

## **A Journey 691**

### **Chapter 691 Draconian Waystations**

Teuila nodded in agreement as Archer rose from his seat and unfurled the Gate to the Bastion. The trio entered the portal and emerged into the fortress's great hall. Despite its modest decorations, the hall exuded an inviting charm, a testament to its builder's and designer's meticulous craftsmanship.

Pillars lined the edges of the hall, leading the eye toward a throne positioned at its end. White banners adorned the walls, fluttering gently in the air. Archer took in the scene with a sense of satisfaction.

They were welcomed by Aisha, Jethro, and Mohamet, along with Arianna Stormborn, the leader of Draconia's Homeguard Battalion, and Elara Riversong, the Dragon Marshal of the First Legion.

When they saw him, everyone knelt respectfully, but Archer signaled for them to stand up. His anger was barely hidden while ordering Arianna, "Gather the rest of the Valethornians together and take them to Drakonia. They need to know what will happen if they rebel again."

The brown-haired woman responded before leaving the hall, "Yes, Your Majesty. It will be done."

Archer directed his gaze towards Elara, the beautiful redhead, and commanded with a smirk, "Lead the First Legion to Drakonia. Surround the town and ensure that no one can leave."

Elara bowed with a smile before leaving, "Yes, Your Majesty."

After giving out his orders, he introduced the two girls who came with him, who were looking around in fascination, "These are my Queens, Hemera and Cassandra. Treat them as you do me."

The three people respectfully bowed to them before Aisha grew curious and asked him a question as she approached Archer, "How do you plan to punish these nobles?"

He instantly answered while looking into her beautiful blue eyes, "I will kill them all in front of the rest of their people so they don't get any more ideas."

When hearing Archer's plan, Aisha disagreed but recognized its potential impact on the populace and the peace it could bring to the kingdom. So she responded, "As you command, Your Majesty."

After that, Jethro asked him to talk privately, which he agreed to, and followed the old dragonkin. Once they were out of earshot, he spoke, "Is it right to kill all those people, Your Majesty?"

"Yes. They rebelled against my rule while occupying one of my towns, Jethro. I cannot show kindness as it would be seen as a weakness while building my kingdom," Archer said.

Jethro looked troubled, and Archer didn't want to lose the old man's support, so he reassured him, "I'll only kill the guilty, and the rest of the Valethornians can still live free as long as they don't rebel like their noble counterparts."

The elderly dragonkin man nodded in approval, his voice filled with joy as he changed the subject, "Congratulations on founding Draconia, Your Majesty. This kingdom will surely become one of the strongest and most desirable places to live in Thrylos."

Jethro smiled after speaking before informing him that he had to go check on the construction of the capital city and his palace. This surprised Archer, who asked excitedly, "Palace?"

The old man was about to speak when Aisha appeared beside him, her smile radiant as she delivered the news: "We've decided that you and the queens will need a place to stay while you're here. So, we've named Drakewood Palace, and it's being built to the North-East. It's just the foundations for now, but in a few weeks it will be fully completed."

Archer got excited before rushing forward and enveloping the dragonkin woman in a tight embrace, "Thank you, Aisha! This is incredible!" he exclaimed, his voice filled with genuine joy.

Aisha blinked in surprise, taken aback by his sudden excitement. She hadn't expected such a reaction from him. At first, she was stunned, her arms hanging awkwardly at her sides.

She gradually softened into the embrace, her surprise melting away as a gentle smile formed on her lips. Returning Archer's hug, she felt his sincere joy enveloping her. It was an unusual display of vulnerability from the typically wild and unpredictable dragon boy, and she couldn't help but be moved by it.

Hemera and Cassandra giggled at his reaction, amused by his excitement. However, he soon released Aisha, and his attention shifted. He quickly noticed her beautiful dark brown skin getting darker due to embarrassment, which he found adorable.

Archer backed away from Aisha before informing her of his plan, "We will head toward Drakonia and deal with this mess. There are fights I want to watch back on the mainland."

She nodded in agreement as Archer and the two girls left the fortress and headed north towards the rebellious town. He chose to walk rather than fly because he wanted to see the kingdom's landscape.

As they strolled toward Drakonia, they found themselves in a vast expanse of grassland stretching as far as the eye could see. Hemera was shocked and mumbled, "It's so beautiful."

Archer agreed with a big smile, "It is. That's why I wiped out the previous empire, to establish the Draconia Kingdom and give my people the best chance of surviving this chaotic world."

Kassandra agreed, saying, "Thrylos is getting even more dangerous between the warring empires and the evil that lurks below the surface, so having a safe place for your people is a must in these dark times."

"Yes, and this island is the best place. It's massive and has so many resources that, if done right, we can be self-sufficient," Archer responded as they continued their walk, seeing a rider speed past them.

He noticed the gentle sway of the tall grasses dancing in harmony with the breeze, creating a peaceful atmosphere. In the distance, they spotted clusters of farms nestled amidst the rolling hills.

Their rustic charm added character to the landscape. Smoke lazily rose from the chimneys, blending into the clear blue sky above. Waystations, marked by wooden signs, dotted the road, offering weary travelers a place to rest and replenish their supplies.

When Kassandra saw them, she asked, "What are those Arch?"

"Their rest stops for travelers and merchants, where they can take a break or purchase supplies for their journeys," he explained, glancing at the Waystation in the distance. "I wasn't aware the army had already built one, but it seems Aisha or Mohamet took a liking to the concept and made it a reality."

"Can we check it out, darling?" Hemera asked with excitement.

Archer nodded, "I guess so. The army will take a little while to reach Drakonia."

After that, the trio walked toward the newly built Waystation they had spotted. The sturdy wooden structure stood proudly amidst the rolling hills, and people came and went, looking content and pleased with the place.

When they got closer, Archer commented, "The Homeguard are already at work protecting Draconia."

A small contingent of Homeguard soldiers stood watch outside the Waystation, their polished armor glinting in the sunlight. Archer nodded approvingly at the sight, impressed by his army in establishing these essential rest stops for travelers.

That's when he noticed the tall guard tower used to watch over the land for any threats that may come, which pleased him with the security the Homeguard had established.

As they observed the Waystation Archer noticed the Homeguard Captain, a sturdy figure with a weathered face and sharp eyes, approached them with a warm smile, "Your Majesty, Queens Hemera, and Cassandra," he greeted them respectfully, dipping his head in a slight bow. "Welcome to Waystation Sentinel. I am Captain Marcus, and I would be honored to offer you a tour of our facilities."

Archer returned the men's smile with a nod of gratitude, "Thank you, Captain Marcus. We would appreciate that," he replied, his tone full of respect.

The captain led them through the bustling main hall of the Waystation, where travelers dined and rested after long journeys. There appeared to be a bar area with numerous tables and chairs, allowing travelers to rest and recuperate from their journeys.

But what caught his attention was the Aaroma of freshly cooked meals filling the air, mingling with laughter and conversation.

"This is our hall and dining area, where people can enjoy a hearty meal before continuing their journey," Captain Marcus explained, gesturing towards the rows of tables and benches. "We pride ourselves on providing nourishment and comfort to all who pass through our doors."

The two girls looked around with wide eyes, taking in the sights and sounds of the bustling Waystation. "It's so lively here," Cassandra spoke, her voice filled with wonder.

Captain Marcus nodded in agreement. "Indeed, Your Majesty. We aim to create a welcoming environment where travelers can rest and relax before facing the road ahead."

Archer was curious about the resting quarters, so he asked, "How many rooms are for rent at any time, captain?"

The man thought briefly before answering, "There are eighteen rooms, but two are reserved for the guards that get rotated here."

"How is the supplies coming along? Are you getting enough food, water, and other needed materials?" Archer inquired.

Captain nodded, "Yes, the supply cohorts ensure we are supplied by delivering weekly goods."

"Good. I'm glad they are doing their jobs," Archer answered before continuing the tour.

The captain led them to the stables, where diligent stablehands groomed and cared for beasts used for travel, "And here is where we house our steeds," he explained, patting the flank of a sleek black horse-looking creature. "They are well-trained and ready to carry travelers safely to their destinations."

"Very good captain. I'm glad everything is working smoothly. Expect things to get busy over the next few months," Archer responded as he took in the sights.

But something nagged at him, causing him to ask, "How did you know the two queens?"

Captain Marcus smiled before explaining, "Queen Aisha sent out a message just before you arrived and filled us in, Your Majesty."

Chapter 692 Elara Ravensong

Archer nodded to the captain before they left the Waystation after taking a tour and headed toward Drakonia. They strolled for some time until a town appeared on the horizon. Vast expanses of fertile farmland stretched before them, rolling gently under the azure sky.

Fields of golden wheat swayed in the winter breeze, while lush meadows dotted with wildflowers added color to the landscape. The town was nestled amidst this beautiful scene, appearing as a beacon of civilization against the rustic backdrop.

Though modest, its buildings boasted a charming architectural style, with quaint cottages adorned with flowering vines and cobblestone streets winding between them. Yet, despite the tranquil ambiance, an undercurrent of tension permeated the air.

Standing sentinel around the town's perimeter were ominous figures clad in sleek, obsidian-black armor. It covered all their body except their eyes, offering perfect protection against an attacking enemy.

Their imposing presence cast a shadow over the otherwise serene scene, and their steely gazes fixed unwaveringly on the horizon. As they circled the town, their movements were precise and disciplined.

But what shocked the two girls was the number roaming the area. At the same time, another group of different-looking soldiers escorted a large group of scared-looking people toward the town.

Archer watched a confused Hemera compare the Dragon Legionnaires and the Homeguard soldiers. He could see she noticed the difference. She turned to him and asked, "Why does your army have two types of soldiers, darling? Isn't that a waste of resources and training?"

Archer shook his head before explaining, "Well, to some people, it would seem a waste, but to me and our kingdom, it isn't. Look at the soldiers surrounding the town. They are called Dragon Legionnaires."

Hemera nodded and said, "They look more vicious with that armor, and I can sense that they are stronger than the soldiers escorting the people. What races are they made up of?"

"All different races, Hem, but mostly dragonkin for now," he answered before continuing. "The other soldiers you see are the Homeguard, who will stay in the kingdom guarding the walls or patrolling the land."

Archer pointed at the soldiers in black armor and informed them, "They are the First Draconia Legion, led by Dragon Marshals Elara Ravensong and Lucian Nightshade."

The two girls nodded in understanding, but their moment was soon interrupted by a gorgeous redhead dragonkin woman. Her gaze was fixed on Archer with respect and attraction as she gracefully knelt before him.

