

A Journey 411

Chapter 411 The Last Kingdom (2)

Gudbrand watched as razor-sharp appendages sliced through armor and flesh with gruesome efficiency, and their malevolent eyes gleamed with a sinister hunger.

The battle was a nightmare, a relentless onslaught that left the soldiers with no respite. As the beasts advanced, the soldiers fell, their valiant efforts proving futile.

The snow was painted with blood, and the air was thick with the sounds of agony and death.

When the dust settled, only ten soldiers remained, standing amidst the carnage, their faces etched with shock and grief.

Gudbrand, the commander of the Aesirheim Castle, was among the survivors, expressing relief and sorrow.

The survivors braced themselves, expecting a grim fate, but to their surprise, a sinister chuckle pierced the air.

Their eyes turned upward, and they watched as the malevolent boy descended towards them with a flap of his massive white wings.

As the boy's feet touched the ground, the monstrous beasts that had previously attacked them bowed in submission, a shocking sight that disbelieved everyone.

However, before they could react, the boy fixed his gaze on Gudbrand, and in an instant, he vanished into thin air.

Fear gripped them, but their terror held them in place, surrounded by the ominous beasts.

Then, a chilling voice whispered behind Gudbrand, "I will consume your soul and inherit your knowledge."

With those words, a sensation of something being forcibly torn from him overcame Gudbrand, and suddenly, everything plunged into darkness.

When the soldiers saw their commander's body drop to the ground with a thud. They noticed the boy was looking at them.

He smiled even more before commanding them. "Go tell the other castles not to attack me, or what happened here will happen again."

The survivors nodded and rushed off as they saw some horses in the distance by the road that led to the now-destroyed castle.

[Rurik - Further up the northern coast - Frostfang Castle]

Rurik, a young and dedicated Fjordhelm soldier, diligently patrolled the towering castle walls as the weather worsened, causing him to shiver involuntarily.

He rubbed his hands together for warmth, his thoughts drifting back to his family, why he'd enlisted in the army.

As he made his rounds along the fortifications, he noticed fellow soldiers gazing out toward the stormy sea, their faces etched with concern.

Some kept a watchful eye on the unforgiving, snow-covered terrain beyond.

Yesterday, they received orders from the royal capital: if a lone boy attacked their fortress, they were to surrender and protect as many lives as possible.

This responsibility bore heavily on their minds as they braced themselves for an uncertain future.

As he patrolled the walls he saw a lone rider rushing up to the castle gate in a panic before screaming. "Open the gate!"

Rurik watched as the soldiers stationed at the gate opened it as the panicking rider rushed into the courtyard.

When the rider came to a stop everyone made their way over to him. The castle commander is known as Ivor Thorstensen.

Every nearby soldier got closer including Rurik. As they listened the rider jumped off and ran up to the commander and spoke.

"The dragon boy said not to attack him or he will destroy every castle and fort as he did with the Aesirheim Castle and Gudbrand Ivarsen."

Ivor looked at the scared rider and asked. "Is Gudbrand dead?"

The rider nodded his head but before anyone could speak pressure descended on them, causing the weaker soldier to faint and fall over.

The stronger ones couldn't move a muscle as a white-haired boy appeared with a grin before talking. "It's good that you didn't attack. Otherwise, there would be no castles left in Fjordhelm."

Rurik was far enough away not to be affected by the weird pressure and just watched the boy as he sat down on a barrel and commanded Ivor. "Bring me all your wealth or I'll level the castle."

Ivor looked at the boy who gestured toward the approaching rider. The man dismounted and promptly shared what had happened at Aesirheim.

With a hint of irritation, the commander reluctantly ordered the untouched soldiers to retrieve the castle's treasure for the uninvited guest.

Rurik observed the scene unfold, but his attention was abruptly redirected as the boy leaped into the air and vanished, only to reappear behind the commander.

In a shocking turn of events, Ivor's body suddenly crumpled to the ground. The boy, with an eerie smile, turned to the onlookers and commented, "Get back to work. Don't mind me."

The soldiers witnessed this astonishing turn of events, and shock gripped them momentarily before they hurriedly departed.

Not long after, the chests were presented to the uninvited guest. Rurik, stationed on the wall, observed the boy with curiosity.

Soon, Rurik watched the boy take off and fly in the direction of Stormhold City. This caused him to pray to the Sea Goddess that the royal family would be fine.

[Fjordhelm Royal Palace - Stonehold City]

Seated in his study, King Harald Eriksson received his advisor with a nod. After the advisor offered a bow, he delivered his report.

"Your Majesty, the young man has razed Aesirheim Castle to the ground in the north and made a brief stop at Frostfang Castle to claim their riches before heading our way," the advisor conveyed.

Harald sighed but accepted it before giving the advisor his orders. "Tell the soldiers on the wall not to fire upon the boy and when he arrives guide him here."

The man respectfully exited the room, leaving King Harald to turn his attention to a young woman who appeared to be in her early twenties.

She possessed striking features: short blue hair reminiscent of his wife's and piercing red eyes that matched his own.

Her physique was that of a warrior, a fact that both impressed and irked Harald. Nevertheless, he welcomed her with a warm smile.

"Hello, my dear Thyra. How may I be of assistance?" Harald inquired.

Thyra returned her father's smile and spoke with a tone of curiosity, "Father, have the rumors from the mainland proven true? Is it correct that a white dragon is on our island?"

Harald gazed at his daughter and let out a sigh before responding, "Yes, my dear, they are indeed true. He approaches our city as we speak."

Thyra's smile widened as she settled down, engaging in a pleasant chat with her father. These moments spent with his children were truly cherished by King Harald.

However, there was a special place in his heart for Thyra. Her spirited nature and feistiness reminded him of his late sister, to whom he had been exceptionally close.

The bond he shared with Thyra, was much like the one he once had with his sister and was a source of deep affection for the king.

The two of them passed the time discussing ordinary matters, savoring their father-daughter conversation.

As their talk flowed, the advisor reentered the study, ready to share more information with King Harald.

The advisor bowed down before speaking. "Your Majesty. The boy has arrived and is being guided to the palace."

Harald gave a nod and rose from his seat, addressing Ketil. "Tell me more about this boy."

Ketil swiftly responded, "The messenger's description is quite amusing. He mentioned that the boy appeared friendly, standing at the gate, munching on bread, and giving off a country bumpkin impression as he saw the city walls."

Harald listened intently as Ketil provided more information. "Tell me more," he urged.

He continued, "The merchant's tales depict him as a hooligan and opportunist. They claim he only lends his aid if there's something in it for him. Additionally, they suggest that the Avalonian Emperor favors him and won't interfere in his actions, possibly because the boy is quite unconventional. He's described as a free spirit who isn't interested in power or titles, instead prioritizing his desires and wealth, it is said that he is surrounded by all different princesses. What's more, they say he's unlike any other white dragon that our world has ever seen."

After Ketil finished his report, Thyra couldn't contain her laughter, and her amusement caught her father's attention.

Harald looked at her before shaking his head as he spoke. "Let's go to the entrance and meet this young man."

As they proceeded towards the entrance, Thyra couldn't contain her curiosity any longer and turned to her father. "Father, I've heard tales of the white dragon king, but what are they?"

The king began to explain everything he knew about the rare dragons. However, as they reached the reception room, they were all taken aback.

Harald and Ketil were struck by astonishment, while Thyra's gaze locked onto a handsome young man with hair as white as snow.

Who was lounging on the sofa, looking as if he owned the place? She couldn't help but notice the four beautiful white horns and his exquisite white scales.

When the young man looked up and met her eyes with his mesmerizing violet ones, Thyra's world seemed to momentarily stand still.

Chapter 412 He Isn't Hallbjorn

[Sometime before he met the Fjordhelm royal family]

Archer flew to Stormhold and decided to leave the treasure behind, using the knowledge he obtained from consuming the Fjordhelm commander's soul.

The king ordered not to attack him and let him pass to the capital, so Archer decided to do that.

After flying for a couple of hours, he saw a city in the distance and approached it even further before landing about ten minutes from the gate.

He began to stroll in its direction, nonchalantly dismissing his wings and retrieving a piece of bread from his Item Box to munch on.

Archer approached the wall and marveled at the towering stone battlements rising twenty meters into the sky.

At this moment, a shout rang out, commanding, "Halt right there, young man!"

Once Archer heard that, he stopped walking and looked up to see dozens of guards looking at him until an older man appeared from a human-sized door in the gate.

The man walked up to him and gave him a small bow, which confused him, but the older man spoke. "The king wishes to meet you, young master."

Archer acknowledged the man with a nod and then followed him through the gate. While they were walking, all the guards on the wall watched them closely.

He couldn't help but notice the hushed murmurs and inquisitive glances among the city's residents.

As they continued into the city, he paid little heed to the lingering gossip of the human soldiers.

His gaze was fixed on the medieval/Viking-like town that stretched before him, and his eyes widened in wonder at the quaint and charming sight that unfolded with each step.

Stone houses with wooden roofs lined the narrow streets, and people wrapped in heavy clothing bustled about.

Sturdy beasts of burden pulled wagons laden with goods through the cobbled roads, adding to the city's rustic charm.

The older man, who had led the way, turned to Archer and extended his hand in introduction. "I'm Torgeir Hedeby, Commander of the city guard."

Archer gazed at the man and couldn't help but see the resemblance to a Viking warrior in his metal armor.

Torgeir possessed blonde hair, crystal blue eyes, and a towering stature, forcing Archer to look up at him in awe.

