

A Journey 171

Chapter 171 Sia Silverthrone (2) [Bonus]

When Sia stepped out of the Manaship, she summoned her Dawnbreaker and commanded her soldiers to follow her.

One hundred mounted soldiers trailed behind her. Her anger simmered as she advanced towards the city, disregarding the city guard at the gate.

They approached the castle as the citizens started paying attention to the large war mounts making their way down the road.

As Sia made her way down the road she was thinking back on the times she spent with Archer reading in the Ashguard library.

[Flashback to the time when Archer was nine]

While Sia was given time off she came to the Mistwood Duchy to visit her favorite boy who she hasn't seen in ages.

The Mana-ship dropped her off outside the city thanks to her privileges of being an officer in the Dawnbreaker legion.

When Sia made her way into the city she bought some chocolate for Archer as she passed by a stall.

Not long after she entered the castle and went straight to the library, only giving her nieces and nephews a smile as she passed by.

Sia walked into the library, her eyes scanning the familiar surroundings. her gaze fell upon little Archer, sitting in his usual spot.

A smile graced her lips as she approached him, her steps filled with infectious excitement.

Closing the distance between them, Sia reached out and gently grabbed hold of him, pulling him into a tight embrace, and squashing him against her massive chest.

She held him there for a moment, a mixture of affection and protectiveness radiating from her.

Archer, initially surprised by the sudden embrace, soon found comfort in the warmth and safety of Sia's arms. He wrapped his own arms around her, cherishing the bond they shared.

Sia's face lit up with affection as she showered him with care and attention while kissing him all over his face causing him to laugh which caused her to do it even more.

When she stopped she looked at him with a smile. "Archer, when you grow older, I'm going to be your wife and take good care of you," she declared her voice tender and overflowing with love.

He was caught off guard, and reminded her, "But Sia, you're my aunt."

Sia dismissed his concerns with a gentle laugh, the sound escaping her lips like a sweet melody to his ears. "Labels are insignificant, my love. I have chosen you, and our bond transcends mere family ties. Our connection is destined, and my love for you surpasses any formalities."

At first, Archer doubted her words, thinking they were just meant to comfort him. He believed she said those things to make him feel better.

Little did he know, Sia's intentions were genuine, and she harbored a deep and unusual attachment to him, driven by her "nephew-con" inclinations.

Unbeknownst to them, a white-haired woman watched from above, wearing a satisfied smile as her plans unfolded before her.

[Present time]

Sia rode into the castle, her soldiers intimidating the castle guards as they entered.

Disembarking, she strode through the main entrance of the castle as her guards followed her wondering what she was going to do this time.

She made her way down the hallway, her eyes caught sight of Aldwulf approaching. A surge of anger consumed her, and without hesitation, she lunged at him, swiftly swiping his legs, causing him to fall.

Aldwulf was confused. Out of nowhere, he was being attacked. When he looked up, he saw Sia Silverthrone standing above him with a look of rage on her beautiful face.

She glared down at him, making an effort to calm her temper, and sternly warned him, "If I ever hear of you bullying Archer again, you'll be in serious trouble. Do you understand, boy?"

He nodded his head rapidly, resembling a chicken. However, when Aldwulf heard the name of that demon, panic consumed him.

Observing his reaction, curiosity sparked within her. "What's the matter, Speak up."

Aldwulf was about to respond, but a shrill shout echoed through the hallway. She looked up to see her sister's husband's first wife rushing towards them.

Stepping back, she observed as the woman started fussing over the boy.

After checking on him. Ksara looked up with hatred burning in her eyes. "Is it not enough? That little demon mutilated them, and now you're here? What do you want, Sia?"

Sia looked at the woman with narrowed eyes as she approached her. "I've heard what you did to my boy. The same warning applies to you as well. The next time you decide to mess with him is when your family falls from the Emperor's grace."

She smiled at the woman after threatening her and continued speaking. "Now tell me, where is my idiotic little sister?"

Ksara was about to start shouting again, but when she saw Sia's not-so-friendly smile, she fell silent and mumbled, "In the garden with our husband."

Sia nodded and unexpectedly slapped Ksara, sending the evil woman to the floor to join her eunuch son.

She cast a disdainful glance at Aldwulf and let out a laugh, fully aware that her boy had already stripped them of their masculinity.

With a confident stride, she headed towards the garden.

[Larka's POV]

Larka was sitting in the garden with her husband who took some time off from organizing the defence of Mistwood for the upcoming war.

The sun dipped below the horizon, casting a soft orange glow over the garden where Duke Leonard and Larka sat at a stone table.

The air was heavy with a mixture of blooming flowers and unspoken remorse. Their faces were etched with lines of regret as they listened to the murmur of the evening breeze.

Rumors had reached their ears, tales carried from the south by traders and merchants. Whispers of their son's achievements and betrothal to three princesses.

The mother's voice quivered with a mixture of sorrow and self-reproach. "How did we let it come to this? Our own flesh and blood subjected to such cruelty and pain by our own hands, all because of our pride."

Leonard clenched his fists. "We were blinded by our own desires, consumed by our petty pride. We treated him as if we never wanted him, a burden, and now we must bear the weight of our terrible choices."

The garden, once a sanctuary of serenity, seemed to reflect their inner turmoil. Larka's voice trembled as she continued, her words heavy with regret. "We never stopped the abuse, not even once."

Tears streamed down her face as she bowed her head in shame. "We failed him. Our duty as parents was to love, nurture, and guide him, but instead, we treated him horribly. We abused and mistreated him."

In the midst of their despair, Larka's voice quivered. "We must find a way to make amends, to show our son that we are truly sorry for the pain we caused him. We cannot undo the past, but we can work towards a future where he feels loved."

Suddenly, they heard a cackle coming from behind them. Larka turned around, her eyes widening as she spotted her older sister, Sia Silverthrone, accompanied by her guards.

She stood there in her military uniform, staring at them with a hateful expression etched upon her face.

The look on Sia's face deeply wounded Larka, as she had always respected her eldest sister. Sia had risen from being a common foot soldier to becoming the general of the legendary Dawnbreaker legion.

[Sia's POV]

Sia noticed the two of them sitting at the table, discussing ways to make it up to Archer and show him "love." The absurdity of their words made her burst into laughter.

But as she heard their conversation, anger welled up inside her. 'They don't love him like I do. I will never mistreat him and will always love him,' she thought passionately.

Sia couldn't wait to see Archer now that he was nearly 16 so she could properly pamper and treat him as a wife should.

Snapping back from her wild thoughts, she addressed her shocked sister. "Why would you allow him to be abused, Lark? Didn't I tell you what I would do the last time?"

She walked up to her sister, who quickly stood up. Leonard attempted to step in front of Sia, but she swiftly backhanded the man.

He went flying backward and crashed to the ground. Sia looked over to where he landed and shouted out. "Don't get involved."

She turned to Larka, who took a step back. Sia walked closer to her with a smile, but Larka knew it was anything but a smile.

"Lark, how dare you treat him like that! He's mine!" Sia exclaimed, delivering a sharp slap.

Larka held her cheek, feeling the sting, but she remained silent. She knew she deserved the slap, yet her mind was filled with confusion over her sister's words.

She looked at Sia. "What do you mean he's yours?"

Sia stood her ground, locking eyes with her sister. Sporting a grin, she unveiled her plan. "I intend to marry him and shower him with the love he deserves. I've already spoken to Father, who, upon hearing the rumors, was thrilled to align himself with a rising star in the empire. Unlike you and Mother, he's not narrow-minded."

When Larka heard her elder sister, whom she respected and loved dearly, wanted to marry her son, she didn't know what to do and was confused.

Sia's guards heard her speak and started handing coins to each other while mumbling. "Damn, you were right. The general is a nephew-con."

Chapter 172 The Little Red Dragon

Proxy Connection Failed!

Before they could enter the cave, Teuila and Ella appeared behind them, causing the two dragons to jump with a yelp. Archer didn't feel the bracelet before their sudden appearance.

After recovering from the jump scare, Archer chuckled and informed the girls about the plan to venture inside the dark tunnel, although they didn't seem keen on the idea.

However, both Archer and Sera could see in the dark, so they offered to guide the group. With everyone in agreement, the four of them entered the cave.

Archer took the lead position and scanned their surroundings, receiving multiple pings from his Aura Detector. He wondered just how many creatures were inside the cave.

With caution, they moved forward and entered a chilling chamber. The air weighed heavily upon them, and a spine-tingling sight awaited their gaze.

The entire chamber was soaked in blood, creating an unsettling atmosphere. The walls gleamed with crimson stains, casting a macabre hue over everything.

Puddles of congealed blood dotted the floor, emitting a sickly metallic smell. Flickering torches illuminated the gruesome scene, their dancing shadows seeming to whisper haunting secrets.

Countless tunnels branched out from the chamber, each one leading to a different place. The tunnels stretched into darkness, their depths shrouded in mystery.

Some tunnels appeared narrow and foreboding, while others were wider and beckoning. To worsen the situation, Archer's Aura Detector picked up numerous pings emanating from each tunnel.

That's when they heard hurried footsteps as a ghoul sprung from the shadows, sprinting toward them with a feral look on its face.

Archer was just about to cast a spell, but Sera darted toward the creature and sidestepped it as she sliced its legs, bringing it crashing down.

Swiftly, Sera impaled the creature with her slender red tail. Content with killing the vile creature, she casually brushed the dust off her dress.

Sera stopped right next to Archer with a mischievous smile etched on her pretty face. That's when she slid her tail up his leg, causing him to shiver when he felt it.

Teuila quickly intervened, slapping her tail away and speaking in a hushed voice. "Not the time or place, Sera. Behave yourself."

Sera giggled as she winked at Archer. That's when they heard screeching and other creepy noises.

They turned their heads to the opposite side of the chamber and saw a horde of ghouls charging out of the tunnels.

Smiling as he had a chance to try out two of his new spells, Archer told the girls to back up while he tested them.