Watching the scene, Hemera couldn't stifle a mischievous giggle, whispering to Cassandra, "I bet my husband would have quite the reaction to seeing her in that position, especially in a more intimate setting."

Kassandra smirked in agreement, "Oh, I can only imagine. The way she looks at him suggests she's more than willing to indulge in some naughty fantasies with him. What a naughty general."

Archer caught wind of their conversation and chuckled softly. However, his amusement faded as he noticed the sudden blush that spread across Elara's beautiful face, hinting at perhaps more provocative thoughts than he had anticipated.

The Kraken princess stepped forward, her voice low and sultry as she motioned for the woman to stand. "Tell me, do you love your king general? Would you do anything to please him?"

Archer watched Elara's blue eyes locking onto Cassandra's with unwavering determination before she replied, her voice tinged with desire, "I find him incredibly handsome, but love hasn't blossomed yet. Nevertheless, if he were to ask, I'd willingly fulfill his every desire, my queen."

He couldn't help but notice her whispered words, which only heightened his smile. Leaning close to the woman, he spoke seductively, his breath grazing her ear enticingly. "If you serve me admirably, my beautiful general, I shall reward you with anything your heart desires, and I mean anything."

Elara's face became even redder as she imagined all kinds of scenes, but she shook her head and reported, "Your Majesty. We've encircled the town, and no one has tried to escape. General Stormborn is still gathering the people you ordered her to and should be done within the hour."

Archer nodded before speaking, "Elara, can you explain to my queens the difference between your Legionnaires and Arianne's Homeguard soldiers?"

The redhead smiled before speaking, "Of course, Your Majesty. We have set up a camp near the town entrance. I can do it there if that's okay with you."

"Lead the way commander," he replied with a smile.

As the group followed the general towards the army camp, Archer found himself drawn to her commanding presence. His eyes trailed over her slender yet curvy figure, and he noted the sway of her hips with each step.

Elara's armor highlighted her feminine body, the sleek lines hugging her body in all the right places. Archer couldn't help but admire the way her silhouette moved with fluidity.

However, it was the sight of her perky bubble butt that truly caught Archer's attention. Despite the seriousness of the situation, he couldn't deny the charm of Elara's perfectly sculpted rear, the curves emphasized by the tight-fitting pants she wore.

As they walked, Archer's gaze lingering on Elara, he could not tear his eyes away from the tempting sight before him. Her every movement seemed to captivate him, filling his mind with thoughts he knew he should push aside in favor of more pressing matters.

Once he pulled his gaze away from Elara, who led them into a bustling camp, Archer couldn't help but notice the reverence with which his troops regarded him. Every pair of eyes seemed to follow their movements, and as they passed, the soldiers knelt in a display of respect.

Eventually, they arrived at a large tent, clearly serving as a command center. Elara gestured for them to enter, and they took their seats around a makeshift table. The air inside was filled with the scent of parchment and candle wax, and the murmurs of conversation from outside faded into the background.

Just as the dragonkin general moved to take a seat, Archer's voice cut through the air. "Elara, come here for a moment," he called, a mischievous glint in his eye.

She turned back, her cheeks tinged with a faint blush and approached Archer's side. Before she could react, he reached out and pulled her into his lap, settling her against him with a playful smile.

The sudden intimacy caught Elara off guard, and her face flushed a deep shade of red as she struggled to regain her composure. Archer could feel the heat radiating from her cheeks, and he couldn't help but chuckle at her reaction.

Hemera and Cassandra exchanged amused glances, their eyes dancing with delight as they watched the scene unfold. Archer's impromptu gesture had surprised her, and they couldn't resist teasing their new friend about it later.

"Now, can you tell them the difference, Elara? I want my queens to understand," Archer said, speaking into her ear, causing the woman to shiver.

She shook her head, tried to block out the fact that she was sitting on her king's lap, and started explaining, "The Homeguard was raised to defend the kingdom and its borders. Their job is to keep the peace, collect taxes, and guard the walls that the king built."

Archer interrupted her, "Call me Arch Elara. Only when it's us, though."

"So they are a security force then?" Cassandra questioned.

The redhead nodded in confirmation. "Indeed, the Legionnaires and other units are prepared to engage our enemies when necessary. They undergo rigorous training in various weapons and tactics. General Mohamet has been dedicatedly instructing the dragonkin since Arch saved us all those years ago."

Archer smiled when he heard that, and the two girls nodded their heads before Cassandra asked, "How long have you been with Archer? Years?"

Elara nodded in affirmation, "Yes. It's been four years now," she answered. "My family was living in the domain but decided to come to Draconia like the rest of us so we could help the king with his new kingdom."

Hemera was the next to ask, "Seeing as our husband is all over you, have you met each other before?"

"Yes, we've had many interactions during the four years, but only when he wandered around the domain," Elara said with a small smile on her pretty face.

Kassandra's smile brightened as she spoke, "I love a good story."

Elara smiled before she started talking, "Okay. Where to start?"

---

[Elara's POV]

Four years ago, at the age of eighteen, Elara's tribe found themselves roaming the treacherous lands of the Southlands, their existence overshadowed by the constant fear of enslavement or death.

Then, a woman named Sagana reached out to them, offering them refuge and safety within the domain. Her message carried hope and promise, for she spoke of the White Dragon's return.

With the assurance of sanctuary under his protection, Elara, her family, and her tribe entered the domain, seeking solace from the perils that plagued them. A year passed, and she was recruited into the White Dragon's Army as she didn't want to be a farmer like her family.

Now, she was standing on the training grounds of the domain that two men called Jethro and Mohamet had set up. She was surrounded by fellow dragonkin soldiers, her muscles tense as she focused on perfecting her combat skills.

Sweat glistened on her brow as she swung her sword precisely, each movement a testament to her training and perseverance. Amidst the flurry of activity, her attention was suddenly drawn to a figure approaching the training grounds.

It was a young boy, his disheveled appearance standing out amidst the disciplined soldiers. Elara watched in amazement as all the soldiers stopped what they were doing and dropped to one knee when they saw him.

This caused her to look at the boy even more, only to realize who he was.

Chapter 693 You're A Monster

'The White Dragon. I didn't think he was a child,' Elara thought, 'But here he is.'

His messy appearance didn't bother her, as the mesmerizing beauty of his violet dragon eyes caught her attention. She was momentarily captivated by his gaze's depth of color and intensity.

However, as she continued to watch him, she quickly noticed something else that made her pause: white scales peeked beneath his shirt, a subtle yet undeniable sign of his connection to the dragons.

Elara scolded herself inwardly, caught off guard by the unexpected sight of the dragon scales. She couldn't deny the boy's handsomeness or the charm of his dragon heritage but quickly reminded herself that he was just a boy.

Despite his captivating appearance, he was far too young for her to entertain any thoughts beyond admiration. Brushing aside her momentary distraction, Elara refocused on her training with renewed determination, intent on dismissing further interruptions.

However, a voice pierced her concentration just as she delved back into her practice, "A beautiful soldier? Mohamet never told me there was one in my army," the voice remarked.

Startled, Elara turned to face the source of the comment, locking eyes with the king himself. In response to his presence, she instinctively knelt before him, a gesture of respect that elicited a warm smile from the monarch.

He cautiously climbed up to a nearby branch, observing Elara from above. "Get up and continue training. I want to watch you," he commanded, his tone gentle yet authoritative.

With a nod of understanding, Elara rose to her feet, feeling a surge of determination in the king's presence. Though his unexpected visit added another layer of pressure to her training, she welcomed the opportunity to showcase her skills.

After an hour of training, Elara and the other dragonkin started hearing snoring. She spotted the king sleeping on the branch and looked comfortable, 'Is it comfortable up there? How can he sleep in front of his soldiers? Isn't he worried about his image?'"

Laughter erupted from some of the soldiers behind her as they witnessed the sight of the king of all dragon kind peacefully slumbering in a tree, resembling nothing short of a mischievous jungle rascal monkey.

General Mohamet approached them with an amused tone, his voice cutting through the laughter. "Soldiers," he began, his tone tinged with amusement, "you may see a young boy and laugh, but the king is a mysterious being who has accomplished much in the short time I've known him and will bring all us to new heights."

Elara watched the general explain how he rescued hundreds of thousands of their people from poverty and provided a safe place to live and grow. When she heard the general's words, a fire was lit inside her, and she decided to do whatever she could to aid him on his journey.

She and her family had a home and employment opportunities to sustain themselves. Each of her siblings enlisted in the army alongside her father. At the same time, her mother took on a role working for the elder statesman Jethro, overseeing the domain entrusted to him by the king during his absence from the realm.

When Frostwinter came, she saw the king more as he inspected everything they had built. Since that day, they have been meeting in the training field, and he always comes to say hello to her.

---

[Back to Archer]

"Yes, I remember watching you train that day," Archer remarked, cradling his Marshall, who blushed and squirmed with every touch. "I encountered a challenging beast, and perhaps I may have used too much power," he chuckled.

Kassandra smiled as Hemera commented, "Makes sense. You did wander around the domain a lot when we first met. But back to the task at hand. What's the plan?"

Archer released Elara, amused by her haste as she scrambled toward the nearest chair. Stretching his arms, he chuckled before responding, "I'll handle it personally. I'll drag those humans out myself and make sure they're executed in front of their people. It's the only way they'll learn to behave and become respectable citizens."

After that, he left the tent, followed by Hemera and Kassandra, who were excited to see what he would do. As they stepped outside, Archer cast a Blink and appeared on the town's wooden wall, to the shock of the people below.

A tall human man stepped forward and demanded, "Free us from this hellhole dragon! We have taken the citizens hostage, and if you try anything funny, we will kill them all."

When hearing this, an evil smile crept across Archer's face, and he responded excitedly, "Well, isn't that just perfect? You dare to kidnap my citizens and believe you can use them against me?"

Without wasting more time, he shouted, "Come forth, Nyctros, and bring me every human in this village so I can punish them!"

The rebel leader's laughter echoed like a mocking symphony of arrogance as he dismissed Archer's threats as mere bluster. But then, as if in response to his hubris, the town fell silent, a chilling stillness descending upon the once-bustling streets.

Amid this eerie calm, shadows stirred and writhed, twisting into grotesque forms that defied imagination. Hideous creatures emerged from the darkness, their twisted bodies contorting with malice and hunger.

The leader's laughter faltered, replaced by a gnawing sense of dread as he beheld the nightmare unfolding before him. What had once seemed like empty threats now materialized into horrifying reality, and he realized with growing horror that Archer was far more than words.

