

A JOURNEY THAT CHANGED THE WORLD.

Chapter 11 Departing & Spiraling.

After leaving the guild, they tried to find a comfortable inn to stay.

The group walked silently down the road for a while before Darius spoke with a hostile.

"Archer, you're not part of the group, so you're not coming with us."

Nobody said anything about his hostile attitude.

Talila spoke in an annoyed tone because of the way Archer was treated.

"Don't speak to him like that Darius!"

The other 5 nodded at Talila's words.

Seeing the others against him, the lion man stopped talking, but not without trying to get the last word in.

"It's true though, he is not part of the Sparrows. If we let him help with this job, it will be less coin for us."

Talila was about to reply until Archer spoke up as he moved toward Darius.

"Who said I wanted your coin prick, I saved your ass, and this is how you show your gratitude."

As he stared at the man, Archer's crazy eyes reverberated with anger.

But Talila intervened between the two before anything serious could happen.

"Why are you treating him this way, If not for him we would have suffered a fate even worse than death!!"

He didn't want to argue with this foul-mouthed child and walked away.

She watched him as he walk away, Talila turned back to Archer, whose eyes burned with rage as he stared at Darius.

She placed her hand on his arm to calm him down.

"Calm down Archer, I don't know what kind of problem he has with you, but it's only him that has the issue, the others find you amusing."

Archer turned to face the others, as they all agreed with her.

"I don't blame you, and it's the cat's issue to deal with, but before anything happens, I'm planning to try to find another inn."

He smiled at her and spoke the last words she would hear from him for a while as he spun on his heels to leave.

"Keep safe Talila, we will meet again."

His smile caught her off guard as she stammered out.

"G-g-goodbye Archer, I hope we do."

Before anyone could say anything, he disappeared into the crowd.

[Sparrows P.O.V.]

As the five left the spot Archer vanished from, they could all see Talila's ears droop slightly.

Feyra whispered to Cecelia.

"Why does she look like that, the little guy was here for hours and now she's acting like that because he's gone."

Cecelia was well-versed in men's and women's matters.

"Well, he piqued her curiosity and interest, he didn't lust over her like every other man she's met, but he was also interested in her as a woman."

As they spoke, the person in question could hear every word they said.

She was so embarrassed she couldn't say anything.

Talia shook her head but wished he would stay safe until they met again.

They caught up with Darius, who stormed off.

She grabbed his arm and spun him even though she was smaller than him.

"What's your problem with Archer, He saved us!"

He looked at her before speaking.

"Why are you defending some random kid who thinks he saved us, we could have done it ourselves!"

Everyone was staring at him like an idiot.

Talila looked confused, wondering why he was rude to Archer.

Cecelia looked at her and shook her head internally.

'This stupid girl, Darius likes you, but Archer has now caught your eyes.'

Talila realized what he had just said and got angry.

"He saved us, you fool, You can't even compare!"

That's when Radyn interrupted.

"There's an inn!"

Everyone looked at it while walking towards it.

"You were out cold when it happened, you couldn't do shit, Darius!"

She stormed off as Darius's lion ears flopped down.

Cecelia watched all this unfold with a shake of her head.

'She doesn't realize she just chose Archer over Darius without even saying it.'

They all walked to the inn.

[Back to Archer]

Walking through the crowd looking for a cheap inn.

20 minutes later he found one, the Fluffy Trout.

Archer stopped in his tracks as he saw the name and laughed.

"Hahaha, Fluffy Trout, what an awesome name."

As he was about to walk into the inn, he heard the loud shriek of a woman and quickly turned his head.

He saw a young couple walking along when a man ran up and attacked the young man.

Archer got curious and walked closer watching it unfold.

That's when an older man pulled out a knife and began stabbing the young man.

When Archer saw the scene unfolding in front of him, he felt something deep inside react.

'Thunder step.'

He Thunder-Stepped and reappeared in front of the man and punched him, sending him flying backward.

His corpse crashed into a nearby wall.

Archer looked down at the young man spitting blood.

Blood patches grew on his shirt.

People were running towards the young couple as Archer stared at them.

The awful memories flooded back like a tsunami as he looked at the couple.

He rushed back to the Inn escaping the scene.

From the outside, the inn looked inviting, pleasant, and enchanting.

Bricks and wooden pillars made up most of the building's outer structure.

It's impossible to see through the windows, but the sounds of cutlery and drinking glasses from within can be heard.

As he entered the tavern through the old, sturdy wooden door, Archer was welcomed by a feeling of comfort and a sense of home, instantly calming him down.

The inn itself is packed.

Passing traders seem to be the primary clientele, which could be seen as an unwelcome sign, though Archer was sure it wasn't.

Several long tables are occupied by what appears to be one large group of people.

The other smaller tables are also occupied by people who seem to be close to the inn owner.

Nevertheless, they are happy to welcome others into their midst.

Even most of the stools at the bar are occupied though nobody seems to mind more company.

He approached the bar and asked the innkeeper about the price.

"How much for a single room for the night?"

The man looked down at the white-haired kid, dressed in casual black clothes.

"Four silver per night, five including breakfast."

He looked at the boy waiting for him to reply, but before replying he took out 12 silver coins from his pocket.

Archer then put the coins on the counter.

"Okay, can I get something to eat now?"

The man nodded his head.

"Yes, there's some stew left if you'd like that?"

Archer nodded his head and looked around to find a place to sit down, but there were no free places he could see.

"Can I take the food to my room?"

The man nodded and handed him a key and told him where his room was.

"Head up the stairs and straight ahead to the end of the hallway, your room is on the right, number 10, I will have the food brought to your room."

He said thank you as he took the key from the man and went up to his room.

As Archer climbed the stairs, he heard some patrons talking about him.

"What's a pretty boy like him doing in here?"

"I saw him in the adventurers guild with the Sparrows earlier on."

He shook his head ignoring them, and arrived at the room the innkeeper told him about. Entering a plain bedroom after unlocking the door.

It had a bed and a chest for storage, a table in the corner with a chair.

He approached the bed to lie down.

Half an hour passed when he heard two little knocks on the door.

Knock!~ Knock!~

Getting up as he walks over to the door, he opens it to see a young boy.

He looks like a younger version of the innkeeper.

'Must be the innkeeper's son.'

The boy spoke up as he handed Archer the tray with a bowl of meat stew and a lump of bread on the side.

It was finished with a glass of water.

"Here, my father told me to bring this to you."

After taking the tray, Archer thanked him while closing the door.

He walked towards the table and sat down to eat while thinking about those feelings that had flooded him.

He finished eating his food and sat there for some time while overthinking everything.

'What if I didn't take her out?'

'What if we were somewhere else?'

'What if we just stayed at my house?'

Suddenly, Archer was haunted by thoughts, spiraling into madness that he had never experienced, too many what-if situations.

He got up from the chair and went to the bed.

After stripping out of his clothes and storing them in his Item Box, he got into bed and curled up.

Falling into a deep sleep.

It is difficult to think about what happened on that tragic day when he lost everything he held dear.

[A/N - Leave some comments, power stones, and gifts. It all helps support the book. Artwork in the comments or discord]