

## **A Journey 501**

### **Chapter 501 The Sparrows**

Archer looked at the woman and asked. "How have you been? Had any trouble?"

She smiled before answering honestly. "We are currently trapped in the Dragon's Woods in the Riverlands. A large group of Orcs surrounded us, so we retreated here and wanted to ask Tali to help us."

When he heard this, a grin appeared on his face. Cecelia was confused until he spoke. "Want me to get you out of your predicament so you can continue your quest?"

Cecelia agreed but told him to wait while she got the others. Archer waited a little while before the woman returned with the rest and Talila, who smiled when she saw him.

Talila hugged and kissed him before asking a question with a curious voice. "What are you doing here, Arch?"

"I came to see you, my wild elf. But when Cecelia told me of their problem, I offered to help," he replied, bringing a smile to the girl's face.

She hugged him once more in gratitude before letting him proceed with his work. Archer then turned his attention to the other Sparrows, offering friendly greetings to each one.

But he motioned for Cecelia to get closer, and when she did, he grabbed her wrist and cast Gate to the place where they escaped.

As he approached the portal, anticipation building in the air, his gaze fell upon a menacing horde of orcs on the other side.

They were crammed into a big forest clearing so Archer could use his larger beasts. A confident grin stretched across his face, and his mind quickly strategized.

Instead of instilling fear, the sight of the orcs ignited a spark of excitement in Archer. His thoughts raced as he considered the upcoming challenge because he wanted to use his Monster Army but couldn't decide what beasts to use.

'I need big and destructive.' He thought to himself, but he soon devised the perfect beast.

He decided to go with the Tarrasques, which made him chuckle as he knew they would destroy the orcs.

When Talila and the Sparrows heard this, they wondered what he was up to. But Archer opened a portal and summoned four Tarrasques.

The ground started to tremble beneath the weight of an immense presence. To the astonishment of everyone present, four colossal beasts emerged from the other side.

Their monstrous forms loomed large, and a deafening roar echoed, shaking the very foundations of the surroundings.

Yet, to the surprise of the Sparrows and all onlookers, the Tarrasques, instead of unleashing havoc, bowed their colossal heads in a gesture of deference to Archer.

The sheer awe and disbelief choked the words of the Sparrows, who could only watch in stunned silence as this unexpected display unfolded.

Standing amidst the colossal creatures, Archer met their gaze with a calm assurance, a mysterious connection between them evident to all.

He quickly issued orders to the Tarrasques, now bowed before him. "Slay as many orcs as possible and leave some for me. I want some for food."

The massive beasts, understanding him, rumbled in agreement. With a thunderous roar, they charged through the portal.

Their immense forms tore into the orc horde's ferocity, sending shockwaves through the battlefield.

The air was filled with the sounds of battle—roars, clashes, and the anguished cries of orcs as the colossal beasts unleashed their devastating might.

In the forest clearing, echoes reverberated with the tumultuous sounds of battle, and Archer, Talila, and the Sparrows stood in awe of colossal Tarrasques tearing through the orc horde.

The air thickened with the scent of chaos, and the ground trembled beneath the massive footsteps of monstrous creatures.

The horizon blurred as the Tarrasques, guided by Archer's command, unleashed devastating might upon the orcs.

His eyes fixed on the scene before him, and he felt a mixture of satisfaction and excitement.

Talila stood beside him, her expression a blend of astonishment and pride at the sheer power they commanded.

Though seasoned in their own right, the spectacle momentarily silenced the Sparrows. The Tarrasques moved with a primal ferocity, each swipe of their colossal claws and bite of their massive jaws sending orcs flying in all directions.

The battlefield became a chaotic dance of destruction, and the once vibrant clearing transformed into a nightmarish landscape painted in the crimson hues of orc blood.

Archer watched the Tarrasques as the battle unfolded, ensuring the creatures left enough orcs for him.

Talila, her hand gripping the hilt of her weapon, felt a surge of exhilaration at the sheer power displayed by their monstrous allies.

Though initially stunned, the Sparrows began to rally, their expressions shifting from shock to a steely resolve as they realized the strategic advantage the Tarrasques provided.

The cacophony of battle reached a crescendo, and as the orcs fell in droves, the ground became slick with blood.

The air was heavy with the mingling scents of earth and death. Archer, sensing the opportune moment, nodded to Talila and the Sparrows.

"Now, let's join the fray," he declared before they charged into the chaos, their weapons drawn.

The Tarrasques, recognizing them, adjusted their movements to allow the smaller fighters to engage the orcs on the ground.

The clearing became a battleground, a clash between the primal might of the Tarrasques and the swift, strategic strikes of Archer, Talila, and the Sparrows.

The once serene forest clearing was now a testament to the ferocity of the conflict, the ground soaked in the aftermath of a visceral and brutal confrontation between titanic forces.

In the aftermath of the chaotic battle, the forest clearing bore the scars of the fierce conflict.

Archer, his claws stained with orc blood, stood amidst fallen enemies, a testament to the carnage he had wrought.

The Sparrows, equally battle-worn, fought valiantly by his side, their weapons dripping with the remnants of the orc horde.

As the adrenaline began to wane, fatigue set in, and the Sparrows exchanged glances of exhaustion and accomplishment.

Archer, recognizing their weariness, nodded with gratitude. "You fought well. Let's head back to the domain and rest," he suggested.

Some of the Sparrows returned to the domain. Talila, Cecelia, and Novius remained with him.

Talila, her eyes gleaming with admiration, offered a congratulatory nod before speaking. "Impressive kills, Archer. You wield those claws like an artist paints with a brush."

Cecelia, the healer of the Sparrows, spoke. "Your prowess in battle is unmatched. We are fortunate to have you leading us."

Novius, the tactical mind among the Sparrows, chimed in. "A well-executed strategy. The orcs never stood a chance against you."

Archer nodded before he stepped through the portal and walked into the clearing where the orc blood ran like a river.

He saw the Tarrasques eating a bunch of larger orcs while guarding him. Archer summoned the Stone Men and ordered them to bring him all the bodies.

It only took them ten minutes before a large pile appeared before him. He began to store them in his Item Box.

As he was doing that, Talila and the other two appeared behind as they looked around at the pools of blood.

Novius asked as he scratched his bald head. "Where did all the bodies go? I was wondering if we could get some."

Archer looked at the man and smiled before taking out a dozen orcs and giving it to the Sparrows.

Cecelia stored them in her ring as Novius did the same thing. As the group returned to the domain.

Novius and Cecelia veered toward the house, eager to find respite and tend to any lingering wounds from the battle.

With a nod of acknowledgment, Archer watched them disappear inside the domain. Deciding on a quicker route, he turned to Talila.

"Ready to return?" he asked, and with a shared understanding, they teleported directly to the treehouse.

Instantly, the forest backdrop shifted to the serene sanctuary of their elevated dwelling.

Archer and Talila materialized on the platform, surrounded by the comforting embrace of their treehouse.

The air still tinged with the scent of nature, offered a stark contrast to the battlefield they had just left behind.

They stood in the doorway of the treehouse, the tranquil atmosphere of their sanctuary providing a moment of quietude after the recent battle.

"Take care, Talila," He said, a gentle smile on his lips. "I'll be back soon. There are things I need to attend to."

Talila nodded, understanding the responsibilities that beckoned him beyond the confines of their home. "Stay safe, Archer. I'll be here when you return."

Archer left the treehouse with a parting glance and teleported to an alley near Hecate's shop using Gate.

He quickly entered, and the melodic chime of the door signaled his entrance. Hecate stood behind the counter, serving customers while the other girls ran around the shop helping people.

He watched from a distance, waiting for a break in the flow of patrons. When the moment arrived, he approached the counter with a greeting.

Chapter 502 My World

Archer approached Hecate, and when she looked up, she smiled before greeting him. "Hello My Love. What bring's you here?"

"Our date. You mentioned needing ingredients, so here I am." Archer replied.

The moon elf smiled when she heard him and nodded before turning to Eione, who was stocking shelves. "Could you watch the shop for a couple of hours? I'm going to get some stock."

The maid remarked, "So, you're going on a date with your lover, and you want us to cover for you?"

With her words hanging in the air, the petite moon elf maid smiled cheerfully at Hecate before diligently returning to her tasks.

Witnessing this, Archer couldn't contain his laughter. Hecate glanced at him, and he couldn't help but notice a subtle blush on her cheeks.

His smile widened as he addressed Eione, "Yes, I'm taking her on a date, but first, we're buying stuff for the shop."

Eione turned to him with narrowed eyes and answered. "I will watch the shop, young master."

"Just call me Archer," He quickly replied, which caused the maid to nod. Hecate felt relieved as the maid didn't give him a dirty look.

Happy with the situation, he took her hand, led the moon elf out of the shop, and went to the nearest alchemist store.

Archer and Hecate stepped onto the snowy streets, greeted by the hushed crunch of snow beneath their boots.

The air was crisp and filled with the serene quiet often accompanying a snowy day. Flakes drifted gently from the overcast sky, creating a soft, enchanting curtain around them.

While they were walking down the snowy street, Hecate inquired. "Are you okay with buying the stuff? The shop earns enough coin."

Archer chuckled and answered with a smile. "I have more than enough gold to last me a lifetime. Buying you ingredients for the shop is the least I can do."

They continued as the crisp winter air tingled against their cheeks. Fluffy snowflakes descended from the gray sky, coating the world in a serene white blanket.