He was a harbinger of true darkness, and the town was now at the mercy of his will. The creatures' twisted forms, adorned with razor-sharp claws, talons, and menacing fangs, sent shivers down the spines of all who beheld them.

Archer raised his hand, commanding the ghastly entities, and his voice dripped with malice. "Capture every person armed and bring them to me outside, but leave them alive!"

"Yes, Shadow Prince," Nyctros, the towering, eight-foot behemoth with a visage of pure evil, hissed in compliance before vanishing into the inky blackness.

With Nyctros's disappearance, the air filled with terrified screams as the nightmarish creatures descended upon the unsuspecting townsfolk. Their primal shrieks mingled with the sounds of chaos and desperation, piercing the darkness with sheer terror.

Archer jumped off the wall while the nobles screamed as they were dragged into the shadows. When he arrived in front of Elara, he ordered, "Send your Legionnaires in and see if the citizens are okay."

Elara bowed, "Yes Your Majesty." She turned around and ordered her second in command, "Leon! Take three companies and clear the town,"

"Yes, Marshal," the man rushed off, followed by three hundred men.

Just as the soldiers broke down the town gate, Arianne Stormborn, the Commander of the Homeguard Battalion, appeared behind them and knelt in front of Archer, who turned to her with a smile, "Are all the previous residents here, commander?"

"Yes, Your Majesty. The people are being herded into the area the legionnaires have set up," the brown-haired woman replied.

Archer smiled, leaning forward to gently lift her chin, directing her yellow eyes to his own. "Arianne, surround them with your soldiers. Expect strong reactions; they'll likely respond poorly after witnessing what I'm about to do to their nobles." His charming smile caught her off guard, causing her cheeks to go red.

Arianne nodded once, rose swiftly, and dashed toward her awaiting soldiers, "Surround the people and hold them there! The king is going to punish the nobles."

When the Homeguard soldiers heard this, they started cheering before circling the scared people huddled together, causing Archer to smile as he approached them.

He summoned his wings and hovered in the air as he spoke to the Valethornians, "Do you people not understand that your empire no longer exists? I killed your imperial family and burned your armies into nothing." Archer looked at the crowd before continuing in a dominating voice. "You belong to me now, and if you can't accept that, then witness the consequences."

As he finished speaking to the people, Nyctros and the shadow creatures reappeared with all the Valethornian nobles, who were struggling to get free as terror overtook them and made them panic.

Archer let out an earth-shaking roar that shut them up. He looked at the creatures and spoke as he pointed toward the people, "Line the idiots up in front of them."#

They did as he ordered and vanished, reappearing in a long line with at least one hundred nobles who were looking at him in terror as he descended to the ground and approached the first man while summing his vicious-looking claws.

"Do you realize how stupid you've been to go against me, human?" Archer asked, but the man spat at him.

Archer instantly beheaded him with one swift swipe before plunging his hand into his chest, ripping out his heart, and started eating it while walking to the second man, who watched him in complete terror.

"You're a monster!" That's all he said before Archer ripped his head off and took his heart.

As he observed the gathered crowd, their expressions conveyed horror, anger, and wariness. This sight elicited a smile from him as Hemera neared. "Darling? Are you certain about this?" he asked.

Turning to face her, she caught the fiery rage reflected in his violet eyes, a sentiment she comprehended well. She nodded and affirmed, "We'll be waiting, Arch."

Archer smiled at the golden-haired elf he had known for years. He watched the hourglass figure as the bubble butt swayed as she approached Cassandra, who had an excited smile on her face as she watched the executions.

Hemera's smile illuminated the darkness, her yellow eyes glowing subtly. Archer briefly acknowledged her with a nod before redirecting his focus to the trembling third noble. As he approached, a smirk crept across his face, and his hand settled atop the man's quivering head.

With a merciless grip, he applied pressure until the noble's skull yielded beneath his relentless force, crushing it with a sickening crunch, causing the crowd to react by trying to rush toward the surviving nobles.

#### Chapter 694 They Are Attacking Kass

Archer looked at the Homeguards pushing the angry people back, which didn't stop him as he walked down the line of nobles, butchering them like pigs and taking their hearts before using Mana Manipulation to create crosses outside the town.

He turned toward Elara and spoke, "Commander! Get some soldiers to crucify the bodies so people learn what will happen if they go against me and leave them there until they are just bones."

When Elara heard his order, she gulped but agreed, "Yes, Your Majesty."

Afterward, he returned to the two girls watching him with smiles but soon noticed General Mohamet running up to them with a panicked expression. The older man stopped and caught his breath before talking, "Your Majesty. We have a pirate fleet sailing toward the island from the north."

Archer's eyebrow raised before questioning, "How many ships, and how do you know this Mohamet?"

"A soldier from the wall raced to the Bastion and informed us, so here I am telling," he answered.

Upon hearing this, a smile stretched across his face as he glanced at Cassandra, recalling a plan he had conceived years prior. With deliberate steps, he approached the black-haired girl, who watched him with a curious expression.

"My beautiful Kraken fiancé," he said excitedly, looking into Cassandra's beautiful black eyes. "Do you want to have some fun?"

Before she could reply, a woman screamed from the Valethornian group, "Why would you be so evil! You could have arrested them and not butcher them like they are farm animals," she spoke in a tone full of hate and disgust. "You're a vile beast who needs to be put down."

Archer spun on the woman with rage in his eyes as he spoke in a voice full of anger, "In the cold embrace of death, they learned the final lesson of obedience. Those who defy me have no escape from the ultimate consequence. I will butcher you all if you continue to question the way I rule my kingdom."

After that, he held up his hand to cast Mana Manipulation and dragged the woman toward him with a tug, causing her to scream out; he then used a spell to create a crucifix and threw the flailing woman at it before he trapped her there.

He stared at the scared Valethornians and warned, "Anyone who questions me will end up like her. From now on, you're Draconians. Follow me, and you and your family will be safe and happy. Disobey, and you will be crucified."

Once he had scarred the people enough, he ordered the soldiers to hurry up and end this and return to building the kingdom, which was more important to him. After giving out his orders, he returned them to the two girls.

He calmed down and smiled, "Kass, can I drop you on top of the pirate ships to scare them?"

When Cassandra heard this, her eyes narrowed, and an excited smile appeared as she demanded, "Come on, let's go!"

"Hold on. I have to contact my pirate underlings," Archer sent mana into the bracelet and contacted the pirate woman. "Grace! Who's moving against me?"

Shortly after, an explosion was heard on the other side just before the pirate woman spoke, "Your Majesty. The other pirate islands have joined hands and want to take you out. We need assistance as a fleet is blockading Siren's Lagoon."

"Okay. I'll destroy the fleet, then help you," he replied to the panicked pirate, who calmed down when hearing his words.

Archer smiled and entered the grasslands to transform into his dragon form. After walking for five minutes, he whispered, "Draco."

A stunning light erupted from where he was, causing everyone to cover their eyes due to the intensity. Archer's colossal dragon form emerged as it died down, shocking Cassandra and making Hemera smile.

Archer's presence eclipsed everything. He stood staggering twenty meters and was thirty meters long. His limbs were massive, like ancient Elder Trees, and they ended in sharp claws that carved deep furrows into the earth below.

His head's sheer enormity cast a shroud of darkness over the realm of Drakonia, engulfing all beneath its imposing gaze. With each mighty movement, the ground trembled beneath him, and the air stirred with the force of his immense power.

In the face of his colossal presence, Cassandra found herself powerless against the mighty gusts of wind unleashed by the sweep of his massive tail, sending her tumbling into the chaos of the land below.

Archer slowed his body, allowing Cassandra to jump up on him while Hemera said, "I'll fly myself, darling."

He nodded his large head before flapping his wings and taking off, causing a dust cloud below him. Hemera couldn't contain her excitement. She giggled with anticipation, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

With a flourish of her hands, she channeled her sun magic, summoning flames to lift her off the ground. With a burst of fiery energy, she soared into the air, flames trailing behind her like a comet.

The wind whipped past him, his scales gleaming in the sunlight. Hemera's laughter echoed around them as she flew alongside him, her flames dancing gracefully. As the trio soared higher, their journey took them northward, where they soon spotted a massive fleet stretching as far as the eye could see.

Hundreds of ships, their sails billowing in the wind, formed an imposing armada on the horizon. As Archer closed in, he dived down low, took a deep breath, and let out a stream of violet fire that slammed into the first ship before he ascended.

That's when he heard Cassandra say excitedly, "Watch this husband!"

After speaking, she jumped off his back, and a similar light appeared, but that's when a mighty roar echoed across the ocean; she transformed into a colossal Kraken, her massive form rising from the depths with thunderous force.

Her enormous tentacles surged forward, crashing down upon the pirate fleet's unsuspecting ships. With each strike, wood splintered, and sails tore asunder as if they were mere playthings in the grip of her wrath.

The pirates, taken aback by the sudden onslaught, scrambled to defend themselves against the monstrous force that now confronted them. Archer and Hemera remained suspended mid-air, their disbelief noticeable as they saw the cataclysmic scene beneath them.

Kassandra's sheer might left them in awe. Her colossal tentacles effortlessly tore apart the pirate ships as if they were mere scraps of parchment. Hemera's voice, filled with wonder, landed lightly on his head as she spoke, "She's so powerful! It's amazing seeing a Kraken fighting alongside us."

Archer nodded in agreement, his gaze never leaving the scene below. Despite the destruction wrought by Kassandra's fury, there was a sense of awe and admiration in his voice as he watched her unleash her immense strength upon their enemies.

After ten minutes of smashing her tentacles and dragging the ships below the waves, the fleet was wiped out, but suddenly, explosions erupted all over her large body, causing Kassandra to roar in pain.

He looked into the distance and saw three metal ships heading their way, causing Hemera to gasp. "Those are Novgorod ships, Arch! They are attacking Kass!"

When he heard that, Archer let out a roar of anger before flying toward the ships while Hemera flew to Kassandra, as he got closer to the Novgorod ships, they fired at his girl again, causing him to dive down and take the hit.

His scales cracked, and he growled in pain as the volatile mana burned his body. For the first time in a while, he felt genuine pain. However, it didn't stop him from crashing into the largest warship.

Archer used his massive body to tear it apart before looking at the one who stopped next to him. Without a chance, he used his Dragon's Breath to bathe the warship in flames so hot that they started melting the metal.

Suddenly, a searing pain ripped through his body, jolting him into action. Wheeling around, he spotted the third ship charging its cannon and unleashing a barrage of beams towards him.

