

A Journey 41

Chapter 41 Draconic Form.

The mana storm raged above the spot Archer jumped into the portal.

After gathering all the mana it could, It shot down while vanishing into thin air, but it was only Archer's Dragon's Domain letting it in.

The mana poured into his body, forming more of the mana heart that the first evolution stage started.

Kick-starting the second stage of his evolution.

Pure white mana radiated around him.

As he began to evolve, his body started to contort in unnatural ways.

Archer's hands began to grow larger, as his fingernails sharpened into curved, razor-sharp talons.

His palms started to itch, and he could feel something stirring beneath his skin.

Suddenly, the skin on his hands split, and a pair of long, scaly claws burst out.

Arching his back as his shoulder blades jutted out, growing into a pair of massive white dragon wings.

The wingspan was incredible, stretching far past his small frame.

He flapped his new wings experimentally, feeling the breeze rustle through his hair.

It was an exhilarating feeling, unlike anything he had ever felt before.

His backside was no longer his own, he could feel something foreign growing out of it.

A beautiful glistening white tail, covered in white scales that reflected the sun.

It was long, and it had a thin curved shape, ending with a razor-sharp point.

At first, it felt strange and unwieldy, as if it had a mind of its own.

But as he concentrated on moving it, he discovered that he had some control over it.

He started by flexing the muscles at the tail's base, making it sway back and forth gently.

Then, he experimented with more complex movements, such as coiling it around his body or snapping it out like a whip.

As he moved his tail, he could feel the power and strength that it possessed.

He could use it as a weapon to strike at his enemies, or he could use it to balance himself when flying.

With each movement, he became more and more comfortable with his new appendage, he did the same with his wings.

The possibilities seemed endless, and Archer felt a sense of excitement and wonder at the prospect of mastering this new part of himself

He used some mana to create a massive mirror on one of the walls to examine himself, and what he saw shocked him.

Four horns sat above his ears, his white scales looked like they'd been upgraded, and they were even whiter than they were before.

He looked at his hands.

Archer flexed his new dragon claws, he could feel the strength and power coursing through his fingertips.

They were a beautiful white color, each talon was long, sharp, and deadly, capable of tearing through even the strongest materials.

He slowly moved his hands, testing the claw's full range of motion, watching as they glinted in the light with an otherworldly gleam.

Feeling a sharp poking feeling in his mouth so he parted his lips, feeling the new pointy teeth inside his mouth.

He licked his incisors, quickly realizing they were now elongated and razor-sharp, more suited for rending meat than chewing.

The boy tried to speak, but his voice sounded different now, guttural and growling.

The sensation thrilled him, and he flexed his claws and bared his teeth, feeling more ferocious and free with each passing moment.

He could already imagine the uses of his upgrades, ranging from tearing through obstacles to defending himself from adversaries.

Staring at himself through the mirror he saw that he looks even more savage now, with his sharp claws and teeth, his strong wings and tail.

Archer loved the new look but thought the claws and teeth would get annoying and wished he could un-summon and summon them at will.

As he was staring his body started to shift back into his human form, and he noticed that everything vanished apart from his horns, eyes, and scales.

[Draconic Form Unlocked- 1500 Mana]

[Draconic Breath Unlocked- 1000 Mana]

He got curious so he selected both of them.

[Draconic Breath: A torrent of searing mana burns anything in its path, each element has its own attack]

[Draconic Form: Allows the user to summon/un-summon his Draconic features at will, activate by saying Draconis]

Archer smiled as he activated his Draconic Form again.

"Draconis."

He imagined the cottage having a balcony high up.

Archer made his way to the new balcony and once he arrived, he started to flex his dragon wings feeling the muscles ripple beneath his skin.

Taking a deep breath he jumped from the balcony, feeling the wind rush past him.

To his surprise, his wings caught the air, and he soared upwards like a bird.

The feeling was incredible.

He was no longer tethered to the ground, free to explore the world from a whole new perspective.

For a moment, he closed his eyes, savoring the rush of freedom that washed over him.

As he opened his eyes, the boy realized he was flying much higher than he thought, and he could see his Domain spreading out beneath him as far as the eye could see.

Archer could see the trees, hills, and rivers all laid out below him like a map.

Feeling his wings effortlessly carrying him higher and higher, like a true dragon.

With a sense of elation and exhilaration, he swept his wings wide and soared off.

Soaring through the Domain and feeling the wind hitting his face as he sped up.

An hour after he started flying, he decided to land so he could check his status.

He created a comfortable bench before sitting down, Archer found it annoying to sit down at first due to his wings

He dismissed the teeth and claws, but he flattened the wings against his back as his tail moved out of the way.

"Status."

[Rank: Expert]

[Exp: 8600/9000]

[Level: 76]

[HP: 1510>2000]

[Mana: 5320 >7000]

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

[Strength: 1200]

[Constitution: 1300]

[Stamina: 820>1200]

[Charisma: 910>1800]

[Intelligence: 720>1000]

[Draconic Form Unlocked]

[Draconic breath Unlocked]

Spells: Void Blast(4)Cosmic Shield(3)Cosmic Sword(4)Cosmic Enhancement(-)Thunder-step(4)Cleanse(-)
Eldritch Blast(4)Plasma Shot(3)Fire Missiles(4)Thunder Wave(3)Call Lightning(2)Fireball(2)Element
Bolts(0)Draconic Breath(0)

Skills: Spell Creation(-)Mana Regeneration(-)Regeneration(5)Dragon Senses(-)Short Sword
Mastery(4)Aura-Detector(3)Dragon's Domain(1)Draconic Form(-)

Looking at his status he was pleased, deciding he wanted to chill out before leaving the Domain.

He pulled out some meat wraps and started eating them, while he checked what food and drink he had left.

31- Meat Wraps, 17- Orcish bacon, 11- Elvern cakes, 10 - Dwarven flatbread, 100- Pastries, 183- Chocolate cubes, 200- Slime Cubes, 170- Fruit cubes, 100- Chocolate pastries, 200- Fruit pastries.

He had loads of other cubed food, enough to last a while, Archer checked the drinks he had left in his Item Box.

11-Fizzle Fig, 4- Moon Juice, 14- Dragon's Tears, 12- Rune Shine, 3- Honey Brew.

"Damn I need to restock but I do have those orc bodies as a last resort."

Shaking his head as he continued with the wraps, once Archer was finished he pulled out some chocolate.

He was thinking about what he needed to do.

"I need to head north, but first I got to find some normal people to get directions."

Archer finished eating, he pulled out a bottle of Moon Juice as he left the Domain.

As he passed through the portal he suddenly got attacked by a group of cannibals.

He threw the half-full moon juice at the closest cannibal hitting him in the head.

They started to shoot some sort of poison darts at him.

But used his wings to quickly block the attacks, while he did that his ears picked up footsteps running towards him.

"He's back."

"Get him."

"Meat."

Summoning his claws as he moved his wings out of his way, he pounced forward slashing and tearing the cannibals apart.

Looking around at the carnage he caused, he raised his claws seeing them painted in blood, he dismissed his draconic form and his dragon features vanished.

"Why don't they fuck off already, this shit's getting annoying."

Calming down as he checked his mana.

[Mana: 5500/7000]

Deciding to test out his Draconic Form, he activated it, and instantly all his dragon features appeared, quickly dismissed it as he checked his mana again.

[Mana: 4000/7000]

"1500 mana per use."

Nodding his head while taking out his knife as he looted the cannibal's hearts and left the area.

Archer headed north, he came across a cliff and stood at the edge while looking down.

"Defiantly like green hell, all I can see is trees and random birds flying around."

He turned and continued his walk.

ROAR!~

He jumped out of his skin when he heard the roar.

"What the hell is it now?"

"Have the gods forsaken me!"

Turning around he saw a massive, enraged bear with jagged teeth and fire in its eyes.

The beast roared, pawing the ground and readying itself to charge.

Archer stood his ground, gritting his teeth and preparing for battle.

With a deep breath, he called upon the dragon's power within him, and a fierce energy surged through his body.

He felt the air humming in his lungs.

As the bear charged him, he bellowed out a mighty roar, unleashing a torrent of searing violet flame from his mouth toward the bear.

The blast engulfed the monster, catching it off guard and setting its fur ablaze.

It howled in agony, thrashing around in pain and confusion, Archer didn't let up and continued to unleash his breath.

Chapter 42 Blood.

After the flames died down, he saw the bears corpse curled into a ball, it was charcoal black.

Walking over to it, he punched it causing it to crumble into dust.

Staring at this scene he felt excited because he managed to unlock Dragon's Breath.

Shaking his head, he continued on.

"Meat, Meat."

"Kill."

He got annoyed again as he summoned his Cosmic Sword and killed the two cannibals running at him.

While he stared at the bodies he mumbled to himself.

"Annoying."

Looking at the setting sun, he decided to sleep in his Domain to avoid getting into more conflicts with the cannibals at night.

"Fuck that."

Archer entered and made his way to the cottage.

He was wondering if the cannibals worshipped any of the gods.

"I wonder if those weirdos worship anyone."

Archer started walking up the wooden bridge as he continued talking.

"There are gods and goddesses in this world, I wonder if earth had gods, but if there was, why do they hide unlike on this world?"

"I know there's the Goddess of Dragon's Tiamat and head Goddess Ziena but that's all."

As he finished talking he made his way to a bedroom while stripping out of his clothes and jumped into bed.

The next morning Archer woke up feeling refreshed and ready to escape this hell hole.

Getting up, he puts his clothes back on while casting Cleanse on himself.

Taking out some orcish bacon and dwarven bread, he started eating the food as he left and returned back to the jungle.

Exiting the portal, his Aura-Detector didn't alert him to anything so he continued on his way.

