

A Journey 131

Chapter 131 Well Behaved Boy.

As they strolled along the bustling streets, their attention was quickly seized by the continuous stream of adventurers entering and exiting the armor shop.

Taking the lead, Archer deftly maneuvered through the crowd until they stumbled upon an amusing spectacle unfolding outside the very shop they intended to visit.

In the midst of an intense confrontation, a young girl with light blue hair and striking red eyes was single-handedly overpowering a trio of adventurers.

Despite her obvious anger, Archer couldn't help but find her utterly adorable.

"I challenge anyone to call me a little girl again! I'm 25!" she exclaimed, her voice laced with anger.

With astonishing speed, she unleashed a devastating kick, launching one of the adventurers across the street, leaving the other two to face her wrath.

In an attempt to seize her, one of the adventurers reached out, but she effortlessly evaded his grasp and delivered a powerful punch to his jaw.

The man crumpled to the ground, unconscious. The onlookers stood in stunned silence, astonished by her display of strength.

Curiosity piqued, Archer couldn't resist closely observing the extraordinary girl. Her short blue hair and elfen-like ears caught his attention, her appearance exuding an undeniable uniqueness.

There was an enchanting quality about her that reminded him of both a hobbit and an elf, leaving him captivated.

Her bright red eyes gleamed as she scanned the crowd, searching for new challenges. A thought suddenly struck him: 'She's a Legal Loli!'

Recalling her impressive fighting abilities and her claim of being older than the three adventurers who appeared older than him interested him.

That's when Archer sensed her gaze on him, sending a shiver down his spine. He noticed her staring up at him as she marched towards him, stopping in front of him.

Teuila and Ella, realizing what was about to happen, looked at each other and started to giggle, they decided to watch the scene unfold.

Seething with anger, the fiery girl confronted him. "Hey, you! What the hell were you staring at, pretty boy? Never seen a half-dwarf before, huh?"

Archer looked down at the spirited girl, unable to contain his smile. "No, I haven't had the pleasure of encountering a half-dwarf before, but I'm certain I won't forget a firecracker like you."

Attempting to continue on his way, but she blocked his way, demanding an explanation. "You're not going anywhere, pretty boy, until you tell me why you were staring at me with those glowing eyes."

Archer glanced down at the angry girl, He heard the two girls behind him giggling, but when he looked back at them, they had shifted their attention to a nearby shop, feigning ignorance of the situation.

Left to deal with the firecracker in front of him, he met her intense, glowing gaze, sensing her readiness to attack him at any moment.

The crowd began dispersing, so he told her, unable to contain his curiosity. "I couldn't help but be curious when I saw your beauty and witnessed your impressive fighting skills."

The furious girl was taken aback by his response, her mind echoing, 'He called me beautiful when everyone else sees me as a child.'

Before she could respond, Teuila interjected with a playful voice, "See, El? I told you our fiancé is a pervert. Now we're stuck with him."

He anticipated Ella to defend him, but to his astonishment, he took critical damage when he heard her words. "Yes, I agree. He's turned into a pervert. He used to be such a well-behaved boy."

The girls nodded as if they had reached a significant revelation that would change the world. He stood there, astonished, as he witnessed this unexpected turn of events.

However, he chose to ignore their comments, only to have his ear playfully bitten by Sera, the mischievous dragon who had been observing the entire scene from her perch on his shoulder.

The loli shook her head and spoke in a calmer tone, "Well, why were your eyes glowing? I've never seen anything like that before?"

Archer scratched his head before answering, "Well, to be honest, I don't know. It just happens, and you're the first person to point it out. By the way, my name is Archer. What's yours?"

Looking up at his beaming face, the girl stubbornly uttered, "Orla."

Archer's grin widened upon hearing her response. "What a beautiful name! It was a true pleasure to meet you, but we must continue on our journey. I sincerely hope that our paths will cross again, Orla the firecracker."

Orla stood there, mesmerized, unable to tear her gaze away from the handsome boy until he disappeared into the shop.

After a brief moment, she gathered herself and headed towards the guild.

Meanwhile, Archer stepped into the shop, greeted by the resonating sound of clinking metal and the distinct scent of fine leather.

Approaching the shopkeeper, he expressed his purpose to purchase armor for the girls.

"I require sturdy and reliable armor for my girls." He explained. "Armor that not only matches their unique styles but also provides exceptional protection."

The shopkeeper, a seasoned craftsman, nodded understandingly. "I have just the thing for you. Follow me, sir."

Together, they explored the shop, examining various sets of armor. Archer carefully considered each piece, envisioning how they would look on the girls.

He wanted armor that not only provided protection but also reflected their personalities. After searching for a while, he found two sets of armor that were perfect for them.

He paid the shopkeeper while storing the armor in his Item Box, eager to surprise Teuila and Ella with their new gear.

Approaching Teuila and Ella, he could see the anticipation building in their eyes. With a mischievous smile, he said, "I have something special for both of you."

In a swift motion, he opened a portal, transporting them to the domain within the armor shop.

Confusion filled the onlookers as the trio vanished from sight. Inside the cottage, Archer faced the eagerly awaiting girls, their faces brimming with excitement.

He took out the armor from his Item Box and handed each of them a carefully wrapped bundle retrieved from the Item Box, presenting them with their gifts.

Teuila's armor radiated sleekness and durability, perfectly suited for her agile fighting style.

Ella's armor, on the other hand, showcased intricate details that facilitated her bowmanship while providing adequate protection.

A surge of joy washed over their faces as they saw their new armor, a symbol of Archer's thoughtfulness.

Ella and Teuila looked at Archer with gratitude in their eyes. They both expressed their heartfelt thanks for the armor.

"Arch, this armor is amazing! It fits perfectly and will definitely help improve my archery skills," Ella exclaimed, a mix of excitement and appreciation in her voice.

Teuila joined in with a joyful tone, expressing her gratitude. "Thank you a lot! It's gorgeous and incredibly strong. It will enhance my agility and combat abilities!"

Archer smiled warmly at the girls. "You're both welcome. I'm glad you like them. Now, let's continue our journey."

Archer had intended to cast Gate and return to Aquaria City, but their plans were abruptly derailed by an unexpected commotion and a wave of shouting that filled the air.

Startled, the trio exchanged glances and hastily made their way outside to investigate the source of the disturbance.

Outside, a group of Dragon-kin had cornered a human, pinning him down. Archer sensed trouble and grew uneasy as he approached the scene.

As they neared, some of the Dragon-kin backed away, revealing the captive man. Without hesitation, Archer delivered a swift kick to the man's face, demanding answers.

"How did you end up here? And who gave you the token?" His voice dripped with anger as he interrogated the man.

The man ignored him and continued to struggle, prompting Archer to signal the Dragon-kin holding him to lift him up, getting an idea.

Teuila and Ella stood nearby, witnessing the scene as his claws materialized, an ominous aura surrounding him as he approached the trapped man.

Archer's eyes filled with fear as he confronted the man, his claws poised dangerously close to his head. In a swift motion, he slashed the man's face, eliciting a piercing scream.

Onlookers were unable to tear their gaze away as Archer relentlessly attacked, showing no mercy as he cut into the man's flesh.

The man's agonized cries reverberated through the area, his body covered in numerous bleeding wounds.

Through the pain, the man managed to utter a name: "Viscount... Jareth... Leroux."

Archer recognized the name as the father of the noble whose eyes he had taken. He locked his gaze on the man, pressing for more information.

"What happened?" He inquired.

Coughing, the man replied, "He... He captured the guild manager. She's being held captive in his mansion outside Vassia City."

Without hesitation, Archer swiftly slashed the man's neck, causing his lifeless body to fall to the ground.

Taking a moment to survey the lifeless corpse, Archer commanded the nearby Dragon-kin to clean up the scene. "Please take care of this," He ordered curtly.

Chapter 132 Causing Even More Trouble.

Teuila and Ella watched as some Dragon-kin dragged the lifeless body away, leaving Archer standing motionless watching them.

Breaking the silence, Ella spoke up, "He was talking about Sarah, wasn't he? What are you going to do Arch? She's your friend."

Archer turned towards them, his voice filled with anger. "I'll go back to Vassia City, destroy the noble's mansion, and bring her here to rest. The Brownies can take care of her while we continue our journey. Once I arrive there, I'll summon both of you." He said firmly.

He tossed a few tokens to Teuila while they nodded in agreement. Although Teuila had only met Sarah briefly, she could sense Archer's worry for her.

Archer visualized the road where he had encountered Talila and used his magic to conjure a violet-colored gate. He waved to the girls and stepped through.

Before he fully entered he heard them tell him to be careful. He was now standing on a road, Archer glanced around before whispering.

"Draconis." As soon as he said the word his Draconic features appeared instantly.

With a powerful flap of his wings, he soared westward, searching for the Leroux family's mansion he recalled their location from the old Archer's memories.

After flying for some time, Archer caught sight of a large mansion in the distance and picked up his pace.

When he reached the mansion, he came to a stop in mid-air, hovering above. With his sharp eyes, he carefully surveyed the scene below him.

Countless guards were patrolling the grounds, unaware of the impending danger about to befall them.

A confident smile adorned Archer's face as he cast multiple wind and fire elemental bolts as he let himself fall.

With perfect precision, he released the bolts each hitting its mark and swiftly killing the guards outside.

Flames erupted across the mansion grounds, captivating the attention of a lone surviving guard who gazed up in shock.

He spotted something falling from the sky, Archer got closer to the ground he whispered "Draco."

A radiant light materialized above the grounds of the mansion, illuminating the whole area, a colossal white dragon descended and smashed into the ground with a loud boom.

Archer flapped his wings to clear the dust as he let out an earth-shaking roar, unleashing a massive stream of flames that engulfed the front of the mansion, obliterating the defensive dome that protected it.

He quickly returned to his humanoid form and ventured inside, unaffected by the flames that danced around him. Smoke filled his nostrils as he started looking around the entrance of the mansion.

In the midst of the chaos, Archer noticed a butler and made his way towards him.

He firmly grabbed the butler by the collar, lifting him off the ground, and pressed for answers. "Tell me, where is the guild girl being held?"

Struggling for breath, the butler managed to gasp out, "Downstairs... I'll guide you. Just... let me go."

Archer loosened his grip, causing the man to crumble to the floor, gasping for air. After a brief moment, the butler regained his composure and stood there.