He staggered with a sharp cry of pain, but anger fueled his next move. Despite the agony, he lunged towards the smaller ship and collided with it in a thunderous impact, taking out their weapons.

Once the three ships were reduced to wreckage, he beat his wings and soared towards the pirate island looming in the distance. Hemera and Kassandra trailed behind him, swiftly noticing that he struggled to navigate through the air with his usual agility, hampered by the severity of his injuries.

His wings trembled as he struggled to maintain altitude, but the injury had taken its toll, sapping his strength and resolve. With a desperate roar, he attempted to use his magic to heal himself, but his Regeneration was.

Archer's heart raced as he felt himself plummeting from the sky, the ground rushing to meet him with terrifying speed. Panic surged through him as he tried to regain control, but his weakened state left him helpless against gravity's force.

With a deafening crash, he slammed into the pirate island below, the impact sending shockwaves rippling through the earth. As Archer lay amidst the wreckage, battered and bruised, he struggled to catch his breath.

The pain was excruciating, every movement sending waves of agony coursing through his body. He gritted his teeth against the pain, his mind racing as he assessed the situation. He felt his Regeneration slowly healing him, but not as quickly as usual.

Lying prone on the ground, Archer's instincts kicked in, causing him to cast Cosmic Shield just in time to intercept the barrage of mana blasts hurtling toward him but deflected the deadly projectiles.

Archer knew he had to rest, so he opened a Gate to Drakonia. Deep and menacing, his voice reverberated with authority as he commanded, "First Legion! Come to me and lay waste to the fort that dares to fire upon me, while I regain my strength!"

As the shield kept getting hit by the pirate's cannons, soldiers appeared from the portal and knelt after being shocked at the incoming attacks. Still, he saw Elara wearing her helmet as she addressed the Dragon Legionnaires.

#### Chapter 695 Draconia's First Battle

Archer returned to his humanoid form and felt his Regeneration work a bit better, but not by much. He turned to Elara and declared, "We are taking this island for our kingdom. Conquer it for me, my general, and you shall be rewarded."

The redhead bowed her head before preparing the soldiers. Lucian Nightshade appeared leading the Drakelord Knights. He jumped off the horse-like beast and knelt toward Archer, "What are your orders, My King?"

"Kill everyone who doesn't surrender, and capture every city and fortress on the island. I have a purpose for the four islands surrounding Draconia, and this is the first one," Archer said as he created a chair out of Mana Manipulation.

But that's all he could do, as using his mana hurt him due to his wounds. He concluded that the cannons had something in them that affected mana. After saying that, even more soldiers from the First Legion appeared and got ready to charge as Elara led the charge.

Archer's gaze fixed on the spectacle unfolding. His soldiers, a sea of armored figures, charged across the grassland toward the fort that had been firing upon them relentlessly. The air was tense as arrows whistled and mana blasts thundered across the battlefield.

As the soldiers surged forward, undeterred by the onslaught, Archer's chest swelled with pride. He watched with admiration as his warriors displayed unwavering courage in the face of danger.

The fort's cannons roared, sending waves of Mana Blasts into the sky as they tried to slow his army's advance. Yet for every soldier who fell to the ground, three more stepped forward to take their place, their will unyielding.

Archer's heart pounded with anticipation as he witnessed his soldier's relentless advance toward the pirate fort. They moved with a single purpose, fueled by loyalty and the promise of victory.

The enemy's attacks intensified as they reached the base of the fort's towering walls. Arrows flew from the ramparts, hitting many of Archer's soldiers. Yet, still, they pressed on, driven by a fierce resolve to overcome everything in their path.

At the forefront of the assault, Elara emerged as a whirlwind of death and destruction. With agility and grace, she leaped and climbed like an agile predator, scaling the fortress walls with unmatched skill.

Archer's breath caught as he watched Elara's brave ascent. She moved with the precision of a seasoned warrior, dispatching pirates with swift and deadly sword strikes, cutting them down with ease.

With each foe she defeated, the path to victory grew clearer. He watched as she cut down men in the dozens as the other Dragon Legionnaires climbed the wall and started butchering the soldiers while securing the fort.

As they were doing that, Archer heard Hemera's, "Are you okay, husband? You took those Mana Blasts directly, which should have killed you, but it looks like it disrupted your mana heart," She said before checking him out.

Archer nodded, his gaze still fixed on the ongoing battle. "I'll be fine," he replied, his voice strained with pain. "But we need to secure this island first."

Hemera's concern was evident in her eyes as she examined him. "You shouldn't push yourself too hard, my love,"

"I'm already healing, and I can feel my mana returning to normal, but it will take some time," as he spoke, he noticed a large dust cloud heading their way.

He narrowed his eyes and saw some strange-looking cavalry that seemed to be Granitehorn's, which looked like bigger rhinos but much faster. Archer turned to Lucian and ordered as he pointed at the incoming soldiers, "Marshal! Take them out now!"

Lucian turned his gaze towards Archer, who was pointing at the incoming enemy. He then bowed to Archer and declared, "Yes, Your Majesty! We will show them what the Drakelords can do!"

The Marshal rallied his cohort and charged at the Granitehorn's. That's when he heard Hemera mumble, "Why are the Novgorod Empire here?"

Archer directed his gaze towards her and asked curiously, "How do you recognize them? Hemi"

The sun elf explained, "Their use of Granitehorns is distinctive, these creatures are native to Vardentia, and the Novgorodians are known to tame them for warfare."

He nodded and turned back to his cavalry, which were charging at the enemy. They watched from a vantage point overlooking the battlefield, and the tension in the air was palpable. Below them, the Drakelord Knights were closing in on the Granitehorns.

'They do appear impressive. Fortunately, Sagana discovered those dwarven blacksmiths years ago,' Archer mused.

Their swords gleamed in the sunlight as they prepared for battle. Archer's keen eyes caught Lucian's motion, and he saw the signal. That's when the Drakelord Knights dove and dodged, maneuvering around the massive beasts with incredible agility.

They engaged the riders in a fierce melee, their swords clashing against the enemy's weapons in a flurry of steel. But even as the Drakelord Knights fought skillfully and ferocity, Archer's gaze shifted beyond the immediate conflict.

In the distance, a large army was marching toward them, the Novgorod banners fluttering in the wind. With a steely determination, Archer made a decision. "Elara! Form up the legion!" he called out, his voice echoing across the battlefield. "Drakeguards in the center, with the Dragonblood Knights on the wings! Do it now!"

Elara wasted no time, immediately relaying Archer's commands to the troops below. With precision and discipline, the soldiers began reorganizing, forming into their designated positions with practiced efficiency.

The Drakeguards, clad in their formidable armor, took their place at the center of the formation, ready to withstand the brunt of the enemy's assault. Meanwhile, the Dragon Legionnaires spread out on the wings, their dragon-inspired weaponry glinting in the sunlight as they prepared to unleash their fury upon the approaching enemy.

Archer felt a surge of pride and confidence as the soldiers fell into formation. Despite the enemy army's looming threat, he knew his soldiers were prepared to face whatever challenges lay ahead.

He recalled the individuals who had assisted him, 'got to thank Mohamet and the other generals,' he acknowledged, grateful for their support.

Elara ran up to him, followed by her command staff, as Hemera asked, "Arch! Why have you put the less armored men in the center? The Novgorodians will slam right into them!"

Archer didn't answer as he screamed out more orders, "Legionnaires, form up behind the Dragonblood Knights and be ready to move on my command!"

The soldiers thumped their shields in response as the Drakelords Knights broke off from the Granitehorns after the enemy retreated to the incoming army. When Archer saw this, he shouted at Lucian, "Take your men and ride a mile behind us, circle to the left, wait for my roar, then charge in!"

The older man nodded before rushing off. Once he was gone, Elara commented, "How come you have the heavy infantry on the wings, Your Majesty? They should be in the center like every army."

"Don't worry. You will see. Now order the Guardians to form behind the battlelines and prepare to protect our soldiers from magic attacks," Archer answered as the Frostwinter breeze hit his face.

Elara turned around and spoke to a man, "Theodore, form up! Protect our soldiers from the Novgorod mages."

"Yes general," the man saluted

'Facing a professional army with my new one will be challenging, but I want to see how they do,' he thought before the girls messaged him.

"Can we join you? Maeve, Aurelia, Aeris, and Eveline want to come," Teuila's voice came through the bracelet.

"Still in our seats?" Archer replied.

Teuila nodded in confirmation, giving Archer the go-ahead to open a Gate. Moments later, thirteen girls emerged from the portal, their smiles widening as they looked at him. Each one greeted him warmly, with kisses from most of them, while Maeve, Aurelia, and Eveline opted for hugs.

Aeris smiled at him, causing Archer to speak, "I will talk to you after the battle. Now sit and enjoy as my army smashed the Novgorodians."

When the girls heard this, they were all shocked, but their attention quickly shifted to the sight of the army just ten meters away. Ella couldn't help but comment, "What are you doing, Arch?"

Before he could respond, Cassandra stepped in, her voice filled with urgency, "We were dealing with pirates attacking the kingdom. Then, the Novgorodian warships ambushed us, injuring our husband with mana cannons."

They all looked concerned, but Archer responded, "Just watch, ladies and enjoy."

He cast Mana Manipulation and created a platform under them so they could overlook the battle, which caused Maeve to ask, "What's with this formation?"

As Archer scrutinized the enemy force, Hemera provided context to the group. She explained their situation as he watched the opposing army, which had halted roughly thirty meters away.

In a sudden turn of events, Archer saw a group of horseback riders rapidly approaching their position. Reacting swiftly, he leaped to his feet and summoned his wings before soaring towards them, with Hemera and Sera trailing closely behind.

Descending gracefully, the trio landed in the heart of what would soon become the battlefield. The approaching riders came to a halt, and the foremost among them, speaking with a peculiar accent that Archer identified as Russian, demanded, "Who are you? You're invading the Empire of Novgorod's territory. If you surrender now, we will be merciful."

Archer chuckled before speaking, "You're on my land, human. Drop your weapons and join my side, or you will all die."

The man started laughing as he replied, "So be it. I will crush your army and take your island, Draconian King. Don't think we don't know who you are."

"Quiet, human. You may recognize me; if so, you know I can end you where you stand. But I'll save that pleasure for later. After your demise, I'll crucify your body and those of your soldiers so they circle the island as a warning."

#### Chapter 696 Draconia's First Battle (2)

After Archer's threat, the Novgorod riders returned to their army while he did the same, followed by the excited Sera and Hemera, who kept looking around, wondering how he would win.

Once they arrived at the platform, Archer collapsed into his chair as the others sat down to get comfortable; he pulled out some chocolate and started eating as the enemy marched forward.