He took the man's hand as he replied. "I'm Archer Wyldheart."

The blonde man gave him a friendly smile before continuing to walk through the streets.

His attention was drawn to a quaint stall tended by an old lady surrounded by an array of peculiar snacks and treats that seemed straight out of a fantasy tale.

With a twinkle in her eyes, the old lady beckoned him closer. "Young man. You look like someone with a taste for adventure. Would you like to try something truly magical?"

Intrigued, Archer stepped closer to the stall and asked with a curious smile. "Magical snacks?"

The stall lady's eyes sparkled, her face crinkling with a warm, knowing smile before she started speaking.

"Absolutely," she said. "These snacks are a culinary adventure like no other. We've got Dragonfire Spice Nuts, which will set your taste buds ablaze; Faery Berry Tarts, so delicate they'll make you feel as light as air; and Enchanted Chocolate Truffles that could whisk you away to another world in a single bite."

Archer's eyes sparkled with fascination. "Tell me more," he urged.

The old lady leaned in and began to spin enchanting tales of each snack, their origins, and the whimsical experiences they promised.

When she spoke, his imagination ran wild, and he couldn't resist trying a few of these fantasy snacks, eager to savor the magic they held.

As he conversed with the elderly woman, Torgeir turned and noticed that he vanished before looking around.

Torgeir spotted him speaking to a stall owner, so he approached them and stood there to listen.

"I want to buy everything here. How much?" Archer exclaimed with a mix of curiosity and excitement in his voice.

The old lady astonished him but quickly responded, "Give me fifteen gold, and it's all yours, young man."

Archer nodded, reaching into his pocket to produce the coins and handing them to the woman. He stored all the food in his Item Box.

His actions left Torgeir and the old lady in bewilderment, their eyes wide in amazement as they tried to fathom where all the purchased food had disappeared.

With a sly smile, Archer bid farewell to the now distracted stall lady, who was now preoccupied with counting the coins.

As they continued their stroll down the winding streets, the guard commander couldn't help but inquire, "Why did you spend so much gold on food?"

Archer turned to the man, a gleam of enthusiasm in his eyes, and replied, "I have a deep love for food, especially cuisine from different kingdoms. It's a way to experience a taste of their culture and stories."

Torgeir found himself at a loss for words as he overheard the traders discussing the white dragon from the mainland, painting a picture of ruthlessness and evil.

Yet, as he observed Archer, he only saw a friendly, somewhat peculiar young man who smiled warmly at the passing citizens.

He couldn't help but notice the women of Stormhold stealing glances at the boy.

Torgeir sighed resignedly, aware that Archer possessed an uncanny, magnetic charm that effortlessly drew people in.

Leading them to start conversations and connections wherever he ventured. Torgeir stopped with his stupid thoughts as they got close to the palace.

As Archer savored the new and delicious food, he couldn't help but feel the weight of the numerous gazes fixed upon him.

The lingering stares from both men and women left him perplexed.

Amused by Archer's confusion, Torgeir let out a hearty laugh and enlightened him, saying, "Boy, you may not realize it, but you're a rare sight in these parts. Your exotic charm and handsome appearance have left these people quite captivated."

Archer regarded the older man with narrowed eyes before responding, "I'm aware of my unique features, but there must be other unique people like me in this city."

Torgeir shook his head and explained, "Your snow-white hair, your incredibly rare violet eyes, and the presence of horns and a swaying tail are exceptionally unusual. You, my boy, are a true rarity in these parts."

The two continued their journey until they reached the imposing gates of the palace. The gates were swiftly opened as they approached, and the guards saluted Torgeir.

Upon entering the palace grounds, Archer immediately noticed the numerous training fields spread across the area.

He couldn't help but wonder why there were so many of them until Torgeir explained. "Princess Thyra likes to train with the royal guards, so the king had these fields built for her."

Archer understood and followed them to a spacious meeting room filled with sofas. After finding a comfortable spot, he dismissed his tail and settled in.

With a sense of anticipation, he indulged in his Chocolate Truffles. Each bite was a delightful experience, and he couldn't help but savor the magical taste.

As he indulged in the truffles, Torgeir watched with amusement as the young man lounged on the sofa, seemingly lost in chocolate.

After a while, Archer's attention shifted as he heard two pairs of approaching footsteps. He quickly finished the last truffle and turned his gaze toward the door.

The room fell silent, and the door opened, revealing three figures who entered. Archer's eyes fell upon the man he assumed was the king.

This kingly figure had light brown hair and striking red eyes. He stood as tall as Torgeir, though he lacked the same muscular build.

The king sported a beard of the same distinctive color as his hair, adding to his imposing presence.

Archer's gaze shifted to the girl; he was momentarily taken aback but quickly composed himself and examined her closely.

She possessed short royal blue hair that framed her pretty face and extended beyond her ears.

Her striking red eyes mirrored the king's, and her physique was built like a warrior who had seen many battles.

While the girl and the king continued to stare at him, the third person, a young-looking man who looked like a butler, stepped forward.

The young-looking man met the king's gaze with unwavering certainty and addressed him, saying, "Your Majesty, he isn't Hallbjorn. There's a resemblance, but this boy is different."

Archer watched the exchange with keen interest, intrigued by the mention of "Hallbjorn" and the scrutiny he received from the royal duo.

The king shook his head and spoke. "I'm sorry for my behavior. You just reminded me of my son, who passed away many years ago."

When Archer heard this, he sat up properly and answered with a smile. "No offence taken. I was told no one else looked like me."

He looked at Torgeir with narrowed eyes, causing the man to gulp, but the girl finally came to and spoke. "No one speaks about Big Brother anymore. It's a sore subject for Mother."

Archer grew curious, but before he could talk, they decided to introduce themselves. The king stepped forward. "I am King Harald Eriksson and this is Princess Thyra Eriksson."

Chapter 413 Are You Crazy

When Archer heard them,, he nodded before introducing himself to the duo. "I'm Archer Wyldheart."

Harald and Thyra smiled before sitting on the opposite sofa after dismissing his advisor and guards.

The three of them in the room made Archer paranoid, so he cast Aura Detector and scanned all around him.

He got pings from around him telling him that guards were still there and keeping an eye on him, which caused him to get annoyed.

Grinning from ear to ear, Archer opened a portal to the domain and summoned the three Hydra sisters.

As they walked through the area, their inquisitive heads looked around the room, scanning the environment until they finally spotted him.

Without hesitation, the sisters darted toward Archer, their delighted chirps filling the air and their heads moving around like snakes.

Eagerly, they leaped into his welcoming lap. Their forms were akin to small cats, fitting snugly into the embrace.

Upon witnessing this scene, the king and princess exchanged puzzled glances, curiosity piqued. Just as Harald was about to voice his inquiry, Thrya broke the silence.

"What are these adorable little beasts?" she inquired, her curiosity driving her to approach the creatures.

However, her initial fascination quickly turned to startling surprise when she recognized their true nature.

With a sharp yelp, Thrya jumped back, her eyes wide with shock as she gazed at Archer, her realization dawning on her.

She quickly spoke as she backed off. "Why do you have Hydras? Are you crazy?"

Archer looked at her with narrowed eyes before he noticed the soldiers move and rushed into the room, to the king's surprise.

He went to speak, but Archer whistled, and the three Hydras jumped off him and grew bigger until they were the size of lions.

The Hydra sisters, their forms elongated and menacing, closed in around Archer, emitting hisses and growls that sent shivers down the spines of the frightened soldiers.

One overzealous soldier made an ill-fated attempt to approach Sable, but her lightning-fast response resulted in a gruesome, jaw-dropping outcome as she tore the man in half, leaving the onlookers in shock.

Harald, witnessing the chaos, leaped to his feet, his voice thundering, "Stop! He is a guest in our kingdom! Treat him with respect."

The soldiers snapped to attention and quickly filed out of the room, leaving a sense of uneasy calm behind.

The Hydra sisters reverted to their small forms and hurried back to Archer. Upon their return, he gently scooped up each of the sisters, pressing a loving kiss to each of their heads.

Their joy was palpable, their delighted chirps filling the air as they reveled in his affection and bounced all over him.

Azura climbed up to Archer's head, her tail wrapping around his horn, while Sable settled on his shoulder, and Raven made herself comfortable on his lap.

Intrigued, Harald couldn't help but question, "How do these creatures see you as their parent? I can feel their affection for you."

As he lovingly stroked Raven, who playfully rolled over like a dog for a belly rub, Thyra couldn't contain her laughter when witnessing this.

Archer met their curiosity with an explanation: "I assisted these girls in hatching after I rescued their eggs from an exotic beast trader, and they've been with me since."

That's when Thyra spoke up. "Where did they come from?"

He grinned at her before answering. "It's a secret princess."

The young girl's annoyance was short-lived, and a sense of calm settled as Harald hesitantly asked, "What do you want from my kingdom, Archer?"

Archer paused in his affectionate stroking of the Hydra and met the king's gaze with a neutral expression.

"Nothing," he replied. "You surrendered immediately and didn't attack me, except for that one castle."

To ease the tension, he produced a handful of truffles and extended them toward Harald, who politely declined.

On the other hand, Thyra eagerly accepted one and began savoring it. As the chocolate melted in her mouth, she couldn't help but moan of delight.

With a captivating expression, she inquired, "May I have another, please?"

He gave her some more before turning back to the king and speaking. "I got enough wealth off the other kingdoms in your alliance, and the empire will still reward me. So I don't need anything from you, Harald."

