan emerged from the howling jungle. Just as they crossed a wooden bridge spanning a gorge, they were suddenly ambushed.

Groups of cannibals pursued them, engaging in a fierce battle with the caravan's rear guard. Ella jumped out of the carriage and swiftly shot down those who managed to get past the guards.

Teuila shielded Ella while fearlessly killing attackers on her own. The sound of projectiles jolted Archer awake, still cradling Sera in his arms.

He placed her on his shoulder, and he started casting Element Bolts made from thunder that struck the cannibals, causing them to stagger but not give up on their assault.

The cannibals poured across the bridge, driven by an eerie silence. The guards formed a defensive line between the intruders and the caravan.

Ella's arrows claimed many lives, but their numbers seemed endless. Teuila managed to kill a few dozen and kept a watchful eye over the half-elf.

Archer unleashed Eldritch Blasts into the group of cannibals, tearing them apart and sending some flying through the air.

After a fierce battle, the cannibals eventually retreated into the darkness, dragging their fallen comrades and the slain guards into the dark jungle.

Ella and Teuila caught their breaths, with Ella massaging her hands and Teuila stored her sword after cleaning it again.

Archer hopped off the carriage and spoke to the girls. "Would you like to rest in the domain? It will be peaceful there."

They exchanged glances and shook their heads. Teuila spoke up, "We wanted to spend more time talking to Mariam. She was telling us about the Zenia Empire."

Archer nodded understandingly, and the girls smiled before giving him a kiss each. Sera, observing the affectionate scene, began licking Archer's cheek, prompting a smile to spread across his face.

He leaped back onto the roof and patiently waited for the caravan to regroup. Omar passed by and spoke to him. "Archer, thank you for your assistance. Once we reach the Khemra Sands, we'll set up camp."

Archer looked down at Omar and replied, "No worries. I'll keep watch, so don't worry."

The man glanced at the boy, impressed by his dedication, before walking off to organize the guards for cleanup. Though they had lost five guards, they still had 131 remaining.

After gathering the fallen guards' equipment, the caravan resumed its journey until they reached a vast desert grassland that extended as far as the eye could see.

He sat cross-legged atop the roof of the swaying carriage, Archer gazed out into the vast expanse of the landscape that mirrored the enchanting allure of Egypt back on Earth.

The moon cast a gentle radiance, painting the sandy dunes with a silvery hue, while countless stars adorned the velvety sky above.

The rhythmic clatter of hooves against the desert road provided a soothing melody, lulling Archer into a state of tranquility.

As the cool night breeze tousled his now short hair, he got comfortable on the carriage roof and allowed his gaze to wander.

The undulating waves of sand stretched as far as the eye could see, shimmering under the moon's tender glow.

Each dune seemed to tell a tale of timelessness and whispered secrets of ancient civilizations.

A symphony of desert sounds filled the air. The soft rustling of trees mingled with the distant hooting of an owl, creating a serene ambiance that embraced Archer's senses.

The distant flickering lights of a nomadic camp added a touch of warmth to the nocturnal panorama.

Archer envisioned the bustling marketplace of an ancient Egyptian city, bustling with traders and adorned with vibrant fabrics and intricate artifacts.

The scent of exotic spices seemed to dance in the air as if carried on the desert winds. Lost in this captivating reverie.

The rich history and timeless beauty of Southland's landscape enveloped him, stirring a sense of wonder.

Shaking his head, he reluctantly tore his gaze away from the captivating view. He reached into his Item Box grabbing some chocolate.

As he savored the sweet treat, he absentmindedly stroked Sera, eliciting a contented purr from the little dragon, who stretched out lazily on his lap.

Before long, the caravan reached a peaceful riverbank, where they began the process of setting up camp.

Archer joined Teuila and Ella as they stepped out of the carriage, ready to bring out their own tent.

After a little while the tent was fully set up, and the three entered, seeking peace from the outside world.

Sera flew off his shoulder, gliding across the tent to settle comfortably on a small sofa within the tent.

Chapter 152 Horde.

When they entered the tent, Ella took charge of preparing a meal, allowing Teuila and Archer to unwind and relax.

As they settled down, Teuila surprised Archer by moving closer, their shoulders touching. Her mischievous ocean-blue eyes locked onto his, radiating playful anticipation.

With a gentle touch, her hands caressed his ears, sending waves of pleasure through his body.

She leaned over so their lips met in a tender and passionate kiss, igniting a tingling sensation that danced across their senses.

Her touch was both gentle and electrifying, her fingers entwined in his hair as his hands rested on her hips.

In that stolen moment, their lips danced together, deepening their connection with each blissful second.

Teuila and Archer reveled in the enchanting experience created by their intertwined playful gestures and the sweetness of their kiss, delighting in every moment of it.

When they finally parted, a lingering sweetness remained, reminiscent of perfectly ripe fruit.

She smiled at Archer, a gentle expression of affection, and drew closer to him, wrapping her arms around him in a comforting embrace.

He reciprocated, holding her close. As time passed, Archer and Teuila engaged in lighthearted conversation, accompanied by distant howls from the forest and the gentle rustling of the tent in the growing wind.

Their conversation was interrupted by Ella's call, signaling that she had finished their meal. With empty stomachs grumbling, they eagerly approached the table.

Before them lay three steaming bowls of hearty soup, generously filled with succulent chunks of meat.

A plate piled high with fluffy bread awaited them, completing the delectable feast. Taking their seats, they prepared to indulge in the mouthwatering spread.

Archer expressed his gratitude to Ella, saying, "Thanks, El. It looks delicious."

Unable to resist, Teuila took a spoonful of the stew. Her eyes widened with delight as she turned to Ella and asked, "What's this called El?"

Ella smiled warmly and replied, "It's Stonefire Stew. My mother taught me the recipe when we lived in the castle. She said it belongs to the Dwarves."

Archer and Teuila nodded, savoring each flavorful bite of the food. It surpassed their expectations, leaving them feeling satisfied and content.

After finishing their meal, they settled onto the sofas to relax. As he lay there, Teuila posed a question, "Arch, what are we going to do once we reach Zenia?"

He smiled at the blue-haired girl, about to respond, but before he could utter a word, screams and shouts erupted from all over the camp.

Startled, the trio exchanged glances and swiftly rose from their seats. They hurriedly made their way outside, only to witness a chaotic scene.

Guards were locked in combat with zombies and ghouls.

These creatures towered over them, their pale skin contrasting with piercing red eyes. With their elongated arms and sharp claws, they mercilessly dispatched the defending forces.

Reacting quickly, Archer unleashed a rapid barrage of light bolts, striking the creatures with his precise aim.

Ella and Teuila swiftly joined the fight, using their own skills to help drive back the attackers.

Archer's bolts proved deadly, dispatching dozens of zombies and ghouls with each shot. Ella's arrows rained down upon the creatures, finding their marks with deadly accuracy.

Teuila's swift and graceful movements allowed her blade to slice through the creature's neck with ease.

However, their efforts seemed futile as more and more emerged from the direction of the jungle, their numbers growing exponentially.

The situation turned dire as the guards succumbed one by one, overwhelmed and swarmed by the relentless onslaught of zombies and ghouls.

Archer realized the harsh reality in front of him. Although he wanted to save everyone, the scattered positions of the humans made it impossible. His priority was to protect Teuila and Ella.

With urgency, Archer entered the tent and gently picked up Sera, placing her on his shoulder. She nestled into his shirt, seeking comfort.

Leaving the tent, he quickly stored it away in his Item Box. Looking around, Archer's heart sank as more zombies appeared, overpowering the remaining guards.

They needed to retreat due to the gravity of the situation and the number of zombies, ghouls, and other creatures that appeared.

The girls sprinted towards the carriage, as a harrowing scene unfolded before their eyes.

Hundreds of creatures were launching a ferocious assault on the guards who stood as the last line of defense for the merchant and his family.

Their eyes locked onto Archer, and in a voice filled with worry, Teuila shouted, "Archer, save the family!"

He looked over to the girls and quickly cast Crown of Stars which instantly activated and started taking down creatures.

Archer used Blink to grab a hold of their waist, then cast it again and appeared next to the carriage.

He released the girls from his grasp and directed his gaze toward them. "Go inside and ensure the safety of the family. I will transport you to the domain for now. I'll contact you when it's safe to return."

Teuila and Ella nodded in understanding, quickly making their way into the carriage. Their sudden arrival startled the family within, but they reassured them as they boarded.

Archer touched the carriage, and as he did Sera emerged to join the girls inside. With a burst of mana, the entire carriage was transported to the domain.

Now alone, he took in the grim sight around him. The remaining guards were being overrun by the relentless creatures.

As the fallen soldiers rose, their bodies transformed, adding to the ever-growing ranks of the undead. In a whispered tone he uttered to himself, "Draco."

In a majestic display, he transformed into his dragon form, standing tall above the horde of undead. Their attempts to harm him with teeth and claws proved futile.

With a powerful beat of his wings, he ascended into the air, hovering high above the once-serene plain where their camp had stood not long ago. From this vantage point, he surveyed the scene below.

Drawing in a deep breath, Archer unleashed a mighty roar, accompanied by a torrent of flames that engulfed the undead, reducing them to ash.

He continued his fiery assault until the entire horde was consumed, the billowing black smoke obscuring the night sky even more.

Satisfied with his work, he took to the skies, flying for hours until he caught sight of a distant city.

