

## **A Journey 51**

Chapter 51 Brownies.

The bandit cleared his throat before speaking.

"Our camp is located in a cave about 10 miles away from here, you got to follow the river until you come to a waterfall, the cave is behind it."

Archer nodded, committing the directions to memory.

"But you got to be careful the cave is well-hidden, and there are traps and guards all around, If you're caught, they'll kill you. So be smart..."

He used his tail to finish off the bandit by piercing his chest.

Archer flicked his tail to get rid of the man's blood, he glanced westwards, his eyes scanning the horizon.

Before taking flight, he made a quick round and managed to gather a total of 11 hearts.

Without any delay, he spread his wings and took off, feeling the wind rush past him as he soared over the river toward his destination.

As he flew through a small wooded area on the east bank, Archer spotted a group of small creatures dressed in ratty clothing running towards a small cave nearby.

They were chattering excitedly amongst themselves, their tiny feet barely making a sound as they scampered along the woodland's leafy ground.

Without hesitation, Archer flapped his wings even harder to increase his speed and swooped down in front of the creatures, blocking their path.

They stopped in their tracks, their eyes widening in fear as they gazed up at him.

He could see the fear in their eyes, and he knew that he had to be careful.

Archer slowly crouched down, bringing his body closer to the ground.

He spoke in a calm, reassuring voice, trying to ease their fear.

"Hello there, little ones,"

The creatures looked at him skeptically, still trembling with fear.

But as Archer continued to speak in a soft and gentle tone, they began to relax.

"You don't have to be afraid of me, I won't hurt you."

Slowly, they inched forward, their curiosity getting the better of them, he saw what they looked like and his eyes went wide as he recognized them.

'Brownies!'

They were small and mischievous creatures from Scottish folklore, standing about two feet tall, with wrinkled faces, pointed ears, and shaggy hair.

They wore ragged clothing made from leaves or moss and were known to be shy and elusive.

Despite their helpful reputation, brownies could also be unpredictable.

They are mischievous creatures who enjoy playing tricks on humans, such as moving objects or hiding things.

But they are generally really friendly and are believed to bring good luck to those who treat them kindly.

Archer was shocked that he found such a creature on Thrylos, he was wondering what they were up to out here, so he asked.

"What are you little guys doing out here?"

One of them stepped forward and started speaking but when it spoke it was in a sing-song voice, it relaxed Archer, which he found strange.

"Gathering stuff for the winter or home will be cold"

Archer nodded, impressed by the brownie's resourcefulness, and offered to help them carry their scavenged belongings.

"I can help you if you'd like?"

The brownies gratefully accepted his offer, and together they walked towards the cave.

As they walked, they kept looking up at Archer with curiosity and a hint of fear in their big eyes.

Finally, one of them gathered the courage to ask.

"What are you?"

With a smile on his face, Archer told them.

"I'm a white dragon, but I won't harm you, I'm here to help."

The small creatures exchanged nervous glances before gazing into his kind eyes and gradually relaxing.

The brownies smiled as the same one spoke for them all.

"Thank you for your kindness."

As Archer followed the brownies into their cave home, he felt a sense of wonder at the cozy and inviting atmosphere.

The smooth, warm stone walls and soft, plush cushions gave the space a comforting feel, while the natural materials used in the furniture added a touch of rustic charm.

The delicate, sparkling crystals hanging from the ceiling cast a gentle glow over the room, creating a magical ambiance.

Archer couldn't help but break out into a smile as he took in the scene before him, feeling grateful for the brownie's hospitality and the chance to experience their world.

He examined the intricate carvings on the walls and the detailed tapestries hanging from them, he was amazed by the skill and artistry of the brownies.

Despite the small size of the space, it felt full of life and warmth, a testament to the creatures' creativity and resourcefulness.

The brownies beckoned him to come further inside, gesturing for him to sit down on a small cushion near the center of the room.

Though Archer hesitated for a moment, unsure of what to expect, the brownies warm smiles and friendly demeanor put him at ease.

He settled onto the cushion, feeling excited for the opportunity to learn more about their way of life.

As Archer settled onto the cushion, the brownies bustled around him, making sure he was comfortable before offering him a cup of their special brownie drink.

He took the drink and looked at it, the drink was a rich golden color, and as Archer took a sip he was struck by the delicate floral flavor.

It tasted like fresh flowers and sunshine, and he couldn't stop himself from smiling in delight.

The brownies chattered and giggled around him, pleased with his reaction to their drink.

Despite his initial skepticism, Archer found himself genuinely enjoying the experience, and he again felt grateful for the hospitality of the brownies.

He couldn't wait to learn more about their culture.

The brownie who spoke up earlier came shuffling over and filled up his empty cup, he looked at the little creature and asked for his name.

"What's your name?"

It looked back at Archer and answered in a low voice.

"I'm Twigg, white dragon."

While Archer was about to ask another question, his Aura Detector suddenly alerted him to the presence of someone nearby.

He quickly instructed his companion to stay inside and rushed out of the cave, only to find a group of 40 dark green goblins waiting outside.

The goblins stood menacingly about 10 meters away from the cave entrance, and Archer felt confident that he could handle them.

However, he knew that his new friends, the brownies, were in danger.

Suddenly, a small brownie appeared behind him and warned him that the goblins were dangerous.

Archer looked down and saw the little creature trembling in fear.

'Draconis.'

Archer's draconic features appeared with powerful wings, white shining claws, and sharp teeth that were showing as he smiled.

He told the brownie to return to the cave.

"Go back inside and stay safe,"

Twigg, one of the brownies, quickly scurried back into the cave to comfort the others.

Archer turned back to face the goblins, with a determined smile and his violet eyes shining, he pointed at the goblins as he declared.

"They're mine."

He took a deep breath and let out a roar, unleashing a stream of violet flames that burned everything in its path.

Archer continued to move the flames, burning dozens of goblins before the flames eventually died down.

The remaining goblin stood frozen in shock, unable to comprehend what had just happened.

They were caught off guard as Archer unleashed a barrage of wind bolts, striking them with deadly accuracy.

The goblins fell one by one, their bodies crumpling to the ground in a lifeless heap.

But just as Archer thought he had emerged victorious, his Aura Detector pinged, warning him of an imminent attack from behind.

Reacting quickly, Archer turned around and brought his claws up to block the attack.

The sound of metal clashing against metal echoed through the air as Archer was sent flying, crashing to the ground.

He looked up to see a muscular goblin wearing homemade metal armor, its eyes fixed on him with fierce determination.

Despite feeling a bit wobbly on his feet, Archer steadied himself and Thunder Stepped in front of the goblin.

Archer slashed the goblin tearing its stomach open, guts spilling on the floor as he Thunder Stepped behind it.

Jumping up he used his claws to puncture the beast's back, taking hold of its heart he tore it out, making the goblin drop to the ground.

Archer leaped off the corpse and began collecting the hearts, managing to loot a total of 28.

As he made his way back to the cave, he dismissed his draconic features and approached the 16 brownies huddled up in a corner.

Walking towards them, he spoke to them in a friendly tone.

"Hello, my friends. I know of a safe place where you can go if you'd like to come with me."

Twig stepped forward and spoke in his sing-song voice.

"Where is this place, white dragon?"

Archer opened his Domains portal and invited them to follow him.

Chapter 52 Dragon-Kin.

Archer stepped through the portal and patiently waited for the Brownies to follow suit.

After a few minutes, they began to enter the portal one by one.

When they arrived at their new location, Twig looked around with amazement at the abundance of mana in the area.

The Brownies, who had appeared like a group of homeless beggars, were taken aback when Archer used his powers to create new clothes for them.

With his eyes closed in concentration, Archer created little Roman togas and sandals for the Brownies.

"Now, my little friends, this is your new home."

Archer said, gesturing towards the area around them.



"And those are your new clothes."

The Brownies were stunned when they saw the clothes and turned towards Archer.

"Wow, thank you so much, Master White Dragon!"

They all exclaimed in unison.

"We never thought we'd have such beautiful clothes to wear."

Twig approached him and asked in a respectful tone.

"Excuse me, Master White Dragon, are these gifts intended for us?"

Archer nodded and replied,

"Indeed they are Twig. Enjoy them."

Noticing that they were all changing into their new clothes, he turned back to Twig and asked.

"How are the rest of the Brownies?"

Twig quickly answered.

"Master White Dragon, they are all well, they are excited to explore, as always. How may I be of service to you?"

Archer rubbed his chin thoughtfully before responding.

"Just continue to look after this place for me, Twig. Keep the house clean and treat all the women who come here with respect. Can you do that for me?"

Twig nodded with a smile.

"Of course, Master White Dragon. It would be my honor to serve you in any way I can."

Archer stared at the creature before him, sizing it up.

"Just call me Archer."

Twig bowed deeply.

"Yes, Master Archer."

Archer sighed, realizing that communicating with him was going to be a challenge.

He closed his eyes and focused, imagining a large cave adjacent to the training room, with two entrances.

One leading to the house, and the other to the outside.

He also expanded the nearby lake and increased the size of the domain.

"I've made some porridge for you guys to eat."

Checking his mana levels.