He opened a small portal and called out to Teuila and Ella, not long after he did they came walking out. They both were wearing their new armor and had their weapons at the ready.

Archer smiled as he saw them, he then instructed them to watch the man as he led them to Sarah's location.

He started his search to locate the Viscount and his idiot son, it didn't take long for him to discover the duo in a bedroom.

As he approached, he overheard their panicked conversation and decided to eavesdrop.

"Father, if I had known that reckless boy would retaliate, I would have never uttered a single word about his woman. And how were we meant to know he was the Duke's son?" Favian's voice trembled with regret.

Jareth Leroux, the boy's father, responded in a monotone voice, "Favian, the Duke won't exact any punishment. They can't even locate the boy. The imperial family has been informed, but we have yet to receive any word from them."

After a brief moment of listening, Archer noticed the flames growing stronger at the front of the house.

With a mighty kick, he shattered the door and sent it flying into the opposite wall. In the room, he saw the Viscount talking to Favian, who was lying on a large bed.

After inhaling deeply, he released a wave of violet flames, completely surrounding the blind young man.

The room filled with his agonizing screams, a chilling display of the flames' immense power.

In the midst of the violet inferno, Archer pressed forward, grabbing the Viscount by his collar. A swift punch to the gut sent the man to his knees, gasping for breath.

Once Jareth caught his breath, he managed to utter, "Do you even know who I am? Duke Ashguard will ensure you face punishment."

Archer's gaze turned icy as he snickered, "To hell with the Duke. He's nowhere to be found."

Kicking the man, he dragged him out of the blazing room, the screams of Favian fading into silence.

Looking down at Jareth, he demanded, "Where is your gold? Tell me, and I might spare your life."

Jareth glared back, his thoughts muddled, and retorted, "You seek my wealth? Are you a bandit?"

Offended by the remark, Archer slapped the older man, demanding, "Where is your wealth?"

Rubbing his swollen cheek, Jareth stared defiantly. In response, Archer delivered a few more slaps, leaving both cheeks swollen.

Warning the stubborn man, "Continue to be stubborn and see what I'll do. Now, where is your gold?"

Recognizing the greed in the young man's eyes, he relented and led him to a room located at the far end of the hallway.

The two of them came to a stop before a locked door, Jareth produced an old-looking key and hastily unlocked it. As he entered, he attempted to secure the door behind him.

Archer observed the feeble escape attempt with amusement. Stepping back, he wound up his leg and delivered a powerful kick to the door.

Although the door was dented, it remained intact. Undeterred, Archer continued his assault until the door finally gave way, crashing to the floor.

Jareth stared at the broken door, a mixture of shock and terror etched across his face. He looked at Archer who was grinning at him.

Archer cast Blink and appeared in front of the man making him stumble backward, he spoke, "Now show me where you hide your gold old man."

Jareth was seething but promised to get revenge on this crazy boy, he moved a rug on the floor and lifted up some wooden boards.

There was a staircase leading down he then spoke, "Follow me, it's down the stairs."

[Ella's and Teuila's P.O.V]

Ella and Teuila followed the butler through the maze-like hallways, moving quickly.

Suddenly, a guard tried to attack the girls, but Ella swiftly took him down with an arrow. After a few more minutes of walking, they reached a door.

The butler pointed and said, "She's in the last cell down there. She's unconscious because the lord's eldest son drugged her with Nightfall powder."

Teuila was shocked by this news, but Ella didn't know what Nightfall powder was. She turned to Teuila and asked, "Teuila, what is Nightfall powder?"

Before Teuila could answer, she swiftly killed the man, stabbing him in the heart.

She followed up with a forceful kick, sending his body flying. The half-elf stood there in shock, watching the previously angry blue-haired girl now calm.

Collecting herself, Ella looked at Teuila, waiting for an explanation.

Teuila took a deep breath and began, "Nightfall is a powder made from the moonlight plant, found only in the Land of Mediterra. When ingested, it causes a deep sleep that can only be awakened by rare moon magic. She was drugged with it by the eldest son, who wanted to take advantage of her."

Ella's eyes widened as she listened. Without hesitation, they opened the door and went down the long staircase, driven by determination.

In the dimly lit corridor, they encountered a sturdy wooden door. Teuila kicked it open, revealing a dark room.

They searched the room and focused on finding Sarah. Finally, they spotted her in the last cell.

She seemed peacefully asleep, undisturbed by her surroundings.

They noticed a man entering the cell, moving towards Sarah. But before he could reach her, Ella swiftly shot an arrow, striking him in the back of his knee.

He fell to the ground, screaming. Teuila approached, while Ella kept watch.

The man's terror-stricken eyes locked onto her as she stood before him. Swiftly, she delivered a powerful kick, sending him crashing into the metal bars of the cell.

Without hesitation, Teuila swiftly eliminated the threat with her blade, ensuring the man posed no further danger. She then cleaned her sword and securely sheathed it.

With utmost care, Teuila lifted Sarah into her arms, cradling her gently. She motioned for Ella to join them.

Ella approached and placed a comforting hand on Teuila's shoulder. Teuila activated a token that Archer had given her earlier.

In an instant, they vanished from the cell, reappearing in a peaceful cottage, far from harm's reach.

Aware that Sarah would remain in a deep slumber, Ella hastened to prepare a spare room, adorning it with a cozy bed for their beloved friend.

Chapter 133 Can I Touch It, Arch.

Archer followed closely behind Jareth as they descended the dark, damp stairs.

However, the darkness posed no issue for him, as his dragon's eyes granted him the ability to see in even the darkest of places.

Jareth, thinking himself clever, attempted to blind him, unaware that his vision remained perfect. Guided by the man, they arrived at an old-looking door.

He opened the door and stepped inside, Archer followed behind him as his gaze swept across the room, immediately noticing the chests stacked upon shelves.

There were at least twenty chests waiting to be claimed by him.

Excitement surged through him as he neared the first chest, its lavish appearance hinting at the treasures concealed within.

Archer reached for the lock and forcefully ripped it off, revealing a trove of gemstones that glimmered like stars.

Rubies, like drops of frozen fire, nestled alongside sapphires that mirrored the depths of a moonlit ocean.

Emeralds sparkled with a verdant glow as if capturing the essence of a hidden forest.

Amethysts shimmered with regal allure, casting a soft violet haze around them. The room overflowed with an array of captivating gemstones.

Driven by greed, Archer grabbed the chest and tossed it into his Item Box.

Ignoring the Viscount's anger, he shifted his attention to the next chest, he opened it to see loads of gold coins.

With eyes gleaming, he repeated his previous actions, storing the contents of the chest in his Item Box.

As he moved on to the next chest, a sudden loud bang reverberated through the chamber, immediately catching Archer's attention.

Disappointed by the sound, he shifted his gaze toward the door and shook his head. Acting swiftly, Archer visualized the top of the stairs and cast Gate.

'Gate.'

A shimmering violet gate materialized before him. Stepping through it, he unexpectedly collided with the Viscount, who had been racing to escape from him.

Jareth crashed to the floor, his anger replaced by a sense of dread as he looked up at the smiling boy.

"Hehe, where do you think you're going, Mr. Noble? You can't escape now," Archer exclaimed, his voice a blend of anger and excitement.

His smile was tinged with satisfaction as he summoned his slender tail, which had grown significantly since he first gained it.

The tail, now larger and endowed with a mind of its own, swiftly struck Jareth's thighs, eliciting a sharp cry of pain from the man.

Seizing the opportunity, Archer grabbed the Viscount firmly and dragged him back downstairs, hurling him into a corner of the room.

Archer proceeded to loot the remaining chests, discovering a vast array of treasures. Among his findings were gemstones, coins, mana stones, rare tomes, and spellbooks.

After stashing away all the loot in his Item Box, Archer shifted his attention to the distressed man. With a chilling stare, he directed his voice at him, dripping with disdain.

"She is my friend, and you dared to kidnap her for your own vile reasons to get one over on me. Now, you must face the consequences of your own foolish actions."

Jareth's eyes widened as he grasped the gravity of the situation.

Desperation filled his voice as he pleaded, "Please, young master, spare my life! We were unaware of your true identity, and we deeply regret our actions, both mine and my son's."

Archer peered down at the Viscount, his tail gracefully swaying behind him. In an instant, it swiftly shot forward, effortlessly impaling Jareth's chest.

Lifting the dying man's body, Archer callously flung it aside.

"Fucking nobles," he muttered with disdain, "like cockroaches, they'll keep returning until exterminated."

Leaving the room, Archer entered the area and headed towards the cottage where he found the girls sitting on a sofa, engaged in casual conversation.

Upon spotting Archer, Ella's face lit up with excitement, and she quickly approached him, wrapping him in a tight embrace. "Arch, how did it go?" she asked eagerly.

He responded, "It went well. I managed to collect a lot of loot, so that's a plus. Oh, and the noble is no more. How's Sarah doing?"

Ella promptly replied, "She's fine, just unconscious for now. I'll provide more details later."

Teuila remained seated, patiently waiting for the conversation to conclude, wearing a gentle smile.

"Well, well, look who's here," she interjected, her gaze fixed on Archer's swaying tail. "I must confess, I find your tail quite mesmerizing."

Archer smiled at the inquisitive girl. However, before he could express his gratitude, she spoke again, drawing closer to him.

"Can I touch it, Arch?" Teuila asked cheerfully, her voice filled with excitement.

Archer nodded to indicate he understood the girl's request. But before she could proceed, she approached Ella and began whispering.

Teuila instructed the half-elf to play with Archer's ears, as they are his weak spot. Archer of course heard the whisperer, however he made no reaction, silently waiting for their assault.

A mischievous grin spread across the half-elf's face, resembling that of the Cheshire Cat, as she moved closer to Archer with sparkling eyes.

Teuila followed closely behind him while Ella stood there, attempting to appear innocent, but he couldn't decipher her intentions.

Her fingers gently ran along Archer's tail, causing him to tremble with shivers. A delightful tingle spread from where Teuila's touch connected with his tail, awakening an unexpected pleasure within him.

Encouraged by the sensations, she began to gently rub his tail, sending even more shivers coursing through his body.

He couldn't help but let out a small moan, but immediately clamped his mouth shut, hoping Teuila hadn't heard him.