However, something seemed amiss as his eyes widened in disbelief. An army of undead marched relentlessly towards the city, their intentions clear.

When he got closer he swooped down toward the back of the horde and flopped down on them.

He swiftly stood up and drew in a deep breath, releasing a powerful burst of fire that engulfed the horde.

Archer kept breathing his flames to burn away the undead until he arrived in front of the city and came to a stop.

The defenders of the city were shocked as they laid their eyes on him. However, his moment of admiration was interrupted when he was struck by an acid spell.

Turning his massive head towards the source of the attack, he saw a tall figure with pale white skin, jet-black hair, and an imposing presence.

A certain name came to mind. 'Necromancer.'

Archer quickly cast Eldritch Blast at the man who dodged them and return the attack with his own.

Acid balls flew at him as he used Blink to dodge, he quickly used it to get behind the necromancer.

When he did he cast Plasma Missiles that sped toward the man as he tried firing more acid spells at the incoming spells but the missiles avoided them.

They collided with the Necromancer with great force, sending him hurtling backward until he crashed into a nearby sand dune.

Without giving him a chance to recover, Archer pounced on the fallen man. The man gazed up, his eyes widening in fear as he found himself face-to-face with the menacing jaws of a dragon.

With a swift motion, he devoured the necromancer, ensuring that he would no longer pose a threat to him or the Zenia Empire.

Standing amidst the aftermath, Archer felt a rumble in his stomach, but it quickly subsided. He let out a mighty burp, releasing a puff of green smoke.

Returning to his humanoid form, he opened a portal leading to the domain and stepped through.

Inside, he came across a distressed yet amazed family of four gathered beneath the treehouse in a peaceful clearing looking around.

The girls were engaged in conversation with a jovial, red-haired woman whose voice carried across the open space. Omar, with a heartfelt embrace, held onto the two children.

He saw Sera flying around and went off to hunt somewhere. Spotting him as he approached, Ella greeted him warmly with a smile.

She walked up to him, pausing in front of him before asking, "Are they safe? Are you near Akhetemhat?"

He nodded, confirming, "Yes, once I'm there somewhere with space, I'll summon the carriage."

Creating another portal, Archer stepped through it again and emerged outside the city, making his way towards the towering gate.

As he reached the imposing gate, the entire assembly of Zenians directed their attention toward him, their eyes widened in astonishment and disbelief.

A distinct clicking sound captured Archer's focus, drawing his attention to a small door embedded within the gate.

Designed for a single person, it opened in the corner, revealing an older man who stepped out, halting in front of Archer.

With a scrutinizing gaze, the man studied him intently before finally uttering his words

Chapter 153 Akhetemhat City.

"Thank you for your assistance, young man. I am Captain Thutmose, in charge of the City guard." The stranger expressed his gratitude before expressing his curiosity.

"However, may I inquire about your identity and purpose in the Zenia Empire?"

Archer maintained eye contact with Thutmose and replied as he took out the medallion, "I have come to meet my fiancée in Alexandria and continue my journey north. Could I be granted entry into the city?"

Upon catching sight of it, the commander's eyes widened, prompting him to bow respectfully. This action left Archer perplexed, and he couldn't help but question the man's reaction.

"Why are you bowing to me? Even the merchants did the same."

Thutmose gathered himself and provided an explanation. "Well, the medallion you carry represents the imperial family, specifically a prince. However, I couldn't help but wonder since you don't bear any resemblance to any member of our royal family. Could you please clarify?"

Archer raised an eyebrow, contemplating the man's words before responding. "I am betrothed to Princess Nefertiti, and the emperor has asked me visit to Zenia as I journeyed north."

Thutmose smiled as he mumbled to himself as he remembered something. "So it's him, no wonder the Counselor sent out that message about a white-haired boy with horns."

The captain shook his head and smiled as he spoke. "Okay, Prince Consort you can enter. Enjoy your visit."

He nodded and approached the city and entered through the same door the man walked out of, when he entered he saw a beautiful city in front of him.

Before him, an Egyptian-like city emerged, adorned with majestic structures and vibrant colors that seemed to defy the harsh desert surroundings.

The sun cast a warm golden glow on the city's sandstone buildings, highlighting intricate carvings and hieroglyphics adorning their walls.

Towering obelisks stood proudly, reaching towards the heavens, while grand temples with impressive columns beckoned visitors.

Archer's gaze swept across the bustling streets filled with people dressed in traditional Egyptian garments.

Men and women adorned in vibrant tunics, linen robes, and detailed headdresses moved about purposefully, engaged in various activities.

The air was filled with the fragrant scent of incense and the distant melodies of traditional music.

The city's architecture reflected the rich heritage of the Zenia Empire, with elaborate shops and residences lining the streets.

Lush gardens and fountains provided a contrast to the arid landscape, offering a serene oasis within the bustling city.

He took in the scene before him, he marveled at the blend of ancient traditions and modern life.

He spotted a square further down the road and made his way toward it, eventually coming to a stop when he reached it.

Opening a portal, he stepped through, vanishing from sight. Within moments, he reappeared in the exact same location as the carriage in the domain.

Approaching it, his hand gently rested on its side and teleported it to the square he was just in.

Archer and the carriage appeared out of thin air, nearby onlookers were startled, their faces displaying a mix of surprise and confusion.

Onlookers were captivated by the unexpected sight. The grandeur of the carriage and the elegance of the horses left them shocked.

With a graceful motion, the carriage door swung open, revealing Ella and Teuila inside. Their faces lit up with joy as they caught sight of Archer standing nearby.

Filled with excitement, they approached him swiftly, their smiles shining brightly. Sera flew out and landed on his shoulder.

"Hey, Arch, is this Akhetemhat City?" Ella asked, her eyes scanning the surroundings, taking in the sight of the sandstone buildings.

Teuila remained silent but her eyes sparkled with anticipation as she absorbed the atmosphere of the city.

Meanwhile, Omar and his wife Mariam stepped out of the carriage, accompanied by two adorable little girls who resembled their mother.

Omar approached him with a deep sense of gratitude, bowing respectfully before speaking. "Archer, I cannot thank you enough for saving my family. Your bravery has brought us relief."

After exchanging a nod with an older man and saying his goodbyes, the trio embarked on a quest to find the guild.

However, despite their best efforts, they couldn't seem to locate it amidst the bustling streets of the city. He approached the first guard he came across.

Approaching a guard that was stationed at a corner, Archer addressed him. "Excuse me, could you please direct me to the guild?"

The guard glanced at him, before pointing down another street, providing clear instructions. "Sure, just head down that street. Keep walking until you reach the end, and you'll see the guild."

Archer and the girls thanked him and walked down the street, Teuila voiced her curiosity. "Arch, why are we heading to the guild? Are you planning to take on a quest?"

Pausing briefly, Archer turned to them and answered, "Most likely, we'll take on a quest. But the primary reasons we're going there are to enroll both of you."

The girls grinned and nodded in agreement. Resuming their walk, the trio soon caught sight of the impressive guild building ahead.

Archer, accompanied by Teuila and Ella, entered the bustling adventurers guild. As they stepped inside, the room fell momentarily silent, and the gazes of every adventurer turned toward them.

Whispers began to ripple through the crowd as they took in the sight of the two stunning girls by Archer's side.

Archer could feel all the eyes on him, but he remained composed. Teuila and Ella exchanged glances, seemingly unfazed by the sudden scrutiny.

As they approached the guild's counter, whispers started to fill the air.

"Check out the guy with two stunning girls! His lucky"

"He's a dragon-kin, and the blonde is an elf. The blue-haired one looks human."

"I wonder who they are. They're fresh faces in this place."

"He's got a little dragon on his shoulder. I wonder what beast it is."

The murmurs continued, swirling with intrigue and curiosity. Archer couldn't help but overhear their conversations as they made their way to the counter.

Reaching it, he exchanged a polite nod with the receptionist, who seemed to be aware of the whispers circulating around the guild.

Undeterred, Archer focused on the task at hand, ready to register Teuila and Ella as adventurers.

With her blonde hair, pink eyes, and brown skin, the woman behind the counter politely requested his guild card. "May I see your guild card, please?"

He handed over his card, and the woman scanned it with a device, her eyebrows lifting in surprise.

The woman at the counter directed her attention toward Archer, clearly curious. "According to our records, you have some quests that are still pending. Why haven't you marked them as completed? The guild system indicates that the bandit group you pursued hasn't been spotted since."

Archer was about to respond, but before he could say a word, Teuila interjected, coming to his defense.

"He was involved in the Aquarian war and was held up due to that. The Zenian Imperial family can confirm his participation and the circumstances surrounding it."

The woman behind the counter wore a skeptical expression, but her doubt vanished as Archer produced the Zenian medallion. Her eyes widened in recognition.

The woman smiled, her gaze briefly resting on Archer's horns before she responded. "Not a problem at all. I am well acquainted with the war and the dragon's role in it, as well as the Emperor's choice to betroth Princess Nefertiti to the dragon. I must confess, I feel a twinge of sympathy for the dragon. The princess can be quite a handful, and numerous suitors have faced the consequences."

Two giggles emerged from behind him, but he paid them little attention as he focused on the woman's voice. "Anyway, my name is Rania. How can I assist you today?"

Archer greeted Rania. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Rania. These two would like to register as adventurers."

Rania responded with a nod, displaying a smile. She searched for something on the counter as Ella and Teuila approached.