Archer saw the relief on his face, but before anyone could talk, an older woman had the same blue hair as Thyra but had emerald green eyes.

She stopped walking as her eyes and Archers met. He noticed she looked shocked and then upset as her eyes got wet.

Harald and Thyra turned around, but a woman hurried over to Archer before they could react.

He was initially puzzled but grew even more bewildered as she embraced him, repeating the name "Hallbjorn."

Harald swiftly clarified, "My Love. He isn't our son."

The woman, known as Liv, stepped back to examine Archer, her eyes widening as she moved backward.

She shook her head before apologizing to him, "I'm sorry, young man. You are strikingly similar to our late son; he had the same white hair but was human."

Archer nodded in sympathy and replied, "It's okay. I'm sorry for your loss."

Liv sat down next to him and spoke. "We lost him during a Beast Wave. He managed to save a town with his royal guards, but by the time reinforcements arrived, he was the last standing and sadly passed away."

When she spoke, the king and Thyra looked down. Archer could sense the pain coming from the family.

He looked at the older woman and smiled as her behavior reminded him of his Mother on Earth, causing him to smile as he remembered the caring woman.

A hush fell over the room until Archer retrieved an item and tossed a simple bracelet he had fashioned toward the king.

Harald caught it, examining the bracelet with a perplexed expression. Archer chuckled at the looks of the three royals.

But before he could ask any questions, Archer explained what it was. "This is a communication bracelet I created. It will allow you to contact me if there are any issues."

Harald nodded and thanked him as he put the bracelet in his storage ring, but Thyra spoke nervously. "What will the empire do to us?"

Archer grinned before replying nonchalantly as he looked into her red eyes. "Nothing. I will tell them I like the king and will offer the Stonehaven Kingdom my protection."

The three regarded him with expressions of disbelief, prompting Archer's hearty laugh.

"Don't think it's for free, I never do anything without gaining something," he quipped. "I want the Jungleheart Isle that lays off your western coast."

Upon hearing this, Harald, Liv, and Thyra's eyes widened in astonishment. They couldn't fathom why he would desire such a perilous location.

Liv quickly voiced her concern and cautioned him, "That place is sinister. Its depths are shrouded in mystery, and my ancestors initially laid claim to it but were eventually forced to flee by a mysterious and formidable presence."

Archer and the family continued conversing as they gradually became better acquainted. Time slipped away, and eventually, he departed the gathering with Thyra by his side, her grin beaming brightly. "We'll have to spar one day, Arch! Maybe when you catch a break from college?" she proposed.

Archer regarded the blue-haired girl, smiling before responding, "Certainly princess. But I must return to the mainland and sort things out."

Thyra nodded in agreement before inquiring, "May I have one of those bracelets, please? I'd like to stay in touch with you."

Archer raised an eyebrow but took one out of his Item Box and handed it to her. Seeing this, she couldn't contain her joy, and she surprised him with a warm hug.

After the unexpected embrace and a farewell, Thyra hurried back into the palace, and Archer watched her go.

Once she disappeared, he cast Gate to the domain and stepped through. He was in a quiet and dark treehouse when he exited the portal.

He sent a message to each girl, and only Ella, Sera, Teuila, and Nefertiti replied while he didn't hear from the rest.

Archer used the tattoos to track all but two and found out they were fine and busy with family.

That's when he realized that Leira and Llynriel were in the capital. So he cast another Gate to the Avalonian Palace and stepped through.

Upon stepping out of the portal and into the garden, Archer was greeted by the breathtaking sight of the setting sun, casting the floating island in a mesmerizing orange hue.

As he absorbed the scene's beauty, his tranquility was interrupted when several imperial guards noticed his presence.

They hastened towards him, their weapons at the ready. But when they got closer, they realized who it was and quickly knelt as one of them spoke.

"White Prince, we are sorry for our actions. You appeared out of nowhere, and we panicked."

Archer looked at the man and asked. "Is the Oakheart Queen and Princess here?"

The imperial guard commander replied. "Yes, they are prince. The queen is in the study with the emperor and empress while the princess is with Princess Leira."

Chapter 414 The Oakheart Queen

Archer nodded as he started walking toward the main entrance and used Aura Detection to find the two princesses.

When it activated he knew where everyone was and found the girls. They were sitting on a balcony on the opposite side of the palace.

Summoning his wings, he took to the air, eager to reunite with the girls he wanted to see but had been busy.

As he flew above the palace, he observed a bustling scene below, with maids, butlers, and guards moving about their duties.

His flight led him to a balcony, where a cat girl and Wood Elf were peacefully sipping tea and engaged in a conversation.

Archer discreetly listened in, catching Llynriel's hesitant question, "Have you done it with our husband yet?"

Leira's ears perked up at the question, and she fixed Llynriel with an intense gaze. "He's not your husband yet, Llyn. Your mother seems to disapprove of the idea."

Llynriel responded with a huff, "I don't care what she says! I want to be with him, not anyone else."

The cat girl cast a glance at the elf and broke into a smile before offering her observation,

"Well, it's a good thing you're so fond of him because he won't easily let you slip away. If your mother opposes it, he might just whisk you away. He is a possessive dragon, after all."

The two laughed causing Archer to smile as he cast Blink and appeared behind them, he sat on the railing as they continued to speak.

Llynriel asked after taking a sip of her tea. "Have you heard from the other girls?"

"Yes. I've spoken to all of them apart from Hecate or Sia." Leira answered.

Before Llyniel could respond, Archer's voice chimed in from behind them. "Hecate values her privacy and enjoys having her own space, and Sia is occupied with the Silverthrone family."

The two girls were taken by surprise and jumped as if they were startled rabbits, and let out adorable screams as they turned around.

They discovered Archer leaning casually against the railing, his face adorned with a broad grin.

The moment they saw him, the girls dashed towards him. With a warm smile, he embraced both of them, and they clung to him tightly.

Archer playfully tousled Llyniel's hair and affectionately stroked Leira's cat ears, causing them to erupt in giggles. Leira emitted a cute sound of delight, and Llyniel laughed happily.

However, he soon held onto the two a bit tighter before talking to Llyniel, "I'm going to talk to your mother. Either she'll agree to our marriage, or I'll have to resort to kidnapping a certain princess."

Both girls shared a hearty laugh, and then Leira leaned in, planting a tender kiss on Archer's lips which caught him off guard.

He savored the sensation of her plush, gentle lips meeting his, relishing every moment of their connection.

Once they separated, Leira stepped back to let the elf have her turn. But Llyniel didn't do anything but hug him.

Archer delicately lifted her chin with his hand, planting a kiss on her lips that sent shivers down her spine.

Leira stood nearby, chuckling at the Wood Elf's reaction, finding it endearing. However, his kissing spree came to an end.

When he finally glanced at her, he couldn't help but notice her blushing, which prompted a hearty laugh. He then pulled her into a warm, affectionate embrace.

Laughter filled the air before he gently released her, and Leira took the lead, guiding them to the emperor's study where Archer was to chat with the Oakheart Queen.

The trio navigated the palace's winding corridors until they stood before a wooden door.

Where Leira gave a polite knock. A voice from the other side beckoned, "Come in!"

Leira pushed the door open and led the way, followed closely by Archer and Llynriel. As they entered the study, the emperor's eyes widened with surprise.

Archer's gaze fell upon a woman seated at the desk. When she turned around, he was taken aback.

She was an older version of Llynriel, the only distinction being her mother's striking green eyes.

Her scrutinizing gaze settled on the three visitors, ultimately focusing on Archer. With a narrowed gaze, she inquired, "Osoric, is this the boy?"

"Yes, Lythalia." The emperor answered with a smile on his face.

The woman rose from her seat, striding purposefully toward Archer, stopping right in front of him, her voice seething with anger. "You think you can marry my daughter without my consent?"

Archer met the woman's fury with a sly grin before responding firmly, "Yes, she's mine now, and I won't let her go."

Lythalia, upon hearing his words, flared with anger and retorted, "What do you mean she's yours? She's destined to be engaged to the Novgorod Empire's Prince, not some rascal who pilfers the wealth of others."

Archer's temper erupted, and he shot back, "What do you mean she is meant to be engaged? She's mine!"

Sensing the escalating tension, Leira and Llynriel discreetly distanced themselves, feeling Archer's overwhelming aura engulfing the room.

The emperor, his imperial guard, and the Oakheart Queen sensed an impending disaster, but that's when Archer spoke once more, his voice carrying a weight of danger.

"I've reduced kingdoms to ashes, my flames have decimated entire armies in an instant. If you dare betroth her to any prince, you will regret it."

When Lythalia heard this her anger turned to happiness as she realized that the boy does care for her little girl.

She stepped forward and bowed her head as she apologized. "I'm sorry for my words Archer. I just had to make sure you weren't just collecting her. I can see you care for her."

Leira and Llynriel were shocked but not as much as Archer who stood there dumbfounded causing the elf queen to laugh as she sat down.

That's when the queen explained herself. "You see my son Alaric told me about you and the rumors that surround you."

She returned to the chair and settled in, and Archer and the girls followed suit, while the emperor observed the scene in silence.

Lythalia resumed speaking. "I once believed that you were collecting princesses and had no true affection for them, but now I realize that it was only partially accurate."

Archer shook his head and replied with a hint of humor, "Well, you could say I do have a collection going, considering seven of my ten fiancées happen to be princesses."