[Mana: 2000/7000]

Looking around, Archer saw that the Domain was starting to resemble a wild forest, which suited him just fine.

"I've built you a cave by the house."

He said, motioning towards the structure.

"There's food in there. The forest is massive, and there are mountains and plains. Make yourself at home."

Archer turned to leave the domain but then remembered something important.

"Twig, do you know if there are any more Brownies in the area where I found you?"

He nodded eagerly.

"Yes, Master Archer! There are about a hundred more in the woodlands. Shall I go talk to them?"

Archer smiled.

"Please do. And take these with you."

Archer handed over a small pouch filled with shiny dragon tokens.

"Give these to any Brownies you find and tell them to imbue them with mana. They'll be teleported here."

Twig's eyes widened in amazement.

"Wow, thank you, Master Archer! I'll go right away!"

And with that, he scampered off into the woods, eager to complete his mission.

Archer left the Domain and whispered,

"Draconis."

His draconic features appeared and he leaped up in the air flapping his wings and took off towards Sarar City.

Flying over the desert grassland, it was early afternoon and the sun was beating down on him, he saw many caravans moving along a distant road.

Archer flew towards the road, as he did he started to descend and landed just behind a hill off the road, where he dismisses his draconic features.

With only his dragon eyes, horns, and scales left out, he can't dismiss them anyway.

Reaching the road he started to walk towards the city, he pulled out some hearts and started eating them.

After following the caravan in front for an hour, he was finished eating.

Archer took out a Honey Brew and downed it, after he finish he checked his status.

[Experience: 3200/12000]

[Level Up: 78>82]

[SP: 45>95]

[Rank Up: Expert > Master]

He decided to put 15 points on HP, mana, strength, stamina, and charisma, and 10 on constitution and intelligence.

[HP: 2000>2150]

[Mana: 7000>7450]

[Strength: 1200>1350]

[Constitution: 1300 > 1400]

[Stamina: 1200>1350]

[Charisma: 1400>1550]

[Intelligence: 1000>1100]

Archer felt his body get stronger and was pleased with the results, he realized that he ranked up again so that means he can create another spell.

But he chose to wait until he was relaxing.

He noticed the traffic picked up and more caravans were leaving the city.

'They seem to be in a rush.'

Watching a carriage fly past them and head off down the road.

Continuing to walk down the sandy road, his feet sinking slightly into the warm grains with each step.

The sun beat down on his skin, and he wiped the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand.

As he walked, he gazed out at the horizon, where the shimmering heat waves danced in the distance.

Suddenly, he saw something that made him stop in his tracks.

In the distance, rising from the sand like a mirage, was an amazing Kagian city.

Its walls were tall and imposing, made of sandstone, and adorned with intricate carvings and mosaics.

The towers and minarets reached up to the sky, their spires glinting in the sun.

Archer stood there, awestruck, taking in the sight before him.

He had never seen anything like it before.

As he continued to gaze at the city, he heard a voice calling out to him.

"Hey, you there!"

Shouted a merchant who was sitting by the side of the road.

"Come take a look at my wares! I have the finest silks and spices in all the land!"

Archer tore his eyes away from the city and looked over at the merchant.

He hesitated for a moment, then decided to approach him.

As he drew closer, he saw that the merchant was a wizened old man with a twinkle in his eye.

"Welcome, welcome!"

'Con man.'

Archer ignored the man and carried on walking towards Sarar City, after walking for a little while he arrived in front of the gate.

He joined the queue and waited to enter.

The sun was beaming down on him as he thought to himself.

'At this rate, I'll be tan in no time Hehe.'

As Archer approached the city gates a city guard stepped forward, blocking his path.

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"Halt! What's your business in Sarar City?"

He looked up at the imposing guard.

"I'm here to sell beast bodies I hunted and to buy some supplies."

The guard narrowed his eyes suspiciously.

"And where did you come from?"

"I've been traveling for weeks, hunting and gathering."

Archer explained.

"I heard Sarar City was a good place to trade."

The guard studied him for a moment before nodding.

"Very well. You may enter but be warned we don't take kindly to troublemakers. And keep your wits about you there have been rumors of gangs attacking people in the area."

With a stern nod, the guard stepped aside, allowing the boy to pass through the gates and into the bustling city beyond.

Archer walked through the city gates and found himself transported to a world that was both exotic and familiar.

The streets were narrow and winding, with colorful Arabian-like buildings rising on either side.

Archer noticed the air was filled with the scent of spices and incense, and the sounds of music and chatter drifted through the streets.

The people he passed were dressed in vibrant clothing, with flowing robes and intricate headscarves.



Some were busy haggling in the markets, while others lounged in the shade of the buildings, sipping tea and smoking hookahs.

He felt a sense of wonder and excitement as he explored this new world, marveling at the sights and sounds around him.

It was as if he had stepped into a storybook, the buildings are decorated with intricate and ornate details, with decorative arches, domes, and minarets.

The buildings are made of sandstone, brick, or adobe, and are designed to provide shade and ventilation in hot climates.

As Archer walked deeper into the city an amazing smell hit his nose and he followed it until he was standing outside a shop.

When he stepped inside the restaurant, Archer was greeted by the warm glow of lanterns hanging from the ceiling, casting intricate shadows on the walls.

The decor is rich and ornate, with plush cushions and tapestries adorning the seating areas.

The air is filled with the tantalizing aroma of spices and herbs, as the kitchen staff prepares traditional dishes.

The menu features a range of mezze plates, grilled meats, and fragrant stews, all served with fresh flatbread and rice-looking stuff.

The atmosphere is lively and happy, with the sound of laughter and chatter filling the air.

A live band plays traditional Kagian music in the corner, adding to the festive ambiance.

Archer noticed a member of staff who had a pair of horns with a thin metal collar around her neck.

'Dragon-kin.'

Chapter 53 The Calm Before The Storm.

He watched the woman take a plate full of food to a table with two men, she placed it down as they started harassing her.

But she skillfully got out of there and returned to the back room under the angry gazes of the two men.

A waiter approached Archer and handed him a menu, he looked at it and ordered some curry and minotaur meat.

The waiter nodded and left the table as Archer spotted the dragon-kin woman who was taking more food to a family of five sitting at a table not too far from him.

Now that she got closer he paid more attention to her, she had dark blue hair, and her two horns were a lighter blue color.

'Maybe she's descended from a water dragon?'

With a nonchalant shrug, he persisted in waiting. It didn't take long before the slave disappeared into the back, only to reemerge with a tray of food, which the man then brought over to Archer.

Placing it on the table along with a glass of water. "How much?"

The waiter thought for a second then gave him the answer.

"Two silver."

Archer nodded as he gave the man the coins and studied his meal.

As he looked down to eat, he was greeted with the delicious aroma of the yellow curry, which was likely made with a blend of spices and herbs.

The curry was a vibrant yellow color, with chunks of vegetables and possibly even meat mixed in.

As he took a bite, he experienced a burst of flavor, with the spices coming together nicely.

In addition to the curry, he also started to eat the slabs of minotaur meat on his plate.

The meat was quite thick and juicy, with a rich flavor.

As he cut into the meat, he noticed the juices flowed out onto his plate, he went to take a bite until he noticed something happening.

[Dragon-kin slave's P.O.V.]

She was lost in her work, and completely focused on the task at hand.

With diligence and efficiency, she tended to her duties with purpose and grace.

Her practical clothes and neat braid were a reflection of her unassuming nature.

Life had been hard ever since she was sold to the restaurant owner.

Despite being a Dragon-kin, she was not a warrior and had been captured along with her tribe in the Aquarian kingdom in the southeast.

Like many times before, the owner instructed, leaving her exhausted and drained.

As she made her way to the table, two men jeered at her. But then, she saw a white-haired boy with four horns.

She couldn't help but stare at him, feeling a strange pull deep within her. As she approached him with determination, one of the men grabbed her.

She quickly protested but didn't stand a chance against the adventurer and that's when he revealed that the owner had agreed to sell her to the two.

The girl panicked and stood frozen as the man tried to drag her along.

He got angry, then slapped her across the face sending her crashing to the floor.

As she held her cheek with tears in her eyes, the man approached her with an evil smile.

But before he could strike the girl again, a claw burst out of the man's chest covered in blood, his loose robes stained red.

The man dropped to the floor, his lifeless eyes staring at her, she looked at the culprit and her eyes widened when she saw who it was.

She looked at the handsome white-haired boy, and couldn't help but be captivated by his unique appearance.

His hair was styled in a sleek ponytail, which added to his overall charm.

The most striking feature of his appearance, however, was the beautiful white scales that adorned his body.

They shimmered in the light, giving him an almost ethereal quality.

His claws were also impressive, with a sharpness that suggested he could cut through metal.

Finally, the four dragon horns that protruded from his head were a testament to his strength and power.

Overall, the woman was in awe of this stunning boy and couldn't help but be drawn to him.

She was staring at him with wide eyes as she remembers the stories her grandfather used to tell her about the last dragon king.

Legend has it that long ago, there was a powerful white dragon king named Bazrosh who had a vision of creating a paradise for all dragon kind.

He believed that dragons should not have to live in fear or isolation, but rather in a place where they could thrive and live in harmony with one another.