As they neared, Rania retrieved two forms and handed them to the girls, instructing them to fill them out.

After a little while, they completed the forms and returned them to Rania, who proceeded to stamp them.

She looked back up, her pink eyes meeting their gazes. "Please wait here for a moment. I will go and process your cards."

The three nodded and waited for Rania to return. Ella turned to Archer and asked. "What are we going to do after this?"

He shrugged before speaking, "We'll take a quest that's in the north and continue our journey. We can report the completion of the quest in the next city."

Both girls nodded, and they continued their conversation until Rania returned, holding two amber-colored guild cards, which she handed to the girls.

Rania looked at Archer and said, "I assume you'll explain the rules to the two of them?"

Archer nodded at the woman as she stamped some papers and wished them a good day.

They then made their way toward the quest boards. He began searching, focusing on those located in the northern regions.

Chapter 154 Shadows Of Nekhen.

After searching for a little while, Archer finally came across a quest that caught his attention. He picked it up and began reading the details.

[The Town of Nekhen, located to the north of Akhetemhat, is plagued by a series of mysterious disappearances. Disturbing reports suggest the presence of eerie shadows that haunt the night, instilling fear and unease among the villagers. They are desperately seeking assistance to uncover the truth and put an end to this growing threat.]

[Reward: 100 gold coins for investigating and resolving the mysterious disappearances.]

Archer choose this and pulled it off the board and when he did Teuila spoke up. "What's that Arch?"

He looked at her. "A quest that is in the north, people seem to be vanishing from a town, they want someone to find out what's going on."

They agreed to take it and took it to the counter to be assigned to them. After submitting the quest notice and completing the registration process with Rania, the trio bid farewell to her and began their journey north.

As they walked through the bustling streets, they stumbled upon a lively marketplace filled with an array of food stalls.

The delightful smells tickled Archer's senses, making his stomach growl audibly.

Unable to resist the temptation, he followed his curiosity to one of the stalls. He scanned the mouthwatering selection of dishes, his eyes dancing across the options on display.

To his surprise, his eyes fell upon a nearby sign and realized that he could actually read it. Intrigued, he began perusing the list of items being offered.

[Kofta Skewers: Succulent grilled meat skewers seasoned with aromatic Zenian spices and served with a dipping Stormberry sauce]

[Falafel Wraps: Crispy and flavorful falafel balls stuffed into warm pita bread, accompanied by a variety of fresh Dreamroot and Emberthorn]

[Kushari Bowls: A hearty and satisfying dish consisting of a mix of rice, Soulstalk, and macaroni, topped with Glowroot]

[Foul Medames: A traditional Zenian dish made from slow-cooked beans, seasoned with Silvervine, Firepetal juice, and spices, served with warm bread]

[Hawawshi: A savory meat-filled pastry, typically made with a mixture of minced meat, onions, herbs, and Thornfruit spices baked inside a flaky bread dough]

[Umm Ali: A deliciously indulgent Zenian bread pudding, made with layers of puff pastry, milk, Moonstone nuts, raisins, and aromatic spices, then baked to perfection]

[Basbousa: A sweet and moist semolina cake soaked in a fragrant syrup made with rosewater and topped with a sprinkling of chopped nuts]

[Sambusak: Crispy and golden triangular pastries filled with a savory mixture of spiced ground meat, Sunfire onions, and herbs]

[Baklava: A delectable pastry made with layers of flaky phyllo dough, honey, and a rich filling of nuts, such as Frostfall Nut or walnuts, and scented with aromatic spices]

As his eyes scanned the various dishes, his stomach couldn't help but rumble in response.

The girls noticed his reaction and burst into laughter. Ella, still laughing, remarked, "Seems like he's not just greedy for gold but also treasures food as another delight."

Turning his attention to the stall owner, Archer inquired, "How much for everything?"

The man, taken aback by such a request, took a moment to think before responding. "I'll offer you everything for 60 gold coins, and if you wish, I can whip up an assortment of other dishes as well."

Archer was curious and asked what deserts he could cook. The man passed over a menu-looking thing that he started reading.

[Nileberry Delight: A decadent dessert made with succulent Nileberries, rich chocolate, and a hint of exotic spices]

[Pharaoh's Delight: A regal dessert fit for a ruler, featuring layers of golden phyllo pastry filled with honeyed figs, Moonberry, and Starfruit]

[Sphinx's Secret: A mysterious dessert with a flaky crust, filled with a luscious blend of creamy tahini, roasted Dreamberries, and hints of rosewater]

[Oasis Oasis: A refreshing dessert reminiscent of an oasis in the desert, combining chilled Pixie milk, juicy Melosweet cubes, and a sprinkle of toasted Moonberry flakes]

[Pyramid Parfait: A visually stunning dessert resembling the iconic shape of a pyramid, composed of layers of Ethermelon, passion Berry, and Chocolate cream, topped with a golden Mystifruit drizzle]

[Scarab Sundae: An indulgent sundae featuring swirls of rich chocolate and caramel ice cream, adorned with crunchy Thornbark nuts]

[Pharaoh's Treasure: A sweet and sticky baklava-like treat made with layers of flaky pastry, honey, and a generous filling of chopped Silvercrest nuts and dried fruits]

[Lotus Flower Cake: A fragrant and delicate cake infused with the essence of lotus flowers, layered with silky lotus cream, and adorned with Stardustberry sauce]

[Desert Rose Pudding: A velvety pudding made with rose-infused milk, delicately flavored with aurora plum]

[Anubis' Chocolate Pyramid: A divine chocolate dessert shaped like a pyramid, filled with a velvety dark chocolate mousse]

When he finished reading he turned his attention to the older man. "I'll take 100 of each. How long will it take?"

The man looked at Archer and shook his head. "A few hours, young man. I'll close up the stall and get to work on your order."

Archer nodded and retrieved a pouch containing 65 gold coins. He handed it to the grateful stall owner, who counted the coins with a smile.

The girls watched Archer with mischievous grins. Teuila giggled and spoke up, "So, you're a dragon who is also greedy for food?"

Ella joined in the laughter as Archer chuckled and answered, "Yep, I'm a big food lover. You'd understand if you taste some of the food I have."

The three laughed and continued walking through the city, enjoying themselves while the food was being prepared.

As they continued the girls noticed a Zenian clothing store, its vibrant colors and eye-catching displays beckoning to them.

Excitement surged through them, as they turned to him with gleaming eyes. "Archer, we have to check out this clothing store!" Teuila exclaimed, her voice brimming with enthusiasm.

Ella nodded eagerly. "Yes, imagine how amazing you'd look in some Zenian clothes. Let's give it a try!"

Archer was also curious so he followed the girls into the store. Upon entering, they found themselves surrounded by an array of soft fabrics and racks filled with clothing.

A woman behind the counter looked at them and spoke. "Morning customers, how can I help you today?"

Ella walked over to the woman and started a conversation, while the other two stood nearby.

Archer glanced around and couldn't help but notice the shop's spaciousness. Its entrance beckoned with an ornate archway adorned with mystical symbols.

Inside, the air was infused with the scent of fine fabrics and enchanting perfumes.

The store boasted racks of expensive garments, from flowing gowns woven with shimmering threads to elaborate suits embellished with intricate embroidery.

Magical accessories, such as sparkling amulets and ornamental crowns, adorned display cases, capturing the imagination of those who ventured within.

At that moment, Teuila's attention was caught by a rack of loose-fitting shirts in different shades of blue.

"Arch, these shirts are really comfy and ideal for adventures. Let's find one for you."

Ella joined in the search, her attention drawn to a display of lightweight pants in vibrant earth tones. "Look at these pants! They'll keep you comfortable all day long."

Appreciating their concern for his comfort, Archer watched them choose out clothes.

Together, they sifted through the racks, selecting shirts in soothing blues, cool greens, and warm oranges.

The pants they chose ranged from earthy browns to sandy beiges, offering a variety of options for Archer to mix and match.

After choosing various clothes, Archer headed to the fitting room to try them on. When he emerged, he wore a sky-blue shirt that perfectly complemented his violet eyes.

Paired with relaxed khaki pants, he exuded a laid-back and stylish vibe. The girls couldn't help but smile, pleased with their choices.

"You look great! The colors suit you really well," Teuila exclaimed, her excitement was contagious.

The trio then proceeded to the counter to pay for the clothes, which came to a total of five gold pieces. He felt happy about the reasonable price.

They left the shop, and Archer decided to buy some potions for the girls and search for new spells.

Before proceeding, he opened a small portal and called out, "Sera!" After a few seconds, a streak of red was spotted, and clung onto him.

He affectionately stroked his mischievous girl, causing the two girls to smile as they witnessed the dragons enjoying each other's company.

Ella leaned in and whispered to Teuila, "Want to bet that Sera has a humanoid form like Arch? And they'll become a couple once she obtains it?"

Teuila agreed, saying, "I've always thought the same. She acts like a clingy wife, and it's clear they love each other. He spoils her whenever he can, and she absolutely adores it."

The two gossiped about the two dragons while Archer continued to pamper Sera, causing her to purr and cling to him even tighter.

Eventually, Archer ceased the pampering and contemplated which direction to take. The trio stood there, unsure of their next move, until an older woman noticed them and chuckled before speaking.

"Hey, young ones, why do you all look so lost?"

Archer turned his head toward the woman, observing her light brown skin, grey hair, and piercing green eyes.

