

A Journey 251

Chapter 251 I Will Return The Favor (Semi R18)

Archer and the three girls were engaged in conversation when Nefertiti stood up and went to prepare herself.

She spoke to him as she walked into the domain after saying, "I'm going to take a bath and get ready for classes, husband."

The remaining three began discussing their plans to hunt down the last bandit group and the slave camp before heading to Larissa.

As they conversed, the trio continued their discussion until Ella's voice rang out, announcing that breakfast was ready.

Without delay, they got up from their seats and moved to the table, taking their places and relishing the spread of food before them.

The air was filled with the enticing aroma of freshly cooked dishes, ranging from golden pancakes adorned with berries and whipped cream to sizzling bacon and eggs that sputtered in the pan.

The plates were overflowing with crispy hash browns, fluffy omelets, and even exotic fruits that seemed to glow with otherworldly hues.

Archer's eyes widened as he took in the impressive spread before him, his stomach rumbling in eager anticipation.

While he had grown accustomed to the meals during his travels, this assortment of dishes was truly a feast for the eyes.

Ella and Hemera moved gracefully around the table, their movements a dance of culinary artistry as they placed platter after platter of delectable food before their friends.

The half-elf's smile was radiant, her eyes sparkling with pride at the spread she and Hemera had prepared.

Nefertiti appeared from the domain and joined the group after finishing getting ready, taking her place beside Sera and Hemera.

"Dig in, everyone!" Ella exclaimed with a flourish, her voice a symphony of joy and excitement.

Archer needed no further encouragement. With a grin that mirrored the half-elf's enthusiasm, he picked up his knife and fork, eager to indulge in the fantasy breakfast before him.

He sliced through the fluffy pancake, its edges crisped to perfection, and generously piled on a spoonful of whipped cream and a medley of berries.

The flavors burst in his mouth like a harmonious melody, each bite a delicious note in the composition of the meal.

Beside him, Sera and Teuila joined in the feast, their expressions reflecting his delight.

They sampled the array of dishes, their conversation light and filled with laughter as they exchanged thoughts on the various flavors and textures.

As he savored a bite of perfectly cooked bacon, his taste buds were treated to a blend of smoky richness that melted in his mouth.

The eggs were flawlessly cooked, boasting a creamy texture with yolks resembling liquid gold as they cascaded onto his plate.

The hash browns had achieved a delightful level of crispiness, while the assortment of exotic fruits offered a rejuvenating explosion of sweetness.

Between bites, Archer stole glances at Ella and Hemera, their faces animated as they watched everyone enjoy the fruits of their labor.

The camaraderie and warmth in the air were palpable, a testament to the bonds they had forged on their journey.

As the meal continued, the table transformed into a canvas of culinary creativity, each dish a masterpiece showcasing Ella and Hemera's skill and imagination.

Immersed at the moment, Archer felt a sense of bliss wash over him, his heart lifted, and overwhelming happiness filled him as he indulged in the feast before him.

After some time of eating and chatting, Nefertiti left not before giving Archer a kiss as he cast a Gate to her academy.

She walked through the portal, and Ella spoke, "Arch, I'm going to help Hemera sort out the library and then join you on the road."

He nodded, conveying his affection with kisses for both of them. Then, he placed his plate in the sink, while the twins greeted the group and started cleaning up.

After exchanging greetings with everyone, Ella and Hemera opened a portal and stepped through but as they walked off Archer was watching their asses with a perverted smile.

Ella's was perky, and Hemera had a curvaceous posterior that jiggled as she walked; the two of them noticed his gaze, but they soon disappeared from view as they entered the domain.

After watching the two Thalia and Xanthe approached him with a smile, executing a graceful bow while the other sister just nodded her head.

Her voice carried a courteous tone as she addressed him, saying, "Good morning, Master. Mistress Ella has requested our assistance once we've completed the tidying."

He nodded at the blonde maid and told the group he was going to take a bath and relax before getting back on the road.

After speaking he entered the bath chambers that came with the tent, it was as big as the one in the treehouse but it would do the job.

Sera saw this and the mischievous little dragon went to follow him, clearly intending to take advantage of the situation.

However, Teuila intervened before the eager dragon could execute her sneaky plan, her voice cutting through the air. "You can have your sex later, girl. Right now, he needs to hit the road and not indulge in such activities."

Sera shifted her gaze toward Teuila, her eyes narrowing in response. They both heard Archer's laughter as he entered the bathroom.

Before anyone could react, Sera abruptly disappeared into thin air, leaving Teuila and the two maids utterly astonished, their gazes darting around in disbelief.