With this vision in mind, Bazrosh set out on a quest to find the perfect location for their paradise.

After many years of searching, he finally found a beautiful valley nestled between two mountains.

The valley was lush and green, with crystal clear streams and a warm, gentle breeze that blew through the trees.

Bazrosh knew that this was the perfect place to create his paradise, so he began to work tirelessly to transform the valley into a haven for dragons.

Using his powerful magic to create towering trees, sparkling waterfalls, and fields of vibrant flowers.

He also built caves and tunnels for the dragons to live in, each one customized to suit the needs of its inhabitants.

As word of Bazrosh's paradise spread throughout the dragon community, dragons from all over the world began to flock to the valley.

They were amazed by the beauty and tranquility of the place, and they were grateful to him for creating such a wonderful home for them.

And so, thanks to the vision and hard work of Bazrosh the white dragon, his kind had a new home.

A paradise where they could live in peace and harmony for generations to come.

[Back to Archer]

He held the man's heart in his hand, staring at the dripping blood before storing it away.

Turning to face the woman.

"Do you know where the other Dragon-kin are?"

The woman nodded her head, and he approached her, reaching out for her neck.

Archer used one of his claws to cut the metal slave collar off, causing it to drop to the floor with a loud clank.

Seeing the rest of the people in the restaurant start to panic, he grabbed the woman while opening a portal and pulled her through it.

Moments later they were in a small clearing, and Archer was looking at the woman as she was looking around in shock.

"Where are we?"

"My domain."

The woman continued looking around as he asked for her name.

"What's your name?"

She looked up at him with a shocked expression and whispered.

"You're a white dragon?"

Archer heard her whisper and nodded his head.

Shaking her head with a smile before introducing herself. Dropping to one knee in front of Archer makes him feel awkward.

"I'm Sagana, my king."

He didn't know what to do or why she was doing it.

"Why are you kneeling? I'm not royalty."

Sagana looked at him.

"Legends of our tribe say that White dragons are the rulers of the dragon race, and are the rarest type of dragon. They are seen as mere legends and myths, but I guess not. You're standing right here in front of me after all."

Archer had a pensive look on his face before asking.

"What do you know about white dragons?"

She started to think as she spoke.

"I know they can talk to all kinds of people without a problem, also Grandfather told me they can create things with their mana, that's all I know my king."

He nodded his head before approaching Sagana with a pouch of white dragon tokens, his eyes shining with excitement at the thought of "helping" the Dragon-kin.

He gave them to her.

"Here, take these. Give one to every Dragon-kin you can find."

Sagana looked at the tokens in wonder, admiring their intricate design.

She smiled at the boy and replied.

"Thank you, I will do as you say."

He nodded then opened a portal and escorted her out before telling her to wait in the now-empty restaurant.

Summoning his wings he flew over to a large empty plot of land in the north of his domain.

Archer hovered above the area which was the size of a football pitch, closing his eyes as he imagined a tent city taking up most of the space.

The tents were well made and could hold up against heavy rain and were white.



He also created a lake off to the side with tons of fish swimming around.

While he was at it he decided to add more lakes, mountains, and rivers.

Seeing his domain stretch into the distance he figures that is enough space for now.

Looking around as he mumbled to himself.

"It looks better than before, now it's time to deal with the slavers."

He opened a portal and reentered the restaurant to see Sagana standing in front of a man who stood next to the body of the adventurer he killed.

Chapter 54 Your Stash.

Sagana rushed to Archer's side as the adventurer looked up at him and spoke with venom in his voice.

"Did you do this, lizard?"

Archer bristled at the insult.

"What are you accusing me of?"

The man pointed at his heartless partner.

"He's dead, and you're the only one here. Don't play dumb with me."

Archer's eyes narrowed.

"His heart was juicy and his blood was so beautiful that its image will stay with me for the rest of my days."

With a sudden burst of energy, Archer used Thunder Step to appear in front of the man.

"Draconis."

All his Draconic features reappeared except for his wings, which he had already had out when he exited the Domain.

He turned to Sagana.

"Go free as many as you can. It won't be safe here for you shortly."

Sagana nodded and began to leave, but before she could, she saw something that amazed her.

The adventurer didn't just stand there he charged at him, unsheathing his sword and swinging it at his neck.

The blade connected with a loud clang as it hit Archer's white scales, sending sparks flying in all directions.

He smiled up at the adventurer, his eyes gleaming with amusement and a hint of danger.

The adventurer stumbled back, momentarily stunned by the force of the impact.

The man hesitated for a moment before swinging his sword again.

Archer let out a low growl as the adventurer lunged at him with a sword.

He stepped forward with lightning-fast reflexes and plunged his tail into the man's head.

The adventurer fell to the ground, lifeless.

Flicking his tail to get the filthy blood off, his tail swaying behind him as if nothing had happened.

He turned to Sagana and asked.

"Where are the barracks or castles for the city?"

She looked puzzled but answered anyway.

"There are three forts inside the city. You'll recognize the buildings when you see them. And there are two castles, one guarding the eastern river crossing that takes you to the Zenia Empire, and the southern pass that leads to the Aquarian Kingdom."

Archer nodded.

"Tell people to imbue mana into the token and they will be transported to the domain, see you soon."

As the boy walked out of the restaurant he stored away the second heart he looted, he stretched his arms and let out a contented sigh.

Suddenly, he stretched out his dragon wings so they were spread wide and catching the wind.

With a running start, he leaped into the air and soared upwards, the wind rushing past him as he gained altitude.

Archer flew over the city, and as he did he spotted a military-looking building in the North.

Without hesitation, he angled his wings and flew towards it, the rush of air in his ears drowning out all other sounds.

He approached the fort, and Archer slowed down and circled it, taking in its imposing structure.

Hovering in the air with his wings, he gazed down at the small Kagian barracks below.

From his vantage point, he can see the intricate details of the fort's architecture.

The fort is made of sand-colored stone, with a low wall surrounding it and small turrets at each corner.

The entrance is a large wooden gate, with metal studs and a latch that looks like it has been there for centuries.

He can see the small courtyard inside the barracks, with a central fountain surrounded by lush greenery and colorful flowers.

The sound of the water trickling from the fountain reaches his ears even from this height.

From above, Archer can see the intricate carvings and patterns etched into the fort's walls.

The designs are so detailed that they almost seem to come to life as he hovers closer.

As he got closer, Archer can see the small windows that let in just enough light to see by.

He can also see the tapestries and rugs adorning the walls, adding to the cozy and inviting atmosphere.

Overall, the small Arabian-like barracks look even more enchanting from above, with their intricate details and peaceful courtyard creating a sense of calm and tranquility.

Archer saw a large balcony with loads of soft-looking sofas, he flew over to it and saw a few guards walking below him.

He quickly checked the office and didn't see anyone so he went to sit down, as he did he pulled out some chocolate and watched the beautiful sunset.

A golden glow illuminates the sky around him and casts long shadows across the Kagian cityscape.

Archer notices the sun looks like a fiery orb, slowly descending towards the horizon, while the sky above it transitions from shades of orange and pink to deepening blues and purples.

As the sun sets, the city might come alive with the sounds of prayer, music, and laughter, creating a vibrant and enchanting atmosphere.

He sat there as he ate his chocolate waiting for nighttime to cause some mayhem.

An hour passed as the moon and stars lit up the city alongside hundreds of oil lamps making the city look beautiful.

Archer stood up and walked towards the balcony door. He tried the handle and it opened.

As he stepped into the office and looked around, he noticed how well-decorated it was as he started looting the room.

Placing anything good into his Item Box.

"Seems like a waste of coin."

He muttered to himself.

"It's not a waste if it impresses those who visit."

A voice said from behind him.

"Then why do you spend so much coin on pointless things?"

Archer asked, gesturing to the lavish decorations.

"It's not pointless if it serves a purpose."

He walked over to the desk and started searching through the unlocked drawers.

"What are you looking for boy?"

"Your stash."

Archer replied, his eyes scanning the contents of the desk.

The commander raised an eyebrow as he heard the boy.

"And what makes you think I have one?"

Archer shrugged.

"Everyone has a stash. It's just a matter of finding it."

He realized who he's been talking to as he looked up to see a massive bear of a man standing about 10 feet from him grinning ear to ear.

"You're a little dragon ain't you boy?"

He stared at the man before replying.

"So what, who're you, old man?"

The man burst into a loud laugh, calmed down, and focused on the boy again.

"General Emir Mitri of the Kagia Kingdom, personally chosen by the king to defend this city."

Archer stood still, his eyes blazing with determination as he cast Cosmic Enhancement upon himself.

He felt a surge of cosmic energy course through his body, making him feel even more powerful than before.

With a fierce cry, Archer Thunder Stepped to get behind the commander, his body moved with lightning speed.

As he closed in on his target, he slashed at him with his claws.

Emir was caught off guard by his sudden burst of power, and he stumbled back, as he cast a Scorch Shield blocking the claws that nearly slashed his chest.

Archer jumped back as his attack got blocked, he got an idea and decided to test something.

He closed his eyes as he imagined his white claws lit on fire with a violet flame.

Not long after he opened his eyes, violet flames danced up and down his claws.

