

A Journey 71

Chapter 71 Archer's First Dungeon.

Archer ceased his flight and suspended himself in the sky, observing the caravan from a safe distance.

From his vantage point, he could see that the group was engaged in a fierce battle against a horde of skeletons.

As he drew nearer, he realized that the caravan was on the brink of being overwhelmed.

With a quick idea forming in his mind, Archer began to cast bolts of light, launching them at the skeletal attackers in an attempt to turn the tide of the battle.

The bolts struck the groups, reducing them to dust, and he laughed as he fired more light bolts, completely decimating them.

He descended about 10 meters behind the caravan, and dismissed his Draconis form everyone who was standing by the caravan was just staring at him.

"Where did they come from?"

He saw a group of eight adventurers and about 20 caravan guards, they were all Mahrazian people.

Some were human, while others are Demi-humans, Archer noticed someone walking toward him from the front.

Archer approached the bustling caravan, seeing a tall figure caught his eye.

The man approached him from the front of the group, his confident stride and elegant clothing marking him as someone of importance.

"Good day, young man," the man said.

Extending a hand in greeting so Archer could reach it.

"My name is Yahir Beshara, and I am a merchant of some renown in these parts."

Archer took the man's hand, noting the firm grip and shrewd look in the man's eyes.

"Archer."

He closely observed Yahir, he noticed that he has a tanned complexion.

The man's brown eyes sparkled with a sense of warmth and friendliness, and his long black hair is neatly combed and falls down to his shoulders in loose waves.

He is wearing a traditional Arabian-like thobe, a long and flowing robe that extends down to his ankles.

The thobe is made of lightweight cotton and is a deep shade of blue. Over his head, he wears a keffiyeh, a traditional headscarf made of cotton or silk.

The keffiyeh is white with a black and red checkered pattern, and it is wrapped around his head in a way that covers his forehead and drapes down his back.

Archer could see that the thobe and keffiyeh are adorned with intricate embroidery and patterns.

The two of them examined the other before Yahir spoke.

"Why is a young boy alone in these parts? It's not safe," the man asked.

He looked at the boy with four beautiful horns coming out of the sides of his head and Archer stared into his eyes as he spoke.

"I'm adventuring and also looking for the dragon-kin people."

Yahir stared at him in surprise.

"I know there are dragon-kin in the port city of Sunhaven, which is on our journey to Aquaria City. Do you want to travel with us?"

Sera popped her head out of Archer's collar as she started staring at Yahir, making his eyes widen with shock.

He stuttered out, "A Tinnin? How did you find one?"

Archer looked at her little head as he stroked her before telling Yahir how he met her.

"I saved her from a group of Jungle Wolves."

Sera crawled up and lay on his shoulder while dismissing the man staring with amazement at her.

"That's quite a shock. Not many people get to see a Tinnin. They're a favorite among Mahrazian children."

Archer nodded and agreed to travel with them but asked him a question.

"Where did the skeletons come from?"

Yahir got a nervous look on his face and didn't want to mention it but Archer insisted.

"There's a dungeon to the west it once was a temple to the sand goddess who the peoples there once worshipped, it seems to be overrun nowadays, we were going to report the skeletons once we were in Sunhaven when we got there."

Archer's eyes shined and it didn't go unnoticed by the man, he spoke to Yahir.

"I'm going to go to that dungeon, you carry on traveling and il catch up."

He stepped backward and activated his Draconic Form.

"Draconis."

Yahir saw his gleaming white wings appear and watched as Archer flexed his claws, he crouched down and launched himself in the air.

He flew west across the hot desert.

Archer soared over the hot and barren desert, the sun beat down on his wings and the dry air scorched his white skin.

Below him, he saw odd-looking beasts roaming around, their bodies adapted to survive in this harsh environment.

The sand stretched out endlessly in every direction, broken only by the occasional rocky outcropping or twisted, gnarled tree.

After an hour of flying, Archer's eyes caught sight of a massive mountain dune that stretched high into the sky.

Its peak was lost in the swirling sandstorms that raged around it, but Archer could sense the power emanating from within.

He knew that this was his destination, With a determined flap of his wings, he soared toward the mountain.

Upon arriving at the dune, he ceased flying and hovered in the air, activating his AD to scan the area.

Archer received a few pings from his left and flew in that direction.

He saw a river of skeletons pouring out of the only entrance of the giant sand dune.

He began firing bolts made of the light element and rapidly mowed down numerous skeletons, effectively clearing the entrance.

Once he didn't see any more skeletons, he descended to the sand as soon as he did Sera stopped clinging to him and started flying around.

Archer watched in awe as the little fairy dragon Sera flitted around him, her wings beating so fast they were a blur.

Her small body seemed to glow with an inner light, and her movements were so graceful and fluid that Archer couldn't help but be mesmerized.

As she darted back and forth, her tail trailing behind her like a ribbon It was as if he was witnessing a small miracle, a creature of pure magic and beauty dancing before him.

He simply stood there, watching her with a smile on his face as he started walking into the entrance of the dungeon.

Archer walked deeper into the desert-themed dungeon, he came across a sight that took his breath away.

In front of him lay a ruined ancient-looking city built by the Mahrazian peoples, its sandstone buildings and minarets rising up from the sand like ghosts of a forgotten past.

The city was a maze of narrow streets and winding alleys, lined with crumbling buildings and deserted marketplaces.

The air was thick with the scent of spices, but they had a hint of decay to them.

Eerie echoes of laughter and chatter made it seem as if the city was still alive with the ghosts of its former glory.

As Archer walked along, Sera landed on his head and held onto one of his horns, watching over him as her little tail swayed.

He didn't dismiss his Draconic Form, as he felt like he was being watched.

The hair on his back stood up, and he knew that danger could be lurking around any corner.

That's when he came across a large, empty plaza.

Archer saw broken stalls and ruined carts, and he continued walking when he heard the sound of footsteps behind him.

Spinning around to see nothing there, apart from a breeze that was blowing leaves all over the place, he realized that he was not alone in this deserted city.

As he was searching the city a dense fog descended upon it, when Archer spotted it he sighed as he mumbled to himself.

"For fuck sake, more fog."

When he was complaining to himself his Aura Detector quickly warned him of a sudden incoming attack, covering him and Sera with his wings as something tried latching on to him but couldn't.

With a flick of his wing, he sent the creature hurtling into a nearby wall, causing it to slump to the floor.

Archer walked over to the corpse and his eyes widened when he recognized the creature, it was similar to the creatures he fought in Blackwood Pass.

But they looked more frenzied, with sharper teeth, longer claws a more refined body, stabbing the beasts with his light sword.

After swiftly decapitating the creature, he retrieved its heart and stowed it away.

With a burst of energy, Archer sprang to his feet, his senses on high alert.

The sound of footsteps echoed in his ears, growing louder and more menacing with each passing moment.

He spun around just in time to see another creature charging at him, teeth bared and claws extended.

Without hesitation, he summoned the power of the cosmos and erected a shimmering violet shield, deflecting the creature's attack with ease.

As more creatures closed in on him, Archer focused his mind and unleashed a barrage of light bolts, sending them hurtling toward his foes.

With each blast, he could feel his strength growing, his confidence surging.

Determined to find anything of value in this desolate city, Archer took to the air, soaring above the twisted buildings and dodging the creatures that pursued him.

Chapter 72 Abandoned.

Archer had to constantly dodge the creature's jumps, so he flew higher, and when he did he saw a massive temple in the distance.

Flapping his wings and speeding up, he arrived at the temple in no time.

The old Mahrazian people's temple stood tall and proud, its once magnificent walls now crumbling with age.

He noticed the air was thick with dust, and the scent of ancient incense still lingered, adding to the eerie atmosphere.

The temple boasted ornate pillars and arches, intricately adorned with carvings and mosaics depicting ancient battles and religious ceremonies.

Its grandeur stood as a testament to the wealth and power of the civilization that constructed it.

Even in its ruined state, it remained a breathtaking sight to behold.

Walking inside, wondering what had happened to the builders of such a magnificent structure.

Suddenly, his AD pinged, warning him that enemies were approaching.

He quickly grabbed a hold of Sera while opening a small portal to his Domain and threw her inside just as he was tackled. He was sent crashing into a nearby statue.

It crumbled on top of him, leaving him dazed and wondering what had hit him.

Archer gazed upwards in a dazed and saw a colossal creature, identical to the ones he had been battling, but four times larger in size.

He struggled to get back to his feet, and that's when he heard a voice echoing through the halls.

It was the voice of the sand goddess, angry and fierce.

Her words were like a sandstorm, whipping around him and stinging his ears.

"You dare to enter my temple, greedy dragon?" she screamed.

"You seek to pillage my treasures and desecrate this sacred place. You are not welcome here!"

Archer could feel the power of the goddess in her voice, and he knew that he had angered her.

"Get the lizard out of my temple, and don't think she can save you, boy!"

The loud voice commanded the creature to attack, and it charged forward, closing in on Archer until it was right in his face.

With a swing of its massive fist, the creature slammed into his wing which he raised to defend himself.

The impact sent him hurtling through multiple walls, and he crashed to the floor in a daze.

Before he could regain his bearings, the creature leaped towards him.

He quickly covered himself with his wings, bracing for impact as the thing slammed into him.

