

A Journey 61

Chapter 61 The Land Of Mediterra.

As Archer soared above the vast farmlands, he couldn't help but notice the increased number of soldiers patrolling the nearby villages.

Determined to avoid detection, he ascended higher into the sky, careful not to draw any unwanted attention.

"It looks like they're on high alert," he thought to himself.

Noting the heightened security measures since he destroyed the Eastern fortress.

Despite the increased danger, Archer remained steadfast in his pursuit of more gold coins, his insatiable greed driving him forward.

As he chuckled to himself, imagining the piles of riches he would soon amass, his stomach growled in protest.

Realizing he needed to refuel, he scanned the horizon for a place to eat and spotted a tall tower in the distance.

The stone lookout tower stood tall and proud, its weathered walls and crumbling battlements a testament to its age and history.

From its vantage point atop a nearby hill, it had once watched over the surrounding farming villages.

But now, as Archer approached the tower, it was clear that no one had been there in a long time.

The wooden door hung off its hinges, creaking in the wind, and the windows were boarded up with rotting planks of wood.

Vines and weeds had grown up the sides of the tower, their tendrils snaking around the stones and threatening to pull the structure down.

With precision and skill, Archer soared towards the top of the tower, landing smoothly on its ancient stones.

As he looked around, he saw that the tower's summit was littered with old wooden crates and broken chairs, evidence of its long-abandoned state.

Undeterred, Archer hopped up onto the side of the tower and sat down cross-legged, taking in the breathtaking landscape that stretched out before him.

Rolling fields of green extended as far as the eye could see, and a small village lay nestled in the distance.

With his keen eyesight, Archer could make out the tiny figures of people going about their daily lives, moving to and fro like ants in a bustling colony.

He pulled out the last of the Orcish Bacon he had and started to eat.

As Archer sat atop the tower, his mind wandered back to the destruction of the eastern fortress, where he had used his newly created meteor swarm to wipe it out along with all the soldiers.

Suddenly, a thought occurred to him: he hadn't checked his status after the fight.

'Status.'

[Experience: 200/12000]

[Level Up: 82>85]

[SP: 0>6]

[Mana: 7900>8100]

[Intelligence: 1250>1300]

[Thunder-Step: 5>6]

[Element Bolts: 1>2]

[Dragon's Breath: 0>2]

[Regeneration: 5>6]

Seated at the top of the tower, Archer began to calculate the amount of experience he had gained from destroying the fortress.

After a few moments of intense concentration, he determined that the battle had netted him a whopping 30,000 experience points.

Feeling a sense of satisfaction and accomplishment, Archer allowed himself a moment to revel in his gains.

As he reflected on the battle, he felt no guilt or remorse for the death and destruction he had caused.

The soldiers had brought it upon themselves by killing the Dragon-kin without a shred of mercy.

To him, it was simply a matter of justice being served.

He stopped thinking about such things and continued eating again.

Archer savored the delectable flavors of the elven cake, feeling a sense of contentment wash over him.

He indulged in the sweet treat, and his thoughts drifted to Ella, and he longed to be reunited with her once more.

Gazing towards the north, he wondered how she was faring and hoped that their paths would cross again soon.

After finishing his food, Archer jumped off the tower and flew further south, heading for the last fortress before making his way to the Aquarian Kingdom.

As he flew over many more farms and grassy hills, he spotted a large jungle in the distance and stopped flying to look around.

After spotting the massive mountain range miles away, with a road running through it, Archer started following it, hoping it would lead him south.

He ascended higher and kept a watchful eye over the area.

In the distance, he spotted a massive ravine.

Archer got closer to the ravine, he felt a strong gust of wind slam against his body, sending him hurtling toward the ground and creating a deep crater.

Baffled at what had just attacked him, as his Aura Detector didn't activate, he realized it must have been a super long-range attack.

Looking up at the sky, he spotted human-like figures flying around in the wind, numbering in the hundreds.

"Elementals," he thought.

Not wanting to deal with them, he ignored them and got up as he felt his regeneration skill kick in and start repairing the damage taken from the crash.

Archer looked around and spotted the road not too far away.

Dismissing his wings, he decided not to try flying again while elementals were still flying around.

Making his way toward the road he had seen earlier he continued on foot.

He saw a caravan stop not too far in front of him.

After several hours of walking, the caravan came to a halt, and a middle-aged woman with snow-white hair emerged from one of the carriages.

Her blue eyes fixed on Archer.

"Where are you heading, boy?" she asked.

He looked up at the white-haired woman and replied.

"Aquaria City."

She smiled and spoke, "We are headed to Brakawai City, which is on the way to Aquaria. Do you want to join us?"

Staring at the strangely friendly woman before asking.

"Why are you asking a random child to join you?"

The woman laughed.

"We ain't trying to kidnap you, little Dragon-kin. We have no issues with your kind. My name is Sarwana Khalili, the current head manager of the Golden Road Trading Company," she said.

He nodded before introducing himself.

"I'm Archer," he said.

She smiled and jumped off the carriage, approaching him with a smile.

"Where are you from? We haven't seen anyone like you down these ways for years," she asked.

Both of them looked towards the north as she motioned for the caravan to carry on moving.

"Not many northerners travel down here. They don't like the heat or the feisty women," she said, laughing.

He just stared at this crazy woman before answering, "Far North."

Sarwana stared at the boy who didn't belong in these lands.

"I bet you're from the Lunaris Empire," she said.

Archer looked at her in confusion.

"Where is that?" he asked.

She looked at the oblivious boy before teaching him about the northern lands.

"The Southlands border the Land of Mediterra in the north, where two kingdoms, two empires, and what people are calling a republic are fighting over every inch of land."

Archer got curious and asked for more information, making Sarwana smile.

"What is it like?" he asked.

She began to think, rubbing her chin before finally telling the boy what he wanted to know.

"Mediterra is surrounded by the vast Phantom Sea, which stretches from the eastern coast to the northern shores, and it borders the Haunted Waters in the west. The fourth side of the continent is dominated by a large inland sea called The Maelstrom Sea.

It's notorious for causing ships to vanish during bad weather.

The sea is littered with a multitude of small islands, many of which are home to amicable locals who earn their livelihoods through fishing and trade.

However, other islands are home to man-eating wild men.

Many of the islands are diverse in their geography and culture, with some being rocky and barren, while others are made up of lush green jungles.

The mainland is also diverse, with mountain ranges, fertile plains, and arid deserts. The weather is always scorching hot, but to be honest with you, boy, the winters aren't too bad.

The people who call the land home are known as the Medi people. They are brave, passionate, loyal, and very fierce."

Sarwana stopped speaking as she pulled out a waterskin and took a mouthful before continuing.

"But before she could continue, Archer interrupted her.

"How do you travel further north from Mediterra?"

She stopped walking and stared at the boy. "You're from the Land of Plenty?" she asked.

Archer raised an eyebrow and nodded.

"If that's what you want to call it, then yes."

Sarwana's eyes widened in shock. She had never met anyone from the Land of Plenty before.

Only the Nova Empire has anything to do with it, as they control the Whispering Way coastal route.

"How did you end up in the Southlands?" she asked.

He looked at her and sighed before explaining.

"I was on a quest for the guild and got into a battle. As the last humans were killed, an orc king appeared and we fought. As a result, I got knocked out and sent flying into the Eventide River. I woke up a few days later on a sandy beach not far from a cannibal village."

As he finished talking, he pulled out some chocolate and offered some to Sarwana, but she shook her head.

Chapter 62 What The Fuck.

Sarwana walked alongside Archer for hours, informing him about the empires and kingdoms that resided there.

The two of them ignored the constant worrying of the caravan guards until one of them ran up to her again, advising her to return to the carriage.

She relented before turning to Archer.

"I'll head back in. My husband is starting to get worried. If you need anything, just knock on the door."

Archer nodded and started to think about all the information she had given him.

'The Land of Mediterra is massive. If he were to compare it to anything on Earth, it would be the size of Asia and Europe combined.

Most of the Medi population is made up of mostly humans, demi-humans, elves, nomadic tribes.'

As he was thinking his AD started pinging like crazy, Archer quickly scanned the tree line but didn't see anything.

He calmed down but remembered the Wendigo attack months back and started using his Dragon senses.

Archer smelt a horrid stench but couldn't pinpoint it, it vanished as quickly as he smelt it.

Shaking his head, he pulled out an elven cake and started eating it while he thought about all the forces in the Land of Mediterra.

'There's the Lunaris Empire, which is the strongest force in the north but doesn't attack the other kingdoms.

Then there's the Solari Empire, which is strongest in the south. The two empires fight all the time.

Finishing the cake but not feeling satisfied, he pulled out some chocolate pastries.

'The way Sarwana described the land, it seems like this world's version of the Mediterranean, but five times bigger and more dangerous.'

There are seven kingdoms in the Mediterra, the Aeternum, Byzantine, Achaeon, and Arcadia Kingdoms are in the west, and the Sicilia, Olympus, and Elysian Kingdoms are in the east.

The Solari Empire takes up all the north, and the Delphosia Republic is in the east.

Archer stopped thinking about all this and decided to think about it later on.

The caravan continued on as he overheard the guards speaking of the Southern castle located a day away from here.

Happy with what he found out, he continued walking.

