

A Journey 141

Chapter 141 Gold Coins.

While searching the chamber, their attention was drawn to a collection of clothing that appeared to belong to traveling traders, it's likely they intended to sell it.

Teuila's voice resonated with excitement. "Arch, look! There are alchemy supplies here."

Archer approached her and looked into the container. It was a crate overflowing with an alchemist's treasure trove.

Inside, they discovered equipment for potion-making, ingredients, and a treasure trove of instructional manuals.

Without delay, Archer swiftly stored away the crate, along with the discovered clothing.

He turned his focus to finding any hidden gold, yet the chamber yielded only the possessions plundered from raided caravans.

Noticing a pathway that extended deeper into the cave, Archer decided to explore it, but not before collecting anything of value.

Among their findings were luxurious silks, exotic spices, and an assortment of miscellaneous items.

He stored them all and decided to sell them in the next city they came across. Once they finished, the both of them proceeded down the pathway.

After walking for a little while, they came across another chamber. Archer used his Aura Detector and received five pings in response.

He turned to Teuila and spoke. "There are five bandits in the next chamber. Do you want to take them on this time?"

She nodded and made her way to the chamber while holding her daggers. Teuila entered, catching the attention of the five bandits who stared at her in disbelief.

With a swift motion, she drew her twin daggers, their gleaming blades reflecting the flickering light of the chamber.

The bandits, armed with various weapons, encircled her, their eyes filled with a mix of greed and lust when they looked at her.

In a blur of movement, Teuila lunged forward, her daggers slashing through the air. She skillfully parried the bandits' attacks, countering with precise strikes of her own.

The clash of steel resounded, accompanied by the sounds of grunts and battle cries.

Teuila danced nimbly around her opponents, effortlessly evading their strikes while delivering swift and lethal blows.

Her movements were fluid and seamless as if the daggers were mere extensions of her own body.

With each calculated strike, she demonstrated her agility and mastery, leaving the bandits bewildered and vulnerable.

One by one, the bandits died to her blades as her daggers found their targets with deadly accuracy, their cries of pain mingling with the metallic echoes of combat.

Teuila's blades twirled in a whirlwind of lethal precision, her strikes seamlessly merging into a deadly dance.

With remarkable speed and agility, she adeptly exploited the bandit's weaknesses. Their defenses crumbled under the weight of her daggers, unable to withstand her swift and deadly attacks.

As the last bandit fell to the ground, gasping for breath and defeated, Teuila stood tall amidst the aftermath of the battle.

Her daggers were stained with the blood of her fallen foes, a testament to her combat prowess.

Silence enveloped the chamber, broken solely by the rhythmic sound of her controlled breaths.

A triumphant smile graced her lips as she turned to Archer. "That wasn't so bad, was it?" She quipped, her voice filled with a mixture of exhilaration and satisfaction.

Archer's smile widened as he witnessed her joy. "That was brilliant, Teuila! You were like a storm in battle."

She smiled as he gathered the hearts. After searching the chamber, he stumbled upon their hidden stash of gold coins.

The chest had been expertly concealed beneath a loose stone, skillfully disguising its true location. Teuila was the first to spot it and motioned for Archer to join her.

Working together, they removed the stone and lifted the chest, revealing its impressive size. Archer's eyes shimmered with excitement, eliciting a laugh from Teuila as she settled down to observe.

Amidst her laughter, Teuila jokingly muttered to herself, "Greedy dragon."

With eager anticipation, Archer swiftly opened the chest, revealing a trove of gold and silver coins, interspersed with gleaming gems.

Securing the chest in his Item box, Archer gestured for Teuila to follow him as they made their way out of the cave.

However, as they emerged into the open, Ella materialized before them, causing both of them to jump in surprise.

Upon witnessing the scene, Ella couldn't contain her laughter, amused by the exchange.

"Sorry for the delay, guys. Mama was talking my ear off. But it was nice catching up with her. By the way, I checked on Sarah. She's perfectly fine. A brownie named Cinnamon has been taking care of her."

Turning her attention to Teuila, Ella continued, her voice filled with excitement. "Mama wants to meet you and have a meal together, just the three of us."

Teuila nodded, intrigued by the idea. "That sounds wonderful. Should we go now? It's still early, and we can catch up with Arch later."

Ella's face lit up with joy, her infectious smile spreading. Both girls turned to Arch, awaiting his input.

Archer grinned before responding. "Sure, go ahead. I'll be busy hunting bandits and heading north. We can meet up later, but tonight would be better. I'll be flying or fighting most of the time, and it's best if you don't appear in the middle of it."

Agreeing to his suggestion, both girls gave him a kiss on the cheek and walked through the portal while engaged in lively conversation.

Left alone, Archer scanned his surroundings in search of a tree where he could relax and enjoy the hearts he had collected.

Spotting a suitable one nearby, he swiftly made his way toward it and climbed the trunk with agility. Finding a comfortable spot on the lowest branch, he settled in.

With a sense of contentment, Archer began consuming the 60 hearts he had gathered. Although focused on his meal, the lively birds darting around a tree laden with ripe fruits caught his attention.

After a couple of hours had passed, he started feeling ill. So he leaned back on the branch, closing his eyes, getting a moment of rest.

His legs dangled over the edge as he allowed his body to recuperate. While in this reclined position, he took the opportunity to assess his current status.

"Status."

[Experience: 8450]

[Level Up: 142>143]

[SP: 6>66]

[Strength: 4100>4200]

[Constitution: 4000>4100]

[Stamina: 4000>4200]

[Charisma: 4000>4100]

[Intelligence: 3550>3650]

[Blink: 4>5]

[Crown Of Stars: 0>1]

Archer was happy to find that his overall status had improved slightly. Each of his stats had seen a modest increase, but what brought him even more joy was leveling up his latest spell, Crown of Stars.

With a keen desire to maximize his progress, Archer made the decision to invest the points he had earned thus far.

He distributed 10 points to each stat, except for intelligence, which received 6 points.

'Status.'

[HP: 5000>5100]

[Mana: 25000>25300]

[Strength: 4200>4300]

[Constitution: 4100>4200]

[Stamina: 4200>4300]

[Charisma: 4100>4200]

[Intelligence: 3650>3710]

Perplexed by the amount of experience he had earned, Archer began to calculate his kills. He tallied up 50 noble guards, 55 bandits, and 1 Shadowfang as his conquests.

For every human enemy he killed, he was rewarded 150 experience, while the more formidable Shadowfang had bestowed upon him a generous 800 points.

Calculating the total, Archer was thrilled to discover that he had gained an impressive 22,550 experience points.

Taking a moment to rest, Archer's discomfort subsided, allowing him to stand up. He looked around, making sure the coast was clear, before softly whispering. "Draconis."

Instantly, his Draconic features appeared, and he leaped from the branch, taking flight toward the north.

Along the way, he activated his Aura Detector, specifically honing in on human auras.

After a while of flying, he received pings from a location further west. Intrigued, he followed the signal, leading him to a bandit camp situated in a spacious clearing near a river.

The area surrounding the camp was littered with the bodies of local cannibal tribes, indicating a fierce conflict had taken place.

Although Archer contemplated attacking the camp by sneaking, he decided against it because it was boring.

Choosing to attack from above, Archer flew over the camp and targeted the nearest bandit. With a swift descent, he struck the man with his sharp claws, taking him down.

In a seamless motion, Archer cast his Crown of Stars spell, activating it instantly. The seven vivid violet motes shot out, swiftly eliminating seven unsuspecting bandits.

Continuing his assault, Archer cast Eldritch Blasts and used the power of the Void Blaze. The relentless blaze consumed the approaching bandits, leaving behind a trail of devastation.

As more bandits emerged and charged at him, Archer swiftly swiped their legs, causing them to trip over, he then delivered several fire bolts to their skulls.

Suddenly, he sensed an incoming spell and reacted promptly by casting Cosmic Shield deflecting the Fireball spell.

Gazing towards the source of the attack, Archer noticed an older man, his hand raised, attempting to cast another spell.

Quickly casting Blink, Archer reappeared in front of the man and severed his right arm before impaling him with his tail.

After looting the man's body, he discarded it to the side and proceeded to collect the hearts from the fallen bandits.

In total, he obtained 32 hearts, along with a considerable amount of gold coins.

Chapter 142 Deep Below & The Winterclaw Legion. [Bonus]

Subterra, a concealed realm beneath the surface of Thrylos, stretches with an intricate network of tunnels, hidden from the eyes of those dwelling above.

Within this subterranean domain, a malevolent force known as The Swarm holds sway, instilling fear and terror in its wake.

Among the inhabitants of The Swarm, a race known as Ratlings holds a position of dominance, their origins shrouded in dark and sinister experiments carried out by an ancient dark god.

These winding tunnels serve as an eerie home to a multitude of monstrous and dangerous creatures.

The cunning entities within The Swarm have masterfully subjugated and harnessed these creatures.

Molding them into formidable weapons poised to unleash havoc upon the unsuspecting surface dwellers.

Deep beneath the surface of Thrylos, a vast and sprawling makeshift metropolis served as one of the many abodes for the cunning Ratlings, where they reveled in their realm of twisted ingenuity and malevolence.