Archer locked eyes with the man before he vanished from the spot.

Emir anticipated the attack and quickly cast another Scorch Shield to block the claw slashes.

He launched loads of Scorch balls at the boy, but they were shrugged off with ease by the boy's wings.

Archer weaved around the spells, dodging them effortlessly.

He skidded to a stop and began firing Eldritch Blasts at Emir, who blocked the attacks with his Scorch Shield.

It was a bright orange flame that looked like it could burn skin straight off the bone.

Archer had an idea and started spamming Elemental Bolts made of water at the shield.

Eventually, the shield died down, and Archer fired an Eldritch Blast straight at Emir, catching him off guard.

The blast slammed into his chest, sending him crashing through the adobe wall of the office.

He took a deep breath and quickly searched the rest of the office until he found a hiding spot.

Archer's heart raced as he knelt down and used his claws to slash open the wooden planks, tearing them open with ease.

It was then that a large wooden chest could be seen, he pulled it up and ripped off the lock as he opened the lid.

His eyes widened in disbelief as he saw a large stash of gold coins filling the space, glinting in the dim light of the room.

The coins were stacked high, almost overflowing from the wooden chest that contained them.



Archer's mouth fell open in wonder as he realized that there were thousands of coins and beautiful gems in the stash, more than he had ever seen in his life.

He felt a rush of excitement and anticipation as he imagined the possibilities that this newfound wealth could bring.

The room was silent except for the sound of his heavy breathing as he reached out to touch the coins, feeling their weight and coolness in his hand.

He knew that he had stumbled upon a treasure trove, and he couldn't wait to discover more.

Chapter 55 Greed.

"All mine now Hehe."

Storing all the coins and gems in his Item Box with a laugh.

He also had a plan to give the city a spectacular firework display that they would never forget, Archer made his way to the balcony.

But as soon as he stepped out, he saw loads of soldiers running towards the downed commander and some racing towards the stairs leading up to him.

He was going to ask one of the soldiers what was going on, betting on him not paying attention.

"What's going on!"

Archer shouted down at one of the panicked soldiers who was rushing into the building.

"Enemy attack on the city!"

Shaking his head and he decided to get out of there before they arrived.

Without hesitation, Archer crouched down and leaped into the air, flapping his wings to hover over the fortress.

From his vantage point, he saw even more soldiers approaching the fort.

Archer's eyes shined as he took a deep breath and let out a deafening dragon's roar that shook the foundations of buildings and burst the eardrums of every living being close by.

Closing his eyes, he focused all his energy on his chest as a stream of flames erupted from his mouth.

The flames were hot and powerful, with a fierce energy that could be felt even from a distance.

Despite their intensity, the flames were also incredibly graceful, moving with a fluidity and elegance that was almost hypnotic to watch.

The barrack's walls crumbled under the intense heat, and even the soldiers were no match for the inferno.

Some soldiers got caught up in the fire but it didn't bother Archer, they enslaved the Dragon-kin after all.

He would later realize how much he underestimated them and would come to regret not burning even more.

Archer watched in awe, as the Kagian fort was burning with a bright violet flame, illuminating the whole city.

Alerting every guard in the city to his attack.

Despite the destruction, Archer couldn't help but feel a sense of wonder at the beauty.

As the people of the city emerged from their hiding places, their faces filled with shock and worry.

The sight of the fort engulfed in a beautiful purple blaze seared itself into their memories, an unforgettable scene that would stay with them for years to come.

As Archer surveyed the eastern part of the city, he saw even more troops heading toward his position.

Without hesitation, he flew in their direction, unleashing a torrent of flames onto the road, blocking their advance.

The intense heat of the flames caused the buildings on either side to blacken and the windows to shatter, while the pavement melted into molten slag.

Archer's Breath was like a river of death, consuming everything and everyone in its path with ruthless efficiency.

The air was thick with smoke as Archer continued to rain destruction down upon desperate soldiers who were trying to escape the evil demon.

Some got swept away in the flames as they retreated, ash piles could be seen here and there.

He stopped his breath as he started to fly towards the Eastern fort.

Archer soon arrived at the fort and smashed straight into the office while using his wings to protect himself from damage.

Crashing into the office, he came to a stop and looked around, this time he wasn't trying to be careful.

After all, he was a loot goblin and loved to collect things.

Searching through the ruined office, his heart pounding with excitement.

He knew whoever the man was that owned this office has hidden treasure tucked away and he was determined to find it.

Scanning the room, taking in every detail, his eyes soon fell upon a bookshelf in the corner that looked odd.

Without hesitation, He walked towards the bookshelf, his claws at the ready.

He tore into the shelves, ripping books and papers apart with reckless abandon.

As he tore into the back of the bookshelf, he saw it.

A large wooden chest was hidden behind the bookshelf.

He pulled it out and opened it, and when he did his violet eyes shined as he saw gleaming gold coins and precious gems.

Scooping up the coins and gems, marveling at their weight and beauty.

He knew that this treasure would be enough to buy anything he ever wanted, but greed took over and he wanted even more.

With a sense of triumph, Archer threw the chest into his Item Box and walked onto the balcony as he leaped into the air and flew south.

On his way to the last fort, he couldn't resist the temptation to relieve the merchants of their heavy coins and other golden possessions as they were fleeing the city.

By the time he got to the fort, it was the early hours of morning, chaos had already erupted as the soldiers were running around the city, screaming about a Zenian invasion.

Archer couldn't help but chuckle at the sight.

Upon reaching a familiar-looking balcony, he broke into the office, only to be met with an unexpected scene.

A man, a woman, and two little boys were all seated around a table, looking frightened and bewildered.

The man quickly stood up, demanding an explanation.

"What are you doing in here, boy?"

Archer stared at the man with a blank expression before making his demand.

"Give me your gold, or what's happening out there will happen in here."

Archer was lying, he could see that the man was a family man and would hand over the gold.

The man was taken aback, wondering if Archer was a bandit.

He and his family had been having dinner in his office to celebrate his promotion, and now they were faced with a dangerous intruder.

Despite his confusion and fear, the man resigned himself to his fate and headed for the secret compartment to show the little bandit.

He revealed a hidden trapdoor, and Archer peered down to see a chest filled with gold.

He eagerly stashed it away and turned to the man, questioning why they had so much wealth.

"Why did you three have so much gold, you're only commanders. I'm sure you don't get paid this much."

Archer inquired.

The man looked guilty and muttered something under his breath.

"Taxes. It's some of the city's taxes we stole."

He admitted in a low voice so his family wouldn't hear.

Archer was pleased with his newfound fortune he ended up with six chests of gold and gems in his Item Box.

He left the fort and flew East to take care of the castle guarding the river.

Soaring over the vast expanse of grass and sand, his wings beating steadily as he scanned the horizon.

As the stars are shining in the night sky, he could feel his energy waning, and he knew he needed to find a place to rest for the night.

Spotting a massive tree in the distance, he made a beeline for it, his wings growing heavy with fatigue.

As he landed on one of the sturdy branches, he let out a sigh of relief and dismissed his draconic features, reverting back to his normal form apart from leaving his wings out.

The tree was a marvel to behold, with a trunk so wide it would take several people holding hands to encircle it.

The branches were thick and sturdy, providing ample space for Archer to rest comfortably.

As he settled in for the night, he gazed up at the stars twinkling in the sky above and felt a sense of peace wash over him.

Despite the harshness of the landscape, he knew he was safe and protected on the branch of the great tree.

So he got comfortable and pulled out some meat wraps to eat, after he was done he used the 95 stat points he had saved up.

Archer put 20 on charisma and 15 on every other stat.

As the stars shine over the beautiful landscape, Archer quickly drifted off to sleep.

But soon, his peaceful slumber was interrupted by a terrifying nightmare.

In his dream, he found himself lost in the endless expanse of the desert, with no hope of finding his way back to civilization.

The scorching sun beat down on him relentlessly, and he could feel his body growing weaker by the minute.

As he stumbled through the dunes, he suddenly heard a low, rumbling growl.

Turning around, he saw a massive, shadowy figure looming over him, its eyes glowing with an otherworldly light.

The creature let out a blood-curdling roar, and Archer knew he was in mortal danger.

With no weapons to defend himself, he tried to run, but his legs felt like lead.

The creature closed in on him, its hot breath on his neck, and he knew he was doomed.

Suddenly, he jolted awake, his heart racing and his body covered in sweat.

He looked around, relieved to see that he was safe on the branch.

But the memory of the nightmare lingered, making him shake his head at the stupid nightmare.

Lying back down and resting his head on his arm as he looked at the stunning views as he fell back to sleep.

Chapter 56 The Aquarian Kingdom.

Waking up to the sound of birds chirping and a screeching, eagle-like beast high above him, Archer rubbed his eyes and sat up.

He got to his feet and stretched his arms, feeling his stomach rumble. He pulled out some pastries and started to eat.

Archer sat there enjoying a chocolate pastry, he suddenly noticed a strange-looking bird swooping down from the sky.

It was a Skytalon, with dark feathers that shimmered in the sunlight and a wingspan that seemed to stretch on forever.

Its beady eyes glinted with a fierce hunger when it spotted a group of smaller birds flitting about nearby.