The sun was setting over the simple stone road.

Archer couldn't see far into the forest that lined one side of the road, while a grassland desert stretched out as far as the eye could see on the other side.

One of the caravan guard commanders shouted out that they were going to set up camp just up the road.

An hour later, as the tents were being set up Archer looked around for a tree to sleep in. Seeing one not far away, he walked over to it.

Jumping up to the lowest branch he climbed up.

He summoned his wings and used them to wrap around himself and keep himself warm.

A little while later Archer was lying there watching the stars.

The beautiful night sky was full of shining stars, twinkling like diamonds against the black backdrop.

Archer looked up in wonder as he saw countless shooting stars flying through the sky, leaving trails of light behind them.

Stars stretched across the sky, creating a ribbon of stars that seemed to go on forever.

The night air was cool and crisp, and the silence of the night was only broken by the guard's quiet chatter and the footsteps of the patrolling guards.

It was a beautiful moment, one he would never forget.

As he was lying there, his Aura Detector started going off, and he noticed that the whole camp was surrounded by big humanoid creatures.

Archer jumped to his feet and activated his Draconic form.

"Draconis."

But as soon as he activated it, an ice blast flew at him, but he quickly deflected the attack by using his wings.

He realized they were surrounded, but his Aura Detector didn't detect any enemies.

"It's the mountain men, be careful and keep your guards up."

Archer heard the caravan guard commander shout out as the attacks died down, he wanted to go into his Domain but didn't want to miss anything.

He sat back down and kept an eye out until he fell asleep.

Waking up in an unknown bed, Archer raised his head and looked around to see a room that was beyond his expectations.

It had an African-like style and many windows.

Looking through the open windows, he noticed a massive African-like city spread out, stopping at an expansive savannah.

He had no idea where he was until he looked down and noticed a young woman in her early 20s lying next to him.

Not recognizing the wild blonde hair, smooth white skin, her muscular body, or the lion's tail lying still on the bed.

He examined this strange girl until she started to stir and woke up.

The girl turned to Archer with a cheeky grin before blood started dripping out of her lips, and her blue eyes became unfocused.

She collapsed on the bed, and Archer rushed forward to help her.

However, he was thrown into another nightmare as he found himself on the same street that led him to Thrylos.

He saw the old him and Alexa walking down the sidewalk, his brown hair and slim build compared to his now snow-white hair and muscular body.

Seeing a man moving towards the two, he tried to look away but couldn't move at all, he saw the old him push her out of the way and take the knife to his chest.

Sweat started to trickle down his back when the old him dropped to the floor.

As soon as he hit the floor the scene changed yet again and he was in the hospital room, seeing his body on the bed.

"ARCHER!"

Hearing someone shouting his name, looking around the room in his dream he saw Alexa and his Mother crying.

Archer was ripped out of his dream when something slammed into his body sending him flying out of the tree, and crashing onto the ground hard.

Looking around, he saw the same ice blasts from last night flying out of the forest, hitting all over.

Scrambling to his feet, he saw Sarwana standing there, casting rock blasts into the forest as the guards got into formation.

The attack died down as the men all prepared themselves, but after an hour, there was nothing.

The commander called for the men to calm down and get as much rest as they could until morning.

Archer looked up and saw the giant moon shining down on him.

He started thinking about the nightmare, wondering why there was a random woman he had never seen before.

Shaking his head to clear his muddled thoughts, he climbed back into the tree.

Settling back down as fell back to sleep.

The next morning, he woke up to bird chirps but noticed the weather: black clouds in the sky and a drizzle of rain.

He pulled out a black cloak and wrapped it around himself, dismissing his wings. Archer jumped out of the tree, landing with a heavy thud.

Looking around for Sarwana's carriage, he spotted it and walked towards it.

As he approached, a guard stepped in front of him and spoke.

"What do you want, boy?"

Archer looked at the guard and replied, "I want to talk to Sarwana."

The guard's eyes widened, and he was about to berate Archer when a man's voice was heard.

"Leave the boy alone, Haider. Sarwana likes him for some reason."

A black-haired man in his early thirties stepped out of the carriage.

He had blue eyes and a clean-shaven face, he smiled at Archer as he approached.

"So, you're the boy my wife wouldn't stop talking about."

Looking up at the man he nodded as the tall man stopped in front of him.

"So you're from up north?"

"Yes, got lost down here and trying to make my way home."

The man raised his eyebrow as he asked another question.

"Why are you traveling south then?"

Archer didn't know where the man was going with his questions but answered.

"Looking for a friend."

He could clearly see the man didn't believe him but didn't care either way, he wished the man goodbye and left.

As he walked alongside the forested road, they continued their journey for a few more hours until his Aura Detector suddenly went off.

He looked around and was shocked at what he saw standing no more than 10 feet away from him.

Archer stood frozen, staring at the massive Bigfoot-like beast that loomed over him.

His eyes widened in awe as he took in the creature's size and strength.

The Beasts fur was thick and matted, and its muscular arms hung at its sides.

Despite its intimidating appearance.

He wondered what it was thinking as it stared back at him with its piercing eyes.

It roared at him, throwing him off guard as it started to charge.

'What the fuck.'

Chapter 63 The Sasquatch Party.

Archer heard each heavy step of the beast as it charged toward him.

As it reached him, the bigfoot swung its beefy left arm.

Quickly, Archer activated his Draconic Form as he raised his right arm to block the swing.

The two limbs connected with a loud clap, and the beast looked shocked at the human boy.

Archer fired a quick Void blast straight into the beast's chest, sending it stumbling backward.

He then leaped into the air to reach the creature's head and swung his claws, but it raised its arm to defend itself.

Archer spotted this and pulled his claws back, instead using his tail to pierce the beast's thigh.

This caused the creature to drop to one knee, and its head exploded like a watermelon as Archer fired a Void Blast into its skull.

However, before he could even relax, another beast appeared out of nowhere, making him jump.

The creature punched him so hard in the face that it sent him flying into the forest like a white rocket.

He was caught completely off guard as he broke trees on his flight path and crashed into the side of a large grassy hill surrounded by tall trees.

Lying in the crater, dazed and disoriented, his body wracked with pain after being punched, he groaned and winced as he tried to move.

Feeling the sharp ache in his ribs and the throbbing pain shooting through his head.

The world around him seemed to blur and spin, and he felt a sense of confusion.

Despite the agony coursing through his body, he managed to roll over onto his back. Regeneration started to kick in and began to heal his broken body.

Archer slowly got to his feet, and when he finally stood up, his body cracked.

He saw the cuts close up and bones snapping back into place, causing shooting pains.

He pulled out a health potion and quickly downed it.

Between the potion and Regeneration, he was healing quicker.

As he was healing, the sounds of a fierce battle could be heard in the distance.

Archer looked around and wondered how far he had flown.

He started to make his way toward the battle when he had to stop walking.

As he looked up, he saw a massive Bigfoot standing there.

Archer's eyes widened when he saw the beast carrying a guard's body on its shoulder.

It whooped into the air, and all of a sudden, the whole area went quiet.

He heard dozens of thumping footsteps heading in his direction, and over a dozen bigfoots appeared, most of them carrying dead bodies.

As he turned his gaze back to the bigger bigfoot, his whole body stiffened.

The massive beast smiled at him, sending a shiver down his spine.

Archer calmed himself down and looked for a way out.

He tried to take off using his wings, but one of the bigfoots threw a body at him, sending him crashing to the ground.

As he stood up, the bigfoots whooped at the scene.

Looking up, Archer spotted a branch hanging over the group.

He used Thunder Step to reach the spot and landed on the branch.

Quickly looking down, he jumped back as he saw a group of bigfoots speed climbing up after him.

"How the fuck did they find me so fast?" He muttered to himself.

He crouched down and leaped into the air, starting to flap his wings.

Archer spun around as he cast a fireball toward the group on the forest floor.

As the object struck the forest floor, a massive explosion ensued, causing the ground to tremble.

Archer, utilizing his AD, observed half a dozen Bigfoots fleeing the area.

Once they had departed, he descended to the ground and noticed that everything was scorched.

There were a few bodies scattered about, prompting him to extract their hearts, resulting in a collection of three hearts.

After storing the Bigfoot bodies, Archer dismissed his Draconis Form and began making his way back to the caravan.

Upon his return, he was greeted with flames and damaged carriages strewn about.

Seeking Sarwana, he discovered her catching her breath at the front of the caravan.

As he approached, she lifted her head and was taken aback by the sight of the white-haired boy.

"Archer! How are you?" she exclaimed.

She leaped to her feet and hurried toward him.

He regarded her with a curious gaze before inquiring about her kindness towards him.

"We only met yesterday, so why are you so nice to me?"

She halted her stride and gazed down at the boy, fidgeting with her fingers as she prepared to respond until a voice interrupted her.

"To be honest with you, Archer, you remind us of our late son when he was younger."

The man stated, his eyes conveying the pain of their loss.

Archer relaxed, realizing they had no ulterior motives.

"I apologize, I've only recently begun encountering kind people, so I'm still getting used to it."

The man started nodding and then introduced himself.

"I am Najee Khalili, her husband."

Before Sarwana spoke up, Archer nodded at the man.

"You look and act like him, if you had brown skin, you both would have been twins."