It seemed she was in her early forties. He nodded in acknowledgment, and she responded with a warm smile as she introduced herself.

"I'm Safiya. Where do you four need to go?"

Chapter 155 Holiday (1) & Training. [Bonus]

[Archer (Earth) - 3 years before Archer's death]

Archer stood outside his house in the afternoon sun, waiting for Alexa and her family. They were taking him to France for a week, and he couldn't contain his excitement.

His parents had already said their goodbyes and his siblings had gone their separate ways for the day. It was just a matter of time before Alexa and her family were ready.

Before long, she appeared by his side, her face beaming with a bright smile. "Hey, Arch, Mum and Dad will be ready soon. They're just waiting for Emma and Amelia to finish getting ready."

He nodded, his brown hair gently swaying in the breeze. "So, how long is the drive to France?"

She tilted her head, contemplating. "Amelia told me it'll take around nine hours."

Alexa's voice overflowed with joy as she continued, "I'm so glad you're coming with us, Arch. I can't wait for you to meet my family, see the beautiful landscapes, and of course, try Auntie Madeleine's delicious cooking."

The two teens excitedly discussed their plans, and their anticipation grew. They couldn't help but imagine the moments they would share in France.

When they were talking Alexa's mum Pamela walked out of the house with a suitcase followed by her dad.

Pamela stepped out of the house, a wide smile adorning her face, as she carried her suitcase towards the car. The sun shone brightly, casting a warm glow on the scene.

With a light skip in her step, Pamela placed her suitcase in the trunk, ensuring everything was securely packed.

She turned around and spotted Alexa and Archer standing side by side, their faces radiant with joy.

"Are you both ready?" Pamela exclaimed, brimming with excitement.

The two nodded, their smiles stretching across their faces. Archer placed his suitcase in the car as prompted by Harry.

Once the door was closed, they settled into the car and patiently waited for the sisters Pamela and her dad were already seated in the car.

After a short while, the sisters emerged, each carrying a few bags. "These girls are so silly. I told them not to pack so much." Pamela remarked, her tone tinged with irritation.

They got in the car after saying sorry and Harry started driving once they were in. As the car cruised along the highway, Archer and Alexa were engaged in an animated conversation.

Their laughter filled the vehicle, creating an atmosphere of warmth and joy. They shared stories, exchanged jokes, and reminisced about their childhood adventures together.

The passing scenery outside the windows became a blur as their focus remained on each other.

When the car entered the Channel Tunnel, a wave of unease engulfed Alexa. The confined space and the darkness enveloping them stirred feelings of claustrophobia, causing her breath to hasten and her heart to pound in her chest.

Sensing her distress, Archer turned his gaze toward her and noticed the subtle change in her mood.

With a gentle touch, he placed his hand on hers, offering a comforting reassurance. "Hey, it's okay," Archer whispered softly, his voice filled with warmth and understanding. "We're together, and we'll be out of here before you know it."

His words of comfort calmed her down, easing her anxiety ever so slightly. She looked into Archer's eyes, gratitude and admiration shining through her own.

"Thank you," she whispered back, her voice barely audible. A soft blush crept across her cheeks, a mixture of vulnerability and appreciation.

As they drove through the tunnel, Archer's presence brought comfort to Alexa. Holding her hand, he reassured her, and her panic slowly faded away.

They continued their journey with Archer by her side, providing reassurance and support. Alexa's trust in him grew, and she felt a deep sense of affection growing for the boy.

In that quiet moment, Alexa realized how lucky she was to have someone like Archer. He understood her and stood by her side, especially in vulnerable moments.

The car passed through the tunnel. Archer and Alexa found themselves drifting into a gentle slumber.

They traveled through France, Archer and Alexa unintentionally leaned against each other, finding comfort in their closeness.

Little did they know, Alexa's family shared knowing smiles as they observed the tender scene from the rearview mirror.

Time passed unnoticed as the car continued its steady journey, while Archer and Alexa peacefully slumbered, their dreams intertwining.

As the afternoon sun painted the sky with soft colors, they slowly roused from their slumber, their eyes blinking in the gentle light.

Stretching their limbs and exchanging smiles, they realized that they had unintentionally dozed off for a while.

The car cruised along the winding roads of the countryside, Archer, Alexa, and her family gazed out the windows, admiring the beautiful landscapes.

Rolling hills adorned with vibrant green meadows stretched as far as the eye could see, dotted with clusters of charming cottages and quaint villages.

The countryside seemed to come alive with colors, as wildflowers painted the fields with splashes of red, yellow, and purple.

Archer leaned closer to the window, his eyes tracing the outlines of distant forests that whispered ancient tales.

Beside him, Alexa's face lit up with delight, her gaze fixed on a tranquil lake. Its waters mirrored the surrounding trees and fluffy white clouds floating lazily above.

The car weaved through narrow lanes, passing by orchards bursting with ripe fruits, their branches swaying gently in the breeze.

Until they saw a French mansion in the distance, that's when Pamela spoke. "There's your Uncle's place Lexi."

[Archer (Thylos) - 3 years before his death]

At the tender age of eight, Archer was dragged away from his tranquil confines in the library and thrust onto the training field.

It was here that he was forced on a journey to learn the art of swordsmanship and combat.

His father, resolute in his decision, commanded the guard commander to take charge of Archer's training, ensuring that he became proficient in wielding a sword.

Day after day, under the scorching sun, Archer endured rigorous training at the hands of the Commander. From dawn until dusk, they sparred relentlessly, honing his skills with the sword.

The man's gruff voice echoed across the training grounds, pushing him to his limits.

Sweat poured down his brow as he parried and thrust, each movement fueled by determination only to meet his father's expectations.

Hour after hour, the training continued. Archer's muscles burned, his little body aching with fatigue. Yet, he pushed through, refusing to yield to exhaustion.

The commander's stern gaze never wavered his instructions ringing in Archer's ears. "Again! Faster! Stronger!"

As the sun began to set, casting long shadows over the training field, his legs trembled, and his arms grew heavy. He stumbled, his sword slipping from his grasp.

The guard commander surveyed his exhausted form, recognizing the limits the boy had reached. With a nod of approval, he called an end to the grueling session.

Archer collapsed to the ground, gasping for breath, his body covered in a sheen of perspiration. He had given it his all, pushing himself beyond what he thought possible.

As the guard commander walked away, he cast a glance back at Archer, a glimmer of humor in his eyes.

For the following weeks, Archer dedicated himself to intense training under the guidance of the experienced guard commander.

Every day, from dawn until dusk, they would meet on the training grounds. The commander pushed him to his limits, honing his skills in swordsmanship, agility, and combat techniques.

Archer's muscles ached and his body grew weary, but he persevered, determined to become proficient in the art of warfare.

The commander pushed him harder, challenging him to improve his speed, precision, and endurance. They sparred, with each clash of their swords echoing through the training grounds.

Under the man's watchful eye, Archer learned the importance of discipline, focus, and strategic thinking. He was drilled tirelessly, repeating the same movements until they became second nature.

Through sweat, and bruises his determination never wavered. He wanted to prove himself worthy of his father's expectations.

As the weeks passed, Archer's progress became evident. His strikes grew swifter, his footwork more precise, and his instincts sharper.

The man was impressed by Archer's dedication and progress, began introducing more advanced techniques.

Archer soaked up the knowledge like a sponge, eager to absorb every bit of wisdom the commander had to offer.

Hoping to prove his dedication, Archer trained relentlessly, hoping to gain his father's approval. However, his efforts seemed to only result in further rejection.

Feeling lost and uncertain, he sought solace in the sanctuary of the library. After his exhausting training session, he freshened up and headed to the library.

Finding his familiar hiding place, he reached for the monster manual that had captivated him he immersed himself in the descriptions of creatures inhabiting the vast lands of Pluoria.

From the dangerous Sand Worms dwelling in the south to the mighty Ice Golems guarding the northern realms.

However, there was one entry that caught his attention, the Misty Marshlands, a mystical realm bordering the southern expanse of the Negendra Kingdom.

In this expansive realm, Basilisks, Hydras, and a myriad of other monstrous beings prowled the mist-covered land.

They shared the marshlands with untamed tribes, lizard men, and an array of sinister creatures, creating a treacherous and captivating land.

Chapter 156 Buying & Selling.

Archer responded to Safiya, saying, "We're looking for a shop that sells potions and spell books."

The older woman nodded and pointed down the road. "Follow this road, young ones. Both shops are in that direction."

Expressing their gratitude to Safiya, the trio continued on their way, following her directions. Not long after, they spotted two shops named Oasis Elixirs and Bastet's Books of Magic.

Deciding to explore the potion shop first, they made their way toward the entrance. His curiosity heightened as he approached.

The entrance to the shop was adorned with meticulously carved sandstone pillars, each bearing intricate patterns and symbols reminiscent of the ancient Zenian culture.

Hieroglyphics adorned the pillars, their enigmatic strokes hinting at hidden knowledge and long-forgotten tales.

Upon entering, a wave of soothing scents enveloped them, carrying hints of exotic herbs and mystical spices.

Soft, golden light filtered through the stained glass windows, casting vibrant colors across the room. They were greeted by a warm breeze, mimicking the gentle winds of the desert.

The main focal point of the shop was a magnificent Zenian warship placed in the center of the room.

It was an intricately crafted wooden vessel, painted with vibrant blues and gold, and adorned with hieroglyphs and sacred symbols.