Regrettably, it was too late. She giggled playfully and intensified her teasing. Just as he was getting lost in the pleasure, a gentle nibble on his left ear caught him off guard.

Archer turned his head and found Ella biting his ear, causing him to moan once again.

Feeling overwhelmed by the intense sensations, Archer realized he couldn't handle it any longer. Squirming with pleasure, he found himself caught in a two-front attack.

Ella intensified her biting, causing Archer to let out even deeper moans. The two girls giggled playfully, eventually stopping their assault after ten minutes.

With the sensations subsiding, he decided to create some distance between himself and the mischievous girls.

They continued to watch him with playful glints in their eyes. He dismissed his tail, keeping a cautious eye on them as he moved away in search of food.

As Archer approached a window, he couldn't help but notice the morning sun still shining brightly, enveloping the area in a warm and inviting glow.

Feeling hungry, Archer gathered the ingredients for a sandwich and skillfully assembled it. He then settled down and began to enjoy each delectable bite.

Meanwhile, Teuila and Ella happily indulged in the snacks provided by a friendly female brownie.

While they were enjoying their meal, Sera, the cheeky dragon, happily flew into the cottage through an open window, announcing her arrival with delightful chirping.

With a mischievous look in her eyes, Sera playfully flew towards Teuila and Ella, lightly bopping both of them on the head with her tiny tail.

The girls shared a brief moment of surprise before erupting into laughter. Sporting a mischievous grin, Sera found a comfortable spot to perch on Archer's shoulder.

The girls watched affectionately as Sera snuggled up to her beloved companion, emitting cheerful chirps that expressed her happiness to be with him.

After enjoying their snacks and showering Sera with affection, the trio and Sera left the domain to continue their journey.

[Imperial Investigator Nova Hawthorne P.O.V]

Days after Archer had killed the Viscount, a woman with short brown hair and gentle brown eyes, dressed in a military uniform, stood outside the charred mansion of Viscount Jareth Leroux.

With a meticulous gaze, she surveyed the ruins, piecing together the aftermath of the fateful event.

The Viscount's life had been taken, along with the lives of his two eldest sons. Among the wreckage, only one son and his wife had managed to survive.

Deep in thought, her focus remained fixed on the scene before her. Nova, the woman in question, remembered the reports she had meticulously studied, provided by the guards.

As Nova examined the details, a sudden realization struck her. It became evident that Archer Ashguard, the newly awakened white dragon could be responsible for the Viscount's demise.

He had remained an enigma until recent years when he emerged onto the scene, clashing with the knights of the church.

Since their fateful encounter in Oxfair, she had been relentlessly collecting information about the enigmatic young man, fueled by an insatiable curiosity.

Whispers and rumors traveled from the south and reached her ears. Contacts within the Order of the Justicars mentioned a massive war that had broken out in those lands.

According to the grapevine, Archer played a crucial part in the conflict, defeating enemy armies before mysteriously vanishing.

The more investigating she did the more interested she become in the boy, as she was in her own little world, a voice spoke to her.

"Officer Nova, have you found anything?"

She turned around to see an older man wearing the same uniform but with grey hair and a well-groomed mustache.

Nova nodded in agreement. "Yes, Commander. I believe the culprit is Archer Ashguard. It has been confirmed that he is the white dragon that the witness spotted and had a confrontation with Favian Leroux, resulting in Favian's blindness. In retaliation, the Leroux family kidnapped Sarah, who is known to be Archer's only friend and a staff member at Vassia City's guild. The Viscount's reckless actions have led to the events that unfolded here."

The commander nodded at his student's conclusion and was impressed, he spoke with a proud tone in his voice.

"Well done Officer, let's head back to Starfall and report it to the Emperor, He's eager to find out what happened here."

Chapter 134 When The Moon Embraces Her Hope. [R18]

[This contains plot elements read if you want to understand the plot in the future]

[Sometime In the near future]

Hecate sat on the balcony, gazing at the moon above Larissa City. Memories of a vivid dream warmed her as she remembered the passionate embrace of a handsome man.

Her reverie was interrupted by the creaking of her bedroom door. Eione, her maid, entered with concern.

"Bowling before Hecate, Eione said, "Princess, I regret to inform you that your request for a meeting with your father has been rejected. The second empress seems to have influenced him regarding your predictions."

Hecate expected this outcome. Her father had been the only one to show concern, but now even that had ended.

Surprisingly, she didn't feel upset. Deep down, she knew the arrival of the young man with white hair was near, and she eagerly awaited his entrance into her life.

Her heart raced as she recalled the passionate night from her dream. She turned back to the city, going quiet.

The moon's glow illuminated her red eyes, which began to shimmer. Eione noticed and rushed to Hecate, but she remained seated, completely still.

[Hecate's Vision]

A soft, ethereal voice whispered in her ear, its words filled with an ominous warning.

"Hecate, be cautious. The Land of Mediterra is facing impending doom. It will crumble and fade, becoming a forgotten chapter in history. The people will be displaced, their homes ravaged, and the land overrun by a relentless swarm. Cities will be reduced to ruins, and their inhabitants devoured by the insatiable horde. Consider this my final warning, young one. Only by uniting the powers of the sun and moon can you push back this relentless tide. Seek out the white dragon, for he is your last ray of hope. Now, witness the dire consequences that will unfold if he refuses to come to your aid."

She stood upon a hill, overlooking the Lunarian royal palace and the bustling city that once thrived below.

A wave of terror washed over her trembling form as she saw the monstrous giants, their towering frames loomed menacingly, casting shadows that swallowed the landscape.

With every step they took, buildings crumbled like fragile toys beneath their colossal strength.

The air was thick with the stench of death and destruction, piercing cries of terrified citizens filled her ears.

Hecate's breath caught in her throat as she watched in horror, unable to tear her gaze away from the ghastly scene unfolding before her eyes.

The giants, their gray flesh stretched taut over sinewy muscles, reveled in their savage feast.

They snatched up helpless victims, tearing into their flesh with abandon, while others met their grisly fate under the crushing weight of colossal feet.

Just as Hecate thought the nightmare couldn't get worse, a tremor coursed through the ground as a group of larger giants stormed the palace.

The ground trembled as the monstrous giants advanced, plunging the palace into utter chaos.

The sound of explosions reverberated through the air, followed by an eerie silence that chilled her to the core.

In the blink of an eye, Hecate found herself transported to the courtyard just outside the palace.

Her heart pounded in her chest, her eyes widening in disbelief and horror as the tragedy unfolded before her.

Her once mighty family now lay lifeless, their torn bodies scattered across the ground, drenched in a pool of blood.

The once pure Lunarian bloodline now became a mockery, their noble legacy reduced to a vile banquet for the monstrous beings.

Hecate was forcibly transported once more, she found herself suspended in the air, overlooking the vast expanse of Mediterra.

A shroud of black smoke engulfed the sky, blotting out the sun and casting the land into a foreboding darkness.

Hecate's heart sank as she witnessed the harrowing sight before her. The once vibrant land now lay in ruins, ravaged by an unrelenting horde of abominable creatures.

The devastation became painfully clear as she witnessed the brutal onslaught, the malicious forces leaving no corner untouched.

Her senses were overwhelmed as vivid visions of unspeakable carnage played out before her eyes.

Each scene depicted the power of the giants and their wicked minions, leaving a trail of brutality and despair in their wake.

The eastern kingdoms, once prosperous and proud, lay in ruins. Their cities were destroyed and castles lay in ruins.

The eastern royal families met their gruesome demise as they were eaten by the swarm, their flesh ripped from bone and devoured.

Valiant armies were crushed by the relentless horde, their brave efforts rendered futile against an unstoppable force.

Hecate's mind reeled from the horrifying images that flooded her consciousness. But within the depths of her despair, a flicker of hope ignited.

That's when she witnessed a breathtaking scene as a majestic white dragon engaged in a fierce battle against the giants.

It showcased its immense power, mercilessly slaying giants with brutal ferocity.

Its fury was evident as it tore off one giant's head with its jaws and impaled another with its razor-sharp tail.

Hecate was mesmerized by the radiant beauty of the white dragon, its scales glistening in the sunlight.

In the distance, her gaze fell upon a colossal wyvern, ridden by three girls.

One had striking blue hair, another had flowing blonde locks, and the third possessed a vibrant pink mane.

Hecate recognized the pink-haired girl as a princess from the Zenian kingdom.

As the vision gradually faded away, Hecate found herself back on the balcony, her mind still reeling from the horror that had unfolded before her.

But amidst the chaos of her thoughts, a warm memory emerged. Hecate's lips curled into a tender smile, lost in the memory of the night she had shared with the man.

A soft blush adorned her gray cheeks, adding a touch of warmth to her complexion. The rush of memories flooded her being, evoking a bittersweet cascade of emotions that enveloped her senses.

Returning to the present, her attention was drawn to Eione, who stood beside her, the maid's eyes filled with concern.

Relief washed over Eione's face as she realized that Hecate had regained her composure. Letting out a sigh, she voiced her concerns.

"Princess, I was worried. Did you have another vision?"

Hecate paused, gathering her thoughts, before responding with determination.

"Yes, Eione. It was a vision of destruction. The giants and their horde laid waste to our once prosperous kingdom, leaving only devastation and despair behind."

Concern appeared on Eione's face as she asked. "What should we do, Princess?"

Hecate spoke confidently. "We wait for the white-haired young man who will soon appear."

Hecate noticed Eione's puzzled expression and asked, "What troubles you?"

Clearing her throat, Eione replied, "Well, there have been rumors among the Zenianian traders. They speak of a white dragon burning invading armies. If these rumors are true, then the young man with white hair might be journeying north alongside the Aquarian Princess."

Hecate's eyebrows lifted with excitement as a certain memory returned, fueling her longing to meet the young man with white hair.

Shaking off her intense emotions, Hecate found herself captivated by shooting stars streaking across the night sky. She felt a surge of magical energy coursing through her veins.

She stood up and went to fetch the other dream potion she had prepared. Once back in her bed, she settled down and drank the potion, excited to explore the depths of her dreams.

Soon, sleep overtook her, and when she opened her eyes, she found herself in a grand chamber, with a massive bed at its center.

In that precise instant, a shadow loomed over her, drawing her attention.

When she turned around, she locked eyes with the striking young man with white hair, his violet gaze smoldering with intense desire.