He scrutinized the woman, noting her snow-white hair, which matched his own, and her blue eyes.

Her skin was tanned, and she had a slim yet athletic build and Najee was the same build.

They both looked to be in their early 30s.

After talking for a while the caravan was ready to move again, the couple invited Archer to join them in their carriage and he accepted.

Archer stepped into a cozy-looking carriage adorned with stunning decorations and plush sofas.

The comfortable seating and beautiful decor made the carriage feel like a luxurious home away from home

Despite its seemingly small exterior, it appeared much more spacious on the inside, thanks to Space Magic.

Najee recounted to Archer how he came to possess such a remarkable carriage, leaving the boy in awe of the story.

As they settled into their seats, Archer retrieved some chocolate and began to eat.

He noticed the couple gazing at him with curious expressions, prompting him to offer them some chocolate.

Najee accepted, but Sarwana declined.

"Where did you get that food?" she inquired.

Archer shifted his gaze to her before responding.

"It's a skill I learned called storage. I acquired it before I found myself in this place."

She nodded before they started talking about where Archer is from.

Najee spoke up first.

"So my wife tells me you come from the land of plenty?"

Archer nodded.

"Yes, I didn't know it was referred to by such a name but I am from there."

Hours passed by as they were getting to know each other, as they approached the Kagian castle Archer's AD started pinging.

He jumped out of the carriage to see a swarm of the bigfoot creatures, as he stood there they started throwing large stones at the four remaining carriages.

Archer quickly cast Cosmic Shield to defend himself and the carriage.

The stones smashed into the shield and he started hearing whooping and hollering, that's when ice blasts started smashing against the defenders.

He quickly began casting water bolts at the Bigfoot, which he could clearly see.

After taking out five of them, the attacks intensified.

As the earth and water blasts joined the ice ones, he kept his Cosmic Shield up until one Bigfoot rushed toward him and punched the shield.

The shield cracked, and when Archer noticed this, he fired a water bolt into the Bigfoot's chest.

It stumbled back, and he followed up with an Eldritch Blast to the beast's head dropping it to the ground with a heavy thud.

When the biggest Bigfoot saw this, he sent even more beasts to bring down the shield.

Four of them started punching at the shield, cracking it even more, causing Archer to panic.

That's when his Aura Detector suddenly picked up on a large force fast approaching.

Archer and the guards looked down the road to see hundreds of cavalrymen charging toward the Bigfoots.

The beasts noticed the reinforcements and decided to cut the party short and retreat.

Archer heard a loud whooping, and the attack stopped, but some of the Bigfoots stayed behind and were trampled by the horsemen when they arrived.

He deactivated his shield and sat down, Archer wasn't physically tired, but the mental strain had taken its toll.

As the bigfoots ran back into the forest some of them got run down and killed, he looked around and saw around 10 bigfoot bodies laying around.

So he went around collecting them, in total, he got eight intact bigfoot bodies, after he was done with his looting he walked back to Sarwana's caravan just as the horsemen approached.

Archer ignored the soldier and started eating some pastries after casting Cleanse on himself, the soldiers stared at Archer before one of them in the back commented.

"Why is a lowly dragon-kin here?"

Chapter 64 Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night.

The afternoon sun was beaming down on the motionless caravan.

Archer looked at the man who just spoke, he was in his late teens or early 20s.

He examined the horseman's armor, he noticed the intricate designs and patterns etched into the metal plates and leather straps.

The lightweight and flexible armor allowed for easy movement in the hot environment.

His helmet covered both his head and face, featuring a visor to protect against the harsh sun and sand.

Even the horse's armor was also adorned with colorful fabrics and tassels, adding to the overall aesthetic of the desert horseman's attire.

Before Archer could speak, Najee emerged from the carriage and addressed the man.

"The boy is with us, and your issues with the Dragon-kin are of no concern to us, but thank you for the help."

The commander nodded before speaking.

"We have been hunting the mountain men for a week now, one of our scouts spotted them on the move so we rushed here."

Najee nodded.

"Are you from the Sunspire Castle?"

The man nodded and offered the caravan to follow them.

"Follow us we will escort you there."

Najee smiled as he bowed towards the horsemen, and went off to talk to the head caravan guard.

After a little, while the caravan was on the move again.

Archer was sitting on the roof of the last carriage as he watched the beautiful landscape.

The Saharveldt desert grassland stretched out before him, a vast expanse of golden-brown grasses swaying in the hot breeze.

In the distance, he could see the glimmering ribbon of a river and wondered if it was the same one he had traveled on to get here.

The grassland was dotted with small shrubs and occasional trees, providing some shade and shelter from the unrelenting sun.

Despite the arid environment, there were beasts grazing on the grass and chasing other smaller beasts.

He was sitting there he checked his status.

'Status.'

[Experience: 1800/12000]

[Level Up 85>86]

[SP: 6>8]

Archer was happy, he had gained 800 experience points for each Bigfoot kill, so altogether he had earned 13,600 experience points from the fight.

As he lay on the roof, basking in the afternoon sun, he noticed a lot of chatter from the caravan guards, so he looked up to see a massive castle built into the side of the mountain.

Nestled into the side of a towering mountain, Sunspear Castle was a breathtaking sight to behold.

The castle's imposing presence and stunning location made it an awe-inspiring sight that left a lasting impression on all who beheld it.

Its walls were constructed from golden sandstone, polished to a luster that mirrored the sunlight and created the illusion of a fortress made of pure gold.

Each of the fort's towers soared high into the sky, crowned with banners bearing the sigil of the Kaiga Kingdom.

As the caravan approached the fort, they were greeted by a refreshing breeze emanating from the mountain, providing a welcome respite from the heat.

The fort's strategic position offered a commanding view of the surrounding terrain, making it a perfect bastion for those seeking to cross into the Aquarian Kingdom.

The entrance to the fort was marked by a colossal gate, forged from a blend of iron and bronze, embellished with intricate patterns and symbols that conveyed the fort's rich history and purpose.

The caravan neared the castle, it came to a stop as the merchants inside the carriages poured out to get a look at the beautiful fortress.

Archer shut his eyes and was hoping to avoid witnessing what he knew lay ahead, but he opened them and they widened in horror.

His heart sank as he surveyed the sea of crucified Dragon-kin in the field beside the caravan.

Men, women, children, and even the elderly had fallen victim to the brutality of their captors.

The air was thick with the stench of death and decay, and the sight was almost too much to bear.

Archer was overwhelmed with a sense of helplessness and despair, knowing that he could do nothing to bring back those who had been lost.

While he was standing there staring at the gruesome scene.

Closing his eyes, he whispered.

"Draconis."

Summoning his Draconic features, he was just about to take off when he noticed movement on one of the crosses.

Archer's heart shattered as he saw a little blonde girl hanging on the closest cross, the only survivor of this sickening crucifixion.

Gliding over to her, intending to heal her wounds and take her to his domain, he looked into her eyes and knew she was dying.

Using his claws, he cut her down and held her close as she spoke.

"Promise me you'll make them pay... The Kaiga Kingdom... They did this to my family... They killed everyone."

Archer's eyes started to get wet as he made a promise to her.

"I promise. I'll make them pay for what they've done."

She smiled at him and whispered.

"Thank you... I'm Kela... I'm happy I met you... You have kind eyes... Promise me you'll never forget me."

He started crying but mumbled out.

"I won't. I'll remember you always, Kela."

She smiled as she spoke, as her little bloody hand touched his cheek.

"Goodbye."

He stared at her peaceful face as she managed to say one last word before passing away in his arms.

Archer's emotions boiled over, as he placed Kela's body into his Item Box.

He turned to face the castle and let out a deafening roar that shook the very ground beneath him.

His body trembled with rage as he unleashed his violet dragon's breath toward the sea of Dragon-kin, setting them ablaze.

Flames roared and crackled as they spread, fueling his fury.

Archer stood amidst the sea of Dragon-kin he had just set ablaze, he could feel the intensity of the flames and the heat radiating off of them.

But amidst the chaos, he could hear something else.

It was as if the voices of the fallen Dragon-kin were speaking to him, thanking him for freeing them from their torment and guiding them to Tiamat.

The sound was haunting yet comforting, and it gave Archer a sense of purpose.

He knew that what he had done was necessary, and he felt a sense of satisfaction knowing that he had avenged the Dragon-kin from their suffering.

With his violet eyes, Archer turned towards the horsemen, an evil smile spreading across his face, revealing his sharp dragon teeth.

The horsemen watched in awe as he suddenly vanished from his spot, only to hear a muffled scream as he reappeared on the back of one of their horses.

A head flew through the air as Archer use his claws to decapitate a rider as he cast multiple fire bolts and shot them at the remaining soldiers.

Three soldiers dodged the bolts, but before they could even think about fleeing, they were decapitated, their bodies falling to the ground with a thud.

Archer butchered the horsemen, receiving a few blows but shrugging them off as his scales defended him.

He impaled one soldier with his tail as he slashed another.

After finishing the two soldiers, he fired void blasts at some of the remaining soldiers, sending them flying off their horses.

Finally, Archer lunged at the last remaining soldier and bit into his neck, tearing out a chunk.

Najee and Sarwana watched in horror as Archer massacred the Kagian soldiers who had previously helped them with the mountain men.