The ship's sails, made of delicate silk, billowed gently as if caught in a magical wind. Instead of carrying travelers across the seas, this ship held shelves upon shelves of various potions, vials, and elixirs.

The shelves were carefully arranged, each holding rows of glass containers in all shapes and sizes.

Some potions glowed with ethereal light, while others shimmered with iridescent hues. Each vial was meticulously labeled with neat writing and adorned with golden stoppers or intricate seals.

The shelves themselves were crafted to resemble ancient Zenian temples, complete with miniature statues of deities and tiny replica obelisks.

Archer approached one of the shelves, mesmerized by the sheer variety of options on display.

He saw vials containing sparkling golden serums promising strength and vitality, ethereal blue elixirs for enhanced focus and mental clarity, and rich crimson brews meant to ignite courage and bravery.

Besides Archer, the girls couldn't contain their excitement either. Teuila reached out to touch a vial, causing a gentle glow to emanate from the potion within.

Ella marveled at a delicate vial of shimmering green liquid, labeled as a potent healing elixir.

The shopkeeper, dressed in flowing robes reminiscent of ancient Egyptian attire, approached with a warm smile.

"Welcome to Oasis Elixirs," she said, her voice carrying a soothing, melodic tone. "Are you in search of a particular potion or in need of guidance? Our elixirs hold the secrets of ancient magic and offer remedies for any illness or desire."

Archer approached the woman and straightforwardly stated, "I'd like to buy 200 potions, including health, mana, and stamina."

The woman and the girls appeared surprised by Archer's large order, but the girls decided to wait until he was done before questioning his reason for buying so many potions.

The shopkeeper was momentarily surprised but quickly composed herself, offering a smile. "Of course! Let me prepare your order. It will cost 500 gold. Can you come back in an hour?"

With a nod of agreement, Archer exited the shop and made his way toward Bastet's Books of Magic. As they strolled along, Ella finally voiced the question that had been on both girls' minds.

"Arch, why did you buy so many potions? You can heal on your own, so aren't they pretty useless?" She inquired.

He came to a halt and turned to face both of them, noticing Sera looking at their surroundings.

"I bought them mainly for the two of you. Teuila can heal on her own, thanks to being an Aquarian, but you don't have any self-healing abilities, so you need to be careful." He told the two girls.

Upon hearing his explanation, both girls beamed with understanding and appreciation. They couldn't contain their joy and wrapped their arms around him in a warm hug.

Archer, taken aback by the unexpected embrace, was pleasantly surprised but enjoyed it.

After hugging him they backed off and continued making their way to the spell shop, when they entered they saw shelves of books, scrolls, and tomes in the big shop.

Colorful tapestries hung on the wall and exotic plants were put all over the place giving it a lovely smell.

Archer spoke to the girls. "Have a look for any spells you girls like and we will get them before leaving to complete the quest."

They nodded and went off to look, Archer started to look around when he came to a dusty self and started examining the titles and small descriptions.

[Celestial Beam: Summons a radiant beam of divine energy from above, dealing radiant damage to a target]

[Frost Nova: Releases a wave of freezing cold energy, damaging and potentially slowing enemies down]

[Arcane Explosion: Unleashes a volatile burst of arcane energy, damaging all enemies within range]

[Arcane Missile: Conjures magical projectiles that home in on a target, dealing force damage]

[Elemental Fury: Channels the power of the elements, striking a target with a combination of fire, ice, and lightning damage]

[Arcane Whirlwind: Creates a swirling vortex of magical energy that damages all nearby enemies with force or elemental damage]

[Psychic Blast: Unleashes a blast of psychic energy, assaulting the minds of enemies and causing psychic damage]

[Searing Ray: Shoots a concentrated beam of searing heat, burning enemies and dealing fire damage]

[Chain Lightning: Sends a bolt of lightning toward a target, which then arcs to multiple nearby enemies, dealing electrical damage to each]

Archer's curiosity was piqued, prompting him to gather all the spellbooks and place them alongside the dozens he already had on the counter.

The prospect of creating a library in the treehouse excited him, so he made several trips back and forth, collecting as many books as he could.

Meanwhile, Ella focused on selecting light-based spells, while Teuila concentrated on finding water spells.

With the growing pile of books in hand, he told them to place the books they choose on the counter. Encouraging the girls, Archer urged them to select spells that match their elements.

The girls grinned and rushed off to gather more books. Just then, a towering, elderly man with long hair and a bushy white beard walked out from the back.

He cleared his throat and spoke with a deep voice, addressing the trio in the midst of their book-stacking frenzy.

"I hope you have enough coins to cover the cost of the mountain you're making," he remarked, his tone a blend of curiosity and amusement.

Archer turned to the man and inquired about the price of each book, asking, "How much for each book?"

Scratching his beard in contemplation, the man responded, "I'll give them to you for two gold a piece. That's within the average price range of two to three gold."

With a nod of understanding, he resumed selecting books while the old man began counting them.

After half an hour, they finished gathering their collection, resulting in a stack of five hundred and thirty-nine books, which they had to place on the floor due to their sheer volume.

The old man, visibly weary from counting, coughed and addressed Archer, "The total comes to 1078 gold coins, young man."

Archer retrieved a large pouch from his Item Box and tossed it to the old man, who smiled upon catching it in his hands.

He stored the books, and turned to the shop owner with a question, "Are there any other places besides the guild where I can sell beast bodies?"

The shop owner, peering up from the pouch with narrowed eyes, responded, "Don't you know that the guild has a butcher warehouse near the market?"

Shaking his head, he finished organizing the books and replied, "No, I wasn't aware. Which direction should I head?"

The man then told Archer with directions and expressed gratitude for his patronage. "Thank you for shopping here, young man."

They left the shop and made their way to the warehouse, after twenty minutes of walking they arrived.

The guild warehouse stood proudly, an architectural marvel to behold. Its grand exterior showcased towering sandstone walls adorned with captivating Zenian artwork.

The intricate designs depicted exotic beasts and epic battles, captivating the eye and igniting the imagination.

At the entrance, colossal pillars rose majestically, adorned with motifs of lotus flowers and papyrus.

The intricate symbols imbued an atmosphere of regal magnificence, extending a warm welcome to all who entered.

Archer and the girls ventured into the bustling guild warehouse. As they entered, the clamor of activity surrounded them.

The spacious interior was alive with motion, with guild members and workers hurrying to and fro, each focused on their respective tasks.

The air carried the distinct smell of freshly butchered meat, mingling with the metallic tang of tools.

Countless carcasses of beasts, both familiar and unknown, were suspended from sturdy hooks, awaiting processing.

The warehouse was a symphony of efficiency and organization. Large tables were scattered throughout the space, where skilled workers meticulously dissected and prepared the harvested beast materials.

Chapter 157 Sia Silverthrone. (1) [Bonus]

With a confident stride, a woman with short black hair captivated the attention of those around her on the bustling street. Her fitted Avalon military uniform accentuated her figure, radiating an aura of strength.

With piercing blue eyes, Sia Silverthorne, the General of the Empire's famous Dawnbreaker Cavalry Legion, watched her surroundings.

She walked down the main road. Her destination was the western entrance, where the esteemed College of Magic was not far from.

The headmistress had asked Sia to pay her a visit as she has some information for her, and her curiosity stirred as she wondered what awaited her not knowing it will change her life completely.

As she passed through the western gate she spotted the College of Magic.

The expansive campus sprawled over lush green grounds just outside Starfall City, adorned with meticulously maintained gardens bursting with an array of vibrant flowers.

The entrance gate loomed tall and commanding, its guardians embodied in statues of mythical creatures, seemingly animated by the dancing rays of sunlight.

As she crossed the threshold, Sia found herself immersed in an enchanting world of knowledge and magic.

The main building of the college stood proudly at the heart of the campus, commanding attention with its grandeur and prowess.

Its stone exterior boasted intricate details, featuring gothic windows and soaring turrets that reached towards the heavens.

She walked towards the entrance of the college, where the bustling corridors reverberated with the footsteps of students. Their robes displayed a vibrant array of colors.

Sia caught glimpses of enchanting creatures depicted on the walls, showcasing scenes of adventures and ancient spells.

Continuing her walk, she discovered hidden courtyards adorned with elegant fountains and statues honoring esteemed sorcerers and sorceresses.

Finally, she located the office where the staff worked and approached the man seated at a desk. "Hello, I'm here to see the Headmistress," Sia announced.

The man's eyes widened upon hearing her name, he smiled as he spoke. "General Sia, I'm Sirius Bellafore. Allow me the pleasure of informing her about your arrival."

With a snap of his fingers, he conjured a small fire sprite. He whispered his message to the sprite, and in a burst of flames, the little creature vanished.

As she patiently waited for the headmistress, Sirius approached her with a concerned look on his face. Leaning in closer, he spoke in a hushed tone.

"General, I've heard some troubling rumors coming from someone I know in the church. There's talk of a planned ambush targeting the new White Dragon."

Sia's eyes widened, her interest piqued. "An ambush?" she asked, a mixture of curiosity and concern in her voice.

"Yes," confirmed Sirius, his gaze fixed on her. "There are those who see the White Dragon's growing power and influence as a threat. They want to eliminate him before he becomes too strong."

Just as her attention was captured by Sirius's words, the headmistress materialized before them out of thin air.

She was a sight to behold, adorned in elegant witch robes that flowed around her. Her long, black and purple hair cascaded down her back, complementing her piercing violet eyes that sparkled with wisdom and knowledge.