Walking through the jungle, jumping over fallen trees and slapping away horrible bugs trying to bite his exposed skin.

Thanks to his scales he didn't get bit much.

Archer had been traveling through the dense and lush jungle for hours, he was finally fed up with all this walking, so he used his Draconic Form.

All his dragon features appeared as he leapt into the air, his wings started flapping.

Bursting through the jungle canopy like a rocket, while slashing the branches that got in his way he soared over the treetops.

But what met his eyes as he stopped mid air and started to hover in the air, all he could see was a vast expanse of woodlands stretching out before him.

The change in terrain was a welcome sight, and he eagerly flew towards it.

As he approached the woodlands, he saw smoke rising miles away.

Curiosity got the better of him, and he flew towards the source until he spotted a clearing with a large fire burning at its center.

There were three people milling around the campsite, tending to the flames or cooking food over the heat.

Archer landed on a nearby branch, observing the two people from a safe distance.

Noticing that they were dressed in unconventional clothing, the style was that of the middle east on earth.

Their weapons were unlike any he had seen before.

The people seemed to be wary of their surroundings, looking up frequently as if anticipating an attack.

"They are on guard against the cannibals, I have to get closer."

Archer started leaping from branch to branch until he got close enough to hear what they was saying.

"Damn the King, why did he send us here, we were only meant to guard the Western border against the Nethania Kingdom, not search for a boy that the church wants."

The man he was talking too replied.

"Well the King wants to conquer the Nethanians so he can connect the east and west to block the Kheesara kingdom from the northern trade routes."

As soon as Archer heard what the men were saying he launched himself at the first man.

WOOSH!~

Landing on the mans back slamming him to the ground, the other man panicked and went for his weapon but Archer wouldn't allow that and pierced right through the mans chest with his tail.

Lifting the second soldiers body, he brought it closer and ripped out his heart as he threw the body to one side.

The one he landed on watched this in horror as he started trembling, before he realized who the boy was.

"I-I-I-t's you."

Archer nodded as he brought one claw to the mans eye..

"What were you talking about?"

The soldier stutters out.

'The K-k-king wants you for the church, they are on their way here now.'

Looking at the man with a evil smile.

"When will they arrive, and who's this king you speak of?"

The man calmed down a little seeing the boy didn't want to kill him.

"King Isar Kheesara of the Kheesara Kingdom, he has a good relationship with the church of light so he called upon them to hunt you, and two months time."

Archer was happy he came across these two, so he continued to question him.

"You were guarding the border, where is the closest town or village?"

"Zalat village, a two-day journey to the west, that way."

He pointed to the right as Archer stabbed him through the chest with his tail, instantly killing him.

Cutting out the three hearts, storing them alongside the three gold coins and 200 silver coins he found on the men.

Finishing with his work he jumped up into the air flapping his wings.

Archer flew west until the sunset, he found a branch to sleep on so he landed on it, dismissing his Draconic Form before pulling out some meat wraps and started eating as he settled down.

The flight wore him out, so he wanted to sleep.

He started watching the stars and wondered how Talila was doing, it's been weeks since he has seen her.

While he was thinking about a certain dark elf, a beast has smelt the meat and slowly approached the tree.

Aura-Detector quickly activated warning him about the beast creeping up on him, Archer was shocked as he quickly looked down.

His eyes widened when he saw the tiger looking beast climbing up the tree towards him.

He pointed his hand while casting Plasma Shot at the beast, burning a hole right through the things head.

Falling to the floor with a thud, Archer scanned the area, and didn't sense anything else he couldn't smell any beasts either.

Settling back down, he nodded off.

Archer was suddenly standing on the edge of a cliff, looking out over a vast blue ocean, and the girl he loved was standing beside him.

They were holding hands and gazing out over the water, lost in the moment.

But suddenly, without warning, Alexa let go of his hand and walked away, back towards the land.

Archer called out to her, pleading with her to come back, but she didn't turn around.

She just kept walking, her back disappearing into the horizon.

He ran after her, his heart pounding in his chest, desperate to catch up to her.

But no matter how fast he ran, Alexa kept getting further and further away until she was nothing but a silhouette in the distance.

Reaching the edge of the land and looked out over the ocean, tears streamed down his face.

He knew that she was gone forever, and he was left heartbroken.

Archer's breathing was heavy as he slowly opened his eyes.

The nightmare that he had been experiencing was still fresh in his mind, and his heart was racing.

But as he looked around, he realized that he was no longer standing at the edge of a cliff.

Instead, he was surrounded by the beauty of the woodlands.

The sun was just beginning to rise, and the soft glow of morning filtered through the trees.

Leaves were rustling gently in the breeze, birds were starting to sing their morning songs.

Taking a deep breath he felt a sense of calm wash over him.

Archer sat up as he looked around at his surroundings, marveling at the beauty of the woodlands.

The trees towered high above him, their branches reaching out to the sky.

The leaves were vibrant shades of green, and the air was filled with the sweet fragrance of wildflowers.

Getting up and stretching he summoned his wings and tail as he jumped off the branch, flying that way all last night caused him to be tired.

While he was thinking about the wings, he guessed that the more he uses them the better he will get.

Flying above the woodlands he stopped as he wanted to take in the view, so he hovered in the air.

Behind him was the jungle and woodlands he came out of.

But the terrain in front of him was revealing a breathtaking landscape that stretches for miles.

The river itself serves as a life-giving artery, winding through the land like a ribbon of blue.

The delta at the river's mouth is a marvel to behold, a vast network of channels, lagoons, and marshes that have developed over millennia, providing a fertile home to a vast diversity of wildlife.

The banks of the river are lined with emerald-green vegetation, which serves as a stark contrast to the arid deserts that stretch out on either side.

The grassland desert, it shimmered in the sunlight, providing an otherworldly beauty to the scene.

Ancient sand dunes rise up and fall away across the horizon, their ridges and valleys etched in intricate patterns by the wind.

The occasional oasis breaks up the endlessness of the desert, its lush palms and vegetation providing a stark contrast to the barren terrain that surrounds it.

"Reminds me of the River Nile."

Villages and settlements are dotted far in the distance, Archer smelt a heavy copper smell that he is very familiar with.

"Blood."

Chapter 43 The Butcher.

Archer flew towards the blood smell, he could see black smoke coming from beyond a small hill.

Flapping his wings even harder to fly faster towards the smoke, when he got closer, his Aura-Detector went off.

Warning him there were enemies everywhere, when he arrived he was hovering over a small village.

He saw people running about trying to put out fires, others were fighting off cannibals.

"Fucking hell, give me a break already."

"Draconis."

All his Draconic features appeared razor-sharp claws, sharp teeth, and even more scales grew over his body.

Three-fourths of his body was now covered in glittering white scales, he felt the power flow through him as he smiled as the cannibals were running wild below him.

Seeing a group of 10 running towards a family of four, mother and father with two little girls.

When Archer spotted them he thunder stepped to them, blocking their path to the family.

He used his claws and tail to attack the group, quickly impaling one with his tail while cutting down two.

As he threw the bodies to the side, Archer looked at the remaining seven cannibals and smiled.

He stood in the center of the battlefield.

Suddenly, a dozen black bolts appeared after he cast Element Bolts using the Darkness element, they started to swirl around him.

The eerie sight of these black bolts floating around him sent chills down the spines of everyone who witnessed it.

Archer's eyes glimmered as he raised his hand, and the black bolts shot off in all directions, hitting his adversaries with deadly accuracy.

Bolts filled with sinister energy crackled with power, pulsing with an ominous glow, causing the ground to shake as they hit their targets, leaving behind a trail of destruction.

The creepiness of these floating, black bolts was only intensified by the terror they unleashed.

It was as though they were directed by some malevolent force that sought to annihilate anything in their path.

As they continued to strike, Archer knew that his enemies were no match for these creepy blasts.

After killing the surrounding cannibals, he looked around noticing the fires getting worse.

"Something needs to be done."

He stood in the middle of the burning village, watching in horror as the conflagration threatened to devour everything in its path.

The panicked villagers were running around frantically, trying to stamp out the flames with buckets of water and whatever materials they could find.

Without a second thought, Archer sprang into action.

With one powerful beat of his wings, he lifted himself high into the air, under the eyes of every villager.

Archer was hovering above the village.

He closed his eyes, feeling the heat on his skin, and opened them again, concentrating on what had to be done.

With another beat of his wings, he summoned a powerful gust of wind that blew the flames back from one of the houses that were particularly hard-hit.

The flames subsided for a moment, allowing the villagers to pour water onto the building, quelling the fire.

With the villager's help, he flew from house to house, using his wings to put out the flames as the villagers tackled the smaller fires.

After an hour of flying around, he was tired.

He dismissed his Draconic Form and collapse on the grass outside the village, the people were running around fixing and cleaning things.

Archer lay there he heard a bunch of footsteps, looking up to see the family he saved approaching him.

The family stepped forward as the father spoke.

"Thank you for saving my family, if not for you we'd be gone."

He looked down at the man.

"Glad I could help."

When the man heard his reply he smiled as he introduced himself.

"I'm Ralf, this is my wife Brie, and my two beautiful daughters Harena and Marena."

Ralf introduced his family, he was an average-looking man with black hair and blue eyes, kinder short, and stocky.

His wife was a red-headed woman, who had brown eyes and was really pretty, but his two daughters were the spitting image of their mother but with their father's blue eyes.

"I'm Archer."

The whole family smiled while the two little girls stepped forward and looked at him, they looked a little bit younger than him.

They came up to him, with eyes full of wonder.

They looked at him with wide eyes, taking in the sight of his four horns, and his beautiful violet eyes, and then the two girls looked around at the smoldering ruins.