Within the depths of their subterranean city, they engaged in their brutal experiments, subjecting captive humans, elves, and demi-humans to their grotesque machinations.

An air of palpable anticipation and foreboding pervaded the surroundings, as the Ratlings toiled relentlessly, driven by their unquenchable thirst for knowledge and their insidious ambition to forge new abominations.

Within the dimly lit laboratory chambers, cries of pain and despair echoed off the cold stone walls.

Bound figures, their bodies marked by scars and torture, writhed in agony as they became subjects of the Ratlings' vile machinations.

Using dark magic and twisted concoctions, they pushed the boundaries of nature, splicing and fusing together genetic material in their unholy experiments.

The chamber was filled with the stench of alchemical reagents and the acrid scent of forbidden rituals.

One by one, the captives were subjected to the horrors of transformation. Their bodies convulsed and contorted, their flesh warping and reshaping under the influence of the twisted magic.

Moans of despair turned into agonized screams as the transformation took hold. From the dark depths of the laboratory emerged a parade of monstrous beings.

Each creature bore grotesque features, an amalgamation of different races, and twisted genetic experiments.

Some had elongated limbs, others possessed unnatural strength, and a few had grotesque mutations that defied all logic.

The Ratlings observed their creations with a mixture of scientific fascination and sadistic glee.

They reveled in the chaos they had unleashed, relishing in the suffering and deformity they had wrought upon their unwilling test subjects.

As the wails of the transformed echoed through the cavernous halls, it became evident that The Swarm had birthed a horde of abominations.

In the dim light of the laboratory, the abominations lurched and shuffled, their eyes gleaming with an unsettling mix of confusion and malice.

The Ratlings, satisfied with their grotesque creations, prepared to unleash these monsters upon the unsuspecting surface world, eager to witness the havoc and terror they would sow.

Sometime later, an army of sinister humanoid monsters was waiting in a sprawling tunnel that stretched beneath a city in the heart of the central continent.

These abominations, created through the Ratlings' dark experiments, were bestowed with the name "Blightborn."

A title that perfectly embodied the terror and destruction they would bring to the surface world.

With whips cracking and chains clanging, they relentlessly drove the Blightborn onward, their monstrous forms surging with an insatiable hunger to breach the surface world.

"Fetch more Manlings for our glorious experiments, yes-yes! Engulf their cities in the fires of doom we will! Obliterate the feeble and scorch the surface, so that our wicked swarm may rise to conquer all!"

The Blightborn charged forward while some Ratlings brought down the tunnel entrance leading into a city in the Novgorod Empire.

[Saratovsk City, Southern part of the Novgorod Empire]

The relentless swarm poured into the city, emerging from the depths of its darkened parks, overwhelming all resistance in its path.

The city stood no chance against their sheer numbers and relentless force.

In response to the dire situation, the wise Novgorodian Emperor issued a decisive decree, commanding the immediate deployment of the 3rd, 4th, and 5th armies to the southern region.

Their mission was clear: to confront the invaders head-on and eliminate them without mercy.

Furthermore, the Emperor, recognizing the gravity of the situation, authorized the mobilization of the renowned Winterclaw Legion.

This formidable force was under the skilled leadership of the esteemed 4th Princess Yevdokiya Petrova, a warrior of unparalleled prowess and courage.

Tundrawalkers of the Winterclaw Legion appeared like Polar Bears infused with extraordinary power, surpassing even the mightiest of their kind.

Clad in sturdy metal armor that shielded their vulnerable body parts, their eyes glowed with a fiery red hue, while their teeth were honed to razor-sharp perfection.

Perched atop her majestic Tundrawalker, Princess Yevdokiya, affectionately known as Yev by her loved ones, observed the swarm that laid siege to the port city of Moskovia.

Her short silver hair danced in the cold winds, and her piercing blue eyes remained fixed upon the distant enemy, their horrifying howls echoing through the air.

Approaching from behind, a man with a distinct Novgorodian accent broke the silence, addressing her.

"Princess, we must exercise patience for the moment. Only the 3rd army and half of the 5th have arrived. We must wait for the full force to assemble before we can engage the enemy."

Yevdokiya watched the relentless swarm of invaders continue their assault on the city, and every passing moment meant more lives were lost.

She could feel the frustration and impatience brewing within her, mirroring the sentiments of her fellow soldiers.

Addressing her legion and any nearby soldiers who could hear, Princess Yevdokiya's voice thundered with fiery anger.

"Brothers and sisters of Novgorod! Do you hear the cries of our fallen comrades? Do you feel the weight of their sacrifice upon your shoulders? We cannot stand idly by while our people suffer! The time for waiting has come to an end!"

Her words resonated through the hearts of the soldiers, stirring a blazing fury within them.

The air crackled with tension and determination as they gripped their weapons tighter, their gazes fixed on their valiant princess.

She continued, her voice filled with unwavering resolve. "We are the Winterclaw Legion, the pride of Novgorod! We are the sword that defends our land, the shield that protects our people! The enemy seeks to trample upon everything we hold dear. They dare to defy our great empire! But we will not falter, we will not waver! Today, we charge into battle and bring the fury of the Winterclaw down upon them!"

A surge of adrenaline coursed through the soldiers' veins, their spirits ignited by the princess's impassioned words.

Without hesitation, they raised their weapons high, a resounding chorus of battle cries filling the air. The time for waiting was over.

With a swift motion, Princess Yevdokiya raised her arm, signaling the charge. The ground beneath the Tundrawalkers trembled as the legion and Novgorodian soldiers surged forward.

Yevdokiya gripped her massive bastard sword tightly as she surged forward atop her loyal Tundrawalker.

Reaching the frontlines, the mighty beast tore through the enemy ranks, decimating Blightborns and Ratlings alike.

With each powerful bite, heads rolled while the princess swung her imposing sword.

She cleaved two Blightborns in half effortlessly and pressed on with her charge, the giant bear unleashing sweeping swipes with its colossal paws.

Yevdokiya and her soldiers turned the Tundrawalker around and returned to the Novgorodian lines after dealing sufficient damage to the swarm ranks.

They didn't lose any Winterclaws but many foot soldiers fell which bothered her but they knew what they signed on for when they joined the imperial army.

As they regrouped, readying themselves for another charge, the sight of the swarm rallying and hurtling towards them gave Yevdokiya a sense of urgency.

Her voice echoed through the chaos, commanding her forces, "Winterclaws, form the wedge! Footmen, shield wall with spears at the ready!"

The Tundrawalkers swiftly arranged themselves into a wedge formation, their anticipation mounting as they prepared for another thunderous charge.

The bears, fueled by the prospect of feasting on even more foes, exuded a primal excitement.

Yet, before they could unleash their assault, a colossal eastern dragon, made from fiery red flames, descended upon the swarm, leaving a trail of destruction in its wake.

Yevdokiya's gaze lifted skyward, and there she saw an elderly man, positioned amidst the heavens, his hands swirling with mystic energy.

It became evident that he held control over the flame dragon, using it to shield their advance.

Though the fiery onslaught held back the swarm's charge, it failed to exterminate them swiftly enough.

Sensing an opportunity thanks to the Grand Archmage, Yevdokiya signaled for another charge, urging her forces onward.

As the bears gracefully bounded over the flickering flames, they descended upon a cluster of Rat-Orges, their powerful jaws tearing through flesh with savage determination.

Yet, as the conflict intensified, new foes emerged, locking in a brutal confrontation with the Tundrawalkers.

Time wore on, and with each passing hour, even the formidable Winterclaws began to succumb.

Yevdokiya, now dismounted from her Tundrawalker, fought on foot, wielding her imposing bastard sword, cleaving through scores of Ratlings with each swing.

Even with the 3rd army, the Winterclaw Legion and the Grand Archmage they couldn't stem the tide.

Suddenly, a distant horn echoed through the air, capturing their attention. Everyone's heads swiveled in unison, their eyes drawn to the source of the sound.

Chapter 143 Thornbacks.

After pillaging the bandit camp and seizing their coins, Archer ventured deeper into the Howling Jungle.

He spent hours scouring the jungle, relying on his Aura Detector to uncover the elusive bandits.

Along the way, Archer encountered traders and soldiers who, upon recognizing him, expressed gratitude and offered well wishes.

Eventually, he stumbled upon a large bandit camp nestled at the base of the formidable Grimshadow Mountains.

Approximately 200 bandits lazed about, indulging in ale and idling around.

Even from the tree he perched in, Archer could smell the aroma of ale wafting up. He continued to observe the bandits, noting only a few guards keeping watch over the camp.

With the waning afternoon sun in sight, Archer knew that Teuila and Ella would likely arrive in a couple of hours.

As he pondered a quick method to clear the camp, a smile spread across his face as an idea took hold.

Archer leaped from the branch, soaring into the sky above the camp. Hovering in mid-air, he decided to employ the Element Bolt spell to dispatch many bandits from a distance before engaging them in hand-to-hand combat.

He cast dozens of bolts imbued with different elements, raining them down upon the unsuspecting bandits.

Translucent Spirit Bolts shimmered while serene Aquarian Bolts exuded a tranquil energy with an underlying pressure.

