

A Journey 19

Chapter 19 Regrets.

The old man approached the Emperor and bowed before he spoke.

"Emperor Osoric Avalon, I'm here to discuss some local gossip coming from the western part of your empire, that is very important to the church of Light."

When the west was mentioned Leonard's ears pricked up. The Emperor looked at this cunning old fox before replying. "What does the church want with the western part of my empire?"

Hadwyn started to explain. "Five days ago, a company of knights was investigating the mana storm that occurred there three weeks ago, they arrived at a town called Oxfair."

But before he could continue talking. Leonard was getting impatient and interrupted the Archbishop. "Get on with it old man, the Emperor doesn't have all day!"

The Archbishop gave him a dirty look before continuing on.

"A Deacon in charge of a company of holy knights engaged a strange boy, he was a newly born white dragon but killed 12 of the holy knights and got beaten back by the Deacon, but vanished before he could be captured, the church claims all ownership over the beast, so I'm here to tell you to keep out of it."

After he finished speaking he turned on his heels and marched out of the hall, leaving the 5 people left in the room in shock at the news he dropped.

Empress Chloe rushed over to the Emperor before telling him in an excited voice, as she watched the duke from the corner of her eye.

"Darling! My spies have dug up some really interesting information about the boy the church has claimed."

The Emperor looked at her before nodding, giving her permission to speak.

"Well, about three weeks ago a young boy in Vassia signed up to become an adventurer after being kicked out of a noble's house."

The Empress stared at Duke Ashguard with narrowed eyes before continuing.

"Taking his first quest to hunt wild dogs, not only did he complete the quest without any issues but also saved a group of adventurers called the Sparrows.

He took a second quest, a wolf hunt outside of Oxfair Town, Just before he arrived, the mana storm occurred in the region.

After the event ended, a boy appeared at the town's gate, looking scruffy and unkempt, the spy who witnessed him enter the town saw the boy buying loads of food from a stall, and that's when he got into a fight with the holy knights."

The Emperor got a strange look on his face as he asked her. "Who's the noble family who kicked the boy out?"

She looked straight at Duke Ashguard before asking.

"Why did you kick your son out of your house Duke? care to explain your reasoning."

Everyone stared at him like he was an idiot, but he answered nonetheless.

"He wasn't strong enough to stay in the family and he was a scared child, after he lost in a fight, he completely closed up and didn't speak to anyone, not even his own mother."

The Four people looked at him already knowing he was lying, they didn't believe a word he said.

Empress Chloe spoke up.

"No, you and the rest of the Ashguard family shunned him after losing the fight, even your other children abused the boy until the day he fell into a coma, when he woke up you banished him"

She walked up to the duke with anger written on her face.

"You banished a white dragon! The only living one, they are born once every 5000 years, are you an idiot Duke?"

He didn't bother defending himself as he was drowning in regret. The Emperor then ordered the duke to send out some men and try to pass on a message.

He wanted to get to Archer before the church can deal with him, they still hold a grudge against dragons for all the wars they fought against each other.

[Back to Archer]

Archer escaped far away from Oxfair town.

The boy was out cold because of mana depletion, blood covering his body, and the damage he received from the spell justice strike was tremendous.

His regeneration skill was slowly mending the damage but it was worse than any injuries he has had up until now, it took the skill longer than usual to start to heal.

Archer's right forearm was hanging on by a few strands of skin, blood spurting out of the open wound.

His chest was burnt, and ribs could be seen as the skin slowly stitched itself together.

Archer's head was covered in blood, he also had a huge gash across his forehead.

An hour after running out of mana he woke up, he tried lifting his upper body up but collapsed back onto the ground.

He looked at his arm he saw the muscles getting regenerated slowly but getting healed nonetheless.

Laying on the floor, he remembered using Thunder Step to escape from town after the light beam sent him crashing through some houses.

As he couldn't get up, he checked his status.

'Status.'

[Experience: 600/2000]

[Level up: 23>24]

[SP: 22>24]

[Regeneration: 2>3]

[Fire Missiles: 0>1]

[Plasman Shot: 1>2]

[Thunder Step: 0>2]

Happy that he leveled up, he decided to upgrade his status by putting 10 points onto HP, 4 on mana, 4 on constitution and stamina, and 2 on charisma.

[HP: 800>900]

[Mana: 2900>3120]

[Constitution: 330>370]

[Stamina: 330>370]

[Charisma: 430>450]

[SP: 24>0]

He felt good as his stats increased, and the pain started to go away, most of his body was healing.

So he tries to get up again, this time around he manages to get to his feet.

Archer saw the skin on his arm and chest stitch together until it was back to normal, but the pain was still lingering.

Looking around he saw a tall tree not far from him, making his way over he struggled to climb up.

Getting settled on a branch once he was up, he looked up at the evening sky. Pulling out some orcish bacon and dwarven flatbread, combined them and started eating.

But his stomach wasn't happy with just that, so he took out three meat wraps and ate them all.

He took out his water skin and drank some water then settled. After a little while he fell into a deep sleep while leaning up against the tree.

Archer stirred from his slumber, his consciousness awakened by a distant voice calling his name.
"Archer, come on! Father wants us to train!"

As he slowly opened his eyes, he found himself lying amidst the serene beauty of the Ashguard castle gardens.

Confusion washed over him as he scanned his surroundings, trying to make sense of the situation.

His gaze fixated on his sister, Hyara, who stood before him, her voice beckoning him.

The perplexity deepened within him, for it was she who had treated him with disdain after his failure in their father's test.

At that moment, a realization dawned upon him like a lightning strike--this was no ordinary reality, but a vivid dream.

Archer stood frozen in the picturesque Ashguard castle gardens, his mind grappling with the surreal nature of the situation.

Before he could fully process his surroundings, his sister Hyara's voice echoed through the air once more.

"Archer! What are you waiting for? Father is waiting!" Hyara's voice carried a mix of impatience and mockery, just as it had in the past when she belittled him for his perceived failures.

As her words reached his ears, a surge of memories flooded Archer's mind. The hurtful taunts, the relentless bullying.

Each memory is etched deep within his consciousness. The weight of past humiliation resurfaced, tugging at his emotions like an invisible force.

That's when he saw her walking toward him, as she stopped in front of him and reached out for him, Archer woke up.

He looked around and remember he fell asleep in the tree the night before.

While getting up he looked around but didn't spot anything or anyone, after doing that he checked on himself and saw all the wounds have closed, but he was still covered in blood.

"Cleanse."

His clothes were ruined, so he changed into new ones, after changing he jumped off the branch and started making his way to Vassia city while eating.

He traveled for two days straight to reach the city, he wasn't attacked on the way. Approaching the city gate, he entered without anyone bothering him.

Archer decided to go look for a clothes shop, he can't afford to keep buying new clothes after every fight.

Heading for the plaza, he passed many people who stared at him, well mostly at his beautiful white horns and violet reptilian eyes.

After a 10-minute walk, he saw a shop that sold clothing, and he made his way toward it.