But he decided he wanted a better view of the battle. With a charming smile, he turned to the girls and remarked, "I'll return shortly."

Talila quickly answered, "Where are you going, Arch?"

"I want to take command of my soldiers," Archer answered.

With those words, he took flight toward the First Legion, which was stationed atop a small hill with a view of the grassy plain below. Archer surveyed the distant landscape, noting the cluster of towns and cities.

He guessed it was the stronghold from which the Novgorod army originated. However, he waited to deal with it until after the battle and turned his gaze to the wave of magic attacks approaching the center of his army.

The Guardians swiftly stepped forward, forming a shield that enveloped the soldiers and effectively blocked the incoming spells. Archer smiled when he saw this but started speaking to the soldiers, "My soldiers! This is our first test against a real army! Listen to your commanders and watch your fellow soldier's backs."

As the soldiers gathered stood in formation, anticipation crackling in the air like a charged storm. Archer descended in front of them, his face a mixture of determination. He cleared his throat, his gaze sweeping over his soldier's faces, their eyes reflecting a blend of uncertainty and resolve.

"Alright, everyone," Archer began. "I'm not the best at these speech things, but hear me out." He paused, gathering his thoughts before continuing. "We're up against the Novgorodians. They're big, they're dangerous, but you know what? You've trained for this. You've bled together, and by the spirits, we will win!"

The soldiers began to nod, some exchanging glances, others gripping their weapons tighter. Archer's resolve solidified as he continued, his voice growing stronger with each word. "So, when those Novgorodians come at us with all they've got, remember why you're here. Remember who you're fighting for—your families, for the kingdom, and each other!"

With a rallying cry, the soldiers erupted into cheers, their spirits lifted by Archer's heartfelt words. He had ignited a fire within them, a bright flame against the darkness of uncertainty. As they prepared to face the Novgorodian army, their hearts beat as one, united in their shared purpose and unshakeable belief in victory.

Just after he spoke, they heard the enemy's war horns. Then they witnessed some enemy cavalry appear from the right flank and charge toward the Dragonblood Knights on the left, but Marshall Lucian instantly reacted and started to charge to intercept them.

The clash was inevitable, Lucian's heart pounding as the two forces collided, the sound of metal clashing and battle cries filling the air. His sword flashed as he fought alongside his knights, each blow striking with deadly accuracy.

Amidst the chaos, Archer scanned the scene with keen eyes. His brow furrowed as he noticed the main force of the Novgorodians charging straight for their center, a tide of enemy soldiers threatening to overwhelm them.

"Brace, Drakeguards! Stand firm, my soldiers," Archer's voice cut through the chaos, commanding attention even amid the battle's din. "Hold the line until I tell you to fall back!"

His words rallied the Drakeguards, their determination renewed as they formed a solid wall of shields and spears, ready to meet the impending onslaught. With a fierce battle cry, they braced themselves, their resolve unwavering in the face of the approaching enemy.

Seconds later, the main Novgorod center slammed into the Drakeguards, pushing them back, but they continued to fight bravely. Archer watched as his light infantry took the brunt of the attack and managed to stand firm, but they were being pushed back while the Dragonblood Knights quickly cut the enemy down.

Observing his center giving way, Archer recognized the opportunity to use a tactic inspired by the famous general Hannibal Barca from Earth. He commanded, "Drakeguards, fall back immediately!"

As the soldiers began to retreat, creating a gap for more Novgorodians to enter his trap unwittingly, Archer bellowed, "Dragonblood Knights and Dragon Legionnaires, strike the flanks and encircle them!"

They surged forward like a relentless tide, their blades flashing in the sunlight as they cut through the ranks of enemy soldiers with unmatched ferocity. With each swing of their swords and each clash of their shields, they left a trail of destruction in their wake.

Amidst the chaos, Archer's keen eyes caught sight of Lucian and his Drakelord Knights. Their charge was unstoppable as they tore through the Novgorodian cavalry with devastating force. He watched with pride as Lucian circled and slammed into the enemy's rear, effectively cutting off their retreat and sealing their fate.

That's when he realized it was time to spring his trap, "Drakeguards, charge!" his voice boomed across the battlefield as he saw this, his command igniting his soldier's fighting spirit.

With a thunderous roar, the soldiers turned around and surged forward, their shields forming an impenetrable wall as they crashed into the Novgorodian force's flanks. The impact was devastating.

The Novgorodians were caught between the relentless onslaught of the Dragonblood Knights, Dragon Legionnaires, and the fierce charge of the Drakeguards. Their lines crumbled, their formations shattered, as Archer's forces pressed forward with unwavering resolve.

Archer saw an opportunity and seized the moment. "Drakewings, raid the enemy camp and kill all the fleeing soldiers!" he shouted, his voice cutting through the battle's noise.

With precision and skill, the Drakewing Outriders raced toward the enemy camp, their blades gleaming in the sunlight as they cut down any soldiers who dared to flee. In a whirlwind of chaos and carnage, they struck fear into their enemy's hearts, leaving no survivors.

As the dust settled and the echoes of battle faded into the distance, Archer stood tall amidst the wreckage of war, his eyes ablaze with triumph. Thanks to the courage of his brave warriors, the day was won, and the Novgorodian threat had been defeated for now.

Archer ordered his cavalry to chase down any survivors while the soldiers started building crosses for the dead and putting them around the island like a ring. After giving out his orders, he returned to the platform, where the girls watched him with wide eyes.

Maeve was the first to ask, "What was that? I didn't know you were familiar with war. " She looked around at the others, who shrugged before returning her gaze to Archer. "What tactics did you use?"

He smiled, "It's called the Double Envelopment. I put my light infantry in the center to absorb the brunt of the enemy attack, which pushed them inward, allowing the Dragonblook Knights to envelop them." He pointed at the Marshal, "Thanks to Marshal Lucian, who hit their rear as the enemy got scared and started to route so we could win quickly."

The girls nodded, but Aurelia commented, "But they are one of the strongest empires on Thrylos. How could your newly established army defeat them?"

Archer laughed but answered honestly, "My soldiers have been constantly training for years. I have three full Legions to call upon, but I choose to use the First Legion as the other two are building infrastructure throughout the kingdom."

After speaking, Elara approached before kneeling and said, "Your Majesty. The Healers are overwhelmed. Do any of the queens know healing magic?"

Ella, Hemera, Aurelia, Leira, and Llyniel jumped up and followed Elara to help the soldiers while the others waited.

Maeve asked with a hint of suspicion, "What do you plan to do with these armies of yours?"

Archer remained silent but opened a portal to the domain, calling for the Tressyms with a soft murmur. The flying cats materialized with gentle meows. Approaching him, the leader received a tender caress as Archer instructed.

"Return to the Novgorod Empire," he commanded his voice firm yet tinged with a hint of mischief, "Gather intelligence, steal anything valuable, and sow seeds of chaos. You are in charge and free to return to the domain whenever you have information to share with me."

The Tressyms nodded in agreement and gathered around Archer, seeking affectionate pets before disappearing into the night sky. As they disappeared, he shifted his attention to Maeve, his expression serious.

"Maeve, chaos is on the horizon," he said, his voice tinged with urgency. "I intend to prepare for it. You're welcome to stand by my side, but should things take a turn for the worse, I urge you to bring your family here for safety."

She nodded, her eyes reflecting a mixture of concern and determination. "Thank you, Archer. I'll keep that in mind. We'll stand with you, ready to face whatever challenges lie ahead."

Archer smiled before Elara approached him and knelt alongside Lucian. When seeing this, he spoke, "How many did we lose?"

Elara quickly answered, "Just over a hundred soldiers, Your Majesty."

He nodded before retrieving a pouch brimming with gold coins from his Item Box and tossed it to Elara, who caught it with a mixture of surprise and confusion evident on her face, "What is this for?" she asked, her voice tinged with curiosity as she examined the weighty pouch in her hands.

"Give two gold to each fallen soldier's family and tell them it's from me," he answered solemnly, his gaze unwavering as he issued his instructions. "Now, conquer this island for me. Once you do that, I'll have some of the Second Legion come over and guard the land."

With a determined nod, Elara accepted the task, understanding the weight of the responsibility placed upon her shoulders.

Chapter 697 Bosslady

Shortly after giving Elara his orders, Archer laughed at their shocked expressions before smiling, "What?"

Talila commented with a curious expression, "Honestly, that was amazing, Arch. I didn't know you were a skilled general."

He nodded before answering honestly, "Well, I've picked up a few things over the years."

'Fortunately, my experience playing Total War back on Earth allows me to apply tactics from there,' he reflected inwardly as he remembered the battle.

Afterward, the five girls who went to help the healers reappeared, allowing them all to return to the domain to relax.

As they stepped through the portal, Ella handed him a Memory Stone and explained, "This has all the girl's fights recorded, including Maeve's, Aurelia's, and Aeris's. They were disappointed you missed their fights, but I told them I documented it, which excited them."

"Shut up, Ella! You weren't meant to tell him that," Aurelia complained, but Archer knew it was just embarrassment as he spotted her smile and the blush creep up her slender neck.

With everyone settled in the treehouse, Archer sat down and relaxed at the back of the living room, which was nice and warm. The heat from the fire washed over him, causing him to grow comfortable.

He sent mana into the Memory Stone Ella gave him and started watching the fights, which amazed him. All the girls were skilled fighters, using melee and magic combat. Maeve beat her opponent using her sword skills, while Aurelia used her water magic thanks to being a mermaid.

Their victories, achieved through skills or magic, didn't surprise Archer, considering how powerful they were for their ages. After spending an hour watching the fights, he got comfortable, thanks to the serene atmosphere that surrounded him.

He noticed the girls chatting among themselves. Teuila, Talila, Nala, Cassandra, Eveline, and Maeve engaged in a lively discussion about combat techniques, sharing insights and strategies.

Meanwhile, Leira, Hemera, Sera, Nefertiti, and Aurelia discussed magic and theories. Lastly, Ella, Halime, Llynriel, and Aeris worked together to prepare a lavish feast for the group.

Their skills promised a delightful dinner for all. Archer was on the verge of falling asleep when a sudden recollection jolted him awake. The Memory Stone Ophelia had given him contained Valkyria Blackwood's discovery of the Unknown Continent.

He reached for it, preparing to infuse it with mana, but then saw Ella approaching, causing him to pause, "Here, Arch. Try this. Aeris made this tea for you," she said, her smile warming the room.

"Thank you, El," he said while reaching for the cup. "I'm going to watch the Memory Stone that the headmistress gave me, so let me know when dinner is done."