With a sudden burst of speed, the Skytalon dove toward its prey, its razor-sharp talons extended.

The smaller birds scattered in all directions, but the predator was too quick.

Quickly snatched one of them up in its talons and began to tear at it with its sharp beak, devouring it hungrily.

In a matter of seconds, Archer watched in awe as the beast continued its hunt, its wings beating with powerful grace as it soared through the sky.

Despite its fearsome appearance, he couldn't help but feel a sense of admiration for the creature's raw power and beauty.

Archer looked at his upgraded status

[Experience: 6200/12000]

[HP: 2150>2300]

[Mana: 7450>7900]

[Strength: 1350>1500]

[Constitution: 1550>1700]

[Stamina: 1350>1500]

[Charisma: 1550>1750]

[Intelligence: 1100>1250]

Happy with his stat boost, Archer stood up and stretched his wings as he entered his domain.

When he did, he saw hundreds of Dragon-kin gathered around an old man, listening to his speech.

Sagana noticed him and made her way over, greeting him as she got closer.

"My king," she said.

Archer stared at the woman before shaking his head and thinking.

"This is going to be annoying."

While he looked at the man talking to the people, who were paying complete attention to him.

The older dragon-kin stood before his fellow dragons, his eyes filled with fierce determination.

He had seen too much suffering in his long life, and he was determined to make things right.

"My kin," his voice rang out across the crowd.

"We have suffered for far too long. We have been hunted and persecuted, or forced to hide in the shadows like cowards. But I tell you now, those days are over."

The crowd listened intently, their eyes fixed on the speaker.

He continued with a stronger voice, "The legend we once thought to be a mere story is now a reality, as the white dragon has returned."

"With him, we will rise again. We will no longer have to live in fear, and no longer have to hide from those who would do us harm. We will be free once more, to bask in the warmth of the sun and revel in the glory of our own kind."

The dragon-kin let out a roar of approval.

"While it will not just be our freedom that we reclaim."

The old man went on.

"We shall reclaim our dignity, pride, and rightful place as the rulers of this world. No longer shall we be regarded as mere beasts, but as the majestic and powerful creatures that we truly are."

Declared the old man, the people roared in agreement when they heard him speak.

Their eyes shone with hope and anticipation.

"Dragon-kind shall rise again, stronger and more united than ever before, all thanks to that boy."

Pointing straight at Archer, who stood there dumbfounded, not knowing what to do. He only wanted to help them, and now they were declaring him a king.

'What the fuck is going on?' Archer just shrugged.

He was not going to think about it right now and spoke to Sagana as everyone watched him.

"Do they need anything?" he asked.

Sagana thought for a second before looking at the man walking over to them.

"Is there anything everyone needs?" she asked the old man as he walked over toward the two.

"Yes, we need food and something to do to keep ourselves busy," the old man replied.

Archer nodded before closing his eyes and picturing fertile fields stretching far into the distance and a storehouse full of food that wouldn't rot.

Checking his mana, he saw that he had enough to expand his domain even more.

He created more grasslands, a jungle surrounded by a massive mountain range, and even more rivers.

Archer couldn't help but wonder how he was able to do all this.

Sagana and the man were startled as they witnessed the boy shut his eyes.

Moments later, they felt a slight tremor ripple through the ground beneath them.

The unexpected sensation left them both speechless, unsure of what to make of the mysterious occurrence.

They exchanged puzzled glances, wondering what other surprises the boy had in store for them.

In the distance, mountains appeared with a massive jungle at its base, creating his own little world.

The old man stared at Archer with stars in his eyes, pleased with his work. He bowed to him before speaking.

"My King, I can't believe the legends were true all along, but here you are."

Staring at the old man, Archer spoke.

"Well, yes, here I am, and here you are safe and sound. You can help me with the people who join us."  
The man happily accepted his role.

Being called king made him feel uncomfortable and annoyed him, but he decided to put up with it.

He could see these people were a stubborn bunch, so he gave up before an argument even broke out.

Archer told the old man where the storehouse was.

"At the end of the row of tents, there is a storehouse available. However, if you plan on hunting, you will only encounter small beasts, so you may need to bring along some larger prey into the domain."

He pointed in the direction of the storehouse, and the old man nodded as he introduced himself.

"My King, this humble one's name is Jethro, the leader of the Fireheart Clan, well, the former leader before we got captured."

"Jethro got a sad look on his face as he spoke of their capture. Archer got curious, so he asked.

"Sagana told me you came from the Aquarian kingdom. Was it they who captured you?"

Shaking his head, Jethro replied, "No, it wasn't them. It was a large group of mercenaries who come from the port city Sunhaven. It's in the Northwest of the Aquarian Kingdom."

Archer nodded and asked Jethro to tell him more about the kingdom as they walked toward the biggest tent.

All three entered with a crowd of people following behind, just staring at him.

"Well, the Aquarian Kingdom is a small but mighty kingdom located in the southeastern region of the Southlands," explained Jethro.

"It's mostly composed of vast grassy deserts, wild forests, woodlands, and large lakes. However, to reach the Soundless Run River, which divides the Aquarian and Kagia Kingdom, you must travel through The Haunted Dunes after crossing, which is about 20 miles away from our current location."

Sitting down, Archer took a good look at Jethro. He was an elderly man with a long beard and a kind, gentle face.

He wore a simple robe and a turban, reflecting his role as a spiritual leader and mentor to his clan.

Jethro's appearance gave off a sense of wisdom, compassion, and humility as he sat there.

"The journey to Sunhaven Port is long and treacherous," Jethro explained.

"You'll have to travel through the Haunted Dunes, which are known to be quite dangerous. But don't worry, halfway through the dunes, you'll come across an Apia Castle. It acts as a stopping point and guards the road, ensuring the safety of travelers like yourself."

Archer listened intently, feeling a mix of excitement and apprehension at the prospect of traveling through the Haunted Dunes

He asked about the royal family, "What is the royal family like?"

"The King of the Aquarian Kingdom is a fair and just ruler," Jethro replied.

"His name is Lashure Aquaria. He rules with an iron fist, but he is also kind and compassionate to his people."

Archer listened with interest, wondering how the King could be both firm and kind.

Jethro continued, "The King has a strong sense of justice and will not tolerate any wrongdoing within his kingdom. However, he also has a kind heart and cares deeply for his people."

Jethro went on to explain that the King had recently condemned the Dragon-kin hunts, realizing that they were cruel and unnecessary.

He had instead implemented new measures to protect his kingdom without resorting to violence against innocent people.

Archer felt relieved to hear that the King had changed his ways and was now striving to be a more compassionate ruler.

He knew that there was hope for a better world, and he was eager to see what other surprises lay ahead on his journey to The Aquarian Kingdom.

The three of them spoke for hours as Jethro continued to tell Archer all about the people, culture, and traditions.

The more he listened to the better he understood them, they remind him of the Pacific island peoples back on Earth.

Which made him smile, as they were sitting there Archer created more white dragon tokens, which amazed the two dragon-kin.

Jethro mumbled to himself.

"So it's true, the last dragon king had such powers."

Archer heard him and his head snapped towards the old man.

"What powers?"

Chapter 57 Vault.

Jethro regarded Archer with a curious expression before speaking.

"My king, where do you come from? Your skin is very white and not like ours."

Archer answered absentmindedly, lost in his own thoughts about everything that had happened.

"I come from the Avalon Empire in the far north."

The two people looked shocked as he spoke.

Jethro spoke up before Sagana could.

"How did you get down here?"

Archer looked up and saw the two were wide-eyed.

"I was fighting a King orc, and he knocked me into a river and I drifted down here a while back."

Realizing they had gotten sidetracked, he refocused the conversation.

He looked at Jethro and asked.

"What power?"

The older man coughed and proceeded to tell him all he knew.



"The last dragon king possessed an incredible power to create his own domain, a place where dragon kind could flourish and thrive.

Within this domain, he had complete control over every aspect, from the climate and terrain to the creatures that lived there.

With his power, he could shape the land to suit the needs of his people, ensuring that they had everything they needed to survive and prosper.

This ability was truly awe-inspiring, as it allowed the dragon king to create a world that was perfectly suited to his kind, a place where they could live in peace and harmony.

With his power, he was able to protect the people and ensure their survival for generations to come."

Jethro took a breath after his long explanation as Archer sat there and looked at him but before he could speak a notification popped up.

"Do you know where the rest of your people are?"

He fiddled with his long white beard as he was thinking.

"Some should have fled to Aquaria City or the Olympic Mountain range which is on the Aquarian northern coast."

Archer nodded his head as he stood up.

"Thanks for the information Jethro, I got to go collect something from the local castle"

As he looked at them, he noticed their grim expressions.

"What?"

Sagana spoke up.

"My king, it's best if you witness it yourself."

He just stared at them and then vanished.

The two remaining people looked at each other until Jethro spoke up.

"He is a strange one, isn't he?"

She nodded.

"Yes, but there's a pain in those eyes that has etched itself deep in his heart."

Sagana noticed the man had a contemplative look on his face and realized what he had planned.

"Don't tell me you're going to try to introduce them?"

Jethro laughed as he spoke.