He climbed onto the bed, Hecate was dressed in a red loose nightgown. Gently, he parted her slender grey legs, and his eyes fell upon a pair of red panties, a smile forming on his face.

She grew increasingly excited and desired this intensely. As he slid her panties aside, a surge of arousal coursed through her, heightening her pleasure.

At that moment, she felt a wet sensation against her honey pot, causing her entire body to tremble.

She experienced intense pleasure coursing through her body, causing her to squirm and release sensuous moans.

Hecate's eyes filled with ecstasy as he pleased her with passionate, animalistic licks, causing her to tremble with pleasure and let out a sensual moan.

Heavily breathing, she expressed her pleasure with a satisfied moan, exclaiming, "Ahhhhhhh. That feels amazing."

Her moans grew louder, echoing in the air, as her essence flowed onto his tongue.

Meanwhile, his skillful fingers expertly teased her sensitive clit, intensifying her state of arousal to new heights.

She quickly ensnared his head with her thick thighs. He moved his tongue even faster to taste every inch of her little sister.

When he nibbled on her clit, she felt unparalleled ecstasy. She felt like she was about to climax.

Hecate suddenly let out a loud moan. "Ahhh!" As she squirted in his face.

After catching her breath, she savored the lingering sensations of her orgasm.

She glanced at him licking up her juices, and a surge of desire coursed through her. He climbed on top of her, increasing her excitement even further.

Seeing this drove her mad, he started rubbing against her cave of wonders, which made her even more aroused.

He pushed himself inside her, causing Hecate to tremble with each powerful thrust.

Their bodies moved in perfect sync, enveloped in a passionate embrace that conveyed their profound love and affection throughout the night.

When she woke from her dream, a sense of contentment washed over her. Her heart brimmed with hope as if her yearning for love was on the brink of fulfillment.

Chapter 135 The Journey North.

Archer and the girls embarked on their journey, leaving Aquaria City and heading north. While they were walking along he got attacked.

His ear was being nibbled by the affectionate Sera who was sitting comfortably, her tail wrapped around his neck.

As they left the city behind, a trader approached them, suggesting they travel together. The group agreed and followed closely behind the caravan.

Things took an interesting turn when they noticed a young woman with blonde hair and green eyes.

"Hi, I'm Mary. Do you mind sharing your names?" she asked.

Ella took the lead and introduced herself, pointing to Teuila. "I'm Ella, this is Teuila, and our fiancé Archer."

Upon hearing Ella's words, Mary's eyes widened. "Teuila? Are you Princess Teuila Aquaria, the fourth Princess of the Aquarian Kingdom?"

Teuila nodded with a smile, and the astonishment reflected in Mary's green eyes. The three of them exchanged glances and continued their conversation.

"So, Archer, how do we reach the Zenia Empire?" Mary asked.

Archer scratched his cheek, deep in thought, trying to recall the exact path.

"I know we need to head north," He pondered, his voice tinged with uncertainty. "Flying would be faster, but where's the fun in that? Although, once we reach that cursed jungle, I might consider taking to the skies."

The girls grew curious, so Teuila asked, "Cursed jungle? What is that?"

Archer looked at Teuila, his expression filled with curiosity. He shook his head and replied.

"It's known as the Howling Jungle. It's plagued by shrieking cannibals who pursued me for quite some time. They would leap out of the bushes, making me jump a few times."

The two girls giggled at Archer's reaction, they were traveling down a long dirt road with some wood off to the right and a lake to the left.

Suddenly, his Aura detector activated, alerting Archer to an imminent assault.

Arrows whizzed through the air, aimed at their group, but he swiftly reacted by summoning a Cosmic Shield, enveloping himself and the girls in its protective barrier.

The guards from the caravan deflected the incoming arrows and braced themselves for an attack.

Teuila unsheathed her sword with practiced ease, while Ella swiftly retrieved her bow from a storage ring gifted to her by Queen Mele before their departure.

Both girls poised themselves for imminent action. Meanwhile, Archer uttered a word he has started to love.

"Draconis."

Magnificent white wings unfurled from his back, stretching out to showcase their awe-inspiring beauty.

His hands morph into claws gleaming with a lethal white hue. Further still, additional scales adorned his body, enhancing his already formidable appearance.

With his dragon eyes scanning the approaching bandit gang, he quickly turned to the girls and gave them clear instructions.

"Bandits are coming from the front, and another large group is closing in from behind. You two handle those up front, while I'll take care of the rest."

They nodded in agreement as Archer quickly cast Blink, teleporting himself in front of the group of thirty scruffy bandits.

A confident smile played on his lips as he initiated his assault. With swift movements, he conjured and hurled Earth Bolts toward the nearest bandits, piercing through their shabby armor.

The projectiles found their marks, toppling some of the bandits and creating an obstacle that caused others to stumble.

Archer's grin widened, revealing his menacing serrated teeth that instilled fear in the remaining bandits.

Swift as lightning, he engaged the bandits in close combat. His wings and scales became an impenetrable defense, deflecting their relentless attacks.

With deadly precision, his agile tail claimed the lives of the bandits, striking them down like a mythical bringer of doom.

Taking advantage of the moment, Archer lunged at a towering bandit, sinking his teeth into the man's neck.

With a forceful jerk, he tore away a chunk of flesh, leaving a brutal wound. Spitting out the flesh, he swiftly slashed the man's throat, sealing his fate.

Undeterred, a fresh wave of bandits charged forward, thrusting their spears in an attempt to breach Archer's defenses.

With lightning-fast reflexes, Archer swiftly responded, unfurling his majestic wings to shield himself against the relentless assault of the bandits.

Effortlessly, he deflected their barrage of attacks, effortlessly parrying their every strike.

As the bandits' attack was stopped, Archer took advantage of the situation and cast Thunder Wave. The shockwave surged forward, striking the bandits and forcefully launching them back into the air.

Amidst the chaos, Sera leaped from Archer's shoulder and started burning the stunned bandits.

While evading the desperate strikes of the remaining bandits with agility and speed, she was too quick for them to hit.

With the bandits dead, she gracefully returned to Archer's shoulder, affectionately licking his cheek.

Taking a moment to indulge in their bond, Archer lovingly petted his girl.

She responded with delightful purring and chirping, her contentment evident as she stretched out on his shoulder.

Archer continued to lavish her with attention, playfully rubbing her tiny belly, causing a cascade of happy purrs, chirps, and other delightful sounds.

With a broad grin on his face, he proceeded to gather 22 human hearts and all their coin pouches, storing them safely in his Item Box.

Among the fallen bandits, Archer discovered one who was still clinging to life. Determined to extract information, he coerced the bandit into revealing the location of their hideout.

The bandit, trembling and desperate, pointed towards the Howling Jungle, conveniently aligning with their journey.

[Ella and Teuila's P.O.V]

As Archer charged into battle, the girls swiftly sprang into action. Ella unleashed a volley of piercing arrows picking off the incoming bandits one by one.

With grace and precision, Teuila closed the distance. Drawing her sword, she expertly parried an attack and swiftly plunged her blade into the neck of a bandit, taking him out of the fight.

The caravan guards sprung into action, their blades slicing through the ranks of bandits with fierce determination.

Teuila wore a smile on her face as she gracefully moved with agility and finesse. Evading attacks effortlessly, she swiftly eliminated the bandits with lethal strikes.

Meanwhile, Ella's arrows soared through the air, finding their marks with remarkable precision, bringing down multiple adversaries in rapid succession.

The combined efforts of Teuila and Ella left a trail of dead bandits in their wake.

Even as the numbers dwindled, Ella continued to unleash her arrows upon the remaining foes, ensuring no escape, while Teuila dealt the final blows to eliminate the remaining threats.

As they finished, a voice sounded behind them. "Thank you for your assistance, ladies."

Teuila and Ella spun around to find Mary approaching, wearing a forced smile as she surveyed the lifeless bodies.

Stopping in front of them, she engaged in casual conversation about the battle and any other topic that crossed her mind to distract herself.

[Back to Archer]

After collecting the hearts and storing them away, he made his way back to the caravan and noticed the girls conversing with Mary.

When Mary spotted him, she abruptly ended the conversation and retreated to her carriage.

He observed the girl, perplexed by her avoidance, he chose not to dwell on it. Approaching the two girls with a smile, he dismissed his Draconic Form.

"Hello, my girls! How was the fight? Did you have a good time?" he asked.

Ella eagerly responded first, "It was a blast! I got to unleash my bow skills and take down several bandits."

Archer found her infectious smile captivating, finding her absolutely adorable. Her warm grin spoke of death, but it didn't diminish her charm.

Shifting his attention to Teuila, who also wore a smile, Archer asked, "I had a great time, Arch. It's refreshing to battle against humans once in a while. I even picked up a new trick along the way."

Nodding at the girls, Archer suggested something, "I've discovered their hideout. Would you two like to join me in raiding it?"

The two girls looked at him with questioning eyes, and Ella asked, "Raid it? Why?"

Teuila nodded, curious about the answer. They both awaited his response, Archer simply gazed at them before smiling.

"For gold coins. I want their wealth."

Upon hearing his proposal and realizing his greed, they both rolled their eyes. Ella took it a step further and playfully pinched Archer's side.

"You greedy dragon! Risking yourself for mere coins!" She exclaimed.

Archer yelped and hopped back, attempting to escape the mischievous half-elf.

Teuila observed their antics, finding amusement in their silliness. Ella ceased her playful attack and spoke up.

"Yes, we'll go with you, but you better be careful, Arch. Otherwise, you know what will happen," she warned, flashing a mischievous grin while mimicking a pinching motion with her fingers.

Archer looked down at Ella, just staring at her, finding her completely adorable. She wouldn't say no to him, but she would always worry about him.

He smiled as he replied, "Yes, I will be careful. Plus, I have you two with me. We need to head north to reach the hideout."

The two girls nodded in agreement. Ella headed towards Mary's carriage and informed her that they would catch up if possible.

Sera flew over to Teuila and sat on her shoulder, which caused the girl in question to smile. With that settled, Archer whispered the command, "Draco."

Transforming into his dragon form, he displayed a breathtaking sight. His scales shimmered in a pristine white, emitting a radiant glow.

Adorning his head were four magnificent white horns. His massive body featured four sturdy limbs and a pair of grand white wings.