The soft crunch of snow beneath their boots added a rhythmic melody to their stroll. As they ambled along, the quaint town bustled with activity.

People bundled up in scarves and coats, their breath visible in the chilly air, hurried to and fro.

Merchants displayed their wares in shop windows adorned with twinkling lights, adding a touch of festive charm to the winter scene.

Archer and Hecate exchanged occasional smiles, absorbing the lively atmosphere around them.

Children, their faces aglow with excitement, engaged in playful snowball fights, creating miniature battles along the street.



The aroma of roasted meat wafted from a nearby vendor, tempting passersby with its warm, inviting scent.

The distant sound of laughter and cheerful chatter created a harmonious backdrop to the seasonal tableau.

As they continued their leisurely walk, Archer's keen eyes caught sight of an alchemist shop at the end of the road.

Its windows adorned with mystical displays and colorful potions beckoned to them like a hidden treasure trove.

He nudged Hecate gently, a smile playing on his lips as he pointed towards the shop. "Look, there's an alchemist store up ahead. Shall we check it out?"

Hecate's eyes lit up with curiosity. "Absolutely! Let's see what they have."

The duo quickened their pace, anticipation building as they approached the alchemist store.

They entered, and as the door closed behind them, their noses were immediately assaulted by the pungent aroma of potions and exotic ingredients.

Bottles of colored liquids lined the shelves, and bundles of herbs dangled from the ceiling.

The air was thick with the mingling scents of rare herbs and mysterious elixirs. Archer wrinkled his nose, adjusting to the overwhelming assault on his nose.

Hecate chuckled at his reaction and grinned, "Welcome to my world, Arch. You will get used to it."

Archer nodded, overcoming the smell as the shopkeeper approached them. It was a middle-aged woman with a moody demeanor.

She halted before the two and spoke to them, "Welcome to Moonlit Alchemy. How can I assist you today?"

Having browsed the shop keenly, Archer turned to the shopkeeper and asked. "I'd like to buy every ingredient you can sell."

The shopkeeper, a middle-aged woman with a moody demeanor, was visibly taken aback.

She blinked in surprise, studying Archer momentarily before responding, "Every ingredient? Are you sure, young man? That's quite an extensive list."

He nodded firmly. "Absolutely. I don't care about the price."

The woman nodded her head and went to start collecting stuff. She looked at them and spoke. "Sit down, young master. It will take some time to gather everything."

Archer and Hecate sat patiently in the alchemist shop, waiting for the shopkeeper to attend to them.

When they were sitting, he turned to Hecate with a smile and asked in a curious voice. "How's the shop doing? I see it's busy."

She looked at him with red eyes and said happily, "Yes, it's been really busy. We seem to have a lot of regulars. This morning, there was an influx of adventurers, and Talila's friends also bought our potions."

He was happy that she was busy and had something to do. The two continued to talk about their shop.

As they exchanged stories and laughter, the woman emerged from the back room, a sense of purpose in her stride.

She smiled at Archer, indicating that everything was ready for purchase. They followed the woman and noticed that the shelves were empty and everything was packed into paper bags.

When Archer saw this, he smiled before the woman stated the price. "That will cost you eight hundred gold coins. There were a lot of rare ingredients. I hope you don't waste them, young man."

As he opened his mouth to respond, the moon elf interjected confidently. "He doesn't use them; I do. Arch is just buying them for me. I am Hecate Wyldheart, the owner of Dragonheart Potions on Market Street."

The older woman's eyes widened at the revelation, a momentary surprise flickering across her face.

However, a broad grin appeared on the shopkeeper's face before Archer could utter a word. She burst into laughter, the sound echoing through the once-quiet shop.

"Well, well! A bit of competition, eh?" she exclaimed, still chuckling. "Congratulations, Hecate! Looks like you've shaken up the old potion trade in Starfall City. I appreciate the bold move."

Hecate, taking the unexpected turn in stride, grinned proudly. "Thank you. It's all about innovation, after all."

The shopkeeper extended her hand, shaking Hecate's with genuine admiration. "I like your spirit, young lady. May your potions bring as much magic to the city as your audacity has brought to my shop today."

Archer couldn't help but join in the laughter as he took out the pouch of gold and handed it to the shopkeeper.

She happily took it with a smile before speaking. "Thank you for your purchase."

"You're welcome." Archer answered.

That's when the shopkeeper gestured to the empty shelves. "Well, if you ever need more ingredients, you know where to find me. It seems Starfall City has a new potion master in town. Best of luck to you both!"

Archer led Hecate through the snowy streets until they arrived at a charming elven restaurant in the city's heart.

The soft glow of enchanted lanterns adorned the entrance, casting a warm and inviting ambiance.

The air was infused with the delightful aroma of elven spices and herbs as they entered. The interior was adorned with elegant elvish décor, creating an enchanting atmosphere.

Musicians played soft melodies in the background, adding to the experience. Archer and Hecate looked at the menu at a table draped in beautiful fabric.

The dishes were a fusion of exotic flavors, incorporating rare herbs and enchanted ingredients.

As they settled into their seats at the elven restaurant, a graceful waitress appeared, her elven features exuding an otherworldly elegance.

She handed them the menu, adorned with intricate elvish script detailing the enchanting dishes.

Archer, ever the enthusiast, looked at Hecate with a mischievous grin and turned to the waitress. "We'll have one of everything, please."

The waitress blinked, momentarily taken aback by the audacious order. Hecate's eyes widened in surprise, a mixture of shock and amusement playing on her features.

"One of everything?" the waitress repeated, her voice tinged with incredulity and amusement.

Archer chuckled, undeterred by the raised eyebrows. "Yes, one of everything. We're here to experience the full elven feast."

The waitress nodded with a playful smile, recovering from her surprise. "Very well. A feast it shall be."

As the woman walked away to convey the order to the kitchen, Hecate couldn't help but burst into laughter.

Archer and Hecate lingered in the cozy restaurant ambiance, Archer's keen eyes caught a subtle change in the atmosphere.

He glanced toward the window, where delicate snowflakes drifted down from the sky, painting the world outside in a soft blanket of white.

#### Chapter 503 Unyielding

Archer continued to look out the window and admire the falling snow. Captivated by the snow-covered street.

Turning to the moon elf, he found her looking at the same scene with a soft smile before she inquired. "How are your classes, husband? I do hope you're enjoying it."

His gaze shifted from the snow to meet her eyes. He smiled in response, appreciating her concern. "They're going well, thank you. I like most classes, but some are boring."

Hecate's eyes sparkled with pride as he shared the details of his classes. She smiled, appreciating his enjoyment of his studies.

Before she could reply, their conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the waitress.

She gracefully approached their table with a trolley full of dishes, which caught their attention.

There were loads of elven dishes spread before them. Archer's eyes widened with curiosity as he looked at each dish.

The waitress, excited, started explaining. "Here, we have Moonlight Blossom Salad, a refreshing blend of celestial greens and enchanted petals drizzled with a stardust-infused vinaigrette. It's a burst of flavors that dance on your tongue."

Archer nodded as his gaze shifted to a dish adorned with a strange glow, which confused him, but the woman quickly explained.

"This is Luminous Elixir Soup. It's a tasty soup made from rare moon mushrooms, shimmering under the moon's soft glow. Eating this soup is like a journey through the great elven forests."

Next, she pointed to a dish adorned with delicate spices, which Archer instantly smelt. "Spireleaf Spice Dumplings – a combination of all different spices and hand-rolled dough. Each dumpling holds the essence of the ancient spireleaf groves, a favorite among our patrons."

Archer's anticipation grew as she proceeded. "Sylvan Serenade Skewers, featuring delicious morsels of enchanted woodland beasts, grilled to perfection and sprinkled with herbs."

The trolley held even more food, and the waitress continued with a smile. "Starlight Nectar Sorbet. It cleanses the taste buds and prepares them for the desert."

Archer's eyes lit up as the waitress revealed the last dish. "And finally, Celestial Cascade Cake – a delicious layered treat with edible crystals that sparkle like stars."

Impressed by the food, he thanked the waitress with a charming smile that caught her off guard. "Thanks for the introduction. Everything looks amazing."

The woman shook her head and smiled before speaking. "The chef hopes you two enjoy your meal."

Hecate's smile widened, and she nodded in gratitude. "Thank you, it looks delicious."

As the waitress left, the couple shared excited glances as each dish was revealed. They delved into the food before them, their conversation weaving effortlessly between bites.

The topic shifted to Hecate's potion shop. He inquired with genuine interest. "So, how's the potion shop going?"

Hecate's face lit up as she spoke about her craft. "It's been really good. The response has been overwhelming, and not just from the everyday customers. Even nobles have started visiting the shop for my potions."

Archer's eyebrows lifted in surprise. "Nobles, really? That's fantastic news! Your potions must be gaining quite the reputation in the city."

She nodded with a grin. "Yes, it seems the effectiveness of my potions is spreading through word of mouth. It's good to know that people appreciate the work I do."

Archer took a sip of the wine, savoring the moment. "I'm proud of you, my moon witch. Your dedication and talent will make us a lot of coin."

When Hecate heard this, she laughed before looking at him with a loving smile. "And your support means the world to me. I do love you, Archer Wyldheart."

He smiled when he heard her but replied. "I love you too, Hecate. I'm glad I found you."

After that, they continued to eat, and he couldn't help but feel a swell of pride for her accomplishments.

Their shared joy, food, and the restaurant atmosphere created a perfect moment. Archer and Hecate enjoyed the food to the point where sometimes they stopped talking to eat.