"We will travel to the southern continent one day, so why not?"

Leaving the safety of his Domain behind, Archer found himself standing once again on the sturdy branch that had served as his bed.

With a deep breath, he stretched his wings wide, preparing to take flight.

Without hesitation, he leaped off the highest branch, flapping his wings with all his might as he soared through the air.

The wind rushed past him, carrying him higher and higher until he was nothing more than a small speck in the sky.

He saw a crystal blue river that snakes through a vast, grassy desert, shimmering in the bright sun.

The water flows gently, creating small ripples and waves as it moves along.

Along the banks of the river, tall grasses sway in the breeze, creating a peaceful and serene atmosphere.

In the river, sleek and powerful River Drakes swim and hunt, their eyes fixed on the water's surface.

Their blue and red scales glisten in the sunlight, and their sharp teeth glint as they open their jaws in anticipation.

They waited for their prey, they move stealthily through the water, their muscular tails propelling them forward with ease.

The sound of the river flowing and the occasional splash of a river drake hunting creates a soothing ambiance in the otherwise barren desert.

As he flew over the river's edge, he saw them lurking in the water, ready to pounce on any unsuspecting prey that came their way.

He watched in awe as they hunted other beasts, their powerful jaws clamping down on their victims with deadly force.

Further up the river, a caravan was crossing a rickety wooden bridge, oblivious to the danger lurking below.

Archer used his wings to speed up towards the eastern fort, eager to escape the treacherous waters and the beasts that called it home.

A few hours later.

He saw the eastern crossing in the distance, as well as a massive Kagian castle looming in the distance, its walls towering high above the surrounding landscape.

Its imposing presence was accentuated by the two pillars that stood on either side of the road, holding something in place that he couldn't quite make out from his vantage point.

As he drew closer, he could see the intricate details of the fort's architecture, with its ornate domes and minarets reaching toward the sky.

The walls were made of thick, sturdy stone, and he could see the occasional guard patrolling the ramparts, their eyes scanning the surrounding terrain for any signs of danger.

Archer noticed wooden pillars lined the road leading up to the fort, and when he saw what was on the pillar he lost his temper.

Hundreds of Dragon-kin were crucified on the pillars, all dead.

Some of them suffered some form of torture before they were strung up.

He tried to control his raging emotions as he cast Call Lightning.

But it was useless as his anger boiled over, he raised his hands to the sky and called forth the powerful spell.

Above the Kagian castle, dark clouds began to gather, crackling with energy.

Suddenly, a bolt of violet lightning shot down from the sky, striking the fort with a deafening boom.

The soldiers within the fort were thrown into confusion, their senses reeling from the sudden blast of energy.

They stumbled and fell, struggling to regain their footing as Archer continued to call forth lightning strikes, each one more powerful than the last.

As the barrage of lightning continued, his anger began to get a lot worse, he decided to recreate a spell from a game on Earth.

[Spell Creation activated]

As he hovered in the middle of the lightning storm he imagined the spell he wanted.

[A power powerful spell that summons meteors from the heavens to destroy the caster's target, dealing massive damage to any beasts or structures caught in their path.']

Soldiers spotted his silhouette in the storm and rang the alarm, Archer's eyes shone as he saw the notification.

[Meteor Swarm Learned, 3000 mana per use]

[Spell Creation: On cooldown until next rank]

Archer whispered.

"Draconis."

As he saw the man flying towards him at high speed, he felt a surge of mana within him.

He closed his eyes and focused his energy, summoning all of his draconic features.

Extra scales began to appear on his skin, and his eyes glowed with a fierce intensity.

Archer was hovering before the castle, his heart filled with anger and determination.

He knew that the Dragon-kin had been wronged, and he was determined to seek revenge on their behalf.

With a fierce cry, he raised his hands to the sky and began to channel his magical energy.

The air around him crackled with power, and he felt a surge of heat and energy coursing through his body.

With a final burst of effort, he unleashed his spell, Meteor Swarm.

Everyone was looking up, Flaming meteors falling from the sky is a sight to behold.

The sky is filled with streaks of fire as the meteors hurtle toward the ground at incredible speed.

As they get closer, the heat and intensity of the flames become more apparent, casting an eerie glow over the surrounding landscape.

As the meteors impacted the castle, there was a deafening roar as the earth shakes and rocks are thrown into the air.

The impact creates a massive explosion, sending flames and debris flying in all directions.

The heat is intense, and the air is filled with the acrid smell of burning debris.

The aftermath of a meteor impact was a scene of destruction.

Craters are left in the ground, and anything in the immediate vicinity was destroyed or damaged.

A sense of satisfaction washed over Archer as he surveyed the destruction before him.

He was determined to exact revenge on behalf of the Dragon kind, and he knew that becoming a demon was the path he needed to take.

As he gazed upon the largest crater, a smile stretched across his face when he spotted a golden dome at its center.

Without hesitation, Archer flew towards the dome, his eyes shining with greed.

He activated his Aura detector and was relieved to sense no one around as he approached the small room protected by some sort of treasure.

It was buried even deeper than the fortress, adding to its protection.

The sight of the treasure-filled room only fueled Archer's desire to become a demon and claim it for himself.

But for now, he allowed himself a moment of satisfaction and anticipation for what was to come.

Chapter 58 Runaway Little Dragon.

As he approached the vault, he saw a tough metal-looking door, smiling as he used his claws like wolverine and sliced it open.

The door fell down in two different pieces as Archer looked into the room, and what he saw shocked him.

He peered into the medium-sized room, his eyes widened in amazement at the sight before him.

The room is filled to the brim with treasure, glittering in the dim light that filters in from the glowing stones attached to the walls.

Coins of all sizes and shapes are piled high, reflecting the light and casting a warm glow over the room.

In addition to the coins, there are also jewels and precious stones scattered throughout the room.

Rubies, emeralds, and sapphires sparkle in the light, while diamonds and pearls catch his eye with their brilliance.

The walls are lined with ornate chests and boxes, each one filled with even more treasure.

Archer could hardly believe his luck at stumbling upon such a treasure trove.

The room seems to of been untouched and undisturbed for ages as if waiting for someone to discover its secrets.

Taking in the sight before him, Archer's mind races with the possibilities of what he could do with all this wealth.

But for now, he simply stands in awe, marveling at the beauty and abundance of the treasures in front of him.

He enters the room and starts collecting everything like a fat man collecting all the candy in the shop.



Throwing the last chest into his Item Box, his AD alerted him to something or someone speeding toward him.

Archer exited the room, he pulls out a bar of chocolate and takes a bite, savoring the sweet taste.

He glances in the direction of the incoming opponent, his eyes narrowing as he prepares for a fight.

Taking a seat on a charred piece of stone, Archer watches as the flames from the destroyed fort slowly die down.

He feels a twinge of guilt for what he had done, but quickly pushes it aside, remembering the strung-up Dragon-kin.

In the distance, a ball of flames suddenly appears, hurtling towards Archer at an alarming speed.

Without hesitation, he raises his hand and unleashes a powerful barrage of water bolts at the oncoming object.

The bolts hit their mark with precision, causing the object to veer off course and crash to the ground.

Archer watches as the person struggles to get back up.

The dust started to settle, Archer saw a skinny man with brown hair emerge from the crater.

The man's bright red eyes lock onto Archer, and he lets out a chuckle.

"You've made a grave mistake by destroying my castle and taking the kingdom's treasure, little dragon."

His voice dripped with malice.

'Oh shit.'

Archer braced himself for the confrontation that is about to unfold, he could tell the man was very strong.

He quickly cast darkness bolts at the man.

The man deflected the bolts effortlessly, leaving Archer frustrated and desperate for a new plan.

Getting a good idea, Archer readied his claws and prepared to strike.

With a sudden burst of energy, he used Thunder Step to get behind the man and slashed at him with all his might.

But to his surprise, a golden shield appeared, blocking his claws and leaving Archer vulnerable.

He gritted his teeth, his mind racing as he searched for a weakness in his opponent's defenses as he got out of the reach of the man.

But it was too late as the man screamed.

"Horror Blast!"

The creepy dark black beam shot towards him, and he quickly cast Cosmic Shield to block the initial attack, Archer's shield held strong, but the man wasn't deterred.

He fired a second beam, forcing Archer to use his wings to block it.

The impact sent him flying backward, leaving him vulnerable to the general's next move.

The man saw his opportunity and rushed forward, closing in on the boy whose wings were wrapped around him like a cocoon.

With a sinister smile, the general leaped into the air above Archer and punched his wings with all his might.

He cried out in pain as the wings were damaged, leaving him defenseless against the man's next attack.

Knowing that he had to act fast if he was going to survive this battle. With one of his wings was limp.

Archer pointed his hand at the man and unleashed a barrage of Fireballs and Eldritch Blasts in an attempt to slow down the man.

The attacks came fast and furious, but his opponent was too quick for him to land a solid hit.

Undeterred, he used Thunder Step to appear behind him and fired a powerful Plasma Shot into his back.

The attack caught the general off guard, he was momentarily stunned by the impact.

The general had underestimated the boy's resilience, and it looked like he was paying the price for his mistake.