The woman, Headmistress Ophelia Blackfire, caught Sirius's attention, prompting him to quickly resume his duties.

Sia had always held a deep admiration for the woman, who hailed from the distant continent of Magoria in the far south where the witch kingdoms reside.

She looked at her with a smile, before speaking. "Ophie! How have you been girl?"

Ophelia smiled at her before greeting her old friend. "Hello Sia. Follow me to my office. I have some worrying yet fascinating news to share with you."

As they walked together, Ophelia's gaze briefly wandered over Sia's figure, particularly noticing her now massive boobs that sat perfectly on her chest.

Shaking her head with a chuckle, she couldn't resist making a playful jab at the General. "Oh my, it seems those assets of yours have grown once again. How do you manage to fit them into that uniform?"

At first, Sia didn't catch the reference, but then realization dawned on her, and she playfully pushed Ophelia before joining in the laughter.

"Yes, they have. It's quite a hassle, I have to get a new uniform every six months to accommodate them."

Sia turned to Ophelia and made her own comment with a chuckle. "Yours are catching up, Ophie. I bet some of the students are head over heels for you."

She laughed as she shook her head at Sia's comments, they continued to walk for a while before reaching an old-looking brown door.

Ophelia opened it, and Sia followed her inside. The office is a haven of enchantment, adorned with beautiful and expensive decorations that shimmer with their own magic.

The walls are covered in rich tapestries depicting mythical creatures and enchanted landscapes.

Delicate mana lights twinkled overhead, casting a soft, ethereal glow that bathes the room in a warm and inviting ambiance.

She motioned for Sia to sit down, and once she had taken her seat, she initiated the conversation. "So, Ophie, how have you been?"

The woman smiled as she replied, "I've been good. We've had many new students join this year, so I've been quite busy attending to them. And how about you? The empire must be keeping you busy with the constant raids happening in the south."

Sia agreed. "Yes, it has been really busy, I just returned from Goldenfield. The Dawnfang Legion has taken over there since their Wildstalker Tigers are better suited for the Duchy than our Dawnbreakers."

Ophelia cleared her throat and shifted the conversation to the main topic at hand. "Sia, I'm curious. What do you know about the new white dragon?"

Sia looked at the woman with violet eyes and shrugged as she spoke. "To be honest, all I know is what traders in the south have been saying. They claim that the white dragon played a significant role in bringing down two kingdoms and uniting the region they refer to as the Southlands."

Ophelia nodded, a smile playing on her face. "That's the basic information, but there's something quite shocking that I recently discovered through Chloe's spy network. You are related to the dragon mentioned in those rumors. And trust me, you would never suspect who it is."

Sia's eyes widened in surprise, and she shook her head in disbelief. "Who is it? Tell me their name."

Ophelia's mischievous grin widened as she playfully shook her head. "Why spoil the surprise? Let me provide you with a clue. He has transformed greatly since your last encounter."

As she continued sharing more details, her smile widened. "I've heard he's incredibly handsome and set to marry Leira Avalon, the second imperial princess."

Sia grew more confused as she considered her male relatives. Most resided in the capital and held important positions within the Empire.

Realizing that none of them could be the one, she recalled her younger sister Larka and her husband, who had several sons.

Turning to Ophelia, Sia asked, "Could it be Pallius, Aldwulf, or Oswyn?"

Ophelia smiled and shook her head. "No, it's little Archer."

Sia's face filled with panic as she jumped up and urgently pleaded, "Ophie, tell me everything you know!"

Observing the great general of the Avalon Empire in a state of panic, she couldn't help but feel a mix of concern and intrigue.

"Calm down Sia, he seems to be fine," Ophelia said trying to reassure her, the panicked woman sat back down and calmed down before speaking.

"What's happened to him? I've been gone since the boy was 11."

Ophelia let out a sorrowful sigh before sharing all the details of what had happened to the boy since she was gone.

Upon learning about the abuse he had endured, Sia's anger surged, and she stormed out of the room without uttering a single word.

Ophelia watched her depart and then approached the window, observing Sia briskly walking away from the college.

Shaking her head, Ophelia whispered, "What makes you different, young one?" With a thoughtful smile, she declared, "Never mind, our paths will cross soon."

Sia exited the College and found that her guards must have arrived while she was inside. She swiftly mounted her Dawnbreaker and issued commands to the soldiers.

"Let's make our way to the Mana-ship yard. We're headed to Vassia City in the west."

Though puzzled by the sudden decision, everyone nodded and mounted their own beasts, following their mysterious General.

After several hours, a Mana-ship flew over the Everpeak Mountain Range that separated the Centralia Duchy from the Mistwood Duchy.

Sia approached the window of the Manaship, anticipation flickering in her eyes. As she peered out, she was greeted by a breathtaking sight.

The dense forest stretched out in every direction, its verdant canopy casting dappled sunlight onto the forest floor.

Not long after crossing the mountain range, the Mana-ship sped up until Vassia City could be seen in the distance.

She ordered the captain to put the ship down outside the city, when it landed she jumped off and summoned her Dawnbreaker.

Chapter 158 Girls Talk & Angry Daughter.

[Flashback When Archer left the girls in the treehouse]

Ella carefully placed the spellbooks that Archer had given them on the table and rose from her seat.

She gracefully made her way to the kitchen, where she busied herself with preparing something delightful.

The fragrant aroma of tea soon enveloped the air, promising a moment of warmth and relaxation.

Teuila watched her, curiosity shining in her eyes, but choose to stay quiet as she waited for Ella to finish.

With a slow pace, she approached the window, captivated by the view that stretched before her, showcasing Archer's domain.

After a few minutes, Ella returned with a tray holding cups of tea. She settled back at the table, and Teuila did the same, joining her.

In the enveloping silence, Ella poured the tea with ease, the motion itself conveying a sense of calmness.

She took a deep breath, her gaze fixed on Teuila, and started to speak. "Teuila, we're going to meet Archer's third fiance in the Zenia Empire. I wanted to hear your thoughts on him having multiple wives."

Teuila's expression remained composed, her eyes meeting Ella's with a mix of curiosity and contemplation.

She took a moment to gather her thoughts before responding. "I'm okay with it as long as he doesn't neglect any of us. If that happens, I'll speak up," she calmly replied.

Ella nodded with a smile and laughed as she spoke. "I agree, I love him with all my heart but we have to keep an eye out for any girls who will try to take advantage as he's not the smartest goblin in the cave."

She nodded, her laughter bubbling as she listened to the half-elf jokingly call Archer a goblin. Unable to contain herself any longer, she burst into laughter.

Ella watched as Teuila laughed, clearly showing her affection for Archer. She couldn't help but notice that since they reunited, Archer had become even warmer and friendlier.

She had a hunch that the little dragon always perched on his shoulder was somehow responsible for the change.

Teuila composed herself and said, "Ever since I've met Archer, people have been inexplicably drawn to him. They genuinely like him, and he's remarkably friendly in return."

After taking a sip of her tea and loving its flavor, she carried on, "During our first encounter, he was in danger, targeted by the Dragon Slayers. Fortunately, I arrived just in time with my father's guards."

Ella spoke before she could, "Sorry for interrupting you, let's continue the conversation on the balcony. It seems like a lovely day to be sitting inside."

Teuila acknowledged with a nod, rising from her seat and taking the lead toward the balcony.

They proceeded outside, finding comfort in their designated seats as they settled down.

With a cheerful chuckle, Teuila continued her story, fondly recalling the memories from their time in the carriage. "Once we took care of the Dragon Slayers, we brought him back to the carriage. When he woke up, he and my brother Triton were talking but Archer mischievously threw food at his face."

As Ella smiled, she realized that Archer had undergone a complete transformation, becoming a different person from the one she had initially known.

She came to this realization and knew it was time to open up to Teuila about Archer's difficult past.

She understood the importance of sharing this information with her new friend about their Fiance.

With a resolute look on her face, Ella said, "Teuila, I think it's time I told you about Archer's troubled history."

Ella began softly. "Ever since I first met Arch, I've witnessed the immense pain he has endured at the hands of his own family. They were not just indifferent to him, they were cruel."

Teuila's eyes widened, a mix of shock and concern washing over her. She leaned forward, urging her to continue.

"He was constantly belittled and bullied." Ella continued, her voice filled with empathy. "They treated him as an outcast, ridiculing him for his dreams. They took joy in his suffering, making him doubt his worth and abilities."

Ella's voice trembled slightly. "They inflicted emotional and physical abuse on him, leaving deep scars that he carries today. Seeing someone with such a kind soul endure such torment breaks my heart."

Teuila's hand reached out, grasping Ella's in a gesture of support and understanding. "How did he manage to stay so strong amidst all of this?" she asked.

Ella smiled sadly. "Despite everything, he found solace in his books and knowledge. He held onto his dreams tightly, refusing to let their cruelty extinguish his spirit."

A tear trickled down Ella's cheek, mirroring the deep emotions she felt for him. "Teuila, we must protect and cherish him. To show him the love and support he has been denied for far too long."

She looked at Ella with a heartfelt expression and spoke. "We're in this together. We will always be there for him, no matter what. Our love and support for him will never waver."

Both girls shared smiles and spent the next few hours enjoying their tea and engaging in conversation.

Their bond grew stronger as Teuila treated Ella as an equal, not a maid, and Ella treated Teuila with genuine friendship, not just as a princess.

