

A Journey 201

Chapter 201 Horde

The violet flames washed over Ratlings and Blightborns as everyone watched in awe. A massive white dragon charged forward, crashing into the incoming horde with incredible force.

With swift precision, Archer deftly slashed through the enemy, effortlessly dispatching dozens of creatures.

In a remarkable display of agility, Sera dashed towards him and gracefully vaulted over the soldiers, shifting into her formidable dragon form.

Sera barreled into a Rat-Ogre, bringing it down with a powerful bite. Meanwhile, Archer let out an earth-shaking roar while he cast Thunderwave.

The blast forced the swarm of Ratlings to be flung away, scattering them in disarray.

The two dragons, united in their mission, unleashed their wrath upon the approaching horde, skillfully thwarting their advance and protecting the vulnerable soldiers.

Archer's razor-sharp claws tore through the enemy ranks, while his mighty wings generated gusts of wind, sending creatures flying in all directions.

Sera, with her smaller jaws and powerful tail, fearlessly crushed and swatted away any Rat-ling that dared to come within her reach.

As the dragons fought relentlessly, their allies joined the fray, amplifying their strength and turning the tide of battle.

Teuila, a skilled sorceress, harnessed her magical prowess, summoning torrents of deep-sea blasts that crashed down upon the enemy, enveloping them in a maelstrom of watery chaos.

Nefertiti, a master of the arcane arts, intricately weaved spells of devastating power, unleashing blasts that tore through the crowded mass of creatures.

Meanwhile, Ella, a gifted archer, positioned herself skillfully, drawing her bow and unleashing a relentless flurry of mana arrows.

Each arrow unerringly found its mark, piercing the vile bodies of the creatures and steadily diminishing their numbers.

Together, the dragons and their valiant companions became an indomitable force, their combined might wreaking havoc upon the horde.

The battlefield underwent a mesmerizing transformation, becoming a stunning spectacle of raw power as Archer and Sera rampaged through the horde, leaving destruction in their wake.

However, their relentless onslaught was abruptly interrupted by the sudden appearance of a towering giant.

The giant charged towards Archer and forcefully tackled him to the ground. The impact of the collision sent tremors through the earth, resembling a mini earthquake.

Caught off guard, he found himself at the receiving end of the giant's relentless punches. His scales blocked most of the damage but he could still feel it.

With swift reflexes, Archer unleashed his tail, using it as a whip to strike the giant. The impact caused the giant to stumble back, momentarily disoriented, as a bright red flame slammed into its body.

At the same time, Sera swiftly maneuvered through the crowd of creatures and lunged at the giant's leg.

With a powerful swipe of her claw, she sliced through its leg, inflicting a deep wound that caused the giant to roar out in pain.

Not allowing the giant to recover, Archer unleashed a barrage of Elemental Fury and Celestial Beams, striking the giant with relentless force.

The spells pierced through its skin, inflicting severe injuries. Seizing the opportunity, Archer swiftly advanced, slashing across the giant's chest before delivering a powerful slam.

Overwhelming the giant, he brought the creature down and clamped his strong jaws onto its neck, snapping it with a decisive bite.

The giant lay defeated and motionless as he stood triumphantly on its chest, unleashing a victorious roar into the air.

Taking a moment to survey the battlefield, Archer's attention shifted to the horde that had relentlessly assaulted the Solari soldiers.

Despite their valiant efforts, the soldiers began to buckle under the overwhelming number of creatures.

With excitement, Archer charged forward, unleashing a barrage of fire element bolts that soared through the air and struck the horde.

Explosions erupted in all directions, scattering Ratlings in a chaotic frenzy. Seizing the opportunity, the two dragons surged into the horde, unleashing a relentless onslaught of destruction.

[The girl's POV]

Switching to explosive arrows, Ella, from her vantage point, rained down a torrent of devastating projectiles, decimating hundreds of Ratlings within minutes.

Teuila, displaying remarkable agility, leaped over the wall, seamlessly blending her magic with her swordsmanship to bring down dozens of Blightborns.

Meanwhile, Nefertiti's continuous spellcasting proved instrumental in taking out the Rat-Ogres that ventured too close to the soldiers' defensive line.

Together, Archer, Ella, Teuila, and Nefertiti fought with unwavering determination, their combined efforts striking fear into the hearts of the enemy, creating a path of carnage within the horde.

Hemera observed in shock as she witnessed the remarkable teamwork between Archer and Sera, leading to the defeat of the giant.

Inspired by their efforts, Hemera unleashed her own powers, casting Sunbeams and Sun Blasts that rained down upon the horde.

The scorching heat of the sun-infused spells swiftly killed many of the Ratlings, reducing them to ash. I think you should take a look at

The intensity of the afternoon sun amplified the potency of her spells, enabling her to obliterate hundreds of creatures with their radiant energy.

While the soldiers held their ground, utilizing their spears to impale numerous Ratlings and Blightborns, the relentless tide of the enemy seemed endless.

The spears were launched like arrows, taking out dozens of adversaries, but the soldiers began to be pushed back.

However, their despair turned to hope as they noticed the return of the white dragon, who had just finished battling the giant.

The dragon utilized its magical abilities and its massive body to clear the battlefield, providing a much-needed reprieve for the soldiers.

Teuila gracefully danced through the horde of creatures, wielding her sword and harnessing Aquarian magic to thin out their numbers, fighting alongside Archer and Sera.

Her sword moved with deadly precision, swiftly slicing through the ranks of Ratlings and Blightborns.

Her movements were a symphony of skill and grace, akin to a lethal tornado sweeping over the horde.

With each swing of her blade, multiple creatures fell before her, their bodies severed and tumbling to the ground.

She maneuvered with agility, seamlessly transitioning from one opponent to the next, never missing a beat.

The glint of her sword reflected the determination in her eyes as she pressed forward, her strikes calculated and efficient. Her movements were a blur, leaving a trail of fallen foes in her wake.

The horde of creatures stood no chance against her prowess. Teuila's swift swordplay and calculated footwork allowed her to effortlessly cut down dozens of enemies, leaving behind a path of devastation and chaos.

Ella stood poised, releasing a flurry of arrows, each one infused with explosive energy. The arrows soared through the air, finding their targets amidst the horde of creatures.

As the arrows struck their marks, explosions erupted in their wake. The concussive force sent Ratlings and Blightborns flying, scattering their ranks in disarray.

The ground shook with the force of the detonations, creating a temporary barrier between the soldiers and the relentless horde.

Meanwhile, Nefertiti, with her eyes gleaming with pink arcane power, skillfully wove intricate spells with swift gestures.

Arcane energy crackled around her, manifesting as bolts of raw magic that streaked through the air, obliterating any unfortunate creature in their path.

Her spells tore through the crowded mass of creatures, sowing chaos and confusion. The arcane blasts ripped the horde apart.

Together, Ella's explosive arrows and Nefertiti's potent arcane magic formed a formidable combination.

The explosive arrows decimated the front lines, while the arcane blasts kept the horde at bay, granting the soldiers a momentary respite from the relentless onslaught.

Amidst the chaos, the soldiers seized the opportunity to regroup. They used this brief moment of peace to tend to the wounded, gather their strength, and prepare for the next wave of the enemy's assault.

But the assault never came as Archer and Sera went wild, annihilating the horde with their claws and flames.

[Back to Archer]

The two dragons loomed above the horde, unleashing a devastating onslaught upon them.

Archer's razor-sharp claws tore through the enemy ranks like a whirlwind, shredding flesh and bone with each strike.

His mighty wings generated gusts of wind, sending creatures flying in all directions. Sera unleashed a torrent of scorching flames that engulfed the horde.

With their fiery breath, the two dragons scorched any creature in their path. They were unstoppable, tearing through the horde and leaving devastation in their wake.

The ground quaked as they trampled over their enemies, obliterating everything in sight.

Their breath attacks, a fearsome display of power, seared through the horde, reducing it to ashes. The air filled with the stench of burning flesh as the horde withered under their fiery assault.

With each devastating attack, the horde grew smaller, its numbers rapidly diminishing. The remaining creatures scattered in fear, desperately fleeing from the wrath of the two dragons.

Soon after, Archer and Sera ceased their assault, having reduced the remaining horde to ashes or kebabs.

Archer turned his head and observed the soldiers beginning to relax. He reverted to his humanoid form and began stretching, still feeling the lingering impact of the giant's punches.

Sera approached him, still in her dragon form, and playfully nudged him with her head, causing him to stumble back.

He reached out to stroke her, eliciting a purr that resembled the sounds she used to make in her smaller form.

It was then that Archer noticed Ella and the other girls approaching, accompanied by Hemera, who came to a stop in front of him.

Chapter 202 The Mark

Hemera looked up at him with her golden eyes, flashing a charming smile. "Thank you for helping the soldiers, Archer. Your assistance saved lives and minimized injuries among the students."

He nodded and replied, "It's no problem. I gained valuable experience from the fight."

Teuila's voice filled with disgust as she asked, "What were those creatures? The creepy rats and those twisted white-skinned ones?"

Archer responded, "The rats are called Ratlings, and the others are Blightborns. The larger ones are Rat-Ogres."

A memory struck him, a book he had read about the Doom of Frostholm, a once-thriving trading city.

"Frostholt," he began, "was a prosperous trading city until it fell to unknown creatures. It became sealed off by the Frostholt wall, witnessed only by a few survivors."

Archer painted a vivid picture, describing the grandeur and bustling markets of Frostholt before its tragic demise.

"But then," Archer continued, his voice lowering, "darkness descended upon the city when the bell tolled. Vile creatures known as Ratlings emerged from the city's depths—cunning, relentless, spreading fear and chaos."

He recounted the nightmarish battles fought by the city's defenders, overwhelmed by the endless numbers and unmatched ferocity of the Ratlings.

"The people fought bravely but were outnumbered. The Ratlings, led by their twisted leaders, devised cunning strategies, and the proud walls crumbled, staining the streets with blood. Only a handful escaped the Ratlings' clutches."

Archer continued, his voice growing softer. "Their lives forever scarred by the tragedy that befell their beloved city."

