

A Journey 17

Chapter 17 First Encounter.

After leaving the old temple, he smelled the same horrid smell again.

As he followed it he started eating the hearts he gathered from the wolves one by one.

Only then was his stomach content.

What he didn't realize was the more hearts he ate the worse his bloodlust became.

Archer then felt that relaxing feeling once again as the experience flowed into his body. Shaking his head to get back to the matter at hand.

'Status.'

[Experience: 0200/2000]

[level: 20>23]

[SP: 0>22]

'That's good, I managed to earn even more points.'

He caught up with the fleeing wolves and butchered them, storing all the hearts and bodies in his item box.

Just like that, a week passes by.

Over the week, Archer killed 17 more forest wolves and stored 11 bodies.

The rest wasn't sellable due to the damage so, he left them behind.

Getting very little rest during the week due to all the nightmares he was having.

Despite the stress weighing on his mind, he ignored everything and kept moving forward.

He was in a terrible mood, he thought he escaped the nightmares by staying awake and not sleeping but they even haunted him when he was awake.

While walking he took out some meat wraps and started eating to distract himself.

Archer finished the wraps as he reached town.

He entered through the eastern gate, ignoring the guards who tried to speak to him.

After entering Oxfair, he headed straight for the old man's stall, he loved the meat wraps and wanted more for his travels.

Now Archer was paying attention he got a proper look at it.

It's big for a stall, enclosed within three wooden walls, with a massive grill on which the man cooks.

A cotton tarpaulin protected patrons from the sun's rays as they order food.

The meat was hung up on the back wall and frozen by ice magic.

As he approached, the old man spotted him and spoke.

"The small Demi-human returns victorious, that's good."

Archer looked at him questioningly.

"Boy, you wouldn't be here if you didn't slay the beasts. For weeks adventurers have arrived and tried to hunt the wolves but failed, never to return."

An even bigger smile appeared on his face as he looked at the boy.

"But here you are."

Shaking his head the old man then introduced himself.

"My name is Emmeric by the way."

"Archer."

He looked at Emmeric and then smiled as he ordered 60 meat wraps, but the old man informed him he would have to wait for the food to cook.

As he was waiting he browsed the other food Emmeric sold.

That's when Archer spotted a massive thigh sitting at the back of the stall.

He pointed at it while asking.

"What is that thing?"

Emmeric looked over and smiled.

"That's a cooked trolls thigh boy."

"How much?"

He scratched his beard while thinking and told Archer the price.

"50 silver, it cost me 45 so I have to earn something out of it."

The boy took out a gold coin and threw it at the old man.

"I want to buy more food."

Archer pointed at some bacon-looking food that Emmeric was cooking alongside his meat wraps.

He also spotted some flatbread and cakes, he bought 3 dozen of each and stored them away.

Emmeric then told him the food names.

"The meat you just bought was orcish bacon, the other items were elvish cakes and dwarven flatbread, I learned to make them myself years ago."

Taking the food from Emmeric who wrapped it for him, he stored all the food except for the bread and started eating it.

He thought to himself as he swallowed a bite. 'It's delicious, tastes like sweet bread.'

As he waited for the meat wraps to finish cooking, a commotion was heard coming from the direction of the western gate.

Archer and the old man watched this unfold. A group of 15 men rode up the main road, stopping at the town square.

This wasn't far from Archer's position.

The stall owner mumbled something. "The Followers of the Light!"

Archer got curious and examined the men.

They were wearing white plate armor that covered all their bodies, red capes hanging from their shoulders, with the coat of arms being a phoenix.

The armor had feather decorations all over it, but it looked really stylish, and the way the men leaped off the horses suggested it was really easy to wear.

What looked like the leader walked to the middle of the square and started talking so everyone could hear him.

"We have been tasked by the God of Light Darikha to come to this region and capture a dragon that has infiltrated the Avalon Empire and is wreaking havoc. A nearby village, located 20 miles from here, was completely destroyed by this same creature."

The man stopped talking and started looking around like he was scanning for something.