After finishing the slaughter, Archer looked over towards the gate as more soldiers came charging out.

Smiling, he began casting a Fireball and Void Blast, combining them together he fired the purple flaming sphere straight at the incoming soldiers.

[Spell Combined: Void Blaze]

The Void Blaze tore through their ranks, and the attack didn't even leave bodies behind as it slammed into the castle walls, making the whole castle shake, and Archer looked at the carnage he was causing.

He raised his hands in the sky before casting Call Lightning above the castle. As he cast the spell, dark clouds gathered in the sky, and the air grew heavy with static electricity.

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

The force of the lightning strike was so intense that it shook the entire structure of the castle, causing rocks and debris to rain down from the walls.

The lightning bolts left a smoldering crater where it had struck, and the air was filled with the smell of burning stone and ozone.

Many of the soldiers inside the castle were left reeling from the impact.

Suddenly, another bolt of lightning struck the castle, causing the guards to panic and run toward the walls to see what was happening.

Archer smiled as he saw the soldiers piling onto the walls. He quickly pulled out three mana potions and downed all three, then checked his mana.

[Mana: 6000/8100]

Looking at the castle, he crouched down and leaped into the air, Archer started to hover in the air as he raised his hands.

Archer did so, he remembered all the lives that were lost and how every Dragon-kin life was precious.

A certain poem came to mind as he raised his hands, and he began reciting it so that all the still-living people could hear.

"Do not go gentle into that good night." Chapter 65 Rage, Rage Against The Dying Of The Light.

With his hands raised in the air, he spoke with pain and sorrow in his voice, as he recited one of his favorite poems from Earth.

"Do not go gentle into that dark night,

Old age should burn and rave close of day;

Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,

Because their words forked no lightning they,

Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave bye, crying how bright

Their frail deeds might have danced in the green bay,

Rage, rage against the dying of the light."

As he finished the poem, he closed his eyes and pointed his hand towards the castle, casting Meteor Swarm.

After witnessing Archer's defeat of the soldiers, the people from the caravan began to calm down.

All of a sudden, a brilliant light caught the attention of everyone present, and they gazed upwards to witness a flaming meteor falling from the sky and heading straight for the distant castle.

The meteor appeared as a blazing ball of violet, trailing sparks and smoke in its wake.

It drew nearer, Najee, Sarwana, and the rest of the caravan could feel the intense heat radiating from it, causing the air to warp and shimmer.

With a thunderous boom, the meteor collided with the castle, unleashing shockwaves that reverberated throughout the surrounding region, knocking the onlookers to their backsides in shock.

The castle walls crumbled and fell, and flames burst forth from the rubble, casting an eerie violet hue across the landscape.

Despite the destruction, everyone was entranced by the stunning scene before them.

The violet flames swirled and flickered, creating a hypnotic dance of light and shadow.

Archer, disregarding the people around him, flew towards the castle ruins, hoping to find some coins.

Approaching the mountain, he couldn't help but notice the massive crater that had been carved into its side.

Coming to a halt just above it, he activated his advanced technology and began scanning the area, searching for any clues as to what could have caused such a dramatic impact.

The crater loomed before him, a stark reminder of the power and unpredictability of the natural world.

After searching for a while, Archer received dozens of pings emanating from the mountain.

He flew towards them but couldn't see anything, so he started to look around.

Archer quickly located the entrance to the escape passage that led deeper into the mountain.

Quickly making his way into the tunnel, he chased after the fleeing men, flapping his wings to pick up speed as the tunnel was big enough to fly in.

Suddenly, he noticed two men standing still.

One held a massive shield, and the other, a mage, held up a staff and cast a few fireballs at him.

Archer stopped flying and landed on the floor, skidding to a halt.

He raised his wings and defended himself against the spells.

Just then, he heard a whistling sound and something metallic pinged off his wing, causing an explosion.

Although his wings managed to take most of the damage, Archer's skin still got singed by the explosion.

He flapped his wings, sending the flames flying toward the two men, but a priestess stepped forward and cast a shield, blocking the flames from hitting them.

As everything settled down, the group of three stared at Archer, and he stared back at them.

Suddenly, the knight with the shield shouted out in pain.

"Why did you destroy the castle? There were innocent people here!"

Archer glared at the man with fiery anger blazing in his eyes.

"How dare you talk of innocent people!"

With a sudden burst of energy, his Dragon Aura surged forth, causing the three to quickly back off in fear as he let out a powerful shout.

"After what they did to the dragon-kin, there was no one innocent in this castle! The whole Kaiga Kingdom will burn for what they did!"

His Aura shook the tunnel, sending the three flying backward.

As they grappled with one another, their struggle intensified until they both crashed to the ground.

Struggling to regain their footing, they scrambled to get back up, each determined to gain the upper hand in their fierce battle.

The sound of their bodies hitting the floor echoed through the room, a testament to the intensity of their struggle.

The priestess got back to her feet first and quickly tried to justify the reason the Kingdom butchered the dragon-kin tribes.

"They were raiders. What did you expect to happen when they got caught?"

But Archer was beyond reason.

"You are trying to justify what I just witnessed, the horrible deaths of children and old people!"

He had enough and snapped.

Archer's anger exploded, and with a fierce roar, he unleashed his dragon breath, sending a searing blast of fire toward the three Kagians.

They tried to dodge, but the flames engulfed the mage, burning him to ashes.

The other two witnessed the attack and panicked, turning on their heels to run, but both were hit with the dangerous violet flames.

Archer stood there and watched as the ashes floated away.

He quickly took off and chased after the remaining survivors.

Zooming through the tunnels, he quickly caught up to the fleeing group, which consisted of over 30 men running further ahead.

With an evil smile, he flexed his claws and dropped to his feet, looking up at them.

Suddenly, Archer started Thunder-Stepping until he appeared in the center of the group, emitting an ominous cackle.

"Mwa-ha-ha-ha!" he laughed, his eyes glinting with malice.

Casting Cosmic Enhancement on himself, he felt his body become even stronger.

He started slashing, catching the soldiers off guard.

One by one, the soldiers dropped like flies under Archer's never-ending attacks.

Feeling a blade swinging towards him, he Thunder Stepped again and appeared behind the man.

Using his slender tail, he pierced the man's chest and threw the now-dead body at the approaching men.

Utilizing Thunder Step to evade incoming attacks, he deftly maneuvered around his enemies, firing precise Plasma Shots into their chests.

With each shot, he gained ground and pushed back against their assault, determined to emerge victorious from the fray.

His quick reflexes and deadly accuracy made him a formidable opponent, and his enemies soon found themselves struggling to keep up with his lightning-fast movements.

His tail attacked as if it had a mind of its own, piercing unsuspecting soldiers who came too close to Archer.

Archer was effortlessly killing the Kagian soldiers until a massive yellow blast flew toward him.

He quickly cast a Cosmic Shield to block the attack, but it pushed him back despite holding up.

Looking toward the direction of the attack, Archer saw a tall, bearded, black man dressed in expensive light armor.

As the man let go of the lifeless body of a mage, his gaze shifted toward Archer, who was hiding in the shadows with a mix of curiosity and recognition.

"So, you're the infamous boy who destroyed Eastwatch castle and now Sunspear," he said.

Archer nodded, keeping a watchful eye on the man. The man sighed and made his way over to a rock that jutted out of the wall and sat down.

"You see, I tried to stop what was happening to the dragon-kin. After all, my wife is one," he explained.

Archer's eyes widened in surprise at the man's revelation.

"Where is she?" he asked.

The man's expression turned wistful as he looked off into the distance before replying to Archer's question.

"I sent her and the children to the Aquarian Kingdom capital before the king ordered the extermination of the dragon-kin."

Archer walked closer to the man, he asked.

"What's your name?"

The black-skinned man tried to look at Archer to see what the boy looked like but couldn't see him while he stood there.

"I'm Mohamet Kaba. I was the 3rd general of the Kaiga Kingdom."

He took a step closer to the man, Archer raised an eyebrow inquisitively.

The man's eyes widened in amazement as he took in the boy's white Draconic features for the first time, whispering to himself in disbelief.

"Ah, so she was telling the truth," he muttered, his voice filled with wonder.

Archer tilted his head, curious as to what the man was referring to.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" he asked.

Mohamet had never seen white horns before, and he had seen many horns of Dragon-kin people, but they stood out in stark contrast to his wife's red-colored horns.

He coughed to clear his throat before informing the boy.

"She told me about the legends of the White Dragon King," the man said.

His voice filled with awe.

"He was said to be friendly to all races, and he didn't discriminate even though the church provoked him non-stop."

Archer nodded, a sense of pride swelling within him.

Ever since he arrived on Thrylos, he had always known that he was different.

So when someone finally acknowledged his Draconic features, he welcomed the rare experience.

Mohamet stared at the strange boy, sensing that he would go places in the future.

At that moment, he decided on a new path forward in his life.

He stood up and walked towards Archer, the young boy saw the big man quickly approaching him. In a split second, he Thunder Stepped backward.

Getting away from him, he readied himself to cast a spell if the big man tried anything.

The sudden movement caused Mohamet to burst out laughing, holding his stomach.

His armor jiggled, making a metal-hitting-metal sound.

Archer stared at him, waiting for an explanation as to why he had suddenly started walking towards him like that.