Though some bolts missed their intended targets, many found their mark, striking the bandits precisely as Archer had planned.

Folded wings guiding him, Archer descended from the sky, fixating on the largest bandit emerging from a tent.

Startled by the thunderous whoosh above, the bandit's gaze shot skyward. In a blink of an eye, a young man with a smile appeared high above him and vanished just as swiftly.

Archer deftly employed Blink, teleporting himself just before landing. Reappearing behind the bandit, he unleashed a precise Plasma Missile that struck the bandit's back.

Hurtling forward, the bandit careened into a nearby tent, startling cries emanating from within.

Amidst the ensuing chaos, Archer laughed, his movements fluid and relentless. He seamlessly executed slashes, thrusts, and spells as he maneuvered through the bewildered bandits, leaving them no room for respite.

Using Blink to his advantage, Archer swiftly traversed the camp, striking down the remaining bandits who fell like flies.

After an hour of intense combat, Archer sat atop a fallen bandit, his breath heavy and adrenaline still pumping.

He paused, allowing himself a moment to regain composure and let the intensity of the battle subside.

Following a brief rest, Archer began collecting the hearts of the 200 fallen bandits. Satisfied with his haul, he proceeded to search for their hidden stash of gold.

Surveying the camp, Archer decided to start his search with the bandit leader's tent. He walked towards it with caution.

Entering the tent, Archer's narrowed eyes took in the chaotic scene before him.

The room was a mess, with maps, papers, and weapons strewn across the floor. The air reeked of stale ale and unwashed bodies.

Unperturbed by the disorder, Archer directed his attention to a large, ornate bed at the center of the tent.

Despite its once-grand appearance, the bed was now surrounded by disarray. Determined to find the bandit's gold, Archer meticulously combed through the tent, searching for any hidden compartments.

Curiosity sparked in his eyes as Archer's gaze fell upon the bed. Moving closer, he flipped it over, revealing a concealed compartment that housed a chest.

As the greedy dragon within him ignited with excitement, Archer retrieved the chest and pried it open. Inside, a dazzling array of gold coins and precious gems greeted his eyes.

Securely fastening the chest, Archer left the tent, satisfied with his thorough exploration of the area.

While the other tents yielded only small amounts of coins and gems, Archer decided to use his Dragon's Breath to burn the camp down.

Drawing a deep breath, he expelled a stream of violet flames, meticulously moving around the camp to ensure the tents were engulfed in fire.

Taking flight as the camp erupted in flames, Archer scanned the area for a tall tree. Spotting one in the distance, he flapped his wings with increased speed, soaring through the air.

During his flight, he observed various beasts inhabiting the jungle below. Massive creatures roamed the land, while tiny monkey-like creatures swung through the trees.

Approaching the chosen tree, Archer slowed down to avoid colliding with its branches. He landed gracefully on a sturdy limb, settling in and taking out some chocolate to savor.

Perched on the branch, Archer's attention fixated on a passing herd of dinosaurs below. Their resemblance to Earth's stegosaurus was remarkable.

'Thornbacks.'

He knew the name of these beasts thanks to the old Archr's memories. As the herd gathered beneath the tree, the baby dinosaurs began nibbling on the nearby bushes.

Archer enjoyed the spectacle until a sudden ping from his Aura Detector alerted him to the presence of six approaching threats.

Feeling at ease, he continued observing the unfolding scene. The Thornbacks leisurely grazed below until one of the larger ones suddenly became alert, sensing an unknown danger.

From his vantage point on the branch, Archer's eyes widened as he witnessed a surprising turn of events.

The Thornback, feeling the imminent threat, circled protectively around the group of unsuspecting baby dinosaurs.

Emerging from the shadows, a pack of Shadowclaws stealthily targeted the defenseless young dinosaurs.

They looked exactly like Raptors but more deadly. Archer's heart raced with anticipation as he witnessed the intense clash between the formidable dinosaurs.

With powerful swings of its spiked tail, the Thornbacks fought off the relentless attackers. The raptors darted in with calculated strikes, testing the defenses of the larger dinosaur.

In a mesmerizing display of strength and agility, the Thornbacks successfully repelled the initial onslaught.

Its massive size and menacing spikes proved to be formidable weapons against the nimble raptors. Archer was captivated by the raw power and resilience of these ancient creatures.

He marveled at the intricate dance of survival, as each species utilized its unique adaptations and instincts.

As the battle raged on, Archer's admiration for the Thornbacks grew. The dinosaur courageously protected the vulnerable young, earning his respect for the delicate balance of nature and the eternal struggle for survival.

Fully immersed in this primal spectacle, Archer silently cheered for the Thornbacks, hoping its strength and determination would prevail against the relentless raptor pack.

The Thornbacks battled the Shadowclaws fiercely, striking fear with each swing of its spiked tail. The raptors were sent flying, their cries echoing through the jungle.

With its immense size and sharp spikes, the Thornbacks provided excellent defense. It moved swiftly, preventing the raptors from getting too close.

With each encounter, the stegosaurus grew more adept at countering the raptors' attacks. Its sheer strength overwhelmed them.

One by one, the Shadowclaws fell to the Thornback's might. Its powerful tail strikes and stomps crushed their ranks, leaving no room for the relentless predators to retaliate.

Realizing their defeat, the remaining beasts hastily retreated into the safety of the dense underbrush.

The victorious beasts let out primal roars, their dominance resonating through the clearing. The babies sought shelter behind their protective mothers.

As the tension eased, the Thornbacks resumed their feeding, while Archer shook his head, reminding himself to collect the fallen raptors before leaving.

While Archer sat there, a deafening roar shook the earth nearby, stirring something within him.

His gaze darted around, and he noticed the distant trees forcefully swaying aside.

Just as his attention fixated on the approaching threat, Teuila and Ella materialized beside him. Teuila was the first to speak, "Hey Arch, how's everything going?"

Archer pointed at the moving trees as he answered without looking at the girls. "Something big's coming and I feel that it's something bad."

Both girls got worried looks on their faces as Ella spoke. "What do you mean Arch? What's coming?"

He shrugged his shoulders as he replied. "I'm not sure but my blood is boiling as the thing gets closer, and I've never experienced this before."

Archer quickly opened up a portal and told Sera to go into the domain for a while so she will be safe.

All three of them stood frozen, their eyes locked on the approaching creature. Suddenly, a massive tree trunk hurtled out of the surrounding trees, hurtling straight toward them.

Reacting swiftly, Archer instinctively grabbed hold of the girls and Sera enfolded them in the safety of his wings.

He summoned his powers and cast the Cosmic Shield just in the nick of time, creating a protective barrier.

The impact was tremendous as the tree collided with the shield, sending the trio hurtling through the air like a speeding bullet.

Despite the chaos, Archer held the girls tightly, his wings shielding them even more. As they crashed through trees and rocks, Ella's panic was palpable, her voice filled with fear.

Teuila, on the other hand, remained surprisingly calm and composed. Her worry for Archer's safety outweighed any personal concerns.

After a turbulent journey, they finally came to a stop, landing over a mile away from the chaos.

Archer's body was bruised and battered, but he paid it no mind, relieved that the girls had escaped with minimal injuries.

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They looked exactly like Raptors but more deadly. Archer's heart raced with anticipation as he witnessed the intense clash between the formidable dinosaurs.

With powerful swings of its spiked tail, the Thornbacks fought off the relentless attackers. The raptors darted in with calculated strikes, testing the defenses of the larger dinosaur.

In a mesmerizing display of strength and agility, the Thornbacks successfully repelled the initial onslaught.

Its massive size and menacing spikes proved to be formidable weapons against the nimble raptors. Archer was captivated by the raw power and resilience of these ancient creatures.

He marveled at the intricate dance of survival, as each species utilized its unique adaptations and instincts.

As the battle raged on, Archer's admiration for the Thornbacks grew. The dinosaur courageously protected the vulnerable young, earning his respect for the delicate balance of nature and the eternal struggle for survival.

Fully immersed in this primal spectacle, Archer silently cheered for the Thornbacks, hoping its strength and determination would prevail against the relentless raptor pack.

The Thornbacks battled the Shadowclaws fiercely, striking fear with each swing of its spiked tail. The raptors were sent flying, their cries echoing through the jungle.

With its immense size and sharp spikes, the Thornbacks provided excellent defense. It moved swiftly, preventing the raptors from getting too close.

With each encounter, the stegosaurus grew more adept at countering the raptors' attacks. Its sheer strength overwhelmed them.

One by one, the Shadowclaws fell to the Thornback's might. Its powerful tail strikes and stomps crushed their ranks, leaving no room for the relentless predators to retaliate.

Realizing their defeat, the remaining beasts hastily retreated into the safety of the dense underbrush.

The victorious beasts let out primal roars, their dominance resonating through the clearing. The babies sought shelter behind their protective mothers.

As the tension eased, the Thornbacks resumed their feeding, while Archer shook his head, reminding himself to collect the fallen raptors before leaving.

While Archer sat there, a deafening roar shook the earth nearby, stirring something within him.

His gaze darted around, and he noticed the distant trees forcefully swaying aside.

Just as his attention fixated on the approaching threat, Teuila and Ella materialized beside him. Teuila was the first to speak, "Hey Arch, how's everything going?"