The small dragon showed up in Archer's arms. She glanced around. When he set her down, she looked up at him and saw him grinning.

She gracefully descended to her knees, Sera pulled down his pants, and with a not-so-subtle yet electrifying touch, she awakened his desire as Sera enveloped him with her mouth.

After she sucked him they got in the bath and started making love with her on top, as they got into it the girls outside started to hear Sera's pleasure-filled moans.

She rolled her eyes and muttered under her breath, "Horny dragons."

Thalia let out a playful giggle while Xanthe made an effort to drown out the cacophony. After an hour of impassioned cries, Archer emerged, cradling an unconscious Sera in his arms.

Teuila stood ready, sharpening her sword, and her amusement grew when she caught sight of the petite dragon.

Archer carefully entered the domain and put Sera in her bedroom, ensuring she was comfortable and safe.

As he returned, he offered a smile to Teuila, who stood there with narrowed eyes, her voice carrying her inquiry, "Why do you go so rough on us?"

Taken aback by her question, he displayed a cheeky smile and responded, "You girls seem to enjoy it. Are you ready to leave?"

Teuila giggled at his retort and nodded in agreement. Archer then turned to the twins and instructed them to take care of Sera as he opened a portal for them.

After that Archer cast Gate and the two of them walked through and entered the forest, Teuila started walking in front of him.

But he didn't only want Sera. He also longed for his brave warrior. He walked up to her and held onto her hips tightly.

He felt her bubble butt against his little brother and it drove him mad, Teuila started moving her hips causing her to rub up against him.

She turned her head towards him, a grin gracing her lips as she perceived the hunger in his gaze. "What's your desire now, you lustful dragon? Have you not had enough?"

Archer leaned in and whispered into her ear as his hand sneaked under her armor and found her pussy, he moved her panties to the side as he spoke. "I want your mouth."

He began to caress her softly, while his other hand deftly slipped beneath her chest armor, playing with her brown nipples.

Teuila grabbed a hold of him as she let out a seductive moan. "Mmmmhggn!~~"

But she soon nodded, Archer stopped playing with her as she turned around and dropped to her knees.

She pulled down his white pants and his little brother popped out, she took hold of it and started stroking it.

Once it was raging she started licking the tip causing him to shiver then slowly take it in her mouth.

Teuila slowly started sucking him as he put a hand on her head as she got faster, her head was bobbing backward and forward causing him to groan.

"Ughhhnn!~~"

After sucking him off for a while she felt him go stiff as he grabbed her head and pushed his member down her throat.

He groaned as he released his seed down her throat causing her to gag but she swallowed nonetheless.

Archer gazed at his ocean princess, his face lit up with joy, and he said, "That felt really nice, Teuila. I'll make sure to do something nice for you too."

After she finished, she nodded and smiled, then got up. She walked to a tree nearby, bent over, and stuck out her ass as if waiting for him.

Chapter 252 Perfect Harmony (R18)

Archer made his way over to the bent-over princess whose ass was poking out. When he got closer she lifted the back of her kaftan up to show him what he wanted.

He noticed this but didn't stop as he quickened his pace until he was standing right behind her.

She was wearing a pair of pink panties which he slipped to the side as he bent down and started licking her.

When Teuila felt his tongue she let out a moan.

"Mmmnhgn!~~"

Archer kept licking her enjoying the sweet and sour taste of her love juice. He drank every single bit he could.

His tongue slipped into her tight hole causing her to let out animalistic moans full of pleasure.

"Ahhh!~~ Mmmnhph!~~"

He licked her until her legs started shaking so he stood up behind her as he held onto her waist and rubbed his member against her soaking wet pussy and easily slipped it in.

All he felt was a tight, warm, and wet sensation, a feeling that made Archer feel as if he had entered paradise.

Teuila let out a loud moan as she felt him stretching her open and touching all the right spots.

"Mmmmmghhh!~~"

Archer started fucking her as he grabbed a hold of her ass and started thrusting harder. The two of them started going at it like rabbits.

He ordered the Stone Men that was still there to guard the area as he pulled out of her and brought her to the ground.

Teuila's eyes were rolling but she grabbed a hold of him and wanted more, she opened her legs.

With her legs wide open he lost his shit and climbed on top of her and slowly entered her again causing her to clamp down on him while letting out a moan.

"Aghhnnn!~~"

Her nails left claw marks down his back as he made love to her, Archer started kissing her as he sped up.

Afterward, he released his seed deep within her, eliciting a resounding moan from her lips.

"Mmmghnnn!~~"

Archer's breath came in heavy pants as he leaned down, recapturing her lips in a passionate kiss.