He stepped forward and cast dozens of Celestial Arrows that circled around him, looking like stars in the sky.

Archer pictured them striking the ghouls like homing missiles, piercing through multiple enemies and turning them to dust.

Ella stepped back and notched light mana arrows. She started unleashing a storm of arrows as the sound of her bowstring snapping could be heard echoing all over the chamber.

As each arrow flew, a ghoul fell, and Ella's speed grew. Without concerns for arrows, she focused solely on her mana.

Teuila assumed a defensive stance, safeguarding the trio, while Sera's face lit up with pure excitement.

She started unleashing beautiful red fireballs into the incoming crowd, her movements resembling that of a hyperactive rabbit as she hopped around Archer while casting her magic.

Archer laughed at Sera's behavior. He could tell she was genuinely happy for some reason, but he turned his attention back to the ghouls as he raised his hand and cast the second spell.

'Celestial Beam.'

With a resounding slam, the celestial beam crashed into the horde. The air crackled with energy as the beam encompassed the entire chamber.

The ghouls screeched and recoiled, their undead flesh burning under the celestial light.

The celestial beam lashed out, sending tendrils of pure energy whipping through the air. Each strike connected with pinpoint accuracy, disintegrating the ghouls upon contact.

Their bodies crumbled into ashes, dissipating into nothingness as the spell cleansed their existence.

While the two were casting spells, Teuila skillfully maneuvered through the chaos, her sword flashing through the air with calculated strikes.

She dispatched any ghouls that dared to come closer, blending elegance with deadly efficiency.

Sera's glee continued to overflow, her excitement becoming unstoppable. With eagerness, her claws extended, propelling her forward without a care for Ella's urgent shouts.

Filled with uncontainable anticipation, her tail thrashed about, brimming with energy, as she fearlessly dashed into the heart of the battle.

The ghouls, faced with her lethal and precise strikes, stood no chance against her razor-sharp claws.

One by one, they succumbed to the relentless onslaught, crumbling helplessly to the ground before her might.

Her agile tail gracefully accompanied her every move, delivering precise strikes that swiftly incapacitated her foes.

In the midst of the chaotic scene, Sera's laughter rang out, a joyous melody that echoed through the air. She reveled in the sheer delight of the fight, fully embracing the exhilarating rush coursing through her veins.

As the battle raged on, Sera's jumping and swift attacks ceased momentarily. Taking a deep breath, she unleashed a torrent of fiery red flames, obliterating everything in its path.

However, Sera failed to notice as a lurking wendigo lunged at her from the shadows. Just as the creature sprang forth, Archer swiftly cast Blink, appearing between her and the creature.

He whispered, "Draconis."

Archer quickly raised his wing and deflected the creature's claws, his tail plunged into its chest and threw it to the side.

Sera was just looking at him with wide eyes but smiled as she looked away in embarrassment.

He spoke to her. "Be careful next time Sera."

The last of the ghoul was killed and the sound died down, Archer used Aura Detector and when he did he picked up loads of pings from one of the tunnels.

Archer looked back to the girls and motioned for them to follow him as he walked into the tunnel and made their way toward the pings.

They ventured deeper into the underground tunnel, and a sense of foreboding washed over them.

The air grew colder and heavier, and the distant echoes of their footsteps reverberated eerily through the dark passageway.

As they descended further, the tunnel twisted and turned, leading them into a labyrinthine maze of narrow passages.

Shadows danced and flickered on the walls, casting grotesque shapes that seemed to mock their presence.

Just as they were about to turn a corner, guttural howls pierced through the air, sending a chill down their spines.

The haunting sound seemed to reverberate from deep within the bowels of the earth, echoing through the vast underground tunnels.

As the earth quivered beneath their feet, an eerie rumble filled the air. Waves of vibrations surged through their bodies, unsettling their nerves and causing their hands to tighten their grip on their weapons.

Archer raised a hand, signaling the group to stop. His eyes narrowed as he focused, trying to decipher the source of the unsettling sounds.

Sera instinctively got her claws and tail ready to unleash her spells at a moment's notice.

Teuila tightened her grip on her sword, her eyes scanning the dark corners for any sign of danger.

Ella, with her bow at the ready, kept a keen eye on the shadows, her fingers itching to release an arrow.

The piercing howls escalated in volume and frenzy, blending with the menacing growls and snarls of hidden creatures lurking in the shadows.

The intensifying rumble shook the surroundings, dislodging pebbles from the ceiling that cascaded down to the ground below.

As they moved forward, tension mounted, sharpening their senses. The air crackled with electricity, heightening their awareness of the hidden danger.

Turning the corner, their eyes widened in horror. Before them lay a vast chamber, illuminated by eerie glowing fungi on the walls.

Howls and rumbling echoed through the massive space. At the center of the chamber stood terrifying creatures.

Enormous, hideous beings with fiery red eyes and razor-sharp claws. The source of the growls and rumbling became clear: a pack of savage cave trolls that was eating some sort of beast.

When the four entered, the trolls abruptly halted and fixed their gazes upon them, their eyes filled with madness. They all rose to their feet, clutching stone clubs tightly.

Archer took a step forward and whispered, "Draco."

In an instant, he transformed into his dragon form. However, he quickly noticed a difference—his length had increased to 15 meters, surpassing his previous size of 10 meters, and he now stood about 8 meters tall.

The girls were stunned by the remarkable change in his size, and the trolls reacted with furious roars.

In response, Archer reciprocated with a mighty roar of his own, unleashing a stream of violet flames that struck the nearest troll directly, reducing the creature to ashes.

Witnessing this, the remaining trolls grew even angrier and charged forward. Just as Archer prepared to charge as well, a smaller red dragon appeared on his back, emitting its own fierce roar.

He instantly recognized her and was amazed at her vibrant crimson scales shimmering in the light of the fungi, reflecting the fire within.

With a wingspan that stretches wide, she emanates an aura of mischief and power.

Sera may be small, but don't let her delicate frame fool you. Despite her tiny stature compared to him, it only adds to her charm and makes her even more powerful.

Chapter 173 The Necromancer

Sera hopped around on his back, proudly displaying her new dragon form. She was only four meters long and two meters tall, but her happiness knew no bounds.

Archer and the girls were taken aback by her sudden transformation. However, they pushed aside their astonishment and focused on the threat—the enraged trolls charging toward them.

Sera swiftly leaped off Archer's back and charged at them. She reached the first one and skillfully evaded its swing, then gracefully jumped onto its back.

With her long snout and razor-sharp teeth, she clamped onto the troll's neck and vigorously shook her head, causing blood to spray in all directions.

Archer followed her lead and pounced on the nearest two trolls, pinning them down with his razor-sharp claws.

They struggled relentlessly, but they were immobilized. Taking hold of another troll, Archer flung it away like a frisbee.

Teuila and Ella stood in awe, their eyes wide with shock, as the two dragons seamlessly coordinated their efforts to eliminate the trolls.

The precision and synchronization of their movements were nothing short of extraordinary.

As a troll swung its arm towards Sera, Archer swiftly unleashed an Eldritch Blast at its hand, causing the troll to release its club involuntarily.

Seizing the moment, Sera capitalized on the opening and unleashed her breath attack, obliterating the troll in a powerful blast.

Meanwhile, Archer, with his formidable claws, crushed the two trolls he had previously trapped.

With a swift motion of his tail, he struck another troll with the force of a whip, decimating its head. Blood sprayed in all directions as the troll's lifeless body thudded to the ground.

They swiftly dispatched the remaining trolls, leaving none standing. Archer ripped out the hearts of ten trolls and devoured them hungrily.

After satisfying his hunger, Archer transformed back into his humanoid form. Letting out a loud burp, he strolled back toward the girls.

With a wide grin on her face, Sera also returned to her human form and dashed towards Archer.

Joyfully, she leaped into his arms and planted a passionate kiss on his lips. After a while, she gently disengaged herself and hopped down.

Ella and Teuila approached, but Ella quickened her pace, aiming to reach Archer first. She too leaned in and kissed him, much to the annoyance of the blue-haired girl.

After sharing a kiss with each girl, Archer couldn't help but laugh when he witnessed Ella and Teuila playfully competing.

The three of them then turned their heads toward Sera, who greeted them with her usual broad smile.

The confusion evident in their gazes, Sera inquired, "Why are you three looking at me like that?"

Archer was the first to break the silence. "When did you acquire your dragon form, and why is it so large?"

Sera looked at Archer, her smile warm and gentle. She tilted her head slightly as she began to share, "In one of my dreams as a fairy dragon, a woman revealed a secret to me. She said that after completing the marriage ritual, I could transform into my true dragon form by saying 'Draconis,' It's a legacy passed down from my ancestors. I am a Sylphid dragon, specializing in infernomancy, which I have already mastered."

The three nodded in agreement as they listened to Sera's explanation, delighted to have another dragon fighting alongside them.

They decided to take a short break, during which Archer took the opportunity to check his status.

'Status.'

[Experience: 7500/15000]

[Level Up: 153>164]

[SP: 0>33]

[Eldritch Blast: 6>7]

[Celestial Arrows: 0>1]

[Dragon Form: 1>2]

With a smile on his face, he analyzed his status and reviewed the outcome of his recent endeavors.

Having vanquished the enormous spider-like creature and unleashed a devastating meteor swarm, he accumulated numerous kills against the Umbra Hulks, even devouring some hearts.

As a result, he achieved a tremendous total of 172,500 experience points. He reminded himself to eat the 131 hearts that Teuila collected for him.

After their rest, the group resumed their journey through the tunnels. While traversing another tunnel, Aura Detector alerted him to pings coming from further ahead.

They ventured into another chamber, which was twice the size of the trolls' chamber, only to be met with a vast army of undead.

Among the lifeless horde, the group caught sight of the townspeople, their faces devoid of any life.

That's when the four heard a seductive voice speak. "Oh look we have here. Four little test subjects."

Archer noticed a woman emerge from the shadows wearing all-black necromancer robes, holding a long black staff.