The queen laughed at his answer causing the other two girls to laugh before she spoke.

"Very good at least your honest. Well since Osoric has his daughter engaged to you I might as well jump on the bandwagon and have you look after my little acorn. She is a very special girl."

Archer looked at the woman and then at an embarrassed Llyniel before speaking. "Yeah, she is special to me, she isn't like the other girls and I looked forward to getting to know her even more. Especially now I'll have free time."

"That's very good, son-in-law her brothers will be happy to hear that. But you really must visit the Oakheart Kingdom. I heard you love all different kinds of food and I must say that my kingdom does have some delicious dishes."

Upon hearing her proposal, Archer answered, "Certainly, I'll come visit during the break, once things calm down and the pursuit of me subsides."

Lythalia nodded her head with a smile and turned to Llyniel. "You must take him to meet your Father, he's still in training but I'm certain he would like to meet the boy who stole his little acorn."

Llyniel become embarrassed again before looking away causing everyone to laugh at her cute reaction.

Osoric spoke to Archer once everyone stopped laughing. "Thank you for helping the empire. We will arrange for your reward shortly. Everyone is busy organizing repairs throughout the empire."

Upon hearing this, Archer nodded before conveying the message to the emperor, "Fjordhelm is now under my protection, and they've graciously given me Jungleheart Island as a gift."

Osoric regarded the young man and let out a sigh before responding, "That's acceptable. You've expanded our territory significantly, so one island kingdom is of no concern, as long as they are allies moving forward."

Archer chimed in, "Yes, they've become quite friendly, and I genuinely like the down-to-earth nature of their royal family."

The five continued their conversation for another hour, and eventually, Archer and the two girls bid farewell to the emperor and queen.

As they left the study, Lythalia gently reminded him to visit her kingdom, and he readily agreed before departing the room.

As they were about to depart, the emperor addressed Archer with a final request, "Archer, I'll send a message to Leira in a couple of days. We're planning an empire-wide celebration to express our gratitude for your help.

Osoric sat back and continued. "You must attend, the people want to see the white dragon, and the girls are more than welcome to join you. Also, when you find some free time, could you explain the realm you visited and what transpired there?"

Archer looked at the man but gave him a nod of agreement. With that, the trio left the room.

When the couple were out of the room Archer opened a portal to the the domain and stepped through, with Leira and Llynriel following suit.

Once outside the portal, the elven girl turned to Leira and said, "Come, see the garden my husband made for me."

Leira nodded in agreement, and the two girls sweetly kissed Archer on the cheeks before leaving the treehouse to go see Llynriel's enchanting garden.

Chapter 415 Look At That Smile

Archer watched the two girls rush off smiling before scanning the domain to locate Ella. It didn't take him long to find her in one of the new cities he had constructed.

He swiftly teleported to the area, appearing on top of a building that overlooked a serene garden.

Down below, he spotted Ella sitting in the colorful garden with her mother Sheira, and three other Dragon-Kin ladies who looked to be the same age.

Archer listened in and they were talking about children. He heard Sheira talking about Ella as a baby to the other women.

When he heard this, he sat on the edge and eavesdropped the conversation. That's when he learned that his little half-elf was a quiet baby and hardly cried.

Sheira looked at Ella with a smile and said, "When you and the young master have your first baby, I reckon she will be just like you."

Ella glanced at her mother, inquiring, "How many children do you think I'll have? And how do you know it will be a girl?"

The older woman smiled as she sipped some tea and replied with a smile, "I just know these things, El. Just believe your mother."

Ella nodded her head, accepting her mother's words, and continued chatting with the other ladies, unaware of Archer's presence.

He listened with a warm smile on his face, enjoying the scene. Deciding to give Ella some space, Archer decided to search for Sera and located her in the Beasthaven part of the domain.

Curiosity piqued, he teleported to the vicinity and scanned the landscape for any signs of the cheeky dragon girl.

Archer heard a loud commotion, so he flew over to them and saw a fight between Sera and the Hydra sisters in their swamp home.

However, it quickly became apparent to him that the fighting was more of a playful engagement between the four.

Sera leaped and danced with boundless energy as the Hydra sisters playfully pursued her as they let out excited roars.

In a delightful twist, she hopped onto Raven and began to gently nibble her, causing the massive creature to emit cheerful chirps of delight.

Archer got closer to surprise them but Azura caught wind of his presence. Her violet eyes radiated with happiness as she spotted him.

With a swift transformation, she turned smaller and rushed towards him. When he saw this he got a smile on his face as he landed.

Azura playfully leaped at him, she landed lightly on him, then climbed up his body, nuzzling her five heads against his cheeks and making joyful, adorable sounds.

Archer began to stroke her, and then he lovingly kissed each of her heads, which made Azura become so overwhelmed with joy that he had to hold her.

The playful Hydra flopped over in his arms all relaxed and happy, when Archer saw this, he couldn't help but smile at the silly girl.

He proceeded to give the playful dragon a gentle belly rub, which seemed to revitalize her spirits.

In response, she playfully nibbled on his hand and wrist, displaying her endearing mischievous nature.

Shortly after, Sera reappeared in her humanoid form. When Archer noticed her, he gently set Azura down, and the dragon girl playfully pounced on him.

Wrapping her arms and legs around him, she kissed him, and he eagerly reciprocated. They stood in the midst of the swamp, sharing a passionate kiss.

Meanwhile, the three Hydras playfully darted around Archer's legs chirping to get his attention. When the couple finally parted, Sera was beaming with a wide smile.

"How have you been, my little dragon?" he asked in a tender tone as he kissed her little nose.

Sera giggled before speaking. "I was just spending time with the sisters as Ella is gossiping with the old ladies."

Archer chuckled before he kissed her again and whispered into her pointy ear in a teasing voice. "Now I have some free time, so I will spend it with you girls."

When Sera heard him she got excited and started biting his ear. As he felt this his whole body shivered before grabbing her perky ass.

The dragon girl attacked his ears and neck like she used to when he saved her all those years ago.

He smiled as he put her down before he started pampering Ravan and Sable who loved the attention and let out the same adorable noises that Azura made.

After all the strokes and kisses he stood up and spoke to Sera. "I'm going to see the other girls. Can we meet up tonight?"

Sera gave a nod of agreement and swiftly darted off into the swamp, closely followed by the sisters.

Archer observed their playful departure, a smile gracing his lips, before casting Gate to the Aquaria Kingdom.

Stepping through the portal, he was immediately greeted by the intense, scorching sun. He quickly shielded his eyes from the brilliant glare, standing in an alleyway within the city.

Archer had momentarily forgotten that the southern regions were notorious for the heat, and he felt his cloak clinging to his body, making him sweat.

He removed it and stored it away in his Item Box before stepping out onto the vibrant, bustling streets of Aquaria.

As he leisurely strolled through the city, he couldn't help but be captivated by a specific district that held a particular charm.

The architecture, adorned with intricate carvings and painted in a wide range of bright colors, was a visual delight.

Archer continued his walk towards the palace. The locals went about their daily activities, while children joyfully played a ball game in the middle of the street.

The lively laughter and spirited shouts of the children added a sense of joy and harmony to the bustling city.

Archer observed merchants proudly displaying their wares, while busy wives hurriedly shopped for ingredients to prepare dinner.

After a leisurely twenty-minute walk, he reached the majestic entrance to the palace.

As soon as the guards spotted him, they promptly knelt down in a show of respect and greeted him with honor.

"Dragon Prince, welcome to the Royal Palace. I shall lead you to the King and Queen," one of the guards respectfully declared.

Archer nodded and followed the guard as they embarked on a walk through the lush palace gardens.

The two got further into the garden and Archer saw some training fields in the distance and colorful flowers all over the place.

That's when Archer heard footsteps rushing toward him making him smile as he turned around as Teuila hugged him.

He hugged her back and spoke with a cheeky voice. "Did my ocean princess miss me that much? It hasn't been long since we saw each other."

Teuila let go of him and punched him in the arm before pulling him into a kiss that made it awkward for the guard who went back to his post.

Archer returned the kiss while his hand slid up her body and squeezed her large boobs causing her to yelp.

She broke off the kiss, gently pushing him away. Teuila leaned in close, her voice dripping with seduction as she whispered into his ear, "Not here, you lewd dragon. Let's save that for when we're in the domain."

The combination of her exotic accent and her provocative words sent a shiver of desire through Archer, but he quickly regained his composure.

In a playful retaliation, he gently bit the top of her ear. Teuila let out a surprised yelp and retaliated by pinching him, but he countered by playfully poking her sides.

Their laughter filled the air as they engaged in this lighthearted exchange of affection. But what they didn't know two people were watching them from a balcony.

The king and queen observed the couple with fond amusement as they playfully attacked each other in the garden, their laughter echoing through the air.

Queen Mele turned to King Lashure, a smile gracing her lips. "She has truly found someone who loves her. I had worried our daughter might be lonely."

Lashure nodded in agreement as he replied, "Indeed, the young man treats her with kindness and brings genuine happiness to her life. Look at that smile Mele, we haven't seen it since she was a little girl."

The older woman agreed and continued to watch the two before they made their way inside to await the young couple's return.

Archer and Teuila's playful game eventually ended, and they made their way back to the palace, laughter still ringing through the air.

He reached into his pocket and produced a handful of chocolate truffles he had acquired from the northern regions. He extended them to Teuila, who accepted one and began to savor it.

As the delicious truffle melted in her mouth, Teuila couldn't help but emit a soft, appreciative moan, savoring the rich and velvety chocolate.