Their mouths melded together briefly before he withdrew and cast Cleanse on both of them.

As he straightened up, he extended his hand toward Teuila, who accepted it, allowing him to raise her from the ground.

This time, their lips met again in another kiss, their faces illuminated by happiness. After parting, Teuila's bright smile showed her contentment.

She quickly fixed her appearance and got a waterskin from her storage ring, having a refreshing drink before talking to him.

"That wasn't too rough, Arch. It was quite enjoyable," Teuila remarked, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand.

Archer nodded, causing the Stone Men to fade into the earth. Uttering a soft whisper.

"Draconis," his draconic features appeared in an instant. He approached Teuila and effortlessly scooped her up in a princess carry before taking off into the air.

As they soared, he had two remaining tasks to attend to before their journey to Larissa.

Keeping his Aura Detector active, he scanned the forest below until a lot of pings emerged, concentrated to the west.

He soared toward their destination, eventually encountering yet another encampment.

Gracefully landing on a large tree that provided a good view of the camp, he gently set Teuila down.

Together, they observed the bandits. Teuila unsheathed her sword and inquired, "Arch, do you know their numbers?"

He didn't answer straight away as he just watched the humans walking around, that's when he replied. "There are close to three hundred humans here."

Teuila nodded and the two went over a plan, which was: just butcher them until there isn't any left to fight.

Archer nodded and jumped off the branch followed by Teuila, as he fell he quickly cast Elemental Bolts made from thunder.

He launched them toward the unsuspecting bandits. They soared with booming sounds, crashing into the enemies.

Bandits were sent flying in all directions, and that was when Teuila dropped from the sky and impaled one man, and threw his body at the incoming group.

Dropping from the sky, Archer lunged forward, his wings propelling him as his claws sliced through the air with deadly precision, leaving streaks of darkness in their wake.

The remaining bandits surged forward, their weapons raised, but they were met with a whirlwind of devastation.

Archer's movements were a blend of power and finesse, each strike finding its mark with unerring accuracy.

His claws tore through leather and flesh alike, leaving a trail of fallen foes in his wake. Teuila danced at his side, her sword a symphony of Celestium as she weaved through the chaos.

Her strikes were swift and deliberate, the blade an extension of her very being. With every swing, bandits fell, their attempts at resistance crushed beneath her relentless assault.

She deflected incoming strikes with a masterful grace, her movements a mesmerizing dance of life and death.

The couple moved in perfect harmony, their movements complementing each other flawlessly.

As he swept low to dispatch an opponent, Teuila parried a blow aimed at his flank, her blade intercepting the attack with a resounding clash.

Without missing a beat, he vaulted over a fallen tree trunk, his claws ripping through the air to sever an attacker's weapon hand.

Amidst the chaos, their teamwork was a symphony of destruction as the two of them enjoyed themselves.

Teuila's sword and Archer's claws intertwined seamlessly, each strike creating an opening for the other.

They anticipated each other's movements, their actions guided by an unspoken understanding that bordered on the supernatural.

Soon, the bandits' resistance crumbled before the onslaught of this deadly duo. The forest echoed with the cries of defeat as bodies fell, and the clearing was bathed in the glow of twilight.

He quickly tested out Void Rift and cast it. The air crackled with dark energy as the rift expanded, its ominous pull drawing the bandits toward it.

One by one, they were yanked off their feet, their desperate cries echoing through the air. They clawed at the ground, but the inexorable force of the void dragged them closer.

Teuila watched with a mixture of awe and dread, her sword held at the ready. As the last bandit was about to be consumed, Archer released his hold on the void rift.

It collapsed with a thunderous implosion, leaving nothing behind but an eerie silence.

Archer and Teuila stood among the fallen, catching their breaths, feeling a strong sense of victory around them.

They exchanged a fleeting yet triumphant smile. Their seamless teamwork had rendered the battle incredibly one-sided, showcasing their exceptional skills.

In the wake of the carnage, they stood together, taking a moment to catch their breaths. Archer cast Stone Wardens, summoning the smaller Stone Men once more.

He directed them to gather the spoils of the battle, the hearts, and the treasures. While they were doing that he used Mana Manipulation to create a chair and sat down to wait.

Teuila glided towards Archer with fluid grace, finding her place on his lap with a dancer's elegance.

A tender smile curved her lips as she spoke in hushed tones. "Together, we are an unstoppable force, Arch."

Affirmation gleamed in Archer's eyes as he nodded, granting himself a fleeting moment of respite, his head finding a temporary rest against hers. Teuila mirrored his action.