Archer pointed at the moving trees as he answered without looking at the girls. "Something big's coming and I feel that it's something bad."

Both girls got worried looks on their faces as Ella spoke. "What do you mean Arch? What's coming?"

He shrugged his shoulders as he replied. "I'm not sure but my blood is boiling as the thing gets closer, and I've never experienced this before."

Archer quickly opened up a portal and told Sera to go into the domain for a while so she will be safe.

All three of them stood frozen, their eyes locked on the approaching creature. Suddenly, a massive tree trunk hurtled out of the surrounding trees, hurtling straight toward them.

Reacting swiftly, Archer instinctively grabbed hold of the girls and Sera enfolded them in the safety of his wings.

He summoned his powers and cast the Cosmic Shield just in the nick of time, creating a protective barrier.

The impact was tremendous as the tree collided with the shield, sending the trio hurtling through the air like a speeding bullet.

Despite the chaos, Archer held the girls tightly, his wings shielding them even more. As they crashed through trees and rocks, Ella's panic was palpable, her voice filled with fear.

Teuila, on the other hand, remained surprisingly calm and composed. Her worry for Archer's safety outweighed any personal concerns.

After a turbulent journey, they finally came to a stop, landing over a mile away from the chaos.

Archer's body was bruised and battered, but he paid it no mind, relieved that the girls had escaped with minimal injuries.

Chapter 143 Thornbacks.

After pillaging the bandit camp and seizing their coins, Archer ventured deeper into the Howling Jungle.

He spent hours scouring the jungle, relying on his Aura Detector to uncover the elusive bandits.

Along the way, Archer encountered traders and soldiers who, upon recognizing him, expressed gratitude and offered well wishes.

Eventually, he stumbled upon a large bandit camp nestled at the base of the formidable Grimshadow Mountains.

Approximately 200 bandits lazed about, indulging in ale and idling around.

Even from the tree he perched in, Archer could smell the aroma of ale wafting up. He continued to observe the bandits, noting only a few guards keeping watch over the camp.

With the waning afternoon sun in sight, Archer knew that Teuila and Ella would likely arrive in a couple of hours.

As he pondered a quick method to clear the camp, a smile spread across his face as an idea took hold.

Archer leaped from the branch, soaring into the sky above the camp. Hovering in mid-air, he decided to employ the Element Bolt spell to dispatch many bandits from a distance before engaging them in hand-to-hand combat.

He cast dozens of bolts imbued with different elements, raining them down upon the unsuspecting bandits.

Translucent Spirit Bolts shimmered while serene Aquarian Bolts exuded a tranquil energy with an underlying pressure.

Though some bolts missed their intended targets, many found their mark, striking the bandits precisely as Archer had planned.

Folded wings guiding him, Archer descended from the sky, fixating on the largest bandit emerging from a tent.

Startled by the thunderous whoosh above, the bandit's gaze shot skyward. In a blink of an eye, a young man with a smile appeared high above him and vanished just as swiftly.

Archer deftly employed Blink, teleporting himself just before landing. Reappearing behind the bandit, he unleashed a precise Plasma Missile that struck the bandit's back.

Hurtling forward, the bandit careened into a nearby tent, startling cries emanating from within.

Amidst the ensuing chaos, Archer laughed, his movements fluid and relentless. He seamlessly executed slashes, thrusts, and spells as he maneuvered through the bewildered bandits, leaving them no room for respite.

Using Blink to his advantage, Archer swiftly traversed the camp, striking down the remaining bandits who fell like flies.

After an hour of intense combat, Archer sat atop a fallen bandit, his breath heavy and adrenaline still pumping.

He paused, allowing himself a moment to regain composure and let the intensity of the battle subside.

Following a brief rest, Archer began collecting the hearts of the 200 fallen bandits. Satisfied with his haul, he proceeded to search for their hidden stash of gold.

Surveying the camp, Archer decided to start his search with the bandit leader's tent. He walked towards it with caution.

Entering the tent, Archer's narrowed eyes took in the chaotic scene before him.

The room was a mess, with maps, papers, and weapons strewn across the floor. The air reeked of stale ale and unwashed bodies.

Unperturbed by the disorder, Archer directed his attention to a large, ornate bed at the center of the tent.

Despite its once-grand appearance, the bed was now surrounded by disarray. Determined to find the bandit's gold, Archer meticulously combed through the tent, searching for any hidden compartments.

Curiosity sparked in his eyes as Archer's gaze fell upon the bed. Moving closer, he flipped it over, revealing a concealed compartment that housed a chest.

As the greedy dragon within him ignited with excitement, Archer retrieved the chest and pried it open. Inside, a dazzling array of gold coins and precious gems greeted his eyes.

Securely fastening the chest, Archer left the tent, satisfied with his thorough exploration of the area.

While the other tents yielded only small amounts of coins and gems, Archer decided to use his Dragon's Breath to burn the camp down.

Drawing a deep breath, he expelled a stream of violet flames, meticulously moving around the camp to ensure the tents were engulfed in fire.

Taking flight as the camp erupted in flames, Archer scanned the area for a tall tree. Spotting one in the distance, he flapped his wings with increased speed, soaring through the air.

During his flight, he observed various beasts inhabiting the jungle below. Massive creatures roamed the land, while tiny monkey-like creatures swung through the trees.

Approaching the chosen tree, Archer slowed down to avoid colliding with its branches. He landed gracefully on a sturdy limb, settling in and taking out some chocolate to savor.

Perched on the branch, Archer's attention fixated on a passing herd of dinosaurs below. Their resemblance to Earth's stegosaurus was remarkable.

'Thornbacks.'

He knew the name of these beasts thanks to the old Archr's memories. As the herd gathered beneath the tree, the baby dinosaurs began nibbling on the nearby bushes.

Archer enjoyed the spectacle until a sudden ping from his Aura Detector alerted him to the presence of six approaching threats.

Feeling at ease, he continued observing the unfolding scene. The Thornbacks leisurely grazed below until one of the larger ones suddenly became alert, sensing an unknown danger.

From his vantage point on the branch, Archer's eyes widened as he witnessed a surprising turn of events.

The Thornback, feeling the imminent threat, circled protectively around the group of unsuspecting baby dinosaurs.

Emerging from the shadows, a pack of Shadowclaws stealthily targeted the defenseless young dinosaurs.

They looked exactly like Raptors but more deadly. Archer's heart raced with anticipation as he witnessed the intense clash between the formidable dinosaurs.

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After a turbulent journey, they finally came to a stop, landing over a mile away from the chaos.

Archer's body was bruised and battered, but he paid it no mind, relieved that the girls had escaped with minimal injuries.

Chapter 146 Do You Love Me Arch.

The Kagian soldier stood frozen, faced with the frightening presence of Archer in his dragon form, stretching 10 meters in length and standing 5 meters tall.

In a sudden display of power, his chest emitted a radiant violet glow, triggering the second-in-command to shout, "Retreat! It's preparing to attack!"

Panic gripped the soldiers as they scattered in an attempt to escape.

Meanwhile, Ella swiftly drew her bow and released a barrage of piercing arrows, skillfully taking down the fleeing soldiers with lethal precision.

One of her arrows found its mark, striking a soldier's leg and causing him to collapse to the ground.

Seizing the moment, Archer released a mighty breath, engulfing a large group of Kagians in flames.

Their bodies were consumed, reduced to charred remnants and ashen bones Archer surged forward, his immense form propelling him with a thunderous impact.

With a mighty stomp, he crushed survivors beneath his claws. His massive tail swung with devastating force, clearing away men and even uprooting trees in its path.

The air reverberated with the piercing screams of agony, their haunting cries carrying across the landscape as Archer killed the fleeing soldiers.

Gradually, his fury subsided and spun around to find Teuila and Ella standing there with warm smiles.

Returning to his humanoid form, Archer approached them but before he could take a step, Teuila and Ella rushed at him.

In a moment of pure joy, they enveloped him in a tight and loving hug, their hearts overflowing.

Tears of happiness welled up in their eyes as they held him close, their bodies pressed together, their warmth mingling.

Feeling their genuine love and care, Archer found solace as his wounds began to fully heal. Within their embrace, Teuila gently cupped his face, her fingers tracing his cheek with tenderness.

She leaned in and placed a soft kiss on his lips, conveying unspoken emotions and happiness that he is safe.

After Teuila finished pampering him, Ella joined in and kissed him as well. Archer was taken aback and speechless as both girls showered him with affection.

When they were done, they stepped back leaving him standing there with a flushed face, his reaction made the girls giggle.

He scratched his cheek and spoke. "It's good to see you, girls."

Both of them smiled, and Ella was the first to speak. "I'm glad you're okay now, Arch. That battle with the giant was horrible to watch, but I'm relieved you're okay now."

Teuila chimed in, "Indeed, it was a harrowing fight. But as you asked, we kept one of the soldiers alive."

Archer agreed with a nod. "The giant was tough, and I'm still hurting. We'll handle the Kagian next and then continue."

The girls nodded, and together they approached the soldier who watched with fear in his eyes.

Archer stopped in front of him and crouched down, wearing his friendliest smile as he asked, "Where is your camp?"