Ella looked at him curiously and asked, "How do you know all this, Archer?"

He explained, "When I was younger, my aunt Sia took me to Riversong City. While she attended a meeting, I explored the library and discovered a hidden book by Draven Drakebane, a survivor of the tragedy searching for his missing sister."

Nefertiti nodded in acknowledgment, and their attention turned to the commanding officer approaching Hemera.

Respectfully bowing before her, he spoke, "Princess, it is imperative that we continue our journey swiftly to avoid encountering more creatures."

Hemera smiled and replied, "Yes, let's hurry to Ravenna before they strike again."

The commander quickly organized the troops, and some teachers expressed gratitude to Archer and Sera.

She instructed Helen and Ariadne to join the teachers, wanting to prevent any further incidents and ensure her friend's daughter wouldn't slap anyone again.

Hemera made her way to the carriage, followed closely by Archer and the girls. They entered and settled in comfortably.

Nefertiti sat beside the Sun Elf, while Teuila and Ella sat on Archer's side. Sera perched on his lap, causing her to giggle at the other girl's reactions.

Sera settled comfortably and dozed off, curling up on Archer. Meanwhile, Ella engaged in a conversation with Eleni about her experiences at the academy.

As the girls continued their conversation, Archer found himself drifting off to sleep, entering a dreamlike realm. The sweet melodies of chirping birds accompanied a gentle caress on his face.

When he opened his eyes, he was met with a mesmerizing pair of violet eyes. Recognizing them, he focused his attention on the woman standing before him. She possessed a flawless face, accentuated by a warm smile.

Noticing the woman's long ears twitching, Archer sat up and realized he was back on the same balcony as before.

The woman gracefully moved towards a chair, settling down with elegance. She spoke in a familiar voice, "It's wonderful to see you again, Arch. I've been wondering when our paths would cross once more. Please, take a seat. I have something to explain."

Archer complied, taking a seat and attentively looking at the woman, who spoke again with a wide smile. "You're probably wondering, 'Who is this mysterious woman who keeps appearing to me?' Well, I believe you already have an inkling, my little white dragon."

He looked at her while a grin appeared on his face. "It's good to meet you Tiamat, Goddess of Dragons."

Tiamat smiled when she heard his answer, she nodded her head as she poured some tea for the two of them.

After performing the gesture, she slid the cup towards him. As he took a sip, he discovered its strong yet pleasant flavor, accompanied by a delightful combination of sweet and smoky aromas.

That's when Tiamat explained, "The tea is called Dragon's Nectar. The dragon kingdom supplies me with a regular stock of it. What do you think?"

Archer looked at her and replied, "It's nice. Would you mind giving me some before I leave?" "I think you should take a look at

Upon hearing his question, Tiamat glanced at the cheeky boy and waved her hand, causing a jar to materialize in front of him.

Archer was taken aback by the sudden appearance of the jar and eagerly opened the lid. As he did, a delightful aroma rushed into his nose.

Feeling a bit lightheaded, Archer was grateful that Tiamat wasn't being stingy. He placed the jar into his Item Box, and Tiamat giggled at his reaction.

However, she soon grew serious and looked at him before speaking, "Your perceptive half-elf friend has noticed the mark. Listen closely, Arch, because I will explain it to you once."

"When a white dragon mates with his chosen woman, she gains a mark on her lower stomach in the shape of a dragon. This mark, known as the Dragon Mark, grants you the ability to feel her emotions and

teleport her to you once a day. However, it also carries a loyalty aspect. The mark will only appear if the woman is completely loyal to you and it will prevent any form of betrayal."

Upon hearing her explanation, Archer's eyes widened with the implications. He liked the idea that he could check up on Ella whenever he wanted to.

After ceasing his internal musings, he began to observe the woman before him, unable to ignore the striking resemblance they shared.

Suddenly, a thought crossed his mind. "Could she be a white dragon?"

Tiamat's laughter filled the air, drawing Archer's attention back to the present. As her laughter gradually subsided, she spoke with a warm smile, "Yes, indeed. I am a white dragon, just like you. But remember, you are the only white dragon. I, on the other hand, am the Goddess of Dragons."

Archer nodded in agreement, and the two of them began to engage in a conversation while savoring their tea. However, their pleasant interaction was cut short as Tiamat informed him that it was time for him to return.

While Tiamat enjoyed his company, she explained that summoning him consumed a significant amount of her power, so their visits had to be shorter than she desired.

As Archer opened his eyes, he found himself leaning back on the carriage seats, and to his surprise, he felt the weight of two heads resting on his shoulder and two more leaning against his body.

Looking down, he discovered that Nefertiti had moved Sera over to make space for herself on his lap, while Teuila and Ella leaned their heads comfortably on his shoulders.

Archer noticed that Hemera and Eleni were also sleeping, their figures bathed in the gentle moonlight streaming through the carriage window.

The distant murmurs of the soldiers outside reached his ears, but he paid them no heed, preferring to focus on the tranquility within.

Shaking his head with a smile, Archer took in the peaceful sight before him. The girls, their heads nestled on his shoulders and lap, appeared serene in their slumber.

Their innocent faces glowed softly, illuminated by the warm ambiance of the carriage interior.

With a gentle touch, Archer carefully adjusted their positions, ensuring their continued comfort during their rest.

Leaning back in the plush seat, his eyes were drawn to the window, where a captivating view awaited him.

The landscape unfolded like a picturesque painting, resembling a Mediterranean-like paradise with rolling hills and lush green fields.

In the distance, majestic mountains proudly stood, their peaks reaching for the sky. The vibrant colors of nature painted a breathtaking backdrop against the vast expanse of the azure sky.

As Archer absorbed the beauty before him, a profound sense of peace washed over his being. In this tranquil moment, he fully embraced the serenity that enveloped him.

It was a rare respite, a precious pause amidst their ongoing quest, offering him the chance to reflect and appreciate the wonders that surrounded them.

With a contented sigh, he briefly closed his eyes, etching the scene into the depths of his memory.

The image of the girls sleeping peacefully cocooned in the warm glow of the carriage, and the breathtaking landscape outside would forever hold a special place in his heart.

After several more hours of travel, Archer caught sight of a sprawling city in the distance. The sunlight bathed the surroundings, casting a warm glow upon the scene.

A procession of carriages and people streamed into the city, creating a bustling atmosphere.

Archer observed numerous guards stationed throughout, assisting the citizens as they made their way into the city.

Their conversations revealed the reason behind the heightened activity—the invasion of the Ratlings.

Chapter 203 Aurora Borealis

The carriages passed through the gate without any issues, and one by one, the girls began to wake up.

Archer leaned back in the plush carriage seat, feeling the gentle sway as the horses trotted along the cobblestone road.

Curiosity sparked within Archer as he peered out the window, captivated by the distant murmurs of a vibrant city. As they approached, the rolling hills unveiled a breathtaking sight.

Rounding a bend, Archer found himself immersed in a scene reminiscent of ancient Greece.

The city sprawled before him, its architecture a testament to the grandeur and artistry of a bygone era.

Marble columns proudly rose, adorned with intricate carvings of mythical figures. His eyes widened in wonder at the city's ethereal beauty.

Sunlight bathed the buildings, casting a warm golden glow that danced upon the gleaming marble structures.

Streets lined with olive trees stretched like leafy veins, bustling marketplaces filled with activity.

Merchants enthusiastically advertised their wares, enticing passersby with promises of exotic treasures. The colorful stalls created a kaleidoscope of sights.

Archer's gaze shifted upward, drawn to the magnificent acropolis majestically perched atop a hill.

The marble temples, dedicated to the ancient gods, stood proud and timeless. Archer almost imagined hearing echoes of ancient prayers and melodies of drifting flutes.

As the carriage approached the city, Archer spotted people strolling along the streets, their garments billowing in the wind.

Men and women dressed in flowing robes of white and gold, reminiscent of ancient Greeks. Some carried scrolls and engaged in animated discussions, while others held pottery or sculpting tools, revealing their artistic pursuits.

The air carried the fragrant aroma of olive oil and aromatic spices, mingling with distant sounds of lyres and laughter.

Archer found himself captivated by the city's central square, where performers enchanted the audience with a lively dance, accompanied by the enchanting tunes of a pan flute.

Ella, the first to awaken, rubbed her eyes and asked, "Good morning, Arch. Where are we?"

Archer glanced at the still-sleepy half-elf and replied, "We've just arrived in the capital."

With a faint smile, Ella nodded and sat up, while Sera and Nefertiti, still groggy, woke up with yawns and slid off Archer's lap.

They stretched and gave Archer a morning kiss before settling back down, and not long after, Hemera and Eleni woke up too.

Hemera greeted Archer with a big smile. "Morning, Archer. Did you sleep well?"

She looked at the girls with an amused smile, and Archer nodded. "It was really nice. I was really comfortable."

Archer, the girls, Hemera, and Eleni engaged in lively conversation as they journeyed toward the Solari Palace.

Their discussion flowed from recent adventures to tales of ancient legends, filling the carriage with shared laughter.

An hour after entering the city they approached the bustling noise of the palace, and the carriage came to a stop.

Hemera, sensing their arrival, stood up with a joyful sparkle in her eyes. She opened the door, revealing the palace's courtyard and numerous soldiers hurrying about with panicked looks on their faces.

When Hemera stepped out of the carriage, a woman who bore a striking resemblance to her but had green eyes rushed forward.

With a mix of happiness and exhaustion in her voice, she tightly embraced Hemera and expressed, "Hemi, I'm so relieved that you're safe. Nymphara Forest has become very dangerous lately. Pater has received reports of caravans going missing along the road."

Hemera nodded, comforting her by saying, "Mater, I'm fine. But what's happening in the city?"

Instead of replying, her mother fell silent when her eyes spotted Archer and the girls stepping out of the carriage, their attention captured by the breathtaking view around them.

Hemera saw her mother's look and giggled before introducing Archer and the girls. "Mater, this is Archer, Ella, Teuila, Sera, and Nefertiti."