[Present Time - Alexandria, the capital of the Zenia Empire]

The Emperor and Empress wasted no time in returning to Alexandria, and the news of their daughter's engagement quickly spread.

Their carriage, accompanied by the Royal Guards, made its way through the city, Amkhu braced himself for his daughter's inevitable outburst upon their arrival home. He knew well the fiery spirit that resided within her, and he anticipated the passionate display that awaited him.

As they approached the palace, remnants of a lively celebration adorned the streets.

The convoy reached the palace entrance, where the Emperor spotted his five children eagerly waiting alongside their Aunt Tiye, who was holding the second prince, Seti.

Stepping out of the carriage, Amkhu was followed by his wife Hatshepsut. They approached their family and noticed Nefertiti, who seemed to be suppressing her anger.

Amkhu turned to his eldest son. "Hello Khufu, how was everything while we were away?" he asked.

Khufu, a young man resembling his father with brown hair, his mother's pink eyes, and a tall stature for a Zenian, smiled and replied.

"Father, the Luxorians have increased their raids on our border towns. The Medjay have successfully pushed them back multiple times, and the imperial army have been patrolling the northern border."

Amkhu pondered his next steps and called over his advisor, who had been standing in the background.

"Mostafa, come here," he beckoned.

Mostafa, an older man wearing a colorful Shendyt and a Nemes headdress, with a long beard that gave him a wise appearance, approached Amkhu.

He bowed respectfully and said, "Yes, my Emperor. I hope your journey was successful."

Amkhu nodded in agreement. "Indeed, it was Mostafa. However, please send a messenger to my brother and instruct him to deploy the Falcon Knights to the north. They must deal with the Luxorians' raids. Inform him to report to me before departing."

The older man bowed and departed to carry out the Emperor's command. Just then, Nefertari, the eldest daughter, and Isis, the second eldest, approached with warm greetings, while Nefertiti appeared visibly upset.

"Welcome back, Father and Mother," they warmly greeted.

Hatshepsut smiled, and as Amkhu went to speak with Khufu and see Seti, she engaged in conversation with her three daughters. "Hello, my beauties. How have you been?"

Both girls smiled, and Nefertari replied, "We have been well, Mother. I have been working at the Academy, learning new formulas for creating potions."

Isis chimed in with a bright smile, "The guard commander has been teaching me how to use the bow and spear. He says I am a good student."

Hatshepsut turned her gaze toward her youngest daughter, Nefertiti, and spoke in a soothing tone. "I understand your anger, Nefi, but you must try to comprehend the opportunity to unite the Southlands with us and Aquaria leading the way."

Nefertiti looked at her mother with narrowed eyes before speaking. "That does not give you the right to marry me off to some dragon. Yes, they are a rare race, but it doesn't change the fact that I'm not property and should be able to live the way I want to."

Hatshepsut sighed, considering the boy whom her husband wanted to build close ties with before she spoke. "Nefi, wait until you see him. How do you know you won't like him?"

She gazed at her mother, the mirror image of herself. Her mother possessed long pink hair, radiant pink eyes, and a captivating, curvaceous figure that could topple kingdoms.

"Mother I know you and Father mean well but I don't want to have a marriage arranged for me. I don't want love, I'm happy with my studies and learning more about my Arcane magic."

Her mother shook her head and smiled. "Don't worry Nefi. If you don't like him when he arrives here then we won't force you. Maybe one of you girls would like to marry him instead."

She looked at the other two girls who nodded before Nefertari spoke. "Of course mother, I may be older than my sisters but he may like older women."

Isis nodded along but didn't say anything as their father walked over and hugged all three girls but Nefertiti gave him the cold shoulder as they made their way into the palace.

Chapter 159 Mother Taught Me How.

Archer walked up to one counter and the young woman behind it looked up and greeted them with a friendly smile. "Hello, sir and madams. I'm Rose. How can I assist you today?"

Just as Archer was about to respond Sera started licking his face, causing everyone to laugh. Archer chuckled and said, "I'm here to sell beast bodies, including a really big one."

Rose smiled while nodding. "Come this way, we have a large area out back."

Archer and the girls followed her and after a little walk arrived out back where they saw a large courtyard.

She motioned for him to drop the bodies. He raised his hand and beasts started dropping from nowhere, shocking Rose and making the two other girls shake their heads.

Bodies lay in a massive pile in the courtyard, Wolves, Goblins, Gibberlings, Giant Bats, Trolls, orcs, bigfoots, a bear, and three Dinosaur bodies.

Rose was stunned, her gaze shifting between the trio and the pile of beast bodies. She mumbled, "Did you three hunt all these beasts?"

The two girls shook their heads, pointing at Archer before speaking in unison, "It was him."

Scratching his cheek while explaining, "Well, it took over two years, and there's one more body."

Her eyebrows raised before she let out a tired sigh. "Go ahead, bring it out with that weird magic of yours."

He retrieved the giant's body from his Item Box and placed it behind the existing pile, causing it to fall with a loud bang.

The sheer size of it caused the ground to tremble for a second or two. Rose stumbled backward and landed on her rear.

Archer and the girls burst into a quiet laughter, while Sera smiled and playfully nibbled on his ear as she watched the scene play out.

Rose quickly regained her composure and stood up while brushing herself, she turned on the boy who was trying to stifle a laugh before speaking.

"You could have warned me, boy! But it won't be ready for two days but we can defiantly handle it. But where in the name of the goddess did you find a giant's body?"

Archer shrugged and spoke. "I found it in the Howling Jungle on the way here. But I'll return in a few days to grab the gold. Do I come here?"

Rose looked at the boy and knew he was lying but didn't pry further as she nodded. "Don't come here but go to the adventurers guild in two days and your payment will be ready."

He smiled and bid Rose farewell as they left the warehouse and made their way to the stall to collect all the food he had ordered.

After gathering the food and potions they departed from the city, heading north toward Nekhen Town.

The trio exited through the gate, with Sera flying gracefully above them. They started their journey along the sandstone road, reminiscent of Roman roads on Earth.

It was then that Archer heard Ella's voice. "Arch, tonight we'll start learning those spells you gave us."

He nodded in response as they continued walking. The girls were engaged in their own conversation about girl-related matters.

As Sera prowled the terrain, hunting down smaller beasts and reducing them to ashes before indulging in her meal, the hours passed by.

Eventually, as the sun started its descent, a magnificent display of vibrant orange hues painted the landscape.

He opened a portal to their domain and stepped through, followed by Sera and the girls.

Upon arrival, Archer made his way to the bath chambers after telling the girls he wanted to bathe.

Sera flew off to her perch to lie down, all her hunting caused her to fall asleep instantly.

Unbeknownst to him, Ella motioned for Teuila to follow him with a mischievous smile, while she went off to start cooking.

As he entered the chamber, he began to undress but noticed the door closing for a second time. He turned around and saw Teuila standing there, slowly removing her armor.

A smile graced his lips as he appreciated her toned body, intensifying the blush on her cheeks as she felt him look over every inch of her body.

She summoned the courage to continue undressing until she was standing there in her pink underwear.

Teuila didn't look at him but felt his gaze. He found himself entranced by her combination of sexy curves and strength, noticing her thick thighs and slim waist.

With each subtle motion, her large boobs gently swayed, while her well-defined six-pack and toned body showcased her fitness.

He couldn't tear his eyes away as she delicately unclipped her bra, revealing her boobs that sat gracefully on her chest with not a single sign of sagging.

Her beauty was radiant, with her skin covered in a sheen of sweat as she leaned down.

Archer's eyes widened at the sight as she lowered her panties, revealing a meticulously groomed and enticing pussy which was a delicate line on her silky brown skin.

Teuila was aware of his lingering gaze, yet she pressed forward, boldly reaching out and grasping his hand.

She guided him toward the bath, his eyes drawn to her flawless, bubble bubble that jiggled with each step.

Teuila settled into the inviting warmth of the water, pulling him along with her. As he took a seat, she shifted slightly away, avoiding direct eye contact.

Observing her shyness and nervousness, he endeavored to soothe her unease. "Would you like to wash my back, Teuila?" he suggested, offering a comforting smile.

She nodded in agreement, avoiding eye contact as she did so. Archer turned around, positioning himself to face away from her, granting her the opportunity to wash his back.

As Archer reclined, Teuila began to tenderly clean him with a sponge she had found by the side of the bath.

Her movements, though slightly clumsy, carried a touch of endearing charm. It was a side of her that Archer had not fully witnessed before, and it surprised him.

Teuila's usual demeanor was one of bravery, adventure, and courage, but now he saw a hint of shyness, adding another layer to her personality. It brought a warm smile to his face.

In a reassuring tone, Archer addressed her, wanting to put her at ease. "Teuila, there's no need to rush anything. I won't push you into anything until you're ready. We have plenty of time ahead of us. Just relax and enjoy the present moment."

Upon hearing his words, she smiled and whispered shyly, "Thank you, Arch."

Teuila continued cleaning his back until she finished, and he leaned back, enjoying the relaxing moment. Every now and then, he stole glances at her as she attended to her own cleaning.

She didn't mind his gaze, but she wasn't ready for anything physical yet. She wanted to spend more time with him, taking things slowly before taking the next step.

Her mother, Mele, had always taught her that sex between a couple was a special occasion and shouldn't be rushed.