The man looked at him but remained silent. Archer, becoming impatient gave him a few slaps until he was willing to talk.

At last, he found his voice. "There's a vast clearing along the banks of the Everflow River to the East. Our camp is there."

A mischievous grin spread across his face as he entertained visions of the countless treasures that awaited him.

"How many soldiers stand in our way?" He asked.

The man hesitated, only to succumb to a series of forceful slaps that forced him to talk. "There are 5000 soldiers, including the royal guard and even the royal family are there."

Archer was happy when he heard the man speak, he summoned a claw and plunged it into the man's chest, and pulled out his heart.

He threw the body to the side like trash and stood up, he cast Cleanse on himself and stretched his achy body.

The girls walked up behind him and Ella spoke. "Arch are you okay? Why don't we rest in the domain for tonight?"

As he glanced upward, he noticed that night had fallen. He agreed with her suggestion and proceeded to summon a portal, allowing the three of them to relax for the night.

Ella and Teuila entered the portal first, with Archer following closely behind. Stepping into the cottage, they were greeted by a delightful floral aroma that immediately enveloped them in a sense of tranquility.

Teuila sank into a cozy sofa, finding herself at ease, and drifted into a peaceful slumber.

As they watched her fall into a deep slumber, a burst of contagious laughter bubbled up between the two of them.

Ella, still wearing a smile, turned to Archer and posed a question that made her cheeks flush with color. "Arch, would you like to take a bath together?"

Archer's face lit up with a smile as he considered the proposition. "Yes, that sounds wonderful," he replied.

She beamed with delight, taking hold of his hand and guiding him toward the bath chambers.

Once inside, Ella swiftly began to undress, unclasping her armor and placing it carefully on a nearby shelf.

Next, she gracefully shed the dress she wore underneath, unveiling a vibrant red bra and matching panties that showcased her alluring pear-shaped figure.

Archer found himself mesmerized by the enchanting sight before him, unable to resist drawing closer and enveloping her in a tender embrace from behind.

Resting his head against her neck, he whispered softly, "Ella, you are truly beautiful."

In a swift motion, he spun her around, eliciting a startled yelp that quickly transformed into a radiant smile.

As they stood locked in each other's arms, Ella confidently removed her bra, revealing her perky boobs. Her face flushed with a deep blush, spreading to her ears.

Archer's gaze fixated on her flawless complexion and the captivating sight of her perky breasts, adorned with delicate pastel-pink nipples.

In shock, he muttered to himself, "Incredible."

Her cheeks grew even rosier upon hearing his words and sensing his intense gaze, but she didn't object. After all, it was her own suggestion that had led them to this moment.

Ella gazed deeply into his eyes, mustering the courage to ask a question that had been weighing on her heart. "Archer, do you love me?"

As he locked eyes with her, a flood of memories washed over him, reminding him of all the times she had been kind and supportive to the previous Archer, whose essence now resided within him.

He recalled the care and compassion she had shown him, and he had recently come to realize that all three girls had been instrumental in his healing since they first met.

Emerging from his thoughts, Archer nodded earnestly. "Yes, Ella. I do love you. You've been a happy presence in my life, unwavering in your support. You've never once criticized me, and I'm grateful for your love for me."

As Ella heard his reply, tears streamed down her face, leaving him momentarily worried if he had unintentionally hurt her.

But before he could respond, she continued speaking, revealing her feelings that had been silently growing for years. Her confession overwhelmed him with a mixture of surprise and joy.

Tears streamed down Ella's face as she mustered the courage to share her heartfelt confession.

"I've carried my love for you within me for such a long time, hoping that one day you would feel the same," she expressed, her voice trembling with emotion. '

"It was two years ago when you finally saw me, and since then, my love for you has only deepened. I vow to cherish you endlessly, never ceasing to love you and always standing by your side, I love you, Arch."

Touched by her words, Archer gently cupped Ella's face in his hand. "Ella, You've been my constant source of support and understanding. I'm grateful for the care you've always shown me."

Their lips met in a heated kiss, a testament to the longing and connection that had blossomed between them.

At that moment, time ceased to exist as they surrendered themselves to the intensity of their feelings. The world around them faded away, leaving only the raw and fiery passion they shared.

When they finally broke the kiss, their breaths intertwined, and their eyes locked in a deep understanding.

Their hearts are entwined, vulnerable yet full of trust. The intensity of their emotions reverberated, sparking an insatiable desire that consumed their very souls.

Ella's lips sought Archer's once again, their hunger for each other burning brighter than ever. With every touch, every caress, their longing intensified.

Their passionate kisses ended, and Ella gently took Archer's hand, leading him towards the inviting bath as he stripped off.

As they made their way to the bath, she spoke, "I was so worried when you disappeared, but the necklace didn't glow brightly, so I knew you were safe."

Without hesitation, Archer allowed himself to be pulled along, his mind still overwhelmed by the depth of their love.

While they were walking he looked down to see her well-defined, perky behind, and his little brother started waking up.

Chapter 147 Something Is Coming. [Semi R18]

Archer couldn't help but be captivated by Ella's exquisite body, with her pear-shaped hips and slender waist. She was a vision of beauty that he couldn't get enough of.

He felt joy knowing that Ella was his and grew comfortable with her being unclothed. He cherished every part of her, finding her absolutely irresistible.

As they entered the soothing warmth of the bath, a little while after Ella sat closer seeking comfort as she leaned against him.

"How are you feeling, Arch?" Ella's voice was filled with genuine concern.

He reclined in the bath and has his eyes closed as he responded, "I'm a bit sore, but I'll be alright. How did things go with your mother?"

Ella's face lit up with excitement. "It went even better than I expected! Teuila and my mother hit it off right away. They spent the whole afternoon talking and laughing. I couldn't be happier."

Arch couldn't hide his relief and joy. "That's fantastic, I'm glad they got along. It means a lot to me."

Ella moved closer to Arch, intertwining their fingers. "I had a feeling they would, Arch. They're both wonderful people, and they saw that in each other."

Arch tenderly leaned forward, pressing a gentle kiss against her forehead. Gratitude filled his voice as he spoke. "Thank you, El, for always being there for me and accepting Teuila."

Ella smiled lovingly at him. "I'll always do whatever it takes to make you happy."

She leaned in for a kiss, which he eagerly reciprocated. His hands explored her chest, his fingers gently circling around her pink nipples.

Her body trembled, and Ella drew away slightly, gazing up at him with a smile on her face as she spoke.

"I'm not ready to go all the way, but you can touch me if you'd like." Her face flushed a deep red.

Archer smiled warmly and sat her on his lap, facing sideways. As she turned her head, he captured her lips with a kiss, igniting their desires.

Their lips locked in a passionate kiss, Archer's hands gently cupped Ella's cheek, his fingertips tenderly caressing her ears.

The sensation sent shivers down her spine, igniting her senses. Their kiss continued, and Archer's hands gradually moved downward, skillfully teasing and playing with her nipples.

A soft moan escaped Ella's lips as she pulled away and put her head into Archer's neck and let out a moan.

"Uunnnggh~~" she moaned, her voice filled with desire. He felt her body trembling with pleasure, and a satisfied smile adorned his face.

Slowly, his hand ventured down her body, guided by a mixture of anticipation and experience gained from him watching porn back on Earth.

Reaching her thighs, he gently parted them, Ella's thighs were nice and thick and her honey pot was perfection.

It was neat and tidy with not one flaw, his fingers slowly crawled up the thigh causing goosebumps to break out all over her body.

When his finger touched her body jolted and she let out a really cute moan. "Uunnnggh!!~~"

Archer's smile widened as he observed her response, and he began to delicately move his finger as he rubbed her clit.

Waves of pleasure coursed through her body, causing her to tremble even more with the growing pleasure.

Archer increased his pace, his fingers gliding down, and he could feel her warm juices flowing as he continued his attack.

Ella couldn't help but release a series of moans, her body growing warmer with each passing moment.

"AAnnggh!~~Mmmnngghnn!~~AAnnggh!~~"

As her lust intensified, Archer carefully slid his finger inside her and started to gently move in and out while kissing her neck.

The sensation that this caused made her lust soar to a new level, her juices came flooding out covering his hand.

Archer continued his movements, relishing in the sound of her ecstatic moans and the wet sound her honey pot was making.

"Uunnngh~~ AAnnggh ~~" She couldn't help but moan as his attack continued.

Ella lifted herself up, her gaze hazy and intense as she locked eyes with him. Her voice, breathless and filled with anticipation, carried a hint of urgency.

"Arch... Something is coming."

As her excitement built, Archer noticed her becoming increasingly wet, and her legs began to tremble.

With a shudder, she collapsed onto him, experiencing her first-ever orgasm. Her arousal was evident as her nectar flowed out, drenching his hand.

Archer's smiled as he brought his hand to his mouth, savoring the taste, which he found delightful.

After cleaning his hand, Archer turned his attention to Ella, who was still recovering from the intense pleasure he had given her.

He gently lifted her up and carefully washed both her and himself before carrying her out of the bath.

As he cradled her in his arms, Ella gradually regained her senses and looked at him with a smile.