After finishing the last dish, the two felt satisfied. Archer patted his stomach and sighed, saying, "That was great. Elven food is so tasty."

Hecate's red eyes sparkled as she smiled. "Indeed, it was nice. Thanks for bringing me here, Archer."

He grinned. "Anytime. Now, how about a stroll through the city?"

The girl's eyes lit up with excitement. "I'd love that."

The two left the warm embrace of the restaurant and stepped into the crisp night air. The snowy streets glistened under the soft glow of streetlights, creating a dreamlike landscape.

Archer offered his arm to Hecate, who accepted it with a smile. As they walked through the snow-covered streets, their breaths formed small clouds in the cold air.

Their conversation blended with the hushed sounds of the afternoon. The world seemed to slow down, allowing them to immerse themselves in the quiet beauty of the city.

Under the twinkling stars and the moon's soft glow, Archer and Hecate shared a moment of peace and connection.

The winter city, draped in its tranquil beauty, provided the perfect backdrop to their shared journey through the streets, hand in hand.

Archer and Hecate strolled through the city, the snowy streets beneath their feet glistening in the soft glow of streetlights.

The air was crisp, and the aftersun shone down as they walked. He couldn't help but marvel at the beauty of the snow-covered landscape.

The streets were quiet as the sun set, and people wanted to get home. However, as they turned onto a quieter street, Archer's senses heightened, and a sudden unease gripped him.

His eyes darted around, scanning the shadows. He grabbed Hecate's arm without hesitation and swiftly cast a Cosmic Shield around her.

As the violet barrier formed, arrows rained down, striking the magical shield with a series of sharp impacts. The arrows quivered against the shield.



The arrows struck Archer's scales with a resounding thud. They were rendered futile against the protective armor of his dragon scales.

Unyielding, he stood between Hecate and the unseen assailants. As the arrows bounced off harmlessly, he closed his eyes, focusing on the pings around them.

Aura Detector reveals the presence of multiple attackers closing in from various directions.

"There are close to fifty of them," Archer murmured, his voice steady despite the gravity of the situation.

Hecate, still under the protection of the Cosmic Shield, nodded with concern on her face. "What can I do to help?"

Archer looked at the moon elf with a grin and spoke. "Use your moon magic on them while I fight them."

She nodded and got ready to cast spells while he rushed forward as the attackers jumped off the roof.

His senses heightened as a group of attackers surrounded him and Hecate. His dragon scales shimmered in the cold night, and he wasted no time.

With a swift motion, he summoned his claws and lunged toward the nearest assailant, slashing through the air.

His claws met the enemy and sent them sprawling backward. The attackers, momentarily taken aback by his ferocity, regrouped.

But Archer wasn't alone in this fight. His dragon tail lashed out, sweeping across the snowy ground.

A sweeping arc of his tail knocked several assailants off their feet, creating an opening for the moon elf to cast her magic.

Hecate's red eyes glowed with an ethereal light as she summoned the moon's power.

She cast a Moon Blast at the disoriented enemies, sending them flying backward after the magical explosion.

The cold night air echoed with the chaotic sounds of battle. Amid the chaos, Archer focused his attention on the remaining attackers.

He quickly cast Eldritch Blast, and that's when a surge of otherworldly energy coalesced around his outstretched hand.

Archer's blast erupted with a deafening roar, cutting through the frosty air and striking the assailants with force.

lightsNovel The violet beam tore through their bodies, causing two halves of several men to drop to the ground with thuds.

His claws danced through the melee, his tail striking with precision as he rushed at another group of attackers.

They didn't stand a chance as the snowy street became a battleground, each movement a deadly display of skill and power.

The moon elf continued to weave her magic. Between Archer and Hecate's abilities turned the street into a canvas of mayhem.

As the attackers dwindled in numbers, they fought back-to-back, a formidable team against the remaining foes.

The setting sun cast an eerie glow on the battlefield, emphasizing the clash between the defenders and the assailants.

Archer continued to kill them while dancing around the battlefield like a monkey, and by the time ten left, he stopped the attack.

The bad guys gathered again, and he smiled as he opened a magic door and brought in the Chull Warriors.

These immense creatures with strong shells and legs walked onto the snowy street, circling the defeated attackers.

The beasts glowed strangely, and their eyes looked both intelligent and fierce. The attackers were stuck between Archer, Hecate, and the tough Chull Warriors.

Chapter 504 Gracious Dancer

Archer eyed the ten remaining attackers, curious about who had sent them. He then commanded a Chull Warrior to fetch one for him.

The beast seized a struggling attacker and pulled him across the street before tossing the man to him.

When he saw this, a grin appeared before crouching down and casting Soul Eater on the man.

He pulled the attacker's soul from his body, which caused everyone, including Hecate and the Chull, to shiver in fear.

Archer ate the man's soul and closed his eyes to sift through the essential memories and discarded the rest.

When he sorted them out, he opened his eyes with a big smile, cast Soul Eater on each attacker, and got the same information.

After doing that, he opened a portal to the domain and sent the Chull back. The beasts bowed before stepping through.

Once they were gone, the city guard came rushing around the corner as Archer started tearing out their hearts.

He stored them in his Item Box before Hecate approached him when the commander stopped running.

The older man spoke in a commanding voice as he pulled out his sword. "Boy, what are you doing!"

Archer looked at the human as he ripped out the last heart and threw the bodies into the Nightmare Ant nest.

His smile widened, but his eyes held a hint of warning. "Careful with your words, human. You might not have realized who I am just yet. But you see, these people."

He gestured toward the pools of blood. "Decided that they wanted to dance with me. So being the gracious dancer that I am, dealt with them. So, no problem, right?"

Following his words, Archer let out a soft chuckle, though the caution in his tone lingered in the air.

Now more focused, the commander narrowed his eyes, attempting to assess the sincerity behind Archer's words.

"But." He leaned in slightly. "Let's ensure we're on the same page. You don't want to find yourself on the wrong side of someone you haven't figured out, do you?"

The guard, sensing an air of unpredictability about this stranger, nodded again, this time with a touch of nervous agreement.

Archer straightened up, his charismatic smile returning. "Good. We wouldn't want any unnecessary complications, would we?"

The commander's face flushed with embarrassment, causing Archer to laugh as he grabbed Hecate's hand.

They were ready to continue their date, but their path was blocked by more guards closing in and pointing their spears at him.

Archer sighed, picked up Hecate into a princess carry, and summoned his wings, shocking the commander and guards.

But he noticed all their faces turn white, which made him smile before he took off and hovered above the city.

It sprawled beneath them like a sprawling tapestry, its intricate details unfolding as the sun dipped below the horizon, casting the sky in hues of amber and lavender.

Archer hovered in the air, his majestic wings outstretched, holding Hecate securely in his arms.

As the last rays of sunlight bathed the city, the first glow of mana lamps began to flicker to life, casting a warm and ethereal radiance upon the streets below.

The city transformed into a shimmering jewel, its architecture highlighted by the soft glow of magical illumination.

Archer's gaze wandered across the skyline, from the bustling markets to the towering spires, each building adorned with intricate designs that caught the light.

Hecate, nestled against him, shared in the breathtaking view, her eyes reflecting the city's enchantment.

That's when he cast Gate to the main road that led west to Crossroad City so they could visit one more shop before he picked up Nefertiti.

Once the portal was open, he flew through it, leaving behind the confused guards who finally realized who he was.

When Archer appeared on the other side of the portal, he looked around to see the Shoadwleaf Forest in the distance and a road below him.

He descended to the ground but didn't land before flying toward the city. Archer knew it was a trading hub and would have alchemist warehouses.

Unfamiliar with the intricacies of many cities in the Crownlands, Archer was aware that each had its unique specialization in specific trades.

However, the lack of knowledge didn't concern him as he made his way toward the City known as Crossroad, renowned as a trade hub.

The moonlit road blanketed in snow, stretched ahead as Archer descended gracefully, landing on the grass.

Gently, he placed Hecate on the soft snow, her boots leaving a delicate impression. As Archer observed her, he couldn't help but be captivated by the enchanting scene.

She wore a stunning black winter dress that flowed elegantly, complementing her beautiful grey skin.

Long winter boots adorned her feet, offering a practical yet stylish contrast to the snowy surroundings.

A thick cloak draped over her shoulders, providing warmth and a touch of regality. Her silver hair was expertly tied into a bun, showcasing the graceful curve of her neck.

Archer couldn't conceal the admiration in his eyes as he absorbed the vision of Hecate, a portrayal of winter beauty against the serene snowy landscape.

The snow crunched beneath their boots as they walked down the road toward the city, the chilly air carrying a sense of quiet serenity.

The moon's glow painted the snow with a silver hue, creating a beautiful scene. Hecate, her curiosity getting the better of her, turned to Archer with a questioning gaze.

"Who were those people?" she inquired, her voice carrying a hint of curiosity.

Archer met her gaze with a smile, his expression calm and nonchalant. "Oh, those guys were from the Church of Light," he replied. "Their leader wanted to impress the pope's daughter, who is very beautiful, so I don't blame him, to be honest."

Hecate chuckled at the unexpected explanation, the night air carrying their laughter. That's when she asked another question. "What does the pope's daughter look like?"

Archer's lips curled into a mischievous smile as he considered the question. "Ah, the pope's daughter," he began, his tone playful. "She's a curvy older woman with burgundy hair that cascades gracefully around her shoulders. Her eyes are a vivid shade of bright green, reflecting wisdom and authority. And, well, she's known for her... enormous chest within the church."