Chapter 66 General.

Mohamet stopped laughing when he saw Archer staring at him as if he were an idiot.

'This boy is strange,' he thought. 'He can butcher people but still act like this.'

Shaking his head, Mohamet gave Archer the reason for his laughter.

"Well, it was the way you reacted like a scared rabbit. But I mean you no harm, Archer."

He said, stepping closer to the boy and allowing him to see his face more clearly.

"You're the White Dragon from the legends my wife has told me about," he exclaimed. "I want to help you. I want to be a part of your story."

A smile spread across Mohamet's face as if he was recalling a fond memory.

He spoke again, his voice filled with warmth and sincerity.

"I wish for my son and daughter to live a free and happy life, and for some reason, I have a feeling that you can help me achieve that wish."

Staring at the man in surprise before finally speaking.

"Okay, I accept your offer."

Mohamet smiled at the strange boy as he watched him walk over to the dead bodies and use his claws to tear out their hearts.

Archer managed to loot 22 human hearts under the horrified gaze of Mohamet.

He turned to the man with a confused look.

"What?" he asked.

Mohamet didn't know what to say to this crazy child.

He wanted to keep his heart. Coughing to clear his throat, he asked him a question.

"Why are you ripping out their hearts, your majesty?"

Archer stared at the man before letting out a sigh.

"Not you too," he said.

Finishing up with the bodies and realized he was covered in blood.

Casting Cleanse on himself and he watched as all the blood disappeared from his clothes and body.

Archer dismissed his Draconic features as he pulled out a pastry and started eating while answering the horrified-looking man.

"Well, for some reason, every time I eat hearts, my body gains benefits from it. So why not eat them?" he said.

He finished the pastry and realized he was running out of them, which made him frustrated.

Mohamet spoke up, dragging Archer out of his stupor.

"Mana is stored in the heart of every living being, and as a white dragon, it makes sense that you consume them," he explained.

Archer nodded in understanding, aware of the importance of mana in their world.

He decided to check his status.

'Status.'

[Experience: 5250/12000]

[Level Up: 86>90]

[SP: 8>16]

[Mana: 8100>8300]

[Spell Combined: Blink]

[Spell Combined: Infusion(Skill)]

[Spell Combination Learned]

Archer felt a surge of excitement as he leveled up not once, not twice, but four times.

With newfound power coursing through his veins, he unleashed the devastating Meteor Swarm spell upon his enemies.

The thrill of watching the fiery meteors rain down upon his foes was indescribable, and he reveled in the chaos and destruction that followed.

With each passing moment, he grew stronger and more confident, ready to take on whatever challenges lay ahead.

However, he then remembered a notification he had received while fighting.

[Cosmic Enhancement & Thunder Step Combined= Blink & Infusion]

[Blink: Uses cosmic energy instantly teleport a short distance away]

[Infusion: Powers the body with cosmic energies]

"Oh nice, they will come in handy from now on," he thought.

He continued eating as Mohamet stared at him, but he shrugged him off.

As he finished eating, he stood up and brushed off all the dirt, only to realize that his shirt was ripped.

He took off the ripped shirt and put on a new one, then turned to Mohamet, who was watching him like a creep.

"Stop looking at me like I'm a rare beast, or I'll take your heart. Now, do you want to travel with me, or do you want to meet the others?" he asked.

"I'll go meet the others until you reach the Aquarian Kingdom," Mohamet said.

Archer nodded and opened up his domain portal.

The two of them walked into it.

Both of them entered his Domain, they were greeted by a breathtaking sight.

A vast expanse of lush greenery stretched out before them, with towering trees and vibrant flowers dotting the landscape.

The air was thick with the scent of blooming flora, and the soft rustling of leaves provided soothing background noise.

As they walked deeper into Archer's forest, Mohamet's eyes fell upon a beautiful cottage built inside a tree and the walkway leading up to the front door.

"What is that?" he asked.

Mohamet pointed to the cottage, and Archer smiled, explaining that it was his home, a place of refuge and solitude where he could escape from the chaos of the outside world.

The man marveled at the beauty of the forest, admiring the way the sunlight filtered through the leaves and cast dappled patterns on the ground.

He felt a sense of peace and tranquility wash over him, as though all the worries and stresses of his life had melted away in the presence of such natural beauty.

Archer and Mohamet arrived at the clearing, they were met with a bustling little tent city.

The air was filled with the sounds of families going about their daily routines, with children laughing and playing in the background.

In one corner of the clearing, a group of women was busy preparing food over a fire, while in another, some men were collecting firewood for the night ahead.

Archer added that the outside world's climate and weather could sometimes get a bit cold at night.

Overall, Mohamet was impressed by the community's self-sufficiency and the harmonious coexistence with nature.

As they walked further into the camp, Archer noticed a group of men herding strange-looking beasts toward a nearby pen.

They resembled Earth cows, but were larger and had a unicorn's horn on their heads.

As they were being herded along, they bleated and baaed.

Archer wondered where such beasts had come from, and then he remembered giving dragon tokens to Sagana.

Despite the bustling atmosphere of the place, there was an air of happiness that permeated the camp.

Dragon-kin moved about their tasks with a sense of purpose and community.

Archer felt a sense of admiration for the Dragon-kin, who had carved out a life for themselves in the midst of the Dragon's Domain.

As he stood there, Archer felt a little tug on his shirt.

A short girl with mint green hair, who looked to be about 10-11 years old, caught his attention as he looked down.

"Hey, what can I do for you, little dragon?" he asked.

The girl had a big smile as she spoke.

"Elder Jethro told us that if we were to see the King, we should inform him immediately that he wanted to see him."

"Take us to him," he said to the little dragon.

Archer said as he pulled out a piece of chocolate and handed it to the little girl.

The girl nodded as she grabbed Archer's hand, dragging him off.

Mohamet watched the scene in shock, the two sides of the King worried him.

'How can he go from butchering men like he's cutting grass to acting like a child any other time?'

He thought to himself, shaking his head as he followed behind the children.

Following a brief stroll, they arrived at Jethro's tent, which was identical in size to all the others.

Upon entering, they found Jethro engaged in conversation with three Dragon-kin men.

The atmosphere was cordial, and the men seemed to be enjoying each other's company.

Despite the cramped quarters, the tent was filled with warmth and camaraderie, a testament to the tight-knit community that had formed among the travelers.

The three men turned to him as he walked in, and when they spotted Archer's white horns, their eyes went wide as they started mumbling to themselves.

"The rumors from the north are true," said one of the men.

"The King has returned. Look at those white horns," another added, pointing at Archer.

Archer just stared at the three men as Jethro watched on.

The three men then jumped up and knelt in front of Archer.

"We pledge ourselves to the White King," they all declared.

He felt weird seeing three grown men kneeling down to him and turned to Jethro, who was smiling but spoke up.

"My King, you are the only White Dragon alive. You are royalty whether you like it or not. But who's the man behind you?"

Archer turned around and saw Mohamet standing there, silently watching him.

He gestured towards him.

"Let me introduce you to my new general," he said. "This is Mohamet Kaba."

He turned to Mohamet.

"This is Jethro. He looks after the domain when I'm not here. Actually, he still does that when I am here."

Everyone laughed. Archer turned to Jethro and asked him who the three kneeling men were.

"Who are they?" he inquired.

Jethro looked at him and spoke.

"Well, Sagana found them in some of the Kagian Cities, along with 300 more dragon-kin her group has rescued. She's gone out again but she asked for more tokens if you can."

Archer closed his eyes and pictured a pouch full of dragon tokens.

When it appeared, it shocked everyone but Jethro, who smiled as he took the pouch.

Chapter 67 The Little Dragon.

"Thank you. Once Sagana returns, I'll make sure to give them to her," he said.

He nodded in response.

Before anyone else could speak, one of the three men stood up and positioned himself in front of the group to address them.

"My King," he said, addressing Archer.

Archer craned his neck to look at the man standing six feet tall with short brown hair, brown eyes, and long brown horns.

'He's descended from an Earth Dragon,' he thought.

"What is it?" Archer asked.

"My name is Jyn, Your Highness. We were warriors from the Dragon Fang Tribe until the Kaigians wiped out our tribe and enslaved the survivors. We originally roamed the northern part of the Kingdom, hunting down beasts and bandits to survive," Jyn explained.

Archer motioned for Jyn to continue.

"Upon Sagana's discovery of us in Adhuma City and revelation of the White Dragon King, we resolved to accompany you, for White Dragons hold a position of royalty among all dragon kind," Jyn finished.

Archer looked at the two men Jyn had pointed at, who were identical twins with dark green hair, green eyes, and horns.

"These two are Gale and Gust," Jyn said, introducing the twin Dragon-kin.

Archer nodded in acknowledgment as Jyn finished speaking.

"Will the White King accept the remnants of our tribe?" Jyn asked, looking at Archer.

Archer gestured towards a nearby chair and said.

"The three of you, please take a seat."

They all sat down before he began to speak.

"Yes, I will accept the three of you if you agree to follow my rules."

Archer said firmly, surprising everyone as he had never established any rules in the Domain before.

Archer decided it was time to do so now.

"First, you must follow the rules and contribute to the community. Additionally, when the time comes, you are expected to defend the Dragon-kin people," he said, looking at each of them in turn.