However, their peaceful moment was suddenly disrupted when Archer's Aura Detector began to pulse urgently, indicating the approach of many signals.

Reacting without a hint of hesitation, he invoked the Stone Warden spell in rapid succession, shaping the very earth into vigilant sentinels.

In response, towering Stone Men appeared, encircling Archer just as a horde of Orcs surged forth from the surrounding forest.

The Orcs collided with the formidable ranks of Stone Men, their bodies crumbling under the onslaught of stone fists that tore through their ranks.

Amidst the tumultuous clash of unyielding stone and resounding Orc cries, the monstrous beasts were hurled in all directions, their lifeless forms scattering like fallen leaves in the wind.

The relentless onslaught of the beasts continued, leaving in its wake a grim trail of death and destruction, with bandit's bodies strewn about.

As the battle neared its conclusion, the smaller creatures, undaunted by the chaos, returned, carrying hearts and chests.

Archer's keen eyes took note of their bounty - at least two hundred human hearts and a dozen chests.

He stored the plundered items and directed the small Stone Men to collect the Orc hearts. Meanwhile, he commenced consuming the hearts himself.

Teuila watched him, her expression clouded by a somber look.

Under the morning sun's warm embrace, he shifted his gaze towards her and asked, "What's with that expression?"

Tilting her head, curiosity lacing her voice, she questioned, "Why persist in eating them? Is their value that significant?"

Before he could respond, Archer scanned her.

[Name: Teuila Aquaria]

[Race: Aquarian]

[Age: 17]

[Rank: Adept]

[Exp: 2680/6000]

[Level: 54]

He was clearly surprised as he looked at her new status, noticing the extra information that suggested his skill must have leveled up recently.

Chapter 253 Azur Cannon

Shaking his head as he dismissed her status, Archer answered, "Well, I gain a Status Point every time I eat one. So it's worth it for a while longer."

Teuila nodded in understanding. A while later, the small Stone Men returned with three hundred Orc hearts and treasure.

Archer stowed them away and dismissed all the Stone Men. The two of them continued their journey as he picked her up and started flying.

In their search for the slave camp in Thalassa Grove further north, they heard Ella's voice while flying.

"Arch, we are ready to join you," she said as he began to descend.

Curious, Teuila wondered what was happening, but Archer explained, "Ella and Hemera are ready to join us."

As they landed, a portal to the domain opened, and the two of them joined the group, greeting him with smiles and kisses.

Ella looked at Archer as he ate a heart, raising an eyebrow she asked, "Why are you eating hearts?"

He explained his reasons as he finished. Another portal opened, and Sera leaped out, landing on him.

She playfully attacked his ear, mumbling, "You're supposed to be my husband, not my bully."

Archer laughed, grabbing her ass and giving it a playful squeeze, causing her to stop her attack.

Sera grinned mischievously at him and planted a kiss on his lips. After their affectionate moment, he gently set her down, and they began walking with the group.

The girls, minus Nefertiti, chatted among themselves while Archer continued consuming the hearts.

After a few hours, he finished them all and began feeling unwell. His pace slowed, prompting the girls to look at him.

Sera giggled and chimed in, "You brought this upon yourself, Arch. You're too greedy."

Archer smiled at her comment but soon quickened his pace as his belly ache calmed down.

As they ventured through the forest, they eventually encountered a road. Walking alongside it, he took a moment to check his status.

'Status.'

pandasnovel.com [Experience: 3200/20000]

[Level Up: 301>310]

[Sp: 0>548]

[Hp: 7200>7500]

[Mana: 33750>35000]

[Strength: 6050>6200]

[Constitution: 5820>6000]

[Stamina: 6100>6200]

[Stone Wardens: 3>4]

[Mana Manipulation: 1>2]

[Void Rift: 0>1]

[Soul Sunder: 0>1]

[Analyze: 1>2]

With a sense of satisfaction from his substantial level increase, Archer decided to allocate his abundance of Status Points to further enhance his attributes.

Calculating that he had gained 170,000 experience from dispatching the humans and having the Stone Men eliminate the Orcs, Archer chose to allocate his points strategically.

He invested 100 points into Hp, Mana, Strength, and Intelligence. Additionally, he put 50 points to Constitution and Stamina.

Lastly, he assigned 48 points to Charisma, with the upgrades complete, Archer reviewed his updated status.

[Hp: 7500>8500]

[Mana: 35000>38000]

[Strength: 6200>7200]

[Constitution: 6000>6500]

[Stamina: 6200>6700]

[Charisma: 5370>5850]

[Intelligence: 5760>6760]

Archer was pleased with his recent upgrades, noting the subtle shifts in his body.