The two made their way into the palace after the guards opened the doors and were greeted by the king and queen who smiled while leading them to a private room.

Mele greeted him. "Hello Arch! Thank you for helping the kingdom. We really do appreciate it and I think you'll like the reward but it will have to wait for a while as it's being sorted out as we speak."

Chapter 416 Snow Fall

Archer nodded before speaking. "Thank you, Mele. To be honest I only did it for Teuila I wasn't looking for a reward."

When Teuila heard Archer's heartfelt words, she initially looked at him in surprise, but her astonishment soon transformed into a joyous giggle.

She playfully teased, "I thought you were a greedy dragon who only did things for gold."

Archer shook his head with a warm smile and replied earnestly, "I did it for you and the others. You girls mean a lot to me."

Teuila's eyes sparkled with appreciation, and she reached out, taking his hand gently. "Thank you for saving me at Seastone."

Archer reciprocated her smile and proceeded to engage the trio in a conversation, sharing stories about his adventures and experiences since his last visit to the Southlands.

Lashure mentioned that they had expanded their influence, taking control of half of the Southlands, while the Zenia Empire had claimed the rest.

After chatting for a couple of hours, he was informed that the Avalon Empire had invited all the kingdoms in the Southlands and Mediterra to the celebrations.

The couple said they were leaving in a few weeks to start the journey north to join all the other royals.

Once the talking was done Archer and Teuila left after saying bye to the king and queen as he opened a portal to the domain and stepped through.

When they stepped through he was hit with a massive hug and his head was shoved into someone's large cleavage.

Archer instantly knew who it was by her sweet scent. Shortly after he heard a sweet voice. "Husband! I've missed you."

He lifted his head up to see a pair of pink eyes staring into his with a big smile. Archer quickly stole Nefertiti's soft lips which caused her body to jolt.

The pink-haired princess found herself taken by surprise before responding with a passionate kiss of her own.

As they shared their affectionate moment, the rest of the group couldn't help but burst into laughter.

Archer eventually broke away from the succubus, leaving her with a dreamy look in her eyes.

With a tender expression, he leaned in and whispered into her ear, "We have more than enough time to catch up, and I'll make sure to pamper you, Nefi."

Nefi nodded, a contented smile gracing her face, and she went to take a seat. Archer turned his attention to the others and noticed that everyone was present except for Sia and Llynriel.

His gaze met Ella's as she warmly greeted him with a kiss on the cheek before whispering into his ear, "I love you, Archer."

Archer's smile deepened as he understood the significance of her words. He met her gaze and replied, "I love you too, El."

Ella's excitement was palpable, and she eagerly pulled him closer for a passionate kiss.

Their lips met, and in that moment, their affection for each other was expressed through the intensity of their kiss.

After a lingering moment, Ella gradually pulled back, her eyes filled with affection. "You need to spend more time with us."

Archer nodded and then gave the half-elf's button nose a playful peck before heading over to where the Sun Elf was talking to Hecate, with Talila sharpening her swords nearby.

As he approached, Hemera's eyes met his, and she flashed a mischievous grin. In a surprising move, she began to sway her hips as she walked towards him.

He was caught off guard but pleasantly surprised. Hemera's laughter rang out as she circled her arms around his neck and planted a kiss on his lips.

Archer appreciated it when the girls took the initiative. He promptly reciprocated the kiss and, in a moment of passion, gently held her.

The feeling of her soft and silky lips, with a hint of fruity sweetness, was something he treasured.

Their kiss lingered for a while before Hemera stepped back, her voice radiating happiness as she spoke. "Now that there are no more wars or trouble, we can spend more time reading together."

Before Archer could respond, Hecate, who had been watching with a small smile, added, "Unless trouble finds you again."

He responded with confidence, "We'll face whatever comes our way."

Laughter filled the air, but he then turned to Hecate and, with a touch of desire, took her slender waist in his hands, initiating a passionate kiss.

Her body shivered, but she held his cheeks and returned the kiss with equal fervor. Talila couldn't help but roll her eyes, which elicited a laugh from Hemera.

After their passionate exchange, Hecate smiled at Archer and commented, "Come to the lab when you're finished with your greetings. I have some new potions to show you."

Archer gave her a nod in agreement, and as Hecate began to walk away, his tail playfully swayed before playfully smacking her bum, causing her to yelp in surprise.

The Moon Elf turned to him, but he blew her a playful kiss, prompting a smile from her. With a light-hearted gesture, she made her way towards the lab.

He shifted his attention to the lost princess, who fixed him with her striking blood-red eyes. Her silver hair was neatly tied in her usual ponytail.

With a mischievous grin, Archer approached her. She watched him intently, her gaze unwavering, but his playful spirit couldn't be contained.

In a swift move, he cast Blink and reappeared behind Talila, swiftly grabbing her by the waist and spinning her around in a joyful and unexpected twist.

Talila, initially taken aback by the surprise spin, had just been about to push Archer away. But before she could react, he seized her lips in a sudden and unexpected kiss.

The shock quickly gave way to a surprising reciprocation from Talila, who stopped resisting and responded with a passionate kiss of her own.

After a couple of minutes, they separated, and Talila wore a small, satisfied smile. It was at this moment that Archer broached the topic. "Will you help me train with Teuila?"

Talila nodded with a smile, kissing his cheek before replying, "I'm going to practice with my bow. I'll see you later, Arch."

Archer acknowledged her with a nod before she darted off. He turned around to find Nefertiti engrossed in a book, while Ella was busy preparing something in the kitchen.

As he was about to take a seat, Sera abruptly rushed into the treehouse and headed straight for the kitchen.

With enthusiasm in her voice, Sera inquired, "When will dinner be ready? The sun will be setting soon."

Ella glanced at the hyperactive redhead and responded with a smile, "It'll be ready in about an hour."

Sera sighed with impatience, but Archer swiftly came to the rescue, producing some chocolate truffles.

He called out to the cheeky dragon, saying, "Sera, here. Take these and share them with the sisters."

Sera eagerly accepted the truffles, devoured one, and couldn't help but let out a pleased moan when she tasted the rich chocolate.

Once she finished it, she looked at Archer with a curious expression and asked. "Where did you get this food from sweetheart?"

Archer answered. "From an island kingdom in the East. When I run out of the new food we can go back and buy some more."

Sera's departure prompted a nod from Archer. He strolled out onto the treehouse's balcony and gazed at the snow-covered landscape, shaking his head with a hint of frustration.

In a low murmur, he questioned, "Why does it always have to be snowing? This is ridiculous."

With a sigh, he checked his status.

[Experience Points: 445,000/4,000,000]

[Level Increase: 612 > 613]

[Skill Points: 0 > 10]

Archer felt a sense of satisfaction upon leveling up, yet he recognized that the path to further advancement would demand more time and effort.

Deciding not to dwell on it at the moment, he resolved to let his progress naturally unfold over time.

He glanced skyward and watched the setting sun. The realization that the day was coming to a close spurred him to make a decision.

Archer decided to regularly visit the adventurer's guild during his free moments, intending to hunt down bandits and seize their treasures.

Leaning against the balcony rail, Archer received a message via the enchanted bracelet from Leira.

She conveyed, "Arch, Father mentioned that the celebration aligns with the upcoming Starfall Frostwinter Festival. Oh, and the Headmistress said we'll be able to head back to the college in a couple of days."

"Sounds good," Archer replied, his gaze fixed on the gently falling snow. Below, children frolicked in the winter wonderland, their laughter and playful antics filling the air.

Nearby, in the elf garden, Llyniel and Leira diligently tended to the mystical plants that thrived there. Further out in a nearby clearing, Talila honed her archery skills.

Taking a moment to himself, Archer reached into his Item Box and retrieved a bottle of ale he had acquired during his raids.

Archer took a sip from his drink as he gazed out over his domain, pondering the unpredictability of the future.

With a nonchalant shrug, he finished off the ale in his hand and reached for another.

Chapter 417 Memories

Archer stayed on the balcony examining most of his domain until Ella called out to him. He walked inside and saw all nine girls sitting at the table.

When they saw him they all smiled and told him to sit down. As he walked over to the table he kissed each one while whispering sweet words into their ears.

Once Archer sat down they started eating and chatting. An hour passed like this and he enjoyed the atmosphere of the dinner.

Everyone was smiling and talking among themselves. This scene made him smile but it brought back memories that were lurking deep inside his mind.

Archer remembered the times he and his family on Earth would have dinners like this and went quiet which caught Ella's attention.

She looked at him before leaning in and whispered. "What's wrong Arch?"

He turned to her with a fake smile. "Seeing this brings back my Earth memories and I remember them."

Ella gave him a smile as she grabbed his hand and comforted him. "Archer it's not like you'll never see them again. We will go back together with the others and bring them here."

When Archer heard her words he didn't know what to say and was at a loss for words. He shook his head before replying. "You're right El. All I need is more mana and we can return."

She nodded in agreement but felt the need to add one more thing. "I believe it's time to share your past with everyone. It's only fair, especially considering they will be joining you in marriage."

He concurred, and after they had all finished their meal, he gathered them in the living room. "I have something to share," he announced.

Their nods of understanding prompted them to move to the sofas, where they settled in, ready to listen.

In the cozy living room, bathed in the soft, warm glow of the fire, Archer looked at the faces of the nine girls who had become his new family.

He felt a sense of trust and connection, and he knew it was time to share a part of his past with the new girls but to tell the others everything.