Ella smiled, "Of course. I'll tell the others what you're doing so they won't bother you."

Archer leaned in, gently taking her delicate hand before drawing her closer for a kiss. Ella responded by wrapping her arms around his chest, reciprocating the embrace. After their lips parted, she retreated to the kitchen with a love-filled smile.

Once she was gone, he reclined against the cushioned seat in the cozy treehouse, holding the cup of tea. It smelled of herbs, and something sweet but spicy teasingly tamed his senses.

He took a sip, expecting the familiar taste of herbal tea, but what greeted him was far beyond his expectations. Different flavors danced on his palate as the warm liquid trickled down his throat.

It felt like a mix of sweet honey, bitter herbs, tangy citrus, and spices, with a touch of warmth. Each sip revealed different tastes, which fascinated him. Archer's eyes widened in surprise, his taste buds tingling with delight.

He drank some more, savoring the flavors that danced on his tongue. He liked them, and he would tell Aeris when he saw him. After finishing the tea, he sent some mana into the Memory Stone and dived into it while waiting for dinner to witness the Unknown Continent.

---

[Valkyria Blackwood's POV]

Meanwhile, a week has passed since they set sail, and it's been nothing short of chaos. Pirates have constantly attacked the Frontier Fleet. Despite the Admiral's repeated victories, they persistently continue their assaults, much to Valkyria's annoyance.

As she stepped onto her room's balcony, the salty breeze whipped through her purple hair, carrying the distant roar of cannons and the crackle of mana. She gazed at the tumultuous sea with waves as high as some city walls.

She watched the Avalon's Wrath unleash its firepower. With thunderous booms, their battleship's mana cannons erupted, sending bolts of crackling energy hurtling toward the oncoming pirate ships.

As the enemy retaliated, their blasts collided with the battleship's shield, causing the projectiles to ricochet harmlessly away. Without hesitation, the ship veered to the left, setting its sights on another pirate vessel rapidly approaching.

The air crackled chaotic mana as the cannons found their targets with deadly precision, engulfing the pirate vessels in brilliant explosions of light and smoke. Valkyria's heart pounded with adrenaline as she witnessed their ship in action.

With each blast of the cannons, the pirate ships exploded and sank beneath the churning waves. Valkyria was awed as she witnessed the battleship's sheer power and its skilled crew.

After the battle, no more pirate ships appeared, causing Valkyria to sigh in relief. She then looked out to sea, where the weather seemed to worsen. Returning inside, she made her way to her team members.

The sailors were rushing around cleaning the cannons while bringing more mana shells out of storage. She passed by the Galley and saw hundreds of men and women sitting around eating while others were still at home.

Soon, she reached the door leading to the hall. The six women's rooms were out, and they were all asleep when she checked on them. Due to the cold weather, the three women were cuddled under the covers when she opened Nia's door, making her laugh.

When she closed the door, she heard a voice behind her, "What are you doing, Bosslady?"

Valkyria turned around to see the brown-haired dwarf who was in their tank yawning as she stretched. She smiled before replying, "I was checking up on the team. More pirates appeared."

"Again?" Thora questioned as she put on a cloak and wrapped it around herself.

"Yes, but the Admiral destroyed them. I was heading for the bridge. Do you want to come, Shorty?"

She watched Thora's face go red before she exploded, "Stop calling me that Bosslady! I'm a dwarf!"

Valkyria chuckled as the two made their way toward the bridge. Upon arrival, she saw Vice Admiral Sasha Silverwood standing at the helm, overseeing the ship's operations. At the same time, Vera engaged in conversation with some sailors clustered around a machine emitting curious sounds.

As they entered, Sasha looked at the two and nodded before Vera smiled, "We're a week away from the Unknown Continent. When we arrive, your group will go ashore with the Marines while we build a fort on the coast."

"Sounds good, Vera. I will return to my time and prepare them," she answered.

Afterward, a week passed by so quickly that it shocked them, and now Valkyria was standing on the deck looking into a mist-

covered jungle that stood fifty meters from the AIN Avalon's Wrath.

Her gaze swept over the dense canopy of towering trees that seemed to stretch endlessly, their dark silhouettes veiled in an eerie mist that obscured the large mountains in the distance.

It crept Valkyria out as she felt like something was watching the fleet from the darkness beyond the treeline. The atmosphere was heavy with foreboding, and Valkyria couldn't shake the unease in her stomach.

She knew that in that jungle lay untold dangers, mysteries waiting to be uncovered, and perhaps even darker secrets hidden within the unknown depths. However, amidst the shadowy expanse, a glimmer of hope emerged.

A narrow strip of flatland stretched like a beacon in the darkness. It offered a potential foothold for their expedition to establish a fort and port. About thirty meters of open ground lay between the jungle and the churning sea.

As Valkyria observed the flatland, her mind raced with plans and strategies. She knew this would be their best chance to establish a foothold on the Unknown Continent.

"Boss, how much longer until we land? We've been standing around for ages," Thora grumbled, her Warhammer slung over her shoulder.

She shakes her head and says, "We're waiting for the Marines and Vera. She wants to meet with us before we disembark."

Lirael spoke up from behind, "I feel something dark coming from the jungle, Valkyria. It seems to be waiting."

Just as she finished talking, Nia explained, "Yeah, because hundreds of colonists vanished a few years ago," the orange-

haired girl stepped forward. "Auntie told me that the emperor has sent several expeditions out here, but they all either flee or disappear."

"Yes, I heard the sailors' stories during our voyage, but it's no use dwelling on them. We will just be more careful as we explore," she smiled.

Turning to the cheetah demi-human, Valkyria addressed her, "Cleo, you'll be scouting when we land, while the rest of us secure the landing zone."

"Yes, ma'am," Cleo promptly responded.

After speaking, they all spotted a sailor running up to them and said, "Miss Blackwood, the Admiral wants to see you."

Valkyria nodded before following the man and telling her team to prepare their gear before she got back. She soon reached the Admiral's office and saw Vera and Sasha alongside another woman.

The trio shifted their towards her, and Vera offered a warm smile as she introduced her to the newcomer. "Valkyria, allow me to introduce you to the Marine Commander and my daughter, Evangeline Highmore."

Valkyria shifted her gaze to Evangeline, absorbing her striking presence. Evangeline bore the same snow-white hair as her mother, complemented by blood-red eyes that contrasted sharply with her fair complexion.

Poised and composed, she wore tight-fitting armor, which highlighted her figure and subtly revealed her curvaceous shape beneath the uniform. Valkyria shook her head as Vera continued, "She will join you as you land and provide extra protection."

Chapter 698 The Unknown Continent

Valkyria nodded. "Okay, Admiral. More protection is always welcomed. " She looked at the white-haired woman and greeted her. "It's good to meet you, Evangeline."

"You too, Valkyria Blackwood. Is your team ready to leave?" The white-haired woman inquired.

"Yes, they are waiting to depart now," she answered.

Vera spoke before Evangeline could reply, "Well, we better get going before the weather puts a stop to it," she looked at her daughter and ordered. "Report back with the flares, Eve. Green for safe, red for dangerous. Good luck, you two."

Evangeline saluted before leaving, and Valkyria smiled at the two remaining women before leaving the office and returning to her team. As Valkyria followed the white-haired woman through the ship's corridors, the hum of activity surrounded them.

Valkyria moved out of the way as dozens of sailors rushed past, preparing to land on the beach once they secured it. Finally, they arrived at the shuttle bay where the Battleship's shuttles awaited.

The massive doors opened with a hiss, revealing a sight that took Valkyria's breath away. Two hundred well-armored Avalonian Marines stood at attention, their weapons gleaming under the bay's harsh lights.

Evangeline wasted no time, issuing orders with authority, "Board the shuttles, double-time! We have a mission to complete!"

The Marines sprang into action, moving efficiently as they filed into the waiting shuttles. Each one radiated a sense of readiness and determination, prepared to face whatever challenges awaited them.

Turning to her team, Valkyria mirrored Evangeline's actions, "Alright, team. Let's move out. Board the shuttle and get ready for deployment."

Her team members nodded in acknowledgment, their expressions focused and determined. Without hesitation, they followed Valkyria's lead, boarding the shuttle and preparing for the mission ahead.

Once they sat down, a large door opened on the Battleship's side, allowing the shuttles to drop to the calm sea below. As they hit the surface, the drivers powered up the mana engine and started sailing toward the beach.

As they did that, Valkyria assigned roles to her team. "Cleo and Soraya, you will be our scouts and travel ahead of us," she said. The two women nodded and prepared their weapons.

She looked at the rest of the team, "We will explore a few miles into the forest to assess the area while the Marines secure the beach for the builders to come to shore to construct the fortress."

Valkyria looked around and saw none of them had any questions. So she nodded and started sharpening her short swords while the shuttle skimmed across the surface. As she gazed toward the shore, the distant silhouette of trees grew larger with each passing moment.

The anticipation of the mission coursed through her veins, her heart pounding in rhythm with the thrum of the shuttle's mana engines. As the sea breeze tousled her short hair, she watched the shoreline draw nearer, her focus intensifying with each passing second.

Suddenly, the shuttles slammed into the beach with a jolt, jarring Valkyria from her reverie. Without hesitation, her team and the Marines poured out of the shuttles, their movements swift as they fanned out to secure the area.

Valkyria's senses heightened as she scanned the surroundings, her muscles tensed and ready for action. But then, a feeling of dread descended upon them like a heavy shroud; it felt like something was bearing down on them.

Evangeline's sharp and urgent voice pierced the air as she screamed for the Marines to form up. Valkyria's heart sank as she followed the Marine Commander's gaze toward the forest, her breath catching in her throat as she saw them.

Raptor-looking beasts emerged from the dense foliage, thunderous roars echoing across the beach. Valkyria's mind raced as she assessed the situation, her instincts screaming to act swiftly to protect her team and the Marines.

Valkyria's eyes narrowed as she examined the charging beasts. They were as black as night, their sleek forms gleaming under the harsh sunlight. She noticed glowing red eyes coming from the darkness, and they all felt an aura of hate emanating from them.

Each dinosaur-looking beast stood five feet tall, their muscular bodies rippling with power. Its claws, as sharp as swords, glinted in the sunlight, ready to easily rend flesh and tear through armor. As she saw these formidable creatures, a shiver ran down her spine.

They were unlike anything she had ever encountered, and the primal fear they invoked was real. But Valkyria knew what to do and unsheathed her short swords before looking at Thora, Nia, Serena, and Soraya.