Spitting out a mouthful of blood as it grabbed hold of his wing and flung him to the other side of the temple.

Archer lay there with his head spinning, he reached for a health potion from his Item Box.

But before he could retrieve it, the beast stamped on his hand, causing him to scream out in pain as he felt his hand break.

Badly injured, he began to laugh maniacally as he struggled to his feet.

That's when he heard a voice he didn't want to hear.

"Daddy!"

He turned around to see a white-haired little girl with shiny green eyes looking at him with a smile before vanishing into thin air.

"What the hell?!"

Archer's mind was thrown into chaos, and that's when a fist smashed into his upper back.

He was sent flying through multiple buildings before landing on the floor with a bounce and a roll, he came to a stop, his body hurting him.

His regeneration slowly kicked in, repairing his broken body.

Turning his head to the left, he saw the beast slowly approaching him.

The Goddess of Sand spoke once more, her tone laced with frustration.

"Don't kill him. Throw him outside the city. She's already complaining."

The beast nodded as he grabbed hold of the half-dead dragon boy and walked to the entrance.

He wound up his arm and threw Archer out of the city, like a typical looney tunes cartoon he flew out of the city and crashed into a dune.

While he lay unconscious, hours passed by. While he was out cold his body slowly repaired itself.

The cool night air brushed against him, causing goosebumps to rise all over his skin.

His clothes were ruined, and he was covered in blood.

Archer's violet eyes slowly opened, and his vision started to clear up. He saw a beautiful night sky above him.

The stars twinkled like diamonds against the dark blue canvas, and the moon shone brightly, casting a soft glow over everything.

He slowly sat up, his head feeling heavy and fuzzy, he shook it to clear the cobwebs, his body was killing him.

His Regeneration skill may fully heal his injuries but it doesn't dull the pain.

Looking around, he realized that he was still in the Haunted Dunes.

Golden-colored sand stretched out as far as he could see. There were sparse trees and rock outcroppings all over the place.

The beauty of the night sky still remained overhead as Archer stood up and brushed the sand off what remained of his clothes and skin.

Gazing up at the moon, he felt a twinge in his back. He quickly realized that he longed for the comfort of a bed.

With a heavy sigh, he opened a portal to his domain and stepped inside.

When he entered the portal he cast the spell Cleanse on himself, he felt a wave of relief wash over him, and the tension in his muscles began to dissipate.

Stepping into the cottage, a small red blur collided with him.

Archer realized it was Sera, who had nuzzled her head against his cheek.

"I'm fine little girl," he reassured her as she clung to him tightly.

Laughing as he walked into the front room, where he sat down.

Suddenly, a brownie appeared next to him with a smile and spoke.

"Master Archer, would you like some food?"

Archer nodded, and the little creature vanished from the spot.

Soon, it reappeared with a plate of different meats and greens.

The brownie placed the plate on the table and bowed before vanishing again.

Archer sat up and began to eat, while Sera let go of him and sneaked over to the food.

She took a piece of meat before sitting down to eat, after eating she sat there staring at him with her beautiful sparkling red eyes.

He looked at her and asked.

"What is it, Sera?"

Sera got up and walked over to him, jumping up on his shoulder, and started nuzzling his face.

Feeling a little wet lick he looked at her as her little sandpaper tongue licked his cheek, making him laugh.

"What are you doing, silly girl?" he asked, starting to pet her.

She started purring and curled up on his shoulder, falling asleep as her tail wrapped halfway around his neck.

Archer finished eating and drank some Honey Brew, as he finished he got up and made his way to the bedroom.

He gently picked up Sera and put her on the bed as he stripped down and curled up in bed with the fairy dragon crawling up to him.

They both fell into a deep and comfortable sleep.

Archer closed his eyes, expecting to get a peaceful night's sleep.

But as soon as he drifted off, he found himself back in the middle of the road where he had lost his life back on Earth.

The screams of Alexa echoed in his ears as he watched helplessly, reliving the trauma all over again.

Suddenly, a shadowy figure appeared in front of him, wielding a weapon.

He tried to attack the shadow, but his legs felt heavy and unresponsive.

The figure closed in on him. Archer could feel the cold metal of the weapon against his chest.

Just as the figure was about to impale him, he jolted awake, gasping for air.

Looking around he realized he was in his Domain and heard some purring and looked down to see Sera, the cute fairy dragon, curled up on his chest.

Her warm body and gentle purring helped calm his racing heart, and he realized that it had all been a nightmare.

Hugging the silly girl close, grateful for the comfort she provided, Sera started purring even more enjoying the cuddles.

As hours ticked by, Archer fell into a deep slumber, only to wake up with Sera sprawled across his face.

He pushed her off, struggling to sit up and regain his bearings.

The room was quiet, and the only sound was the soft rustling of the curtains in the breeze. Archer rubbed his eyes, trying to shake off the grogginess.

Getting out of bed he stretched and heard loads of pops from his body.

Archer retrieved a fresh set of clothes from his Item Box and changed, noting that he still had a few sets left.

He decided to purchase more clothes once he arrived in Sunhaven.

Archer stirred, he sensed the feisty girl's presence, and her eyes snapped open as she instantly lunged at him.

She landed skillfully on his shoulder and wrapped her tail around his neck, settling in for a nap.

Shaking his head at the dragon's clingy behavior as he made his way to the kitchen to prepare breakfast.

Unbeknownst to him, when he saved her, with both of them being dragons they became bonded to each other.

She thought she had been abandoned by her parents and was on the verge of being eaten until he came along.

Chapter 73 On The Road Again.

"Would you like breakfast, Master?" the brownie asked.

Archer nodded and walked over to the table.

He sat down and said. "Thank you."

After waiting for a little while, the brownie brought some food over, and Archer looked at it.

It was a red soup with a chunk of freshly baked bread.

He took a spoon and started to eat, enjoying it.

Sera opened her eyes and leaned over to try the soup, slurping it.

Archer stared at the cheeky dragon and went to get another bowl, shaking his head.

As he savored a mouthful of tasty food, he felt a soft nibble on his ear, sending a shiver down his spine.

Turned to the cheeky dragon and he said. "It feels nice but it's really distracting you know."

But she paid no attention to his words and continued nibbling on his ear as if it were a normal occurrence.

He gave up and resumed eating, occasionally getting shivers from her playful actions.

After finishing his meal, Archer decided to check out his domain.

When he left the cottage he strolled down the walkway, accompanied by Sera's affectionate licks along the way.

Ignoring the silly dragon, he made his way toward the tents.

As he was walking, Archer saw families laughing and people working to improve the camp.

With no threats present, everyone seemed extremely relaxed and greeted him by bowing, even though they were twice his size.

Smiling as he passed by he made his way toward Jethro's tent.

Along the way, he saw Sagana jumping towards a giant of a man with red hair and horns, hugging him tightly.

Archer stopped walking and watched the scene, feeling a pang of longing for Ella.

Shaking his head to remind himself that they would see each other again, Archer continued on his way to the tent until he heard a voice calling out to him.

"My King!"

Turning towards the voice, he saw Sagana walking up to him with the tall man in tow.

He watched them get closer as Sagana rushed over to him, her eyes bright with excitement.

"My King, I have someone I want you to meet," she said.

Gesturing towards a tall, muscular man with a kind smile.

"This is my husband, Drogath," she explained, beaming with pride.

"He didn't come straight away because he was busy saving more of our kind from slavery in the Kagia Kingdom."

Impressed by his bravery, Archer nodded and said.

"Thank you for saving them."

Drogath clasped Archer's hand firmly and replied.

"It's an honor to meet you, my King," his voice deep and resonant.

Sagana continued.

"And there's something else I wanted to tell you. It's incredibly helpful that the slave collars fall off when Dragon-kin enters the Domain. We've been able to free so many of our people because of it."

Archer remembered when he first brought Sagana, he had pictured the collars falling off when they entered the Domain.

"That's good, how many have been saved?" Archer asked.

Drogath quickly spoke up.

"I brought back close to a thousand but ran out of Dragon Tokens. There are still many more of our kin to be saved in the Kagia Kingdom."

Sagana spoke up.

"I brought back close to 2,000 Dragon-kin, but I still want to go search for more."

She looked at her husband as she finished speaking, and both of them dropped down to one knee.

The two of them were now at Archer's height.

Sagana asked.

"My King, if possible, could you create more Dragon Tokens?"

Archer closed his eyes and imagined thousands of tokens appearing in front of the two Dragon-kin.

They looked up and were shocked to see a mountain of tokens.

Grinning, he asked, "Is that enough?"

The two of them nodded and smiled as they stood up, putting the tokens into their storage rings.

Archer's curiosity was piqued.

"Where did you get those rings from?" he inquired.

Drogath didn't hesitate to reply.

"We acquired them from the slavers when Sagana first found me and gave me the tokens. Speaking of which, may I ask you something, my king?"

Archer nodded at the man.

"How does this all work? How are we able to travel back and forth?"

He expected this line of question but not so soon, so he began to speak.

"After my evolution, I created this space, and while I'm inside, I have the power to manifest anything I desire, as long as I possess enough mana. The tokens required to teleport individuals to the domain are formed from my own mana, and anyone who imbues mana into them will be transported here."

Everyone nodded, and he decided to show the adults what he can do.