The meat wraps were finished and the old man passed them on to Archer.

He threw them into the item box and was leaving when he heard a worried whisper.

"Run little guy."

The man looked toward the fanatics and continued speaking.

"I know you're a white dragon, I've read the books, seen paintings, and the beautiful white scales you have, I've only read about in the oldest tomes."

He suddenly looked straight into Archer's violet eyes, Emmeric's eyes were filled with amazement as he looked at the boy.

"You know boy, you have the same eyes as the last dragon king."

"The mighty Dragon King Kyndrah, whose reign was one of peace and prosperity for all the races, now leave before they see you."

Archer nodded at the old man who seemed to like the dragon king a lot.

Just as he walked off he felt his senses kick in.

As a white beam crashed into the ground, he swiftly leaped to the side, narrowly avoiding its impact.

He spun on his heels and looked at the man who was holding his hand out in front of him.

The other knights ran up to the man asking questions.

"Deacon what do you want to do? Capture or kill?"

Before ordering the knights, the deacon stared at Archer and spoke.

"There is no way one of you could have been born, you foul white beast! Your kind will bring Thrylos to ruin!"

He screamed out in panic.

"KILL HIM FOR THE GOD OF LIGHT!"

All the knights charged forward, Archer just stood in the middle of the road with a big smile plastered across his face as he summoned his sword.

'Cosmic sword.'

The black sword appeared in his right hand shining like a star, he then brought up his left hand while casting five Fire Missiles.

Five violet-colored Fire Missiles appeared around Archer as he let loose while laughing with a manic look on his face.

WOOSH!~WOOSH!~WOOSH!~WOOSH!~WOOSH!~

The missiles shot forward so fast the knights who saw them couldn't dodge as their bodies were pierced by the missiles, ending their lives where they stood.

Four knights fell to the missiles as the Deacon deflected one into a nearby building.

The scene was a nightmare, violet flames burning in the background, as the dead bodies of the knights also started to burn.

Archer turned to see Emmeric running up to him but he held up his hand and told him to run away.

"Old man, it will get much worse, the people will need you after, it was nice meeting you."

Emmeric stared at this strange boy as he thought.

'Change is coming, and this boy will be at the forefront of it.'

Archer used Thunder Step to get close to some of the confused knights and started striking them.

He managed to kill one knight but the difference in skill was noticeable.

Archer fought like a frenzied beast, slashing, lunging, and dodging around the knights as they swung their swords at him.

Realizing that using the sword wasn't working for him, he turned to magic.

He stopped dodging as he fired two Eldritch Blasts into two unsuspecting knights killing them instantly.

With seven down and eight to go, Archer went wild, laughing as he started butchering the knights until the Deacon and two others were the only ones left.

He was covered in human blood, basking in it, his violet eyes shined brightly as he shot towards the deacon who was waiting.

Taking out a massive sword, the Deacon swung it at Archer, but he dodged by casting Thunder Step to appear behind him.

Aiming his arm at the Deacon's back, he fired two plasma shots but a golden barrier prevented the shots from hitting.

Archer stared at the man as he turned around with his arm raised with a smile on his face.

"Light beam!"

A beam as bright as a sun shot towards Archer, he raised his arms and cast a Cosmic Shield hoping it wouldn't hurt him too much.

Archer's status so far.

Name: Archer. Race: White Dragon. Age:13.

Rank: Apprentice. Exp: 0200/2000. Level: 23.

HP: 800/800.

Mana: 2900/2900.

Magic: Fire- Water- Earth- Wind- Lightning- Space- Darkness- Light.

Strength: 340.

Constitution: 330.

Stamina: 330.

Charisma: 430.

Intelligence: 320.

Status Points: 22.

Spells: Void Blast(2)Cosmic Shield(1)Cosmic Sword(1)Body Enhancement(-)Thunder-step(0)Cleanse(-)
Eldritch Blast(1)Plasma Shot(1)Fire Missiles(1)

Skills: Spell Creation(-)Mana Regeneration(-)Regeneration(2)Dragon Senses(-)