"Why did you save our village?"

One of the girls asked in a small voice, her eyes full of confusion.

It was Herena who asked the first question.

Archer looked at the girls, his face softening at the sight of them.

"Because it was the right thing to do,"

The other girl Merena tugged on the his sleeve, her eyes sparkling as she spoke.

"But why did you save us?"

He smiled at the girl, as he looked at both girls.

"Because you're not any less important than anyone else,"

he said.

"Everyone deserves a chance to live in peace and safety."

The two little girls looked up at him in awe, their eyes shining.

Herena spoke before her sister.

"So you're a hero?"

When he heard that he coughed as he looked at the red-haired girl.

"No I'm not a hero, I did it because I wanted to."

The girls were still happy, their parents joined the three but just as they arrived another villager came running up to them.

"They have taken a few families when they left, we cannot find them."

Archer heard this and jumped up as he asked the man. "Take me to their homes."

The man looked at the boy skeptically but Ralf spoke up before he could say anything.

"Take him Derald."

Both of them spent the next hour going house to house, in all five families were taken.

Derald left once they left the last house.

Archer started smelling the items after he smelt the air and instantly got a hit heading north, towards The Howling Jungle

"Draconis."

His dragon features instantly appeared as he took off, heading towards the north.

Flying northwards, Archer kept an eye out for the cannibals, after hours of searching he started getting tired.

Descending to the ground to get some rest, as he did the scent he was after hit his nose, so he decided to follow it for a while.

After another couple more hours of walking, he came across a massive run-down village hidden deep in the jungle.

"Must be the cannibals home."

Archer jumped up into the trees and made his way closer like a white-haired ninja.

He stopped not far from the edge of the village and started watching.

Noticing an old wooden shack that had human scents emanating from it.

Deciding that he needed to get closer as he Thunder Stepped his way to the shack, Archer landed outside and looked around.

He could tell there were over a dozen humans locked inside.

He wouldn't free them until every cannibal was dead.

Activating his Aura-Detector as he scanned the rundown village.

He was flooded with pings, alerting him to numerous enemies around him.

There were three cannibals that were really close, so Archer Thunder Stepped towards them and took their heads off before they could even react.

The cannibal's headless bodies dropped to the ground.

More and more cannibals appeared and attacked.

He started casting spells, Plasma Shots, Void Blasts, Fireballs, and Eldritch Blasts, taking out many but they still tried swarming him.

Archer finally had enough and cast Call Lightning.

Standing in the center of the village, his wings unfurled behind him as lightning crackled in the clouds above.

Archer had a fierce determination in his eyes, he raised his arms, channeling the power of the storm through his body.

With a sudden flash of light, Archer cast forth a violet-colored bolt of lightning, streaking towards the village.

The ground shook as the lightning struck, setting the surrounding area ablaze with bursts of violet and white light.

His hair whipped around his face as he continued to call down lightning.

Thunder rumbled in the distance, shaking the very earth beneath his feet.

As the storm raged on, he remained focused on his task, his strength unwavering.

With each bolt of lightning, he felt a small sense of satisfaction, knowing that he had the power to destroy anything he wanted to.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the lightning began to abate, and Archer saw the burnt-dead bodies of the cannibals.

He jumped up and started flying around the village searching for more targets, soon he found over a dozen cannibals running into the jungle trying to escape.

Archer sped after them with a big smile on his face as he laughed manically, and as his bloodlust kicked in.

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHA."

'Draconis.'

Summoning his claws and teeth.

The cannibals heard the crazy laughter of the boy flying after them.

Archer landed in front of them to cut off their escape route, he went to work and started slashing, stabbing, and even bit a cannibal that jumped towards him and caught him off guard.

He danced through the cannibals, slaying them left and right under the afternoon sun.

Dropping the remaining cannibals to the floor, blood spurting everywhere, covering him as he stood there relishing in the kills.

Before long he came out of his stupor and cast Cleanse on himself to get rid of the blood, Archer went around collecting the 12 hearts and storing them in his Item Box.

He decided to loot the village before releasing the captured villagers, he unsummoned his claws and teeth as he descended to the ground.

Chapter 44 Party.

While walking back to the shack that the humans were trapped in, he started to loot the village after he dismissed his teeth and claws, leaving his wings and tail out.

His tail gently swayed behind him, like a soft beacon of light amidst the darkness.

Every movement was effortless and fluid, the tail's snowy scales shimmering in the glow of the afternoon sun.

As he moved, the tail trailed behind him, its serpentine curves forming hypnotic patterns in the air.

The tail seemed to have a life of its own, twisting and turning in perfect harmony with Archer's every step.

Its delicate and graceful motions belied the tail's astonishing power.

Though soft to the touch, the tail could deliver a devastating blow when used as a weapon, capable of crushing a boulder or felling a tree with ease.

Archer himself seemed to embody the peaceful yet potent nature of the white dragon.

His movements were gentle yet purposeful, his aura radiating a calming energy that seemed to put others at ease.

As he paused, his white tail settled into a gentle sway behind him, like a soothing wave on a still sea

During his looting spree he found 129 gold coins, 370 silver and 344 copper.

"They had good loot, but not enough to make up for the two months of playing hide an seek with the cunts."

Approaching the shack he used a claw to cut off the lock, and opened the door.

Peering inside he saw 20 people huddled in the corner, he gagged as he smelt the shack and quickly stepped back.

He waited outside until the people started making their way out.

There was loads of women and girls but also a few men, an older blonde woman approached him.

She stopped in front of him with a scowl on her face.

"What are you doing here boy!"

Looking at the woman, once upon a time she was pretty but hard work and stress have taken their toll.

"Saving you."

As he finished talking he left the woman standing there.

When he got far enough he leapt up and started flying out of the village.

Spotting a tree not far from the village, Archer landed on a branch, he sat down trying to get comfortable.

He started keeping an eye on them from his vantage point as he started eating some chocolate.

Some people were searching for stuff, while others huddled together frightened, he had no idea what they went through.

The afternoon sun was high in the sky.

"Hello sir, thank you for saving me and my daughter."

Archer heard a mans voice and looked over the branch to see a middle aged man and a older teenage girl, he nodded at them before returning to his position.

An hour passed as the rescued villagers gathered below the tree he was sitting in, he jumped off and started walking back to the village with the people following behind.

By the time the sun set, they arrived back at the village to see Ralf and his wife were waiting for them at the entrance.

He smiled as he saw the group approaching the village.

"Archer thank you for helping."

Archer looked at the man.

"Is there anymore cannibal villages close by?"

The man got confused so he asked the boy.

"Why do you want to know?"

Archer stared at him.

"I want to party with them. Anyway I'm going to go now, make sure to report the cannibal attack to the local guild."

He opened his Domain and stepped through the portal under the astonished looks of the villagers.

When Archer entered the portal, a wave of fatigue hit him as he made his way to the cottage, he dismissed his Draconic Form as he slumped on the sofa.

Sitting there for a while, he needed a hot bath.

"I need to create a bathhouse."

He started picturing the cottage with a bathhouse, he needs one for now and the future.

A small shake was felt through out the Domian, Archer got off the sofa as he checked his mana.

[Mana: 5500/7000]

"It didn't use that much, let's go."

He made his way to the new bath chamber as he stripped off.

When he entered he was shocked.

The bath chamber was a private oasis, a haven of tranquility within this fantastical world.

As one entered the chamber, the soothing sound of water cascading from the ceiling into the pool below could be heard.

A light mist hung in the air, filling the chamber with the gentle scent of lavender and rose petals.

The centerpiece of the room was a large pool, warmed to the perfect temperature, with steam gently rising from the surface.

The water was crystal clear, and soft cushions of bubble froth slowly drifted across its surface.

Small waterfalls spilled down from the ceiling into the pool, creating a gentle, cascading sound.

In one corner of the room was a marble tub, large enough to accommodate a family of four.

It was filled with rose-scented water, with bubbles rising in small, frothy clouds from the jets along the edges.

Embroidered towels of the softest, fluffiest cotton were placed off to the side.

Archer didn't think he could create something like this.

"It's beautiful."

What he didn't know, in the far future this would be a favorite place among his wives.

Archer lay in the bath, sinking down in the hot water that surrounded him like a warm embrace.

The air was thick with the scent of roses, the petals floating in the water around him, adding a touch of ethereal beauty to the already luxurious surroundings.

The water was perfectly heated, delivering a soothing warmth to his skin and muscles that made him sigh with contentment.

Leaning his head back against the smooth marble of the tub as Archer closed his eyes, allowing the heat and fragrance to work their magic.

As he relaxed, he could feel his tensions melting away, his body surrendering to the pleasure of the moment.

The sound of a gentle waterfall nearby added to the tranquil atmosphere, a gentle murmur that matched the rhythm of his breathing.

He took a deep breath, inhaling the sweet scent of roses, and a small smile appeared on her lips.

It was a moment of pure indulgence for Archer, he was so relaxed he nearly fell asleep while relaxing in the bath.

While he was there he decided to make the Domain more like the outside world.

He pictured a beautiful moon in the sky, and a beaming sun during the day, he also created different weathers.

Archer wanted it to be its own ecosystem.

Getting out the bath and drying himself he decided he wanted to go have a look at the results.

He walked around his domain, as he marveled at the vibrant and thriving ecosystem he had created with his mana.

The air was thick with the scent of blooming flowers, and the ground was covered in a lush carpet of emerald green grass.

Thick trees towered over him, providing shade and shelter to the creatures that lived within them.

He listened to the chirping of birds and the hum of insects as they went about their daily activities.

Small beasts scampered across the forest floor, their tiny paws barely making a sound.

Butterflies flitted from flower to flower, their delicate wings casting shimmering colors in the moonlight.