"Step this way."

Archer created a large dirt platform enough for a dozen people to stand on.

Just as he was about to take off, a green-haired girl ran up to him.

She looked up at him with her bright red eyes and a big smile on her face.

Nodding as he held out his hand, she eagerly took it.

As they were getting ready to take off, a woman with short green hair rushed towards them. When she reached the platform, she kneeled down and spoke.

"My King, I'm sorry for my daughter Rafyelle bothering you," the woman said.

Holding her head down.

She felt grateful to the young dragon king, as he was the one who had helped free them.

He smiled and replied. "She's fine, I enjoy her company."

Upon hearing Archer's response, Rafyelle's mother looked up with wide eyes and saw her daughter holding the King's hand with a happy smile.

Suddenly, everyone heard happy chirping. When they all looked at Archer, they saw a little dragon with butterfly wings rubbing against him.

Rafyelle's eyes sparkled as she noticed Sera, a little dragon perched on Archer's shoulder.

"Why is there a little dragon on your shoulder?" she asked quickly.

Archer looked down as he replied.

"I met her during my travels through the treacherous Blackwoods. She was in need of help, and I couldn't leave her behind."

Sera squinted her eyes and chirped at Rafyelle before nibbling on Archer's right ear.

He shivered but ignored it, and the three adults laughed at the playful interaction between the two.

Drogath spoke up.

"That's a fairy dragon, a rare creature."

Archer looked up at the man with curiosity, causing him to laugh.

"My King, they don't show themselves to people often, when one acts like she is they are bonded for life, and to be honest she seems to love you already."

He felt her tail wrap around his neck and settled down, falling asleep.

Shaking his head as he replied to the man.

"Well, I don't mind. So far, I've enjoyed her company," he said with a smile.

The couple nodded and raised the platform they were all standing on until they were high above the tent city.

Closing his eyes, he doubled the Domain size for 6000 mana and quickly checked his remaining mana.

[Mana: 3080/9080]

The three adults and little Rafyelle were amazed by the breathtaking views.

A tent city stretched out into the distance, eventually meeting a massive river that flowed into the desert grasslands.

In the distance, a massive forest stood at the base of a mountain range, and fluffy white clouds floated past in the sky.

Archer raised his hands, closed his eyes, and pictured a massive forest bordering the tent city.

Moving his hand towards the river he imagined a sturdy stone bridge crossing it, leading to the other side.

With a sweep of his hands, he raised mountains leaving the people on the platform in shock, he swept his hand back and a forest appeared at the base of the mountains.

The forest stretched on for miles covering the base.

When he finished he quickly checked his mana.

[Mana: 1080/9080]

"I think I have enough mana left."

Archer said, feeling confident.

Picturing a bunch of small beasts appearing in front of the forest.

They looked around and darted into the forest.

Archer lowered the platform under the shocked gaze of the people.

He turned to look at them and spoke.

"I'm going to see Jethro. Good luck with your search, you two. I'll see you later Rafyelle and her mother"

Nodding towards Sagana and Drogath before walking towards the old man's tent.

When he entered the tent, he saw Jethro sitting there, reading some papers.

Not noticing Archer until Sera chirped catching the old man's attention. Jethro looked up and smiled.

"My King, I hope you're okay. That little girl was panicking when she appeared. I had to lead her to the cottage and let her in. I hope you don't mind," Jethro said.

Archer smiled in response.

"That's okay, there's more forest for wood, we can start building wooden houses."

The old man nodded his head and smiled. Archer spent an hour talking about the Domain and the newly arrived Dragon-kin, who were shocked at their first sight of the place.

He told Archer that they are settling in well and were starting to contribute.

After bidding the old man farewell and departing from the Domain, Archer activated his Draconic Form.

"Draconis."

Crouching down Archer launched himself into the air, looking for the caravan along the same path they had previously traveled.

Chapter 74 Apia Castle.

With his wings flapping, Archer soared through the air towards the south, with Sera tightly clinging to him as they took in the sights.

After a few hours of flying, he spotted a caravan in the distance and quickly caught up to it.

He descended to the ground, dismissed his Draconic features, he walked towards the stopped caravan.

A tall man got out of the front carriage and approached Archer with a massive smile.

When the man got closer. Archer instantly recognized him as Yahir.

He stopped in front of Archer and exclaimed.

"You're alive! Bless the goddess that you're alive!"

Archer just looked at the man and replied. "Yeah, I'm fine. Let's continue on with our journey to Sunhaven."

They walked back to the caravan, and Yahir invited Archer into his carriage, which he accepted.

When he stepped inside, he saw two women with black hair, black eyes, and tanned skin.

One was wearing a loose blue dress, and the other was wearing a green one.

The two women stared at Archer as he entered before Yahir introduced them.

"These two wonderful ladies are my two wives, the one in blue is Lahifa Beshara, and the one in green is Imaan Beshara," he said.

With a gesture toward the young man standing beside him, he introduced him to the two women.

"This is Archer," he announced.

"He'll be joining us on our journey for a while."

Archer nodded at the two as they smiled. Imaan suddenly asked him a question.

"You have such pretty horns. Are you Dragon-kin?"

Before he could reply, Lahifa spoke.

"Look at his eyes. They're so beautiful. It's a shame we don't have a daughter!"

The two women laughed as Archer stared at a helpless Yahir with a deadpan look.

Yahir smiled as he sat down and started asking Archer questions. "Are you from the land of plenty?"

Archer's eyes widened. "How did you know?"

Yahir smiled while the two women giggled.

"Well, your skin is too white to be from Mediterra. They have darker skin than you, which means you're from further north, which is the land of plenty."

He shook his head after hearing Yahir explain.

"You're right, that's where I'm from."

The man's face lit up with a smug grin, clearly pleased with himself for guessing correctly.

However, before he could attempt to sell anything to Archer, the adventurer cut him off and made it clear that he wasn't interested in any offers.

"Do you have a lady back home? Buy some jewelry for her."

He spread out a colorful array of intricately crafted jewelry adorned with sparkling gems and beads on a table in the carriage.

"Take a look, my friend," Yahir said with a smile.

"These are some of the finest pieces I've ever made."

Archer examined the jewelry closely, admiring the craftsmanship and beauty of each piece.

Picking up a bracelet made of silver and turquoise. Turning it over in his hands.

"This is really nice," Archer said, holding the bracelet up to the light.

"How much are you asking for it?"

"Ten gold per piece," Yahir replied.

Archer nodded thoughtfully and looked back at the table. Spotting a necklace that caught his eye he picked it up to examine it closely.

"I'll take this one too," Archer said, adding it to his pile.

Yahir's eyes widened in surprise as the boy continued to select more and more pieces of jewelry.

By the time he was finished, Archer had bought all of Yahir's collection for 300 gold coins.

"Thank you, my friend," Yahir said, beaming with gratitude.

"You have a good eye for quality," Yahir complimented Archer.

Archer smiled back, feeling pleased with his purchases. "I couldn't resist," he said.

That was when Lahifa spoke with a giggle.

"Who are the lucky ladies?" she asked.

He looked at the good-looking woman as he answered.

"There's only one, for now. Her name is Ella."

Yahir quickly interjected before his wife could speak.

"My friend Archer, I can see you're a man who will have many wives, so let me give you some advice I received from my father," he said.

Leaning down to grab two glasses and fill them up with wine before passing one to Archer.

"Cherish and adore your wives above all else, providing them with ample food and exquisite garments, drenching them in the finest fragrances, and bringing them joy until the end of their days. Women are like fertile fields, but they require proper cultivation."

Archer took a sip of the wine, relishing its fruity taste as he listened to the man's words. Time flew by as they conversed, lost in their discussion.

As the conversation began to wind down, Imaan interjected with a question.

"Archer, where are your parents?" she inquired.

The atmosphere in the carriage grew awkward after she asked, as it was a sore subject for him.

It went quiet until Yahir coughed and spoke up.

"You seem to be doing fine. It seems to me like you don't need them," he said, taking a sip of his wine before continuing.

"Don't hold onto that hate, boy. It won't do you any good."

Archer nodded as he got comfortable and started to think to himself as he drank the wine Yahir gave him.

Hours passed as the carriage traveled through the Haunted Dunes, Archer was looking out the window watching the passing scenery.

He had his Aura Detector activated the whole time and hasn't picked up anything, as he started daydreaming Yahir spoke.

"We're coming up on the Aquarian Fort that's the halfway point in the Dunes."

Archer looked toward the man and nodded, he pulled out a meat wrap and started eating as Sera woke up and stretched her little limbs before looking around.

She spotted the two women and flew over to them, they looked on in shock as she chirped out a greeting.

Lahifa turned to her husband and spoke.

"Yahir did you know he had Tinnin."

The man nodded as Sera landed on her lap and sat there watching Archer trying to make him jealous.

As he shifted his gaze to the window, Sera let out an exasperated huff, clearly irritated by his lack of attention. Archer was oblivious to her annoyance, lost in his own thoughts.

After another hour of traveling, the carriage driver let them know the castle was in the distance.

"We are coming up to Apia Castle, the gateway to the Aquarian Kingdom!"

He quickly pulled the window down and looked out.

Archer's eyes widened as he gazed into the distance, where a magnificent castle made of glittering white stones rose up against the blue sky.