She had long black hair, blue eyes, and pale white skin. Three other similar-looking women followed behind her.

Despite finding her attractive, Archer sensed something peculiar about her, especially in her unsettling gaze. The woman locked eyes with the group, wearing a wide smile.

Stepping forward with a graceful stride, she remarked, "Well, well, what a surprise to encounter the famous white dragon with his entourage of women. Mr. Dragon, I've heard plenty about you."

Archer shook his head and chuckled, replying, "Well, the news does travel fast, but it doesn't bother me much."

The woman's smile widened, and before she could respond, Teuila interrupted, asking, "Why are you in the Southlands?"

Pausing her steps, she giggled and retorted, "What if I told you I'm here to find him?" With a seductive smile, she pointed directly at Archer.

The woman stopped just in front of the undead and gave Archer a small bow as she spoke. "I'm Demacia Shadowgrave. Leader of The Sisters of Shadows. Now I have a small request. Will you hear me out?"

Archer was curious so he nodded his head. When Demacia saw this she smiled and began speaking.

"Well, we are preparing a ritual and are in need of a dragon's heart. Would you be a darling and give me yours?"

The three women behind her started to giggle when they heard their leader speak in a polite tone while asking for something so strange.

But she wasn't finished there, she continued. "But before all that awful business. How about you join our sisterhood? I'm certain I and my sisters can take care of you."

When Sera heard the woman she lost her temper and shouted in anger. "Listen here woman you will not be inviting him anywhere or doing anything with him. His MINE!"

She unleashed an Inferno Blast toward Demacia, but the necromancer effortlessly blocked it.

Meanwhile, Ella, seething with anger, remained silent but swiftly notched an explosive arrow and started unleashing a barrage into the horde of undead.

Explosions rocked the large chamber as the undead was sent flying all over the place, the three women behind Demacia acted as she spoke. "Go forward and end their lives my Shadowblades."

They moved with quick speed and headed straight for Ella, but before they could reach her Teuila got in their way.

Her sword by her side, the Shadowblades charged in with poison-covered daggers, Teuila parried one attack and kicked the wrist of another while blasting the third with Deep Sea Blast.

The third instantly dropped dead, the first recovered but before she could attack Teuila was already there and slashed at her.

The woman lifted her dagger, but she swiftly broke it with her sword, leaving the girl stunned.

Seizing the opportunity, Teuila released another devastating Deep Sea Blast, hitting the Shadowblade squarely in the chest.

While Ella and Teuila were engaged in combat, Sera transformed into her dragon form and charged at Demecia, who grinned upon witnessing the red dragon's charge.

In response, she lifted her staff and unleashed a Corpse Explosion toward a body that Sera was about to pass over.

Seeing this, Archer swiftly Blinked to Sera's side and pushed her out of harm's way, taking the blast himself.

The force of the explosion sent him hurtling backward, crashing into the wall.

Witnessing Archer's selfless act, Sera became consumed by rage and relentlessly continued her charge toward the necromancer.

Undeterred, Demecia resorted to casting more Corpse Explosions, yet Sera skillfully evaded each one now she knew her trick.

As the furious red dragon closed in on her, she took a step back, realizing the impending danger.

Demecia turned her gaze towards Archer and spoke with a flirtatious tone. "We shall cross paths again, white dragon. Until then, farewell."

She swiftly teleported away, leaving behind her unfinished work and the remnants of her summoned undead army.

Archer's head throbbed as Ella rushed over to him. Slowly, he managed to rise to his feet, his tattered clothes barely clinging to him.

Just then, the moans of the undead filled the air. Teuila swiftly made her way to the two, while Sera used her flames to hold back the advancing undead.

Gradually, Archer felt his body beginning to heal as Sera touched down in front of him, shifting into her humanoid form.

At that moment, she embraced him, expressing gratitude for him helping her once again. She released her hold on him as a Wendigo lunged out from the shadows.

However, Ella swiftly killed it with a well-aimed arrow. The four of them prepared to take on the remaining horde.

Chapter 174 Heading South [Bonus]

Talila sat in the Vassia City's adventurer guild when she began hearing rumors about a boy who had decimated hundreds of church knights and attacked the Duke's castle.

Intrigued, she inquired around and discovered that it was the same boy she had encountered before. Talila wondered how he was faring and had been longing to see him again.

At that moment, Cecelia and Radyn took a seat across from her. The group's cleric, Cecelia, looked at Talila and spoke, "Well, Tali, we'll be embarking on a significant trade mission to the Land of Mediterra, visiting the Solaris and Lunar Empires."

Talila's face lit up with a smile upon hearing her friends' words. She couldn't wait to depart from the Avalon Empire.

It was widely known that the specter of war loomed ominously on the horizon, threatening to engulf the empire from all sides.

This apprehension had prompted the imperial army to ramp up its recruitment efforts two years ago.

Scores of young men and women eagerly flocked to join, which had been divided into four smaller armies and stationed strategically at the empire's most vulnerable points along the border.

She turned her gaze to Radyn and inquired, "Do we have any information about which kingdoms are likely to declare war?"

The knight nodded, acknowledging her question, and proceeded to explain the situation. "Indeed, Avalon finds itself under assault from all sides. Every petty kingdom seeks to seize land and diminish the empire's size."

Taking a sip of his ale, he continued, "The imperial army locked down the border several weeks ago and has been amassing its forces. The Dukes have mustered their armies and stand prepared. However, the other kingdoms have yet to make their move."

Talila nodded, finishing her drink, just as Novius, Darius, and Feyra arrived with the supplies required for their journey.

Novius took the lead in speaking, addressing the group, "Are you three prepared? The caravan is assembling at the eastern gate."

The two women and the man nodded in agreement and proceeded to exit the guild, making their way toward the designated gathering point.

While walking, Darius adjusted his pace to match Talila's and initiated a conversation. "Tali, once we reach the Negendra Kingdom, we must sample some of their renowned Negendrian wine."

She looked at the man but didn't say anything, ever since the incident with Archer she hasn't liked him at all.

After walking for a while they reached the eastern gate, where a bustling caravan was assembling.

Merchants were busy loading wagons with goods, and the air was filled with the sounds of chatter and clinking metal.

They approached the caravan's leader, a seasoned trader named Roderick, and exchanged a few words.

After confirming their places within the caravan, Roderick greeted Talila's group with a warm smile.

"Ah, you must be The Sparrows," Roderick said, extending his hand in greeting to Talila and then Novius. "I've heard good things about your group. We're fortunate to have you join us on this journey to Mediterra."

ῥαῖδας ἤθνε | Talila shook his hand firmly. "Thank you, Roderick. We're honored to be part of your caravan and excited to see the wonders in the south."

The caravan set off after everyone was ready, the rhythmic clatter of hooves and creaking of wagons accompanying their departure.

They ventured east, through rugged mountain passes where the towering peaks seemed to touch the sky.

The air grew cooler as they ascended higher, and their breath formed misty puffs in the crisp mountain air.

As they descended on the southern side of the mountains, the terrain gradually changed. Lush green valleys stretched out before them, dotted with colorful wildflowers.

The journey continued south, winding through picturesque landscapes and quaint villages.

Talila and her companions marveled at the breathtaking scenery and exchanged stories with fellow travelers.

They shared meals around campfires, with laughter and camaraderie filling the nights.

Finally, after weeks of travel, the caravan approached the borders of the Negendra Kingdom. A large stone bridge that guarded the way south welcomed them into the realm.

The guard above the gate told the caravan to stop as more guards appeared and started inspecting everything.

After they were finished they let the caravan pass. They continued on with their journey, now traversing through the vast expanse of the grassland desert.

The landscape stretched out as far as the eye could see, with golden grasses swaying in the gentle breeze. The sun beat down relentlessly, casting a warm glow over the arid terrain.

Talila rode atop her horse, scanning the horizon for any signs of civilization. Dust billowed behind the caravan as the wagons rolled steadily forward.

It had been days since they last encountered a settlement, and the sight of one seemed like an oasis in the desert.

As the afternoon sun reached its zenith, a murmur spread through the caravan. Pointing ahead, travelers exclaimed in excitement, "Look! A town! We've finally reached civilization!"

Talila's heart leaped with anticipation. She spurred her horse onward, urging her companions to pick up the pace.

The distant town grew larger with every passing moment, gradually revealing its structures and rooftops against the barren backdrop.

As they drew closer, the town's details became clearer. Small houses lined the streets, their earthen walls and thatched roofs blending harmoniously with the desert surroundings.

A bustling marketplace came into view, filled with merchants hawking their wares and locals going about their daily routines.

The caravan entered the town, welcomed by curious gazes and the lively hum of activity. Talila and her companions dismounted, their dusty boots sinking into the sandy ground.

They wandered through the streets, captivated by the sights, sounds, and aromas of the bustling town.

Merchants displayed their colorful fabrics, spices, and handcrafted goods. The aroma of exotic foods wafted through the air, tempting hungry travelers.

Locals greeted the caravan warmly, offering hospitality and sharing stories of the desert's challenges and wonders.

Talila approached a friendly-looking merchant and inquired about their journey ahead. The merchant smiled, gesturing towards the south.

"Beyond this town lies the vast desert of the Negendra Kingdom. Be prepared for the trials that await, but also cherish the hidden beauty that lies within."

Taking a moment to absorb the wisdom, Talila thanked the merchant and rejoined her companions.

They gathered together, discussing their plans and preparing for the next leg of the journey.

The town had provided them with respite and supplies, rejuvenating their spirits for the challenges ahead.

As the sun began to set, casting a warm glow over the desert town, Talila and her group bid farewell to the friendly locals.

They mounted their horses, the caravan reforming behind them, and set their sights on the horizon once more.

As hours passed, the sun began its descent, casting a warm golden glow over the land and transforming the surroundings into a breathtakingly beautiful landscape.

As the group ventured through the arid wasteland, Talila took the lead, guiding them through the treacherous terrain.