Archer watched as a family of deer-like beasts grazed on the grass, their red coats shining due to the moonlight.

A nearby stream bubbled merrily, providing water for the creatures that called the forest home.

As he continued to walk, Archer realized that he had created an entire ecosystem, each part of it interconnected with each other.

Deciding to get some sleep, he made his way back to the cottage while pulling out some Elvern cake and started to eat.

Walking up the wooden bridge, he entered the cottage making his way to his bedroom.

Stripping out of his cloths, he jumped into bed and fell asleep.

Waking up in an unknown bed seeing a ceiling he's never seen before.

Archer looked around and started to panic.

He noticed a girl in her teens lying next to him.

Recognizing the smooth blonde hair.

"Ella?"

It was a girl he knew all too well lying in front of him.

He hugged her and held her close but she sat up and stared directly at him.

Seeing blood drip down from her eyes and lips.

"Help me."

She collapses causing Archer to panic and rush towards her but that's when everything changes but before he could see anything he woke up.

Remembering that he was in the cottage he calmed down, he was sweating so he cast cleanse on himself.

"I'll take this stress out on the cannibals."

Archer gets up and dressed before heading for the jungle.

Archer's current status.

[Name: Archer]

[Race: White Dragon]

[Age:13]

[Rank: Expert]

[Exp: 8600/9000]

[Level: 76]

[HP: 2000/2000]

[Mana: 7000 /7000]

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

[Strength: 1200]

[Constitution: 1300]

[Stamina: 1200]

[Charisma: 1400]

[Intelligence: 1000]

[Status Points: 0]

Spells: Void Blast(4)Cosmic Shield(3)Cosmic Sword(4)Cosmic Enhancement(-)Thunder-step(4)Cleanse(-)
Eldritch Blast(4)Plasma Shot(3)Fire Missiles(4)Thunder Wave(3)Call Lightning(2)Fireball(2)Element
Bolts(0)Dragon's Breath(0)

Skills: Spell Creation(-)Mana Regeneration(-)Regeneration(5)Dragon Senses(-)Short Sword
Mastery(4)Aura-Detector(3)Dragon's Domain(1)Draconic Form(-)

Chapter 45 Rolling Hills.

Before Archer left the Domain, he made his way over to a bench he made earlier to start eating the hearts.

After Archer ate all the hearts, he checked his status.

'Status.'

[Experience: 7100/9000]

[Level Up: 76>78]

[SP: 0>45]

[Call Lightning: 2>3]

[Fireball: 2>3]

[Element Bolts: 0>1]

[Aura-Detector: 3>4]

He was happy with the boost.

Archer stepped out of the Domain, looking around.

He couldn't see anyone, but noticed how beautiful the sunrise was.

'Draconis.'

All his Draconic features appeared as he took off flying towards the jungle.

10 minutes later, he arrived hovering above the treetops.

Looking around, he couldn't see anything.

He quickly descended to the ground and started walking.

A few hours later his ears picked up a noise not faraway from where he was.

He headed towards it.

After walking for a little while, he spotted some soldiers in blue metal armor.

Archer wanted to get closer, so he climbed up a tree.

As he perched on a branch overlooking the area, he spotted a group of 21 soldiers looking for something or someone.

He recalled the man's words from a couple of days ago.

"They must be looking for me."

He wondered who these soldiers were, they had on blue metal armor that covered most of their bodies.

As they continued their search, Archer watched them from his vantage point, their armor glistening in the morning sun.

It was made of a unique alloy, a combination of sun steel and other metals, which gave it a distinctive sheen.

It was crafted to provide maximum protection to the wearer, covering them from head to toe.

It consisted of multiple interlocking plates, giving them the flexibility needed to move quickly in battle while remaining fully protected.

Someone meticulously crafted each plate with intricate designs and patterns etched into the metal.

They had their helmets off so they could see their surroundings easier.

Their armor had been polished to a high shine, reflecting the sun and casting a blue glow, the soldiers were also equipped with several weapons and tools, including spears, swords, and shields.

The soldier's footsteps echoed across the jungle as they searched the area with purpose and determination.

As they came closer, the armor seemed to glint and sparkle in the sun, nearly blinding Archer because of the shine.

But thanks to his eyes, it didn't affect him too much.

"Why the fuck do they polish it like that?"

They were about 10 meters from the tree he was in when he finally heard them talking.

"Captain, what are we meant to be looking for? Did the King mention anything?"

The captain turned to the man who spoke.

"All we know is that he's a white-haired boy with horns and violet-colored eyes. The church managed to gather information about him."

This alarmed Archer.

"Fucking church, seems like they won't leave me alone."

He promised himself one day he will return the favor.

The soldier who spoke first asked another question.

"Why is our kingdom, along with the church and the Kheesara Kingdom, trying to capture this boy?"

The captain answered before carrying on with the search.

"Well, the church fears him because he's a white dragon and the Kagia Kingdom fears his reaction to the King's war on the dragon-kin tribes in the west."

Archer's ears perked up, what he just said greatly interested him.

He wanted to meet more Dragon-kin.

After all, the only one he knew was his so-called mother.

"Let's take a rest. Don't wander off too far."

The captain shouted out, and the soldiers looked relieved as they started sitting down.

Smiling as he got an idea.

Flying into the air, he cast Element Bolts using water. He didn't want to burn the forest for no reason.

Dozens of blue bolts appeared around him as they sped toward the resting soldiers, targeting all but the captain.

He needed the information the man had.

All 20 soldiers died, not knowing how as the water bolts struck them directly in the face.

The captain looked scared and confused as Archer landed in front of him with a loud thud as he dropped from the sky.

With a creepy smirk plastered on his face, scaring the man even more.

Dismissing his claws as he sped forward, slamming his fist in to the soldier's gut.

Making the man stumble back and fall on his ass.

After the gut punch, Archer looked at him with glowing violet eyes before starting the interrogation.

"Why are you searching for me?"

The man nodded.

"The king wanted to capture you because he thinks you're a threat, due to the Dragon-Kin war he conducted years back."

"What did you do with the survivors?"

Looking really nervous as he quietly spoke.

"They are in slave camps in the Kagia Kingdom."

Picking the up man by the neck with his tail, and he started to strangle him as he spoke in a threatening tone.

"Give me the locations now!"

He quickly started spewing out all the locations where the King was keeping the Dragon-kin.

"The Forgotten Caverns in the north, Rolling Hills, which is in the south of the kingdom, and lastly in the north is the Whispering Woods. There's a camp there for logging."

Archer remembered all the places while asking the man to point in the direction of Kagia Kingdom.

The man pointed off to the left before Archer snapped his neck, dropping his body to the ground.

Summoning his claws, he used them to tear out all 21 hearts he stored them away along with the 11 swords he collected.

He was going to sell them when he got to a city, looking at the dead bodies before walking away, leaving them to be eaten.

Flapping his wings as he leapt into the air, and started to fly towards the southern part of the Kingdom.

Making his way to the Rolling Hills first to free the enslaved dragon-kin.

He was admiring the scenery along the way as he spotted a herd of beasts running through a clearing.

Not long after that, he flew over a massive lake trying to hide itself inside the jungle. He saw a familiar beast lurking just below the surface.

Archer got a brilliant idea.

He made his way back to where the swamp drakes were, and he hovered above them.

Archer took a deep breath as his chest expanded and his lungs filled with air.

Suddenly, he let out a mighty roar that unleashed a stream of fire from his sharp-toothed mouth.

The flame was a bright violet color, and it soared through the air with incredible speed.

The pack of swamp drakes scattered as the heat from the dragon's breath washed over them.

Their scales began to sizzle and steam as the intense heat beat down on them.

The jungle itself seemed to come alive as the violet flames from Archer licked at the foliage, igniting leaves and branches as it went.

The swamp drakes tried to dodge the blaze, but the fire moved too quickly.

They let out ear-splitting screeches and cries as their bodies began to blacken and smoke.

Archer's Dragon's Breath was relentless, moving, burning everything in its path. Nothing stood a chance against it.

Other jungle animals fled the scene, not wanting to suffer as the swamp drakes did.

He stopped his breath attack as he looked at his handy work.

Seeing a beautiful violet glow erupting from the surface of the lake, illuminating the entire jungle that surrounded it.

The flame danced and flickered in the gentle breeze, casting an ethereal glow across the water.

The glow spread, climbing higher and higher into the sky, encircling the lake in a mesmerizing violet hue.

As the flame grew, it illuminated the jungle around the lake, casting shadows that flickered and danced across the trees and bushes.

The jungle came alive with the light of the flame, transforming into a mystical, otherworldly place.

The leaves on the trees glowed with soft violet light, and the flowers bloomed in shades of purple, pink, and orange.

"Beautiful."

Admiring the sight for a little while, he gathered the four swamp drake bodies that were floating on the lake and continued on with his journey south.

As Archer soars over the dense canopy, his heart quickens with excitement as he witnessed the view.

The foliage is a green sea below, and the air is filled with the sounds of exotic birds and chattering beasts.

His dragon wings beat against the air, sending ripples of energy streaking across the sky.

They are impossibly strong, effortlessly lifting him higher and higher, allowing him to soar gracefully over the treetops.

The sun beat down from above, casting dappled shadows across the jungle below.

Archer was loving the scenery of this jungle, even though the damn cannibal attacked. He hasn't fought many beasts due to flying but he will change that soon.

The wind whistled through his hair as he scanned the landscape, searching for his destination.

With a sharp twist of his wrists, he commanded his dragon wings to speed up their flapping, propelling him forward with incredible speed.

As he rose higher into the sky, his vision cleared, and he spotted the rolling hills in the distance.

With a determined grin, he angled his wings downwards and descended, picking up even more speed as he flew through the air.