Archer, seemingly absorbed in his own thoughts, was taken by surprise when she spoke up with a blush on her face.

"Thank you, Arch. It felt really good."

He smiled warmly and gently set Ella down, responding, "I'm glad you enjoyed it too."

Ella blushed but leaned in for a kiss. After a lingering moment, they reluctantly pulled away and went to prepare for bed.

Archer retrieved some shorts he took from Teuila's family from his Item Box while Ella retrieved hers from a storage ring. She slipped into a short red nightgown that highlighted her beauty.

Once they were both dressed, they left the bath chambers and noticed Teuila still peacefully asleep.

Archer turned to Ella, a tender expression on his face, and spoke softly, "You go ahead and get some rest. I'll take care of Teuila and join you in bed shortly."

Ella nodded in understanding and headed towards the bedroom, while Archer approached Teuila and gently lifted her into a princess carry.

Observing the fading bruises on her skin, he couldn't help but marvel at her rapid healing ability.

As he carried her, a thought crossed his mind, 'Her swift healing must be due to her being an Aquarian.'

Archer entered the bedroom and carefully laid Teuila on the opposite side of where Ella was already lying down. Ella spoke up, breaking the silence.

"She's so precious when she's asleep. Come join us, Arch. I'm tired," she said.

Archer smiled and climbed into bed, finding a comfortable position. Ella rested her head on his shoulder, and as if sensing his presence, Teuila snuggled up to him.

They shared a laugh at Teuila's sweet gesture. He turned to Ella, planting a gentle kiss on her lips, and then repeated the same with Teuila, who made an adorable noise in response.

He quickly fell asleep, hours later he was woken up to a wet feeling on his member, rubbing his eyes as he looked down.

His eyes widened because he saw Ella bobbing her head up and down, it was clumsy but that didn't bother him as her mouth felt really good.

It was warm, tight, and amazing, every time Ella moved her little tongue it elicited a moan from him. "Mmm... that feels amazing," he expressed.

He laid back and enjoyed the feeling of a growing sensation within him. He glanced at Ella, who now gazed at him with her sky-blue eyes.

Archer whispered with a playful smile, "Something's coming, El."

She nodded as his dragon remained in her mouth. Ella continued the rhythmic movement of her head, and suddenly, something exploded inside her mouth.

To Archer's surprise, instead of pulling away like he had heard most girls do, she pushed her head further down and swallowed it all.

She sat up with a satisfied smile on her face, making eye contact with him as a small trace of cum dripped from her lip.

Blushing, she hurriedly crawled under the covers and nestled close to him, whispering softly. "I was repaying you. Did you like it? My mother once told me that wives would do that to please their husbands."

Archer couldn't resist the charm of the adorable girl before him. He pulled her closer and their lips met.

Their tongues engaged in a playful battle, with Archer ultimately claiming victory, evoking a soft moan from her. They eventually broke the kiss and shifted their attention to Teuila.

She lay sound asleep, sprawled across the large bed. Her flowing blue hair draped over much of her upper body, creating a serene and enchanting sight.

They both laughed and cuddled up, Archer grabbed a hold of Teuila and dragged her over to him.

As the morning light filtered into the room, Teuila's eyes fluttered half-open, and upon seeing Archer, she smiled contentedly and settled into a comfortable position.

The three of them peacefully drifted back to sleep. Archer was roused by the cheerful chirping of birds perched on the roof. Ella lay curled up beside him, still lost in slumber.

Meanwhile, Teuila was sprawled out on the bed, prompting a chuckle from him. Rubbing his eyes, he sat up and eventually made his way to the balcony.

Stepping out onto the balcony, he welcomed the sight of the beautiful surroundings and breathed in the refreshing air.

Settling into a comfortable spot, he savored the peaceful moment.

Chapter 148 Catch Up With You Later.

Seated on the balcony, Archer marveled at the breathtaking views of the domain before him. Majestic mountains loomed in the distance, while rivers gracefully wound their way through the land.

Each day in this world brought new wonders, and he had grown accustomed to the unexpected.

But as Archer looked up, he noticed the sky was still dark. A few stars shimmered, refusing to back down to the approaching dawn.

Thoughts of why he had been chosen by the mysterious woman who brought him here briefly crossed his mind.

However, he dismissed the thought with a shrug. He was thankful for the second chance and the joy of meeting Ella and Teuila.

As the first light of dawn graced the horizon, Archer witnessed a breathtaking transformation. The sky bloomed with vibrant hues, painting a celestial masterpiece.

Birds took flight, serenading the world with melodies that spoke of freedom and joy. A gentle breeze carried the fragrance of blossoming flowers, enveloping Archer in a symphony of scents.

The rising sun revealed hidden treasures, casting a magical glow upon the landscape. Nature's artistry unfolded before Archer's eyes, as light and shadow danced in perfect harmony.

Sunlight filtered through the leaves, creating a mesmerizing dance of shadows. Lakes sparkled with an array of colors, reflecting the beauty of their surroundings.

In this extraordinary moment, time seemed to pause, allowing Archer to fully embrace the tranquility and majesty of the world around him.

As the sun climbed higher, its light embraced the entire domain, breathing life into every corner. He basked in the majesty of the sunrise, grateful for the chance to witness such natural wonders.

He cast Cleanse on himself and change his clothes, he went back into the cottage to see a brownie appear in front of him with a smile.

It was Cinnamon the brownie who watches over Sarah, she looked at Archer with a smile and spoke.

"Hello Master Archer, can Cinnamon bring you some breakfast?"

He looked down at the small brownie standing in front of him dressed in a little Roman toga, a smile forming on his face. "Yes, please, that would be lovely."

She smiled and poofed away only to return two seconds later with a plate of meat and what looked like mashed potato with a goblet of some sort of drink.

Cinnamon spoke. "Master Archer this is Dragonfire Roast meat and Gnome's Golden Mash."

He was confused when he heard her speak but didn't bother with it much longer and thanked the brownie. "Thank you, Cinnamon."

She gave him a small bow before disappearing, leaving him to enjoy his meal. As he ate, he gazed out of the nearby window, taking in the scenic view.

The landscape was already stunning, but Archer had an idea to improve the view from the balcony.

With a focused mind, he mentally communicated with the colony of brownies residing beneath the cottage, warning them of the upcoming vibrations.

In his mind, he envisioned the cottage transforming into a magnificent treehouse, perched higher among the branches.

The only part that remained untouched was the bedroom where Ella and Teuila slept peacefully.

His eyes widened in amazement as he took in the interior. The walls were adorned with intricate tapestries, depicting scenes of mythical creatures and epic landscapes.

The wooden floors were polished to a gleaming shine, reflecting the vibrant colors of the room.

The main living area boasted a comfortable seating arrangement, with plush cushions and elegant upholstery.

He moved further into the treehouse, he discovered a kitchen and dining area fit for a feast. A grand table stood majestically, its surface adorned with a richly embroidered tablecloth.

Fine tableware was meticulously arranged, reflecting the sunlight that filtered through the surrounding foliage.

Archer couldn't help but imagine the gatherings and shared meals that would take place in this enchanting space.

The chairs surrounding the table were masterpieces of craftsmanship, intricately carved with intertwining vines and delicate floral patterns.

Nearby, a cozy fireplace beckoned him with its warm embrace. Above it, a mantle adorned with decorative ornaments and flickering candles added a touch of enchantment to the room.

Climbing up the spiral staircase, Archer's excitement grew with each step. Finally, he arrived at the loft area, where the bedrooms were located.

As he entered the new main bedroom, its charm immediately captivated him. The room exuded an aura of comfort and beauty, beckoning him to kick back, relax, and let go of all his worries.

The centerpiece of the room was a grand canopied bed, draped with flowing curtains and adorned with plush linens.

Soft rays of sunlight filtered through the canopy, casting a gentle and inviting glow that embraced the entire space.

The walls were adorned with delicate mana lights, which added a touch of enchantment. He stepped into the new main bedroom, he couldn't help but be enchanted by its ambiance.

It was a true sanctuary, a place to escape from the outside world and find solace. The air seemed to carry a magical essence, adding to the room's allure.

A smile graced Archer's face as he realized that this haven would bring endless comfort and joy to anyone who entered.

He strolled toward the room's balcony and stepped outside, only to be utterly amazed by the breathtaking view that unfolded before him.

The landscape stretched as far as his eyes could see, a picture-perfect scene unfolding before him.

Rolling hills covered in lush greenery spread out before him, sprinkled with vibrant flowers that added bursts of color to the vista.

The trees swayed gently in the breeze, casting playful shadows across the land. In the distance, a calm river meandered through the landscape, its glistening waters resembling liquid silver in the sunlight.

Even farther away, tall mountains stood proudly, their peaks reaching towards the sky, adorned with wispy clouds.

Archer stood there, fully captivated by the surrounding beauty. He breathed in deeply, savoring the crisp air infused with the sweet scent of nature.

As he stood on the balcony Sera appeared out of nowhere and sat on the railing next to him while staring at him with a twinkle in her eye.

He gazed at her, his voice gentle as he spoke, "Hello there, my cheeky girl. I sent you here because I wanted to keep you safe, I don't want you to get hurt."