Archer's tail was swaying behind him, the people in the caravan were taken aback by the sudden appearance of this colossal dragon, their astonishment evident on their faces.

Chapter 136 Everfrost Wilds. [Bonus]

In the frigid and desolate Everfrost Wilds in the far north of Pluoria, two mighty kingdoms, Nordvania and Snowshade, stood as unwavering bulwarks against the relentless Forsaken.

The kingdoms were given the name "Forsaken" because they were once humans who succumbed to the malevolent influence of a mysterious being known as Malgazar.

Malgazar's dark priests infiltrated the three northernmost kingdoms of Pluoria.

These zealous priests preached twisted doctrines, offering false promises of mercy and deliverance from hunger and perceived oppression by the Southerners.

Enthralled by the allure of food and revenge, the people swiftly embraced the worship of this malevolent deity.

Under Malgazar's sinister magic, they underwent a harrowing transformation, their physical forms mirroring the darkness that consumed them.

Their bodies contorted into grotesque shapes, reflections of the evil within. Their eyes blazed with a sinister crimson glow, devoid of any trace of humanity.

Jagged fangs protruded from their mouths, revealing their insatiable hunger for flesh. Once fair and smooth, their skin turned sickly, marked by the scars of their unholy metamorphosis.

Coarse patches of fur sprouted in uneven patterns, reminiscent of savage beasts' pelts. Sinewy muscles rippled beneath their flesh, granting them unnatural strength and agility.

Their contorted and stretched limbs moved with an unsettling animal-like grace, and their hands morphed into wicked claws.

These twisted creatures, resembling beasts rather than humans, embodied the darkness that had consumed them.

The terrifying appearance of the Forsaken served as a constant reminder of their lost souls, forever under the influence of Malgazar.

United in their determination to halt the encroaching horror from engulfing their lands, Nordvania and Snowshade joined forces.

Nordvania primarily consisted of humans, while Snowshade was inhabited by snow elves.

Together, they constructed a colossal wall reminiscent of Earth's Hadrian's Wall. Once completed, they named it the Ghostwall, owing to the countless deaths that occurred upon it.

Manned by warriors from both kingdoms, the wall stood as an impenetrable fortress against the ceaseless assaults of the Forsaken.

Countless battles ensued over many generations as the kingdoms valiantly defended their lands against the unholy onslaught.

Many kingdoms in the south dismissed them as barbarians, ignorant of the true peril they held at bay.

Thanks to their unwavering bravery and valor, the southern kingdoms were spared from ruin, and their citizens were saved from the blood-soaked altars of the Forsaken.

The towns and cities of Nordvania and Snowshade stood as fortified bastions, capable of defending themselves against the relentless raids.

Using powerful magic cannons and ice spells, the cities successfully repelled the attackers, forcing them to retreat back to the north.

However, a new development arose when even more of these creatures appeared. Instead of launching attacks, they seemed to intimidate the defenders, instilling fear and uncertainty.

The wall's two generals gathered their soldiers, urging them to take their positions in anticipation of an assault. However, much to their astonishment, no attack materialized.

The horde vanished beyond a distant hill, but the vice-commander rushed up to the generals and addressed them.

"Generals, the Forsaken have retreated. It seems they are being directed by a higher power. Also, reinforcements will be arriving tomorrow afternoon."

The two men nodded as the younger man walked away. The Snowshade general turned to his counterpart.

"I believe an attack is imminent. Let's strengthen our defenses along the wall. Inform the Lieutenants to allocate more troops to the defense."

The Nordvania general nodded in agreement. "Yes, that's a good idea. They usually charge with reckless abandon until they climb the walls, but today they seemed more controlled."

They swiftly went to work, deploying thousands of additional soldiers who took their positions on the walls alongside Snow Elf mages.

Strategically positioned along the walls were the imposing Earthshaker and Frostbite cannons, accompanied by the deadly Soulreaper Ballistas.

While the gates leading north were securely sealed with portcullises crafted from the legendary Dragonsteel and resilient Frostpine wood.

A deep trench, constructed by southern earth mages, lay below the wall, seemingly bottomless. Sturdy drawbridges spanned the gap but could be retracted to block entry.

Flames blazed atop the walls as the united forces of Nords and Snow Elf soldiers remained vigilant, their senses heightened by the eerie sounds emanating from the distant horizon.

The soldiers stood atop the wall, their eyes scanning the bleak expanse of the Everfrost Wilds, a collective gasp escaped their lips.

Emerging from the darkness, a horde of twisted figures emerged, their grotesque forms and crimson eyes gleaming with malevolence.

The Forsaken, the accursed creatures born from the influence of Malgazar, surged forward in an unrelenting tide.

But to their astonishment, accompanying the Forsaken were horrifying demi-giants, towering monstrosities that seemed to embody the very essence of dread.

These abominable beings had elongated limbs, bulging muscles, and jagged, misshapen features.

They moved with an eerie grace, their heavy footsteps causing the ground to tremble beneath them.

As if the sight of the Forsaken and the demi-giants was not enough to unsettle the defenders, lurking among them were the Ratlings.

These vile creatures, known as Ratlings, scuttled on all fours, their wiry bodies covered in mangy fur and their eyes gleaming with a sinister intelligence.

Their snouts twitched with anticipation as they skulked alongside their monstrous allies.

The soldiers on the wall, transfixed by the nightmarish sight before them, felt a chill creep down their spines.

Fear and uncertainty gripped their hearts as they realized the magnitude of the approaching threat.

Whispers of dread filled the air as they exchanged worried glances, their hands tightening around their weapons.

Commanding officers barked orders, their voices steady despite the unease in their eyes.

They relayed instructions to the soldiers, urging them to stand firm, to steel their resolve against this formidable onslaught.

The soldiers swallowed their fear and prepared themselves for the battle that loomed on the horizon.

As the Forsaken, demi-giants, and Skaven advanced closer, the soldiers braced themselves, determination etched upon their faces.

Their swords were drawn, arrows knocked in bows, and spells prepared to unleash devastation upon their enemies.

The impending clash between light and darkness, hope and despair, loomed overhead, and the defenders of Nordvania and Snowshade were prepared to protect their lands from the Forsaken.

High atop a tower, the Generals surveyed the vast expanse of the wall and the frozen tundra stretched out before them.

The elf turned to a human Lieutenant standing behind the two of them, his expression grave.

"This is dire news. Sound the alarm immediately! Dispatch a swift rider to the nearest city and relay the urgent message to the Grand Duke. We require reinforcements, for without them, the wall shall fall before the enemy's onslaught."

The human general turned to the snow elf and spoke. "Brother, you stay here and direct our forces while I'll take the wall. May the Goddess Ishtar watch over you."

He quickly rushed out followed by his subordinates. The snow elf was left on his own and turned to see the approaching horde.

He walked onto the balcony and powered up his voice using mana and spoke to Elves and humans alike.

"Brace yourselves, valiant soldiers of Everfrost, for the hour of reckoning is upon us! Here we stand, united as one, resolute in our resolve to vanquish the incoming darkness that seeks to engulf our lands. See before you thousands of humans and elves alike, standing shoulder to shoulder, their unwavering presence a testament to our unwavering spirit and indomitable will!

From the frozen peaks of Frostfang Summit to the vast Icebound Plains, our forces have converged, a sea of heroes arrayed in an unbreakable phalanx atop the mighty Ghostwall, ready to repel the tides of evil that threaten to cast their shadow upon our realm. Each heartbeat echoes with the valor of those who have come before us, warriors whose blood runs through our veins, infusing us with the strength of their legacy."

He could hear cheering coming from up and down the wall, he shouted one more order to kickstart the battle.

"Earthshakers and Frostbites! Fire!"

High above the wall, the Earthshaker and Frostbite cannons, powerful artifacts of arcane engineering, were prepared for this crucial moment.

With a series of coordinated commands, the cannons roared to life, channels of colorful mana coursing through their intricate mechanisms.

The Earthshaker cannon emitted a deep rumble as it gathered mana from the earth itself, while the Frostbite cannon crackled with icy blue sparks, harnessing the cold essence of the Everfrost Wilds.

In a magnificent display of power, the many cannons unleashed their mighty shots simultaneously.

From the Earthshaker cannon, a brilliant surge of vibrant green mana erupted, spiraling through the air with an otherworldly glow.

The ground beneath quaked as the mana shot streaked toward the Forsaken horde, leaving trails of luminous green in its wake.

At the same time, the Frostbite cannon released its mesmerizing attack. Icy tendrils of cyan mana burst forth, swirling with frost and shimmering like frozen stars.

The air chilled instantly as the mana shot propelled itself toward the horde, leaving behind a shimmering trail of frost crystals.

With a thunderous impact, the mana shots slammed into the ranks of the Forsaken horde.

The vibrant green and icy cyan mana exploded upon impact, unleashing a cataclysmic wave of nature's fury and frost's biting chill.

The ground trembled as the mana detonations ripped through the enemy lines. A dazzling array of emerald-green and glacial blue energy enveloped the Forsaken, casting an ethereal glow across the battlefield.

The force of the impact sent the creatures flying, their bodies ravaged. Some Forsaken were incinerated by the searing green mana, their forms disintegrating into ash.

Others were encased in a flash-frozen shell of icy cyan, their grotesque features frozen in contorted expressions of agony.

The defenders of the Ghostwall stood in awe, their faces illuminated by the radiant aftermath of the cannons' assault.

Chapter 137 Lovebirds.

Archer glanced around, inhaling deeply to enjoy the smells of creatures and nature.

Noticing the girls' sparkling eyes, he lowered his large body, allowing them to climb onto his back.

They settled comfortably, leaning against him for support while holding on. With a large flap of his wings, he took off and started flying north.

Ella and Teuila were loving it while Sera clung to Teuila's shoulder. Archer flew north as he watched the scenery below.

He saw a wide expanse of stunning grasslands. The emerald blades swayed with a gentle breeze, crafting a tranquil and rhythmic ambiance.

Amidst the beautiful landscape, he spotted a gathering of beasts eating all over the grasslands.

Majestic unicorns with flowing manes and gleaming horns grazed upon the tender grass, their elegance accentuated by the soft hues of their coats.

Further in the distance, a herd of gentle giants known as Mirthwood Elephants lumbered peacefully.