Hecate's eyes widened at the unexpected details, and a surprised chuckle escaped her lips.

The couple shared a lighthearted moment, their laughter harmonizing with the gentle sounds of the winter night as they walked through the snow-covered road.

Archer reached into his pocket, retrieving a small necklace with a mystical gem. Holding it up dramatically, he spoke with a mischievous smile, "Mr. Pope, are you there? Mr. Pope, why don't you care?" The sudden theatrics caught Hecate off guard, and she looked at him, ready to reply, when a stern voice interrupted.

"Who is that? How dare you call me Mr. Pope. Do you know the punishment for such disrespect?"

The voice echoed through the magical necklace. Archer chuckled, unfazed, and retorted, "You'll lecture me on how to be a good boy and listen to the Pope's commands?"

The silence lingered until the voice returned, now audibly angrier, "Who is this? How did you get this device?"

He chuckled mischievously, replying, "Mr. Pope, this is your future son/grandson-in-law. I've seen your daughter, and I must say she's a real catch. It's a shame she's already hitched, but rumors say she's not thrilled with the marriage. What if I do the world a favor, take out the competition, and claim her for myself? Thoughts, Mr. Pope?"

After Archer's lighthearted reveal echoed through the device, a tense silence filled the air as if the seriousness of the situation suddenly became clear.

Then, it was broken by a voice now seething with anger that spoke through the device. "You impudent fool! How dare you toy with me? Do you know who you're insulting!"

Threats and curses flowed like venom, each word a sharpened dagger aimed at Archer's audacious stunt.

But he remained unfazed, a smirk playing on his lips as he continued to goad the irate old man. "Oh, Mr. Pope, no need for such harsh language. We're family now, aren't we? Let's keep it civil."

The man on the other end erupted into a tirade, detailing dire consequences, punishments, and the fury of the Church of Light.

Yet, he maintained his cavalier demeanor, occasionally interjecting with a jest or a light-hearted remark.

As the storm of threats intensified, he decided to reveal a bit more about himself with a mischievous grin playing on his lips.



"You know, Mr. Pope, it's Archer Wyldheart, the most handsome dragon on Thrylos and, might I add, the most charming young man on the entire continent. Yes, I'll give you a moment to let that sink in. It's a pleasure to finally make your acquaintance, even if it's through this charming little device. I've heard so much about you and your, hmm, let's say, 'colorful' family."

Chapter 505 I'm No Human

Amid the brief hush, Archer's playful tone cut through. "Now, about family matters, can we delve into the marriage plans with Sofia? She's a nice girl, unlike her dominant mother and grandmother. Also, let's not forget about your charming wife; she's quite the stunner."

That's when a slam echoed from the other end, accompanied by hushed attempts to calm the angry Pope, much to Archer's amusement.

However, as laughter escaped his lips, the Pope's rage reached a crescendo. "You hateful lizard, how dare you utter a word about my wife! I'll hunt you down, you vile creature. You pretend to be a human, marching around in stolen skin."

When hearing the Pope's furious threats, Archer burst into laughter, a mischievous grin playing on his lips. "Human? Oh, I'm no human. I'm a dragon, my dear Pope. And being human is just a charming disguise I wear, one that might help me marry your wife, daughter, and granddaughter. Wouldn't that be a delightful?"

He didn't allow the Pope to respond as he continued teasingly, "I hope nothing happens to you. She wouldn't be left wanting for companionship, naturally. But don't worry dear Pope, I'll make sure she has some excellent company from yours truly—maybe with a sprinkle of moaning and pleasure-filled screams. Rumor has it that mature women possess quite remarkable stamina. Any truth to that, or are you falling short on your husbandly duties?"

The man's threats shifted to sputters of disbelief as if the unexpected turn of events had left him dumbfounded.

On the other hand, Archer reveled in the chaos he had sown, confident in the newfound leverage his knowledge afforded him.

His mischievous grin stretched wider as he teasingly taunted the Pope through the communication device. "Brace yourself, Mr. Pope, because the date I have in store for your wife Natalia, daughter Lysandra, and sweet granddaughter Sofia will be unforgettable. I've planned every detail to ensure they have the time of their lives and walk away believing that I'm a very handsome dragon."

As Archer continued, he could almost imagine the Pope's anger. "Natalia will be charmed by my wit, Lysandra will be dazzled by my prowess in bed, and Sofia... well, let's just say she'll have an enchanting night under the moonlight, if you know what I mean, my friend."

A brief silence hung before the Pope's voice resounded, dripping with menace. "You dare speak of defiling my family, Lizard? You will pay dearly for this insolence. Consider this your last warning. I will track you down, and you will pay with your life."

Undeterred, he chuckled in response. "Now, now, Mr. Pope, no need for threats. I assure you, they'll return home safe and sound. I'll be the perfect gentleman; your ladies will have stories to tell for years."

The Pope's anger seemed to intensify. "You're playing with fire, lizard. You'll regret crossing me."

But Archer, seemingly unfazed, continued to jest. "Regret? I think not. I'm just spreading joy, giving your family an unforgettable experience. Perhaps they'll even thank me for the delightful evening and grant me a second date. You never know."

"How dare you! We dealt with your species before; we can do it again! Continue with your games," the Pope retorted, his anger palpable through the necklace.

In a mockingly offended manner, Archer held the necklace away from him. "Don't you shout at family like that, old man! You're getting on in years, but it's not good for the heart. I'll leave you alone and visit the ladies one day."

After speaking, he stored the necklace in his Item Box while Hecate laughed as the two got close to the city.

Hecate regarded Archer with a mix of concern and curiosity. "Why did you tease the man so much? You do realize he will send more people after you."

Archer grinned and looked into her red eyes. "That's the plan. I wanted to make the Pope angry, and when I found the necklace while getting the hearts, I thought, why not tease him? Now that I've seen his family through the memories from our attackers, it adds a bit of personal touch to our game."

The moon elf sighed when she heard his answer and spoke. "It's not a game, Archer! They want to take your life, and here you are teasing the leader of the Church of Light."

After she spoke, Archer smiled before he stopped walking and hugged the elf, which caught her off guard.

Archer whispered into her long ear. "I will always be careful, my witch, and you girls will also be there."

When they got within five meters of the gate, Archer heard a voice over the wind. "Stop right there! What brings you two to Crossroad City?"

"We're here to buy potion ingredients for my wife's shop in Starfall City," Archer replied, pulling the still giggling Hecate close to him.

After waiting for a minute, the voice replied. "Okay, come through, young man. Enjoy your shopping trip."

The couple entered the city, and when they stepped through the gate, they saw five streets that branched off in different directions.

Shops lined almost every street. Before they could start walking, someone spoke from behind them. "Do you need directions to the alchemist warehouses?"

Archer turned around to see a guard in his late twenties standing there with a smile.

He replied with a nod before the man spoke. "Well, you head to the western part of the city. You won't miss it, thanks to the smell."lights

They thanked the guard before they started their walk. The two strolled through the bustling trading city.

As Archer and Hecate walked through the bustling trading city, the air was filled with merchants haggling, the clatter of carts, and the chatter of passersby.

Vibrant banners fluttered overhead, representing different guilds and trades. Stalls offered exotic fabrics, detailed jewelry, and magical trinkets, etc.

Hecate's keen interest in the magical items made her pause at several stalls, examining crystals and potions displayed.

The mesmerizing array of different stalls caught his attention, but he decided to come here with Nefertiti when they were on their date.

Continuing their journey, the aroma of spices led them to a bustling food market.

Archer couldn't resist purchasing a bag of roasted nut-like food from a stall and shared it with Hecate as they walked.

The flavors exploded in their mouths, a delightful distraction from the lively scenes around them. The streets grew busier as they approached the heart of the city.

Towering structures with ornate facades housed the many guilds in the city. Their banners proudly proclaimed who they were to the people.

Archer guided Hecate through the maze of buildings until they arrived at the alchemist warehouses, thanks to the smell of the ingredients lingering in the air.

The large sign on the doors distinguishes the warehouses. "Sorcerer's Solutions."

Hecate spoke as she looked at the massive building. "Why is it so big? I wonder who owns such a company."

Archer shrugged before he answered. "I don't know, but let's go inside and buy what we need."

When they entered, the couple was greeted by rows of shelves stacked with ingredients, potion vials, and alchemist equipment.

Hecate's eyes sparkled with excitement as she examined the rare herbs, enchanted crystals, and mystical reagents.

After looking around for a while, he spotted a woman approaching them and thought to himself. 'She must be the shopkeeper.'

Her robes, adorned with magical runes, greeted them with a warm smile. "Welcome, travelers. How may I assist you today?"

With a sly grin, Archer leaned in and whispered to her, "What do you think, my moon witch? Should I buy everything they've got? Imagine the potions you could create!"

Hecate's face lit up, her red eyes sparkling with excitement. "Everything? That would be a dream come true! But, Archer, can you afford it?"

Archer chuckled, placing a gentle hand on her shoulder. "Well, my moon witch, I have more than enough gold. And besides, who can put a price on the joy it would bring you?"

After speaking, he cleared his throat and addressed her with a mischievous twinkle. "How much for everything? We'll take the lot."

The alchemist raised an eyebrow, clearly surprised by the bold request. After a moment of consideration, she replied, "Buying the entire inventory is quite an unusual proposition, but I suppose for the right price, it could be arranged. Let me calculate the cost for you."