Sera looked up at him, a smile on her face as she nodded, understanding his concern. They both sat there in silence, taking in the magnificent view.

After some time, Sera gracefully flew up to Archer's shoulder, landing delicately. With mischievous playfulness, she nudged his head and gently nibbled on his ear, eliciting a warm smile to spread across his face.

He began stroking her gently, savoring the moment, until his attention was interrupted by the sudden appearance of a brownie behind him.

The small female brownie bowed and spoke, "Master Archer, Truffle is here to inform you that the ladies are awake but have become lost."

Archer chuckled and looked down at the brownie, saying, "Thank you, Hazel. I'll go find them now."

The brownie nodded, then vanished from sight. Archer turned around and walked back into the bedroom, slipping into a pair of loose blue shorts and a baggy blue shirt before heading out to search for the lost girls.

He descended the stairs and discovered them in one of the lounge rooms, exploring with the curiosity of two playful cats.

Unaware of his presence, Teuila inspected the decorations, muttering to herself about his supposed absurdity.

Ella wandered around, exploring everything until she looked at Archer. A big smile appeared on her face as she asked, "Arch, what have you done this time? Why are we in a treehouse?"

Teuila and Ella both nodded, agreeing with Ella's question.

Archer smiled and replied, "Well, I wanted to switch things up a bit while I was taking a break. I thought a treehouse would be a fun change. But before you say anything else, go check out the view."

The girls shared a glance before stepping out onto the spacious balcony. As they beheld the awe-inspiring view that Archer had earlier discovered, their eyes widened with wonder.

The balcony was generously sized, offering ample space for twenty people. In one corner, a large, inviting sofa beckoned them to relax and enjoy the scenery. Vibrant plants adorned the area, adding a burst of color to the surroundings.

He chuckled at their reactions and addressed them with a warm smile. "Get ready, girls, so we can continue our adventure. I'll go fetch the giant's body. Meet me when you're prepared."

Both girls beamed and approached him, placing affectionate kisses on his cheeks. Stepping back, Ella's face lit up as she spoke.

"We're going to take a little break. Teuila needs some rest to fully recover, and we also need to have a girl's chat."

Teuila's expression mirrored that of a mildly annoyed cat, but she managed a smile and added, "We'll catch up with you later, Arch."

Chapter 149 Meeting Again.

He turned around to leave but remembered the spell books. He took out the four books and handed them to the girls.

Archer passed the books titled "Water Jet" and "Water Volley" to Teuila, a skilled user of Aquarian Magic which also specialized in water spells.

He handed Ella the books "Stone Wardens" and "Magic Stones." The girls examined the books and redirected their attention to Archer.

Teuila asked, "Are these the spells from that shop we visited?"

Archer nodded and replied, "Yes, the 'Water Jet' spell releases a powerful stream of water that can piece various types of armor, while the 'Water Volley' spell launches multiple water bombs."

Turning to Ella, he explained, "The 'Stone Warden's are golems that act as protectors. You need to cast the spell in advance to activate them. And the 'Magic Stones' allow you to summon small stones around you. With your thoughts, you can use them to attack your target."

Both girls smiled upon hearing his explanation. They thanked him and sat down on the balcony, engaging in conversation.

Standing there, Archer closed his eyes and imagined the girl's bracelets alerting him when they wanted to teleport to him.

He sensed a faint presence, ensuring that the dragon tokens remained exclusive to the Dragon-kin by implementing a security measure.

Archer summoned a brownie named Tion, who promptly appeared. Tion bowed and asked, "Master Archer, how can I assist you?"

Handing over a paper, Archer replied, "Could you please deliver this to Jethro and inform him that I will be visiting soon?"

Tion nodded, took the paper, and vanished. Before he tried to leave Sera flew over to him and landed on his shoulder.

With a smile, Archer opened a portal to the location where he had battled the giant. Stepping through the portal while stroking Sera, he emerged to find smaller creatures scurrying away from the giant's lifeless body upon spotting him.

As he stood there, he thought about his choices, pondering what to do with the massive corpse. Various ideas raced through his head, considering the possibility of selling it to the guild.

Amused by the potential trouble it would cause, he decided to store the giant's body in his Item Box. As he did so, he felt a weird sensation, realizing that most of the space within the box was now occupied.

After shrugging at the new discovery he continued his journey, walking northward. He became aware of various beast sounds coming from all around him.

After an hour of wandering, Archer came across a road and decided to follow it. In the distance, he noticed a large caravan moving along the same path.

Continuing his journey, he activated his Aura Detector, which alerted him to numerous nearby signals.

Looking around, he sniffed the air and caught a whiff of a repugnant scent. Reacting swiftly, he covered his nose to shield himself from the unpleasant odor.

The pings got closer to him and within a minute they ran out of the road and stopped but many more were still coming.

A group of eerie creatures ghastly and pale, they were ghouls emerged from the darkness of the jungle with hunger in their eyes.

They had sunken, rotting flesh clinging tightly to their emaciated frames. Their elongated limbs ended in sharp, claw-like appendages, perfect for rending flesh.

Their faces contorted into a grotesque fusion of hunger and malice, their teeth jagged and menacing. The eerie glow of their red eyes emitted an unsettling, otherworldly light, a reflection of their insatiable craving for fresh sustenance.

A putrid stench permeated the air around them, a mixture of decay and death that sent shivers down his spine.

Archer made eye contact with one of the ghouls, it let out a spine-chilling hiss, revealing a forked tongue flickering between its decaying lips.

The remaining ghouls joined in, their hissing creating an eerie chorus that echoed through the jungle, sending a shiver down his spine.

A surge of dread washed over him, but he mustered his courage, fully aware that he had to confront these unsettling creatures.

Thoughts raced through his mind. 'These are ghouls, beings born from death and dark magic. I wonder why they're lingering near the road and why they didn't attack the caravan.'

Reacting swiftly, Archer quickly cast Crown of Stars. In an instant, seven radiant motes materialized around him, casting a radiant glow in the surrounding darkness.

The ghouls became hostile at the sight, their hunger intensifying as they charged toward him, their limbs skittering on all fours.

Amidst their menacing hisses and eerie noises, Archer conjured elemental bolts made of water.

He unleashed the bolts, propelling them toward the incoming ghouls. Each bolt struck its target with lethal accuracy, piercing through their decaying flesh.

Archer continued his assault, some of the ghouls fell to the ground, their bodies incapacitated.

At that moment, the power of the Crown of Stars activated, causing two of its motes to swiftly dart behind him, eliminating two ghouls that had attempted to sneak up from behind.

Despite his continuous barrage of water bolts, Archer grew frustrated with the repetitive action.

He whispered under his breath, "Draconis."

In response to his command, Archer's Draconis features manifested, and with a mighty flap of his wings, he soared into the air.

From his elevated position, he observed more creatures pouring out of the jungle, gathering beneath him in a mindless frenzy.

Amusement sparkled in Archer's eyes as he surveyed the scene below. "They're like zombies, mindless and driven by their insatiable hunger," he said to himself.

Gazing down at the group of ghouls and thinking about his next move, Archer's face lit up with a gleeful smile.

Taking a deep breath, Archer unleashed a powerful stream of violet dragon flames, engulfing the ghouls in the scorching heat.

The intense flames swiftly reduced the ghouls to mere ashes, obliterating the once formidable horde within seconds.

The only remnants of the fierce battle were the charred imprints that marked the road in every direction.

Content with his triumph, Archer gracefully descended to the ground and resumed his journey as he returned to his humanoid form.

He walked along the road for a couple of hours, basking in the warmth of the sun's rays and relishing the breeze on his face.

Taking a moment to satisfy his craving, Archer retrieved a piece of chocolate and started to eat as he walked along.

The trade route road cut through the Howling jungle, forming a narrow path amidst the dense foliage, leading toward the Zenia Empire.

Towering trees stood sentinel on either side, their branches forming a leafy canopy overhead, filtering the sunlight that filtered through in scattered beams.

The road itself was a mixture of compacted earth and worn stone, evidence of the countless caravans and travelers that had traversed its length.

Though somewhat overgrown with creeping vines and tangled roots, the path remained visible, marked by the imprints of countless footsteps and the occasional cart track.

Vibrant and exotic flora lined the road, their colorful petals and fragrant blooms adding a touch of natural beauty to the untamed surroundings.

Colorful jungle birds fluttered among the branches, their enchanting melodies blending harmoniously with the faint rustling of hidden wildlife.

As Archer pressed on, he eventually reached a large caravan train that had stopped in a clearing to tend to the animals pulling the carriages and wagons.

Pausing for a moment, he looked at the scene, observing the number of caravan guards idly waiting for the journey to resume.

Amidst the crowd, his attention was drawn to a guard who seemed strangely familiar. avoiding any encounters, he simply continued on his way, passing by without much interest.

The man's eyes widened upon catching sight of Archer's distinctive features his long ears and white hair.

Ignoring the guard's hasty retreat, he brushed off any concerns, determined not to let potential trouble bother him.

He pressed on, Archer paid no heed to the lingering gazes of the other guards. Just as he was about to exit the clearing, a voice called out from behind him.

"I never thought I'd cross paths with you again. I've heard about what you've done. The Kagian people were innocent," the voice accused.