With trunks held high, they plucked leaves and branches from towering trees, relishing the bountiful food.

Archer flew for hours as the girls rested on his back, the afternoon sun was setting and he decided to land.

He stopped flying and hovered in the air, he started looking around trying to look for any clue but couldn't find anything.

As Archer descended to the ground, the girls hopped off, followed by Sera, who landed on his shoulder when he transformed back into his humanoid form.

Ella was the first to ask, "Arch, why did we land here? And what is this place?"

With a wide grin, fueled by thoughts of the upcoming gold, he replied to Ella, "We'll rest here and prepare to lure find our targets tomorrow. This is the Howling Forest," before confidently walking away.

The girls shook their heads and noticed a road in the distance. They walked for a few hours until the sun started to set.

Archer halted and turned to the girls, suggesting, "Ladies, would you prefer to camp out tonight or sleep in the domain?"

Teuila responded first, saying, "I've never camped before, so I wouldn't mind trying it tonight."

Ella shrugged and added, "I don't mind either. It sounds like it could be fun."

Archer finally had a chance to use the tent he had found in a shipwreck long ago. They looked for a hidden spot to set it up.

They ventured into the jungle, using an Aura Detector to scan the area, but it didn't detect anything unusual.

Sera took off from his shoulder and flew around the canopies hunting smaller beasts.

After walking for a while, they stumbled upon a spacious clearing with a large pond. Archer looked around and felt satisfied with the spot.

He took out the tent from his Item Box and infused it with mana. Within a minute, the tent expanded into a huge gazebo-sized structure.

Archer was surprised, but he shrugged it off and walked inside. As they entered the tent, they were pleasantly amazed by its spaciousness, reminiscent of a cozy home.

Ella took the initiative and offered to cook a meal using the supplies given to them by Melle for their journey.

She unpacked the ingredients and skillfully began preparing the food. Meanwhile, Teuila stood by a window, captivated by the lush trees of the jungle that surrounded them.

Suddenly, a mischievous dragon flew into the tent and hovered in the air. It glanced around before casually settling down on a sofa, making herself at home.

Silently, Archer approached Teuila from behind, gently wrapping his arms around her slender waist and planting soft kisses on her smooth, brown neck.

Teuila shivered and released a relaxed sigh, leaning into his embrace. As he continued showering her neck with kisses, she extended her hand and playfully toyed with his ear.

The sensation of her touch on sent waves of pleasure through his entire body, causing him to pause his kisses, allowing her to turn around in his arms.

Her captivating blue eyes locked with his, leaving him spellbound by her beauty.

He shook his head slightly, intending to speak, but before he could utter a word, she silenced him with a kiss.

The kiss deepened, their passion growing with each passing moment. Teuila's fingers entwined in Archer's hair, pulling him closer, while his hands gently held her waist, drawing her nearer.

As they kissed, the jungle outside seemed to come alive with their shared energy. The soft rustle of leaves and the distant calls of beasts harmonized with the rhythm of their hearts.

Lost in their passionate embrace, Archer and Teuila were in their own world, their lips locked in a tender kiss.

Time seemed to stand still as they shared their feelings for each other. Suddenly, a mischievous giggle broke the spell, as Ella's voice playfully interrupted their moment.

"Alright, you two lovebirds, you can calm down now. The food is cooking. But before you continue, I want a kiss too!"

With a smile, Teuila stood by and observed Archer approach the half-elf. She couldn't help but be captivated by the unfolding scene before her.

Archer's eyes locked with Ella's, and in that gaze, a profound affection was conveyed.

He stood before her, his hand reaching out to delicately stroke her face, radiating tenderness and warmth. The touch was gentle, conveying his deep affection.

They moved closer together, Archer softly pressing his lips against hers, engaging in a slow and lingering kiss.

In that precious moment, it felt as if time was suspended, allowing them to indulge in the intensity of their passionate embrace.

Their kiss deepened, with Ella enveloping Archer's shoulders in her arms, while he held her securely by the waist.

He felt a surge of surprise as Ella's tongue boldly entered his mouth, igniting a playful interplay of tongues.

Eventually, Archer emerged victorious as Ella pulled back, her cheeks flushed and her face adorned with a radiant glow.

She looked at Archer with a blend of joy and happiness, her cheeks flushed with a clear sign of their deep connection.

Ella pecked him on the forehead and jumped down and went to deal with the food while shouting out. "Food will be done in a little while!"

Teuila went to sit on the couch with Sera stretched out on another, Archer made his way out of the tent and looked up at the setting sun.

Howls of beasts could be heard, the sun cause a beautiful glow to carpet the jungle causing amazing colors.

He marveled at the vibrant hues that danced through the foliage, brought to life by the sun's gentle touch.

Rays of light filtered through the dense canopy, painting the surroundings in a kaleidoscope of colors.

The emerald leaves shimmered with golden highlights, while flowers of every shade bloomed with a renewed brilliance.

Captivated by the enchanting scene, Archer paused, allowing the beauty of nature to envelop his senses.

He took a deep breath, filling his lungs with the sweet fragrance of tropical blooms and the earthy aroma of the forest floor.

The moment seemed magical as if the jungle itself had come alive to greet him.

However, amidst this breathtaking display, his Aura Detector suddenly pinged, causing him to become alert.

He spun around, catching sight of a sleek Shadowfang leaping from a nearby tree, its fierce eyes locked on him.

The creature charged, prompting Archer to summon his claws and swiftly cast Blink. The beast crashed into the spot where he had stood moments ago.

Reappearing a short distance away, Archer cast Blink once more, materializing next to the creature. With a swift motion, he slashed the beast along its side, bringing it down.

Before dismissing his claws, he removed the heart of the Shadowfang and placed both the body and heart into his Item Box.

Archer found a cozy spot to relax and savored the mesmerizing view of the sun bidding farewell and the stars gracefully emerging in the darkening sky.

A little later, Teuila peeked her head out of the tent and cheerfully announced, "Arch, the food is ready."

Hearing her voice, he stood up and headed towards the tent, eager to share the meal with her. Upon entering, an enticing aroma filled the air, enticing his senses and making his mouth water.

Archer approached the table and took a seat, noticing a delicious-looking soup accompanied by succulent cuts of beast meat. He looked up at Ella and inquired, "Where did this food come from?"

Expecting Ella to respond, Archer was surprised when Teuila spoke up. "It was Mama," she said. "She gave Ella a storage ring filled with food and ingredients for our travels along with some gold coins."

Upon hearing that, Archer pondered how much Teuila's family had provided for the two girls before Ella playfully interjected.

"Hey, you're not getting any gold, you greedy dragon! That's the whole reason we're here—to raid bandit hideouts!" they all laughed along with Ella.

As they continued enjoying the meal, Archer couldn't help but express his appreciation to Ella. "Thank you for the food, El. It's delicious!"

Teuila nodded in agreement. "Yes, it was a satisfying meal, Ella. You're a really good cook."

Her face lit up with happiness as they praised her culinary skills. After finishing their food, they tidied up and settled into bed.

With Archer in the middle, the girls snuggled up on either side of him, seeking comfort and warmth.

Chapter 138 Does She Love Me.

The sun rose above the thick jungle, and a cacophony of sounds burst forth from the awakening wilderness.

The air pulsed with the cries, roars, and chirps of different creatures, turning the forest into a musical performance.

Archer woke up, tuning in to the lively sounds of the jungle. The deep roar of a faraway creature echoed through the trees, while monkey-like beings swung from one branch to another, chattering and hooting with enthusiasm.

Colorful birds soared above, their melodious songs filling the air. Archer's eyes slowly opened as he saw blue hair all over his face.

He carefully removed the hair and saw Teuila fast asleep, with half of her body resting on top of him, her breasts pressed against his chest.

Then, he shifted his gaze to the right and spotted Ella curled up like a squirrel in winter, appearing remarkably snug and content.

Archer gently moved Teuila aside and used his Blink to get out of bed. He stretched upon reappearing in the middle of the tent.

He cast Cleanse on himself, instantly experiencing a refreshing sensation coursing through his body.

Archer swiftly changed into clean clothes, grabbed a handful of chocolate from his Item Box, and commenced munching as he strolled out of the tent.

As he stepped outside, a pleasant breeze ruffled his untidy hair, prompting him to consider asking Ella to give him a haircut.

Realizing he needed scissors, he opened a portal to his domain and materialized in his cottage.

He called out, "Are any brownies up and about this early?"

In response, a soft poof sounded behind him, and he turned around to find a brownie standing there.

She respectfully bowed and spoke, "Master Archer, how can Cinnamon help you?"

He smiled at Cinnamon, then made his request. "Do you have a pair of scissors? I'd like to cut my hair."

Cinnamon nodded and vanished, returning moments later with a sleek pair of scissors. She handed them to Archer with a bow.

"Here you go, Master Archer. These are excellent scissors. We acquired them from the dwarves in Tent City."

Archer graciously accepted the scissors from Cinnamon, expressing his gratitude. "Thank you, Cinnamon. Have a wonderful day!"

He swiftly opened a portal and materialized outside the tent. The once intense beast noises had subsided, and he marveled at the sight of numerous birds fluttering and chirping in the air.

As Archer entered the tent, he heard laughter filling the space. He discovered Sera playfully leaping around, evading the girls' attempts to catch her.

Noticing him, Sera hurriedly flew to him, looking for safety. She settled on his shoulder and coiled her tail around his neck, making it challenging for the girls to get her.

Sera snuggled affectionately, caressing Archer's face while her delicate wings gently fluttered behind her. The girls observed this and shook their heads, sporting smiles.

Ella playfully spoke in a feigned upset tone, "Her boy shows up, and she instantly wants him. We just wanted some cuddles."

Teuila laughed at the scene unfolding before her. "It's alright. She adores him so much. Sometimes, the way she looks at him is like a maiden in love."

Ella nodded in agreement, and they glanced over to see Sera nodding her little head, causing all three of them to burst into laughter.

Archer lovingly stroked Sera and addressed the girls. "Ella, would you mind giving me a haircut, please?"

She nodded with a smile as he handed her the scissors. Motioning for him to sit in a chair, she playfully snapped the scissors at him, pretending to be threatening.

When he shook his head in response, she giggled. After an hour of work, she was finally done.

She had given him short sides with a ponytail, which reminded him of a certain witcher from a game he used to play.