Everyone agreed and nodded.

"Second, you will not harm any Dragon-kin unless it's in self-defense. You must protect every one of them, as there aren't many of us left," Archer continued.

More nodding followed.

"Thirdly, no one may enter the cottage when I'm not here. People can knock on the door, but they must never enter," he stated firmly.

Everyone was confused by the third rule, but they agreed to the King's rules nonetheless.

Jethro spoke up, "I have told every Dragon-kin that has joined not to go near there unless you're inside the Domain."

Archer nodded before stating his final rule.

"The last rule is that we will never allow ourselves to be stepped on again. Our first target is the Kagia Kingdom."

All the men in the tent agreed with him before Mohamet spoke.

"Your Highness, what are your plans?" he asked.

Archer paused to think before responding.

"My plan is to explore the Aquarian Kingdom and collect even more Dragon-kin. Additionally, I need to level up, so that's another priority for me," he said.

He stood up and turned to Jethro and Mohamet.

"Jethro, keep the Domain running smoothly, and Mohamet, start gathering men to train. As a former general, you will be perfect for the job, if you want it."

Jethro was happy to help, and Mohamet eagerly nodded.

"I'd be happy to train an army for you. Just inform me when you're at the Aquarian capital, and I'll join you, Your Highness."

They all lowered their heads as Archer left the Domain, appearing inside the mountain again, seeing blood patches all over.

Deciding to eat the hearts he had collected so far, he had 17 Bigfoot hearts and 32 human ones, which gave him a total of 4,900 experience points and 49 stat points.

He already ate the hearts and got the experience and stat points.

After an hour of walking, he arrived at the entrance of the tunnel; and summoned his wings.

Jumping into the air, flying towards the caravan.

Archer checked his status as he was flying along and spent 10 points on all stats except for intelligence, which he only upgraded with 5 points.

'Status.'

[Exp: 6700/12000]

[SP: 16 > 65 > 0]

[HP: 2300>2400]

[Mana: 8300>8600]

[Strength: 1500>1600]

[Constitution: 1700>1800]

[Stamina: 1500>1600]

[Charisma: 1750>1850]

[Intelligence: 1300>1350]

Happy with his boosted stats, Archer flapped his wings even harder and shot off towards the road.

However, upon arrival, he found no caravan.

Hovering in the air, Archer looked around and saw tracks leading south. He followed them.

After flying for an hour, he turned around and spotted black smoke rising from where the castle once stood.

Despite the afternoon sun beaming and fluffy clouds floating by, Archer's eyes narrowed as he spotted a caravan in the distance approaching a long wooden bridge that led to the Blackwood Pass.

He stopped about 10 feet away from it.

Archer noticed that the woman standing in front of him looked angry and kept her distance.

"You murderer! How could you kill all those people and act like it was nothing?" she shouted at him.

Taken aback by the woman's accusation, Archer looked at her before replying with venom in his voice.

"They butchered my people. What did you expect me to do?"

His question stumped Sarwana, and she grew even angrier as she barked out.

"You should have killed only the soldiers involved, not everyone in the castle!"

Najee walked towards the two before stopping next to his wife, scowling at Archer.

Feeling frustrated, Archer stared at the woman and spat out.

"I never knew the identity of those who ordered the heinous act of killing, torturing, and crucifying the Dragon-kin people. Their lives held no value to me, and I firmly believe that they deserved a more brutal death for the atrocities they committed against us."

Upon hearing his response, the couple's faces twisted with disgust as Najee also spat out.

"You may look like a child, but you're a devil in disguise, evil."

The couple cursed at Archer.

Watching them with a heavy heart, hoping they would understand his motive, but they seemed to be set in their ways to see it from his point of view.

No longer bothering with them, Archer summoned his wings and took off into the air, leaving them behind.

Soaring above the trees, feeling the wind rush past him as he flew towards Blackwood Pass.

As he flew faster, Archer felt the wind rushing past him. He looked down to see the world shrinking under him.

The trees and rivers became tiny specks in the distance.

Suddenly, he spotted it - the Blackwood Pass.

The jungle was massive, bordering a towering mountain range that stretched from the Leviathan Sea in the east to the Howling Wild Jungle at the center of the Southlands.

He flew closer, Archer could see the dense canopy of trees stretching out before him, their branches reaching toward the sky.

The jungle was alive with the sounds of exotic birds and beasts, their calls echoing through the air.

Feeling a sense of awe and wonder as he flew over the jungle, Archer took in the breathtaking scenery.

Suddenly, he heard a group of beasts howling in the distance.

Intrigued, Archer flew towards the sound, eager to see what type of beast it was.

As he drew closer, he could see a group of jungle wolves gathered around a tall tree, their heads thrown back as they let out a series of fierce howls.

Archer landed on a nearby branch, careful not to startle the wolves.

Peering through the green leaves, he saw that they were focused on something high up in a tree branch.

Squinting his eyes, he could just make out the shape of a small beast curled up in a ball.

Feeling a surge of protectiveness towards the little creature, Archer knew that he had to help.

Summoning some water bolts he targeted the four wolves and shot the bolts at them. Catching the beasts off-guard they got struck and dropped to the ground lifeless.

Looking towards the little beast the wolves were trying to get. He quickly dismissed his Draconic features as he approached it.

He tried to grab it, but the little creature quickly bit him.

"Owww!"

Slowly, he tried again, hoping that it wouldn't bite him this time.

The little creature tried to bite again, but Archer saw it coming and moved his hand dodging the bite.

That's when he recognized the tiny creature before him as a fairy dragon as it started hovering in front of him.

Its delicate wings fluttered rapidly as it stared at him.

The dragon's scales were a blood-red color Its iridescent scales shimmered in the sunlight.

When the sunlight danced across them, they sparkled, creating a breathtaking display of light and color.

Despite its diminutive size, Archer knew that fairy dragons were powerful magical beings. Able to wield powerful magic.

It was no bigger than a kitten and could easily fit in the palm of his hand, yet its presence was commanding and captivating.

Chapter 68 The Book Worm & Diving Deep. [Bonus]

A girl with purple hair was sitting comfortably in a chair in the library, swinging her legs back and forth while reading a book.

Her emerald green eyes were focused on the pages, and just as she was getting to the good part, she was interrupted by Vega, her mother's personal maid.

Vega had brown hair, and brown eyes, and was very dedicated to her role as the empress's personal maid.

"Princess Leira, the Empress wants to see you in the garden," the maid said.

Leira's cat ears twitched as she heard the woman's voice.

She looked up from her book and smiled at the newcomer.

Leaving the library, Leira made her way to the garden where her mother liked to relax.

It didn't take her long to get there.

After knocking on the door, Leira waited patiently for a minute until a maid opened it and motioned for her to come inside.

"Come inside, Princess. The Empress is in her usual place. Please follow me," Vega said.

As Leira followed the maid into the garden, her eyes widened in amazement at the breathtaking sight before her.

The imperial garden was a true masterpiece, with every tree, shrub, and flower perfectly placed and tended to.

Her mother had complete control over the garden, and it showed in every detail.

Leira couldn't help but feel a sense of awe and wonder as she took in the beauty around her.

The colors were vibrant, and the scents were intoxicating.

She always loved to come here because it was so peaceful.

Entering the room, her eyes fell upon her mother, Chloe, the Empress of the Avalon Empire, who was seated at a table sipping on some tea.

She couldn't help but notice the striking resemblance between herself and her mother, who appeared to be an older version of her.

Like Leira, she had vibrant purple hair that caught the eye of everyone around her.

However, instead of emerald green eyes, Chloe's eyes were a captivating shade of purple that seemed to draw people in.

As Leira took in Chloe's curvy figure and ample chest, she couldn't help but wonder if she would take after her or her grandmother in that regard.

Shaking her head at such silly thoughts, she approached her mother.

"Hello, Buttercup. You look really pretty in that dress," her mother said.

Leira was wearing a mostly green princess dress, with the top part in white.

She smiled at her mother before replying.

"Thank you, Mama," Leira said. "Vega said you wanted to see me?"

Chloe motioned for Leira to sit down, and she made her way over to the chair and took a seat as her mother spoke.

"My child, you know that women in the imperial family have a duty to the Empire, and we must conduct our duty without complaint," Chloe said.

Leira nodded, unsure of where her mother was going with this.

The empress continued, knowing her daughter wouldn't like what she had to say.

"Recently, I witnessed a storm that was predicted in a family tome. It predicts the coming of the White Dragon King. Do you know the legend?" Chloe asked.

Leira nodded her head. All children had been told the stories of the Dragon King.

"Yes, Mama, I know of it," Leira replied.

"Well, my little buttercup, I have discovered who he is and where he is from," Chloe said.

Her eyes widened in shock as she heard her mother's words.

"Who is he?" Leira asked.

Chloe smiled before speaking.

"He was the former son of Duke Leonard Ashguard from the western province. He was thrown out of the Duke's house for being inept at magic and sword skills, so he became an adventurer. And by what my spies have told me, he's rather good at it," Chloe said.

Leira was confused as to why her mother was telling her all this, so she asked.

"Sorry for being rude, Mama, but why are you telling me all this?"

Chloe got a glint in her eyes, she took a mouthful of her tea before informing her strong-headed daughter of her future.