With each step they took, a cloud of sand billowed behind them, stirred up by their weary footsteps.

The faint rumbling grew louder, drawing the attention of the seasoned adventurers. They dismounted from their horses, their hands instinctively reaching for their weapons.

Without warning, the sand erupted around them, revealing a horde of massive Sand Scorpions.

Their serrated pincers snapped menacingly, and their stingers glistened in the dying sunlight, poised to strike.

The adventurers quickly formed a protective circle around the caravan, bracing themselves for the impending battle.

Talila stepped forward, her bow at the ready. She closed her eyes, allowing the desert winds to guide her mana.

A faint glow surrounded her as she channeled her energy into her arrows. With a deep breath, she opened her eyes and released a fire arrow.

The arrow sailed through the air, leaving behind a trail of shimmering magic. It struck a Sand Scorpion square in the eye, causing the creature to shriek in pain and rage.

Talila wasted no time, firing a barrage of mana arrows, each finding its mark with deadly precision.

As the arrows pierced the exoskeletons of the scorpions, they writhed in agony, but more scorpions emerged from the sand, undeterred by their fallen brethren.

The Sparrow Adventurer Group fought valiantly, slashing and hacking at the scorpions with swords and axes, while Talila provided cover with her unerring shots.

Novius cast a Fireball at the closest scorpion sending it flying backward.

The battle raged on, sand and blood mixing together in a chaotic dance. The adventurers' muscles strained, their hearts pounding with adrenaline.

Talila's arrows continued to rain down upon the scorpions, thinning their numbers, but the relentless creatures refused to yield.

With each arrow she released, Talila's confidence grew. Her shots became faster, more accurate as if she and her bow were one.

Her mana reserves depleted, but she refused to falter. She had to protect her friends and the precious cargo they had to guard.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, the last Sand Scorpion fell, its lifeless body sinking back into the shifting sands.

Silence settled upon the desert, broken only by the sound of heavy breathing and the distant cry of a desert bird.

The Sparrow Adventurer Group stood victorious, albeit battered and weary, soon after that they continued on.

Little did Talila know that this journey would be the beginning of her story.

Chapter 175 They Belong To Me

Archer brushed off the dirt as the remaining undead approached, their moans growing louder with each step.

Ella shot light arrows, while Sera and Teuila stood guard, making sure none of them could get near the Half-Elf. Suddenly, Archer unleashed his celestial beam spell.

A brilliant beam of celestial energy shot from his hands, slicing through the air with blinding speed, colliding with the approaching horde and illuminating the darkness.

The beam blasted through the zombies, obliterating them with bursts of luminous mana.

The girls stood in awe, their eyes wide with astonishment, as the celestial beam relentlessly carved its way through the undead, mowing them down like a scythe through wheat.

Their decaying bodies crumbled away, and the ground trembled under the spell's power. The remaining zombies lunged forward but were swiftly dispatched by Ella's arrows.

Not long after, the remaining horde was wiped out as Archer lowered his arm and looked around, catching a whiff of burnt skin and rotten organs.

When he turned around, Archer saw the three girls holding their noses.

He started laughing before speaking. "Let's look around to see if they have, uh... good stuff."

Archer quickly walked around, leaving the girls to shake their heads at his greed. They started looking around but didn't find much.

He found a journal along with a small chest of gold, which he threw into his Item Box. Then he sat at a desk and began reading the journal.

After a while, the girls found him engrossed in reading. Ella walked up to him with a smile and asked, "What do you have there, Arch?"

He spoke but didn't look up from the journal. "It's a journal detailing the experiments they conducted here, but it seems that not everything was written down. They were using the townspeople for experiments in an attempt to create powerful undead soldiers."

Archer placed it in his Item Box and turned to the girls. "So, did you three find anything?"

They shook their heads, and Sera replied while smiling at him. "No, there were just loads of undead strapped to stone tables."

Ella nodded, but Teuila handed over another book. "I found this, but I can't read it. It appears to be written in a language from another land."

He took it from her and opened the front cover, reading the title out loud. "The Necromancer's Compendium."

Getting interested, he started reading and soon learned that it was a spellbook containing all types of necromancer spells.

Archer threw the book into his Item Box as he jumped off the table he was sitting on and kissed each girl.

ἅρπας ἦθνε | Once he had done that, they all started to leave the cave and made their way to the entrance.

Archer and the girls left the dimly lit cave, emerging into the lush forest. The sunlight filtered through the dense foliage, casting shadows on the forest floor.

The air held a crispness that carried the refreshing scent of pine and earth, Archer and the girls made their way through the once dangerous forest, now bathed in an aura of tranquility.

Sunlight filtered through the canopy, casting dappled shadows on the lush green undergrowth.

The air was filled with the songs of birds and the gentle rustling of leaves, a stark contrast to the chaos they had endured in their recent battles.

As they strolled along the meandering path, Archer took a deep breath, savoring the fresh scent of the forest.

Teuila walked alongside him, a contented smile gracing her features, while Ella and Sera followed suit, their steps light and carefree.

In the distance, the unmistakable sounds of clashing swords and magic spells echoed through the stillness.

The muffled shouts and grunts of adventurers engaged in combat drifted to their ears, carrying the weight of the ongoing struggle.

Archer's keen senses picked up the distant commotion, but he chose to pay it little mind. His priority at the moment was to cherish this moment of respite with his girls.

He glanced at Teuila, her blue hair dancing in the breeze, and a sense of peace washed over him.

She noticed Archer's distraction and playfully nudged him. "Hey Arch, what do you think is happening over there?" she asked, pointing in the direction of the distant sounds.

Archer shrugged nonchalantly, a wry smile forming on his lips. "Probably just some adventurers testing themselves against beasts. Nothing that concerns us right now."

Sera chimed in, her voice calm but laced with curiosity. "Indeed, Our battles lie elsewhere, and for now, let us revel in the tranquility of this forest."

As Ella glanced at the tranquil surroundings, she expressed her approval with a nod. "It's truly wonderful to experience a moment like this."

After walking for a few hours, they caught sight of the town in the distance and made their way towards it.

As they neared the town, the guards at the gate hastily abandoned their posts. Soon, the mayor emerged from the town, accompanied by his wife and a sizable group of villagers.

Mayor Viden and his wife approached the four adventurers. Once they were close enough to talk, the mayor asked, "How did your quest go? Did you find out what was going on?"

Archer proceeded to explain everything that had happened, recounting the events that resulted in the loss of lives.

The mayor's face turned serious as he listened to the news of his people's deaths. Everyone who heard was saddened but relieved that the nightmare would come to an end.

Viden thanked Archer for his help but seemed puzzled upon seeing the three girls. He asked, "Hey, Archer, who are these beautiful girls? They weren't with you before."

Archer smiled as he introduced the girls, saying, "These are my fiancées, Ella, Teuila, and Sera."

The girls smiled but noticed the disdainful look the woman was giving Archer. Ella thought to herself. 'Why is she looking at him like his scum?'

Viden spoke up before his wife could explode and initiate an argument. He was aware of her strong aversion to harems, influenced by her aunt's experience of being in one and feeling miserable.

Sera confronted her, asking, "Why are you looking at him like that, woman?"

Tesfira didn't back down; instead, she stepped forward, giving Archer a piercing stare, and started lecturing Sera.

"Why are you defending him, girl? He clearly doesn't respect women and will force them to do whatever he wants! Men who seek out a harem are scum!"

Sera was shocked when she heard this. She couldn't believe that Archer would ever force anyone to do something against their will. She even wondered if they could get whatever they wanted just by asking him.

As Sera prepared to speak, Ella stepped forward, her face filled with anger, and rebuked the woman. "Who are you to judge him? Maybe you were hurt by a man in your past, but don't judge our fiancé who hasn't done a single thing wrong and would support us in anything."

Tesfira refused to back down as Viden tried to calm her down but She shrugged him off and ranted again. "Well, maybe he does treat you girls well, but there will come a time when he forces you to be together at night."

The three girls were shocked, knowing that Archer would never do such a thing. Finally, Teuila spoke up. "No, you're wrong. Archer wouldn't force us to do anything."

Upon hearing this, Archer's anger surged, and he spoke in a low growl, his frustration evident from the woman's attitude. "I would never force my girls to do anything like that, even if they were in the same room. They belong to me and me alone, and no one will touch them!"

The three girls heard the possessiveness in his voice and embraced it. Tesfira was taken aback when she heard the innocent-looking boy growl like a beast.

She stepped back as Viden began speaking. "I'm sorry about that, Archer. Tesfira has experienced a lot of hardships due to such relationships. Her aunt was in one and was treated no better than a slave."

Archer nodded, a smile gracing his face. "No problem. I will treat my girls well and support them in whatever way they prefer. Anyway, we should continue traveling. It's afternoon, and we want to put a few miles behind us before nightfall."

Viden extended his hand, and Archer shook it as the man spoke. "I'll inform the guild that you've completed the quest. Once again, thank you for saving our town, you and the girls are always welcome here."

"I will keep that in mind. Farewell, Viden." He said as he turned around

The three girls smiled and followed behind him. They walked until they were further away, and then he turned to them.

"Do you want to fly for a while?" he asked.

All three nodded in agreement. Archer walked a short distance away from them and transformed into his dragon form.

He lowered his body so Ella and Teuila could climb on and get comfortable.

However, Sera transformed into her own dragon form and expressed her desire to fly alongside him.

Chapter 176 Dragon Slayers & Uncharted Beastlands [Bonus]

A group of 150 heavily armed dragon slayers arrived at Memphis Bay, situated on the eastern coast of the Zenia Empire.

Their mission, assigned by the Sage Slayer, was to confront Archer Ashguard, the new white dragon.

These slayers possessed a unique and elusive magic known as Slayer Magic, enabling them to engage in combat with dragons on an equal footing.

This magic enhanced their bodies and weapons, granting them the ability to damage the formidable scales of dragons and fight them toe to toe in their humanoid forms.