Taking a deep breath, he began, "Let me tell you about a world called Earth. I lived a very ordinary life there, in a large and loving family. My parents, my siblings, and cousins—we were all incredibly close, and our home was always filled with laughter and love."

The girls listened with rapt attention, their eyes focused on Archer as he painted a vivid picture of his past.

"I had a childhood friend," Archer continued, a touch of nostalgia in his voice. "Her name was Alexa, and we were inseparable. We shared everything—our secrets, our dreams, and even our first kiss. Life felt simple and beautiful with her by my side."

As Archer spoke, his voice carried the weight of cherished memories. The room was filled with a deep, understanding silence as if they were all living those moments alongside him.

"But," Archer's tone grew somber, "our happiness didn't last. You see, there was another, Noah. He had always been envious of our bond, and his jealousy grew into something far more destructive. He couldn't bear the thought of Alexa and me together."

A collective gasp and shared looks of empathy swept through the room as the girls connected with his story.

"On the night we made our relationship official," Archer continued, his voice trembling under the emotional burden, "we could never have foreseen the depths of Noah's jealousy. We were walking home together, and in a shocking turn of events, he lunged at Alexa with a knife but I pushed her out of harm's way."

He paused, reliving that harrowing moment in his mind, shaking his head as he found the strength to go on. "And then, in a jealous frenzy, he mercilessly ended my life, stabbing me repeatedly. Alexa fought desperately to save me, but it was too late. By the time they rushed me to the hospital, I had already slipped away."

A heavy silence hung in the air, the room filled with the weight of Archer's tragic tale. His eyes met the girls' compassionate gazes, and for a moment, it felt as though they were sharing his pain.

"But," Archer continued, his voice resolute, "here I am with all of you. I believe that someday, with your support, we can find a way to return to Earth and reunite with the family I left behind, especially Alexa, who I still care for deeply."

As Archer finished recounting the tragic events of his past life, all nine girls turned their eyes to him, filled with sorrow and empathy.

At that moment, the weight of his story hung heavily in the air, and they understood the pain he had carried with him for so long.

Wordlessly, they rose from their places, one by one, their movements a synchronized dance of support and compassion.

They encircled Archer, forming a protective wall of love and understanding. Ella, always the supporting one, reached out and held him close, her embrace a reassuring shelter.

Teuila, Sera, and Nefertiti extended their hands to touch his shoulders and back, offering their silent strength.

Hemera and Hecate, with their calming presence, stood by his side, ready to offer comfort in whatever form he needed.

Talila, Leira, and Llynriel surrounded him, their eyes conveying a profound connection, their unity a testament to the bond they had formed.

Without words, their collective presence spoke volumes, reassuring Archer that he was not alone in his pain.

As they held him close, they silently vowed to help him heal and find a brighter future, together.

The bond between Archer and the girls deepened, their shared experiences creating an unbreakable connection.

After their separation, the girls settled into their positions while wrapping blankets around themselves, each finding a comfortable spot.

The chill of the night had started to infiltrate their treehouse, prompting Archer to breathe life into the fireplace, a burst of fiery warmth that combated the encroaching cold.

As the violet flames danced and crackled, the room filled with the comforting embrace of their warmth.

Archer took a seat, and it was Leira, her voice tinged with curiosity, who broke the silence. "So, how did you end up on Thrylos?"

He met her gaze before offering a thoughtful response. "The Dragon Goddess Tiamat used her immense power to bring me here, though initially, I believed it was simply my soul that had arrived. It wasn't until I had a rather hard knock to the head that my memories unlocked themselves. So, in essence, I was born on Thrylos, but my memories are a fusion of my life on Earth and my early years on this world."

After he spoke that's when the curious Wood Elf asked a question. "What is Alexa like? She must be special for you to remember her so fondly."

Amid the soft, warm glow of the firelight, he gazed at the attentive faces of the girls who had become his fiancées.

He drew in a deep breath, his gaze drifting to the distance as he prepared to share a treasured fragment of his past.

"Let me tell you about Alexa," he began, his voice laced with affection. "We were friends since we were little kids, practically inseparable. We shared the kind of bond that defied words, the sort of friendship that begins in the innocence of childhood and endures through the trials of life."

As he spoke, his memories came to life in his mind's eye, and he couldn't help but smile at the recollection.

"We grew up together," Archer continued, "playing in the fields, exploring the woods, and sharing secrets under the moonlight. We were each other's confidants, always there to listen, to offer a shoulder to lean on, and to celebrate each other's victories."

The room was bathed in the warm ambiance of the fire, and the girls listened intently, captivated by the depth of the relationship he described.

"Our friendship," Archer continued, "evolved into something more as we got older. We fell in love, and that love was deep and genuine. We shared our dreams and our fears, but by the time we both realized our feelings it was too late."

As Archer's voice swelled with emotion, it became evident that Alexa occupied a unique and enduring place in his heart, a sanctuary untouched by the passage of time and the vast expanse of distance.

"But," he continued, his voice tinged with a somber note, "our happiness was abruptly cut short, as I was torn away from that life and thrust into this one."

In that poignant moment, the girls could discern the depth of anguish in Archer's eyes, and the gravity of his story weighed upon them.

"One day I will return to Earth one day and take my revenge on Noah." He commented before the room went quiet.

As the fire flickered in the background, Nefertiti's question pierced the silence. "Will you also marry her husband?"

Chapter 418 Grandmother

Archer locked eyes with the pink-haired princess and replied, "Of course, Nefi. We missed our chance on Earth, but I'm hoping to return and continue where we left off."

She let out an indignant huff, but Archer's smile remained. With a gentle motion, he activated the tattoo.

Nefertiti let out a surprised yelp as she materialized on his lap, but her initial shock quickly became a beaming smile.

But she seemed to forget entirely about the conversation as she started to pepper his neck with kisses, her Succubus features subtly emerging, which took everyone by surprise.

Most of the girls had known her true nature, but seeing it in action was still astonishing.

Leira and Llyniel, who were relatively new to the group, seemed unfazed as they understood Nefertiti's deep affection and obsession with Archer.

While Nefertiti was busy with her affections, Teuila playfully chimed in, her voice laced with teasing. "You two should consider getting a room. There are plenty in the treehouse."

The group erupted in laughter, but Archer gently grasped Nefertiti's chin, bringing her soft, plump lips to meet his.

Her kiss was sweet, like honey, sending shivers through her body. She responded with passion, their kiss a testament to their deep connection and the affection they shared.

After a shared moment filled with smiles, they gently parted, their connection still intact.

However, the pink-haired princess rose from his lap, leaning in close to Archer, her voice a sultry whisper in his ear. "Tonight, husband, I desire you inside me. I want to take a bath."

Her words immediately stoked Archer's desire, and he readily agreed. He watched as she sauntered away, the sway of her hips drawing his gaze.

Feeling a sense of responsibility to ensure fairness, Archer stood and showed the same affection to the other eight girls.

Their happiness was evident as they appreciated his commitment to treating everyone equally.

Following Nefertiti's departure, several ladies chose to accompany her, leaving Archer alone in the living room.

He glanced around and noticed Hecate ascending the stairs to her lab. Llynriel and Leira, on the other hand, headed to the garden, seeking their pursuits.

Archer shook his head, realizing they were dispersing in various directions he sent a message to all of them, letting them know of his intention to visit Sia.

Once he did that he cast Gate to an alley in Starfall City. When he stepped through the portal he pulled out his cloak.

With the warm cloak wrapped around himself, Archer made his way toward the Silverthrone Mansion, the delicate flakes of snow continuing to fall gently from the wintry sky.

As he strolled through the city, he observed the citizens diligently doing their daily business.

Along the bustling streets, stalls offered an array of piping hot food, their tempting aromas wafting through the air.

Archer couldn't help but notice the presence of soldiers patrolling the streets, their friendly interactions with the townsfolk eliciting warm smiles from the residents.

It was clear that the people well-received their protective presence, creating a sense of security and contentment in the city.

After walking for a while, Archer spotted the Silverthrone Mansion. He continued on his path, heading toward the grand entrance.

However, as he drew nearer, his attention was captured by a quaint bookshop situated to the side of the mansion.

Archer glanced upward and noted the dimly shining afternoon sun, its light filtered through the thick, gray clouds that loomed overhead.

Though the snowfall wasn't hefty, the dark clouds hinted at the persistence of winter's grip on the landscape.

He had contemplated visiting the bookshop earlier but lacked the motivation. As he approached the Silverthrone Mansion, a guard raised his voice, exclaiming, "Halt, stranger!"

Archer came to a standstill before the two men and addressed them with a mischievous grin, saying, "Why do you fine gentlemen block my path? I happen to be betrothed to Sia Silverthrone and proudly claim the title of Albert Silverthrone's grandson."

When the guards heard that, the one who didn't talk commented. "Young Master Archer?"

Acknowledging the guard with a nod, Archer resumed his stroll, leaving the two sentinels behind.

Upon entering the mansion, he was warmly greeted by a maid. "Greetings, Young Master. The Master is in the lounge. Would you allow me to escort you there?"

With a gracious smile, Archer replied, "Yes, please."

The maid curtsied and guided him through the winding corridors, where Archer noticed a collection of portraits showcasing various individuals.

As he examined the artwork, the maid said, "These paintings depict the members of the Silverthrone family. For generations, portraits have been added to the wall."

Archer nodded in acknowledgment and as he wandered through the gallery, he suddenly stopped in front of Sia's painting.