Archer grinned at her, who was still processing the audacious idea. The alchemist busied herself with a magical ledger, jotting down figures and muttering incantations under her breath.

Meanwhile, Hecate turned to him with disbelief and delight before she asked. "Everything, My Love? Are you sure about this?"

Archer winked at her. "Sure, my beautiful witch."

As they talked, the shopkeeper returned with the ledger and smiled before telling them the price. "The total will be four thousand gold coins. When will you be able to collect the order?"

Chapter 506 The Nile Lounge

"I'll take it today," Archer replied, taking out a chest and placing it on the counter with a thud.

The shopkeeper's eyes widened when she saw this. He opened the chest, revealing a sea of coins.

She nodded before storing it away in her ring before asking. "How will you collect it? Will you send people?"

Archer shook his head. "I'll take it now, like I said. Can I start storing stuff now?"

The woman nodded as she led them to one shelf full of glass jars with all the different ingredients inside.

He watched intently as Hecate approached the shelf, and her fingers danced along the jars. With a soft smile, she told him about the ingredients in each one.

She gestured to a jar with twisted roots bathed in a faint, beautiful blue glow. "Here, My Love, we have Mandrake Root. Known for its magical properties, it's common in many potions. It's one of the best for extending a potion's shelf life."

Moving down the line, she pointed to the next jar. "Dragon's Breath Fern,"

Hecate explained as she pointed at a vibrant green fern that seemed to flicker with an inner flame. "When its crushed, it causes a magical flame-like substance, perfect for alchemical fire."

Her fingers gracefully moved to the following few jars in quick succession. "Phoenix Feather, Starlight Crystals, Basilisk Eye."

She spoke to herself while examining the ingredients. "Phoenix Feather increases the power of a spell, Starlight Crystals absorb celestial energy, and Basilisk Eye can petrify, though we must be careful when we use it."

Hecate reached for the next jar, containing a delicate substance.

"Phoenix Ash," she continued her voice in a reverent tone. "Ashes from a phoenix, revered for their purifying and rejuvenating qualities. Quite rare and precious."

Archer nodded, absorbing the knowledge. "Fascinating. These ingredients hold incredible properties. No wonder your potions are so effective, my moon witch."

Once Hecate stopped looking at the stuff, he stored it all in his Item box and everything else the shopkeeper pointed at.

After that, the two left the shop, and the moon elf asked excitedly. "Can we head back to the shop, please? I got to tell Eione about this."

Archer smiled as he replied. "Of course."

He quickly cast Gate back to Starfall City and stepped through while grabbing her hand, which caught her by surprise.

When the two reappeared on the other side, the shop was quiet, and Eione sat at the counter while Stella read.

Archer walked over to the dog girl and ruffled her hair, causing her to look up. When she did, a big smile appeared on her face.

Stella lunged forward and hugged him. He chuckled before returning the hug with one of his own.

After that, he put her down and spoke. "Stella, you need to help Hecate and Eione. She has a lot of ingredients that need to be turned into potions. I'll store them in her lab, and when you return, the three of you can start."

The little girl nodded with a massive smile before Hecate walked up and commented with a smile. "Arch. I will start preparing everything here before returning to the domain."

After sharing a tender kiss with Hecate, once they separated, he whispered into her ear that they would meet again tomorrow night.

He returned to the domain and appeared in the living room. Ella, Teuila, Talila, and Nala were seated around the crackling fire, engaged in animated conversation.

When Archer saw this, a smile appeared on his face as the four girls turned to him when he made a noise.

With her distinctive dirty-blond hair and blue eyes, Nala was the first to notice him. She excitedly jumped up and rushed over with a big smile.

"Archer!" she cried, her voice filled with enthusiasm and fondness.

Without hesitation, the lion girl rushed at him and leaped into his arms, which caused Archer and the other girls to laugh.



Nala kissed him before jumping off him, while the others greeted him with kisses before they returned to their seats.

Archer asked where the others were and was told they were all doing their own thing. That's when Talila asked. "Husband. Are you looking forward to the Arcane Tournament?"

He looked at the mixed elf with a charming smile and answered. "Yes. I can't wait to fight and show the continent I'm the strongest."

She smiled as Teuila asked with a curious voice. "Who're you taking on a date tomorrow?"

"Llyniel and Hemera. You and Sera's date is in three days." Archer answered honestly.

Teuila smiled as the five chatted briefly until he remembered he had to take Nefertiti out.

That's when he closed his eyes to scan the treehouse to find the pink-haired girl and soon found her in the library.

Archer wondered why she was there and teleported there. When he reappeared, he spotted Nefertiti seated by a window, engrossed in a book.

Draped in a white winter dress gracefully descended to her shins, she sported boots reminiscent of Hecate's.

Her wild pink hair was tied into a ponytail, yet loose strands cascaded over her face, making her look extremely beautiful.

Archer couldn't help but notice the radiant glow from her light brown skin. Noticing the subtle sway of her slim succubus tail, which gracefully moved from side to side.

He cast Blink to appear behind her. When he was there, he started massaging her shoulders. His sudden action caused Nefertiti to scream.

When she realized it was him, she calmed down, letting out a relaxed sigh. She stopped reading and slumped back in the chair.

But that's when Archer spoke, bringing her back to reality. "Do you still want to go on our date, Nefi?"

A big smile appeared when she heard his question, and she jumped up before lunging at him.

Nefertiti wrapped her arms around him and started kissing him. When the two separated, the pink-haired girl nodded in agreement.

Once Archer saw that, he wrapped a cloak around her before casting Gate to Alexandria City in the Zenia Empire down south.

When the couple stepped through the portal, they saw that they were in an alleyway close to the city square.

Nefertiti turned to him excitedly as she grabbed his hand and dragged him to the street. They were walking, and Archer grew curious, so he asked. "Where are we going, Nefi?"

Nefertiti gazed at him, her eyes filled with affection, and answered in her exotic accent, "The Nile Lounge. According to my sisters and cousins, it's the most enchanting spot in the city for lovers."

Archer nodded as she seized his hand, and together, they made their way across Alexandria City, which reminded him of Egypt.

They walked through vibrant marketplaces and lively squares lit by mana torches everywhere.

He couldn't help but be entranced by the sights and sounds of the city. Archer admitted that he loved seeing different places and hated staying in one place.

Eventually, they came to a grand sandstone building decorated with detailed carvings of different Zenian gods.

It was a stunning picture of divine beauty. With their eternal gaze, the gods seemed to bless the place with an otherworldly charm.

Nefertiti paused before the entrance, her eyes alight with anticipation. "Here we are, Archer. The Nile Lounge."

The massive doors swung open, revealing an interior bathed in a warm, golden glow. The air was thick with the fragrance of exotic spices and the soft murmur of conversation.

Archer marveled at the wealth surrounding them – from plush cushions arranged around low tables to the rich decorations depicting scenes from ancient legends.

The ceiling, adorned with detailed patterns reminiscent of the stars, added a celestial touch to the place.

Nefertiti led Archer to a secluded table, where a low table awaited them. Soft cushions invited them to settle in.

The flickering light of candles cast a glow, creating a peaceful space within the Nile Lounge.

Nefertiti's eyes met Archer's once more as they sat down. The Nile Lounge's magical ambiance seemed to amplify the depth of their feelings.

With a soft smile, Nefertiti spoke, her words carrying the weight of a promise fulfilled. "I'm glad we're here together, Archer. Tonight is special."

He nodded and leaned over to kiss the succubus, who was happy to return it with one of her own.

As they did, a waitress walked over and spoke with a respectful smile. "Princess Nefertiti. It's an honor to serve you and your fiancée tonight. You picked a good time to come in as we also have music to go with dinner."

Nefertiti nodded her head and gave the woman their order. "Bring me two of everything. My darling has a big appetite."

The waitress wrote something down and bowed to the two before rushing off to prepare their food.

After that, the two started chatting as more people entered the lounge and got busy, but it didn't bother them.

#### Chapter 507 Out There On The Dunes

As the duo chatted, he noticed people staring at them, which annoyed him, but he decided not to let it get to him.

That's when he asked. "Apart from being the empire's princess, why is everyone staring at you, my succubus?"

The pink-haired girl's eyes glowed before she replied. "Well, most of the nobles my age wanted to marry me, but I was never interested in love until I met you, and they probably hate you."

Her response caused Archer to laugh, ignoring the onlooker's curious eyes. Just then, their attention was diverted by the sweet strains of music reaching their ears.

Archer's gaze shifted towards a group of musicians preparing to perform, capturing his interest.

Nefertiti, who noticed where he was looking, smiled before she explained. "They bring in bands to sing for the patrons while they dine, creating beautiful background noise for everyone."

He nodded as the succubus continued to speak. "I've never asked this, but can you sing, husband?"

Archer shrugged before answering. "I'm not sure, to be honest. I've never tried it, but one day I will."

Shel grinned and spoke in a teasing voice. "Why don't you try tonight? I'm confident you can sing. You surprise us girls all the time."

He smiled before shaking his head. "No, thank you. I don't want to embarrass you. What if my singing is terrible."

Nefertiti commented in a teasing voice. "Well, if you can't sing, you're still very handsome."

Archer started laughing when he heard her and nodded his head. "You're right, my sweet succubus. Maybe if you reward me, I'll sing for you."

The pink-haired girl gave him a cheeky smile and leaned over the table, giving him a view of her deep cleavage, which sent his lust soaring.