The older woman smiled at the youngsters as she spoke in a welcoming voice. "Welcome, everyone! I'm Empress Cassandra Helios. Come join us for breakfast."

As she finished speaking, she spotted Nefertiti with her bright pink hair and light brown skin, which she instantly recognized. "Hati, is that you?"

Nefertiti shook her head with a small smile on her face before answering. "I am Nefertiti Sharifi, daughter of Hatshepsut Sharifi, Empress of the Zenia Empire."

Cassandra's eyes widened, and a massive smile appeared on her face. She was about to speak when the chime of an ominous bell echoed throughout the city.

Archer's eyes widened in shock upon hearing it. He remembered a similar situation during the Doom of Frostholm. I think you should take a look at

He turned to the girls and urgently spoke, "They're going to attack the city. Be prepared."

While he conversed with the girls, the two elf women approached. Cassandra spoke first, "Archer, why do you believe an attack is imminent?"

He looked at her and proceeded to explain the story of Frostholm, recounting their encounters with Giants, Rat-lings, and other creatures.

When he finished, Cassandra looked shocked. Eleni stood there in silence, unable to utter a word.

That's when the bell started to chime again but didn't stop until the 12th chime caused a massive storm to appear over Ravenna.

Archer looked at the girls with a worried look and spoke. "You girls stay in the palace and defend the walls. I'll clear up the storm and try to find out where they are coming from."

As he addressed them, the Solari commander who had escorted them to Ravenna appeared and reported to the Empress.

He walked over and knelt down before speaking. "Empress, the Emperor has sent a messenger stating that the family isn't to leave the palace. Unknown creatures have appeared and started attacking the citizens in the south and west."

Cassandra looked at the man with concern, sighed, and nodded before turning to Hemera. "Your sisters are in the palace gardens, your father has gone with the Royal Guard to the Western gate, and your brothers are on a campaign against the pirates that infest the Phantom Sea."

Hemera nodded and wished Archer luck as she watched him walk up to each girl and give them a quick kiss before summoning his wings and flying out of the courtyard.

As she looked at the group of girls, they all smiled but kept their eyes on him as he vanished into the distance.

Hemera then approached the girls and decided to wait with them, but they insisted on waiting in the courtyard until he returned.

Archer flew over the city as dark clouds gathered overhead and the wind started getting stronger, he soon spotted a rooftop overlooking the city and landed on it.

He watched as the people ran to their homes guided by soldiers on nearly every corner waiting for the

Soon after that, the once lively streets now lay shrouded in an eerie gloom, as if the very essence of the city was being consumed by an encroaching shadow.

When the sky turned dark he raised his hands to the sky after deciding to cast a new spell.

"Aurora Borealis!"

Multiple orbs of dazzling light materialized around him, each one pulsating with beautiful colors.

With a forceful gesture, Archer released the orbs into the night sky. As they soared high above the city, they burst open in a glorious display of shimmering lights.

The spell ignited, casting a radiant glow that pushed back encroaching darkness. Mesmerizing lights danced and twirled, casting vivid colors upon buildings and streets below.

Inhabitants, initially gripped by fear, now looked up in shock and hope as darkness was momentarily held at bay.

Ethereal lights swirled and pulsed, fending off threatening shadows.

He continued casting the spell, and memories of Frosthelm's fall flashed in his mind. He read about the devastating power of the swarm.

Archer couldn't let Ravenna suffer the same fate. This time, he would fight to protect the city and its people for no other reason than he wanted to.

Darkness recoiled as his spells intensified, vibrant lights overpowering its grip. The city breathed again, reignited by the brilliance of his spells.

People watched from their windows, emboldened by glimmers of hope, but their hopes were soon shattered as the bell chimed repeatedly.

The dark clouds surged back with force, forcing him to cast the spell repeatedly, illuminating the city even more, and battling against the darkness.

After finishing casting the spells Archer swiftly made jumped off the roof and started to fly over Ravenna.

As he turned a corner, a commotion caught his attention. Fierce cries and the clash of metal echoed in the air, mingling with the panicked screams of the citizens who couldn't get home.

His eyes scanned the scene, and there, at the entrance to a narrow alley, he spotted a group of Solari soldiers engaged in a desperate battle.

The soldiers fought valiantly, their weapons raised against a horde of Rat-lings that had surged out of the sewers, launching surprise attacks on the patrolling soldiers and citizens.

Archer descended to the ground and cast a spell he learned in his spare time. "Stone Wardens."

Chapter 204 Incoming

[The girl's POV]

When Archer disappeared into the distance, Ella made her way to the wall, followed by the others.

Eleni was rushed home by the Royal Guard, who escorted her back to the Duke's mansion. Once the girls were on the wall, they all sat down and began talking.

"I've never heard of Frostholm. Where is it?" Hemera asked Ella, who looked at the elf with a friendly expression.

"It's in the far north of the Avalon Empire, where Archer and I come from. It used to be a thriving city and a major trading hub for the northern regions. However, about twenty years ago, three of the five northern kingdoms fell," Ella explained.

Hemera nodded, a flicker of recognition crossing her face. "The story reminds me of a city in the Lunaris Empire, located in the north."

She rummaged through her bag and eventually found what she was searching for a small notepad-like item. She started reading from it intently.

The other girls, excluding Nefertiti, smiled upon seeing the elf's focused expression while she read.

After a couple of minutes, Hemera looked up and continued speaking, disregarding the smiles and occasional disapproving glance she received from the pink-haired girl.

"There was a city named Argos. According to accounts, human-looking creatures emerged from a fog that descended from the mountains. The city had a population of 500,000, but only a few thousand managed to escape. It was also the last known location where my eldest brother, Pericles, vanished during a trip. Rumors suggest he was meeting his lover, who happened to be a Lunar Princess."

She looked down with a melancholic expression before she continued, "The city fell 21 years ago. Ever since then, the Lunar magic core separated the peninsula from the mainland, and now it is known as Erebus Island."

Hemera was about to speak again when they were all captivated by a breathtaking sight.

The night sky transformed into a mesmerizing display of shimmering colors as the Aurora Borealis spell ignited, casting its radiant glow across the entire city.

Lights danced and twirled, creating the captivating battle of illumination with darkness. Nefertiti's voice broke the silence, filled with certainty, "That's definitely Archer's doing."

They watched in amazement as the spell unleashed its magical power, defying encroaching darkness.

The spell pushed back shadows, illuminating streets and buildings with captivating brilliance and shining brightly.

That's when Teuila called out as she looked over the palace walls. "The creatures are running around the streets causing havoc."

All the girls gathered at the wall, peering over its edge with wide eyes. Their gazes fixed on the chaotic scene unfolding below.

Rat-lings clashed with the valiant soldiers, their swords and spears clashing in a desperate struggle.

Black smoke billowed into the sky, creating an ominous haze that obscured the streets and made it hard to see anything.

For an hour, the battle raged on, with neither side gaining a decisive advantage. The sounds of combat echoed through the air, mingling with the cries of warriors and the screeches of the Rat-lings.

Just when it seemed like the fight would continue indefinitely, a low rumbling sound filled the air.

The ground shook beneath everyone's feet, and their eyes widened as they spotted tall figures charging through the streets.

Stone soldiers, tall and formidable, surged forward, their massive fists smashing into the creatures with tremendous force.

With each thunderous blow, Rat-lings, Blightborns, and Rat-Orges were toppled, their vicious onslaught countered by the immense strength of the golems.

The ground shook with each step as the golems unleashed their fury upon the enemy. The girls watched in disbelief.

Stone Wardens, stoic and unyielding, were a sight to behold as they battled the horde of creatures, their stone bodies withstanding the onslaught with unwavering resilience.

[Back to Archer]

When Archer cast Stone Warden, he was shocked by what appeared before him. However, he couldn't contain his laughter as the stone men began effortlessly slapping the Rat-lings around.

At that moment, an idea sparked within him, urging him to quickly open a portal and call out, "General!"

Standing on a random street, he observed with amusement as the stone men continued to overpower the Rat-lings without any difficulty.

But his laughter subsided when his gaze fell upon General Mohamet and a group of fully armed and armored dragon-kin warriors.

Approaching Archer with a broad smile, General Mohamet stopped in front of him and spoke, "Your Majesty, it's wonderful to see you again. How may we assist you?"

Archer still had to look up at the man he had met years ago and spent time with, and took a moment to gather his thoughts before responding.

"General, we need your help to defend Ravenna from the incoming swarm. These creatures won't be the last ones we encounter, and we need to prepare ourselves for future battles."

Mohamet's face mirrored Archer's seriousness as he nodded in agreement. "Your Majesty, you can count on us. We stand ready to fight alongside you and protect Ravenna from any threat."

Archer's eyes gleamed with gratitude as he expressed his thanks, "Thank you, General."

The dragon-kin quickly formed up behind him, aligning themselves in a neat column. He glanced at their formation and nodded with a smile as they started following him.

As he walked forward, Archer cast the Cosmic Sword spell, summoning the familiar Dragonslayer sword into his hand within a matter of seconds. I think you should take a look at

Mohamet walked next to him and spoke. "So where are we? And what is this swarm you speak off?"

He Analyzed the General before speaking to him.

[Name: Mohamet Kaba]

[Race: Dragon Kin]

[Age: 58]

[Rank: Expert]

Archer stopped scanning him and shook his head, the General didn't look nearly sixty, he looked like he was in his thirties.

He stopped thinking about it and told him all he knew about the 'swarm' and what type of creatures there was.

Just as they spoke Archer's Aura Detector picked up dozens of pings heading toward them, he turned to the General and spoke. "Incoming."

General Mohamet's commanding voice echoed through the air, issuing a swift order for the dragon-kin warriors to form a square formation.

With remarkable efficiency, they swiftly organized themselves, creating an impenetrable shield wall with their shields raised and swords and spears poised for combat.

In the midst of their formation, a figure clad in black suddenly lunged from one of the rooftops, aiming for Archer.

Reacting swiftly, he cast a bolt of thunder, crackling with elemental energy, directly at the assailant, thwarting their advance.

The powerful strike struck true, incapacitating the intruder as it dropped to the floor with a thud.