To aid in their endeavor, the Church of Light provided them with magical artifacts capable of preventing Archer's transformation and facilitating his capture.

These artifacts were acquired through the church's cooperation with Archer's father, who had ceased his cooperation abruptly.

In response to this change, the Sage dispatched an Elite Slayer, accompanied by two knights, 27 Veterans, and 20 Journeyman Slayers.

Galen, the leader of the Slayer group, stood confidently before his comrades, wearing gleaming silver armor.

He addressed them, explaining their mission: to locate and capture the white dragon responsible for the tragic loss of their fellow members in the past.

Emphasizing their duty to protect the innocent rather than needlessly take lives, Galen asked his comrades if they were ready for the task ahead.

A loud chorus of agreement filled the air as the slayers tightened their grip on their weapons.

Each member of the group had honed their Slayer Magic skills over years of training, rendering them a formidable force capable of taking on any dragon.

Mounted on their powerful steeds, the slayers formed a disciplined line, their armor glinting under the sunlight.

Sir Galen raised his hand, signaling their departure. The horses snorted and trotted down the cobblestone streets as they trotted forward, their hooves creating a rhythmic beat that resonated in unison.

Leaving behind the streets of the port city, the slayers traversed the open grasslands as they continued their journey southward through the Zenia Empire.

The wind whistled through their helmets as they rode, accompanied by the warm glow of the sun casting its radiance over sprawling grasslands and dense woods.

Approaching the outskirts of Akhetemhat City, the group made the decision to dispatch scouts, tasked with gathering information on recent dragon sightings and activities.

Hours passed, and a sense of anticipation hung in the air as the rest of the slayers anxiously awaited the return of their scouts.

Finally, one by one, the scouts trickled back into the camp, their expressions grave, signifying the seriousness of their findings. Sensing the urgency, Sir Galen immediately called for a meeting to hear their reports.

The first scout stepped forward, urgency was evident in his voice as he delivered the news. "Sir, I bring good news. The white dragon we seek is heading towards the capital, Alexandria."

Sir Galen's eyes narrowed as he contemplated the situation, realization slowly dawning on him. "Tell us, how did you acquire this information?"

The scout replied, "It appears that, during a conversation, one of the guards at Akhetemhat City inadvertently revealed the dragon's journey, unaware of our mission."

Sir Galen's brow furrowed, acknowledging that the situation had become more complex than they had anticipated. The element of surprise had been lost, necessitating a swift adaptation of their strategy.

"Thank you for your report. We must re-evaluate our strategy. Let us consider setting up an ambush along the road."

The slayers arrived at a suitable location near the road, where they decided to set up their camp. They carefully positioned their tents and arranged a perimeter to ensure their safety.

As the day passed and night fell, some of the slayers were assigned a rotation of watch duties to keep a vigilant eye on their surroundings.

Several men took their positions at strategic points, keenly observing the road and the surrounding area for any signs of danger.

Under the moonlit sky, the camp was enveloped in an atmosphere of focused anticipation. The crackling of the campfire and the rustling of leaves served as the backdrop for the slayers' heightened senses.

Each watchman remained alert, their eyes scanning the darkness, ears tuned to the slightest sound.

They understood the importance of their duty—to protect their comrades and maintain the element of surprise in their mission.

Time passed slowly as the night wore on. The slayers on watch remained steadfast, their resolve unwavering.

They exchanged knowing glances, their unspoken communication a testament to their unity and dedication.

Days passed but they still didn't see anything until a scout in the south spotted a white dragon and a smaller red one approaching.

[Talila's trade caravan - Uncharted Beastlands]

After spending some time in the Negendra Kingdom, they continued their journey south and reached the Wilderness Passage.

This vast landmass served as a barrier between Elysia and Mediterra.

The inhabitants of Elysia commonly referred to it by that name, while other kingdoms recognized it as The Land of Plenty due to its abundant resources.

They just entered the Beastlands, traveling along the road known as Feralway, and three additional merchants had joined their ranks.

Talila rode her horse beside one of the carriages, keeping a vigilant eye out for any signs of beasts.

Although they had only encountered a few attacks thus far, they were always caught by surprise. As Talila pondered this, Cecelia rode up beside her and initiated a conversation.

"Hey Tali, have you heard the rumors about the new merchants? There have been sightings of a white dragon further south. Do you think it could be the same one from Avalon?" Cecelia asked.

Talila turned to her friend and nodded. "Yes, it appears to be the same dragon. Legends say there can only be one dragon at a time."

As they spoke, the caravan entered a dense forest, causing them to heighten their senses. However, they continued their conversation without stopping. Cecelia posed another question, "Is it true that they have multiple wives?"

Talila nodded once again and explained, "According to the tomes, they are seen as symbols of power and often unite kingdoms. The last dragon king had 22 wives, many of which were arranged marriages. It didn't seem to bother him as he was a greedy being."

Cecelia chuckled when she heard Talila's explanation, then silence took over their journey.

As the caravan ventured deeper into the dense forest, an unsettling feeling permeated the air.

Suddenly, a thundering sound reverberated through the trees, shaking the ground beneath them.

Emerging from the depths of the forest, a horde of monstrous Razorclaws charged toward the caravan, their presence menacing and ferocious.

Talila, renowned for her extraordinary archery skills, swiftly dismounted from her horse and sprang into action.

Her movements were swift and fluid as she conjured a potent mana arrow, deftly fitting it onto her bowstring.

With a focused aim, she drew back the bowstring and released the arrow, its flight guided by her unwavering precision. The arrow found its mark, piercing the chest of the lead Razorclaw, causing it to crash to the ground.

Undeterred by the loss of their comrade, more Razorclaws surged forward, their furious shrieks filling the air.

Talila's narrowed eyes locked onto her targets as she unleashed a barrage of mana arrows, striking down the charging beasts one by one. Their formidable presence diminished as lifeless bodies littered the ground.

However, the onslaught showed no signs of abating. Talila's heart raced as she surveyed her surroundings, witnessing more Razorclaws emerging from the shadows.

Drawing upon her inner strength, she stood her ground, continuing to unleash arrows with unwavering determination.

The adventurers and guards of the caravan rallied around the carriage, brandishing their weapons in defense.

United, they formed an indomitable line of defense against the relentless onslaught. The clash of steel against beak and claw filled the air as the Razorclaws closed in.

The caravan fought with unwavering resolve, driven by the desire to protect one another and survive.

Talila's bow sang with every arrow released, her skill never faltering. Each successful shot brought down another beast, but the waves of attackers seemed endless.

Sweat trickled down her brow, and fatigue threatened to overtake her, yet she persevered, her determination unyielding.

Finally, as the last of the beasts fell, the onslaught ceased. The once-serene forest now bore the scars of the intense battle that had transpired.

Breathless and wounded, the members of the caravan exchanged glances of relief and gratitude.

Some of the guards began to gather and store the fallen creatures, while Feyra and Radyn, using their magical abilities, stored them within their rings.

Cecelia and Darius approached Talila, who calmly put away her bow and mounted her horse. Darius spoke, "I'm glad you're okay, Tali."

Talila chose to ignore him, riding off to the front of the caravan. Darius's shoulders sagged, and he overheard Cecelia's words from behind him.

"You ruined your chances years ago. It's time to move on and let go."

They continued on with the long journey through the Uncharted Beastlands, which will take at least a month to cross if nothing bad happens.

Chapter 177 Round Two

Archer soared through the sky, carrying Teuila and Ella on his back, while Sera circled him, emitting adorable little roars.

In his majestic dragon form, he marveled at the breathtaking beauty of the grassland desert below.

The swaying grasses dazzled with vibrant colors, shimmering under the afternoon sunlight, stretching out endlessly before him.

With each mighty stroke of his wings, he ascended higher, granting himself a breathtaking view of the expansive landscape. This sight filled him with a profound sense of awe.

From this elevated perspective, he witnessed the intricate patterns woven by the winds across the golden landscape, creating a mesmerizing tapestry that seemed to stretch to the horizon.

In the distance, Archer's keen dragon eyes caught sight of a cluster of pyramids rising from the sandy dunes.

Ignoring them for the moment, he continued his flight north. Suddenly, his Aura Detector alerted him to incoming attacks.

He swiftly spun his body, grabbed hold of the girls, and dove toward the ground. As he approached, he cast Blink and quickly reappeared on the ground.

A dozen magic attacks flew over his head. He looked in the direction the attack came from and saw men in silver armor appearing all around them.

One held an artifact that emitted a pulse, causing Archer to revert to his humanoid form. Ella and Teuila landed on him.

Sera also reverted and appeared confused as Archer stood up and looked at the man who approached him.

The man spoke, "Archer Ashguard, you will come with us to answer for your crimes of killing our brothers and sisters."

Archer felt confused but then remembered the first time he met Teuila, and it all came back to him.

With a big smile, he replied to the man, "Oh, I remember them. They attacked me before, and my beautiful lady here saved me." Archer motioned to Teuila, who smiled in response.

The four of them got ready to fight. Archer attempted to activate his Draconic form but couldn't.

Instead, he cast Cosmic Sword, causing his Dragon Slayer sword to appear in his hands. Ella readied her bow, Teuila took out her gleaming sword, and Sera hopped around, ready to fight.

The four of them found themselves surrounded by 50 dragon slayers. Determined to protect themselves and fight back, they prepared for the battle.

Archer's eyes blazed as he charged at Galen, the leader of the dragon slayers, swinging his massive sword with all his might.

However, the leader swiftly raised his weapon, skillfully blocking Archer's attack, their weapons clashing with a resounding clash of metal.

Meanwhile, Ella took a deep breath, channeling her mana into her bow. She focused her energy and released a powerful arrow imbued with the essence of the earth.

It flew through the air, finding its mark and hitting several slayers, causing the ground beneath them to tremble and knock them off balance.

Sera and Teuila engaged in close combat with the dragon slayers, their skills complementing each other perfectly.