The structure was reminiscent of the traditional Samoan architecture he had seen in books, with its steeply pitched roof and intricate carvings.

The castle's walls gleamed in the sunlight, casting a radiant glow over the surrounding landscape.

He couldn't help but feel a sense of awe and wonder at the sight before him as if he had stumbled upon a hidden treasure in the middle of this sea of sand.

It stood tall and proud, surrounded by a vast desert that stretched out as far as the eye could see.

But amidst the barren landscape, there was a small oasis nearby, with lush greenery and a sparkling pool of water.

A long dirt road led up to the castle's towering gates, winding its way through the desert sands.

Everyone traveling with the caravan could feel the heat of the sun beating down on them, but they pressed on, drawn by the allure of the castle's beauty.

As they approached the gates, they could see the intricate details of the castle's architecture, with its soaring white towers and graceful arches.

A few soldiers in light blue metal armor stopped the carriage and asked for the owner to step out.

Yahir exited the carriage but dragged Archer along with him, Sera saw this and got irked so she flew after him.

Landing on his shoulder she got back to her normal shenanigans of biting his ear, but it was her own way of showing him affection.

Ignoring the biting. Yahir stopped dragging him as the guards got closer, wondering why he was there Archer looked at him.

Yahir just smiled, before speaking to the guard that looked to be in charge.

Now that he was closer he examined them.

Their armor was truly a sight to behold. Crafted from light blue lightweight metal, it was polished and shone brightly in the sunlight, reflecting the colors of the sand around them.

It was adorned with intricate etchings of sea creatures and other aquatic life, lending it a unique and beautiful appearance.

In general, he was fond of the armor, and his long ears perked up as he listened to the ongoing conversation.

The soldier who seemed to be in charge approached Yahir and spoke.

"Where do you hail from?" he asked.

"I come from the Kagia Kingdom, seeking to trade and procure supplies for one of my establishments," Yahir responded.

The guard nodded and asked if they could inspect the carriages.

Yahir nodded with a smile, and the guard motioned for the other guards to join him in inspecting the goods.

20 minutes passed and the guard leading the search told the commander everything was good to go.

The commander turned to Archer with narrow eyes before asking a question.

"You don't happen to be the white-haired boy who's caused havoc in the Kagia Kingdom?"

Chapter 75 Not Causing Any Trouble.

The commander stared at Archer, waiting for his answer.

He looked up at the guard with the most innocent-looking face a 13-year-old boy could muster.

"I can understand why you might think that, but I assure you I am not causing any trouble. I am simply here to find a friend," he said.

Turning his attention towards the naughty girl who wouldn't stop nibbling his ears, he started stroking her.

The commander watched the boy for a few seconds before looking back at Yahir, who was just staring at Archer.

Leaning forward as he whispered something into Yahir's ear.

"Be careful of this one. He destroyed two Kagian castles. Our kingdom is extremely happy about it but doesn't want to take the risk of him destroying something here."

Yahir's expression turned to one of fear as he looked back at Archer. But instead of seeing a devil, he saw a lost and broken boy who needed help.

Shaking his head as he replied to the guard.

"Don't worry, commander. I'll keep an eye on him."

Archer heard everything they said but didn't bother with it, as he was not there to destroy anything.

Currently, he was holding Sera, who was getting too excited and unable to escape. She gave him puppy dog eyes, hoping he would release her.

Looking at her made him smile, and he knew what she was doing, but in the end, Archer let her go.

She started to fly and sat on his shoulder with a grin as she started licking him.

As he stroked her, she started purring.

But once he stopped she crawled inside his shirt, clinging to him.

Just then, Yahir called out to him, and he turned to see what he wanted.

"Archer, we're going ahead to the castle to arrange some business. I suggest exploring the town outside the southern part of the castle. It's full of traders."

He nodded at Yahir and started his walk toward the southern part of the castle, well aware that the traders were disturbed by what he had done to the Kagians.

Upon walking for 20 minutes, Archer reached the castle town and was immediately struck by the impressive architecture.

Apia Castle's structures were expertly crafted and adorned with intricate details, serving as a testament to the exceptional craftsmanship of its builders.

The town built by the southern wall was filled with a plethora of sea-themed decorations, including seashell motifs embellishing the walls and sculptures of sea creatures lining the streets.

Archer surveyed the square and saw people selling beast parts, potions, food, and miscellaneous items.

Continuing to look around, his eyes landed on a small shop tucked away in the corner.

Curious to see what it had to offer, he made his way over to it.

Upon entering, he was greeted by a riot of colors and patterns as bolts of fabric lined the walls and shelves.

The air was thick with a sweet, unfamiliar scent that reminded him of the Samoan culture back on Earth.

As he looked around at the shop's wares, he couldn't help but feel a sense of nostalgia wash over him.

Marveling at the designs and craftsmanship on display, appreciating the attention to detail that went into each item.

A young woman in her early twenties approached him with a charming smile.

"Hello, young man, how can I help you?" she asked.

When he turned around, he saw a woman who was twice his size, with light purple hair and a pair of smart-looking glasses that caught his attention.

'Women in glasses are hot,' he thought to himself, shaking his head as he replied to her.

"I want basic black pants and shirts, oh, and some boots."

The woman smiled and nodded as she examined him while mumbling to herself.

"I know what size you need. Go take a seat as I gather your items."

Archer nodded at her as she walked off.

He went and sat down as Sera appeared from his shirt and started rubbing her head against his cheek.

As he stroked the ruby-red scales of his little dragon, a smile spread across his face.

She basked in the attention for a moment before crawling back into the safety of his shirt, ready for a nap.

He waited patiently, his ears perked for any sign of her return. Soon enough, he heard the soft sound of her footsteps approaching.

Despite her undeniable beauty, he couldn't help but wonder why she was working in such a random clothing shop.

Pushing the thought aside, he focused on the present moment and waited for her to arrive.

As she approached him, she gestured towards the seat next to him, conjuring a pile of clothes and boots out of thin air.

He raised an eyebrow in surprise but said nothing as she turned to him and spoke.

"There are 12 shirts, 12 pants, and five pairs of the same boots. Altogether, it will be four gold coins for the whole order."

He smiled at the worker as he took out the coins and handed them over, his eyes scanning the clothes.

The black tunic was made of thin yet durable material, with no embellishments to speak of, and the pants and boots matched in color, completing the simple yet practical outfit.

She smiled and thanked him for his patronage.

"Thank you for shopping with us, can I help you with anything else?" she asked.

Archer carefully packed the clothes into his item box, making sure they were neatly folded and organized.

He finished, turned to the woman, and thanked her for her help.

"Thank you for your assistance," he said with a smile. "I appreciate it."

The woman returned his smile.

"You're welcome. It was my pleasure to help you."

After saying goodbye to the worker, the boy left the shop and stepped out into the small town.

Taking a deep breath of the fresh air he looked around, taking in the sights and sounds of the bustling streets.

There were vendors selling their wares, children playing games, and people going about their daily business.

Archer started to walk, his eyes scanning the area as he explored the town.

Spotting a stall that sold some nice-smelling food, he walked over to it and looked at what they were selling.

Stopping in front of the stall, he instantly smelled coconut and some kind of sweet-smelling fruit.

There was a girl who looked no older than 19 behind the stall, with a man cooking in the back.

She spotted Archer and smiled as she spoke. "Hello, boy. How can I help you?"

Looking up at the brown-haired girl, he replied.

"What is that smell?"

She quickly answered with the same smile.

"That's breadfruit served with coconut cream, and palusami wrapped in taro leaves, and cooked in coconut cream."

The palusami looked like pork wrapped in some sort of banana leaf and smelled delicious. The breadfruit looked amazing as well.

Archer decided to buy as much as he can because he loved the smell, he asked a question before ordering.

"How long would it take you to make 200 of each meal?"

His question shocked the girl and man who was cooking, as he turned to look at the boy who ordered so much food.

When he saw the little boy who ordered it, he started laughing before speaking.

"I doubt a child your age has that type of coin for such an order."

Archer shook his head as he asked. "How much?"

Watching him, the man raised his eyebrow.

"13 gold," he said.

He quickly took out the coins and placed them down before taking a seat.

"How long?" Archer asked.

The two people behind the counter just stared at him with deadpan expressions before the man shook his head and answered.

"Two hours, young sir, but we have many snacks you can eat while we cook."

Archer looked at the man as he motioned for him to continue speaking.

"We have PaniPopo, Koko Alaisa, Fa-ausi, and Sapasui ready to serve right now. What would you like?"

Liking the sound of all the food, he ordered two of each.

"Two of each, please."

The pair were shocked once again, but they quickly shook their heads as they got to work preparing his order.

Ten minutes passed, and the girl placed four dishes on the table.

One looked like sweet rolls that smelled of coconuts and syrup, the second looked like rice pudding, and the last looked like donuts with chocolate sauce.

Archer got excited and asked.

"How much for the four dishes?"

The man answered his question while introducing the two of them.

"I'm Malaki, and the girl is Fia, my daughter. The snacks will cost one gold."

He gave Malaki the gold coin, but as he was about to speak Sera's head popped out of his shirt and stared at the food.

The father-daughter pair were shocked yet again when they saw the little red dragon poke her head out making Archer laugh at her antics.