The wind roared in his ears as he used his dragon wings to shoot over the jungle, zigzagging between tall trees and darting around rocky outcroppings.

Archer's eyes sparkled with exhilaration as he felt the raw power of his wings pushing him forward with incredible speed.

Chapter 46 Southlands.

Archer flew through the sky as he left the jungle behind and crossed over a small mountain range before he finally saw the rolling hills.

As he passed over them, he saw a vast expanse of green terrain dotted with small patches of wildflowers.

The hills are gentle, with soft curves making them perfect for rolling down, and there are deep ravines and gullies that cut through the landscape.

The scene beneath him looks like a painting as the colors blend and meld together, creating a stunning display that commands his attention.

Small streams flow here and there, and the occasional pond reflects the surrounding hills in their waters.

As he flies further and closer to the hills, he can make out the mysterious shapes of shrubs, bushes and trees clinging to the hill slopes.

The rolling hills seem to go on forever, and the boy is left in awe of the natural beauty.

In the distance, he could see a crystal blue lake, surrounded on three sides by a tall skinny tree with colorful leaves.

Archer loves how peaceful it looks.

He ascends to get a better view.

As he did, he spotted a farmstead in the distance and quickly made his way there.

As he approaches it, he feels a rush of excitement and anticipation as he can find out where he actually is.

"Well, I could have asked the soldiers, but I didn't think about it. Oh well"

With a swift thought, he commands his dragon wings to flap faster and harder.

He glides through the air.

Archer's body rises and falls with each beat of his wings, propelling him forward with incredible speed.

His dragon wings create a low humming sound as they slice through the air with ease, carrying the boy across the open fields.

By twisting and turning his body, Archer expertly maneuvers through the air, navigating around obstacles and picking up momentum as he approaches the farmstead.

As it comes into view, the surrounding landscape becomes a blur as the boy's dragon wings propel him at breakneck speed.

The wind whips past his face as he closed in on the farm.

He lands about a mile outside and made his way towards it on foot, dismissing his teeth and claws.

It took him a little while to get there, he realized it was two houses the second house hid behind the first.

As he walked up to them, he spotted a group of kids.

One of the girls spotted him before nudging a boy who looked like her but was a few years older.

He said something, then the whole group turned around to stare at him.

Archer raised an eyebrow at the children, well he thinks of them as children, but they are only a couple years younger than him.

As he walked over, they ran back to their houses.

After a minute or two a man came out of the first house and approached Archer.

The farmer was a sturdily built man, and a sun-browned face that spoke of years spent toiling in the fields.

His eyes were brown, and he wore a simple tunic and trousers.

A wide-brimmed straw hat shielded his face from the afternoon sun, and a pair of sturdy boots protected his feet from the rough terrain.

He stopped in front of Archer and spoke with suspicion in his voice.

"What are you doing here, boy?, where did you come from?"

Archer looked at the man as he narrowed his eyes, but calmed down in the end because he couldn't blame the man as he did walk up to the house.

"I come from the Avalon Empire, but got lost down here."

The man scrutinized the boy before his face softened before smiling.

"Boy, my names Raymond, I can tell you're not lying to me, how in the goddesses will did you get down here? Did you fly?"

Raymond looked at his wings and tail as he thought.

'What beautiful wings? What is he?'

Archer also looked back at his wings and tail, he thought about how much he liked them before turning back to the man.

"I was on a guild mission, we arrived to see the defenders of a local city fighting against a beast hoard in the Rhodora Kingdom, I got knocked into a river, and next thing I know I woke up on a beach with a bunch of cannibals."

The man scratched his beard and turned on his heels.

"Come on boy, let's get you something to eat. The wife will kill me if I let you go without feeding you."

He dismissed his wings and tail while following Raymond.

Archer entered the house and finds himself in a large, open foyer that was decorated with intricate tapestries and ornate carvings on the walls.

On the right side of the foyer, there is a wide staircase that leads up to the second floor of the house.

On the left side of the foyer, a set of double doors leads you into the main living area.

The living area is spacious and cozy, with several comfortable couches and armchairs surrounding a large fireplace.

Archer saw the walls were adorned with paintings of fantastical landscapes, and fur rugs cover the wooden floor. In the center of the room, there is a long wooden dining table that can seat up to ten people.

To the right of the living area, a set of double doors lead to the kitchen.

The kitchen is well-equipped, with a magic stove, multiple element ovens, and a spacious pantry that is stocked.

As he walked further into the house, his eyes widen in amazement.

He is greeted with a warm, inviting atmosphere.

Archer smelt the air was filled with the sweet scents of baking bread and simmering stew, and the crackling of a roaring fireplace.

The interior is spacious and beautifully decorated, with tapestries and paintings hanging along the walls, and large, comfortable furniture scattered throughout the room.

As he takes a moment to look around, the boy notices the myriad of intriguing details that make up the home.

There are cozy reading nooks tucked into corners and a grand central staircase that winds its way up to the second floor.

As his eyes follow the winding staircase, he catches glimpses of the other rooms in the house, each filled with its own unique furnishings and decorations.

In awe, the boy realizes that this house must belong to a large family.

"I see you like the place, took me many years to build, without Luan I couldn't have done it."

Raymond spoke as he sat down on a comfortable sofa and motioned for Archer to sit down.

"Oh boy, what's your name?"

"Archer."

He replied as he sat down and took out a Moon Juice and offered one to the man.

"Oh, what's this?, a drink from the north!"

Raymond got happy as he popped the lid and started to drink.

"Ahhhh, that taste is heavenly."

He stopped drinking to savor its taste. It's not every day he gets offered a drink from the north.

"Thank you, Archer."

Nodding his head as he asked.

"Could you tell me about this land?"

He got a serious look on his face as he started to speak.

Raymond leaned down, looking him in the eye.

"Listen closely, young one,"

He said in a stern tone.

"If you want to reach the mountain range that leads north, then you'll need to cross through the howling forest first. It's a dangerous place, filled with 100s of evil tribes and beasts that will try to attack you. But if you're careful and keep your wits about you, you'll make it through."

When Archer heard that it was filled with 1000s of cannibals, he smiled as his eyes shined at the thought of the slaughter he was going to commit.

"Hehehe"

Raymond looked at this crazy spectacle going on before him.

He coughed to get the boy's attention.

The man then straightened up and pointed beyond the forest.

"Once you've made it out of there, you'll find yourself in the grass desert. It's a vast expanse of golden grass that stretches out as far as the eye can see. You'll need to travel across that until you reach the base of the Shavano mountain."

Taking another drink before continuing.

"If you want to get home, you're going to have to cross the mountains. It's going to be a tough and treacherous journey. But if you make it to the other side, you'll find yourself stuck between the King's Run river and Snakehold swamp with only a few roads leading north."

He paused for a moment before continuing.

"The swamp is a dangerous place. It's filled with all sorts of beasts and foul creatures that will try to stop you from reaching your destination. You'll need to be careful and pick your path carefully. But if you make it through, you'll finally be on your way to the north."

As he finished speaking, a woman with dark green hair, big blue eyes, and a slim body walked into the room and stopped when she saw Archer.

"Dear, who is this child?, where did he come from though?"

Raymond turned to his wife before introducing them to each other.

"Alima, this is Archer."

He turned back to Archer.

"This is my wife, Alima."

The two of them stared at each other before she nodded her head and spoke.

"You're welcome to stay for dinner, Archer."

He nodded, and she smiled. Seeing his reaction, he turned back to Raymond and asked.

"Can you tell me about the Southland's different kingdoms?"

Raymond smiled.

"If you share more of that drink, I'll be happy to tell you everything I know, boy."

Chapter 47 Southlands 2.

Archer pulled out six bottles of Fizzle Fig's, and six Dragon Tears placing them on the table in between them.

"Where is the route to the north?"

Raymond stroked his chin as he held up three fingers.

"Well boy, there are three routes to return north which is controlled by the Zenia Empire, ruled by Emperor Amkhu Sharifi, it is the only place you can buy imported goods."

"The Empire specializes in agriculture, spices, mercenary work, and the magical item markets"

"They employ many beasts, Demi-Humans, and Humans in their armies, as they guard the three routes."

Raymond picks up a Fizzle and downs it quickly as he turned back to Archer.

"The first route is The Scorching Desert Road, dotted with ancient ruins and caravansaries, which leads straight to the northern plains once you pass through the Jagged Peaks and cross over the Misty River."

Raymond stops speaking and holds up two fingers as Archer started to eat chocolate.

"The second route is The Grasslands Passage, this expansive route stretches through numerous hostile tribes territories and a small human kingdom who practice some strange dark arts."

He gets a concerned look on his face because that wasn't the worse bit of news but spoke anyway.

"But traders have told me many things about the route as it runs through The Darkwood forest, this vast forest is shrouded in perpetual gloom, with huge trees that are gnarled and twisted like arthritic fingers.

The branches of the trees hang low, creating a thick canopy that veils the forest in darkness, even in daylight.

Thick brambles and briars carpet the forest floor, making travel treacherous and difficult.

Strange noises are heard in the distance, like the low growls of unseen beasts, and the trees themselves seem to shift and stir like they have a life of their own.

Most travelers hire mercenaries and adventurers when they travel through The Darkwood forest."

Archer didn't care about that, he will deal with it when the time comes. He motioned for Raymond to carry on as he started eating even more chocolate.

The man wondered if everything is alright with this strange boy.

He sighed before continuing.

"The Coastal Route on the way north is a perilous journey that only the bravest travelers dare to undertake.

The route hugs the rugged cliffs and sheer drop-offs of the coastal mountains, where the sea roars far below.

The narrow path is treacherous, with jagged rocks jutting out to catch the unwary.