Stretching his arms, he cast Anti-Magic and maintained its constant activation. Lost in his own thoughts, Hemera ceased her conversation with the other girls and approached him.

Glancing down at her, Archer met her gaze and explained, "I call it Anti-Magic. It prevents any spells from affecting me."

Hemera's eyes widened in amazement, a realization dawning upon her that he possessed the ability to create his own spells.

While not an impossibility, such a feat required a combination of various factors and a stroke of good fortune.

Shaking her head slightly, she followed up with another question, "So you can craft your own spells?" "I think you should take a look at

He nodded, a smile gracing his lips, and shared his secret, "Whenever I attain a new rank, I can devise a new spell."

Her smile grew wider, excitement coursing through her. "Could I assist you in creating a spell the next time you have the opportunity?"

"Absolutely, you can. In fact, I could create one right now. When we return to the treehouse, you can help me brainstorm one," he offered, his gaze fixed on the enthusiastic elf.

Hemera readily agreed, a swift nod emphasizing her eagerness. At that moment, his Aura Detector alerted him to incoming signals.

Archer promptly alerted the three other girls, and their reactions were swift. Ella swiftly drew her bow, Teuila readied her sword, and Sera summoned her claws and wings in readiness.

Ratlings burst forth from the forest, flooding the road. Archer assumed a battle-ready stance and promptly cast Plasma Missiles.

The spell crashed into the swarm, sending several creatures hurtling through the air.

Undeterred, he followed up by casting Flashpoint, directing the fiery onslaught towards the Rat Ogres that emerged from the rear.

Bright, blazing bolts shot out from his hand, resembling homing missiles as they zipped through the air with purpose.

They shot at the creatures and pierced through their heads putting an end to the Rat Ogres.

Hemera was casting Sun Bolts and Fire Storm guarding the rear of the group, she had a small smile on her face as her spells rained down hell on their enemies.

Archer spotted Teuila keeping the creatures away from Ella while Sera jumped around while laughing as she slashed at the Ratlings.

The forest erupted into a symphony of chaos as the swarm of Ratlings descended upon the group.

Archer decided to stand at the edge of the fray, his eyes focused on the battlefield, confident in the abilities of his girls.

He knew that he didn't have to intervene – they were a formidable team, each girl contributing their unique skills to the fight.

Ella stepped forward, her bow held steady as she notched an explosive arrow.

With a big smile, she released the arrow, and it streaked through the air, leaving behind a trail of fiery brilliance.

The arrow found its mark amidst the Ratlings, detonating with a resounding blast that sent Ratlings flying in all directions.

Beside Ella, Teuila moved with an almost ethereal grace. Her sword danced through the air, intercepting incoming attacks and striking down Ratlings with precision.

Her perfect sword skills were a marvel to behold, her movements fluid and graceful as she wove a tapestry of defense around Ella.

The clash of Celestium against fang and claw created a mesmerizing rhythm, a testament to Teuila's unwavering mastery.

Meanwhile, Sera's hyperactive energy was a force of nature in itself. She bounded and leaped, her wings creating gusts of wind that disoriented the Ratlings.

Her claws sliced through the air, each strike accompanied by a chorus of screeches as Ratlings met their demise.

Her movements were unpredictable, her attacks a blur of motion that left chaos in her wake.

Hemera, ever attuned to the power of the sun, stood at the center of the battlefield. Her hands moved in intricate patterns, weaving threads of radiant energy that burst forth as beams of searing light.

The Ratlings that came too close were engulfed in brilliant flames, their chattering cries drowned out by the intensity of Hemera's sun magic.

Her presence was a beacon of hope, a guiding light that bolstered the group's morale.

As the battle raged on, Archer watched with a mixture of awe and pride. As his Fiances fought with a unity that transcended words.

Their movements coordinated and their actions harmonized. They were a symphony of destruction, each one playing their part to perfection.

However, Archer's keen eyes swiftly locked onto the robed figures positioned at the rear of the battle, their sinister intentions evident as they chanted incantations aimed at Teuila.

Their peculiar staffs were directed towards her, even as she valiantly defended Hemera and Ella from the relentless onslaught of creatures.

The arcane spells they conjured traversed the battlefield, hurtling inexorably toward the unsuspecting princess. In a surge of protective anger, Archer cast Blink, catapulting himself in front of Teuila.

The spell struck him with force, sending him skidding backward, yet it abruptly dissipated into thin air as Archer retaliated with a spell of his own.

His hand was pointed at the robed figures. 'Azur Cannon.'