Teuila mumbled the words her mother had imparted to her, "It will happen when it happens. You cannot rush love, little Teuila."

Archer heard her, though he pretended not to, and began washing himself. After lazily enjoying their time in the bath, Ella's voice called out to them.

"The food's ready, guys! Come on!"

He stepped out of the water and swiftly dried himself off. He retrieved some of the new clothes he had bought and dressed in a pair of white baggy shorts and a loose shirt.

Teuila, on the other hand, opted for a comfortable summer dress as she used her magic to dry herself.

They walked out to see Ella setting up the table, plates of meat, vegetables, and some bread but it was rolled into golf ball-sized balls.

Archer didn't know what it was so he looked at Ella as he pointed at the bread and asked. "El, what are these?"

A smile danced upon her lips as she cast a glance at the food spread before her. "You know, Mele left some ingredients in the storage ring to make mana bread, and Mama taught me how to make them."

He nodded as he took a seat alongside the girls. They began eating while talking about the upcoming quest.

Archer displayed an appetite greater than that of a typical 15-year-old, and Ella finished chewing her food before asking him a question.

"Arch, I'm planning to spend an hour or two with Mother to see how she's settled down here," she informed him.

He nodded with a smile. "Tell her I said hello when you see her."

Ella smiled when she heard his response. After finishing their meal, they cleaned up the dishes and prepared for bed. The moon cast a gentle glow as they settled in for the night.

The girls changed into their comfortable nightgowns, while Archer removed his shirt and shorts, finding comfort in being only in his underwear.

As they lay down, ready to drift off to sleep, Sera gracefully flew into the room and settled herself just above Archer's head, curling up into a cozy position.

Chapter 160 Mana Storm

Archer was jolted awake by a familiar sensation, he looked down to see Ella licking his dragon eagerly.

Her little tongue glided up and down, sending shivers down his spine. She then took it into her small mouth and began bobbing up and down making her short blonde hair go all over the place.

As she was sucking him, her dainty hand was playing with his crown jewels, this time around Archer wanted to return the favor.

He looked over at Sera and Teuila, who were deep asleep. He sat up slowly and carefully grabbed Ella's hips, putting her lower body over his head.

Ella was taken aback by the unexpected movement and looked back "Arch, what are you doing?"

Upon realizing that her lower half was positioned above his face, a deep blush immediately spread across her cheeks. Embarrassed, she averted her gaze.

To distract herself she started sucking his raging dragon again, he let out a groan when she did.

"Ughhh!~"

To counterattack he raised his head and started licking her soaking wet slit, as he was licking her pussy her sweet juices flooded into his mouth.

Archer grabbed a hold of her perky ass and pulled her hips closer to his face as his tongue attacked her clit which started to make her moan.

"Mmmnnngghnn!~~AAnnggh!~~" She turned her head to face him, her voice trembling. "Ahhhh, Arch that feels incredible."

Her head dropped down as his whole body started shaking, when he noticed this he buried his tongue into her tight little hole which made her scream out and orgasm all over his face.

"AAnngghh ~~Uunnnggh~~"

Ella slumped on him and was breathing heavily, but she returned the favor and started stroking Archer's dragon.

She started sucking it causing him to groan and cover his mouth so he didn't wake up Teuila.

After a minute of feeling her little mouth and tongue, he pushed her head further down and released his seed down her throat.

Once finished she sat up coughing, her perky ass and pussy were now in his face even more than before.

Archer plunged his tongue into her clenched pussy again, eliciting a loud scream from her.

"AHHHHH!!!"

Teuila jolted awake, and Sera quickly assumed an alert posture, scanning the room.

The other girls were startled by the abrupt scream, Ella felt a rush of embarrassment and swiftly climbed under the covers seeking solace under them.

In contrast, Archer found amusement in the situation, his laughter filling the room. Teuila, still groggy, rubbed her eyes and broke into a wide grin, captivated by the lightheartedness of the moment.

"You two are like wild animals." She remarked while laughing, Teuila rolled over and faced away from the two of them. "Carry on, don't mind me. I'm going back to sleep."

Archer chuckled, and Ella gradually relaxed. She crawled up and rested her head on his shoulder. Meanwhile, Archer reached out and pulled Teuila closer to him, embracing her.

Finally, he playfully grabbed the sulking little dragon and began peppering her face with kisses. Initially trying to evade them, Sera eventually gave in and started purring in response.

She curled up and all four fell asleep again, hours later Archer woke up by the birds flying past the treehouse making noises.

As he woke up, he noticed that neither of the girls was laying over him. Glancing over, he saw both of them peacefully asleep.

Taking the opportunity he got out of bed and stretched his limbs, once he stretched he cast a spell of Cleanse, refreshing himself for the day ahead.

Archer put some clothes on as he walked onto the balcony and started watching the scenery.

He ate some Kofta Skewers for breakfast and relaxed, he called for a brownie and asked for a drink which he got within seconds.

After finishing his breakfast, Archer proceeded to go wake up the girls. Entering the bedroom, he found Teuila sitting up, gently rubbing her eyes.

Approaching Ella, he summoned his tail and playfully used its tip to tickle her, causing her to experience delightful goosebumps.

Ella opened her sleepy blue eyes and looked up at him, a contented smile gracing her face.

Observing this, Archer spoke. "I'll be continuing on with the quest. Join me whenever you're ready. We still have a few hours of walking ahead. That applies to you too, Teuila."

Ella mumbled in reply, while Teuila nodded in agreement as stretched in agreement. Archer smiled and approached the last girl.

Crouching down in front of the bed, he playfully booped Sera on her snout, causing her to stir and open her eyes.

Archer found himself captivated by her mesmerizing ruby-red eyes as she rose and shook her body, then playfully leaped at him.

Sera clung to his face and joyfully showered him with licks, eliciting laughter from him as he gently removed her from his face.

Looking into her eyes, he spoke, "Would you like to travel with me or stay here?"

With a joyful expression, she directed her claw towards him, indicating her wish.

Archer carefully lifted her and settled her on his shoulder. Turning his attention to the girls, he spoke with warmth in his voice, "I'll talk to you girls shortly, see you soon."

Opening a portal, he stepped through and found himself back on the road they had previously traveled.

In the distance, Archer spotted a column of soldiers marching north. As he walked along the road, he noticed the dark clouds gathering above the grasslands.

It appeared that a storm was brewing, but he decided to pay it no mind for the time being.

Instead, his attention turned to Sera, who was gazing into the distance. His curiosity piqued, he asked, "Sera, what's troubling you?"

She gazed at him, pointing towards the approaching storm while shaking her head. Archer, asked, "Will it be severe?"

Sera nodded in agreement. Upon realizing this, Archer smiled and reassured her, "Don't worry, girl. We will retreat to the domain to stay safe."

Continuing walking along the road, he soon caught up with the soldiers and noticed they were from Nethania.

He passed by them, but the storm grew closer as thunder roared and lightning struck a random tree in the distance, adding an ominous air to the scene.

The expansive grasslands sprawled in all directions, stretching for miles, with mountains adorning the distant horizon and a nearby lake glistening in the distance.

At that moment, a long-forgotten memory resurfaced in his mind, causing his face to lose color as he realized what was happening.

"A Manastorm!" he exclaimed to himself, his voice tinged with a mix of shock and trepidation.

He attempted to open a portal and Gate, but Gate didn't activate and the domain portal materialized as the size of a golf ball, too small for Sera to squeeze even a claw through.

He turned to the portal and began to speak to the girls. "Girls, remain in the domain. A Manastorm has appeared overhead."

The portal started to flicker just as he heard her response. "Okay, Arch. You and Sera need to be safe."

As she was speaking, the portal abruptly cut out, prompting Archer to swiftly activate his Draconic form.

"Draconis." He whispered, and his features transformed just as the storm loomed overhead, poised to unleash its might upon the land.

A vicious storm descended upon the road where Archer and the soldiers were. The air crackled with unrestrained energy, and wild gusts of wind howled with an otherworldly fury.

It unleashed its wrath in a tempest of swirling mana, manifesting as a whirlwind of vibrant, chaotic colors. Arcane lightning arced across the sky, illuminating the clouds with its erratic dance.

Thunder resounded with a force that reverberated through the very core of the earth, the sky heralded the arrival of the malevolent storm.

Its presence permeated the air, an oppressive aura that gripped the surroundings in a vice-like hold. The soldiers, sensing the weight of its power, instinctively braced themselves for the onslaught.

Archer pressed forward, undeterred by the raging storm. All of them were engulfed in the ferocious winds, he battled his way toward the soldiers, their forms barely discernible amidst the deluge of rain and swirling debris.

With unwavering determination, he fought against the elements, defying the storm's onslaught.

Finally, with great strength, he reached the soldiers who wore expressions of concern and apprehension.

As he approached the commander, he stopped before the man and spoke. "You need to move your troops into the nearby forest."

Just then, his Aura Detector activated, abruptly silencing his words, and inundating him with an overwhelming influx of alerts.

Amidst the chaos, eerie moans, bloodcurdling screams, and ghastly noises emanated from afar. Archer instinctively spread his wings and ascended into the sky.

His eyes widened in disbelief as he beheld a relentless horde of the undead below, comprising not only zombies and ghouls but also Banshees, and a host of repulsive undead creatures.

Overwhelmed by the sight, Archer heard the commander's voice issuing urgent commands. "Prepare to form a defensive square! Mages, take your positions within and prepare to defend yourselves!"