Teuila's gleaming sword danced through the air as she swiftly struck down her opponents with precise and deadly slashes.

Sera, with her agile movements, leaped and darted between the slayers, using her sharp claws and teeth to incapacitate them.

As the battle raged on, Archer, hell-bent on not being outdone, intensified his assault on the leader.

He unleashed a flurry of powerful strikes, each swing infused with his strength. Galen skillfully parried and countered his attacks, the clash of their weapons echoing through the battleground.

Ella continued to support them, her arrows finding their targets with unnerving accuracy.

ῥαηδαῖς ἦθεν | Drawing from the elemental forces of nature, she unleashed a barrage of mana-infused arrows, causing pillars of the earth to rise and ensnare the dragon slayers, further limiting their movements.

Teuila and Sera fought valiantly, their skills and teamwork proving formidable. Teuila's swordplay was swift and precise.

Sera's agility and ferocity swiftly disabled their opponents. They fought together, wearing smiles on their faces, bonded by their encounter with Archer.

The clash of weapons, the sound of arrows, and the grunts of exertion filled the air as they fought against the overwhelming number of dragon slayers.

Archer engaged in a fierce duel with Galen, a seasoned warrior brandishing a similar sword to Archer. It quickly became evident that Galen held the advantage.

His mastery of the large sword allowed him to deftly deflect the majority of Archer's attacks.

Archer fought valiantly, his strikes powerful and precise, but Galen's experience and strength proved to be formidable obstacles.

The clash of their swords reverberated through the air, each clash intensifying the struggle.

Galen's mastery of his weapon allowed him to anticipate and block Archer's strikes, leaving him momentarily vulnerable.

Despite his best efforts, he found himself at a disadvantage, struggling to get the upper hand against the experienced slayer.

The tension in the air grew as the battle reached its peak. Archer's determination burned within him, refusing to back down.

With every swing of his sword, he aimed to find a weakness in Galen's defenses, seeking an opportunity to turn the tide in his favor.

However, Galen's prowess and the weight of his strikes began to wear down Archer. Each deflection and counterattack pushed him further on the defensive.

He knew he had to dig deep, drawing upon his resolve and skill to match Galen's strength.

As Archer fought Galen, the three girls fought their own battles. Teuila managed to get the upper hand in every encounter, while Sera watched over Ella and took out any slayer who got close to her.

Teuila's skill shone brilliantly as she confronted the two slayer knights on the battlefield. With her gleaming sword in hand, she moved with precision, parrying their heavy strikes and countering with calculated slashes of her own.

She fought valiantly, while her focus never wavered. Teuila analyzed her opponents, seeking their weaknesses and finding openings to exploit.

The knights pressed their advantage, launching relentless attacks, but her agility and speed allowed her to evade their strikes with nimble footwork.

Sensing the danger Teuila faced, Sera darted across the battlefield. With every bound, she unleashed a flurry of sharp claws and teeth, spilling the blood of any slayer who tried to approach Ella.

Her presence provided a sense of security for Ella, who watched the battle unfold from a safe distance.

She drew her bow and supported Teuila from afar, releasing arrows with remarkable accuracy.

Her shots found their targets, causing the knights to momentarily falter and creating openings for Teuila to exploit.

Despite being outnumbered, Teuila refused to yield. With an unwavering determination to help Archer, she turned her defense into offense.

She parried a heavy blow from one of the knights, swiftly sidestepped a lunge, and countered with a series of lightning-fast slashes that found their mark.

The knights were taken aback by her sudden attack, causing them to stumble backward. Seeing the opening, she swiftly launched a devastating series of strikes, each one hitting its mark with deadly precision.

The two knights struggled to regain their footing, their armor showing signs of wear from the Teuila's relentless assault.

Amid the chaos, Sera's watchful eyes never strayed from Ella. With her sharp senses and swift movements.

She intercepted any slayer who ventured too close, her feline agility ensuring the half-elf was protected.

The battle reached a critical point as Teuila unleashed a final, decisive strike. With a swift and precise movement, she disarmed one of the knights, causing his weapon to clatter to the ground.

Sensing victory within her grasp, she capitalized on her opponent's vulnerability and swiftly cast Deep Sea Blast into him.

The blast tore through his body, he dropped to the floor lifeless. The second knight was shocked at what happened to his friend.

Now facing a single knight, Teuila channeled her remaining strength. She charged at him and parried his panicked swing.

As she was about to finish him off he kicked sand into her eyes blinding her momentarily which he took advantage of and swung at her.

But before he could land a hit on her, Archer suddenly appeared, blocked the attack with his left arm, swung his massive blade at the knight, and cleaved the knight in half.

The knight died with wide eyes at the boy who appeared out of nowhere, Archer turned his attention to the girls and saw that they were doing fine.

He was hit by a Slayer Blast cast by Galen which sent him crashing backward, when he came to a stop he flopped down like a dead fish.

Archer felt his body aching, he open a portal and called out to General Mohamet. "Need your help general."

The girls rushed over to him and started asking if he was ok. Ella was the first to talk "Are you okay Arch?"

He nodded and stood up, brushing off the dirt. The remaining slayers formed a circle around them, but what unfolded next left them in shock.

The portal expanded, revealing a towering dragon-kin man stepping through accompanied by ten heavily armored warriors.

After they appeared, a stunning dark-skinned girl emerged with a confident stride, twirling a spear with a wide smile on her face. Clad in leather armor, she stopped beside her father.

Archer recognized her instantly. It was Sarina, Mohmat's daughter. When she spotted him, she winked with a mischievous grin on her face.

Chapter 178 Alexandria

Mohamet, his daughter, and ten warriors circled Archer and the girls. Sarina approached him with a mischievous smile.

She paused and said, "Your Majesty, we were training when Father received your call, and I came to help."

Archer nodded, feeling his Regeneration take effect, and instantly started to heal his body. Ella, Teuila, and Sera stood prepared for what lay ahead.

Brushing off the dust, he summoned the massive Dragon Slayer sword, gripping it tightly with a big smile, ready for another round.

The Dragon Slayers were bewildered as a group of dragon-kin suddenly materialized, standing between them and the powerful white dragon.

Archer cast Blink, disappearing in an instant and reappearing right in front of Galen. Without wasting a moment, he swung his massive sword with immense force, aiming to strike Galen down.

Galen, recognizing the imminent danger, raised his sword to block the incoming attack. However, the impact of Archer's strike was overwhelming, sending Galen flying through the air.

The sheer strength behind the blow caused the Slayer's leader to crash nearby, leaving him momentarily disoriented and struggling to recover.

As this intense exchange unfolded, reinforcements arrived in the form of Mohamet, Sarina, and the dragon-kin.

Charging into the midst of the Slayer forces, they fought alongside the girls, determined to turn the tide of the battle.

Sarina, who was very skilled with a spear, moved with graceful precision. She swiftly maneuvered through the chaotic battlefield, engaging the Slayers with calculated strikes, exploiting their weaknesses.

Ella covered the girls by unleashing a shower of mana arrows on top of the Slayers to throw them off and allowed her friends to kill them.

Teuila danced amidst the chaos. She skillfully dodged the attacks, retaliating with deadly precision, killing many of them who dared to draw near.

The dragon-kin, consumed by berserk rage at their king getting harmed, unleashed their primal fury upon the Slayers, tearing through them with ferocious strength, leaving a trail of blood in their wake.

Meanwhile, Sera bounced around the battlefield like a rabbit, her Infernomancy blazing through the air.

She targeted the Slayers, casting spells that engulfed them in searing flames, causing chaos and panic among their ranks.

While Galen struggled to regain his footing, Archer pressed on, launching a devastating assault on the remaining Slayers.

With a sweeping motion of his weapon, he cleaved through three Slayers, splitting them in half.

Fuelled by his fury, Archer continued his onslaught, swinging his weapon with reckless abandon, taking out numerous Slayers who dared to approach him.

The combined efforts of Archer, Sarina, Ella, Teuila, Sera, and the dragon-kin began to turn the tide of the battle.

Slayers fell, overwhelmed by the unrelenting attacks. Spells clashed, weapons clashed, and dragon-kin roared as they battled for their king.

After an hour of relentless combat against the Slayers, their numbers dwindled until only Galen, their leader, remained.

With a heavy heart, Galen bore witness to the merciless slaughter of his brothers and sisters at the hands of the ferocious dragon-kin.

That's when Archer appeared and swung his sword once again. Galen moved to block, but Archer did something he never expected, he cast an Eldritch Blast and Solar Flare Barrage into Galen's stomach.

The spells connected with the Elite Slayer, sending him flying once more. However, Archer didn't let him land this time.

He swiftly Blinked to Galen and punched him into the ground, creating a crater. As Archer landed, he whispered, "Draconis."

All of his Draconic features manifested as he approached the fallen Slayer. He leaped into the crater and seized hold of Galen tightly.

After giving him a health potion, Archer questioned him extensively and obtained a treasure trove of information. It was revealed that the Slayers' leader, the sage, harbored an intense hatred for dragons.

Additionally, he learned a lot about the Slayer's unique magic abilities and the support they received from the Church of Light.

Another surprising revelation was that Archer's own father had initially assisted the Slayers after the castle attack but had eventually withdrawn his support.

After the interrogation, he forcefully threw the man aside, telling him to relay a message to his leaders: "Tell them to fuck off and leave me alone."

He then approached Mohamet, Sarina, and the dragon-kin, expressing his gratitude. "Thank you for your assistance."

A smile adorned their faces as they bowed their heads in response before returning to their training grounds.

Sarina approached him, grinning mischievously, and whispered in a seductive, "My King, watching you fight greatly excites me. I hope to see more of it in the future and one day fight you myself."

Her words sent a shiver down Archer's spine. She suddenly kissed his cheek lightly and quickly went to join her father, who had a wide smile.

Mehamet tried to hide it by turning his head, but Archer caught a glimpse as they entered the portal. Shaking his head, he muttered to himself while a smile grew on his face, "That girl."