She spoke, "Take them down quickly. They will tear the Marines apart."

"Yes, boss lady!" They all replied in unison.

Valkyria surged forward, a sonic boom echoing as she charged towards the beasts. The closest creature lunged at her with its massive jaws, but she avoided the attack and drove one of her blades into its left eye.

The beast let out a pain-filled roar before trying to swipe at her with its claws, but she levered her position. She vaulted over its head just as another beast lunged towards her, snarling in anger.

Just as it prepared to strike, Thora's Warhammer delivered a thunderous blow, obliterating the second creature's head. Valkyria's team swiftly joined the fray following this decisive strike, deftly evading the creatures' attacks.

Cleo agilely avoided their snapping jaws, then slashed its throat with a swipe of her sword as she passed by, unleashing a torrent of blood before moving on to the next target as it collapsed to the ground as the battle swung in their favor.

Meanwhile, Lirael remained behind the Marines as she targeted the beasts' eyes. With each shot, the creature's vision shattered with resounding crashes, creating openings for Nia and Soraya to charge in.

Unified in their efforts, they efficiently dispatched the blinded creatures, exploiting the strategic strikes initiated by Thora and Valkyria. With each coordinated move, the beasts fell one by one.

As the last creatures stumbled, Serena charged forward, wielding her spear to keep them at bay and protect the Marines from any remaining threats. Her swift and decisive actions ensured the safety of their allies and solidified control over the beach.

Once the creatures fell under her team's efforts, a tense silence settled over the beach. The once chaotic scene now quieted, except for the gentle waves lapping against the shore as silence overtook the area.

Taking a moment to catch their breath, Valkyria and the rest of the women sat down while keeping an eye out, weapons still ready, scanning the surroundings for any sign of further danger. The Marines, too, stood at attention, their eyes alert for any potential threats.

After ensuring that the area was secure, Evangeline approached Valkyria with a look of gratitude, "Thank you," she said earnestly, her voice carrying over the quiet beach. "Your quick thinking and bravery saved us from what could have been a disaster."

Valkyria nodded as she wiped the sweat off her forehead, "It was our duty," she replied, her tone firm yet humble. "We're just glad we could help."

With the beach now secured, the Marines began to set up a perimeter, their training and expertise evident as they worked swiftly and efficiently. Meanwhile, a group of builders began to disembark from the ships. freeweb .co m

Their tools and materials were ready to begin construction on the fortress that would serve as their home for the foreseeable future—the sun started to set on the horizon, casting a warm golden glow over the beach.

Amidst the noise of hammers clanging and saws whirring, the crew's laughter echoed through the air, starkly contrasting with the recent battle as the fort's construction progressed with surprising speed.

Valkyria and her team gathered around a crackling campfire, the warmth of the flames offering solace in the cool night air. However, she remained aware of the need to ensure their safety in this unfamiliar territory.

She tasked Cleo and Soraya with embarking on a scouting mission, knowing their expertise was crucial for surveying the surrounding terrain and identifying dangers. With their agility and quick thinking, she was confident that they would navigate the mission successfully.

Meanwhile, Thora's strength was used as she tirelessly helped build the fort, contributing to its rapid progress. Valkyria couldn't help but be impressed by the speed at which the fortress took shape.

As the days passed, they didn't get attacked, and all their scouting returned nothing apart from endless jungles and an old village about a day's travel into the trees. Valkyria and her team were astounded to find the construction completed.

They were in awe of the towering walls, which stood ten meters high and were fortified with impressive black stones from the empire. As they looked at the fortress, they noticed Admiral Vara Highmore had arrived ashore to inspect the finished creation.

The day had been long, filled with the hustle and bustle of construction as the fortress took shape, but now, a sense of quiet anticipation hung in the air. Suddenly, a young soldier approached, his footsteps echoing against the stone walls as he hurried toward Valkyria.

His serious expression indicated that he had important news, "Valkyria, Admiral Vera wishes to see you," he announced, his voice respectful but urgent.

Valkyria nodded, her senses sharpening as she turned to follow the soldier into the fortress. The scent of fresh wood and mortar hit her nose as she entered, mingling with the faint hint of sea salt carried on the breeze.

With each step, the fortress loomed larger, its imposing silhouette rising against the backdrop of the darkening sky. The sound of hammers and saws reverberated through the air, a testament to the ongoing construction efforts.

As Valkyria passed through the towering gates, she stood in the fortress's heart. Her eyes widened in awe as she took in the sight before her. The courtyard stretched out before her, bustling with activity as soldiers and workers carried their tasks purposefully.

Tents and makeshift shelters dotted the landscape, temporary homes for those who toiled tirelessly to bring the fortress to life. The main keep rose in the center of it all, its towering walls decorated with the Avalon Empire's banners.

#### Chapter 699 I Will Kidnap You Aswell

Archer was shaken out of the scene as the memory ran out and shook his head only to see his beautiful wood elf standing there with a pretty smile while looking at him, "Dinners ready, Arch. Come on."

"Thanks, Llyn," he replied with his smile as he stood up and stretched his back, causing a few pops to be heard.

Llyniel giggled before she grabbed his hand and guided him to the table where everyone was gathered. As he approached, all the girls turned towards him, their faces lighting up with smiles.

All rose from their seats except for the four guests, who remained seated. Before he took his place, they greeted him with love-filled kisses. Among them, Maeve, Eveline, Aeris, and Aurelia beamed at him warmly.

When Archer saw the food, his eyes widened. The table was packed with abundant food stretching as far as the eye could see. There were plates of succulent roast meats glistening with juices and bowls overflowing with colorful vegetables, each more enticing than the last.

He smelled freshly baked bread filling the air, mingling with the rich aromas of spices and herbs. Archer's mouth watered as he surveyed the array of delicacies before him. He could see perfectly roasted chickens.

Their golden skin was crisp and crackling, alongside steaming, creamy, buttery mashed potatoes. Roasted vegetables, still sizzling from the oven, added bursts of color to the table.

His gaze lingered on a platter of perfectly seared steaks, cooked to juicy perfection and adorned with a generous drizzle of savory sauce.

Nearby, a selection of rich desserts beckoned him, their sweet smells wafting temptingly through the air. As Archer sat down, Ella put a plate stacked with meat and bread with a smile.

He thanked her before everyone started eating and chatting. Maeve looked at him with a curious gaze until she asked, "How many girls do you plan on marrying?"

Archer shrugged. "Honestly, I don't know Maeve," he said, looking around at the girls he'd come to love. "I didn't plan on being with anyone; it just happened, and if I like someone, I won't let them go."

"What about if there are dozens of wives?" Eveline asked as she jumped into the conversation.

He looked at the rabbit girl, who had a curious expression, "That's a good question," he thought to himself before answering. "I guess it depends on what these wives do."

Aurelia commented, "Take me for example. I am my father's successor and must stay in the Vitalis Kingdom to rule over it. Would you forget about me?"

Archer shook his head, "No. I'd visit you as I do with Sia and Hecate."

The mermaid smiled at his response before Eveline spoke, "So you'd go out of your way to visit your wives?"

"Yes," he answered after chewing some meat, "I'd use Gate to see them at least once a week."

After getting his answer, the girls went back to eating. As they ate, laughter and lively conversation filled the air, punctuated by the occasional clink of cutlery and the chorus of contented sighs.

Maeve entertained them with tales of her adventures fighting beasts and bandits in the Avaloch Kingdom. Her grey eyes sparkled excitedly as she recounted her daring escapades, which caused everyone to laugh.

Eveline and Aeris shared stories of their own, their laughter blending with the gentle rustle of the evening breeze. The rabbit girl informed them that, thanks to her heritage, she's been trained in close combat and led the Moonwood Special Forces.

When Archer heard this, he was impressed and wanted to see her soldiers, which Eveline agreed to do with a wink. Aurelia, ever the thoughtful one, listened intently, her gaze thoughtful as she offered words of wisdom and encouragement to her friends.

He soaked in the joyful atmosphere, his heart swelling with love and gratitude for these remarkable girls. With each bite of delicious food and each shared moment of laughter and camaraderie, he felt a deep sense of belonging wash over him.

As the night wore on, the stars twinkled overhead. They continued to feast and chat, savoring every moment of this precious time together. Surrounded by good food and even better company, Archer knew he was truly blessed.

Everyone enjoyed themselves until the moon was high in the sky. Archer started to get tired and yawned, catching the girl's attention as he spoke to the group, "I'm going to bathe, then head to bed."

Aurelia smirked as she teased him, "Do you need help with a wash? Mermaids are known to help their partner relax."

When Archer heard this, he smirked, "Were partners now? That's new to me."

The lilac-haired girl giggled before answering, "Just like Maeve, my father engaged me to a Novgorod Prince whom I've met a couple of times. He is a pretty boy who only has power because of the emperor. But something is telling me to take the jump when it comes to you."

He started laughing before revealing, "Well if that's the case, I will kidnap you as well."

"Oh, so you'll make an enemy of the Vitalis Kingdom?" Aurelia inquired with a smile.

With a determined gleam in his eyes, Archer stood up from the table. His voice echoed throughout the room as he declared, "I'd become an enemy of the continent itself if it meant having Maeve, Eveline, and Aurelia by my side."

His words hung in the air, a solemn vow of devotion and commitment to the two women who had captured his heart. Maeve's eyes widened in surprise, her expression softening with emotion, while Aurelia's cheeks flushed with wonder and delight.

The three girls were happy, and it showed as the others laughed at their reactions, but before anyone could respond, Archer excused himself and went to the bathroom, his mind still reeling from the intensity of his declaration.

Aeris watched him go unbeknownst to him, her gaze lingering on his retreating figure with curiosity and concern. He walked down one of the hallways with bedrooms lined by walls on both sides.

Archer walked for five minutes until he entered the bathroom. Steam hit him, causing him to sweat. He stripped off his clothes before stepping into the hot water, sank into it, and relaxed briefly before he heard the door open.

He turned around and was shocked as the Kraken Princess grinned, "You look shocked, husband? Didn't expect to see me so soon?"

Archer chuckled before replying, "Yes. I didn't think you'd be ready for a while."

"Why do you think that? Have I not told you that Krakens are different from the other races? I picked you as my mate and will be with you until the day I die," Cassandra revealed with a smile as she started taking off her armor.

He watched the armor fall to the ground with a soft thud, revealing Cassandra's toned body beneath. Clad in an undershirt, her plentiful boobs and thick thighs were impossible to conceal, igniting a surge of desire within him as he saw.