He couldn't help but admire it, as she was depicted in a military uniform amidst the mansion's splendid gardens.

In his eyes, she was a true beauty with her cascading ebony locks and captivating sapphire-blue eyes.

A smug grin curled upon Archer's lips as he pondered the fact that she was his, a realization that filled him with a sense of self-satisfaction.

The maid noticed his smile and couldn't help but grow curious. She asked, "Why are you smiling, Young Master?"

Archer turned to her, his smile undiminished, and replied, "I wonder how many men from the empire will resent me for marrying one of the top generals."

Amused by his response, the maid chuckled and shook her head as she said. "This way."

Soon, they arrived at a wooden door. The woman knocked, and a hearty voice from within called out, "Come in! Come in!"

As the door swung open, Archer entered the room and was met by the sight of Albert, Mia, and the two other men.

Albert's eyes lit up upon spotting him, and he sprang to his feet, closing the gap between them with an exuberant greeting. "My Grandson! How are you, boy?"

Before Archer could respond, Albert gave him an unexpected bear hug, causing the two other men to be taken aback and eliciting laughter from Mia.

When Albert finally released him, Archer answered, "I'm fine, Grandfather. I've come to see Sia and check on her."

Archer was still confused about how to navigate his relationship with this friendly old man who was always smiling.

He understood that Albert cared for him deeply, but was unaccustomed to such affection.

However, before he could dwell on it any further, Mia advanced and enveloped him in a tight hug.

She embraced him and then playfully whispered in his ear, "You better give me some grandbabies, boy. Consider yourself warned."

Archer was taken aback and didn't know how to reply to his Grandmother who let him go while chuckling to herself.

He was lost and didn't know how to deal with his unique grandparents. Archer didn't dislike it but wasn't used to it.

That's when Albert spoke with a big smile on his face. "Arch. This is my old friends Eldric and Kaelen Grayleaf. They are the Father and Uncle of Samara and Ksara."

Archer looked at the men and noticed they resembled the two women in question and sat down before pulling out some bread.

Eldric gazed at Archer and expressed his apology with a regretful tone. "Archer, I want to apologize for the actions of my daughter and grandchildren. We were unaware of the abuse you endured, and had we known, we would have welcomed you into our home."

He met the older man's gaze and affirmed, "I don't dwell on that anymore. It's a thing of the past, and it'll stay there. If they ever try it again, they'll face the consequences."

Samara's father observed the seriousness in his eyes and silently agreed and knew Archer meant what he said.

That's when Archer used his Aura Detector to locate Sia in the garden where she was engrossed in training.

Just as he was about to rise, Mia playfully chimed in with a mischievous smile. "Shall I lead the way to her, Arch?"

He regarded Mia, who bore a striking resemblance to Sia, and sensed there might be more to her offer than met the eye.

However, he stood up and allowed her to take the lead, curious to see what she had in mind so left with her.

Archer looked at Albert and spoke. "Old man. I will come to see you before I leave."

As they left the room, Mia hooked her arm through his and engaged in conversation as she led him toward the garden.

While they strolled, she turned to him with a mischievous grin and remarked, "I certainly hope you're showing our dear Sia the love and care she deserves, rather than just ravaging the poor girl."

Archer stumbled when he heard her question, causing the older woman, to burst into laughter.

She mischievously tugged him back, her teasing continuing. "My handsome grandson, I foresee a legion of children in your future. I can already envision it – the fearsome dragon that terrifies entire continents turning into a complete softy when it comes to his daughters."

After Mia's playful comment, she burst into laughter, leaving Archer uncertain of how to respond to his Grandmother.

Chapter 419 Their First Date

The sun descended beyond the horizon, casting shades of golden and lavender across the sprawling gardens of the Silverthrone Mansion.

Archer and Mia found themselves seated on a stone bench. They had chosen a vantage point that overlooked the garden where Sia was engrossed in her training.

The rhythmic clinks of steel against steel and the focused determination etched on Sia's face were a testament to her dedication and skill.

Her movements were graceful, with precise strikes, parries, and fluid footwork that held the eye captive.

Mia turned to Archer, her expression thoughtful as she began to speak. "You know, when a Dragon-Kin finds their partner, they're relentless. Just like I was with your grandfather. The poor man has been enduring my teasing for so long that I might have broken him."

She chuckled as she recollected all the teasing she'd engaged in during her and Albert's long and loving marriage. Mia shook her head before proceeding with her explanation.

"But the pursuit of that person is ingrained in our blood. And you, Archer, were always meant to be hers. However, before your accident, you didn't show interest in that sweet girl."

She glanced over at Sia, who was practicing in the garden. "Though she may not express it openly, your indifference really wounded her. We attempted to reassure her that you were still maturing, but it didn't make any difference."

She turned back to Archer with a big smile. "So, I want to thank you for finally accepting her. I can already see the change in her. She's like a new person, always wearing a beautiful smile."

Mia's eyes held a mixture of gratitude and affection as she returned to watching Sia's training.

Archer gazed at his Grandmother, who had teased him non-stop and seemed to love it, but he knew that she cared for her family deeply and only teased those she loved.

At that moment, he pondered the difference between her and Larka, a contrast that left him somewhat bewildered.

With a subtle shake of his head, he responded sincerely, "I must admit that I was rather foolish back then. I was young and stupid, but at seventeen, after everything I've been through. Only recently have I come to understand just how significant Sia is to me. So, you needn't worry, Grandmother; I will look after her."

In his words, there was a sense of newfound maturity as Archer promised to safeguard Sia and cherish their bond.

When Mia heard his words, a bright smile appeared as she wrapped her arm around him before commenting. "Well, if you mean that, give me some grandbabies! If not, I will be forced to teach Sia some secret techniques to achieve such a goal."

She teased him even more, "I know your daughters will be exceptionally beautiful, especially if they inherit your looks. They'll become renowned beauties known throughout the realm."

Mia leaned in, her voice a whisper in his ear. "I wish for many grandchildren, Arch! You must fulfill this old lady's desire."

Afterward, she gently cradled his head and kissed his forehead lovingly before walking away. "I'm thrilled to meet you again finally, my precious grandson. I'm sorry for all you've been through, but those days are behind us now. If anyone dares to harm you, I'll pursue them to the ends of the earth. Now, go and see Sia. She's been missing you, and give me grandbabies, boy!."

With those parting words, Mia strolled away, leaving Archer bewildered at her demands, which made him chuckle.

Archer started to think to himself and wondered what it would be like to be a Father and promised himself he wouldn't be like his parents.

He shook his head, got up, and started walking closer to Sia, who now was catching her breath.

Her eyes brightened, and she turned toward him with a cheerful smile. "Hello, my husband! What brings you here?"

Archer gazed at the perspiring warrior, her labored breaths quite apparent. He momentarily noticed her ample curves, which took him by surprise.

Nevertheless, he regained his composure and admired Sia. Her jet-black hair was neatly tied in a ponytail.

She was clad in training attire that hugged her curvy body, which sent him mad. He shook his head with a smile and replied with love, "I simply wanted to see you."

Hearing his words, Sia's smile widened, and she swiftly cast Cleanse on herself before lunging towards him.

She enveloped him in a warm, firm embrace, guiding his head to rest in her cleavage. Archer didn't resist, finding comfort in her closeness.

Sia beamed at him and inquired, "Husband, would you like to go bandit hunting? I want to test out my new skills, and it can be our first date."

Archer's eyes briefly widened at the suggestion, but he readily agreed, saying, "Yes, it's a date."

Sia wanted to change into suitable attire for their adventure, so Archer waited for her at the back door as she headed inside.

After a brief wait, Sia reemerged, clad in black leather armor and a thick wool cloak. Beneath the armor, she wore thick pants and a sturdy shirt.

Archer's grin widened as he took in her preparedness. Without hesitation, he lifted her in a princess carry, ready for their joint adventure.

Sia wrapped her arms around his neck as Archer took off. Once he was high above Starfall City, he opened a portal to the Beasthaven.

He summoned dozens of Tressyms, who started nudging him and Sia. When the Dragon-Kin woman saw them, she was amazed.

Sia turned to him and asked in amazement as some flew up to her. "What are these cute little beasts?"

"They're known as Tressyms. I brought them along with me from the Nether Realm," Archer responded truthfully.

Archer looked at the cat-looking beasts and ordered them to locate any bandit groups and report back to him.

The beasts nodded before scattering in various directions while Archer descended to the Silverthrone Mansion.

He landed on the rooftop, gently releasing Sia and seating himself, carefully placing the Dragon-Kin woman in his lap.

Once she was settled comfortably, he spoke, "I'm really sorry for my past indifference. I promise to make it up to you for as long I can."

Sia gazed at him and offered a warm smile. She cupped his cheeks, leaned in, and kissed him deeply.

The two traded kisses, which made both to be very happy. Afterward, she wrapped her arms around him and hugged him tightly.

But Sia spoke with a voice full of happiness. "It's alright now. You've accepted me, and we can build our future together."

Archer's face lit up with a wide smile as he passionately kissed her. Afterward, they caught up, and he shared his recent activities details.

The Tressym companions returned individually and relayed the information about the bandits' whereabouts.

After dismissing them back to the domain, Archer rose to his feet as he cast Gate to the Summerfield Duchy, a place infested with bandits and outlaws that required cleaning up.

With a smile, Sia inquired, "I suppose they told you where the bandits are? How did they manage to gather the information so quickly?"