Mana surged from his outstretched hand, coalescing into a swirling vortex of vibrant violet light.

This vortex expanded at a breakneck pace, casting an iridescent glow that bathed the entire battlefield in its brilliance.

The Ratling Warlocks, taken aback, frantically raised their gnarled staffs in a futile bid to shield themselves from the impending spell.

Their efforts proved fruitless as the Azur Cannon surged forth, a relentless torrent of raw magical might that tore through the air with a deafening roar.

The impact was nothing short of cataclysmic. The Azur Cannon's relentless power slammed into the Ratling Warlocks, enveloping them in an all-consuming maelstrom of energy.

Their agonized screams were swallowed by the torrent of magic, and in an instant, the once-threatening figures were utterly eradicated.

As the vibrant violet light gradually faded, the clearing regained an eerie calmness, the malevolent presence of the Ratling Warlocks utterly banished by the sheer potency of Archer's attack.

Staring in wide-eyed astonishment, the group of girls was a mixture of shock and awe, their expressions a testament to their admiration for his formidable abilities.

Yet, his actions didn't end there. He cast Stone Wardens, summoning hundreds of them to unleash havoc upon any remaining Ratlings.

The stronger Stone Men displayed increased strength and speed, moving swiftly across the battlefield and mercilessly defeating any enemies that crossed their way.

In the midst of the chaotic scene, Archer's spellcasting remained unwavering. He kept using Flashpoint to set the battlefield ablaze, engulfing numerous creatures in flames.

Chapter 254 Tomorrow

Archer halted his spellcasting as violet flames blazed across the battlefield. The girls approached him and positioned themselves behind his back.

Shaking his head, he conjured Frost Nova, swiftly extinguishing the flames. With this done, he spun around to face the girls, startling them.

Observing their reactions, Archer burst into laughter. Ella stepped closer, playfully pinching his side. "Why are you laughing, mister? Do you find amusement in startling us girls?" she quipped.

Archer's laughter continued, prompting the half-elf to roll her eyes before resuming, "We could have managed them on our own."

pandasnovel.com With a nod, he leaned forward, planting a quick peck on Ella's cheek.

Blinking at each of the other girls, he repeated the gesture, leaving them with pleased smiles. Having concluded these lighthearted interactions, they pressed forward.

Archer's eagerness to swiftly dispatch the slavers guided his steps toward Larissa.

Opting for his dragon form to conclude the final quest, he briefed the girls on his plan before uttering, "Draco."

Radiant light emanated from him as he transformed into his dragon form, extending to a length of 15 meters and a height of 10 meters.

As his transformation unfolded, his tail inadvertently uprooted trees, prompting laughter from the girls. Lowering his body, he provided them a platform from which to leap onto his back.

Sera followed suit, adopting her own dragon form—a red dragon measuring 5 meters in length and 5 meters in height.

Taking to the skies, she began circling above. Archer spread his enormous wings and ascended into the sky.

While airborne, he activated the Aura Detector, heightening his vigilance.

After flying for an hour, Archer spotted a dark cluster in the distance. Adjusting his course, he aimed for it.

Sera took the lead, soaring ahead. Upon her arrival, Archer witnessed her engaging in combat.

Approaching the scene, Archer descended abruptly, causing the ground to tremble upon landing.

Before him lay a scene of chaos, with burning shacks and frantic slavers scrambling in disarray.

The bandits' movements ceased as a colossal white dragon landed in their midst, sowing panic.

Amid the turmoil, Archer's attention was drawn to a cage containing a group of human men, destined for forced labor under the buyers' dominion.

With a swift, fluid motion, Archer's tail struck the stunned slavers. Upon contact, they disintegrated into mist, vanishing instantly.

Witnessing the results, excitement surged within Archer, and he launched into an attack against the remaining bandits.

The girls excitedly dismounted from Archer's back, launching a fierce assault against the camp's occupants.

Locking his gaze onto a large group of slavers converging towards them, he inhaled deeply.

His chest expanded as he harnessed the primal forces of ice and frost coursing through his veins.

Mana surged from his core, coalescing into a formidable energy. In an instant, his mouth parted, and a resounding roar echoed across the battlefield.

A torrent of frosty air erupted from his mouth, manifesting into a sweeping wave of chilling brilliance.

The air itself seemed to crystallize as it billowed forth, a relentless force of nature unleashed upon the unsuspecting adversaries.

Caught off guard, they stumbled and faltered as the icy blast engulfed them.

Their movements slowed, their breaths visible in the frosty haze, panic etched across their faces.

The biting cold numbed their limbs, transforming their once confident strides into desperate struggles against the encroaching frost.