She leaned into his ear and whispered in a seductive voice. "I will pamper you tonight with my mouth. I know you love it, you lewd dragon."

When Archer heard that, he got excited and agreed. "Okay, deal. Once we've eaten, I'll sing for my Zenian princess. I've got the perfect song that reminds me of the Southlands."

Nefertiti brightly smiled after he spoke and couldn't wait. While they waited, Archer remembered the song he loved as a child.

It was one of the first movies he watched with Alexa many years ago. He shook his head and wondered how she was doing.

He closed his eyes and tried opening a Gate to Earth. As it tried to open, it sucked up all his mana, causing him to feel tired.

But that's when his Mana Regeneration kicked in, and his body started sucking in the world's mana which made him feel better.

When Nefertiti saw this, she got worried but calmed down when she saw him smile. She asked. "What just happened? You suddenly looked ill, but now you look better."

Archer chuckled before he explained in a caring tone so she wouldn't worry. "I tried opening a portal to Earth, but my mana ran out, and I nearly fainted."

She went silent but quickly replied in a worried but relieved voice. "Don't do it again, you stupid dragon."

He nodded and was about to talk again, but the waitress approached with a wooden trolley adorned with silver trays.

With a friendly smile, she unveiled the trays individually, revealing an array of beautiful Zenian dishes.

The woman and a waiter who came to help started placing the trays on the table to give the couple a better view of the food.

The first tray held grilled kebab skewers, the delicious smell drifting through the air. Archer's eyes shone when he smelt it.

Nefertiti chuckled at his reaction, knowing that he loved food and this place had the best in the empire.

"These are our famous Zenian kebabs," she explained, gesturing towards the mouthwatering display. "Made with exotic spices and cooked to perfection. A favorite among our people."

The second tray revealed a colorful selection of dips, olives, and freshly baked flatbreads. Archer couldn't help but appreciate the artistry of the presentation.

Nefertiti grinned as she continued. "Mezze platters are a good way to start your meal. Each dip tells a story of its own."

The waitress and waiter kept placing the trays on the table until no room was left. But she continued explaining what each dish was.

She gestured towards the menu, her pink eyes lighting up as she described each dish. "First, we have Koshari, with a tomato sauce and onions. It's a true Zenian comfort food, a tasty blend of textures and tastes."

As Archer listened, he could almost taste the dish in his mind. Nefertiti continued, "Next on the list is Molokhia, a green soup made from mallow leaves. It's a traditional favorite, and the distinct flavor of molokhia leaves adds a unique touch to it."

Her excitement grew as she moved on to the next item. "And, of course, we have Fatta with layers of rice, bread, and meat soaked in a delicious broth.."

Archer nodded, curious about the food. Nefertiti concluded, "To round off our feast, we have Umm Ali for dessert. It's a bread pudding infused with nuts and coconut, all baked to perfection."

The two of them started eating as the atmosphere in the lounge was peaceful, and they enjoyed the food.

With satisfied smiles, they finished their food, savoring the last bites of the flavorful Zenian dishes.

The empty plates were proof of how much the two enjoyed their food. As Archer leaned back in his chair, content and replete, Nefertiti couldn't resist a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

"You know, husband," she teased, "I think it's time you fulfill your promise and sing for me. I'm curious to see if your voice is as captivating as your charm."

Archer grinned. "Alright, my succubus, you've got yourself a deal."

With a quick motion, he rose from his seat, ready to take on the challenge. Archer made his way to the center of the room with a grin.

He approached the men playing the instruments and showed them what he wanted to play, and they happily agreed.

Everyone went quiet as they spotted him. Their curious gazes turned toward him, and a playful glint sparkled in his eyes.

Archer decided to remix a song he loved from his childhood back on Earth. He thought it suited the Zenians and prayed the copy-right god wouldn't strike him.

Without wasting any more time, he began to sing, his voice weaving a captivating melody that resonated through the wooden beams of the building.

"Oh, imagine a land. It's a faraway place,

Where the caravan camels roam

Where you wander among every culture and tongue

It's chaotic, but hey, it's home."

"When the wind's from the East

And the sun's from the West

And the sand in the glass is right

Come on down. Stop on by



Hop a carpet and fly

To another Zenian night."

As the first notes filled the air, heads turned, and conversations tapered off. Archer's melodic voice carried the tale of Zenia and the magic of their land, drawing everyone's attention.

"As you wind through the streets,

At the fabled bazaars,

With the cardamom-cluttered stalls,

You can smell every spice,

While you haggle the price,

Of the silks and the satin shawls."

From the regulars to the newcomers, they were transported to a realm of tales and adventures.

Archer's voice painted vivid images of bustling markets, mystical genies, and the allure of the Zenia Empire.

From across the room, smiles adorned the faces of everyone present, captivated by the enchanting performance.

The audience, a mix of familiar faces and those experiencing the magic for the first time, watched with joy and amazement because of Archer's voice.

"Oh, the music that plays as you move through a maze

In the haze of your pure delight,

You are caught in a dance,

You are lost in a trance,

Of another Zenian night."

Nefertiti was taken aback when she heard him singing, a delightful surprise that filled her with immense joy.

She couldn't help but capture the moment on a recording crystal, fully aware that having such a precious recording would likely spark envy among others.

"Zenian nights

Like Zenian days

More often than not are hotter than hot

In a lot of good ways

Zenian nights

Like Zenian dreams

This mystical land of magic and sand

Is more than it seems."

Initially bustling about with trays and dishes serving the customers, the staff found themselves drawn to the performance.

With Ale in hand, they stood in shock, their eyes fixed on Archer as if the world outside the melody had faded away.

"There's a road that may lead you

To good or to greed through

The power your wishing commands

Let the darkness unfold or find fortunes untold

Well, your destiny lies in your hands."

His voice, a melodic cascade, flowed effortlessly through the space, each note resonating with a profound beauty.

Nefertiti had a beautiful smile and found herself lost in Archer's singing, falling even more in love with the dragon boy who captured her heart.

"Zenian nights

Like Zenian days

They seem to excite, take off and take flight

To shock and amaze

Zenian nights

'Neath Zenian moons

A fool off his guard could fall and fall hard

Out there on the dunes."

Chapter 508 The Pope

Once Archer finished singing, the lounge was silent, and he found everyone staring at him with shock in their eyes.

Expressions of amazement and wonderment played across the faces of the crowd.

Some exchanged wide-eyed glances while others leaned forward, unable to tear their gaze away from him.

He shrugged and walked toward Nefertiti, who had the same look on her face. Archer sat down and got comfortable before drinking some wine.

Archer sensed the depth of her gaze, a look brimming with profound love. It was an intense love emanating a warmth deep into his soul.

Before he could respond to the unspoken exchange, Nefertiti's voice, soft and filled with admiration, broke the brief silence.

"That song was so good. Where is it from?" Her eyes sparkled with genuine curiosity.

He smiled before answering as he finished some wine. "It was from my childhood back on Earth, and I changed some words around to fit these lands."

Nefertiti grinned while sipping her wine, and Archer couldn't help but notice the lingering gazes from those around them, causing him to chuckle.

Their conversation continued until the same waitress approached, a friendly smile on her face as she addressed Nefertiti. "Princess, have you and your husband finished?"

She nodded her head as Archer asked the young woman. "How much for the meal?"

"One hundred gold, my prince." The waitress answered as she was putting their empty plates on the trolley.

Archer, satisfied after the meal, handed the waitress a pouch with the coins in it. As she took it, her eyes widened, and a genuine smile spread across her face.

"Thank you," she said, her appreciation evident.

Excitement brimming, the waitress leaned in, her voice hushed with admiration. "Your voice is incredible. Our manager would like to meet you. Would you consider dropping by?"

The unexpected compliment caught Archer off guard, but he was about to reply when Nefertiti answered. "Yes, let's go now. I want to get home before the snow starts."

When the waitress heard this, she grew confused and asked in a curious voice. "Sorry for being rude, princess. But Zenia doesn't get snow? Only the moon elf lands in the far north."

The pink-haired girl giggled before replying with pride in her tone. "I live with my husband past The Lunaris Empire. We study at the College of Magic in the Land of Plenty."

Following their conversation, the pink-haired girl rose, and Archer quickly followed suit as they were guided to the manager's office.

When they entered the room, Archer found himself in a beautifully styled office adorned with detailed hieroglyphics and golden accents.

The room exuded an air of regality, with ornate furniture and a bookshelf with perfectly organized cookbooks.

The scent of exotic incense lingered in the air, adding to the peaceful feeling of the room, and he decided to find out what they were.

As he looked around, Archer couldn't help but marvel at the decorations' craftsmanship and attention to detail.

After looking around the room, his gaze fell upon an older woman with untamed pink hair reminiscent of Nefertiti's, though her complexion was a deeper brown.

She bore a striking resemblance to Nefertiti's mother, Hatshepsut, but her eyes were a fiery red instead of pink.

He observed that her figure mirrored the curves of the two pink-haired women, though her chest wasn't as ample. Nevertheless, she remained an attractive woman.

That's when he thought to himself. 'I wonder if all of Nefi's family have the same pink hair.'

Archer thought about asking, but before he could, Nefertiti spoke, breaking the silence. "Aunty Salma. How have you been? Mother said you took over the Nile Lounge, but I didn't expect to find you here."

The woman laughed as she spotted Archer and stopped. Salma found herself inexplicably drawn to him, his presence casting a spell that left her momentarily entranced.