That's when he overheard the girls behind him conversing. "See, Ella, he craves attention," Teuila said, crossing her arms while observing him.

Ella turned to her and replied, "You're right, Teuila. He's a womanizer and seems to revel in it."

Sera narrowed her eyes as she looked at him and inquired, "Who was that woman?"

Though he heard their comments, he chose to ignore them and turned to address the girls. "Alright, let's gather the gold and continue our journey to Alexandria."

The three girls simply stared at him for a moment before getting to work, deciding to keep a close watch on the flirtatious dragon.

Ella watched him as he searched the bodies, silently promising herself, "I'll reveal your true nature soon."

They gathered the spoils and continued their journey toward Alexandria. The setting sun bathed the land in a stunning glow.

After hours of walking, they spotted a distant hill. As they neared the city, the bustling caravan traffic grew.

Finally, they reached the hilltop and beheld a captivating sight—a beautiful city spread out before them. Excitedly, the group hurried toward it, marveling at the breathtaking view.

Before them, the city unfolded like a timeless work of art. Its streets shimmered with vibrant lights and beautiful colored decorations, embodying the essence of an ancient civilization.

Tall buildings showcased intricate carvings and hieroglyphics, narrating tales of the past. Towers and minarets reached for the sky, their elegant spires piercing the heavens.

The cityscape painted a symphony of colors, blending sandstone, ochre, and turquoise in perfect harmony.

Golden accents shimmered in the fading sunlight, casting a warm and welcoming glow over every corner. Melodies from street musicians filled the air, captivating all who wandered the streets.

Fountains graced plazas and squares, their cascading waters bringing respite from the desert heat and a sense of serenity amidst the bustling city.

In the distance, the grand silhouettes of majestic pyramids stood like guardians of wisdom and secrets.

Their magnificence commanded awe and wonder, drawing people closer with anticipation and curiosity for the mysteries they held within.

As night fell, the city transformed into a dazzling display of lights. Lanterns adorned balconies and rooftops, casting a soft glow that danced on the walls and streets below.

Under the starry sky, the city's magic peaked. Whispers of ancient heritage swept through the breeze, stirring the imagination and reminding all of the timeless allure of Zenian.

The group arrived at the front gate, where a few guards stepped forward and addressed them, asking, "What is your purpose here?"

Archer glanced at the guard, noticing his detailed leather armor, designed for both durability and ventilation in hot weather.

Retrieving his medallion, he presented it to the guard, whose eyes widened in shock.

The guard respectfully bowed his head and spoke, "Prince Consort, please allow us to escort you to the imperial palace."

As Archer prepared to reply, he caught the sound of the girls giggling behind him. Ignoring their laughter, he simply nodded at the guard, signaling him to give orders to the rest of the soldiers.

The guard then guided the four into the city, when they entered they were immediately captivated by the enchanting sight that unfolded before their eyes.

The city sprawled out in all its glory. Vibrant lights illuminated the winding streets, casting a mystical glow upon the surroundings.

Archer noticed that many shops were still open, so he decided to inquire about it from the guard who was walking in front of them.

"Why are the shops still open at this time?" Archer asked.

The guard turned to face him and replied, "Well, the city is always bustling with activity. Many people travel from far to visit here, and the citizens take advantage of that by keeping their shops open for longer hours to maximize their earnings."

Archer nodded in understanding and continued walking. However, his attention was soon drawn to a particular shop that caught his eye.

He veered towards it, which puzzled the guard, but the rest of the group followed suit. Ella was the first to speak up, her curiosity evident in her voice. "Arch, why are we going to a spellbook shop? Don't we already have enough?"

The other two girls eagerly awaited his response, and it didn't take long for him to provide an answer.

"I want to purchase books for our library, so we can have a vast collection of spellbooks that any of us can use at any time," Archer explained.

Chapter 179 The Yandere Awakens

[Zenian royal palace - Alexandria]

Nefertiti had just returned from the academy and was eagerly awaiting her dinner. However, she couldn't shake off her anger towards her father for arranging a marriage with a random boy.

She wanted to find some answers, so she decided to approach a few traders in the market. What she found out was that the boy had been declared a hero, but his actions didn't align with that reputation.

People said he was greedy for coins and princesses, and they also mentioned that he was very handsome but devious, always surrounded by women.

Nefertiti stopped dwelling on these thoughts and went back to waiting for her food. Eventually, her family members started trickling in, and the maids brought in the dinner.

After finishing her meal, she was about to head back to her room when a knock resounded on the door. Her father called out to enter, and the commander of the guard stepped inside.

The commander walked up to Amkhu and kneeled before speaking. "Your Majesty, a boy, and three girls have shown up at the gate, holding a medallion that represents a prince consort."

Amkhu's eyes widened then a smile spread across his face before speaking. "His arrived. Guide him to the palace we shall welcome him."

He motioned for Nefertiti to follow him which she did reluctantly they walked out into the courtyard followed by her mother Hatshepsut and sisters Nefertari and Isis.

She stood in the palace's courtyard, her gaze wandering aimlessly as boredom engulfed her.

The day seemed to stretch on endlessly, and she longed for something to break the monotony of her royal existence.

Little did she know that her life was about to take an unexpected turn.

As she let out a sigh, her eyes caught sight of a group of people emerging from the direction of the entrance.

When her pink eyes saw Archer her breath hitched in her chest as her gaze locked onto him, unable to look away.

Archer's short white hair stood out against the vibrant greenery, and his beautiful violet eyes sparkled with a hint of mischief.

His slim but strong-looking build hinted at a hidden strength that intrigued her.

In that instant, Nefertiti's boredom transformed into fascination, and her heart fluttered with an unfamiliar sensation.

Her mind raced as she took in his features. The way he carried himself, the confident yet playful aura that surrounded him—it captivated her.

She couldn't help but find him incredibly attractive, his presence casting a spell on her. It was like a switch flipped inside her.

As time went by, Nefertiti's indifference toward love started to fade. The girl who once avoided love was discovering a new reality.

A surge of emotions flooded her being, and an intense longing blossomed within her. In that courtyard, at that precise moment, Nefertiti knew she had fallen irrevocably in love with the white-haired boy.

The world around her faded into insignificance as her focus narrowed solely on him. Her dormant yandere tendencies stirred, unveiling a possessive desire to claim him.

A sinister smile tugged at the corners of her lips as a newfound determination coursed through her veins.

She would stop at nothing to make Archer hers, to eliminate any obstacle that dared to stand in her way. Love had transformed into something a new obsession that would consume her entirely.

[Back to Archer]

The group arrived at a spellbook shop called The Pharaoh's Grimoire. Upon entering, they noticed numerous books neatly arranged on shelves.

Archer turned to the girls and smiled, saying, "Feel free to pick out anything that catches your eye and place it on the counter, just like last time."

The four of them went around, picking up any spells that caught their interest and creating a mountain of books on the counter, leaving the older lady standing there, shocked.

After an hour of shopping, they were finished and had collected hundreds of books. Archer turned to the woman and asked with a smile, "How much for all of them?"

The old woman and guard were counting while the books piled up, and she finally spoke. "700 gold coins, young man."

Archer nodded and took out a pouch filled with coins, giving it to her while he stored all the books in his Item Box.

After Archer paid, they left the shop and continued on their journey, with lanterns hanging all over the street lighting up their path.

As the guard guided them toward the palace, they passed through celebrating crowds and people on their way to work.

Traders were still bartering while shops tried to get people to visit their shops, Archer's belly rumbled.

He took out Kofta Skewers and gave one to each girl and offered one to the guard who politely said no.

The four ate as they walked along and admired the city, after a while of walking they arrived outside the palace and stopped in shock.

The tall gates were decorated with carvings of ancient stories and had a golden color that caught the moonlight.

Stepping through the gate, Archer and the girls found themselves in a courtyard with giant statues of Pharaohs, looking sternly at everyone who enters.

The path ahead is lined with neatly trimmed palm trees, their palm leaves gently swaying in the breeze.

Colorful flowers and exotic plants bring beauty to the surroundings. The air carries the subtle scents of sandalwood and incense, creating a serene atmosphere.

The palace stands proudly before me, a marvel of architecture. Its walls are made of sun-kissed sandstone, carved with scenes of battles and daily life in Zenia.

Elaborate columns with hieroglyphic inscriptions support the grand structure, showcasing the skill of the craftsmen.

As the group arrived at the entrance, Archer's gaze fell upon Amkhu and the four women waiting for them.

However, it was the youngest girl who caught his attention, bearing a striking resemblance to her mother.

She wore an exquisite emerald-colored Kalasiris that accentuated her beauty.

Her light brown skin glowed, and her flowing bubblegum pink hair cascaded down, adding a touch of enchantment. Her figure was slender yet curvaceous, enhancing her allure.

Archer found himself entranced by her stunning appearance. Her pink eyes sparkled with warmth, and a radiant smile graced her lips, leaving him speechless and captivated.

To the surprise of everyone, she approached Archer willingly. Realizing the situation, Ella and the other girls stepped back, giving them some space.

Teuila had to coax Sera to move along, reminding her that Archer had introduced her as his fiancée, which helped calm the red-haired girl.

Nefertiti approached Archer, her smile brightening her face. "Hi, I'm Nefertiti. You must be the Archer my father keeps talking about, right?"

Archer looked at the pink-haired girl in front of him. She seemed to be in her late teens and a bit shorter than him.

He nodded, a smile playing on his lips. "It's nice to meet you, Nefertiti. I'm Archer and I must say You are really beautiful."

Nefertiti couldn't help but be charmed by Archer's smile, and an affectionate grin lit up her face in response.

He couldn't help but feel captivated by her endearing smile; he found it utterly adorable. In that instant, he felt a strong desire to discover more about her.

As Nefertiti sensed his interest, she gathered the courage to ask the burning question that had been on her mind since she first laid eyes on him.

"Who are the girls behind you?" she inquired, her tone neutral but with a hint of possessiveness that Archer couldn't help but notice.