Archer approached the body and saw it twitch so he summoned his tail and quickly plunged it into the creature's back.

It let out a dying growl before falling silent. However, more noises could be heard on the roofs, prompting him to shout, "More are coming!"

The dragon-kin warriors in the center of the square raised their shields as small knives struck them.

Without hesitation, Archer cast numerous water-based Element Bolts, launching them at the Rat-ling ninjas.

As the Rat-lings swarmed towards them, Archer swung his massive sword with raw strength, lacking finesse.

His blade cut through the air in a swift swing, taking down half a dozen Rat-lings in one powerful strike. Their lifeless bodies crumpled to the ground.

Meanwhile, the dragon-kin warriors stood their ground, holding back the approaching Rat-lings.

Their spears thrust through gaps in the shields, piercing many of the Rat-lings.

Amidst the chaos, a particularly ferocious Rat-ling, larger and more menacing than the others, emerged.

Its malevolent red eyes glowed as it lunged toward Archer. Reacting quickly, he cast Crown of Stars and Elemental Fury, firing a Chain Lightning spell into the Rat-Ogre.

The bolt crackled through the air, striking the creature and causing it to stumble backward. The lightning passed through it, striking several other Rat-lings in its wake.

Archer swung his sword wildly, slicing through as many creatures as he could. However, his Dragon Sense alerted him to another Rat-ling sneaking up on him.

He spotted a poison blade in the hand of the creature and quickly whispered, "Draconis."

In an instant, his Draconic features appeared, and he used his wing to block the blade while his tail stabbed the ninja Rat-ling.

Before discarding the body, he used Analyze to gather information on the creature.

[Assassin]

[Race: Rat-ling]

[Rank: C]

They fought the Rat-lings for another hour until the creatures vanished into the shadows. Archer dismissed his sword and turned around to assess the condition of the dragon-kin.

He saw a few with injuries being tended to by others, but he approached the injured and cast Cure Wounds on them.

The men expressed their gratitude as their wounds closed and the pain dulled. They bowed their heads to Archer, who finished his healing and continued walking.

After a short walk, they arrived at the town square where a panicked Solari soldier rushed over to Arche and started asking questions.

Chapter 205 Entertaining

The Solari soldier halted before them, glancing at Mohamet before being redirected by the general towards Archer.

Turning toward Archer, the man inquired, "Who are you, and who are these soldiers?"

Archer gazed at the man before responding, "Well, I'm a friend of Princess Hemera, and I wish to gain experience by defeating the creatures."

The soldier appeared bewildered but acknowledged the boy's indirect assistance, nodding as Archer noticed and proceeded down a random street.

They walked for a while until Archer sensed more approaching threats. Reacting swiftly, he summoned his Dragon Slayer sword once again and swung it without hesitation, cleaving a Blightborn creature that had suddenly appeared.

The dismembered pieces of the body fell to the floor as more enemies emerged. The Dragon-kin warriors formed a protective shield wall and prepared their spears.

Filled with exhilaration, Archer swung his weapon wildly, reminiscent of an excited child. While some of his strikes connected with the Rat-lings, he also missed several of them.

Simultaneously, he unleashed Celestial Beams and Element Bolts, wreaking havoc among the horde as the projectiles crashed into their midst.

The Rat-lings instinctively avoided Archer's swings and collided with the sturdy shields of the Dragon-kin, impaling themselves on the spears.

The Dragon-kin withdrew their weapons and thrust them forward again, causing the Rat-lings to die in large numbers.

Archer, positioned ahead of the shield wall, reveled in his actions, cleaving Blightborns and Rat-lings in half.

Meanwhile, his spells continued to rain down on the street, creating chaos wherever he moved. Before long, the onslaught of creatures ceased entirely.

Archer and the Dragon-kin soldiers pressed on relentlessly through the streets, cutting down any Rat-lings and Blightborn creatures that dared to cross their path.

The clashing of weapons and battle cries echoed throughout the city as they advanced.

Reaching the outskirts, their eyes fell upon an abandoned church standing desolate in one corner.

Its stone facade showed signs of wear from the passage of time, and an unsettling sense of foreboding emanated from within.

Archer's gaze fixated on the ominous black bell perched above the entrance, a haunting symbol of the horrors that awaited them inside.

Undeterred by the eerie atmosphere, Archer led the way toward the church, accompanied by the Dragon-kin soldiers.

The heavy wooden doors creaked open, revealing a dimly lit interior. The air felt thick and suffocating, hinting at the lingering presence of dark forces.

Suddenly, with a thunderous crash, towering Rat-Orges emerged from the shadows, their grotesque forms looming over the intruders.

The air reeked with a foul decay as the monstrous creatures exposed their razor-sharp teeth, poised to attack.

Archer wasted no time. He swiftly exited the church and skillfully maneuvered between the Rat-Orges, slashing through their flesh with his Dragon Slayer sword.

His strikes were accurate and deadly, akin to a formidable force of nature unleashed upon the abominations.

The Dragon-kin soldiers quickly joined the fray with their spears and shields, forming a protective wall behind Archer.

The Rat-Ogres charged forward, slamming into them. It nearly buckled under their weight, but the soldiers managed to hold their ground.

Archer swung the big blade again, but this time luck wasn't on his side. One of the creatures knocked the sword out of his hand and quickly seized hold of him.

Before he could react, the creature wrapped its powerful grip around him, squeezing tightly. However, his wings halted its progress halfway.

His tail lashed out, slicing through the Rat-Ogres, but it failed to dislodge Archer. Undeterred, Archer conjured a Celestial Beam, directing it at the creature.

The beam struck the Rat-Ogre, causing it to release its grip on Archer as it stumbled backward.

As Archer hit the floor, he wasted no time. He unleashed an Element Bolt composed of fire, which seared into the creature's body. The intense heat cooked the Rat-Ogre from the inside out, ensuring its demise.

Rising to his feet, Archer scanned his surroundings and spotted a colossal Rat-Ogre engaged in a fierce battle with the Dragon-kin soldiers.

The creature flung several soldiers aside, leaving them sprawled on the ground.

Noticing the fallen comrades, Archer witnessed General Mohamet charging toward the Rat-Ogre, thrusting his spear into the creature's body.

More soldiers joined in, pinning the creature in place with their weapons. Simultaneously, another soldier swiftly sliced the beast's leg, causing it to collapse to the ground.

Seizing the opportunity, Mohamet leaped onto the fallen beast, delivering the final blow to ensure its demise.

He jumped off the creature and approached Archer who was brushing off his clothes, while the soldiers put down the last Rat-Ogre as the abandoned area went silent.

Archer looked around and didn't see or detect anything, so he made his way to the church while speaking to the General. "That was entertaining. But tell the soldiers to be on watch and stay here."

Mohamet nodded his head and rushed off to organize the Dragon-kin as he entered the building.

He cautiously stepped into the church, his eyes scanning the dimly lit interior. To his surprise, there was nothing but a massive hole in the middle of the church.

Archer could feel a sense of eerie emptiness surrounding him. Curiosity overcame him, and he cautiously approached the hole.

As he neared, a putrid stench assaulted his senses, making him crinkle his nose in disgust. However, amidst the repulsive odor, something caught his attention. I think you should take a look at pandasnovel.com

His Aura Detector started picking up dozens of pings coming from the hole. Intrigued and alert, he peered into the depths, but all he could see was complete darkness.

But all of a sudden, a creature flew out of the hole and attacked him, but he quickly raised his arms and blocked the attack.

The impact made him skid backward, he heard a thud and looked at the new creature who appeared.

A familiar-looking creature appeared but much bigger and bulkier this time, it looked like it was mutated, he quickly scanned the creature.

Name: Mutated Umbra Hulk

Rank: B

The creature towered before him, its hulking form casting a long shadow across the chamber.

Archer met the gaze of the creature, its eyes glowed with an eerie intensity, filled with primal fury.

The beast emitted a guttural roar that reverberated through the church, sending shivers down his spine.

It was a challenge, a warning of the impending battle that was about to unfold.

Without hesitation, the Umbra Hulk charged forward, its massive feet causing the ground to tremble.

He steeled himself and prepared for the oncoming assault. His heart raced, adrenaline coursing through his veins.

As the beast lunged forward, Archer's reflexes ignited. He swiftly sidestepped the first thunderous blow, narrowly evading the sheer force of the Umbra Hulk's mighty fist.

He countered with a fierce slash of his sharp claws, pouring all his strength into the strike, hoping to deliver a decisive blow.

But to his dismay, his claws merely scratched the surface of the creature's tough Chitin Armor.

The creature barely flinched, showing little effect from the attack. Undeterred, Archer unleashed a barrage of Solar Flare, Stone Wardens, and Element Bolts directly at the creature.

Dozens of Stone Wardens materialized at Archer's command, charging at the Umbra Hulk while he cast Element Bolts made from earth and thunder crashed into the creature, causing its chitinous armor to crack.

Despite the assault, the creature let out a mighty roar and pushed against the Stone Wardens, taking them out one by one.

But luck was not on its side. Archer continued to summon more Stone Wardens while simultaneously casting a Celestial Beam that tore off one of its arms.

It roared in pain, but without hesitation, Archer rushed toward it leaping onto its massive form.

He cast Eldritch Blasts directly into the creature, unleashing their destructive force. Holes appeared in its chitinous armor, causing it to crumble.

After a few minutes, all the Stone Wardens were gone. He gracefully jumped off the Umbra.

As he landed, he took a deep breath and exhaled a stream of violet fire that engulfed the creature.

It dropped to the floor dead, he took a second to recover and walked over to the hole while thinking about what to do with it.

Archer started spamming Stone Warden and ordered them to jump into the hole and start blocking it as he cast Plasma Shots, Eldritch Blasts, and Elemental Fury.

The spells crashed into the tunnel walls and started to make it crumble, he repeatedly cast spells until the tunnel collapsed on himself.

As he took in his handy work his Dragon Senses kicked in as another creature lunged at him from a dark corner.

Emerging from the shadows, the creature slithered forward with sinuous grace, its elongated body undulating with each movement.