The wave of freezing energy advanced with unstoppable momentum, reaching out like the icy fingers of winter to claim its victims.

Slavers within its path were ensnared by the relentless chill, their movements sluggish as frost coated their armor and weapons.

Seeing his attack, the girls were shocked and excited; a certain little dragon started to feel restless.

Ella shook her head with a smile as she watched him. Archer's eyes blazed with intensity, his focus unwavering as he guided the coursing ice breath.

The icy blast covered the slavers in freezing layers, trapping them in ice. They struggled to escape, but the frost held them tight, wrapping them in its cold grip.

In a matter of moments, the battlefield chaos transformed into a frozen tableau, the captured slavers held within a prison of ice.

Tension hung thick in the air as Archer's potent magic clashed with the helpless state of the frozen slavers. I think you should take a look at

As the last vestiges of the ice breath dissipated, silence settled over the battlefield. The slavers stood immobilized, their expressions frozen in a mixture of shock and fear.

Archer stood over them, a sinister smile playing across his massive face—an unsettling sight for a massive dragon.

Witnessing this, a sense of foreboding rippled through the humans. They could sense that something ominous was about to unfold.

Filled with excitement, he began crushing the trapped slavers, their agonizing screams reverberating throughout the grove.

The chilling sound echoed far and wide, prompting all beings and creatures in the vicinity to instinctively steer clear.

Having dealt with the slavers, Archer reverted to his humanoid form. Surveying his handiwork, he nodded, a contented smile gracing his features.

Archer turned towards the girls and said, "Let's continue. We will free the slaves and head to Larissa."

With a nod, the girls proceeded to release the captives, while Archer settled onto a tree stump and quenched his thirst.

Once the prisoners were liberated, the group resumed their journey northward. They traveled for hours until the sun started to set.

Archer and the girls continued their journey along the winding road, their footsteps harmonizing with the gentle rustle of leaves and the distant murmur of the sea.

The air was tinged with a soothing saltiness, a reminder of the vast expanse of water that lay beyond the horizon.

As they walked, the sun's warm golden glow began its gradual descent, painting the sky with a cascade of colors.

Hemera, who had a keen eye for beauty, was the first to notice the transformation above them.

"Look," she said softly, her voice filled with a mixture of awe and reverence. "The sun is setting."

Archer and the girls came to a sudden stop, all turning their gaze westward.

The sky resembled a stunning painting, its colors shifting seamlessly from deep blue overhead to fiery oranges and purples near the horizon.

Tiny specks of pink and gold adorned the clouds, resembling delicate strokes from a heavenly artist's brush. The mesmerizing display extended as far as their eyes could reach.

He shook his head and opened a portal to the domain. He gestured for the girls to go ahead, allowing them to enter first before he followed behind.

All of them were exhausted, including Nefertiti, who had been waiting for him in the domain. She rushed towards him and embraced him warmly.

A smile tugged at Archer's lips as he felt her embrace, savoring the sensation of her body against his. He greeted her affectionately, "It's good to see you again, my succubus."

At his words, she playfully nipped at his neck, sending a shiver down his spine. Amused and slightly aroused, Archer responded by hoisting the pink princess onto his shoulder.

Archer had taken each girl except for Hemera. He approached her from behind, his voice a soft whisper in her ear.

"My Sun, your turn will come tomorrow. I intend to claim you as my own, to ensure you can never escape me."

Hemera's body tingled at his whispered promise, and she felt a rush of heat between her legs.

She didn't manage to voice a reply before Archer playfully nipped at her earlobe, coaxing a sweet moan from her lips. "Mmmmghnn!~~"

Archer's grin widened, and with a practiced spell, he opened a gate that led to their lair. Stepping through, he emerged in a room with the four girls.

The hours continued to pass as Archer concluded the intense encounter. All of them lay in a state of deep slumber.

Teuila was curled up, softly snoring, Ella rested on her knees with her ass raised in the air and Sera reclined against his thigh.

Nefertiti cocooned herself in the sheets, sleeping soundly. Archer watched all the girls with a smile.

But when he saw Ella's ass and couldn't hold it in, he moved Sera's head and got behind her as he buried his member deep in her again.

His actions caused her to moan out loud as she felt him fucking her again, Ella started moaning into the mattress to not wake up the other girls.

Soon after he released his seed deep inside her for the sixth time and she couldn't stay awake and fell asleep again.

Archer still wanted to have sex so he grabbed a hold of Teuila causing her to wake up, she looked at him with a smile before he ravaged her to the point she couldn't take it.