A playful grin lit up Cassandra's lips as she watched his response. Emboldened by his reaction, she proceeded to peel off the undershirt, revealing her toned physique and elegantly sculpted curves to Archer's gaze.

Clad in dark blue panties and a bra, she exuded confidence that surprised him, but soon that turned to lust as she approached him with a grin, "Do you want to claim this Kraken Princess dragon?"

Kassandra stopped walking and leaned forward, giving Archer the perfect view of her boobs which drove him mad with lust, but it wasn't over yet. With a knowing smile, Kassandra reached behind her back, undoing the clasp of her bra before letting it fall to the ground.

Her large chest was now fully exposed to the steam from the hot water swirling around them as she stood before him. Archer couldn't help but notice how her pink nipples had hardened under his lingering gaze.

But it didn't stop there. In a bold display of confidence and desire, she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties, slowly sliding them down her thighs until they pooled around her ankles, leaving her completely exposed to his gaze.

Seeing her in the nude, Archer felt a surge of lust course through him, his dragon instincts awakening in response to the sight of her sculpted body illuminated by the gentle glow of the dim mana lights.

Unable to resist any longer, he stepped out of the bath and closed the distance between them in a single stride. With a primal growl escaping his lips, he pushed Kassandra against the tiled wall, his hands roaming eagerly over her curves.

Kassandra gasped in surprise at his reaction but couldn't deny that she liked it. Her black eyes widened with excitement, anticipation, and eagerness as he passionately kissed her velvety, soft lips.

Their mouths melded together hungrily, tongues dancing in a fiery embrace as they lost themselves. Archer's hands traced her naked body, igniting sparks of pleasure with every touch.

The steam from the hot water enveloped them, adding an air of sensuality to their embrace as they surrendered to their desires. Time seemed to stand still as they devoured each other with a primal intensity, their bodies moving in perfect harmony.

With each kiss, each caress, the flames of passion burned brighter, consuming them in a fiery whirlwind of lust. At that moment, only the two were lost in the throes of desire, their souls intertwined in a fiery embrace.

After kissing the shocked Kraken, Archer separated and smiled as he started kissing down her body until he came to her hard nipples, which he started teasing by flicking his tongue over them, causing her to let out a delightful moan.

While sucking her right nipple, his spare hand began to gently pinch and tease the free one, eliciting even more intense moans from her lips. Archer didn't stop as he freed her nipple and trailed down her body until he reached her pussy which was starting to get wet.

Chapter 700 A Dragon Vs A Kraken Princess (R18)

?They stood in the steam-filled bathroom, the air thick with desire between the two as one of Archer's hands traced the curves of her body. At the same time, he could feel her starting to heat up as he gently continued to tease her nipples.

Her mind started to slip away amidst the crescendo of her increasingly loud and intense moans. His sudden halt surprised Cassandra, resulting in her shaking her head before fixing him with her narrowed black eyes, "Are you not going to continue, husband?"

With a smile, he replied, "Of course I am."

Archer stopped playing with her nipples, which were now red and stiff from his teasing. But then, his hands traveled down her body, eliciting tremors from her as his eyes met hers with a hungry gaze.

Before he continued, he wanted her permission and received a loving smile in response. He didn't want to waste any more time as his hands descended past her muscular midriff until they reached her thick thighs.

Archer gently parted her legs, and his fingers brushed against the soft skin of her inner thighs, eliciting a shiver of anticipation from Cassandra.

As his fingers got closer to her pussy they were causing her to tremble even more than she already was as he explored every inch of her.

When Archer finally reached his destination, a smirk appeared when he saw her perfect pussy, already slick with arousal.

He couldn't wait anymore, so he began to rub her in slow, sensual circles, relishing the way she responded to his touch with seductive moaning.

Kassandra's breath caught in her throat as the euphoria washed over her, her body arching instinctively towards his touch.

With each stroke of his fingers, she grew more and more responsive, her moans growing louder and more desperate with each passing moment.

She gasped and pleaded with Archer, "Please, don't stop... it feels amazing."

He didn't need any more encouragement as one of his fingers slid into her tight warm pussy. Cassandra's breath hitched as he started moving deliberately in and out of her.

Her love juices poured out as he moved in and out, causing it to go all over his hand, which earned him a moan as his finger went deeper.

Shortly after, she leaned forward and started nibbling his pointed ear, causing him to shiver and groan. When she did that, it sent waves of pleasure coursing through his body, as it was one of his weak spots.

While Cassandra was doing that, he quickened his fingering, driving her to climax with a scream of ecstasy that filled the bathroom. She stopped biting him as she spoke in a husky voice filled with lust, "Arch, your fingers... They are exploring every inch of me... I can't get enough of it."

Unable to think straight or hold herself up after talking, she wrapped her arms around him, pulling him closer as her legs began to tremble beneath her. The sensation was too much for Cassandra, sending her into a state of euphoria as she melted against him.

Her moans filled the room with each movement of his skilled fingers. Cassandra's grip on Archer tightened, her nails digging into his skin as she surrendered to the bliss coursing through her.

Kassandra's body arched towards him, seeking more of his touch as her moans grew louder and more desperate. As her legs shook like a baby giraffe's, Archer held her close, providing the support she needed to ride out the waves of pleasure crashing over her.

He stopped pleasuring her and brought his finger to his mouth before licking them clean, which sent a shock through his body as her love juices tasted sweet.

Archer admitted to himself that he loved the taste and wanted more. With some mana, he created a soft and comfortable bed for them before pushing her onto it as she was still letting out erotic moans.

"Relax, Kass. Let me take care of you," when Cassandra was on the bed, he got on his knees and spread her legs before kissing down her sexy long legs after speaking.

"Oh my god, Arch!" Cassandra moaned out as she felt his kisses getting closer to her soaked pussy.

As he reached it, his tongue shot out and began gently licking, causing Cassandra's body to twist and turn as he overwhelmed her senses. The taste of her love juices sent a surge of delight through him as he licked her.

Archer's tongue glided in slow, sensual circles over her sensitive folds while he slipped a finger inside her; when he did this, her pussy clamped down while a warm feeling enveloped him.

Kassandra gasped and arched her back in response to his touch before she ran her fingers through his hair as she surrendered to the waves of pleasure hitting her. With each stroke of his tongue and movement of his finger, her erotic moans grew louder, echoing in the room as she lost herself in ecstasy.

His touch was skilled and relentless, driving her closer and closer to the edge with each passing moment. As the intensity of his finger mounted, Cassandra's grip on the sheets tightened, her body trembling with anticipation.

With a final, passionate thrust of his finger and a wild flick of his tongue, he pushed her over the edge. It sent her into a bliss-

filled daze as she screamed his name while grabbing his hair, "Archer!!"

After that, Cassandra's body began to tremble with an intensity that Archer hadn't felt before. As he continued to satisfy her, her moans grew louder, echoing off the walls of the dimly lit room.

Suddenly, her hips bucked against his touch, and a rush of liquid gushed from her, soaking the sheets beneath them. Surprised but undeterred, Archer watched as her euphoria peaked, her body convulsing with pleasure.

Driven by his lust, Archer leaned in closer, capturing the streams of her sweet nectar with his lips. The taste was intoxicating, sweet, and slightly salty, igniting a fire within him as he eagerly drank, savoring every drop.

As Cassandra's cries of happiness filled the air, Archer continued to drink all her sweet nectar, lost in the moment as he loved her taste. He soon finished licking her love juices off his lips as a hunger burned in his violet eyes as he looked at her seductive body.

'She is beautiful, and I'm lucky to have such a girl in my life,' he said, noticing her perfectly sculpted muscles. 'Even her muscles are flawless,' Archer mused, a smirk playing on his lips as he admired her.

A predatory smile appeared as he climbed over Cassandra, his body poised above hers like a powerful predator ready to claim its prize. Archer pressed his throbbing cock against her slick folds, and he could feel the heat of her desire radiating beneath him.

"Do you want this, Kass? Once it happens, there's no going back," Archer asked while giving her a loving smile.

Kassandra's breath hitched in anticipation, and her black eyes sparkled with lust as she gazed up at him. With a soft smile, she answered, "Claim me, white dragon, and make me yours. I don't want to go back. I want you."

The words sent a thrill of excitement coursing through Archer's veins, fueling his passion as he lowered himself onto her and started rubbing his cock against her drenched pussy, which caused her to moan even more as she clung to him.

Soon, he slipped inside her, which was easier than he expected due to how wet she was, and when he dived in, he hit her hymen and broke it, causing Kassandra to yelp in pain, but he quickly cast Aurora Healing on her.

Archer's spell caused the pain to vanish, but he still noticed the blood stains on the sheets below them, which made him happy, as if she were his now.

He watched the dragon tattoo form on her abdomen, which pleased him greatly. However, he abandoned all thoughts and began to gently make love to her, ensuring that she savored every moment of it.

Archer fervently made love to her, eliciting screams and moans from Kassandra. She grasped him tightly and exclaimed, "I love it. I love it!" Kassandra moaned in a voice saturated with desire. "It's so amazing, and I want more!"

The couple was entangled in each other's embrace, their bodies pressed together in the dimly lit room. Archer's hands roamed her body, tracing every curve with a tender touch that sent shivers down her spine.

As he leaned in to capture her lips in a passionate kiss, Kassandra's moans escaped her throat in soft, breathy whispers, the sound filling the room with an erotic melody. He responded to her moans with equal zeal, his kisses growing more intense as desire consumed them both.

Archer felt her pussy clamp down on his cock, not allowing him to escape, which he wouldn't do as he was loving it. Their bodies moved together in a dance of passion, synchronizing as if they were two halves of the same whole.

A surge of overwhelming bliss coursed through his body, propelling him into bliss. His movements grew more vigorous, driven by an insatiable desire to overwhelm her with pleasure that threatened to consume him entirely.

Kassandra's nails dug into his back as he got rougher with her, which earned him erotic screams, eliciting a mixture of grunts and moans before he seductively spoke into her ear, "Do you like that, my Kraken? Who do you belong to now?"

The sound of his voice in her ear only fueled her lust even more, heightening the passion between them to new, exciting heights, but Kassandra replied in a husky voice, "I love it! And stupid question, husband, because I was yours the day you beat me."

When she finished speaking, she kissed him, causing his thrusts to become harder; Kassandra's moans filled the room, mingling with his guttural sounds of contentment.

Their bodies moved in perfect harmony, a symphony of desire as they neared the peak of ecstasy together. With a final thrust, Archer buried himself deep within Kassandra's pussy, his release imminent.

At that moment, Kassandra's body tensed, her inner muscles clenching around him as she reached the brink of her climax.