Archer stepped back and scanned the creature.

Name: Poison Carrion Crawler

Rank: A

The creature had a segmented exoskeleton of sickly gray color, gleaming with a putrid slime oozing from its pores.

The Carrion Crawler watched Archer, its six spindly legs moving with an eerie, fluid motion.

Its elongated tentacles, adorned with rows of razor-sharp teeth, twitched and writhed in eager anticipation.

With a single bulbous eye filled with malevolent intelligence, the creature fixated on its prey with an eerie intensity.

pandasnovel.com A foul stench filled the air as the creature approached, a nauseating blend of decay and filth. Slimy tendrils dangled from its maw, oozing noxious saliva that dissolved the ground beneath.

As it drew nearer to Archer, its insatiable hunger became evident. Its maw widened, exposing rows of jagged teeth stained with the remnants of past gruesome meals.

A low, guttural growl escaped its throat, a menacing sound that sent shivers down Archer's spine.

Chapter 206 How Dare They

Archer stared at the weird-looking creature as it slowly approached him, that's when another noise came from behind him.

He turned his head and spotted another one, then another, and more appeared. They surrounded him.

A horde of Poison Carrion Crawlers surrounded Archer. Their segmented exoskeletons glistened with putrid slime, and their elongated tentacles twitched and writhed with anticipation.

As they closed in on him, Archer's instincts kicked in, and he swiftly began evading their attacks with nimble footwork and agile dodges.

With every elegant maneuver, he skillfully dodged the tentacles' razor-sharp teeth. The strikes came swiftly, but his reflexes proved equal to their relentless assault.

He ducked, twisted, and somersaulted through the air, narrowly avoiding the venomous blasts and stingers.

However, amidst the flurry of movement, one attack found its mark. A Crawler lunged forward, its tentacle striking Archer's right arm and latching onto him.

Agonizing pain shot through him as his arm was biting clean off, leaving behind a rotten stump that started sizzling.

He let out a guttural scream, the pain coursing through his being right down to his soul. But he refused to succumb to the pain and continued fighting.

With a burst of energy, he cast Eldritch Blasts and Celestial Beams into the crowd of creatures.

pandasnovel.com The Eldritch Blasts crackled through the air, impacting the crawling abominations with explosive force.

They were thrown back, their chitinous bodies rupturing from the sheer power of the onslaught.

Celestial Beams pierced the darkness, engulfing the inside of the church in blinding light as the spell incinerated any approaching creatures.

All but one Crawler was dead, but this one moved quickly and managed to catch him unaware as it plunged its tentacles into his legs making him scream out.

The creature then started biting down, causing his bones to snap in half, it started slamming him against the ground before throwing him off to the side while tearing off both limbs.

He crashed to the floor and coughed up blood but cast Eldritch Blast into the creature finally killing it.

When it dropped to the floor its tentacles fell out. Archer dropped to his knees due to all the pain, he tried to cast Cure Wounds on himself but the poison stopped any healing.

His regeneration soon kicked in but was so slow that it was pointless.

He collapsed to the floor out cold as the General finally entered after finishing the Rat-lings and spotted him laying there mangled.

General Mohemat burst into the church, his heart racing in his chest. The large room was dimly lit, suffused with the sickening scent of burnt flesh and blood.

The sight before him was nothing short of horrifying. The charred bodies of creatures were strewn across the room, evidence of a fierce battle that had taken place.

Amidst the carnage, General Mohemat's gaze landed on Archer, filling him with shock, horror, and deep sorrow.

Archer lay motionless on the cold stone floor, his once-mighty figure reduced to a broken and battered form.

Blood pooled around him, seeping from his torn-off limbs and shattered wings. He rushed over and scooped the young boy into his arms.

Mohemat burst out of the church, his eyes meeting the concerned gazes of the other Dragon-kin warriors who stood guard outside.

Worry etched on their faces, they urgently inquired about the king's condition.

"He's barely hanging on," Mohemat replied, his voice filled with desperation. "Without immediate help, he won't survive. But there's hope. Archer mentioned the princess. I believe she can save him. We must make our way to the palace!"

With an overwhelming sense of purpose, Mohemat began dashing toward the palace gates, his fellow Dragon-kin warriors following closely in support.

As they comprehended the seriousness of the situation, their worry transformed into resolute commitment.

Deep within, they were aware that the fate of their king hinged on their actions.

The Dragon-kin unleashed their fury upon the creatures that lurked in their path, fighting with a fierce abandonment to clear a safe passage for the General.

With every swing of their weapons and every blast of fire, they struck down Rat-lings and Blightborn, their actions driven by the need to protect Archer, their fallen king.

As Mohemat raced towards the palace, his mind focused on the princess and the girls who held the key to saving their king.

Each step propelled him forward, fueled by the knowledge that time was running out. The urgency of the situation pushed him to his physical limits, but he refused to falter. I think you should take a look at pandasnovel.com

Beside him, the other Dragon-kin warriors fought with unwavering loyalty. They covered Mohemat's back, fiercely taking down the creatures that threatened their path.

Their teamwork was seamless, their movements synchronized as they worked to ensure Archer's safety and the success of their mission.

Through the chaos and the din of battle, Mohemat remained unyielding.

The palace loomed before him like a beacon of hope, a place where he could find the help their king so desperately needed.

He exerted every ounce of strength, his heartbeat echoing in his chest as he drew closer to his destination.

Right in front of him, he witnessed his fellow Dragon-kin warriors selflessly giving up their lives to protect him and the king.

They fought with unparalleled bravery, laying down their lives to ensure their safety.

By the time they arrived at the palace, only he and fifteen Dragon-kin warriors remained out of the original fifty who embarked on the journey.

When they came into view of the palace wall, Teuila spotted them, and her face turned pale as she screamed, "Open the gate now!"

Ella, Sera, Nefertiti, and Hemera witnessed the horrifying state of Archer's injuries, and a wave of panic swept over them as they hurriedly made their way toward the gate.

As Mohemat crossed the threshold, they discovered that Archer was missing both his legs and his right arm.

Blood flowed incessantly from his wounds, making it evident that he required immediate help.

In a moment of urgency, Hemera regained her composure and exclaimed that her sister, Eudora, possessed the knowledge of healing magic, as Ella's attempts had proven ineffective in Archer's case.

Mohemat followed Hemera as she led the group into a peaceful part of the palace, as they traveled through the palace Hemera's mother Cassandra appeared.

She saw the state her daughter's new friend was in and followed behind, Hemera saw a maid and spoke. "Go get Eudora now and tell her to come to the dining room!"

The group rushed into the grand dining room, their footsteps echoing in the opulent space.

Spotting a corner with a lower table, they hurriedly made their way over. Hemera, her voice laced with urgency, instructed Mohemat to place Archer gently on the table.

Mohemat nodded, carefully laying Archer down as the others gathered around.

Just a minute later, Eudora burst into the room, her robes billowing behind her. She hurried towards the group, her eyes immediately drawn to Archer's battered form.

Her expression filled with concern and determination, she knelt beside him, assessing his injuries with a trained eye.

The gravity of the situation was evident in her furrowed brow. Time seemed to hang in the air as Eudora took in the extent of Archer's wounds, her mind racing with thoughts of how to heal him.

The room fell silent, the tension thick with anticipation, as they waited for Eudora to reveal her assessment and course of action.

After spending a few minutes casting healing spells and examining him, she stood up and addressed the group with a solemn expression. "He's in critical condition," she said. "There's a poison hindering his healing, and unfortunately, it seems to be winning the battle."

Ella, Teuila, Sera, Nefertiti, and to everyone's surprise, Hemera, stood huddled together, their faces etched with panic and worry as they stared at Archer's deteriorating condition.

Tears welled up in Ella's eyes, Teuila's hands trembled, and Sera and Nefertiti exchanged anxious glances.

Even Hemera, usually composed, couldn't hide her deep concern. Just when their desperation seemed to reach its peak, Eudora stepped forward, her expression filled with sadness.

She offered them a gentle, reassuring smile that carried a touch of melancholy. With a calm voice, she addressed the group, seeking to ease their distress.

"I understand how terrifying this situation is," Eudora began, her gaze filled with empathy. "But there may be a way to slow down the poison ravaging Archer's body. There exists a rare plant called Starfire Lily, known to possess unique properties that can inhibit all known poison progression. However, obtaining it won't be easy."

The group listened intently, a glimmer of hope igniting within them. Eudora continued, her voice resolute.

"To obtain this plant, we will need the assistance of the court alchemist. They possess the knowledge and resources. Time is of the essence, and we must act swiftly to save the boy's life."

The girls nodded but one was silent and unmoving as a deep rage start to overtake her and her pink eyes glowed with rage as she walked up to Archer and gently stroked his damaged face.

Nefertiti was mumbling to herself as she grew more furious. "How dare they hurt you! How dare they!"

Chapter 207 I Know You Will Make It

Nefertiti grew even angrier, leaning forward to plant a sweet kiss on Archer before swiftly turning on her heels and rushing out of the hall.

Teuila noticed her departure and approached, questioning, "Where are you going, Nefertiti? You should stay here with him."

Nefertiti halted her steps, turning towards her with a menacing expression, and responded, "Don't interfere, Teuila. Those despicable creatures harmed MY husband. They will face the consequences."

After speaking she walked out of the palace while being watched by the weary guards. Teuila watched her walk away and turned to Mohemat. "What happened out there?"

The General recounted what had happened, much to the shock and horror of everyone listening, particularly the girls who were paying close attention.

After speaking he went off to check up on the Dragon-kin and take them back to the domain to recover.

At that moment, Eudora spoke up, "The boy needs as much rest as possible. But in the meantime, let's go to the Royal Alchemist and see if he knows where we can find Starfire Lily."

The group nodded in agreement and followed her out of the hall, leaving Archer behind to rest.

The dining hall grew quiet as the girls and Hemera's family departed, leaving it empty with only Archer laying in the corner.

Meanwhile, his condition worsened at an alarming pace. He thrashed in pain, convulsions seizing his body, and his moans echoed through the hall.