Chapter 76 The Dragon Slayers.

Sera caught the scent of the food and emerged from Archer's shirt, surprising the two people present.

She floated towards the food and landed on the side, eagerly beginning to eat the sweet roll-like dish.

Archer watched her with a smile before ordering more food and handing over another gold coin.

"Bring us some more snacks," he said.

Fia returned with even more food, and the two dragons happily indulged while Archer waited for his order.

He particularly enjoyed the panipopo, which had a sweet coconut flavor, and found the rice pudding-like dish to be decent.

After finishing the snacks, they waited for their main order.

A couple of hours passed before Malaki brought over the palusami and coconut cream breadfruit.

"Here, boy. I've never had anyone order so much food before. I'm all out of ingredients now."

The stall owner said as Archer stored all the food in his Iten Box and said goodbye.

He started to leave the town walking further south, at the same time his Aura Detector picked up a few pings heading in his direction.

Archer followed a river towards a lake in the distance, curious about what he might find.

As he walked, he couldn't help but notice the sounds of splashing coming from up ahead.

Intrigued, he picked up his pace and soon came upon a clearing where he saw a group of fantastical beasts frolicking in the water.

They looked like hippos but were twice the size of any he had ever seen on Earth.

Their skin shimmered with a shade of blue, and their eyes glowed with an otherworldly light.

He watched in awe as they playfully splashed around, sending waves crashing against the riverbank.

Suddenly, he heard heavier splashing and turned his head to see another one of the beasts charging at a spot in the water not far from him.

As it got closer, it bit down into the water.

Archer saw a massive puddle of blood spreading out in the water as it dragged up a dead beast.

The hippo started slamming the thing down, a river drake that was trying to get closer to the younger hippos.

He laughed at the foolish river drake getting messed up by the hippo, watching the show for a little while before moving on.

Keeping an eye on his surroundings, he realized he was still being followed. But continued walking for an hour until the afternoon sun was shining brightly.

While walking, he noticed that whoever was following him was getting closer.

Quickly jumping into the air, he hovered there and grabbed hold of Sera, opening a portal.

"Sera, go into the domain now. Bad people are coming," he warned the little dragon.

She looked nervous but nodded as she flew through the portal.

Archer went to take off when his Aura Detection warned him of a group of five people closing in on him.

He started to look around but couldn't see anything, but the pings were telling him that they had surrounded him.

He was getting confused until he heard a rough voice come from behind him.

"Look what we have here, the infamous white dragon."

Archer spun around, looking down as he caught sight of a tall, white-skinned man adorned in black leather armor embellished with various types of dragon teeth.

Standing at nearly seven feet tall, with bulging muscles and a clean-shaven face, Archer guessed that the man was the leader.

Noticing the scaly pattern on the armor he narrowed his eyes as he looked up at the grinning man.

"Ahh, so you noticed. Dragon skin does make good armor if I do say so myself. It looks like you are on your second evolution stage," the man said as he stepped forward with a cocky grin.

His eyes opened wide when he heard this and he wondered how much they knew. When the man saw this, he smiled even more before speaking.

"The old slayer tomes were right. At first, it's two horns, then four."

The man stopped walking as Archer hovered in the air.

"That means you're just about to get your dragon form, which we can't let happen," he said as he motioned for the other men to get closer and try to cut him off from flying away.

Archer looked around him and knew that if he didn't escape now, he would get caught.

He quickly used Cosmic Step to appear higher in the air and started flapping his wings to speed up.

However, before he could get too far, a heavy chain wrapped around his legs, causing him to crash to the ground.

Archer was quickly baffled and reacted by using his claws to slice through the chains that bound him. With his newfound freedom, he swiftly jumped back onto his feet.

Despite using Blink to escape, he found that the slayers were still able to keep up with him as he ran.

Managing to gain some ground, he turned around and summoned dozens of fire bolts.

Aiming the bolts at the group and releasing them, the men were thrown off their feet while running.

Archer continued to cast even more bolts, which rained down on the group.

What looked to be the leader stepped forward and grabbed three of his comrades, shielding them from the incoming bolts.

However, the fifth man wasn't as lucky, as his body looked like a pincushion and crumbled to the ground.

With the leader lowering his shield, Archer couldn't help but show a devilish smile on his face.

Taking a deep breath, he let out a mighty roar that caused the remaining four men to cover their ears.

But that wasn't the end of it. Archer also shot a stream of violet fire at them.

Fortunately for the men, the leader cast his slayer shield, blocking Archer's breath attack and throwing the men to the side.

Archer ceased his breath attack and swiftly used Blink to teleport behind the group.

Without wasting any time, Archer cast Call Lightning, striking most of the slayers with a powerful bolt of electricity.

Dark clouds appeared overhead, and a violet lightning bolt struck the ground near the slayers, another bolt of lightning hit the shield, causing the leader to buckle.

Rushing forward he slashed at one of the men, tearing open his throat with his claws.

He quickly used his tail to swipe at another, forcing him to back up.

However, the leader screamed out as he fired a spell at Archer, shouting.

"Slayer Blast!"

With a swift motion, Archer cast the powerful spell of Cosmic Shield, expertly deflecting the incoming attack to the right.

The force of the impact caused a massive explosion that echoed across the nearby lake, sending ripples through the water and shaking the surrounding trees.

Despite the chaos, he remained focused and ready.

The man rushed at him and drew a sword from his storage ring, and slashed at Archer, who raised his claws to defend himself.

Sword and claw clashed, and sparks flew all over the place.

The leader of the slayer group attempted to cast a Slayer Blast spell, but Archer dodged it and used his tail as a whip, lashing out at the man.

As Archer's tail lashed out toward the man, he quickly deflected the attack, causing it to graze his thigh and left a deep gash.

The man let out a piercing scream of pain, clutching his wounded leg as blood began to flow freely.

As he faced the slayer's leader, he cast a Void Blaze and conjured a basketball-sized ball of violet fire that hovered menacingly above him.

With an evil smile, he looked up at the leader while throwing it at him.

The violet-colored ball flew across the space that separated the two, but just as it was about to crash into the leader, one of the men pushed him aside.

The leader's savior was struck as it exploded in a massive violet glow.

Only the leader and one other slayer remained alive, and Archer approached the two downed men.

But as he closed in on them, he sensed another attack incoming from his left but it was too late for him to dodge, so he raised his wing and braced himself for the attack.

The blast hit him, sending him flying across the lake bouncing off the water like a child skipping a stone.

After crashing on the opposite side of the lake, he came to a stop with a roll.

Archer lay there, dazed and hurting all over wondering where he went wrong in life, his regeneration kicked in and he was able to sit up.

Looking around he noticed a new group running toward him, but there was even more this time around.

Pulling out a health potion, he started downing it, feeling his body starting to repair itself, he looked up to see the new group swiftly closing in on him.

He turned around and started running in the opposite direction as he fired Fire Missiles and Plasma Shots at the new group of slayers.

Hours passed as the game of cat and mouse continued, Archer spammed spells at them as they were chasing him.

They tried capturing him but he always slipped through their fingers, he managed to lose them and was hiding in a rock outcropping catching his breath.

Recalling a notification he had received earlier, he took a moment to check it and refresh his memory.

[Spell Combination Learned]

[Plasma Shot & Fire Missiles Combined: Plasma Missiles]

"Ah nice, at least something good came of this."

Exhausted, he sat down to catch his breath and retrieved his waterskin to take a long drink.

Chapter 77 Ass Whooping.

Taking cover behind a large rock, Archer dismissed his Draconic Form and settled down to enjoy a well-deserved meal of coconut cream breadfruit.

As he savored each delicious bite, he couldn't help but feel a sense of relief wash over him, knowing that he had successfully completed his mission and could finally relax for a moment.

He loved the new food, savoring it slowly.

As soon as he finished his meal, he received a frantic notification from his Aura Detector.

Without hesitation, he quickly activated Blink vanishing from the spot and reappearing ten meters away.

Turning around, he saw spells hitting the spot where he had just been.

Suddenly, he spun around on his heels and took off sprinting in the opposite direction as a fresh wave of slayers emerged.

Feeling his body getting stronger and faster with each use of Blink.

Getting ahead of them Archer turned around.

Smiling as he began to cast loads of Plasma Missiles.

Violet-colored missiles appeared around him.

Thinking about striking the closest slayers, Archer launched the missiles toward them.

His thoughts guided the missiles like homing devices, tracking their targets with deadly precision.

Some of the slayers managed to dodge, but four of them got hit, sending them flying backward.

As he fled, the slayers fired another blast, catching him off guard.

The impact was so powerful that it sent him hurtling back toward the castle, his body hurtling through the air like a bullet.

He crashed to the ground a mile away from where he was, his body wracked with pain.

Slowly, he rose to his feet, spitting out blood as he did so.

Despite his unsteady legs and the pain that wracked his body, he shook his head and turned towards the castle, determined to complete his mission no matter what.

However, as soon as he began to walk, the slayers arrived.

He slowly started to count them and noted that there were 17 men and women standing before him.

They appeared battle-ready, weapons at the ready, and their eyes fixed on their young opponent.

However, he refused to back down, standing tall and proud.

Archer's determination was evident in his gaze as he locked eyes with them, took a deep breath, and readied himself for the fight of his life.