Teuila had to lend them her sharp knife to cut it short enough but it worked, Archer cast Cleanse on the three of them but they still wanted to change.

Ella expressed her thoughts as she walked away. "I don't want to wear underwear that's already dirty."

Archer chuckled to himself, thinking, "No matter the world, girls are always the same."

He waited outside the tent while Sera affectionately licked his cheek. Curious, he turned to her and asked, "Why are you showing so much affection? I love it, but I'm just wondering why."

Sera momentarily ceased her affectionate licking and, after a brief pause, gracefully hopped off Archer's shoulder, gently touching the ground.

He watched as she traced a rough heart shape in the dirt using her tail. With a glimmer in her eyes, Sera pointed to herself, then to the heart, and finally directed her gaze at Archer.

Archer witnessed this adorable display and a question sparked in his mind. 'Does she love me?'

Unable to contain his fondness for the fairy dragon, Archer slowly crouched down, his arms encircling Sera's petite form, and tenderly caressed her delicate scales.

Their moment of affection, however, was abruptly interrupted by Teuila and Ella coming out of the tent.

Sera noticed this and gently tapped Archer's face with her tail. He glanced at her, and she pointed toward the two girls and then back at him.

Understanding her message, he nodded, realizing she was referring to the three of them. Sera repeated the gesture, this time including herself.

His eyes widened as he realized what she meant. 'She believes she's my fiancée? But she's a fairy dragon, it's a shame she doesn't have a humanoid form.'

Archer smiled warmly, finding her incredibly cute. He couldn't resist showering her with kisses, which left her stunned.

Overwhelmed by his kisses, she quickly snapped out of her kiss-induced daze and burst with joy.

She soared through the air, her red scales glistening in the morning sun as she let out joyous chirps and happy noises.

Her agile movements and graceful flight filled the surroundings with an air of enchantment.

Archer observed with a blend of amusement and affection as she zipped around, executing daring loops and spins in the sky.

Her excitement infected him, making him smile brightly. The melodious sounds of the fairy dragon resonated, forming a harmonious symphony of joy within the small, serene clearing they were in.

Archer was filled with love for his playful companion, realizing the profound impact she had on his wounded spirit.

Little did he know, it would be years before he figured out that Sera's nibbles and comforting presence had mended his broken soul.

Sera settled back on his shoulder, Archer joined the girls and outlined their next move.

"Let's head towards the road and continue our journey. We should be cautious, as there's a possibility of ambush along the way."

Archer put the tent in his Item Box and followed the girls as they nodded and started walking toward the road.

As he was following behind he noticed how godly their backsides were.

Teuila strolled with a perfectly toned bubble butt, and he could see every muscle flex. He was mesmerized by their rears while perving on them, and his little brother began to stir.

Teuila glanced back, she noticed Archer's fixed gaze on Ella's perky posterior. He couldn't help but be captivated by its alluring curves, and his fascination was evident on his face.

His mind seemed to melt as he continued to watch them. Teuila, seeing his reaction, wore a mischievous smile and playfully turned back around, swaying her own butt with a teasing rhythm.

Archer shook his head to rid his head of the naughty thoughts that were appearing, he laughed at her antics, before realizing he wanted to ask them something.

"Hey, girls, this may seem out of the blue, but where did you get your lingerie?"

They abruptly halted their steps, casting strange looks at him as if he were an odd creature, making Archer feel a sense of awkwardness.

However, it didn't take long for Teuila to burst into laughter, followed by Ella.

Ella took the initiative to provide an explanation after she stopped laughing. "Well, that's really random, but around about ten years ago, a man by the name of Percival Thornwhistle opened a clothing shop in Starfall City. He introduced a revolutionary concept of underwear that claimed to provide unparalleled comfort for women. The noble ladies were captivated by this innovation, causing it to gain immense

popularity. Eventually, traders began exporting it far and wide. I even overheard a trader mentioning that my mother knew they were selling loads of underwear to other continents."

Archer nodded thoughtfully, a realization dawning on him. 'This Percival guy must be from Earth.' He thought inwardly.

As their conversation continued, the mention of the underwear triggered a rush of memories for Archer.

His mind drifted back to a time when he had inadvertently stumbled upon Alexa in the bathroom, catching a glimpse of her in her underwear as she was getting undressed.

The memory stirred a mix of embarrassment and curiosity in him, creating a longing sensation that lingered and wouldn't go away.

Lost in his thoughts, he suddenly heard Ella's voice. "Arch, can I go visit Mother, please?"

Archer looked at her and remembered Sheira was still there. "Sure, El. You don't have to ask."

He also recalled the bracelets he had made earlier for the girls. Taking them out of the Item Box, he gave Teuila the one with an ocean-blue gem that matched her eyes perfectly.

Then, he offered Ella the bracelet with a sky-blue gem. Both girls were surprised but thrilled to receive such thoughtful gifts from him.

They examined their bracelets, and Teuila couldn't contain her excitement. With a big smile, she expressed her gratitude.

"Arch, thank you so much. It's beautiful." Teuila said, admiring her bracelet once again.

Ella's eyes sparkled as she stared at the gift, her face beaming with a big smile.

Chapter 139 Bandit Hunting.

"Thank you, Arch. This gift is truly special." Ella exclaimed in awe, completely captivated by Archer's mesmerizing gaze.

With a gentle smile, he approached Ella and lovingly kissed her forehead. Then, he opened a portal to his domain.

Before Ella walked through the portal, Archer explained how to use the bracelet. "To return to me, simply think of me and infuse the bracelet with mana. It will teleport you back to my side."

With a nod of comprehension, Ella absorbed every word he spoke and proceeded to pass through the portal, bidding farewell to Archer and Teuila as she left them behind.

Approaching Teuila, Archer extended his hand. "Shall we continue, princess?" he asked with a playful grin.

Teuila glanced at him from the corner of her eye and playfully poked him. He swiftly dodged her attack and playfully poked her back, making her laugh.

After their lighthearted moment, they composed themselves and resumed their journey. The weather was pleasant, accompanied by a gentle breeze that caressed their faces, enhancing the peacefulness of their surroundings.

Suddenly, Archer's Aura Detector began to ping, alerting him to the presence of a group of ten humans approaching.

He discreetly alerted Teuila to be on guard, his voice barely above a whisper. "Teuila, get ready. We have a group of humans heading our way."

She met his gaze and acknowledged his warning with a nod. Just as she turned her head, a tall and unkempt man, with disheveled hair and tattered leather armor, walked out from a bush.

Sensing the imminent danger, Sera found safety by crawling into Archer's shirt, seeking refuge against his chest, like a clinging baby koala.

With a sinister expression, the man's gaze fixated on Teuila, his lips curling into a malicious grin.

"Well, well, my dear lady. How about you join our merry band? We can guarantee quite an enjoyable time together!"

The atmosphere crackled with electric tension as the bandits closed in, surrounding Archer and Teuila with malicious intent in their eyes.

Archer's lips curled into an evil smile as he uttered a single word, barely above a whisper.

"Draconis."

In an instant, he transformed into his Draconic form, his scales shimmering, his eyes blazing with an otherworldly shine.

Undeterred, Teuila drew her gleaming sword, The bandits hesitated for a split second, their confidence shaken by Archer's instant transformation.

But before they could fully grasp the unfolding spectacle, Archer and Teuila unleashed a powerful display of fierceness and precision.

He used his sharp claws to attack the bandits, easily breaking through their defense. One bandit tried to block with a shield, but he swiftly cut through it.

Archer used his tail to stab a bandit. Then, in a quick motion, he lifted the bandit's body and threw it forcefully at the bandit leader.

Meanwhile, Teuila danced through the chaos with graceful fury, her sword singing a deadly symphony with each swing.

She deflected a strike and swiftly retaliated with a lightning-fast slash across a bandit's neck, blood spraying through the air.

Caught off guard and overwhelmed by the power and skill of the pair, the bandits began to crumble beneath the weight of their own arrogance.

Archer's draconic form proved unstoppable, and Teuila matched his intensity, each movement a testament to her training.

After several slaps, the man finally stirred and regained consciousness, his face showing signs of pain from the blows.

The bandit's eyes widened with fear as he saw the pair before him, imagining them as a demon duo hiding behind youthful mischief.

Teuila looked at the man and let out a playful giggle, saying, "Arch, your eyes are so beautiful."

Archer, surprised by her flirting, thought to himself. 'Is she really flirting with me at a time like this?'

He chuckled to himself, then turned his attention to the bandit lying on the ground and inquired, "Tell me where your hideout is. If you do, there's a chance I won't end your life."

The bandit leader gazed up in terror at the smiling young man, his voice caught in his throat as his eyes shifted towards the mysterious girl with vibrant blue hair.

Without hesitation, Archer delivered a series of forceful slaps to the bandit leader's face, his voice firm, and commanding. "Tell me, Mr. Bandit. Where is your hideout?"

With a voice trembling with fear, the bandit finally found the courage to speak. "It's further north in the Howling Jungle. There's a massive tree, and nearby, we've claimed a vast cave system as our hideout."

Desperate to save his own life, he revealed every detail he knew. However, his hope quickly turned to despair as he felt a sharp object pierce his chest.

Glancing downward, he discovered a stunning white tail impaling him. Archer effortlessly lifted the man, bringing their eyes to the same level.

The bandit spat out his words, his fading voice filled with disbelief. "But why? I've told you everything!"

Archer locked eyes with the man, his gaze unyielding. "Bandits deserve nothing but death. May you find redemption in your next life."

With a swift, calculated motion, he drove his claw deep into the man's chest, extracting his heart. he flung the bandit's body into the jungle.

Archer stored the heart in his Item Box, all the while aware of Teuila's wide-eyed gaze fixed upon him. She watched in disbelief as he moved about, collecting the hearts of the dead bandits.

Shaking her head in both disbelief and concern, Teuila couldn't contain her curiosity any longer.

Her eyes narrowed as she confronted him. "Arch, what on earth are you doing with that man's heart?"

Pausing for a moment, Archer met Teuila's gaze, sensing the unease emanating from her. With a weariness in his voice, he finally responded.

"Let's continue towards their hideout, and I'll explain everything along the way," he suggested.

Teuila nodded in agreement, and together they set off, heading north toward their destination.

They began their journey northward, silence hanging in the air as Teuila patiently awaited an explanation from Archer.