Unexpectedly, a portal materialized in the center of the hall, emerging from the portal was a captivating Elf woman, her graceful steps exuding enchantment.

Her eyes gleamed in vibrant violet, radiating wisdom, while her platinum blonde hair flowed in elegant waves.

With a slender and curvaceous figure, Her attire boasted intricate designs, enhancing the ethereal beauty that emanated from her very presence.

The Elf glanced around the unfamiliar room, momentarily wondering about her whereabouts. However, she quickly shrugged off her curiosity, realizing it wasn't important.

Without wasting any time, she noticed Archer convulsing and rushed to his side, consumed by panic.

Closely examining him, she muttered to herself, "He has been poisoned. It's devouring his life force at a fast pace. Mother once mentioned encountering this type of poison."

Her eyes widened in shock as she recollected the evil creatures responsible for such a deadly toxin. "So the swarm is already here."

With her hands placed on him, she unleashed an unknown spell, harnessing her spirit magic to try to eliminate the poison but to her annoyance it wasn't working.

Several tense minutes passed, filled with mounting frustration as the spell continued to fail. Yet, she persisted, her touch was gentle as she caressed his cheek, her voice a mixture of concern and familiarity.

"Why must you always get in such trouble, my husband? I'm thankful for that strange woman who informed me about your condition, or we might never have encountered each other in the future."

The woman diligently cast various healing spells, exhausting her efforts until a vivid memory struck her.

An ancient spell taught by her mother years ago. With the memory firmly in her grasp, she began chanting the incantation:

"Gwennin hîr glawen, Aearon vîr anuir, Linnon an annon an elin, Arwen veleth a mîr. Edraith a nin a lûn, Aenar nin hîr ninui, Galadhren hûn dîn boe, Arth vae, arth vae. Amme aear, amme thalion, Ara rûthad, ara i aníron, Istatha i ven an rínen, Arth vae, arth vae!"

Suddenly, a radiant light enveloped the dining room as the potent spirit magic consumed the poison, burning it away.

Archer's turmoil subsided, and the healing process began. The woman ceased her chant, wiping the sweat from her brow, while a portal materialized behind her.

Stepping through the portal, a maid bowed respectfully to the woman, addressing her. "Princess Ayrenn. Your Father has summoned you."

Ayrenn acknowledged the maid with a nod, her attention then returning to the still-unconscious Archer. Leaning in, she tenderly kissed him.

The maid stood in shock, witnessing a side of the Princess she had never seen before.

Her gaze shifted to the injured young man lying on the table, his body ravaged by missing limbs, wounds covering him.

Yet, she couldn't help but notice the broken wings, beautiful white horns, and white scales running up and down his body.

Ayrenn whispered to the sleeping boy before entering the portal. "I'll see you in a few years husband. I know you will make it to the tournament."

She stood up and made her way through the portal, leaving the dining hall just as it was before she arrived.

As Archer remained unconscious, his battered body initiated its own healing process. The slices, cuts, and bruises that marred him slowly began to mend.

With each passing moment, the damaged skin regenerated, restoring his once-wounded flesh.

Time continued to pass, and his lost limbs showed signs of regeneration. Starting with small buds, they grew steadily, gradually becoming whole once more. I think you should take a look at pandasnovel.com

Just when it seemed like Archer's healing was near completion, the group that had returned was accompanied by even more people.

Teuila entered the room and immediately noticed that Archer's limbs had grown back. Her eyes widened, and she hurried over to him.

The other girls followed Teuila into the room and stood beside Archer. Seeing that he was healed but still asleep, they felt immense joy and relief.

Eudora joined them, when she arrived in front of him she placed her hand on his chest and started scanning him.

She meticulously scanned Archer's body, her senses attuned to the mana within his body.

As she delved deeper, a sense of relief washed over her. The poison that had once ravaged his body was nowhere to be found.

Instead, she sensed a remarkable self-healing process occurring within his insides.

Turning to the girls with a smile, Eudora assured them, "He will be fine. The poison is gone, and his body is healing itself. He is on the path to recovery."

Happiness filled the room, and the weight of worry lifted from their hearts. Each of them expressed their joy, grateful for the positive turn of events.

Considering Archer's need for rest, Hemera stepped forward and suggested, "Let's find a comfortable bed for him to rest on. He needs a peaceful place to recover."

Agreeing wholeheartedly, the group carefully relocated Archer to a cozy bed, ensuring he would find solace and comfort as his body continued its healing journey.

While he was sleeping he started dreaming, first of his life on Earth but soon changed to a journey that the old Archer went on with his Aunt Sia to Riversong City.

[Nefertiti's POV]

When Nefertiti left the palace, she cast her newly acquired spell Arcane Flight. She took off and soared through the air, she swiftly began dispatching the creatures with her lethal precision.

As she flew through the streets, she unleashed powerful Arcane Blasts at the Rat-lings that crossed her path.

Her eyes caught sight of a large group gathered in the city square, engaged in a fierce battle against some soldiers.

Nefertiti's anger overtook her when she saw them, she sped up and crashed into the group while casting Fireballs and Arcane Blasts.

Her anger took over as she cast spell after spell, each aimed at the creatures that stood in her way.

The power of her magic struck with precision, swiftly taking them down one by one.

pandasnovel.com As the battle raged on, she reached into her ring and retrieved a mana potion, swiftly downing it to replenish her waning energy.

Undeterred by fatigue, Nefertiti pressed on, relentless in her pursuit. She continued to unleash her Arcane magic, decimating the creatures that dared to hurt Archer.

Hours passed as the sun started to set, Nefertiti was tired and made her way back to the palace to check up on Archer.

As Nefertiti approached the entrance, the guards, recognizing her, stepped aside without hesitation, understanding the gravity of the situation.

Ignoring their questioning looks, she swiftly navigated through the corridors, her footsteps echoing with a sense of desperation.

With each turn, her anticipation grew, her mind consumed by the singular goal of finding Archer.

Upon reaching the dining hall, where he had been brought, Nefertiti's heart sank as she surveyed the empty table.

Panic surged through her veins, realizing he was no longer there. Just as she was about to turn away, a voice broke the silence.

"My lady, the Empress asked me to guide you to your fiancé's room upon your arrival," an older woman wearing a simple chiton said, motioning for Nefertiti to follow.

They walked through the corridors, eventually reaching a large brown door that the maid opened. As they entered the room, all the girls were gathered inside.

Ella turned towards Nefertiti and greeted her, "Welcome back, Nefertiti."

However, Nefertiti ignored her and instead made her way over to where Archer lay sleeping. To her astonishment, she discovered him restored to his former self.

A wave of happiness washed over her, and she leaned in to place a tender kiss on his forehead.

Chapter 208 Sia's Journey (2) (Bonus)

As the Dawnbreakers continued their journey along the road, Sia gazed into the distance, holding onto the slumbering Archer tightly.

The sun began to set, prompting the group to search for a suitable place to make camp. During this time, Archer awoke, rubbing his eyes and letting out a yawn.

Sia noticed his awakening and embraced him, speaking warmly, "Did you have a good sleep, Arch? We'll be setting up camp soon, and you'll be sharing my tent with me, as a good husband should."

Archer felt the urge to protest, but when he turned to see her radiant smile and her captivating blue eyes that sparkled like diamonds, he couldn't bring himself to refuse her.

Instead, he simply nodded his head, which filled Sia with joy, prompting her to plant a gentle kiss on his forehead, causing him to blush.

Upon seeing his reaction, she chuckled and thought to herself, 'He looks so handsome when he's shy.'

As the Dawnbreakers continued their journey along the winding road, their hooves creating a rhythmic echo in the serene surroundings, they finally arrived at a picturesque river.

The tranquil flow of the crystal-clear water beckoned them to pause and find solace amidst their travels.

It was then that Sia, their commander, called out, "We will camp here for the night!"

The soldiers acknowledged her command and veered off towards the grassy banks that bordered the river.

They began setting up the camp, while Archer, finding a comfortable spot near the mounts, settled down to read.

Sia, filled with eager anticipation, started preparing the tent that she would be sharing with Archer.

She looked forward to the moments they would spend together, cherishing the time as they built their connection.

It was at this moment that Valeria, Sia's second-in-command, approached her and questioned, "Commander, why are you sharing a tent with the boy? We have spare tents available."

Sia gazed at Valeria, her brown-haired friend, and confidently responded, "He is my future husband, therefore he shares a tent with me."

pandasnovel.com Valeria shook her head, unable to comprehend Sia's unwavering devotion to her own nephew.

She had heard tales of noble women in the capital marrying younger men and forming their own harems.

With a sigh, Valeria relinquished her attempt to understand, realizing that Sia had always had a soft spot for her nephew.

Inwardly, Valeria pitied the boy, fearing he may not fully grasp the complexities of the situation as he grew older.

Little did she know that the attention he received from Sia was something he cherished and reciprocated in the future, appreciating the unique bond they shared.

As the sun began its descent, casting a warm golden glow over the campsite, Archer gently closed his book, marking his place for another time.

He had been engrossed in the pages, immersing himself in a different world, but Sia's voice called him back to the present.

"Archer, come join us by the campfire," Sia beckoned, her voice filled with a mixture of warmth and anticipation.

Intrigued, Archer followed her voice and made his way toward the flickering flames that danced in the gathering darkness.

The soldiers, sitting around the crackling fire, were engaged in lively conversations and shared laughter.

The aroma of a savory meal wafted through the air, enticing his senses.

Sia made room for Archer beside her, and he gratefully settled down, feeling the comforting warmth of the fire against his skin.

The soldiers, recognizing his presence, greeted him warmly, offering him a place among them.

One soldier, whose name was Alexios, leaned over with a friendly smile and handed Archer a plate filled with food.

"Join in, Archer," he said warmly. "We have prepared a hearty meal to replenish our energy after a long day's journey."

They gathered around the crackling fire, enjoying their meal and the camaraderie it fostered. Satiated, Sia's grip on Archer tightened, leading him toward her tent.