As he stood there, he overheard one of the men's hushed conversations.

"How is it possible for him to be a master at that age?" one slayer asked.

"The old slayer tomes say that white dragons level up much quicker than any other race. They also acquire something called points, which they can use to become even stronger. You see, they have three

names: cosmic dragons, mana dragons, and white dragons. Their entire existence is tied to the world's mana."

"Why don't we drain his mana? That should kill him, right?" she asked.

The second slayer replied, "It won't work. White dragons can passively gather mana from the world, making them really overpowered. We're lucky to have found one so young. The last one was hidden away until he came of age and was released onto the world."

The man and woman nodded in agreement before the second slayer finished his impromptu lesson.

"They are capable of rallying all dragon kind to their banner. Most kingdoms and empires would do anything to have them on their side. The last dragon king had 22 wives, all princesses from different parts of the world, bringing most of the powerful kingdoms under their banner."

The leader silenced the chatter and turned to Archer.

"I am Hephorus, the commander of the northern dragon slayers. Surrender, and we will ensure that you don't suffer boy," he said sternly.

Archer stared at him while smirking.

"Fuck you, idiot! Like I'd surrender to you."

His laughter filled the air as he activated his Draconic Form.

"Draconis," he whispered.

All of his features appeared, he flexed his wings and claws as he cast Blink, vanishing from his spot and reappearing behind the first two slayers.

With lightning-fast reflexes, he struck at one with his tail as he fired a Plasma Missile at the other.

Although the first slayer was able to block his tail strike, it quickly stuck again, piercing the man's chest

Before he could do it again, the rest of the slayers rushed at him.

As they did, he threw the corpse at the incoming slayers and instantly cast Call Lightning.

Raising his hands towards the sky, dark clouds began to gather above them.

The air grew heavy with electricity, and the sound of distant thunder rumbled over the desert.

Suddenly, a bolt of violet lightning shot down from the clouds, striking the ground with a deafening crack.

The slayers, taken aback by the sudden display of power, began to back off, giving Archer the opening he needed.

He quickly fired a barrage of Plasma Missiles at them, each one exploding with a bright flash of light and a deafening boom.

With the slayers momentarily distracted, Archer charged forward, his body crackling with electricity as he ran.

His body moved with such speed and agility that he appeared as a blur of motion.

In a swift motion, he unleashed a devastating Eldritch Blast that left his enemies reeling.

The explosive force of the blast sent the slayers hurtling backward, their bodies contorting in agony as they fought to regain their footing.

Despite the intense pain, they refused to give up, their determination to complete their mission driving them forward even in the face of such overwhelming adversity.

Some of them didn't even make it to their feet before Archer turned around and began running.

As he passed by a road, he caught sight of Yahir's caravan in the distance but rushed by it without stopping, not wanting to involve them.

He was heading towards the port city of Sunhaven, hoping to lose the slayers on the way.

While running north, he fired Elemental Bolts and Plasma Missiles at the remaining 13 slayers.

Archer started spamming Blink, gaining a healthy lead on his pursuers.

He kept turning around as he cast even more spells, managing to whittle the slayers down to eight people, but still got hit by a Slayer Blast.

Seeing it coming, he quickly cast Cosmic Shield to protect himself, but it didn't hold up as they fired another at him.

The only reason he managed to keep running and stay on his feet was due to his constant use of Blink, which strengthened his body.

Using his wings, he deflected the attacks to the left, but as he did, he felt someone running towards him. When he looked, he saw two of the slayers running towards him.

Archer and the slayer wielding a great sword eyed each other cautiously, claws and sword poised for action.

The slayer was a formidable opponent, his massive sword gleaming in the moonlight as he swung it back and forth.

He dodged the first few blows, his own claws flashing as he struck back.

The two fighters traded blows, each one trying to gain the upper hand.

Suddenly, there was a loud crash behind Archer, he turned just in time to see the slayer wielding the Warhammer charging at him.

He barely had time to react before the slayer's hammer connected with his side, sending him flying through the air.

Archer landed hard on the ground, his breath knocked out of him.

Lifting his head to see a slayer wielding a war hammer was already upon him, swinging his weapon down with deadly force.

He managed to roll out of the way just in time, narrowly avoiding the blow.

Struggling to rise to his feet, Archer instinctively slashed at the slayer who had just attacked him.

His eyes frantically scanned the battlefield, searching for any opening he could exploit.

Despite the enemy closing in on him with their weapons poised for attack, Archer refused to surrender.

With a sharp eye, he spotted a path leading north and quickly activated Cosmic Step, disappearing from view.

When Archer reappeared, he had already made his way behind the enemy and was sprinting away.

"He's running again!" one of the remaining slayers shouted, and they gave chase.

Despite their initial success in keeping up with him, Archer gradually began to outpace them.

Just as he thought he had lost them, one of the slayers started to cast a spell while running after him, conjuring a massive ball of water and launching it in his direction.

The water sphere hurtled towards Archer's back, but he managed to dodge it by diving to the right.

However, his relief was short-lived as he realized his mistake.

Archer had left himself vulnerable to a Slayer Blast, which hit him with such force that it broke bones and sent him flying through the air.

As he soared over the road packed with carriages, Archer's body tumbled and twisted, his mind racing to regain control.

Finally, he came crashing down next to a large lake behind a dune just off the road, his body buried deeper into the sand by another blast that hit him.

Struggling to focus, Archer's vision blurred and his head spun as he attempted to rise to his feet.

But as he tried to move, he realized that his right shoulder was immobile and his left arm wouldn't budge.

He knew he was in bad shape.

Despite his injuries, he managed to get to his knees and spotted the eight slayers sliding down the dune towards him.

With a heavy heart, he dismissed his Draconis features and slumped down as the man approached him with a sneer.

"We've finally caught you, little dragon," the captor taunted, his voice dripping with malice.

Chapter 78 A Fortunate Meeting.

As the man arrived he Spartan kicked Archer in the chest, sending him flying backward and crashing into a group of trees.

His limp body dropped to the ground, blood already pooling under him. He managed to lift his head in the direction of the slayers and saw them approaching.

One of the slayers cast another Blast at him again, he couldn't defend himself as it hit him.

The leader looked down with a smile as he raised his axe.

Archer watched with a manic smile as the man raised his axe and began to bring it down toward him.

He fixed his eyes on the axe, following its every movement until it was struck by a spell, knocking the axe to one side as it was an inch away.

As Archer's eyes scanned the chaotic scene, he saw a strikingly beautiful girl with light blue hair and light brown skin.

She was dressed in colorful robes, and her presence commanded attention and respect.

He couldn't help but be mesmerized by her stunning appearance and the bravery she displayed in saving him from harm.

Without hesitation, the girl stepped forward and fearlessly confronted the dragon slayers.

Her unwavering confidence and determination left Archer in awe.

"Why are you breaking my father's laws?" she demanded, her voice ringing out across the lake.

The slayers hesitated, taken aback by the girl's boldness.

But before they could reply, more dragon slayers slid down the sand, their weapons at the ready.

The girl stood her ground, her eyes flashing with determination.

"You will not harm this boy," she declared in an Aquarian accent.

[Teuila's P.O.V]

10 minutes before Archer landed by the lake.

A carriage was racing down the dirt road heading towards Sunhaven City, three people were inside talking.

"So are you two looking forward to joining the academy?"

Triton nodded his head excitedly while Teuila sighed when she heard their aunt's question.

Her aunt looked at her and asked. "What's wrong little Teuila?"

She looked at the woman who's always accompanying them, she may look dainty but she's the second most powerful mage after the Queen.

Teuila looked up at her before answering.

"I don't want to go to the academy, I want to go on adventures and level up like Mother did."

The woman smiled when the girl spoke of her mother who has been very busy as of late.

"Well your father seems to be scheming something, so when we return to the palace you should talk to him."

She nodded at her with a smile.

"Thank you, Auntie Malia, I'll speak to him when we return."

Three hundred royal Aquarian guards accompanied the three of them, they are the best-trained soldiers in the kingdom, sworn to guard the royal family.

As the carriage and horses neared a well-known lake, they suddenly heard a series of loud explosions.

The sound filled the air, causing the horses to rear up in fear and the passengers to grip the sides of the carriage tightly.

The royal guard commander, Tavita, approached the carriage and spoke to the three people.

"My prince and princess, stay inside. It sounds like a small battle is happening to the left of the road."

He then walked off and shouted at the soldiers who were on horses.

"Surround the royal carriage, make sure to protect the prince and princesses!"

Three hundred heavily armed men on large war camels surrounded the carriage and stood like immovable objects.

However, Teuila didn't listen and jumped out of the carriage, ignoring her aunt's screams.

She ran up to Tavita and asked him what was going on.

"Tavita, what's going on?" He looked down at the little princess before speaking.

"Princess, you shouldn't be out here. The battle is getting closer."

Boom!

That's when she spotted a flying white object heading for the lake from the left side of the road. They saw Eight leather-clad warriors running after the object.

"A dragon-kin boy! They are Dragon Slayers!"

Teuila gazed at the towering man with tanned skin, a bushy brown beard, and hair tied up in a topknot.

Narrowing her eyes at the man as she asked.

"How do you know it's a dragon-kin boy?, Father forbade the hunting of them in the kingdom."