Realizing it was time to reveal the truth, he took a deep breath and spoke.

"Well, when I woke up from my coma, I discovered that I had become the White Dragon. As one of the perks of being a dragon, I have the ability to consume the hearts of both humanoids and beasts. These hearts hold a unique form of mana, and by consuming them, I gain various benefits."

Teuila abruptly halted her steps, her expression thoughtful as she mulled over the revelation.

After a brief pause, she turned toward Archer, a smile gracing her face, the very smile that had become so dear to him.

The pieces fell into place, and understanding washed over Teuila. "Well, that definitely explains your incredible strength. Though some might consider it cheating, I have to confess, Arch, I'm genuinely grateful that you possess this ability," she admitted warmly.

Her fingers interlaced with his, she gave his hand a gentle squeeze, her eyes gleaming with affection.

With a beaming smile, she added one final assurance, "Never forget, my Tama, I will always be by your side."

With a tender smile, Archer held Teuila's hand gently, his gratitude shining through. "Thank you, Teuila. Your support means everything to me."

In response, she planted a sweet kiss on his cheek, reaffirming their bond, before they continued their journey.

Eventually, they arrived at the colossal tree the bandit leader had mentioned. Archer, tapping into his heightened dragon senses, detected a foul odor wafting from the right side.

His gaze fixed upon the source, revealing a cave entrance guarded by a group of bandits.

Turning to Teuila, Archer relayed the information. "The cave entrance is just ahead, and it's being guarded by a group of bandits."

Teuila nodded, her determination evident. "What's the plan?" she inquired, ready for a fight.

Archer thought for a second before coming up with an idea. He turned to her and told her to follow him.

They cautiously advanced toward the cave entrance, with Archer unleashing darkness Element Bolts.

As they observed Archer's actions, Teuila swiftly conjured Water Bullets and joined him in launching their spells at the guards.

The projectiles, composed of water and darkness, struck each guard with deadly precision, causing them to drop lifelessly with a resounding thud.

Teuila couldn't contain her excitement and playfully nudged Archer, a wide smile gracing her face.

At that moment, he couldn't help but think to himself. 'This girl is so adorable.'

As they neared the entrance of the bandit hideout, Archer and Teuila took a moment to scan their surroundings.

However, Archer's instincts sharpened, and he swiftly halted Teuila's progress. Concerned, Teuila looked at him and inquired, "What's wrong?"

Archer met her gaze and calmly explained, "There's a trap set up at the entrance. Let me take care of it."

Stepping forward, he used his claw to dismantle the primary mechanism of the trap, rendering it harmless and removing the danger.

Chapter 140 Pretty Boy.

Ella quickly stepped through the portal, her eyes eagerly scanning the crowd in search of her mother.

After what felt like an eternity, she finally spotted Sheira engaged in conversation with a group of Dragon-kin women.

A surge of happiness washed over her when she noticed her mother's gaze shifting toward her.

Sheira excused herself from the group, a smile illuminating her face. She hurried over to Ella, arms outstretched in a welcoming embrace.

Their embrace filled Ella with warmth and love, sparking a joyous giggle to escape her lips.

"How are you, my darling? Are you enjoying your time away from the castle?" Sheira asked, genuine concern shining in her eyes.

Ella beamed up at her mother, a wide smile spreading across her face. "Yes, Mother. It's been wonderful being with Archer and Teuila."

Curiosity flickered in Sheira's eyes as she inquired further. "And who is Teuila, El?"

Ella's smile grew even brighter as she spoke, her voice filled with fondness. "She's Archer's other fiancée."

Her mother's eyes widened in surprise at the revelation, her voice tinged with shock and disbelief. "Other fiancée?"

Ella smiled and began to explain. "Well, he proposed to both me and Teuila, and then the king officially engaged them both at a party."

Sheira's shock deepened, and she quickly sought clarification. "So, you're engaged to the young master?"

Ella nodded eagerly, her smile unwavering. "Yes, Mother. I am now engaged to Archer."

Her mother's face lit up with joy, and she pulled Ella into another tight embrace. She chuckled at her mother's exuberance.

"I'm so happy for you, my dear. You've finally got what you've always wanted." Sheira exclaimed.

Ella smiled warmly and gently pulled away from her mother's embrace. She spoke with a sense of urgency, "Mother, I need to check on Sarah, but I'll be back soon."

Sheira's eyes widened in surprise. "What? Why is Sarah here?"

Ella nodded, understanding her mother's confusion, and proceeded to explain what had transpired, recounting Archer's actions, which left the older woman shocked.

"El, who is he? He doesn't sound like the same young master you grew up with," Sheira asked, her voice filled with concern.

Ella couldn't help but giggle at her mother's apprehension, but she quickly reassured her, "Mama, he has changed for the better. Before he was gloomy, distant, and angry, but now he's happy, cheerful, and smiles a lot more. Don't get me wrong, he can still be quirky at times, but that's what I love about him."

Her mother's smile widened, her head nodding in approval. She was genuinely delighted that her daughter had finally got the boy she had always longed for.

"I'll join you, El. I want to spend some time with you before you go back to him," Sheira declared, happily accompanying her daughter.

As they walked together towards the cottage, a loud roar echoed above them, catching their attention.

They instinctively looked up and witnessed a magnificent wyvern soaring through the sky, hunting the flying creatures that the Dragon-kin had introduced to the domain a while back.

Sheila shook her head and thought to herself. 'What else can this boy do.'

[Back to Archer]

After successfully disabling the trap, Archer and Teuila cautiously entered the cave. Aware of the narrow confines.

He cast the spell Crown of Stars, causing dim violet lights to radiate and illuminated the area around him.

Teuila, quick on her feet, retrieved two daggers from her storage ring, readying herself for anything. With Archer leading the way, they ventured further into the tunnel.

Just before they began to walk, Teuila noticed the faint violet lights swirling around Archer's head and curiously inquired about them.

"Arch, what are those lights around your head?" She asked.

He turned towards her, his gaze meeting hers. "It's a spell I bought during our visit to Vassia."

The mention of the spells reminded him of the ones he had purchased for Teuila and Ella. "By the way, I have some spells for both you and El when we're on the road." He told her.

Teuila nodded, acknowledging his words. As they proceeded along the cave path, Archer activated his Aura Detector, causing a barrage of signals to flood in.

The influx of pings caused a slight headache, but Archer pushed through and ignored the discomfort. The limited space compelled him to dismiss his Draconic form.

He cast Cosmic Sword and got two Roman gladius short swords to fight with, he smiled as they came to the first turn.

As they drew closer, Sera unexpectedly burst forth from her hiding place, spreading her wings and gracefully soaring around the corner.

Archer and Teuila watched in astonishment as the little dragon darted through the air. Teuila's voice filled with concern, and she quickly spoke to Archer. "What is she up to, Arch?"

Worry etched across his face, Archer was uncertain of Sera's intentions so he shrugged.

Concerned for his little dragon, he was about to rush around the corner when a series of soft chirps reached their ears, growing louder as Sera approached.

Sera landed in front of them, a cheerful smile lighting up her tiny face. Using her tail, she drew ten lines in the dirt.

Archer glanced at the markings, then back at Sera, and inquired, "Are there ten bandits around that corner?"

Sera nodded vigorously, she then flew up to perch on his shoulder. With a playful lick on his cheek, bringing a smile to his face.

As he caressed Sera, Teuila also reached out to stroke her, but Sera only showed affection to Archer. She quickly curled up on his shoulder, securing herself to him with her tail.

Observing this scene, Teuila wondered to herself, 'This little girl is utterly smitten with him. I wonder if she has a human form like him.'

Undeterred, they pressed forward, cautiously poking their heads around the corner. Before them, in a large chamber cluttered with crates, stood the group of ten bandits.

Archer eavesdropped on the conversation of the bandits, focusing on a tall, bald man who seemed to be the leader.

"The team we sent south hasn't returned yet," the bald bandit informed the others. "We'll give them a few more days, and if they don't show up, we'll send a group to search for them."

The bandit scanned the crates, then continued speaking.

"We made a good haul the other day during the raid on that trader's caravan." He boasted. "It's a shame the women put up a fight and ended up dying. But enough about that. The boss wants this cave cleared out before we head to Mediterra."

Upon hearing the agreement from the nine men, they promptly sprang into action, busying themselves with tasks in the chamber.

Watching their movements, Archer's mind began to churn with thoughts and plans. He turned to Teuila, a grin etched on his face, and instructed, "Stay here and keep watch."

With determination in his stride, Archer stood up and made his way toward the chamber, the Crown of Stars continuing to circle his head.

As he walked, the vibrant violet lights emitted by the spell brightened, casting a glow that could be seen emanating from the tunnel.

The sudden illumination startled the ten bandits within the chamber, momentarily freezing them in surprise.

Meanwhile, as Archer made his way, he found himself attending to Sera, who was affectionately nibbling on his ear.

He gently stroked her, eliciting a purr of contentment from the little dragon.

Finally, Archer entered the chamber, much to the astonishment of the bandits, who paused what they were doing.

Their leader spoke to Archer, "What are you doing here, pretty boy?"

Archer gazed at them with a confident smile, his intentions clear. With a wave of his hand, he unleashed several Earth bolts, propelling them toward the bandits.

Though a few managed to evade the attack, the majority were struck, their heads pierced by the projectiles.

Lifeless bodies littered the floor, while the remaining four bandits, filled with shock, quickly retaliated.

Unfazed by their charge, Archer's Crown of Stars activated, and four vibrant violet motes shot forth, targeting the unsuspecting assailants.

The motes seared through their armor and flesh, leaving no chance for survival. The remaining bandits fell lifelessly to the ground.

Teuila emerged from the tunnel, her eyes filled with astonishment as she surveyed the scene before her. "Arch, this is incredible. I've never seen a spell so aware and deadly."

A smile graced Archer's lips as he responded, "Yes, it's a powerful spell. I'm glad I chose it."

He looted the hearts and valuables from the fallen bandits, as Teuila approached him with a smile.

"Impressive. You didn't even have to engage in direct combat. I wonder if it would work against stronger opponents."

Scratching his head, Archer pondered her question. "Most likely not. Stronger foes would be able to dodge or block the spell."

They started searching the chamber and Archer decided when they rest for the night he will eat the hearts and check his status.