Inside the cozy space, Sia busied herself with organizing their sleeping arrangements. She retrieved a comfortable bed, ensuring their rest would be peaceful.

Unfazed by her surroundings, Sia began removing her uniform, revealing her red underwear underneath.

Archer's eyes were drawn to her every movement as she gracefully slipped into a nightgown. I think you should take a look at pandasnovel.com

Noticing his gaze, Sia handed him a set of clothes to change into. Eager to comply, Archer swiftly changed, silently grateful for the opportunity to divert his attention.

As Archer finished dressing, Sia approached him and enveloped him in a warm embrace. Her voice, filled with tenderness, resonated in the air.

"I know how they treat you, Arch. I wish I could take you away with me, but my duty keeps me on the road. However, as you grow older, I promise to care for you as a wife should."

Confusion and self-doubt filled Archer's expression as he looked up at her. "Why would you want to marry someone like me? I'm useless now and will be in the future."

Sia's eyes glimmered with a mix of anger and love as she met his gaze.

Her words carried a resolute tone, laden with emotion. "You are not useless, Arch. Never speak those words. Your potential will bloom when the time is right."

Sia's conviction permeated the tent, enveloping them in hope and reassurance. As he listened, a flicker of belief ignited within him.

At that moment, he realized that Sia saw something in him, a hidden potential he had yet to discover.

Overwhelmed with gratitude, he tightened his embrace, bringing a smile to her face.

They settled into bed, finding comfort in each other's presence. Sia nestled close, her fingers gently caressing his hair as she shared one of her cherished memories.

"I remember the day you were born. You were so precious, but Larka could never see that. She was blinded by her own ambitions, only seeking personal gain. And your father... All he cared about was strength. He may be a skilled warrior, but he fell short as a father."

She lovingly stroked his head, leaning down to shower his face with affectionate kisses. She spoke softly, her words filled with warmth.

"But now, you have me. Even if I'm away for a while, please know that you're always in my thoughts."

As the night grew deeper and the camp fell into a serene silence, Sia held Archer close, their bodies entwined in a warm embrace.

She tightened her grip, offering him a sense of security and comfort.

Just as they settled into their peaceful moment, Valeria peeked into the tent to deliver news of a recent beast attack that had been swiftly dealt with by the Dawnbreaker Mounts.

However, what Valeria witnessed left her shaking her head in disbelief. Sia, with a serene smile on her face, was tenderly cuddling up to the boy.

She muttered under her breath as she retreated from the tent, "She's definitely a nephew-con, she truly loves the boy. I hope he can bring her happiness when he's older."

Valeria left the tent and went back to guard duty along with the other soldiers, hours passed as the two slept.

In the early hours, Archer woke up to have a pair of massive boobs in his face he looked at them and they were perfection, he then looked up and saw a sleeping Sia and started watching her.

He couldn't help but be entranced by Sia's beauty as he lay beside her. Her long, flowing black hair gracefully cascaded down her back, enhancing her captivating allure.

His eyes delicately traced the elegant contours of her face, savoring every exquisite detail.

Inevitably, his gaze was drawn to the pair of black horns that adorned her head, adding an alluring touch of exoticism to her appearance.

The striking contrast they created against her smooth skin fascinated him, evoking a sense of intrigue and enchantment.

His gaze slowly descended, and he found himself irresistibly drawn to her full, inviting lips. A gentle smile graced her face as her eyes fluttered open.

Their diamond-blue depths met his gaze, intensifying the connection between them. Her smile broadened, and she showered him with affectionate kisses, filling him with warmth and tenderness.

Her fingers lovingly played with his black hair, lulling him into a peaceful sleep, wrapped in a cocoon of security and love.

As the first rays of sunlight filtered through the tent, gently illuminating the space, Archer stirred from his peaceful slumber. He blinked his eyes open, adjusting to the soft morning light.

Beside him, Sia also began to wake, her eyelids fluttering as she slowly became aware of her surroundings. A contented smile graced her lips as she turned to face Archer, her eyes sparkling with affection.

"Good morning, sleepyhead," she greeted him, her voice filled with warmth. "It's time to rise and prepare for the journey ahead."

Archer stretched his limbs and sat up, the events of the previous day flooding back to him. He felt a renewed sense of purpose and determination.

Together, they began to dress, putting on their travel attire. Archer carefully selected his gear, ensuring he had everything he needed for the road ahead.

Chapter 209 Artemis

The girls all sat down, patiently waiting for him to wake up. Hours passed, and suddenly, Archer moaned as he began to move.

Instantly, he sat up, looking around with groggy eyes. Spotting the girls, all staring at him with excited smiles on their faces, he watched as they rushed over to him.

Archer spoke, "Where am I? Wasn't I in the church?"

His head felt foggy, but it soon cleared up when Nefertiti beat the rest of the girls and took hold of his face, giving him a kiss.

It shocked Archer for a few seconds before he returned her kiss, making the girl extremely giddy.

After a couple of minutes of kissing, Nefertiti stopped and stared at him as she spoke, "What were you doing, idiot? Why were you so injured?"

When she spoke, everyone else listened. Archer looked at her and sighed, "The creature caught me off guard. At first, its tentacles got my arm and tore it off. My healing kicked in, but soon it got me again and chewed through my legs."

Feeling really dizzy, Archer decided to lie back down and closed his eyes as he checked his status.

'Status.'

[Experience: 2000/15000]

[Level Up: 173>192]

[SP: 2>40]

[HP: 5220>5900]

[Mana: 25600>28000]

[Strength: 4600>4800]

[Constitution: 4500>4700]

[Stamina: 4600>4800]

[Cosmic Sword: 5>6]

[Element Bolts: 6>7]

[Dragon's Breath: 4>5]

[Celestial Beam: 0>2]

[Elemental Fury: 1>2]

[Solar Flare Barrage: 0>1]

[Stone Wardens: 0>2]

[Arua Detection: 4>5]

The girls started talking amongst themselves, assuming he had gone back to sleep, but Archer was actually doing some math and realized that their chatter annoyed him.

He stopped their discussions and calculated that he had earned 266,500 experience points since he last checked, leaving him content with his gains.

Archer proceeded to upgrade his stats, putting ten points into HP and five into every other stat. He checked it again.

[HP: 5900>6000]

[Mana: 28000>28150]

[Strength: 4800>4850]

[Constitution: 4700>4750]

[Stamina: 4800>4900]

[Intelligence: 4410>4460]

Feeling better with the improvements, he sat up. This time, each girl, except for Hemera, came over and gave him a kiss.

Hemera's mother, Cassandra, stepped forward and replied, "We sent soldiers to the church where you were found, and they discovered a caved-in hole. Was that your doing?"

Archer looked at this woman, who had the same golden blonde hair as Hemera but had bright green eyes and the same skin tone.

He nodded, "Yes, Empress, it was me. More creatures appeared from there, so I collapsed, but some managed to sneak through."

Just as Cassandra was about to reply, the chamber doors swung open with a loud thud.

In walked a tall and imposing man, his eyes searching the room anxiously until they found his beloved daughter.

His face brightened with relief when he saw Hemera, and he hurried over to her, embracing her in a heartfelt bear hug without hesitation.

She was taken aback but quickly returned the embrace, her surprise turning into a radiant smile.

He held Hemera at arm's length, his eyes filled with love. "Hemera, my dear, I was so worried about you," he said, his voice filled with emotion.

She smiled and reassured him, "Father, I am safe and with good friends. There's someone I want you to meet."

"I can't help but worry for you, my precious gem," he said, "Your well-being, along with your mother and sister, is my greatest concern."

He stopped fussing over her and realized what she said, asking, "Who do you want me to meet? And why are you in here?"

That's when the brown-haired man saw all the girls and spoke, "You must be the friends Hemi mentioned. I'm Emperor Agamemnon Helios, Hemera's father." I think you should take a look at pandasnovel.com

The girls gave a small bow with a smile before Hemera introduced them. "They are Ella, Teuila, Aquaria, Sera, and Nefertiti Sharifi."

She then turned to her father and continued. "Remember my friend Hatshepsut, who used to attend the academy with me?"

Agamemnon stroked his chin and nodded. "Yes, I remember that crazy girl. You two caused havoc at the academy. I'm honestly shocked you've been attending for years and met so many people, but she stands out."

Hemera smiled as her father spoke about her friend with whom she shared many fun memories.

"It's the unique pink hair; well, Nefertiti is her daughter."

He turned to Nefertiti, and his eyes widened as he nodded in response to his daughter's comment. He greeted all the girls with a smile and then turned to Nefertiti.

"So the little girl grew up and had a child herself. She was a spirited girl full of jokes. Time sure does fly by."

Agamemnon approached her and said, "Well, the same privileges your mother had are extended to you, Nefertiti, and you girls. We welcome you to the Solari Empire."

As the man was talking to Nefertiti, Archer tried to get up but ended up falling and slamming hard into the floor.

His head hit the cold, unforgiving stone floor, and an explosion of memories erupted inside his mind. His past flooded back to him, overwhelming him with a whirlwind of emotions.

He saw the moment of his birth, his mother Larka cradling him tenderly while recovering from the arduous process of childbirth.

Old memories continued to surge, forcing him to relive the hardships of his childhood and the relentless beatings endured by his siblings.

Painful moments of his mother's neglect resurfaced, adding to the weight of sadness tugging at his heart.

As the girls rushed to his side, their faces etched with concern and worry, Archer found himself unable to bear their touch.

Gently pushing them away, he distanced himself, seeking some space to process the overwhelming flood of memories.

The deluge didn't stop there, as everything he had learned on Thrylos and Earth merged seamlessly, no longer fragmented.

Finally, he came to the realization: he had never been two different people but one being.

Archer understood that when Tiamat gave him her gift, it had put up a dam blocking off his old memories.

The shock of finding out he reincarnated on Thrylos and not merely transmigrated hit him like a thunderbolt.

He grasped the passage of countless years, his heart hurt knowing that his family on Earth had moved on without him and probably forgotten about him.

The weight of these revelations bore heavily on his soul, leaving him with a mixture of sorrow and a sense of loss for the life he was forced to leave behind.