Archer turned around and recognized the angry husband from years ago standing there like a fool.

The man's name, Najee Khalili, resurfaced in Archer's memory, along with the recollection that his wife was named Sarwana.

He smirked and retorted, "Oh, fuck off will you. You should be grateful that Sarwana provided me with valuable information. Otherwise, you wouldn't be standing here alive."

He continued walking while ignoring the man's angry face, but Najee fucked up and marched toward Archer like a male Karen.

Archer pondered the man's behavior, it reminded him of the funny Karan videos he watched on Earth, causing him to burst into laughter.

Najee's anger grew stronger as he witnessed the boy's laughter, prompting him to hasten his steps. However, Sarwana stepped in just in time, speaking up from behind.

"Leave it dear. He's not worth your anger. We don't know what he might do if we linger near him." Sarwana cautioned, her eyes narrowing as she glanced at Archer.

Chapter 150 Scared Some Humans.

Archer locked eyes with the woman who stood by her husband, her unwavering gaze fixed on him.

Returning her stare, he spoke with a hint of mischief, "Indeed, he should be careful. One wrong word, and he might find himself in a situation similar to the Kagian soldiers."

Their faces fell, and without a word, they turned on their heels and retreated to their carriage.

As he observed their departure, Archer chuckled to himself, his mind shifting to the Kagian camp he planned to visit.

"Draconis," he whispered.

His draconic features materialized, but he chose to dismiss his teeth and sharp claws. With a mighty flap of his wings, he ascended into the sky, soaring towards the east in pursuit of the camp.

As he flew, he took a moment to check his status, realizing he had forgotten to do so after fighting the giant.

'Status.'

[Experience: 14600/15000]

[Level Up: 143>145]

[SP: 0>4]

[Element Bolts: 5>6]

[Regeneration: 8>9]

Having defeated the giant, ghouls, and Kagian soldiers, Archer gained 36,150 experience points.

Feeling happy with his progress, he stopped looking at his current status, pleased with the level-ups he had achieved in his spells and skills.

Continuing his journey, he glided gracefully over the shimmering Everflow River.

Scanning the surroundings, he searched for the Kagian Camp. After an hour of flying, he noticed a plume of smoke in the distance, indicating its location.

Archer sped up and arrived above the camp and started hovering in place, his eyes fixed on the sprawling Kagian Camp below.

With a clear sense of purpose, thousands of soldiers diligently carried out their tasks, their efforts evident in the construction of fortifications and the efficient organization of various duties.

Among the bustling activity, his gaze settled on a grand tent, noticeable by its size and the number of men guarding it.

It was undoubtedly the abode of the king. With curiosity piqued, Archer hovered closer, maintaining a safe distance.

From his vantage point, he observed the soldiers stationed around the royal tent, their eyes constantly scanning the surroundings.

The camp was abuzz with energy and a sense of anticipation. Archer thought to himself what might be happening within the king's tent.

'Strategizing? Celebrating a victory? Or perhaps discussing plans for their next campaign?'

He didn't bother any more as he flew down to the edge of the camp to grab a hold of a guard to interrogate him.

Archer dove down and stopped when he was closer to the ground, he looked around and spotted a group of guards leaving the camp.

With a grin on his face, he accelerated towards the guards, summoning his razor-sharp claws as he swiftly flew past, eliminating two of them.

Casting his Blink spell, he appeared in front of the remaining three guards. His smile widened as he unleashed two Wind Bolts at the two men, obliterating their skulls.

The lone survivor stood frozen, his face etched with fear, shock, and pure terror. His gaze locked onto the smiling boy who had effortlessly dispatched his comrades in the blink of an eye.

Archer used his tail to stab the man in his thigh, causing him to drop to the ground, and went to scream but Archer quickly covered his mouth before he could.

Standing above the panicking guard, Archer asked in a calm tone, "Is the king's wealth stored here?"

Frightened and shutting himself, the guard looked at him as if he were a bandit. He noticed his reluctance to speak.

Maintaining his smile, he slowly raised his claw towards the man's eyes and warned, "You'd be wise to talk. I won't kill you, but I can make your existence a living nightmare."

Fear overtook the guard, and he quickly divulged all the information Archer sought. The king kept all his wealth that was taken when they fled the capital when it was besieged by the Zenian army.

The king kept his treasure under tight guard near his tent. After disposing of the guard, Archer extracted all five of the guard's hearts.

After completing his previous task, Archer pondered on a strategy to infiltrate the camp without triggering a full-blown battle.

Recalling a game he had played on Earth called Assassin's Creed, he drew inspiration and devised a plan to navigate the camp silently, relying on stealth.

Swiftly dismissing his Draconic Form, he lowered himself into a crouched position and cautiously advanced toward the entrance.

However, an obstacle awaited him in the form of a heavily guarded gate that blocked his path.

Abandoning his initial stealth plan, he cast Blink to teleport himself atop the wall and swiftly navigate to the other side.

Casting it once more, he seamlessly moved through the camp, teleporting from one hiding place to another.

From his vantage point atop the storehouse roof, Archer's keen eyes swiftly identified the tent that housed his treasure.

With a quick teleportation, he materialized inside the tent, a wide grin illuminating his face.

With nimble and swift movements, his greedy hands eagerly grabbed everything within reach, even taking the Kagian's shelves for a mysterious purpose known only to himself.

Gathering all the loot, he stored it away in his Item Box. Once the tent was emptied, he promptly teleported back outside to his previous hiding spot.

Once again, he utilized Blink to return to the camp walls. With a jump from the wall, he landed on the ground and swiftly sprinted through the jungle.

In a quiet tone, he murmured, "Draconis."

Archer assumed his Draconic Form. He spread his wings, taking to the air, and couldn't help but smile as he raised his hand toward the sky above the camp.

Summoning the power of nature, he unleashed Call Lightning directly above the camp. Suddenly, dark clouds gathered above the camp, crackling with electric energy.

Thunder roared through the air as bolts of lightning descended upon the unsuspecting Kagians. The camp erupted into chaos as the lightning struck with precision, causing panic and sparking fires all around.

Archer couldn't help but laugh as he watched the flames dance and the Kagians scramble to extinguish them.

But he wasn't done yet. With a touch of mischief, he decided to troll them even further. Pointing his finger, creating the image of a fearsome lightning beast circling above the camp.

The Kagians, already in a state of panic, looked up in terror, believing that a legendary creature was about to descend upon them.

Their movements became more frantic as they desperately tried to defend themselves against the imaginary threat.

Archer chuckled to himself, thoroughly enjoying the spectacle he had created. It was a lesson they would not soon forget.

With one final burst of lightning, he vanished into the shadows, leaving the Kagians bewildered and shaken in his wake.

He flew further north and started to look for the road again, after a little flying he started following the road.

That's when a buzzing sensation for coming for a bracelet he created for himself to match the girls.

Teuila and Ella appeared out of nowhere, they started panicking as they started to fall but were grabbed by Archer and pulled close to him.

Ella turned to him with wide eyes and spoke. "Arch, what happened?"

Before responding, he glanced at Teuila. To his surprise, she appeared completely unfazed; instead, her eyes were wide with excitement, taking in the breathtaking view as they soared above the jungle.

Turning back to Ella with a smile. "Just had some fun, got some treasure, and scared some humans, oh and I burned some ghouls but that's all."

Ella finally calmed down and snuggled in closer just as Teuila did and took in the beautiful views they could see.

Hours passed as the three were flying, Archer felt something on his chest and he looked down to see Sera's little head pop out of his shirt.

She looked at the two girls who were hanging onto Archer, she then looked back to him and started licking his neck.

Archer grinned, enjoying the exhilarating sensation of flying. However, his focus was interrupted by Ella's urgent plea. "Arch, there's a caravan under attack! We have to help them."

Teuila nodded in agreement, causing Archer to adjust his course. He flapped his wings heavier and sped up, closing the distance rapidly. As they neared the caravan, he quickly cast Blink.

In an instant, the three of them materialized on the ground, their feet firmly planted. Without wasting any time, they swiftly made their way toward the besieged caravan.

As they approached, Archer summoned his claws while the girls prepared their weapons. Sera emerged from his shirt and took flight.

She circled around him while he saw the attackers, causing him to gag in disgust at their smell.

A swarm of zombies and ghouls descended upon the caravan guards with savage ferocity, their twisted forms illuminated by the flickering torchlight.

Gasps escaped their lips as they watched the guards, outnumbered and caught off guard, desperately forming a defensive line.

Swords clashed against decaying flesh, arrows whistled through the air, and spells crackled with power.

The sound of swords clashing and the eerie growls of the undead blended together in the chaos of the battle.

Archer swiftly advanced alongside Teuila, while Ella conjured mana arrows infused with the power of light to eliminate both zombies and ghouls.

Teuila confronted a group of enemies, unleashing her newly acquired spell, Water Volley. Projectiles of water shot forth, crashing into multiple creatures with force.

Taking advantage of the weakened foes, Teuila swiftly dispatched them. Meanwhile, Archer cast bolts of light, bombarding the horde.

Upon contact, the light bolts reduced the ghouls and zombies to mere ashes.