"Leira, my Buttercup, I have some news for you," the Empress said, her voice tinged with excitement.

"What is it, Mother?"

Leira asked, looking up from the teacup as she took a sip.

"You are going to be marrying the recently emerged white dragon when you come of age," the Empress said, a smile spreading across her face.

Leira's eyes widened in shock and disbelief.

"What? I'm going to marry a dragon? That's ridiculous!"

"It's not ridiculous, Leira. It's tradition. And besides, the white dragon will become a powerful ally to our kingdom."

Chloe said, trying to reason with her daughter.

"But I don't want to marry a dragon! I want to marry someone I love, someone I choose!" Leira protested, her voice rising in frustration.

"I understand how you feel, my dear, but this is our duty as members of the royal family. We must put the needs of our kingdom above our

[Minoa City, on the Coast of The Sea of Bones]

"Teuila hurry up before we miss them!"

A girl with short light blue hair and ocean blue eyes, with beautiful light-brown skin, ran after the older boy while calling out.

"I'm coming, wait for me Triton!"

Teuila went running after him as he jumped into the ocean and followed him.

She jumped in and sped off after him, speeding through the water like a certain superhero from Earth.

But as she descended further, she noticed that the usual sounds of the ocean were absent.

There were no schools of fish darting around her, no sea beasts leaping out of the water, and no whales singing in the distance. It was too quiet.

Her heart began to race as she realized that something was wrong.

Looking over at her brother, who seemed to sense her unease.

He gestured for her to follow him, and they swam towards a rocky outcropping on the sea floor.

As they approached, the girl saw a glimmering crystal embedded in the rock.

It was the rare sea crystal they had been searching for.

But as she reached out to touch it, she felt a sudden pressure in her ears and a sharp pain in her chest.

She looked around frantically, trying to figure out what was happening.

And then she saw it. A massive shadow of a Sea Behemoth loomed in the distance, as it was swimming straight at them.

Teuila stood her ground as the massive beast charged towards her, its razor-sharp teeth bared and its eyes glowing with a fierce intensity.

She knew that this was the moment she had been training for, the moment when she would put her magic to the test.

With a calm and collected demeanor, she began to chant the spell she had been practicing for months.

Her voice was steady and strong, and the words flowed effortlessly from her lips.

"From the depths of the ocean blue,

I summon power, strong and true.

With this spell, I call upon the blast,

To vanquish foes and make them last.

Deep sea blast, now heed my call,

Unleash your power!"

As the deep sea blast spell reached its climax, a brilliant blue light erupted from the girl's hands.

The light grew brighter and brighter until it was almost blinding, and then it shot toward the Sea-behemoth with incredible force.

The blast hit the creature with a deafening roar, sending shockwaves through the water.

The beast was thrown backward, its massive body writhing in pain as it struggled to regain its balance.

It seemed to have a powerful effect on the creature, causing it to thrash about wildly and emit a series of guttural roars.

The Sea Behemoth had clearly been dealt a serious blow, and now it was in a weakened state.

Teuila watched as the creature retreated further into the depths of the ocean, its movements slow and unsteady.

She knew that she had succeeded and her Deep-Sea Blast spell had proven to be a powerful weapon against even the most fearsome of foes.

Her older brother watched the scene with wide eyes he didn't know his little sister knew such a spell.

Triton swam up to her and tapped her on the back.

"Good job sis, now let's grab that crystal and get back to the shore, Auntie will be waiting for us."

She nodded as both of them grabbed the crystal and sped towards the surface, launching themselves out of the water and landing with heavy thuds.

A group of soldiers ran towards them as the commander spoke.

"It is not safe for you, Prince and Princess, to venture into the Sea of Bones like that, it's too dangerous."

The two children looked at each other and laughed before Triton replied.

"It's okay, Tavita. We were fine."

The commander didn't look convinced but gave up.

Teuila walked towards the carriage that was waiting by the road.

She took a towel out of her storage ring and dried herself off before jumping into the carriage where her Auntie was waiting for them.

"Come on, we have to head for Sunhaven port city."

Chapter 69 Seraphina.

As he drew closer, the fairy dragon stirred, slowly opening its eyes to reveal a pair of curious, bright red orbs that shone with otherworldly intelligence.

Tentatively, he reached out to touch its scales, which were warm to the touch and felt a sense of wonder at the creature's beauty.

Archer continued to marvel at the little dragon until he noticed the sun beginning to set, casting a warm orange glow over the jungle landscape.

The fairy dragon sprang to life, grinning mischievously as it leaped onto his head, holding onto his horn as it leaned over and started to nibble on his pointy ear.

The sensation sent a shiver down Archer's body.

He didn't dislike it, but he didn't want the creature to keep biting his ear.

With a swift movement, he grabbed the little dragon and brought it in front of him.

Observing the playful creature, he noticed its scales gleamed in a vibrant cherry red hue, while its eyes shone with a deep, rich crimson color.

The creature possessed a pair of delicate wings, reminiscent of a butterfly's, yet surprisingly sturdy-looking.

In an attempt to get the little dragon's attention, Archer reached out his hand, only to feel a sudden, sharp pain as the creature bit his finger.

He winced, surprised by the strength of the tiny teeth.

Archer quickly released the fairy dragon, which flitted away before perching on his shoulder.

Despite the sting of the bite, he couldn't help but admire the creature's spunky spirit and tenacity.

To his surprise, the little dragon nuzzled its head against his cheek, emitting a contented purr.

But then, the fairy dragon's gaze shifted to his back, where it spotted his white dragon wings.

The creature's eyes widened in amazement, and it let out a delighted chirp as it hopped onto his back, inspecting the wings with great interest.

Archer couldn't help but smile as he watched the little dragon's excitement.

Feeling pleased with the little dragon's response, Archer got its attention and asked.

"Do you want to come with me?" Archer asked the creature.

It looked at him before nodding its head and smiling.

With the little dragon now perched on his shoulder, Archer walked over to a tree trunk and sat down, leaning back.

He gently placed the creature in front of him, and the two of them looked at each other.

Archer reached over and started to stroke the dragon as he spoke.

"What should I call you?" he asked.

The little dragon tilted its head as if telling him to come up with an answer.

"Um, what about Zephyr?" he suggested.

Without hesitation, the little dragon bit his hand.

"You're a fiery one, haha," Archer chuckled as he pulled his hand back.

It was then that he realized the truth.

"You're a girl," he said, his eyes widening.

The little dragon smiled and nodded her head as Archer thought of the perfect name for her.

"I have the perfect name for you," he said with a smile.

"Seraphina. It means 'fiery' in Greek. But for short, I'll call you Sera."

The dragon got happy and jumped at him, clinging onto his black shirt while nuzzling her head against him.

Archer pulled out some meat wraps and started eating.

Sera smelled the food and locked onto it like a homing missile, lunging for it.

She snatched it out of his hand as he was about to take a bite, he just stared at his empty hand and the thief.

He narrowed his eyes and threw another one at the greedy girl as he took out another to eat himself.

The two dragons sat in a tree, eating some meat wraps as the sun finally set and the beautiful night sky appeared.

Archer had planned to return to his domain, but he decided to sleep in the tree tonight.

He lay on the thick tree branch, gazing up at the night sky.

The stars twinkled above him, casting a soft glow over the forest.

Suddenly, he saw a streak of violet light shoot across the sky, followed by another and another.

He watched in awe as the shooting stars flew across the sky, leaving trails of light in their wake.

As he continued to watch, he felt a small weight on his chest.

Looking down, he saw Sera crawling onto him, her tiny claws gripping his shirt.

She curled up into a ball, resting her head on his chest as they both gazed up at the beauty of the night sky together.

The only sound heard was the rustling of leaves in the gentle breeze.

Archer heard a little snore and looked towards little Sera, smiling before he fell asleep shortly after.

However, his peaceful slumber was short-lived as he tossed and turned, caught in the grip of another nightmare.

In the dream, he was older and battling a group of cannibals in a dense, snowy forest with a blonde girl with lion ears.

The air was thick with the sound of clashing swords, spells going off all over the place, and the cries of dying men.

Despite their best efforts, the wild men overpowered them, and the man and the woman were captured and dragged off to the cannibal's camp.

The camp was a chaotic place, filled with smoke and the smell of blood and cooked meat.

They were thrown into a crude wooden cage, where they were left to await their fate.

As the night wore on, Archer's fear grew as he watched the cannibals force the other captives over to a butcher's table and chop them into pieces.

He knew that they were ruthless and that they would show him no mercy.

In the darkness, he heard the sound of footsteps approaching.

The cannibals had come for them.

Archer watched as they approached the cage and opened it.

They grabbed the girl as she started to fight back, but it was useless.

He got ready to help, but as soon as he stood up to lunge at the cannibal, he woke up.

Looking around, he got a bad feeling. As Archer stood up, he looked towards the mountains and was shocked at the scene he was witnessing.

The sun began to rise behind the jagged peaks of the mountains, and a thick, eerie mist began to creep down the slopes and into the jungle below.

At first, it was just a faint haze, barely visible against the verdant foliage.

But as it descended further, it grew thicker and more opaque, until it enveloped everything in a ghostly shroud.

Feeling a chill run down his spine as the mist closed in around him and the tree he and Sera were on, obscuring his vision and muffling the sounds of the jungle.