Empress Cassandra and King Agamemnon stood back, observing the strange and unexpected scene before them.

They watched in concern as the white-haired boy, adorned with four white horns and covered in white scales, clutched his head and mumbled to himself, clearly in distress.

Cassandra's eyebrows furrowed with curiosity and worry, and she exchanged a knowing look with her husband.

They both understood the importance of this moment. Not wanting to add to the boy's distress or interfere with whatever might be happening, they made a silent decision.

With a mutual understanding, they left the chamber, allowing the girls to take charge of the situation.

Archer sat down on the floor as everything returned in full force making his head spin and giving him a splitting headache.

Memories of neglect from his mother, Larka, echoed in his thoughts as he recalled the times she put him down for not being like his father, leaving him feeling unloved and abandoned.

Then there was Ksara, the sharp-tongued and cold-hearted woman, who never missed an opportunity to belittle him and put him down.

Her hurtful words replayed like a broken record in his mind, chipping away at his self-esteem. Archer remembered when she ordered her children to bully him at every opportunity.

Gianna stood there and watched him with judgmental eyes, her disdainful gaze slicing through him like icy daggers.

He remembered every punch, kick, and barrage of nasty words his siblings hurled at him, leaving scars that ran deep.

As these painful memories returned, Archer found himself overwhelmed and couldn't contain his emotions any longer.

His anguish spilled over, and he began talking to himself, worrying the girls who had come to care for him deeply.

That's when the memories of the two people who cared for him surfaced. Ella, the half-elf maid who had always been by his side since they first met, and all the time they spent together.

pandasnovel.com Then the last person appeared in his memories, Sia Silverthrone, with her bright blue eyes and black hair.

The older woman claimed him as her husband, and if he was honest with himself, he would marry her.

He remembered that their trip to Riversong City wasn't just a memory from the old Archer but his own experience.

He smiled when he recalled how caring she was. But that's when the girls approached and started comforting him.

Their presence started to calm him down as his fractured soul began repairing itself, causing him to relax while still mumbling about his Earth family.

All the girls heard him and wondered what he was talking about. Hemera walked over to the door and locked it, but before she could turn around, Nefertiti and Sera were there.

Nefertiti grabbed Hemera by the scruff and spoke in a menacing tone with lifeless eyes, "What's your goal? Why are you always watching him? Why do you smile like that when you look at him? Tell me now!"

Hemera was shocked at their sudden change. She turned to the redhead, who was watching her with narrow eyes while her claws appeared.

She decided to tell the truth and spoke, getting embarrassed as she remembered the dream she had a while ago. "Artemis."

Sera heard her and quickly spoke, "What's this Artemis?"

Chapter 210 Two Hearts, One Path

When Hemera heard the question, her cheeks turned red, and she gently pulled Nefertiti's hand away as she spoke.

"It's the name of our daughter. I've been dreaming about her for a few months now. My first dream was about her fight with the giant."

pandasnovel.com The girls were shocked. Ella stayed back with Archer as he was coming back to himself, and Teuila approached.

"Tell us what you mean, Hemera?" She asked.

Hemera began explaining how she had been dreaming of Archer and their daughter and many other children of different races, all running around a large courtyard while a storm rolled in.

She said she used to think the dreams were just dreams until she saw Archer in his dragon form in the forest.

Since meeting him, she found him interesting and wanted to be with him. As Hemera shared her feelings, Ella and Teuila smiled in understanding, while Sera looked at her with narrowed eyes.

Nefertiti shouted in frustration, "No, not another one! Why should I let another one in?"

While she was ranting, Archer sat down trying to calm down as his mind was overwhelmed with memories, and his emotions were in turmoil.

He sat on the floor, feeling disoriented and lost, while the girls started to gather around him, their expressions filled with concern and care.

Teuila knelt down next to him and whispered softly, "It's going to be alright, Arch. We're here for you now, and we ain't going anywhere and will always be there for you. You're safe."

Her words were like a soothing to Archer's troubled soul. The warmth of her voice and the gentle touch of her hand on his shoulder brought a sense of comfort he desperately needed.

Looking up at her ocean-blue eyes, he saw her smile at him as she spoke, "Hey there, are you okay now?"

Archer blinked and felt strange. He remembered everything now and suddenly started feeling better.

Though he didn't speak, Teuila continued, "Take your time; we can see something is going on with you, so don't push yourself."

With her help, he finally stood up, his legs wobbling like a baby giraffe but soon got used to standing and went to sit on the edge of the bed.

After sitting down, he changed his clothes. While doing so, he overheard Nefertiti's ranting. Ella joined him on the bed and filled him in on what had happened.

When she told him about Artemis, he was shocked for a second but shrugged it off and then looked at Hemera, who was standing there listening to Nefertiti's ranting.

Hemera turned around and saw that he was awake. She marched over to him, and Nefertiti stopped in front of Archer and spoke, "You will not be having any more women, Arch! Aren't we enough?"

Archer looked at her, a grin appearing on his face as he replied, "I can have as many women as I want, but that doesn't mean I'd neglect you, Nefi."

He waved her over, and she walked over slowly while giving him the stink eye. Archer pulled her onto his sore legs and whispered into her ear.

"I know a place in the far north where legends say if two lovers make love under the moon, it strengthens their bond. Would you like to be the one to test it with me?"

When she heard this, her world slowed down, and all sorts of wild ideas flowed through her mind, and she instantly calmed down and nodded her head.

Archer saw this and smiled and got closer to her ear. "I know what you want, and if you behave, you'll get it, my Zenian princess."

As she listened to his proposal, her initial anger and frustration started to subside. Nefertiti realized that he was not trying to replace them or dismiss their importance in his life.

With a mischievous glint in her eyes, she decided to play along. Leaning in closer to him, Nefertiti wrapped her arms around Archer's neck, pulling him into a warm embrace.

She could feel his body tensing up slightly at her touch, but she knew he enjoyed it.

Whispering softly into his ear, she said, "Alright, Archer, I'll play your little game. But don't think you can get away with getting new girls unless you show me how much you love me."

Her words sent a shiver down his spine, and he couldn't help but let out a soft chuckle. As she continued to cuddle him.

Nefertiti placed gentle kisses along his neck, relishing the way he responded to her touch. Archer closed his eyes, allowing himself to fully enjoy the moment.

Her lips moved slowly, teasingly, and she felt his body relaxing in her arms. With each kiss, Nefertiti could feel the bond between them growing stronger, just as Archer had hoped.

The room around them seemed to fade away as they focused solely on each other. Archer's hands found their way to Nefertiti's waist, pulling her even closer to him. I think you should take a look at pandasnovel.com

Their bodies pressed against each other, and Nefertiti could feel his heartbeat quickening.

Lost in the intimacy of the moment, they both forgot about the world outside. It was just the two of them, wrapped up in each other's arms.

That's when they heard a cough and giggles. Sera spoke, "You two get a room, but not yet. It's not your turn, Nefi. Teuila's next, then me."

Nefertiti looked at the redhead who was looking at her with a cocky grin on her face and replied, "Ok, what is it with your stupid order?"

She got off Archer after kissing him again, as she got up, Sera made her move and latched onto him, making him laugh as she started nibbling his ear.

While she was doing that, Ella started stroking his back, making goosebumps appear all over his body.

After each girl fussed over him, he stood up and walked toward Hemera, who felt embarrassed and avoided eye contact.

He stopped in front of her with a smile and said, "How cute was she? If she looked anything like you, she would have been beautiful."

Hemera looked up and saw Archer smiling at her. She was baffled because she thought he would find her weird, but it was the complete opposite.

She smiled before replying, "She looked like me but with violet eyes and two little white horns."

Archer smiled upon hearing her response and asked, "We named her Artemis?"

Hemera nodded and said, "Yes, we named her after the Solari Goddess of the Hunt."

He nodded in approval, liking the name. Archer walked closer to the girl. He leaned forward and whispered into her pointy ear, "Do you want to marry me, Hemera Helios? Do you want to bring Artemis into this world?"

When she heard his words, she shivered and got excited but also felt embarrassed at the same time, so she avoided looking at him.

Her heart started to beat fast, and she finally knew what her dreams meant: they had led her to this moment and that beautiful little girl she saw.

Hemera nodded her head with a smile. Archer saw this and moved quickly, catching the girl's lips in a kiss.

At first, she was shocked, but soon her arms wrapped around his shoulders, and she returned the kiss.

The other girls shook their heads, perhaps not fully understanding the depth of their connection.

Nefertiti was getting angry again, but then she remembered what he had said and managed to calm down, trying to block out the intimate moment between the two.

After a little while, they stopped kissing, and Hemera looked up at him with her beautiful golden eyes. She spoke, "Two hearts, one path - together we'll conquer the world."

Archer nodded his head and replied, "Let's look after each other, Hemera."

She smiled, and the two of them walked back to the group. That's when he heard Sera speak. "Arch, who's Alexa?"

When he heard that, he went stiff, and the memories from his life on Earth surfaced. He remembered the girl whom he was always with and wondered if she had a happy life.

Archer went quiet, and all the girls, including Hemera, turned to him as she sat down next to Teuila.

He sighed and decided to tell the five about his reincarnation onto Thrylos from Earth. Archer began to speak, "Well, girls, I need to tell you something. You may not believe me, but it's the truth."

They all stared at him, waiting for him to speak, so he started talking as he looked at the redhead. "Sera, what I told you before was only half the truth. When I fell over, it triggered something, and now I remember."

He sat down on a single sofa in the chamber and continued, "Well when I hit my head, I gained back lost memories"

Archer settled in and began, "I used to believe I came to this world after dying in my previous one, but the truth is, I was reincarnated on Thrylos as a newborn. However, receiving this gift blocked my early memories until recently."

The girls' eyes widened, except for Sera's, as they listened in silence, eager to hear more.

"In my previous life, I was murdered. When I woke up in my bedroom, I had no memories except those from Earth. For years, I believed I was two different people, but today's accident made me realize that I've always been the same Archer. With the help of the dragon Goddess Tiamat, I reincarnated onto Thrylos."