The route is well known for its unpredictable weather, with sudden storms that can whip up waves that lash against the cliffs, threatening to sweep travelers away.

In some parts of the route, the path vanishes, leaving travelers clinging precariously to the sides of mountains.

Despite the dangers, some travelers choose to take the Coastal Route for its unparalleled views of the ocean.

But they must constantly be on guard for sudden obstacles and sea beasts, that have been known to attack people who travel the path"

Raymond stared at the boy whose eyes were shining, he could tell he was excited.

Archer nodded as he smiled at the man.

So the man started telling him about the Kingdoms.

"There are six kingdoms in this land, with the Aquarian, Hakim, and Majid kingdoms located in the South-West. The other three kingdoms are the Nethania Kingdom in the East, the Kheesara Kingdom in the South-East, and the Kagia Kingdom in the West, where we currently are."

Raymond stopped talking and looked at Archer.

"Are you listening boy?"

He nodded at the man.

"I'm going to tell you about the geopolitics of the Southlands."

"The Kagia Kingdom hates the Nethania Kingdom and the Zenia Empire who're allies, they try their best to undermine the two, so they can take control of the Northern passages but the Zenians push them back every time."

He sat there for hours listening to Raymond telling him all about the Southlands, after a while, he went off to help his wife cook when she called out to him.

Archer learned the main way people earn coins here is through spice, precious gems, magic items, and agriculture.

Raymond told him that the people as a whole refer to themselves as the Mahrazian people after their god of the same name who is the god of agriculture and happiness.

The Southland's economy is built on the trading of exotic food, spices, herbs, gemstones, and magical items that are found only in the Arabian-like peninsula.

All those goods pass through the northern trade routes or by ship at the many port cities

He stood up and quickly left the house, as he was getting annoyed by sitting down for so long.

Archer jumps into the air and quickly flapped his wings and takes off, looking for a tree to rest in.

Not long after starting, he found a tree that was still on the farmstead so he made his way over to it.

Landing on the biggest branch, he dismissed his wings and sat down, his tail was swaying lazily behind him as he pulled out some meat wraps and started eating.

He realized that he only had two left and needed to find more, he may have to ask Raymond's wife to make something.

Archer started gazing out at the Rolling Hills that stretched out before him.

In the distance, majestic mountains rose, their peaks shrouded in mist. To the west a dense jungle loomed, the trees whispering in the wind.

And to his right, the endless expanse of the grassland desert shimmered in the blazing sun. He couldn't believe he found himself in these exotic lands.

Everywhere he looked, there were new sights, sounds, and smells to discover. Wondering what kind of magical beasts might dwell in the lush jungles or rocky mountains.

He pondered the mysteries of the ancient ruins scattered throughout the land and imagined the tales of the people who had lived there.

But he was determined to face it all, for he knew that the greatest adventures awaited him in this magical Arabian-like land.

He started laughing as he knew trouble would find him sooner or later. Archer couldn't wait to explore all that this new land had to offer as he made his way north.

Ella randomly popped into his mind causing a smile to break out across his face, as he was sitting there eating.

With those light blue eyes and her short blonde hair, Archer loved her smile and the way she was always nice to him.

'She's so cute.'

Smiling as he remember his little maid waiting for him back in Vassia City, Archer missed her but knows she is safe due to the necklace he has never taken off.

Another hour passed by as Archer was laying on the branch mesmerized, his eyes fixed on the sky as the sun illuminated it with a dazzling array of colors.

Shades of pink, orange, and purple blended to create a stunning canvas of beauty above him.

He was lost in the spectacle, unaware of anything else around him, until a small voice suddenly caught his attention.

Looking down, he saw a tiny figure below him, its voice barely audible amidst the rustling of leaves and chirping of birds.

Archer saw a green-haired little boy staring up at him with big brown eyes. "Papa said dinner is ready, you must come now."

The little boy ran back to the house as Archer jumped to the ground and made his way there.

He entered the house and saw three children sitting at the table while Alima and Raymond were preparing the food.

Archer looked at the long wooden table it was lined with a vibrant array of dishes. A sizzling roasted bear leg, bathed in a savory gravy, was the centerpiece of the feast.

Next to it, a bowl of crimson-red cherry cobbler glimmered with sugary sweetness.

The family of five and Archer took their seats at the table, filling their plates with a selection of exotic meats, succulent fruits, and aromatic vegetables.

A platter of unique fish, unlike anything he had seen before, made its way around the table, and the children eagerly filled their plates.

Colorful, magical vegetables adorned the table, with shimmering carrots, turnips, and beet-like creations resembling precious jewels.

A salad of fresh greens, sprinkled with nuts and Moon Milk cheese, added a touch of delightful crunch.

As the meal progressed, more fantastical delicacies appeared, including meat from an unidentified creature placed at the center of the table.

Archer was in the midst of enjoying his meal when a little girl with brown hair and blue eyes approached him, speaking in an innocent tone.

"Who are you?" she asked.

Turning to the girl with a smile, Archer replied, "I'm Archer. And what's your name?"

The little girl's eyes sparkled with excitement as she responded, "I'm Aiza. Why do you have four horns on your head? Are you a goat?"

He looked at the young girl who mistook him for a goat and burst into laughter. Aiza, not understanding the reason behind his laughter, joined in with giggles of her own.

After regaining his composure, Archer explained, "No, I'm not a goat, Aiza..."

"He's a dragon," a voice chimed in.

Archer noticed the boy he had seen earlier, who appeared to be around 15 or 16 years old. She turned her gaze back to him, her eyes shining with curiosity. "Are you a dragon?"

Aiza's excitement surprised her brother, who had anticipated a different reaction. But instead, she was thrilled and eager to see.

Archer nodded in response to the girl's question.

With that, he rose from his seat and moved away from the table, raising his arms while whispering his favorite word.

"Draconis."

Chapter 48 Off He Goes.

The room around him grew quiet as everyone watched in anticipation.

As if from nowhere, a pair of huge, white wings emerged from his back, their scales shimmering in the light.

They were magnificent, and the room was filled with gasps and whispers of excitement.

At the same time, Archer's fingers began to elongate, stretching out into long, sharp claws.

They were beautiful, like ivory, and looked strong enough to cut through steel.

As his transformation continued, a long, powerful tail sprang forth from his back, swishing slowly back and forth as if it too was coming to life for the first time.

It was long and slender, covered in white scales, and looked capable of delivering a crushing blow.

He's body felt more powerful since he evolved and loved having his draconic features on show.

Archer opened his eyes and looked around the room, to see the families eye's wide open in shock.

Alima mumbled.

"He's a white dragon Raymond."

Archer picked up on the tone of her voice and he know she knew something. He turned to her and asked.

"Alima, what do you know about white dragons?"

She saw his shining violet eyes staring at her. she stepped forward before speaking.

"I read a tome when I was attending the academy, that stated white dragon's can manipulate weather, can turn barren land fertile and can do many things with mana."

She shrugged before she was finished speaking.

"I'm not sure how true that is, I just read about it in my free time when I finished my studies."

Archer was interested, maybe he will unlock more special abilities when he evolves again.

"Well thank you for the information."

He took out five bottles of the Rune Shine drinks he had in his Item Box and gave one to each family member as a thank you for Raymonds information.

The children looked happy but the older boy looked indifferent.

Raymond walked over to him with a smile on his face.

"Archer let me introduce you."

He pointed at them.

"This little beauty is Aiza, the little rascal is Fahad and the angry looking munchkin is Riyad."

Aiza and Fahad were smiling, but Riyad got angry when he heard his father call him that.

He walked out the dinning room and everyone heard a door slam.

Alima looked at him.

"I apologize about that, he can be moody at times."

He waved her away without thinking about it and went back to eating, as he was eating Aize asked him a question.

"Archer do you have any family?, and why are you here?"

He looked at this curious Loli before answering her.

"Well I was fighting and fell into a river, and I floated all the way here."

As Archer spoke he remembered a movie he and Alexa watched years ago and a phrase came to mind.

'They all float down here. You'll float, too.'

Thinking about that damn clown made him shiver, he hated them.

Shaking his head as he finished off the food on his plate.

Aize didn't let him get away with avoiding the question and so she repeated herself.

"So, do you have a family?"

Memories flashed through his mind as he looked down.

"No, I don't, I only have one person in my life but she's not here, unfortunately."

The little girl went silent before an awkward atmosphere descended over the five people.

Until Raymond spoke up.

"Enough of this sour atmosphere, now where were you headed, Archer?"

He stared at the farmer for a minute before he spoke.

"I was heading for the closest town or city, do you know the way?"

Before Raymond could reply Alima spoke up.

"The Great City Sarar is 10 miles to the north of here, it's a trading city that produces food and is home to many gem mines that the kingdom needs."

Archer nodded his head before asking her a question as he pulled out his last meat wrap.

"Alima can you make these meat wrap's if I give you the meat?, I'll pay you."

She looked at the simple food in his hand before nodding.

"Yes I can, what meat do you have?"

"Orc."

The five people's eyes widened when they heard his quick reply.

She replied when she heard what he said.

"How did you get it?"

Raymond got the look first then followed by Alima, both talking at the same time.

""You're a dragon.""

Nodding his head with a smirk, before pulling out two orc bodies and telling her she can keep one.

Alima quickly rushed off to fetch something and Raymond stared at him.

Archer dismissed his draconic features, leaving the tail out, it was swaying left to right in a smooth rhythm.

So he stared back with a crazy psychotic smile.

"You're one crazy child, you know that Archer."

He nodded at the man's words before giving his own opinion.

"Tell me about it."

Raymond stared at the broken boy.

"Whatever happened to you really affected you huh."

He remained silent until Alima returned with some knives and a magic pouch.