"They can fly exceptionally fast, especially now that they reside in my domain, which is saturated with mana," he replied before entering the portal, with Sia following closely.

As the couple emerged from the portal onto a snow-covered road, Archer noticed that previous travelers had cleared the path.

Archer conjured a portal to Beasthaven and called forth Scar, the Nightmare Tiger, and a female companion for Sia.

When the majestic beasts materialized, they affectionately nuzzled Archer and emitted contented purring sounds.

He affectionately petted them for a while before turning to the female tiger and asking, "Big girl, would you befriend my wife and allow her to ride you from now on she needs protection?"

The female tiger gazed at the Dragon-Kin woman before nodding her large head, then slowly approached her.

When she saw the immense beast, she was taken aback. The creature stood as tall as her, its fur as dark as the night.

Sia couldn't help but admire the sheer muscularity of the tiger, realizing that these creatures were true predators and considerably larger than her companion, Dawnbreaker.

She was still captivated by its two piercing, glowing red eyes, but the tiger nudged her, seeking to be petted.

That's precisely what Sia did, beginning to pamper the female tiger, who enjoyed the attention.

Observing the scene, Archer smiled as he commented, "She shall be your protector from now on, ensuring you're not kidnapped again."

Sia regarded him with a playful squint before letting out a laugh. "I agree. We can't afford a third incident, or I'll begin to doubt my luck."

Their laughter filled the air, and then, in unison, Archer mounted Scar while Sia did the same with her tiger, whom she had named Shiva.

He gestured in the direction they needed to travel, and in a swift motion, Scar and Shiva darted off, carrying their riders into the adventure that awaited.

Chapter 420 Potions

Archer and Sia rode atop their Nightmare Tigers, racing through the dense jungle until they spotted a camp in the distance.

With a sudden skid, the tigers came to a halt, and the couple swiftly dismounted. Archer issued commands to the two beasts to circle around to the other side of the camp.

Shiva nudged Sia before dashing off. Together, they stealthily approached the camp where they saw a motley assembly of humans, a mix of soldiers and bandits

Archer noticed the scene and flashed a grin at Sia. "My Lady, would you like to lead the way?"

Sia smiled as she unsheathed her gleaming sword, ready for battle. The blade seemed to pulse with anticipation as she firmly grasped it, her excitement painted across her face.

With a fierce battle cry, she charged into the heart of the camp. The bandits, taken by surprise, scrambled to react as her sword danced through the air with precision.

She moved with fluid grace, each calculated strike meant to kill her enemies swiftly, allowing her to transition seamlessly to the next target.

Her strikes were a whirlwind of steel, cutting off limbs and breaking her adversary's blades in quick succession.

Archer wasn't far behind, his power crackling in the air. He cast Element Bolts made of thunder that streaked through the camp, striking with deadly precision and lethal force.

The bandits hit by his spells crumpled to the ground in shocked silence, their chests pierced by gaping holes.

That's when Archer cast Crown of Stars and violet orbs started to hover around him. With a wave of his hand, he directed them towards the bandits.

Upon contact with the enemy's bodies, the orbs detonated, creating powerful explosions that not only sent bandits hurtling through the air but also shattered their defenses.

The combination of Sia's deadly swordplay and Archer's devastating magic turned the tide of the battle.

Bandits fell left and right, their attempts to regroup and counterattack thwarted by the relentless onslaught.

It was a dazzling exhibition of teamwork and power. As the dust settled, Archer observed that most of the bandits had met their demise.

The remaining few fled, but that's when Scar and Shiva sprang into action. The tigers swiftly dispatched the fleeing bandits while Sia approached Archer.

Sia drew near, she pulled him into a passionate kiss, their tongues engaged in a fervent dance. Archer eagerly reciprocated before they reluctantly parted.

"That was exhilarating. Let's continue the hunt, my husband!" Sia declared as she hurried over to Shiva.

He watched her gracefully mount the majestic tiger before summoning his Stone Men and instructing them to plunder everything valuable left behind.

In less than ten minutes Archer stored everything including the human hearts in his Item Box.

Once their plundering was complete, Archer mounted Scar, and they set off together, scouring the Summerfield Duchy to eliminate the bandits.

As the moon ascended high into the night sky, the couple found themselves atop a waterfall, overlooking a vast grassland.

They rested while sitting on their tigers. Sia turned to him and inquired, "So, Shiva can stay with me, right?"

He nodded affirmatively, replying, "Yes, she'll be your guardian from now on."

At that moment, Archer remembered the need to upgrade everyone's bracelets when he returned to the domain.

Turning his attention back to Sia, he asked in a curious voice, "What have you been up to since your return?"

Sia beamed at him, her response filled with determination. "I've been working on rebuilding the Dawnbreaker Legion. It suffered heavy losses during the war. Additionally, I've been lending a hand to my father and the emperor with the imperial army."

Archer nodded in acknowledgment and proceeded to cast Gate, opening a portal back to the Silverthrone Mansion.

The two of them, still sitting on their tigers, stepped through the violet-colored portal. Once they were through Archer turned to Sia. "I'll be heading back to the domain while you finish your work here."

Before he could say any more, Sia embraced him tightly, her words whispered into his ear with affection. "I love you, husband. Thank you for everything."

Archer felt a rush of happiness at her words and returned the embrace, his voice filled with warmth, "I love you too Sia. I'm happy that I have someone like you in my life."

Sia's joy radiated as she lovingly stroked both Scar and Shiva. The two majestic beasts seemed to revel in her attention, purring loudly to express their appreciation.

Archer turned to the beasts, his tone serious but filled with affection. "You two are responsible for looking after her and ensuring she's safe from any potential kidnappings."

Addressing Scar directly, he continued, "I'm leaving you here because Shiva is your mate, and I won't separate you. When I need you, I'll summon you."

Scar nodded in understanding and nudged Archer affectionately, his purring indicating his contentment.

He walked over to Sia, catching her by the waist and playfully spinning her around, a warm smile on his face.

The unexpected gesture brought a joyful surprise to the smiling woman's face. Their lips met in a passionate kiss, a heartfelt farewell that spoke of their deep affection for each other.

Promising to see her more often and planning another date, Archer left Sia in high spirits as she fussed over the Nightmare Tigers.

Once their parting was complete, he turned and made his way back to the domain, the moon high in the night sky.

As Archer entered the domain, he found Ella, Hemera, Leira, and Sera cozily wrapped in thick blankets in the living room.

The comforting crackling of the fireplace filled the air, and the sweet scent of Frostfire Cocoa hinted at their delightful indulgence.

They all greeted him with warm smiles. Ella, in particular, jumped to her feet and offered, "Sit down, Arch. I'll get you some cocoa."

Archer accepted her kind offer and made his way to the fireplace. Breathing violet flames into it, he stoked the fire, dispelling the chill in the room.

Which earned him contented sighs from the girls. Sera playfully commented, "I love it when you use your flames. They're so hot."

Curious about the whereabouts of the others, Archer inquired, "Where are the others?"

Leira took it upon herself to answer, saying, "Hecate is in her lab, eagerly awaiting your return. Llyniet is tending to her garden, as usual, and the rest of them are resting after their meal."

With a cup of Frostfire Cocoa in hand, Archer settled into a comfortable spot and began sipping the warm, sweet drink.

The girls inquired about his time with Sia, and Archer eagerly recounted their bandit-hunting adventure and his visit to his grandparents.

Laughter filled the room as he regaled them with stories of his grandmother's teasing and how she wanted grandbabies.

They couldn't resist some playful teasing of their own, which earned a mock disapproving huff from Archer causing them to laugh even more.

The group engaged in conversation for a while, enjoying each other's company. Archer eventually rose from his seat and announced, "I'm going to spend some time with Hecate before turning in."

Archer made his way to Hecate's lab and gently rapped on the door. Without much delay, the door creaked open, revealing Hecate with a bright, welcoming smile.

"Come on in, my love," Hecate invited, her voice carrying a hint of weariness.

Archer entered the lab, immediately enveloped in the scent of various potions and their intricate ingredients.

The pungent aroma tickled his nose, provoking an unexpected sneeze that startled Eione, who was diligently working in the corner.

She let out a yelp and gave Archer a dirty look which caused him to laugh. He noticed the room was filled with various magical equipment, a testament to Hecate's expertise.

As they settled into the lab, Hecate's eyes lit up with enthusiasm, and she couldn't contain her excitement.

She began, "Arch, I've been working on something truly remarkable. I've successfully crafted three extraordinary Health, Mana, and Stamina potions that work much better than the normal ones on sale."

Archer's eyes widened with curiosity. "Really? That sounds amazing! How potent are they?"

Hecate's eyes gleamed with pride as she explained, "These potions are the best I've ever crafted. The Health potion can heal even the gravest of injuries, the Mana potion can restore your magical energy to its peak, and the Stamina potion will keep you going for extended periods. They're far superior to anything you'll find on the market."

Archer was thoroughly impressed. "That's incredible. You've outdone yourself. What do you plan to do with them?"

Hecate's smile turned mischievous as she replied, "I want to sell them to the citizens of Starfall City and earn our family coins. When we find the perfect place. They'll be a game-changer for adventurers and mages alike. I believe there's a real demand for high-quality, magical elixirs."

Archer nodded in agreement, "I think it's a fantastic idea. These potions could make a real difference in people's lives. Tomorrow I will send Leira to organize it with the emperor."

Hecate's eyes shone with gratitude. "Thank you, Archer. Your support means the world to me. I'm excited about the possibilities these potions hold."