Archer prepared to strike again, he used Thunder Step and appeared next to the man, and slashed at him.

His claws broke the shield and slashed his back, sending him crashing to the ground.

He tried to get up but Archer started casting water bolts at the man's back, pinning him to the ground.

To Archer's shock, as he approached the downed man, something unexpected happened.

A golden shield flared up from the man and blocked the bolts before he fired a dark beam at him that gave similar vibes as the Deacon's attack a while back.

Bringing his arms and his remaining wing up to defend himself, he cast Cosmic Shield just in time.

The dark beam slammed into him with incredible force, sending him flying through the air.

His remaining wing and arms buckled and couldn't withstand the attack, they were no match for the power of the attack.

Hurtling through the forest, Archer felt pain all over his body.

The impact had been brutal, he knew that he was in serious trouble.

Despite the pain, he tried to stay focused and keep his wits about him.

Archer knew that he couldn't let his guard down for even a moment if he wanted to survive this battle.

With his remaining strength, he struggled to get back on his feet and continue fighting when his Aura Detector went off warning him of more incoming hostiles.

Two men ran at him from behind a bush, he fired two Eldritch Blasts into them.

Dropping them to the ground, he felt the general heading towards him, he checked his mana.

[Mana: 2900/7900]

Quickly pulling out some mana potions and downed both bottles as he cast Meteor Swarm again.

Once again, the sky was filled with fire-covered rocks as the attackers closed in.

Panic set into the attackers as they all knew what this spell was capable of, and they quickly retreated.

The chaos unfolded, Archer quickly downed one last mana potion, feeling grateful for the ability to drink up to three per day.

With a burst of energy, he used Thunder Step to leave the area

[The Man's P.O.V]

The man stood frozen in awe as he watched the meteor hurtling towards the earth.

In a split second, the impact shook the ground beneath him, sending him flying off his feet.

The force of the impact was tremendous. He felt himself hurtling through the air, completely out of control.

Tumbling through the air, he saw the world spinning around him in a blur of colors and shapes. The sound of the impact was deafening, he could feel the heat radiating from the crater where the meteor had struck.

Despite the chaos and destruction all around him, he managed to keep his wits about him and struggled to regain his footing.

Looking around, he could see that the area had been forever changed by the impact. The landscape was scorched and blackened, and the air was filled with smoke and debris.

But even in the midst of the destruction, he knew that he had to find the little dragon before he caused any more chaos.

The man rose to his feet and retrieved a health potion from his storage ring.

With a quick motion, he downed the potion, feeling its healing properties work their magic and repair all the damage he had sustained.

Feeling renewed and refreshed, he took a seat to rest and wait for his soldiers to search for the elusive dragon boy.

Closing his eyes as the exhaustion overtook him, he drifted off into a deep slumber.

Suddenly, he was jolted awake by the sound of shouting.

He rose to his feet, rubbing the sleep from his eyes, he saw a soldier running towards him.

The soldier stopped in front of him and saluted him.

"General Mafa, we cannot find the dragon boy," the soldier reported.

"He vanished into the Theros Forest, and our soldiers faced stiff resistance from the native beasts when they tried to follow his footprints."

The general's heart sank at the news, knowing that the boy was a formidable foe and that his soldiers were in grave danger.

But he also knew that he had to keep fighting and do whatever it took to protect his people and emerge victorious.

Looking towards the forest as he whispered.

"Runaway little dragon, we will catch you."

---

Archer's Current Status.

[Name: Archer]

[Race: White Dragon]

[Age:13]

[Rank: Master]

[Exp: 6200/12000]

[Level: 82]

[HP: 2300/2300]

[Mana: 7900 /7900]

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

[Strength: 1500]

[Constitution: 1700]

[Stamina: 1500]

[Charisma: 1750]

[Intelligence: 1250]

[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(3)Fireball(3)Element Bolts(1)Dragon's Breath(0)Meteor Swarm(0)

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

Chapter 59 Celebration.

Archer Thunder Stepped far into the forest, not knowing where he was going.

He was sitting in a stubby-looking tree and was hidden from the outside world by its thick branches and leaves.

Remembering he couldn't drink any more potions due to the three he drank before he cast the spell.

So he opted for chocolate pastries and a bottle of Honey Brew, as he was munching away in the tree he decided to enter his Domain.

Archer hopped into the portal while dismissing his draconic features, and ended up outside his cottage.

Standing in awe, gazing at the beautiful garden that seemed to have sprung up out of nowhere.

He knew that the brownies had only arrived here recently, and yet somehow they had managed to create this stunning display of nature.



The garden was a riot of colors and scents, with flowers of every hue and shape bursting forth from the soil.

The air was filled with the sweet fragrance of blooming flowers, and the sound of buzzing bees and chirping birds added to the idyllic scene.

Looking closer, he could see that the brownies had used all sorts of clever tricks to make the garden thrive.

They had planted a variety of herbs and vegetables alongside the flowers, creating a harmonious ecosystem that supported each other's growth.

Archer stood there gazing at the stunning garden, a sense of awe and gratitude washed over him.

He knew that this beautiful creation would bring joy and happiness to all who saw it, and he vowed to do everything in his power to protect it.

Suddenly, he heard a faint whispering sound behind him.

Turning around, he saw a group of Dragon-kin children staring at him with wide, sparkling eyes.

Archer felt a bit awkward, being only slightly older than them, so he quickly waved and walked away to find Sagana or Jethro.

It didn't take long to find Sagana who was helping some families settle in before seeing him, she smiled and ran over to him as he had to crane his neck at the taller woman.

"My king, what happened to you?."

He looked at the woman.

"Destroyed the Kagian castle guarding the Eastern river, and fought with a powerful man."

Her eyes widened as a look of shock appeared on her face.

"It's gone?"

"Yes."

She smiled as she said a little prayer for the fallen Dragon-kin that were killed there.

Archer looked up at the woman before asking.

"That's good, I'll build them a proper town once I increase my mana, where's Jethro?"

She smiled as she motioned for him to follow her.

The two of them walked through the bustling camp, surrounded by the joyful sounds of dragon-kin families laughing and chatting.

Children ran around playing games and chasing each other, their faces lit up with excitement and happiness.

They made their way through the camp, and the two of them exchanged smiles with the people they passed.

Everyone seemed to be in high spirits, enjoying the sunset and the company of their loved ones.

Eventually, they arrived at an open area in the center of the camp. Here, a group of Dragon-kin musicians had gathered.

Archer stood in awe as he watched a large group of dragon-kin celebrating their newfound freedom with dancing and music.

Jethro, the leader of the new community that was sprung on him, sang in celebration of the white dragon who had saved them from their oppressors.

The air was filled with the sound of drums and flutes, and the Dragon-kin moved in unison to the beat of the music.

Their movements were graceful and fluid as if they were one entity instead of many individuals.

Archer felt a sense of joy and wonder as he watched the celebration unfold.

He had never seen anything like it before, and he was amazed by the strength and resilience of the dragon-kin.

Jethro's song reached its climax, the Dragon-kin erupted into a frenzy of dancing and cheering.

While Jethro wandered off somewhere as he finished singing.

The sun began to set, The only sound was the soft hum of a familiar melody drifting from a woman playing some form of instrument.

Archer was about to leave, but something made him stop in his tracks.

The hauntingly beautiful melody that filled the air was eerily familiar, almost like one of his favorite songs.

As the notes continued to play, Archer recognized the tune.

It was "Unravel," the same song he used to listen to back on Earth.

He closed his eyes and allowed the music to envelop him, transporting him back to a time when things were simpler and he felt more at ease.

The song was a bittersweet reminder of the life he left behind, but for a moment, Archer forgot about the weight of his responsibilities and lost himself in the music.

Archer stood there, his eyes closed as the music reminded him of all the bad things that his gone through.

Suddenly, he heard a faint voice calling out to him.

"Daddy."

Archer's eyes snapped open, as he started looking around for the voice.

"Daddy."

The voice called out again, this time louder and more urgent.

He felt a chill run down his spine as he recognized the voice from the dream he had before.

It was the little girl who had been calling out to him for weeks.

He closed his eyes and tried to shake off the hallucinations, but the voice only grew louder and more persistent.

Finally, he opened his eyes and saw the little girl standing in front of him.

She looked just as she had in his nightmare, With her navy blue hair tied in a ponytail.

Her beautiful heart-shaped face with bright violet eyes, and two small dimples on her chubby baby cheeks.

Archer tried to reach out to touch her, but his hand went right through her, it was then he realized she wasn't really there.

Sighing to himself as the people stopped singing and were now talking to each other.

Closing his eyes to picture a pond not far from where he was with a bench he can sit on, it cost 1000 mana but It appeared.

He walked over to the bench and sat down as he started to think.

Jethro sat next to him on the bench, trying to offer comfort.

"I can tell something's troubling you," He said softly.

"Is there anything you'd like to talk about?"

Archer hesitated, feeling a lump form in his throat.

He appreciated the old man's concern, but he wasn't sure he was ready to share what was on his mind.

"I appreciate your kindness," Archer said.

Looking down at his hands, "But I don't think I'm ready to talk about it yet."

The old man nodded understandingly.

"That's okay," he said.