She looked at Archer before getting to the dirty work.

"Your food will be done by tomorrow midday, and thank you for the food, it will help out a lot."

Archer spoke for a little while longer he dismissed himself to go get some rest, flying around still made him tired.

After saying goodbye to everyone he left the house then entered his Domain and made his way to the cottage.

He heard Alima say just as he left.

"Off He Goes."

Archer hoped he would get used to it soon, he has been meaning to work out but kept forgetting.

As he was walking he pictured the cottage having a large training room below it, having a staircase leading all the way down to it.

He felt a small shake as he created the training room.

Archer also increased the Domain space, also added more environments, such as desert grasslands, mountains, lakes, and even more forests, at the cost of 6000 mana.

'Mana'

[Mana: 200/7000]

Archer felt really tired after expanding the Domain, he decided not to do it again until he had a lot more mana.

Pulling out a mana potion he drank it.

[Mana: 700/7000]

He pictured the Domain having the same night and day cycle as the outside world.

After he was done with that he made his way to bed, he entered the cottage and stripped off before walking into one of the bedrooms and falling asleep.

Archer came to as he was standing in a church on earth, he was getting married to the two loves of his life Alexa and Ella, and everything was perfect.

The sun was shining, the colors were vivid, and everything felt alive and vibrant.

The ceremony was beautiful, and the guests were all smiling and happy.

Archer couldn't believe how lucky he was to be marrying two wonderful girls that were perfect for him.

But then, something changed.

The sky began to darken, and the colors started to fade.

The guests began to disappear, and Archer was left alone.

Suddenly, his brides-to-be transformed into two beasts, with sharp teeth and claws.

They began to chase him, and he ran as fast as he could, trying to escape but he couldn't.

Everywhere he turned, they were there, and he was trapped.

The dream that had started so beautifully had turned into a terrible nightmare.

He woke up in a panic and saw it was still night, Archer drank Moon Juice.

Archer then drifted back to sleep, hoping for a better dream to replace the nightmare that just happened, but thanks to fate it was not to be.

He found himself standing in a dark and eerie place, and Ella approached him, tears streaming down her face.

"Why did you leave me?" She asked, her voice cracking with emotion.

"I didn't leave you, I was knocked into the river and ended up here!" Archer replied, confused because he was certain Sarah would have told her somehow.

"No, you were gone for so long, and I felt so alone. That's why I had to leave you,"

Ella explained, and he realized that he had been gone for a long time, and hadn't even realized it.

Archer felt his heart break as he watched her walk away, and he knew that it was all his fault.

He felt alone, lost, and completely devastated. The nightmare had taken him to his lowest point, and he didn't know how to fix it.

As he started to get angry the scene changed to one that he was very familiar with.

He saw a young man and woman walking down the riverside on a cold September night.

Not long after that, he spotted Noah approaching the two from behind.

Archer tried to intervene but couldn't he could only watch what was about to happen.

But to his horror, Noah started stabbing Alexa, as the other Archer stood by and watch.

As he woke up again, tears streaming down his face, realizing he was in the cottage.

The constant dreams were taking their toll on his fragile mind, maybe because he was a dragon it was holding the mental dam back.

Getting off the bed, he put his clothes back on and cast Cleanse on himself.

Archer leaves the cottage and saw it's still dark out.

Chapter 49 Feathers Vs Scales.

As he stood in his domain, he gazed up at the dazzling stars glowing brightly above.

Radiant and mesmerizing, they outshone any he had seen on Earth, and he was in awe.

Thrylos had gifted him with a view of celestial beauty that even his wildest dreams could not have conjured.

Staring up he saw shooting comets and colorful stars.

Even though he hates the nightmares he is still thankful to be here.

Archer left the Domain, as he stepped out he quickly activates his draconic form.

"Draconis."

All his draconic features appeared even his sharpened teeth.

Leaping in the air he took off to hunt, after flying for a while he arrived at the forest.

As he soared over the forest, he maintained a watchful eye on the terrain below, much like a hawk scanning for prey.

His flight was slow and deliberate, taking in every detail of the landscape as he glided effortlessly through the sky.

Not noticing anything at first, until his nose picked up the scent of blood, as he flew closer he started to hear the sound of fighting.

Archer arrived swiftly, picking up speed as he approached his destination.

Looking around he saw two dinosaurs fighting at the base of a big mountain.

Stopping not far from them, as he stopped Archer cast six Element Bolts made from Lightning.

The yellow bolts flew through the air while crackling as they struck the dinosaurs.

All he heard was a whistling noise as the spell shot toward the targets, the Lightning bolt punctured the beast's bodies dropping them to the ground.

Altogether he's collected 21 hearts from the soldiers yesterday, and two from the beasts just now.

He decided to eat now, once he was done he checked his status.

[Exp: 4150/9000]

[Level: 78>79]

[SP: 45>68]

Archer was happy, he got 3750 experience from the kills and 2300 from the hearts he ate.

He took off again, flying over the treetops.

His nose caught a smell he hasn't smelt before.

Archer stopped as he started hovering.

The smell was close but he couldn't pinpoint it, he flew a bit further and he managed to locate what was making such a smell.

Descending to the ground as he spotted the strange-looking beast, it was a magnificent creature with a hulking, furry body and a bird-like head.

"Oh, it's an owlbear, the old Archer read about them."

Its fierce eyes are as big as saucers, and its sharp, curved beak can tear through flesh with ease.

Thick feathers cover its strong shoulders and arms, and its razor-sharp talons can kill its prey in a matter of seconds.

Despite its bulky form, an owlbear is incredibly nimble, able to move quickly and silently through the densest forests.

With its distinctive hooting call, this hybrid predator is both imposing and fascinating.

He was shocked when he saw it, Archer has never seen anything like it before.

Spinning on its heels to face him.

It let out a deafening roar, its eyes fixed on the boy, the beast quickly charged forward catching him off guard.

The bear quickly swiped at him but he dodged while returning the attack with a slash of his own.

He tore through the beast's skin like a hot knife cutting through butter.

The beast roared in pain as he Thunder Stepped high above while starting to free fall.

He wasn't using his wings but tucked them in as he summoned his cosmic sword which changed color.

It's fully black but has violet veins running throughout the blade, aiming it at the beast as he fell.

But something happened that he didn't expect, the beast swiped at him as he got close.

He managed to shield himself with his wings before he got hit.

The swipe sent him reeling back, but Archer used his wings to protect him as he crashed to the forest floor.

It didn't hurt his wings at all, there wasn't even a scratch on the scales, Archer lay there for a second trying to catch his breath.

The morning sun was starting to rise, getting to his feet he approached the unsuspecting beast.

Archer Thunder stepped and appeared next to the owlbear's head but before he could cast his spell, the bear tried to swipe at him but his right wing defended him against the attack.

Claw and scale clashed, sparks flew as Archer deflected the claw to the side as he rushed forward while using his claw to puncture the bear's chest.

His claws tore through the owlbear's skin, bone, and organs, he got covered in blood as the bear was much taller than him.

It weakly swung its other claw at him but Archer used his wing to block the attack.

He pierced the bear's chest with his claw and tore out its still-beating heart.

Archer stared at the still warm blood running down his arm as he held the heart, his bloodlust kicked in and wanted him to hunt more.

He stored the heart and took off, he wanted to collect his food and keep moving.

After a 10-minute flight, he landed outside the farmstead and cast Cleanse on himself, he looked at the sun and it was still morning.

Archer started walking around as he marveled at the fantastical sights before him.

The grass beneath his feet sparkled with tiny, colorful gemstones that seemed to glow in the sun.

Beasts were grazing in the fields unlike any he had ever seen before, with rainbow-colored fur and sparkling, jewel-like eyes.

As he wandered deeper into the farmstead, Archer noticed the fruits growing on the trees were larger than his head, and their skins were covered in intricate patterns that seemed to shift and move.

The vegetables in the garden were similarly fantastical, with bright, swirling colors that defied logic.

He took a deep breath as he smelled the sweet, spicy fragrance of the plants, which seemed to flavor the very air around him.

The morning sun was a bright, a beautiful golden orb in the sky, casting warm rays of light and shimmering patterns of prismatic colors across the farmstead.

Archer loved the place, it seemed so peaceful until he was interrupted by Riyad.

"Why are you here? you just turn up and everyone is so friendly to you!"

Staring at the rambling boy, he turned on his heels and walked away while saying.

"Fuck off with your petty bullshit."

He made his way to the kitchen to see if his food was done.

Archer stepped into the house and made his way to the kitchen where he saw Alima still cooking the food.

The woman turned to him with a smile, she knew something was plaguing the boy but didn't want to pry so she greeted him.

"Peace be upon you, Archer."

He was stunned, a religion on earth uses that greeting.

Shaking his head as he greeted her back.

"Good morning, Alima,"

Archer greeted as he entered the kitchen.

Alima smiled back at him.

"Your food is nearly done."

As Archer watched her cook, she noticed that he seemed distracted.

"Are you okay, Archer?"

He shook his head.

"Yeah, sorry. Thank you for cooking for me."

Alima paused for a moment before offering some advice.

"You know, life is a precious gift. We only get one shot at it, so it's important to make the most of every moment."

Archer looked puzzled.

"What do you mean, make the most of every moment?"

Alima smiled.

"I mean, don't waste your time on things that don't matter. Do the things that make you happy, spend time with the people you love, and chase your dreams. Don't let fear or doubt hold you back."

"But what if I don't know what my dreams are?"

"It's alright, Archer. It's normal to take time to figure out what you want in life,"

Alima reassured him.

"Just keep exploring, trying new things, and learning about yourself. Remember, the journey is just as important as the destination. So enjoy the ride and live life to the fullest."