As she stared at him in a daze, she couldn't help but mumble, "So handsome."

The soft utterance reached Nefertiti's ears, and her eyes narrowed with a possessive glare.

In an instant, she snapped, her voice cutting through the ambient sounds of the lounge, "He's mine! You're not having him, you lewd succubus."

Startled by Nefertiti's sudden outburst, Salma blinked in confusion, realizing she had unwittingly stepped into a territory she hadn't intended.

Archer started laughing as he knew his charisma was at work. He put his hand on Nefertiti's back, which caused her to look at him.

Witnessing the glow in her pink eyes, he couldn't help but chuckle before playfully kissing her nose, catching her pleasantly off guard.

Observing the tender moment, Salma smiled and addressed him, "So, you're my niece's fiancé. My sister speaks highly of you. Thank you for rescuing this silly succubus during the war."lights

Archer grinned at the woman and replied, "You're welcome. I couldn't let any harm come to her."

Upon hearing this, Nefertiti's eyes sparkled, capturing Salma's attention. Salma was shocked as she exclaimed, "So what Neti said was true! She has found her one."

Salma stood up and introduced herself. "I'm Salma Nasser. You met my big sister Hatshepsut."

With a nod, he spoke with a grin. "I'm Archer Wyldheart, the most handsome dragon on Thrylos."

Salma laughed at the audacious introduction, nodding in agreement as the three started chatting.

Amidst the chatter, Salma couldn't help but compliment Archer's earlier singing. "Your voice is truly something special. It added a magical touch to the lounge."

"I have many talents, but I just discovered I could sing, so it's still new." He replied to Nefertiti's aunt.

They continued to chat late into the night as Salma brought out some rare wine to share with the couple while getting to know Archer and catching up with Nefertiti.

After a few hours, the couple left after saying goodbye and quickly returned to the treehouse.

Nefertiti wouldn't let him go as she held onto him with a smile. When they appeared in the living room, Archer closed his eyes to scan for the other girls.

He found each one asleep as Hecate was awake with Stella and Eione making potions for the shop.

Once Archer did that, he let Nefertiti drag him toward her bedroom. She turned to him with a smile as she spoke seductively. "I have a promise to keep."

After hearing her speak, he stripped out of his clothes under the lust-filled eyes of Nefertiti, whose eyes started to glow.

She told him to sit down as she got on her knees in front of him, which sent Archer's lust soaring, and he wanted to ravage the succubus.

Before Nefertiti started anything she leaned up and stole his lips with a passionate kiss which he happily returned while cupping her cheeks.

[The Pope's POV]



In a rage, the Pope slammed his fist on the desk, the force shattering it into pieces and sending splinters flying all over his office.

Madness glinted in his eyes as he seethed, "How dare that lizard insult my family! He will pay for his insults! Summon the Inquisitors!!"

The command echoed through the room, sending a chilling atmosphere as the Pope's fury reached its zenith.

His assistant hurried out of the room, searching for the Inquisitor commander, eventually locating him in the guard room.

The commander stood at an impressive seven feet, boasting a muscular build, blonde hair, and a sizable grey beard.

Spotting the commander, the assistant hastened towards him. "My Lord, the Pope has summoned you."

The man nodded before following him. When they were walking, the Inquisitor asked in a bored voice. "What's happened now? Did he find another innocent village to burn? A woman with the power to cover the world in darkness?"

When the assistant heard this, he shook his head. He knew the commander hated the Pope but was committed to his job.

So he quickly replied. "Well, he was contacted by the white dragon, which made him extremely angry."

The corridor leading to the Pope's office was adorned with intricate religious decorations, and the air was thick with an almost sacred atmosphere.

But the two men ignored it, entered the Pope's office, and saw him sitting there with a look of rage.

When he saw the Inquisitor, he smiled, giving the man his orders. "Hunt down the white dragon and bring him here alive."

The commander nodded his head with a smile as he wanted to hunt this dragon down for years.

After that, the Pope spoke. "He's a menace, Gregory. You must be careful with him as he is very sneaky and always surrounded by guards."

Once the talk was over, the commander traveled around the central continent, recruiting people to help him.

Three months passed as they traveled across the sea on a mana ship heading for the western continent Pluoria.

The Pope gave them information that the dragon was fighting in the Arcane Tournament and that he would be easy to find.

Chapter 509 You Greedy Succubus (R18)

Archer kissed Nefertiti but stopped when he felt the cold air seeping into the room. He looked at the succubus and saw her shivering.

He stood up and approached the fireplace before breathing his breath into it. The violet flames roared to life, and hot air washed over them.

When the pink-haired girl felt it, she smiled before standing up and letting her dress drop to the floor.

Archer's lust soared as he jumped on her after dismissing his horns and started playing with her perky brown nipples, causing the pink-haired princess to moan.

After playing with her, he gently guided her onto the bed. A mischievous smile appeared on his face as he cast Timewarp, allowing the couple to make love for longer.

Nefertiti couldn't help but smile in response, her eyes filled with anticipation and excitement as she started getting wet.

She felt an intense desire as she laid eyes on him, standing right in front of her with his raging member just inches from her face.

This caused her pussy to get even wetter as she took hold of it and gently started stroking it, causing Archer to let out a groan.

As she took him deep into her mouth, Archer couldn't contain his pleasure and let out a low groan.

Her skilled movements weakened his knees, and he could feel himself losing control under the succubus's enchanting spell.

Archer flopped onto the bed, sinking into its softness, while Nefertiti persistently pursued her assault until he released his essence into her mouth, which she eagerly swallowed.

With a satisfied grin, she leaned forward, delicately wiping away a trace of Archer's essence that had lingered on her lip.

Afterward, Nefertiti cast a cleansing spell on herself, preparing to straddle Archer. However, he surprised her by firmly grasping her thighs and pulling her towards his eager face.

As she positioned herself above him, his skilled tongue began its tantalizing dance, eliciting a seductive moan from Nefertiti.

With each flick and swirl of his tongue, the succubus quivered with pleasure, her grip on his hair tightening to maintain her balance.

Archer's tongue slipped inside her tight cave, causing her to let out a scream, yet he continued his assault, driving her to an explosive climax that drenched his face.

Feeling her sweet nectar flow, he eagerly sealed his mouth over her, savoring every drop.

Nefertiti was filled with immense pleasure, causing her to shiver uncontrollably as she collapsed onto the bed.

However, Archer took charge and climbed on top of her. As he positioned himself on top, he teasingly rubbed against her wetness, intensifying Nefertiti's pleasure.

She wrapped her arms around him and passionately kissed him, expressing her desire to make love to him tonight.

Shortly after that, Archer smoothly entered her as she was already drenched from his passionate licking.

His actions were making Nefertiti scream. Archer didn't give her any time as he started to thrust.

He could feel her pussy gripping him tighter, intensifying the pleasure he was feeling. Archer began to thrust into her, causing her to moan loudly due to the overwhelming love she felt.

Archer kept thrusting into her until he was so deep that Nefertiti's eyes rolled to the back of her head.

She stopped moaning as she bit down on his shoulder, drawing blood due to the pleasure that was so intense that it caused her to climax multiple times.

As their passionate lovemaking intensified, Archer's hands eagerly explored her beautiful curves, igniting a symphony of pleasure that echoed through the room.

Nefertiti's moans grew louder. Driven by desire, Archer plunged deeper into her, their connection reaching new depths.

In a moment of pure ecstasy, he pushed so deep inside her that it short-circuited Nefertiti's brain as he shot his seed directly into her womb.

But Archer's hunger for her was insatiable. Without hesitation, he lifted her, positioning her on all fours, unleashing a primal desire within them both.

He held her by the curvy waist as he guided himself back inside her, their bodies merging in a dance of desire.

The pillows muffled Nefertiti's cries of pleasure as Archer's relentless thrusts rocked her to the core.

The intensity of their lovemaking caused her fat ass to bounce with Archer's powerful thrusts that shook her whole body.

Nefertiti could no longer moan but could only scream into the pillow as she felt him hit every weak spot she had and caused her to climax.

Thanks to Timewarp, the couple could make love for hours on the inside while only an hour passed on the outside.lights

Archer continued fuck the succubus until she was in a world of pleasure, and he was breathing heavily.

He looked down at Nefertiti with her eyes closed and a smile on her pretty face. Archer noticed his seed was leaking out of her.

But as he looked at her, he knew he wasn't done, as his lust was still there. Being the greedy dragon he is, he wants more and decides to see Talila after getting some sleep.

So he crawled into bed and cuddled up to Nefertiti, who got closer to him. The soft glow of a nearby fireplace painted the room in warm colors, casting dancing shadows on the walls.

Nefertiti nestled into Archer's embrace. His arms enveloped her, creating a cocoon of comfort.

Archer sighed contentedly and shifted to a more comfortable position on the plush bedding before he dismissed Timewarp.

The softness of the blankets was like a second skin, and the crackling of the fire added to a peaceful atmosphere.

Nefertiti rested her head on his chest. The rhythmic beat of his mana heart beneath the surface echoed a promise of security.

Outside, the stars glittered in the frosty night sky, casting a glow through the window. Archer then pressed a gentle kiss to Nefertiti's forehead.

The cold air that had seeped into the room now held no sway. Archer, his body radiating a comforting warmth as he fell asleep.

The following morning, Archer awoke from his sleep. The room remained shrouded in darkness, the sun yet to cast its morning light.

He was met with an unexpected sensation when he slowly opened his eyes—a wet feeling against his member.