He could barely see his hand in front of his face, and all the sounds of the jungle suddenly stopped, as if a predator was close by.

Archer activated his Aura Detector and scanned his surroundings, noticing smaller beasts fleeing the area.

As he received a few pings, they quickly vanished. Sera leaped onto his shoulder, purring for comfort.

A creepy sensation washed over him as the fog enveloped the tree he was in.

Sera got scared and clung to Archer for comfort.

Feeling as if he were being watched, Archer looked around and quickly activated his Draconic Form.

"Draconis," he said.

All his features appeared as he stretched his wings out and flexed his claws.

That's when he started receiving even more pings.

This time, the alert was going crazy, as if he were surrounded by something, but couldn't see anything when looking around.

He jumped into the air as his wings flapped hard to get him away from the branch he was just on.

Archer hovered in the air, his wings flapping furiously as he tried to clear the thick fog that obscured his vision.

The fog began to dissipate, he felt a chill run down his spine as he saw creepy-looking humanoids climbing up the tree he was just perched on.

Moving with unnatural grace, their fingers and toes gripping the bark of the tree like they were Spiderman.

Archer's heart raced as he realized that these creatures were not human, but something far more sinister.

Their appearance was grotesque and unsettling, with pale, hairless bodies covered in scars and wounds.

Their eyes were sunken and hollow, giving them a gaunt and skeletal appearance.

The creature's mouths were filled with razor-sharp teeth that gleamed in the darkness, and their long, thin fingers ended in razor-sharp claws that could tear through flesh and bone with ease."

As they moved, their bodies contorted and twisted in unnatural ways, giving them an almost spider-like appearance.

Their movements were silent and stealthy, allowing them to sneak up on their prey without being detected.

The beasts reminded him of the wendigos he had fought before, but they were a lot creepier. Suddenly he sensed something coming from his left.

As Archer turned his head, his eyes widened in shock.

Without hesitation, he grabbed hold of Sera.

Chapter 70 The Haunted Dunes.

He grabbed hold of Sera and threw her to the side, as he was tackled by one of the creatures that had jumped at him from the tree.

With a crash, he was taken down to the ground.

Despite the creature's attempt to bite him, he pierced its chest and threw it off him, clutching its still-beating heart in his hand.

Archer stored the heart in his Item Box and got to his feet, but as soon as he did, another beast pounced at him.

Using his wing, he stopped the cannibal's pounce, causing it to become disoriented. Taking advantage of the opportunity, Archer impaled the creature with his slender tail.

More and more of the creepy creatures started to approach him.

Archer used Void Blaze, burning all the closest creatures, but he was too busy paying attention to the beasts in front of him.

Suddenly, another one crept up behind him and attempted to slash him with its filthy claws.

But he quickly cast Cosmic Shield, blocking the attack.

Its claws scraped across the shield sounding like a teacher scratching a chalkboard, but Archer didn't budge.

He used Thunder Step and reappeared behind the creature, shooting a bolt made from lightning at it.

It seared right through its body, ending up hitting another creature just in front of it.

But even more of them appeared and started to surround him, blocking off his escape by foot.

Which he was never going to try.

Smiling as he fired loads of lightning bolts, hitting numerous creatures but more replaced them making Archer frustrated.

'What the hell, why are there so many of them.'

Archer looked around to see dozens of these horrifying creatures, with blood oozing from wounds on their bodies.

Some of them were walking on all fours, while others stood upright, their movements jerky and unsettling.

The creatures are emitting creepy noises, a mix of growls and hisses, that made the hairs on the back of Archer's neck stand up.

They circled him, with their eyes fixed on him, he felt a creeping sense of unease.

Archer tried to stay calm, but the sight of these creatures and their creepy movements was starting to get to him.

He could feel his heart racing and his palms sweating as they closed in on him, knowing he had to act fast if he wanted to get out of this alive.

The creatures started to close in on him, Archer instantly cast a spell he rarely used.

'Thunder Wave.'

A monstrous, violet wave swept out from him, striking all the creatures and sending them running back into the fog.

Just as he thought he was alone, one of the creatures jumped out of a bush not far from him and started running toward him.

Archer was about to attack it, but Sera quickly jumped out and started hovering in the air.

She let out an adorable growl and released a stream of beautiful fire, hitting the creature directly in the face.

When he looked at the corpse its head was gone, and the body dropped to the ground.

He went around collecting the intact bodies.

Sera approached Archer while looking at him with a grin as she perched on his shoulder, he laughed to himself and continued to make his way south.

He traveled for days and days but still didn't reach the other side, it took him close to a week to cross the Blackwoods.

Emerging from the dense jungle, Archer blinked in the bright sunlight that shone down on him, he took in his surroundings as he sighed to himself.

"This must be the Haunted Dunes."

Before him stretched a vast, scorching desert, its sand dunes shimmering in the heat. The air was dry and oppressive, and he could feel the sweat beading on his forehead.

But he noticed a small road snaking its way through the desert, leading off into the distance.

Looking like a thin ribbon, barely visible in the distance, but it was the only path he could see.

With a deep breath, he set off towards the road, his feet sinking into the hot sand with each step.

Sera chirped as she took off. She was flying around, he decided to check his status after killing those creepy creatures and the other random beasts.

'Status.'

[Experience: 9500/12000]

[Level Up: 90>91]

[SP: 16>76]

[Cosmic Shield: 3>4]

[Element Bolts: 2>3]

After calculating his gains, he realized he had earned a total of 14,800 experience points.

Of these, 4,000 came from defeating the creepy-looking creatures, while another 5,000 came from killing various beasts he encountered in the jungle.

The remaining 5,800 experience points came from the hearts he had looted during his journey.

When traveling through the jungle, he consumed all the hearts he had collected up until then, gaining 60 stat points in the process.

However, he had not yet allocated the points he earned until now.

Archer decided to distribute his points, putting 26 into mana and 10 into the other attributes, except for charisma and intelligence, which received 5 points each.

[HP: 2300>2400]

[Mana: 8300>9080]

[Strength: 1500>1600]

[Constitution: 1700>1800]

[Stamina: 1500>1600]

[Charisma: 1750>1800]

[Intelligence: 1350>1400]

Feeling pleased with his progress, Archer couldn't help but feel excited as he saw his mana level approach 10,000.

Walking along, he pulled out a bottle of Honey Brew and started drinking it.

When he finished, Sera plopped down on his shoulder and curled up falling asleep after eating all those insects.

Archer journeyed for hours, but all he saw was an endless expanse of desert. As he looked up, he noticed the sun beginning to set, prompting him to retreat to his Domain and take a refreshing bath.

Entering his Domain, Archer noticed the same sun setting in the distance.

Looking around, Archer spotted a group of kids running around.

In the empty field behind the tent city, he could see Mohemet training about 100 men.

With a smile on his face, Archer made his way to the cottage.

As he entered, he was greeted by the delightful aroma of wildflowers and freshly baked bread.

Archer saw a few brownies cooking in the kitchen and they turned around to spot him.

They started rushing around, loading up a plate full of food.

As they walked over to him with smiles on their little faces, they spoke.

"Master Archer here is some food for you."

Smiling at the little brownies as he took the plate of food and made his way over to the balcony.

"Thank you," he said.

After the two brownies bowed and went off to continue cooking, Archer made his way over to the balcony.

He sat down and started to eat the delicious food they had prepared for him, he was enjoying the bread they baked.

They gave him some bacon-looking meat, some bread, and some other meat.

Looking out over his Domain he gazed out at the sprawling tent city and the other wooden buildings stretching into the distance.

Beyond them, he could see a beautiful lake shimmering in the sunlight, and a majestic mountain range rising up in the distance.

Closing his eyes he imagined the Domain growing in size. The land around everything he created becomes a sea of grassland as far as the eyes can see.

Archer created a large lake and a massive redwood forest in the west, while adding every peaceful beast he could think of.

He opened his eyes as he shook his head and checked his mana.

[Mana: 3000/9080]

Seeing he had 3000 mana left he decided to continue, closing his eyes again. He started picturing loads of lake beasts roaming in the massive lake in the west.

Finishing up he stood and made his way to the bedroom while undressing, he entered a room and jumped into bed.

Sera saw him and followed him to bed, curling up next to him.

As the morning light began to filter through the window, Archer stirred from his slumber and slowly opened his eyes.

He sat up in bed as he stretched his arms, feeling the stiffness of sleep leaving his body.

Grabbing his clothes from his Item box, he began to put them back on, one by one.

First his shirt, then his pants, and finally his long boots.

Casting cleanse on himself as he pulled out a meat wrap, as he did Sera opened her little red eyes and pounced at him.

She grabbed the meat wrap and flew off as she let out a giggle sound.

"Stop taking my food Sera!"

Pulling out another as he exited the Domain.

As Archer stepped out of his domain, he continued walking through the Haunted Dunes.

The sand shifted beneath his boots, and the wind howled in his ears.

Summoning his Draconic Form.

'Draconis.'

All of his features, except for his teeth and claws, were visible as his wings extended and he smiled.

Sera crawled into his shirt and clung to him tightly, much like a baby monkey.

He took off and started flying south.

Archer flew for a couple of hours before he noticed a caravan slowly moving in the distance.