He expressed his gratitude to Alima as she resumed cooking his meal.

"Thank you, Alima,"

Archer took a seat and patiently waited for his food to be ready.

Not long after sitting down, she was done with the food.

Alima placed a massive platter full of food, and he took out two gold coins and placed them on the table.

When Alima saw the coins, her eyes widened in surprise before protesting.

"That's too much for some simple cooking."

Archer smiled at her as he stood up after storing the food away.

"It's enough, thank you for cooking, Alima. Do you happen to know where Raymond is?"

She looked at him with surprise written all over her face as she nodded.

"You're welcome, and he is behind the house tending to the garden."

As Archer made his way to the garden, he was immediately struck by the vibrant colors and unusual shapes of the plants and flowers around him.

The air was thick with the sweet scent of blooming flowers, and the sound of a nearby waterfall filled his ears.

He couldn't help but feel a sense of peace and tranquility wash over him as he took in the beauty of his surroundings.

Archer walked deeper into the garden, he marveled at the towering trees with leaves that glimmered like jewels in the sunlight.

The bushes with flowers that seemed to dance in the breeze were a sight to behold.

He couldn't help but feel a sense of wonder at the beauty of nature.

Approaching a small stream that ran through the garden, he could see fish darting through the crystal-clear water.

The sound of the water flowing over the rocks was soothing, and he found himself drawn to the edge of the stream.

He continued to explore the garden, he noticed that the plants and flowers seemed to be arranged in intricate patterns, almost as if they had been deliberately placed there by someone with a keen eye for design.

It was clear that a lot of thought and care had gone into creating this beautiful oasis.

Chapter 50 Filthy Demi-Human!

As Archer stepped into the garden, a wave of tranquility washed over him.

He spotted Raymond, whom he had met the day before, tending to a bed of ocean-blue flowers in a corner of the garden.

Archer approached him, intending to exchange greetings, but before he could speak, Raymond asked without turning around.

"You're leaving?"

Archer nodded in confirmation, explaining that he was on his way to Sarar City to visit some friends.

Raymond turned to face him, a smile spreading across his face.

"Be careful, boy."

Raymond warned, his expression grave.

"This kingdom is preparing for war. My cousin sent a letter a few weeks back informing me that the king is recruiting youngsters into the army."

Archer got excited at the news of an impending war.

He thanked Raymond for the warning and promised to be careful on his journey.

As Raymond looked on in confusion, Archer quickly excused himself and stepped through a white portal that had opened up before him.

Archer closed his eyes and focused his mana, using it to create small metal tokens adorned with the image of a dragon's head.

These tokens could be infused with mana and used to transport the bearer into his domain, a safe haven where anyone who chose could find refuge.

To ensure their effectiveness, Archer infused each token with a powerful one-time use of his own mana.

When he opened his eyes, he saw that the tokens had taken on a beautiful white color.

He created a thousand tokens, intending to distribute them to anyone in need or who could be useful to his domain.

Raymond was still staring at the spot where the portal had appeared, Archer suddenly reappeared, causing him to jump back with a yelp.

Laughing at Raymond's reaction, which only made him more frustrated. Raymond asked.

"Where did you go?"

He pulled out five white tokens and handed them to Raymond, explaining that they were one-time-use tokens that would bring the holder to a safe place.

Archer departed, he instructed Raymond to distribute one token to each family member and to imbue them with mana when the time was right.

Raymond was left staring at the tokens in his hand, realizing their potential usefulness in the days to come.

Making a mental note to distribute them as soon as possible and eagerly anticipating what other surprises Archer had in store.

Suddenly, Archer whispered.

"Draconis." And summoned all his draconic features, with his wings unfurled and ready for takeoff.

It was a dramatic exit, leaving Raymond and his family wondering what else Archer was capable of.

With a mighty leap, he propelled himself into the air, his powerful wings beating with a steady rhythm as he soared higher and higher.

The wind rushed past him as he flew towards the north, his eyes scanning the horizon for any signs of danger or obstacles on his journey to the great city of Sarar.

Filled with a deep sense of confidence in his abilities, Archer knew that nothing could stand in his way of reaching his destination.

With each powerful flap of his dragon wings, he increased his speed and determination to reach Sarar City as quickly as possible.

Archer soared above the vast expanse of desert and grasslands, he couldn't help but feel awestruck by the stunning scenery below him.

The shimmering rivers and untamed wildlife added to the sense of adventure that filled his heart.

With each passing moment, Archer gained incredible speed, hurtling towards the city of Sarar with fierce determination.

He knew that nothing could stand in his way, and he was ready to face any challenges that lay ahead.

As he flew over the endless landscape, he suddenly spotted a herd of majestic Hippogriffs grazing on the riverbank.

The sight filled him with joy and wonder, and he couldn't help but marvel at the beauty of the world around him.

Finally, after hours of flying over the barren terrain, Archer caught sight of a magnificent Kagian city in the distance.

Its towering monuments and gleaming domes sparkled in the sunlight, and he knew that he was getting closer to his destination with each passing moment.

Suddenly, a sharp pain shot through Archer's wing, and he looked over to it, to see an arrow lodged in his wing membrane.

He cried out in agony as he lost control of his flight, spiraling toward the ground and crashing into the earth with a thud.

The impact was so forceful that it created a small crater, leaving Archer dazed and injured.

As the figures approached him with weapons drawn, Archer knew he was in danger.

Despite his weakened state, he refused to give up and summoned all his strength to defend himself, ready to fight for his life if necessary.

Rising to his feet, he inspected his injured wing and observed the slow healing process, noting the progress with each passing moment.

Archer examined his wing, he suddenly heard the sound of crossbows being drawn.

He quickly looked up and saw a group of men dressed in loose robes, some with kufiyyas covering their faces, pointing their weapons at him.

Despite feeling vulnerable in his current attire, Archer stood up and brushed the sand off his body.

One of the bandits charged at him, he summoned his claws and deftly dodged the sword.

With a swift swipe of his snow-white claws, Archer took down the bandit, causing him to fall to the ground in agony.

The deed was done, Archer's slender and muscular dragon tail swayed behind him.

As another bandit lunged forward with his sword aimed straight at his heart, a white wing suddenly appeared, blocking the attack.

The bandit felt a sharp pain in his chest and looked down but was blinded by glittering white scales, as beautiful as a field of pure snow.

Archer used his wing to block the bandit's attack while stabbing the man's chest with his tail.

All the bandits were stunned at the turn of events, when they spotted the flying thing they thought they could capture him to sell him to the slavers, but never expected this.

Archer stood there smiling with two dead bodies laying beside him.

Looking at the bandits, then at the blood splatters he smiled even more, his bloodlust finally took over.

Taking out some chocolate he started eating, after one mouthful he offered some to the bandits, to their extreme confusion.

He was in a good mood, he finished the chocolate and started a rhyme before the fun arrived.

"Lies a land of dying beasts.

Their bones lay scattered in the sand."

Archer Thunder stepped into the middle of a group of bandits, they all jumped back in shock but quickly regained their focus and charged the boy.

He continued with his rhyme as he lashed out with his claws and tail.

"A haunting sight across the land.

The vultures circle overhead."

Feeling his tail pierce something then quickly swiped at another.

While he dodged a bandit's rusty sword swing, he cut the bandit's hand off, he tried to scream but a tail impaled him before he could.

"Waiting for the creature's final bed.

Their eyes gleam with hungry glee.

As they wait for death's decree."

Archer looked around and saw blood, body parts, and lumps of flesh all around him, his tail and claws covered in crimson red blood.

Three men remained, and they began to panic before attempting to flee.

Archer quickly fired two void blasts, leaving only one of the bandits alive.

He swiftly rushed towards the last bandit, who believed he had escaped from the demon but was surprised by a swooping noise.

Archer effortlessly lifted the bandit and soared into the sky, ascending to a height that made the bandit faint halfway up.

When he stopped, he noticed the bandit hadn't regained consciousness and was sleeping.

He woke the bandit up with two heavy slaps to the face, the bandit awoke in a panic and stuttered out.

"W-w-where am I?"

"You're in the heavens, my bandit friend."

The bandit finally realized where he was and started struggling, but Archer had his claws dug into his neck, making it impossible for him to escape.

"Please, let me go."

The bandit pleaded.

But Archer just stared at the squirming bandit and bluntly answered.

"No, now tell me where your hideout is."

He descended to the ground as the bandit stopped moving.

The bandit realized he was back on the ground and tried to run, but Archer's tail grabbed him by the leg.

Archer, who had a long and powerful tail, wrapped it around the bandit's waist and tried to lift him.

However, the bandit was much heavier than the boy had anticipated, and he struggled to keep his grip.

The man, sensing an opportunity to escape, started to wriggle and kick, making it even harder for Archer to hold on.

In a moment of frustration, he let out a loud grunt and used all his strength to lift the bandit.

But instead of lifting him, the boy lost his balance and stumbled backward, slamming the bandit to the floor with a loud thud.

Groaning in pain as Archer quickly got up, his tail still wrapped tightly around the bandit's waist.

Archer looked down at the bandit, who was now lying motionless on the ground.

Taking out a health potion he poured it all over the bandit's face, the bandit woke up for a second time.

He started face-slapping him again, frustrated that he couldn't pick the bandit up, so he took it out on his face.

"Where's your base?"

Archer demanded.

The bandit spat at him.

"I ain't telling you nothing, you filthy Demi-human!"

Archer sighed.

He had expected this kind of resistance.

But he wasn't about to give up.

"Listen, I don't want to hurt you,"

"But I need to know where your base is. If you tell us, you'll be free."

The bandit looked at him skeptically.

"You expect me to believe that?"

Archer nodded.

The bandit hesitated for a moment, before speaking.