Tavita answered without looking at the stubborn girl.

"Years of training princess."

Stepping back a dozen paces, she sprinted toward the soldiers before her with effortless grace.

Leaping over them, her movements were fluid and precise.

With a thud, she landed on the other side and sprinted towards the white object, leaping up a sand dune.

At the top, she saw a white-haired boy covered in blood, with an armored man holding an axe over him.

Quick as lightning, she fired a Jet Blast at the axe, knocking it off target.

She approached the boy and stood in front of him, causing the slayer to back off.

"Why are you breaking my father's laws?" she demanded, her voice ringing out across the lake.

"You will not harm this boy," Teuila declared, her voice unwavering, standing firm in front of the man who was staring at her.

She looked back and saw the boy's beautiful violet eyes before he passed out, noticing all the injuries on his body.

Narrowing her eyes as she saw his body slowly healing itself, she turned back to the slayer and stated.

"You will leave our lands and never return, or suffer the consequences of your actions."

The dragon slayers looked at the girl and started laughing as they moved toward her, but all she did was smile as one of them raised a bow in her direction.

That's when they all heard a loud voice. "Defend the princess!"

Teuila smiled as she started casting Deep Sea Blast at the leader, who was caught off guard, the spell pierced a hole right through his chest.

His body crumbled to the ground as she looked at another, but before she could do anything, a Water Blast struck another slayer, leaving only six left.

Looking around she spotted her brother on the hill smiling down at her.

The Aquarian soldiers rushed over the dune on their majestic war camels, slamming right into the remaining dragon slayers, and finishing them off.

She walked over to the boy's body as Tavita approached her with a curious look on his face.

His clothes were shredded and torn in multiple places.

But all the cuts and broken bones were mending themselves. She heard the bones snap and saw the cuts close up.

Standing back up seeing her brother and aunt walking over while being guarded by the royal guard.

Malia marched up to Teuila and was about to lecture her, but she saw the boy's condition and rushed over to him.

Crouching down, she placed her hands on his back to cast a healing spell on him.

"Heal," she said.

A white light washed over the boy's body. The rest of the wounds healed themselves quickly.

Once he was healed, Malia cast Cleanse on him.

Teuila flipped him over once her aunt finished healing and cleaning the boy.

When she did, she was shocked. "So cute," she thought to herself.

He had two white horns on each side of his head, beautiful white scales running all over his body.

She stood up while speaking to herself. "Where have I seen this before?"

Turning to her brother Triton, she asked.

"Dragon-kin don't have wings, do they?"

Her brother shook his head.

"They only have two horns?"

Triton nodded in response to the widening of her eyes as she thought to herself.

'Is he the white dragon I saw?'

Shaking her head, she signaled for the guards to carry the injured boy back to the carriage.

The three of them walked back together, and Triton voiced his confusion.

"Why are we bringing him along? He looks like a vagrant."

Malia stopped walking and turned to face Triton.

"He's just a young boy who's been chased by Dragon Slayers. As you saw, he's badly injured. We are taking him with us."

She looked back at the boy before resuming her walk, while Teuila simply stared at him with a perplexed expression.

The three entered the carriage as Tavita placed the boy down on a sofa.

The two women sat across from each other in the carriage, watching as the injured boy slept soundly on their sofa.

His body was twisted in a funny position, with one leg dangling off the edge and his arms flung out to the sides.

But what caught their attention the most were the four white horns that protruded from the sides of his head, glittering in the moonlight that shone through the window.

"He looks like a little devil," Teuila whispered to her aunt, trying to stifle a giggle.

Malia chuckled softly.

"He's just a boy, dear. And a very brave one at that."

She nodded, still eyeing the boy with fascination.

"Do you think he's really a dragon?"

Her aunt shrugged.

"Who knows? But one thing's for sure, he's not like anyone we've ever met before."

They both fell silent, content to watch the boy sleep peacefully.

The gentle swaying of the carriage and the soft rustling of the wind outside provided soothing background noise.

It wasn't long before her eyes grew heavy as she too drifted off to sleep, dreaming of dragons and adventures yet to come.

Chapter 79 On The Road.

Archer began to wake up, slowly opening his eyes while taking in the colorful ceiling above him, which he had never seen before.

Turning his head towards the window, he saw that it was still nighttime.

Blinking, he looked to his left and spotted two women and a boy who appeared slightly older than him.

The two women were sleeping, while the boy was reading.

Sitting up, Archer felt his body ache. Startled by the movement, the boy turned to him and asked, "You're awake?"

Archer looked at him and nodded. "Yes, I'm fine now, but my body still aches."

The boy narrowed his eyes and questioned him further.

"Who are you? You're clearly not from the Southlands. Maybe you're from one of the empires up north?"

Shaking his head, Archer replied, "Well, I come from the Land of Plenty, or at least that's what a trader called it."

"Why are you in the Southlands?"

He recounted his story until they found him, and the boy's eyes began to sparkle with interest.

Seeing the older boy's expression, Archer sighed and said.

"Ask me anything you want."

The boy started to think and quickly asked, "What is the land of plenty like?"

Archer delved deep into his memories and began to recall details.

"The Land of Plenty is a vast expanse of land, brimming with lush fields, verdant grasslands, and large forests. There is one large empire called the Avalon Empire and loads of other kingdoms, each with its unique culture, and traditions. The Land of Plenty is very beautiful in my opinion"

Noticing that the boy was intently listening, Archer turned to him and introduced himself.

"I'm Archer. And you?" he asked.

The boy smiled at him before answering.

"I'm Triton, the third prince of the Aquarian Kingdom."

Archer nodded as he studied Triton, noting his dark blue hair and green eyes, which were different from his sister's light blue hair and ocean-blue eyes.

Archer examined the two women, one of whom appeared to be in her thirties with golden blonde hair, and the other was the young girl who had saved him.

'They must be related,' he thought to himself.

As he gazed at the girl, he became instantly mesmerized by her beauty.

He watched her as she slept, captivated by her peaceful and serene expression.

Her light brown skin glowed in the soft moonlight, her hair was tied back in a light blue ponytail, and her cute button nose. He was amazed by her tranquil appearance.

Archer also noticed the blue leather armor and weapons nearby and realized that the girl was a warrior.

Triton caught him watching his sister as she slept and scowled.

"Stop looking at her like that!" he barked.

Archer tore his gaze away from the sleeping girl and started staring out of the window.

As he gazed out, he watched the desert gradually transform into grassland with scattered trees and marveled at the beauty of nature's changing landscape, feeling a sense of wonder and excitement.

The carriage traveled further, Archer noticed a large wooden bridge in the distance spanning across a wide river.

His curiosity was piqued, and he leaned forward to get a better view, his eyes widening in amazement.

Triton spoke up from behind him.

"Why are you acting like a country bumpkin?"

Turning his head to the older boy with a deadpan look on his face, Archer asked.

"Why can't I enjoy the scenery while we travel to wherever you're taking me?"

Triton rolled his eyes and replied, "Our destination is the port city of Sunhaven. We should arrive there tonight."

"Okay," Archer said as he pulled out some chocolate pastries to eat.

This caught Triton's attention, "What are you eating?" he asked.

"Food," He replied, before going back to eating.

After a while, he noticed Triton still looking at him.

Pulling out another pastry, Archer offered it to Triton, who looked at it before grabbing it with a nod.

As soon as he took a bite, strange noises began to emanate from his mouth, much to Archer's annoyance.

Taking out another pastry, Archer threw it at Triton's head.

"Stop making weird noises, Mr. Prince," he stated while laughing.

The pastry slid down Triton's face, causing him to freeze before turning his head towards Archer with a shocked look.

Silence took over the carriage, interrupted only by the snores of the two women.

Archer's laughter then broke the silence, but it woke up the other two who sat up, rubbing their eyes.

"Triton, I'm glad you're enjoying yourself. And you, boy, what's your name?" asked the woman.

The sound of Archer's laughter ceased abruptly, and he turned his attention to the woman who spoke first. In response to her inquiry, he introduced himself simply, "I'm Archer."

She smiled and introduced herself and the girl.

"I'm Malia, and this beautiful girl is Teuila, the fifth princess of Aquaria."

The woman looked at Archer, taking in his appearance.

Malia noticed that he looked a bit disheveled and tired.

"Are you okay?" she asked, her voice gentle.

Archer nodded, but she could tell that he was still a bit tired from whatever had happened to him.

"Don't worry, we'll take you to Sunhaven. It's a safe place where you can rest and recover."

She said reassuringly, examining him more closely for any injuries or signs of distress.

Satisfied that he was okay, she smiled at him warmly.

Her concern for him made him feel strange.

Larka never smiled or showed him affection, so when this random woman was fussing over him, it threw him off.

Teuila's sweet-sounding voice was filled with curiosity as she asked, "Why are you so pale?"

As Archer heard her, he turned his head and saw a pair of ocean-blue eyes staring back at him.

He replied with a hint of amusement in his voice, "I don't know, I was born like this."

The two of them looked at each other before she huffed and looked away, which he found cute. He turned his gaze toward the older woman and asked, "Why are you heading to Sunhaven?"

Malia smiled before replying, "I'm meeting the King's brother who has just arrived from his journey to Avidia."

Archer's curiosity was piqued, and he asked, "Where's Avidia?"