Archer looked down to see wild pink hair going all over the place. He smiled before speaking in a teasing tone. "Couldn't wait until I woke up, you greedy succubus?"

Nefertiti's mischievous smile appeared as she raised her head, wiping her lips before speaking. "If your little brother hadn't startled me by poking my bum, we wouldn't be in this situation, my dear husband."

After her remark, she resumed her actions, sensually licking up and down his member, causing Archer to let out a deep groan.

She took him into her mouth until he shot his seed down her throat. Nefertiti took it all in her mouth before swallowing it.

When he saw this, it turned him on, but the pink-haired girl spoke with a smile as she laid back down. "I'm aching, you lust-filled dragon. I'm going back to sleep until it's time to wake up."

Archer cast Cleanse on both of them, then leaned over to kiss her gently before getting out of bed.

Observing the succubus who was comfortable beneath the sheets, he spoke affectionately, "Go back to sleep. I'll be back shortly."

Archer quietly exited Nefertiti's room, feeling the chill in the air as he made his way to Talila's quarters.

The dimly lit hallway cast a faint glow on his path. Upon entering, he noticed the silver-haired elf awakening, her red eyes locking onto him.

Talila sat up with a grin as she saw him only wearing pants and spoke seductively. "Master. What brings you to my room?"

Archer got turned on when he heard her tempting words and approached the bed as he pulled out his member.

She knew what he wanted and slid herself over to him. Talila kissed his abs before kissing up his body.

When they were face to face, she circled her arms around his shoulders before passionately kissing him.

The couple continued to kiss while Archer undressed the mixed elf. He took her nightgown off and stepped back.

He admired the elf woman with a muscular body but was still curvy in all the right places. Her red eyes shone as her pointy ears twitched.

When Talila felt his eyes roaming all over her, it brought a smile to her face as she continued to kiss him. Archer embraced her, guiding her gently onto the bed, and nestled beside her.

Drawing her closer, he traced the contours of her body with his fingertips, reveling in the smoothness of her chocolate-brown skin that complemented her long silver hair.

He started pulling her red panties down her legs and ran his fingers down her thick thigh until it reached her cave.

Archer started gently rubbing her as she moaned in pleasure but didn't move. Talila leaned in and whispered with a heavy breath. "That feels good, master."

Chapter 510 Infamous White Devil (R18)

Archer slipped a finger into her wet pussy, causing Talila to let out an erotic moan when she felt that. He smiled before kissing her slender neck.

She clung to his arms as the pleasure washed over her. When Archer felt her body tremble, he knew she was nearly there, so he increased his attack.

His finger slipped in and out so fast that her love juices flew all over the place. Talila loved every second of it and soon climaxed all of his hand.

Archer pulled his hand back to see it covered in sweet-smelling juices, which he licked, then turned to the elf.

He noticed her eyes were closed, but her ears were red, which caused him to smile as he leaned up and started kissing her neck again.

As he moved lower, Archer's lips met her large boobs, planting tender kisses on her toned and curvy body.



His mouth found her dark brown nipples, teasing them gently, and in response, a soft moan escaped the lips of the submissive elf.

Archer continued his trail of kisses down her body until he reached her pussy and started licking like he was a thirsty man lost in the desert.

Talila lost her mind and started screaming as she gripped the sheets. After ten minutes of this, she climaxed again. Her love juices poured into his mouth, and Archer swallowed it.

When that was done, he moved her onto her side, facing away from him. Archer loved the scene in front of him.

Talila was on her side as her long ponytail flowed down the bed. He loved the curve of her body as he grabbed her waist and lined up his member against her before he thrust inside.

She couldn't help but let out a scream of pure pleasure as Archer made his move. Her body quivered as he explored every inch of her, sending waves of ecstasy through her entire being.

The intensity of their lovemaking overwhelmed the elf, leaving her breathless and yearning for more.

As he was thrusting in and out of her as she was on her side, Archer grabbed one of her boobs and started playing with her nipple.

The two-way attack caused Talila to climax, which pleased him, but he continued until the bed they were on was drenched.

Archer kept going, with his lust fueling him until he felt ready. With a firm hold on her curvy waist, he pushed deep inside her.

His actions made Talila scream out in pleasure as it washed over her body and caused her to tremble.

When he felt that, he released all his essence deep in her womb. Once this was done, he turned Talila's face to his and kissed her.

The elf could barely respond as she was basking in the intense pleasure she received, but Archer didn't give her time to relax as he climbed on top of her.

She grabbed a hold of him and hugged him tight as he slipped inside her wet cave. Archer went crazy on the warrior elf.

He made love to her so hard that Talila found herself lost in the waves of pleasure and couldn't even speak.

Archer grabbed her hips as he shot his essence inside her. He continued until the mixed elf was unconscious with a smile on her face.

By the time the two finished making love, the sun was high in the sky, but a relentless rainstorm battered against the treehouse.

Lex cast Cleanse on the both of them so they'd be clean and gently kissed the slumbering Talila, causing her to make a happy noise as she curled up under the sheets.

Once Archer did that, he got out of bed and stretched. He put on some new clothes before leaving the room.

When he exited Talila's room, he heard talking from the kitchen but couldn't figure out who, so he started walking there.

On his way, Archer saw a few Brownies cleaning while looking happy as he strolled through the treehouse.

Small and lively brownies were scurrying around with an air of excitement. They seemed immersed in their tasks, cleaning and organizing the surroundings.

Archer couldn't help but admire the gleeful expressions on their tiny faces as they went about their duties.

"Morning, Brownies!" Archer greeted them cheerfully, and in response, the little creatures glanced up, their eyes lighting up.

"Good day, Master Archer!" They chimed in unison, their high-pitched voices resonating.

Some waved, while others continued their work with an extra spring. He soon arrived at the kitchen.

Archer saw Ella, Teuila, Llyniel, and Halime sitting around the table chatting while eating. Ella was the first to see him and smiled.

She stood up and spoke in a happy tone. "Morning Archer. Breakfast is ready."

He approached the table, exchanging a kiss with each girl before settling into his seat.lights

Seated comfortably, Teuila couldn't resist making a playful comment. "Poor Talila. She got a visit from a lust-filled dragon last night; hopefully, it lifts her sour mood."

Laughter erupted from the other girls. After the laughter settled, Ella stood up and prepared a plate of food for him.

With a smile, she placed it in front of Archer. When he looked at the meal, he saw three pastry-like items.

Curious, he picked one up, took a bite, and instantly loved it. Archer indulged in the pastry-like treats, relishing the delectable flavors that burst with each bite.

The girls around the table seemed to enjoy the meal, their expressions reflecting satisfaction.

As the plates gradually emptied, conversation and laughter filled the air. Satisfied but not overly stuffed, the girls decided it was time for a refreshing bath.

Ella led the way, guiding them to the bath chambers after kissing Archer. He watched them disappear around a corridor with their animated chatter echoing faintly.

A smile played on his lips, appreciating the lively energy they brought to his life. Feeling a sense of curiosity.

Seizing the opportunity to explore more of Starfall City before classes began. He pulled out a cloak, wrapped it around himself, and cast Gate.

Archer stepped through the portal and appeared in Starfall City. As he started to walk through the bustling marketplace, his nose smelt something delicious.

Following his nose, he navigated through the vibrant stalls with exotic foods he'd never smelt.

He could hear all the lively chatter of vendors and customers. Turning a corner, Archer discovered a quaint food stall, its display of dishes drawing him in.

A skilled chef behind the counter skillfully prepared magical delicacies. Approaching the stall, he smiled at the owner before asking a question. "What's the specialty here?"

The stall owner was an older elf man who looked up with a warm smile as he told him about the menu.

From shimmering soups to spellbound pastries, each item on the list seemed to call to Archer's stomach, making him laugh.

Eager to try delicious-looking food, he spoke. "Can I have two of everything, please?"

The stall owner looked at him with a strange look that caused Archer to laugh, but he just looked at the older elf.

"Okay, young man. That will be two gold coins." The owner finally spoke.

As Archer sat at the bustling stall, he watched the lively early morning market—the delicious smell of various foods filled the air.

Lost in the ebb and flow of the crowd, he started people-watching in his little world as he waited.

As the stall owner skillfully prepared his dishes, he was drawn to Archer, who seemed busy observing the people passing by.

A sense of curiosity washed over the owner, questioning what might captivate a noble in a humble city stall.

Acknowledging that nobles typically didn't show interest in common people or city stalls, the stall owner's curiosity heightened.

Memories of stories echoing in the local tavern for months flooded his mind. A young boy that all the elf's friends had been talking about appeared in his thoughts.

'Hair as white as snow, glowing violet eyes, four dragon horns, and shimmering white scales.'

As the stall owner continued to observe Archer, a realization dawned upon him. He couldn't shake the stories he had heard in the tavern.

The tales of the infamous White Prince, a figure associated with death and destruction, a harbinger of chaos.

However, as he watched the boy sitting at his stall, who appeared innocent, engrossed in the sights and sounds of the bustling street.

Doubt crept into the elf's mind, making him wonder if this seemingly harmless boy could be the one who had allegedly killed thousands and razed kingdoms.

As Archer patiently waited for his order, the stall owner couldn't help but voice his curiosity, leaning in with a gleam of recognition in his eyes.

"Young Master, pardon my boldness, but you wouldn't happen to be the White Prince, the infamous white devil, would you?"

When Archer heard this, he turned to the older elf with narrowed eyes that made the owner gulp.