Smiling warmly, he turned his attention to the girl and introduced the other girls. "Allow me to introduce Ella, Teuila Aquaria, and finally, Sera," he said, gesturing towards the red-haired girl who was beaming with excitement. "They are all my fiancées."

Nefertiti simply observed the girls, her mind filled with wild thoughts. However, she reached a conclusion.

'If I do anything to them, he won't love me. I need to establish a good relationship with them and carve out a place in his heart for myself.'

With that in mind, she smiled at the three girls and addressed them. "Hello, girls. I'm the third princess Nefertiti Sharifi of the Zenia Empire. I hope we can get along and support our fiancé."

Ella nodded, returning the smile, Sera beamed with excitement, and Teuila attentively observed the pink-haired girl, sensing her inner struggle to hold back.

Emperor Amkhu stepped forward and extended his hand toward Archer. Archer shook it, and Amkhu greeted him warmly. "It's good to see you again. Let's head inside and catch up."

Archer nodded and followed Amkhu into the palace, while the girls engaged in conversation. Once inside, they were led to a spacious hallway adorned with numerous comfortable sofas.

Amkhu motioned for Archer and the girls to sit down. He settled into a round chair, and the girls took the seats around him.

Nefertiti pulled over a chair and sat beside Archer and the girls.

Chapter 180 Wild People & Waiting [Bonus]

Talila and the caravan were still traversing the Uncharted Beastlands, currently camping by the banks of an unnamed river.

After fending off the Razorclaw attack, they encountered Orcs and Goblins, but easily repelled them.

Talila sat near the campfire, with the moon hanging overhead. Cecelia approached her and asked if she could join the watch.

Talila nodded, unbothered, and Cecelia sat down, initiating conversation. "Tali, do you mind if I join you for the watch?"

Talila welcomed her presence, and the cleric began speaking. "The merchants estimate that we have about three more weeks of travel before reaching Mediterra."

As the two girls sat around the crackling campfire, they marveled at the tales they had heard about the land of Mediterra.

The stories spoke of breathtaking landscapes and people known for their warmth and friendliness.

"I can't wait to see Mediterra," Talila exclaimed, her red eyes shining with excitement. "I've heard the forests are lush and vibrant, with flowers of every color imaginable."

Cecelia nodded in agreement. "Yes, and the cities are said to be grand and filled with art and music. The people there are known for their hospitality. It sounds like a truly enchanting place."

Their conversation was interrupted as Feyra the group's knight, appeared seemingly out of thin air and joined them by the fire.

"I couldn't help but overhear your conversation," she said with a smile. "Mediterra truly is a wonder. I've traveled there before, and the stories don't do it justice."

The night passed by in a pleasant haze of shared stories and laughter. As dawn approached, they rose from their spots, packing up the camp and preparing to continue their journey.

As the caravan set out on the road once again, excitement filled the air. The anticipation of reaching Mediterra fueled their spirits, but suddenly, arrows shot out from the surrounding forest.

Fear rippled through the caravan, but Novius a skilled mage, acted swiftly. With a wave of his hand, he summoned a wall of fire magic expertly stopping the incoming arrows.

Talila swiftly jumped from her horse, reacting quickly as an arrow struck the animal's neck, causing it to collapse.

With her bow at the ready, she promptly released a mana arrow toward the source of the attack.

In that instant, figures emerged from the underbrush, their bodies adorned with animal pelts and possessing haunting red eyes.

They lunged forward, charging toward Talila. Engaging in close combat, she skilfully wielded her short swords, parrying a crude-looking weapon and piercing her blade into the human's neck.

With a forceful kick, she sent him sprawling backward before deflecting a spear thrust, countering with a devastating solar blast aimed at the head of her opponent.

Talila and the caravan found themselves surrounded by the wild humans, their red eyes glowing with intensity.

With a shared understanding, they formed a tight-knit circle, ready to face their attackers head-on.

Talila gracefully spun her blades, her movements fluid and precise. She darted forward, engaging the wild humans with a combination of swift strikes and agile dodges.

Her blades found their mark, felling one foe after another.

Beside her, Novius unleashed a torrent of fire magic. Arcane flames engulfed his hands as he conjured fiery projectiles, each one finding its target with deadly accuracy.

The wild humans howled in pain as they were consumed by the blazing inferno.

Darius, the lion demi-human, waded into the fray with brute strength. His fists struck like thunder, pummeling any wild human foolish enough to challenge him.

Each blow delivered a bone-crushing impact, sending the humans reeling. The knights fought in perfect harmony, their swords weaving an intricate dance of steel.

Their movements were precise and synchronized, creating a wall of flashing blades that few could penetrate.

Cecelia cast her healing spells on the guards who were injured. Together, they formed an impenetrable defense, repelling the attacks of the wild humans with ease.

As the battle raged on, the combined might of Talila, Novius, Darius, and the twin knights proved too much for the wild humans to handle. One by one, their assailants fell to the ground, defeated and subdued.

With the immediate threat quelled, the group took a moment to catch their breath. Sweat dripped from their brows, and their chests heaved with exertion. But their resolve remained unshaken.

"Stay vigilant," Talila called out, her voice resolute. "We cannot let our guard down. There may be more of them lurking in the shadows."

Nodding in agreement, Novius scanned their surroundings, his eyes sharp with focus. Darius cracked his knuckles, ready for another round.

The knights stood side by side, their swords gleaming. From the depths of the forest, the wild humans unleashed a barrage of stones, hurling them at the group with uncanny accuracy.

The projectiles rained down upon them, causing the caravan guards to scatter for cover.

Talila swiftly rolled behind a fallen tree trunk just off the road, narrowly avoiding a barrage of stones that crashed against the bark. I think you should take a look at

She peered out, assessing the situation. She signaled to the others, gesturing to a nearby rock formation.

Novius, his robe billowing in the wind, conjured a protective shield of fire around himself and his companions.

The stones ricocheted off the shimmering barrier, harmlessly falling to the ground. His concentration unwavering, he muttered incantations under his breath, reinforcing the shield.

Darius, undeterred by the onslaught, charged forward. His brawny arms absorbed the impact of the stones, his muscles flexing with each strike.

The twin knights, their swords gleaming with resolve, deflected the stones with masterful precision.

With fluid movements, they batted the projectiles away, their blades a blur of steel. Their synchronized defense formed an impenetrable wall, shielding the group from harm.

With the stone barrage subsiding, the wild humans emerged from the forest once again, their war cries piercing the air. Fueled by desperation, they charged at full speed, their eyes filled with malice.

Talila rose from her cover, her short swords gleaming in the sunlight. She met the onslaught head-on, her blades slashing and parrying with precision.

Her agile maneuvers allowed her to evade the wild humans' attacks while swiftly striking back, leaving a trail of defeated foes in her wake.

Emerging from the brush, the wild assailants relentlessly charged, but the combined efforts of the Sparrows and the caravan guards swiftly subdued them.

After the skirmish, the group regrouped and composed themselves, and pressed onward with their journey.

[Starfall City - Avalon Empire]

Sia received a summons from the Emperor and made her way to the palace. Swiftly riding her Dawnbreaker mount, she traversed the streets with speed and precision.

After a brief ten-minute ride, she arrived at the palace and gracefully dismounted. Sia securely stored her mount in her beast pouch and approached the guards stationed outside.

With a friendly wave, the guards granted her passage, allowing her to enter the palace and proceed toward the Emperor's study.

As she walked, Sia unexpectedly crossed paths with Empress Chloe and Princess Leira. Upon noticing her, both women greeted her with warm smiles.

Sia greeted them in return, offering a respectful bow. "Empress, Princess. How have you both been? Congratulations on your engagement, Princess."

Leira stiffened upon hearing Sia's words and swiftly interjected. "I've been fine, Sia. But I'm not engaged to anyone yet. I haven't even met the boy."

Sia smiled as Chloe joined the conversation. "Now, now, Leira. You may grow fond of the boy once you meet him. Father is planning to invite him to attend the school, promising an exploration of the imperial dungeon and the possibility of marriage. But we shall see what the boy says."

Chloe then turned her attention to Sia and continued speaking. "Your nephew has caused quite a commotion in the south. The latest reports from my spies indicate that he is making his way back home."

Sia's excitement grew upon hearing this, but she composed herself as she had to meet the Emperor.

The three women engaged in conversation for a little while before bidding farewell. Sia proceeded to the study and, upon arrival, knocked on the door.

"Enter." A man's voice was heard from the other side.

After a brief moment, Sia opened the door and she stepped inside, offering a respectful bow to the Emperor.

pandasnovel.com "Your Majesty," Sia greeted, her voice steady and respectful. "You summoned me."

The Emperor, seated behind his grand desk, studied her for a moment before speaking. "Sia, my trusted warrior. I have an important assignment for you. You are to be deployed to the southern duchy of Summerfield."

Sia's eyes widened slightly, her heart pounding with a mix of excitement and apprehension. "Summerfield, Your Majesty? What is my mission there?"

The Emperor leaned forward, his gaze piercing. "The southernmost castle, Sentinel's Reach, you will be tasked with guarding the vital southern road that passes between the Sunfire Range. It is a strategic location that must be protected at all costs."

Sia nodded, absorbing the weight of her new responsibility. "I understand, Your Majesty. I shall defend the castle and ensure the safety of the road."

The Emperor's expression softened a hint of pride glimmering in his eyes. "I have faith in your abilities, Sia. You have proven yourself time and again. Summerfield is a critical region, and I believe you are the right person for this mission."

He set down the paper he had been holding, a smile on his lips as he spoke. "I have received word that a special someone to you will be appearing in that region within the next year. I believe you would be interested in meeting him."

Sia's eyes sparkled with anticipation, and the Emperor couldn't help but smile. He was well aware of her deep affection for her nephew and knew she would marry him if given the chance.

With a dismissive wave, Emperor Osoric signaled Sia to leave the room. She exited, her mind already set on heading towards the palace entrance to inquire about available Manaships.