Malia's eyes sparkled as she answered.

"It's south of Verdantia. The land is a diverse and vast expanse, with stretches of barren desert that seem to go on forever.

Grassland deserts are dotted with hardy shrubs and cacti, and the occasional oasis provides a respite from the harsh conditions. Rivers cut through the landscape, providing water to the scattered settlements that cling to their banks.

The mountains rise up in jagged peaks, their snow-capped summits a stark contrast to the arid plains below. Forests and woodlands provide a welcome relief from the relentless sun, with their cool shade and lush foliage teeming with life.

But despite the beauty and abundance of the land, it is a place of constant conflict. The many kingdoms that call it home are at war with each other, each vying for control of the territory and its resources."

She finished her long explanation as Archer found the information useful and filed it away for later use.

"Thank you, I must be honest and admit I don't know much about the world outside of Pluoria."

Smiling as she got up and excused herself, she walked towards the front of the carriage and entered a hidden door.

The carriage went quiet as Triton went back to reading and Teuila was just staring at him with a strange look on her face.

Archer fell back to sleep as he was really comfortable. His mind was consumed by a vivid and terrifying dream.

He found himself wandering through a vast and barren desert, the scorching sun beating down on his skin and the sand burning his feet with each step.

Calling out for someone, but there was no response.

Panic gripped him as he realized he was stranded in a desolate landscape with no food, water, or shelter.

He stumbled forward, his vision blurred by the heat haze, desperately searching for any sign of his beloved companion.

As he trudged on, his body weakening with each passing moment, he caught a glimpse of something in the distance.

It was a figure swaying in the heat waves, and he knew in his heart that it was Ella.

He broke into a run, his heart pounding with fear and hope, but the figure seemed to recede further and further away from him.

He called out her name, but his voice was weak and hoarse, and he knew he was losing her.

Just as he thought all hope was lost, he crossed a dune and suddenly woke up. He looked around, rubbing his eyes in confusion.

There was no one in the carriage, and it wasn't moving. Archer stood up and shook his head to clear his thoughts, stepping out into the bright sun.

Chapter 80 Magic And Wonder.

Looking around, Archer spotted a campsite with numerous tents and soldiers guarding the area.

He saw Malia, Teuila, and Triton standing by a table where an older woman was cooking.

As he walked over to them, they all turned to him.

Malia and Triton smiled, while Teuila just watched him.

"Good morning," Archer greeted them.

Malia smiled at him and asked.

"Would you like some breakfast?"

He replied, "Yes, please."

Turning on his heels and starting to walk out of the camp, he suddenly heard Teuila's voice.

"Who's Ella?" she asked.

Archer stopped walking when he heard the question and turned around to reply.

"She was my personal maid."

Teuila noticed the longing look on his face as he walked away. She shook her head and got back to helping her aunt.

He started to walk away from the camp and opened a portal to his domain.

As soon as he stepped through, a red blur shot towards him, latching onto his head, and started licking his face in excitement.

Sera was making happy noises as she rubbed her head against Archer's, making him smile.

"Hey girl, I'm okay. I'm here now," he reassured her.

Grabbing the silly dragon, he started cuddling her, and Sera purred as she clung to him.

He placed her on his shoulder as he left the cottage and set out to find Jethro and Mohamet.

After searching for a while, he found the general training a group of Dragon-kin men and women.

As he approached, he saw the general screaming at a man who appeared to be struggling.

When he got closer, all the Dragon-kin who noticed him dropped to one knee.

The general turned around and smiled when he saw Archer.

"Your Majesty, what can I do for you?" he asked.

"I'm in the Aquarian Kingdom now. When I get to Sunhaven, we can look for your wife and children."

"Thank you," Mohamet nodded with a smile as he excused himself to get back to training.

Archer turned around and headed for Jethro's tent.

But on the way there, he bumped into the old man who turned around with a big smile on his face and bowed his head.

"Your Majesty, how can this old man help?" the old man asked.

He looked at the old man who bowed his head as he spoke.

"How are the Dragon-kin settling in, and how many have joined us?"

Jethro rubbed his chin.

"Everyone has settled in nicely. We get more and more joining every day, thanks to Sagana and Drogath."

Archer nodded his head as he closed his eyes and created even more tokens.

A large pile of white dragon tokens appeared.

Jethro shook his head. "I'll never get used to that."

"Give these to the two of them when you see them next. I'll be back in a couple of days."

He said, handing over some items to the old man.

The old man smiled as he bowed his head.

"Okay, your majesty. Enjoy your travels."

Smiling at the man as he opened a portal and exited the domain, appearing by some small trees.

Looking around, he noticed the guards looked tense, so he started to search for Malia and the siblings.

After a little while, he found them looking north. He walked over to them and asked what was wrong.

"What's wrong? Why is everyone so tense?"

Archer looked around at the faces of the three people, but no one answered his question.

He noticed that they were all staring off into the distance with a look of confusion on their faces.

Curious, he followed their gaze and turned his attention toward the horizon.

At first, he scanned the horizon but saw nothing unusual.

However, as he looked closer, he noticed a faint glimmer in the distance, something that caught his eye and piqued his curiosity.

Then, his eyes caught sight of a massive cloud in the distance.

It loomed ominously, growing closer by the second.

In an instant, Archer realized the danger that was approaching.

Something deadly was charging toward them.

He turned to the people in the camp, but they were already prepared.

They had taken out their long rectangular shields and were rushing toward the north.

As they reached the desert grassland, the soldiers lined up their shields with each other, creating a massive shield wall.

Most of the soldiers stood firm, while the commander paced back and forth.

A soldier ran up to Malia and reported what was coming.

"Your Highness, The Kagia Kingdom has invaded. Their vanguard is approaching. You must take the children and flee to Sunhaven. We will hold them for as long as we can to give you a chance."

Malia's heart sank at the news.

She didn't understand why the Kagia Kingdom was suddenly invading their kingdom. She quickly turned to the children, Teuila and Triton, and took their hands.

"We must go," she said, her voice urgent. "The royal army is stationed in Sunhaven, and we will be safe there."

But Teuila and Triton didn't move.

Malia looked at them, confused.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

Teuila shook her head.

"How can we leave the royal guard to die here?" she asked, her voice angry.

Malia understood the girl's concern, but she knew that they had to think of their own safety first.

"We have no choice," she said, her voice firm. "We must go. The guards will do their duty.

Archer watched everything and spoke up.

"It will be fine."

All three of them, including the soldier, looked at him with questioning looks. He sighed and explained.

"Just wait and see what I mean."

He turned and walked away from the table, activating his Draconic Form.

"Draconis." he said, and all his Draconic features appeared.

Crouching down and launching himself into the air, he started flapping his wings as he flew toward the incoming soldiers.

As he rose higher and higher, he could see the battlefield spread out below him.

Hundreds of soldiers on horseback were rushing towards them, their swords glinting in the sunlight.

The ground shook with the sound of their hooves, and the air was filled with the sound of battle cries.

Feeling a surge of fear and excitement as he soared above them, he knew that he had to do something to help.

He had never seen anything like this before.

Archer watched as the small army charged forward, coming within 50 meters of the Aquarian royal guards.

'For the Dragon-kin,' he thought.

Suddenly, he felt a surge of power coursing through his body, and he let out a mighty roar that echoed across the battlefield.

The ground shook, and the horses began to panic.

Archer took a deep breath and let out a stream of violet fire, blocking the soldiers' advance.

He grinned as he flexed his claws and turned to Sera, saying.

"Ready to burn some soldiers, girl?" She chirped in an excited tone, taking that as a yes.

"Hold on," Archer said as Sera clung to him like a baby monkey.

He flew a bit higher, looking at the soldiers. He raised his hand and cast Call Lightning right in the center of the small army.

Dark clouds covered the sky, and thunder could be heard.

Violet lightning started striking soldiers left and right, Archer pulled his wings in and started diving toward the center of the formation.

[Teuila P.O.V]

Teuila looked at the strange boy and watched as he transformed into something that made her mouth drop open.

A pair of powerful-looking wings sprouted from his back, and a slender but strong gleaming white tail appeared, swaying around until he jumped into the air.

She watched him fly above the battlefield and let out the loudest roar she had ever heard, shaking the ground beneath her feet.

The caravan horses panicked but were quickly calmed down by the nearest guards.

Then, Teuila saw a beautiful violet stream of fire come out of Archer's mouth, cutting off the incoming soldiers from advancing or retreating.

The flames were so intense that they illuminated the dark sky, casting an eerie glow over the battlefield.

Teuila watched in awe as the boy she had just met raised his hand and cast some sort of spell right in the center of the Kagian soldiers.

Dark clouds covered the sky, and thunder could be heard in the distance.

Suddenly, violet lightning started striking soldiers left and right, sending them sprawling to the ground.

Despite having witnessed a similar storm before, Teuila was still amazed by what she was seeing. It was unlike anything she had ever seen before.

But here, right in front of her, was a boy who could call down lightning from the sky.

As the battle raged on around them, Teuila watched in amazement as the boy dove down, his claws flexed and ready for battle.

He was like a dragon come to life, fierce and powerful.

Feeling a surge of excitement course through her veins.

She had never been in a real battle before, but she knew that she wanted to fight alongside this boy, to be a part of his world of magic and wonder.