Jethro acknowledged that sometimes it can take time to process emotions and thoughts.

He reassured Archer that he was always available if he needed someone to talk to.

After sitting for a while longer, Archer stood up and began his search for Sagana.

It didn't take him long to spot her by the lake, fetching water.

He approached her and asked if she would be interested in searching for more Dragon-kin in the Kaiga Kingdom.

"Sagana do you want to rescue as many dragon-kin people as you can before I leave the Southlands?"

She smiled gratefully, "Yes I'll do it, I wanted to ask you about it anyway."

He turned to leave, Archer took out a massive pouch of white dragon tokens and passed them to the woman.

She opened the pouch to see thousands of white dragon tokens, Archer explained.

"These are for the people you rescue, they can use them to start a new life, away from danger."

The woman's eyes widened in surprise.

"Thank you," she said, taking the bag from the boy. "This will make a huge difference."

With that, she turned and disappeared, ready to gather her people and go rescue more Dragon-kin.

Archer pulled out some chocolate as he left the Domain.

When he crossed over he summoned his wings and took off to head for the last Kaigian fortress and loot more treasures.

He soared through the sky, his wings beating steadily as he flew southwards.

Below him, he could see the landscape changing into dense forests giving way to sprawling farmland and small villages.

Flying over each village, he could see the people going about their daily lives, farmers tending to their crops, and children playing in the streets.

Merchants selling their wares in the marketplaces.

Archer couldn't help but feel a sense of awe as he looked down at the world below him.

From up here, everything seemed so small and insignificant.

The problems and worries of the people below fade away into the distance.

But even as he marveled at the beauty of the world, Archer knew that danger lurked in the shadows but he loved this new world he found himself in even more.

Chapter 60 Adventure & Connections [Bonus]

[Talila]

"Hey Talila, it's been a few months since you and Archer first met. Do you miss him?"

Cecelia asked as they walked through the Sabat Kingdom, escorting the iron-shadow merchants.

Talila shrugged. "He's fine. We'll see each other again soon enough."

Cecelia raised an eyebrow. "So, why have you been so quiet lately?"

She sighed inwardly, knowing that Cecelia was just trying to provoke her.

"I've just been keeping to myself. No need to worry about me."

Cecelia didn't press the matter any further, and they continued on their journey.

The caravan traveled down the road, and the sun started to set as the wind grew stronger, sending shivers down Talila's back.

The journey to the Demonian Kingdom would still take several weeks.

Talila trudged down the long dirt road, her hood pulled tightly over her head to shield her from the biting wind.

She continued to walk as the weather grew steadily worse. The sky darkens, and the temperature drops rapidly.

Soon, snow began to fall, swirling around her in a flurry of white.

Talila shivered, her cloak doing little to protect her from the cold.

Her footsteps grew heavier as the snow piled up around her, making it difficult to move forward.



Despite the harsh conditions, she pressed on until the guard in charge of the merchant's safety called out to everyone.

"We will camp in that clearing over there. The trees will provide some protection from this snow."

The whole caravan pulled off the dirt road as the snow got heavier, the clearing was compact, and the trees were taller than the ones in the forsaken forest.

Novius and Radyn were setting up the group's tents, and Talia kept watch as Feyra joined her.

"Did you hear what the guards were talking about earlier?"

She looked at the red-headed knight who just spoke before shaking her head.

"No, what were they saying?" Talila asked.

"Have you heard the children's tale about the white dragon king who fought against humans thousands of years ago?"

Talila nodded.

"It appears that a white dragon has emerged in the empire, and the church attempted to attack the boy they believe to be the dragon. However, he was able to evade their grasp."

Curious, she asked, "Does anyone know who the boy is?"

The redhead shook her head. "No, I only overheard the guards talking about it earlier."

Talila and Feyra stood side by side, scanning the snowy campsite for any signs of danger.

The night was quiet, with only the occasional hoot of an owl breaking the silence.

Hours passed, and Talila shivered, wrapping her arms around herself to keep warm as the snow grew heavier.

"I can't wait to get back to the fire," Talila muttered.

Feyra agreed.

"Me too. But we can't let our guard down. Radyn wouldn't forgive us if something happened."

Just then, they heard Radyn's voice calling out to them from the direction of the fire.

"Hey, you two! Come on over and relax for a bit."

Talila and Feyra exchanged a look before making their way over to the fire where Radyn was sitting on a log, holding a steaming mug of tea.

"Finally," Talila said as she sat down next to him. "I thought I was going to freeze out there." She smiled as she settled in next to Feyra.

"Thanks for calling us over, Radyn. We needed a break," Feyra added.

Radyn grinned. "Of course, we can't have our watchwomen freezing to death on duty."

They all laughed, the warmth of the fire chasing away the chill of the night.

For a while, they sat in comfortable silence, taking small sips of their warm tea and relishing the peacefulness of the night.

However, their tranquility was soon interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps.

Darius strode over to the group, his arms crossed over his chest. "Where's my tea? It's freezing out here," he grumbled.

Talila rolled her eyes but didn't say anything.

She had noticed that Darius had been acting strangely since their meeting with Archer weeks ago, but she didn't want to engage with him if he was going to be difficult.

Novius, who had been standing behind the group, spoke up.

"If you want tea, make it yourself like everyone else did. Don't be lazy."

Darius scowled but didn't argue.

He walked over to the fire and began to rummage through the supplies for a tea bag and a mug.

The group fell back into their companionable silence, but Talila couldn't help but feel a sense of unease.

[Naravo, the capital city of the Lionheart Kingdom]

A young girl with blonde hair flowing down her back in loose waves stood across from the commander.

Her beautiful blue eyes sparkled with excitement as she bounced up and down on the spot, ready to begin her training.

With a grin on her face, she crouched down like a lioness ready to pounce.

Swift and graceful like a big cat, the young girl launched herself at the commander with a sudden burst of energy, ready to engage in her combat training.

The commander blocked her attacks and lightly attacked her back.

Hours passed as she stood on the training grounds sweating and breathing heavily, sword still held firmly in her hand.

Still facing off against her father's general, a seasoned warrior with many years of experience.

The general circled her, his own sword at the ready, and remarked.

"You're getting better, Nala."

He said, a hint of approval in his voice.

"But you still have a long way to go."

Nala gritted her teeth, determined to prove herself. She lunged forward, her sword flashing in the sunlight.

The general parried her attack easily, then countered with a swift strike that she barely managed to block.

They continued to spar, each one testing the other's skill.

Nala was fast and agile, but the general was strong and had a wealth of knowledge to draw upon.

The two traded blows back and forth, the sound of their swords clashing filling the air.

As the sun began to set, the girl felt her energy flagging.

She knew she couldn't keep up this pace forever, but she refused to give up.

Nala pushed herself harder, determined to prove that she was worthy of her father's trust.

Finally, after what felt like hours, the general lowered his sword and said with a hint of a smile on his face.

"That's enough for today. You did well."

The girl grinned, feeling a sense of pride and accomplishment.

Nala's determination burned within her as she wiped the sweat from her forehead and returned her weapon to the racks.

She knew she still had a long way to go, but she was driven to become the best warrior in the Lionheart Kingdom.

As she turned to leave the training grounds, the general approached her with a smile on his face.

"The little lioness has grown," he said, his eyes glinting with pride.

"And you're only thirteen." Nala felt a surge of satisfaction at the general's words.

She had worked hard to get where she was, and she knew she still had much to learn.

But she was determined to keep pushing herself to become the best she could be.

With a nod of thanks to the general, she left the training grounds and headed into the city.

Nala walked through the ancient city, she admired the sights.

Naravo City was nestled in the heart of the large savannah, surrounded by tall grasses and flame trees.

The tall buildings were made of acacia clay and thatched roofs, with intricate carvings and colorful murals adorning the walls.

The streets were bustling with various vendors selling exotic spices, hand-woven textiles, magic items, tomes, and intricate beadwork.

She gazed upon the sun setting, casting a warm orange hue over the city, the air suddenly erupted with the lively beat of drums and joyful singing.

People gathered in the city squares, dressed in vibrant fabrics and adorned with jewelry made from precious stones and shells from the coast.

The air was thick with the scent of incense and roasting meats.

At the center of the city square stood a towering Umba tree.

The tree was sacred to the people of the kingdom, and they believed that it held the spirits of their ancestors.

As the night wore on, the people danced around the Umba tree, their movements fluid and graceful.

The drumming grew louder and more frenzied, and the air crackled with energy.

It was a magical place, full of life and spirit, and anyone who visited could feel the power of the land and its people.

Nala stood in the bustling city square, her eyes fixed on the towering Umba tree.

She gazed at the tree's gnarled trunk and sprawling branches, she felt a strange sensation wash over her.

Suddenly, her mind was filled with a vivid image of a white dragon soaring through the sky, its wings beating against the clouds.

For a moment, Nala was transfixed by the vision, her heart pounding in her chest, she had never seen anything like it before.

The image faded, and she shook her head, trying to clear her thoughts.

Had it been a trick of the light? A figment of her imagination? But as she looked up at the Umba tree once more.

Nala couldn't shake the feeling that there was something special about it, something that connected her to that mysterious white dragon.