After dealing with his ocean princess he took each girl to their rooms and placed them in bed to sleep better.

Once he was done with that he made his way to the balcony and sat down to watch the stars.

Chapter 255 Princess Hecate

Archer sat on the balcony and looked into the sky. The celestial dance above seemed to mirror the rhythm of his own thoughts, a symphony of quiet contemplation.

As time passed, the weight of his eyelids grew heavier. The soothing symphony of the night lulled him into a sense of calm.

His gaze never left the stars, but his mind began to wander, weaving dreams in the tapestry of the night sky.

Unbeknownst to Archer, his tiredness finally caught up with him. His eyelids fluttered closed, and his breathing grew steady and rhythmic.

The balcony became a haven of peaceful slumber, as Archer drifted off into a world of dreams.

Morning arrived with a chorus of birdsong. The first rays of dawn painted the sky with hues of gold and pink.

As the sun's warmth gradually enveloped the world, Archer stirred from his sleep. He blinked his eyes open, momentarily disoriented by the change in surroundings.

The soft twittering of birds greeted his ears, their melodies interweaving with the gentle rustle of leaves in the morning breeze.

Rubbing the sleep from his eyes, Archer yawned and stretched, feeling the stiffness in his muscles dissipate.

He took a deep breath, savoring the crisp, invigorating air. The events of the previous night and the peacefulness of his balcony retreat flooded back into his consciousness.

Archer entered the treehouse and found Hemera seated at the table, engrossed in her meal. She looked up, her lips curling into a warm smile as she gestured for him to join her.

He walked over and settled into a chair beside her, a plate gently pushed in his direction. Upon it lay bread and cheese, a simple yet satisfying offering.

With a casual shrug, Archer began to eat, savoring the flavors that graced his palate. As he indulged in the meal, his attention shifted to the sun-elf beside him. "Is this Solarian cuisine?" he inquired.

Hemera nodded in affirmation, her eyes gleaming with enthusiasm. "Indeed, it's a dish enjoyed by all. I became acquainted with it when I met Nefertiti's mother."

Archer's smile widened, a sense of shared connection forming over the table. With the last bite, he concluded the meal, rising from his seat.

Turning to Hemera, he voiced his intent. "Would you care to join me on the road? We should be reaching Larissa soon."

She nodded and stood up as he opened a Gate to the road they had been on the previous night. They resumed walking.

However, they soon noticed that the road lay empty, shrouded in a thick fog that sent a shiver down Archer's spine.

Quickly, Hemera offered an explanation. "This is common in Mediterra, originating from the inland sea to the west."

He nodded, and they pressed forward, Archer maintaining his Aura Detector and Anti-Magic, yet detecting nothing.

As they walked, the surroundings underwent a gradual transformation. The fog began to thin, revealing fleeting glimpses of the scenery beyond.

In time, a distant town emerged on the horizon, its rooftops and spires piercing through the dissipating mist.

Archer turned to Hemera, a playful glimmer in his eyes. "We're nearing a town. Would you prefer to continue on foot, or do you have a preference for taking to the skies?"

Hemera's eyes sparkled, a mixture of amusement and excitement dancing within them. "Flying sounds like a delightful change of pace. Let's take to the skies."

He whispered to himself, "Draconis."

His draconic features manifested in an instant, and he effortlessly scooped Hemera into a princess carry before launching into the air.

Archer soared above the town, his immense wings casting an imposing shadow that startled some of the onlookers below.

For an hour, they soared through the open skies, Larissa's looming presence growing ever closer on the distant horizon.

With a powerful flap of his wings, Archer surged forward at a thrilling speed, prompting Hemera to emit an exhilarated scream as they rapidly approached the city.

Descending swiftly, Archer dismissed his draconic form and gently set Hemera down. They resumed their journey along the road until they reached the city gate.

A vigilant guard spotted them and hastened to a nearby room. Moments later, an older elf emerged and approached the couple.

However, before he could reach them, Sera and Teuila materialized seemingly out of thin air, their voices filled with playful reproach.

Teuila spoke first, her tone laced with jest, "Archer, must you always be so rough with us?"

Sera nodded in agreement, a mischievous grin dancing upon her lips.

The guard momentarily froze in his tracks, clearly taken aback by the unexpected and enchanting appearances of the two young women.

Regaining his composure, he continued his approach and addressed Archer, his voice respectful. "Young man, are you the white dragon?"

All eyes turned to Archer, their gazes intense and probing. Despite the scrutiny, Archer nodded with a genial smile as he responded, "Yes, indeed. But how did you come to that conclusion?"

The guard met Archer's gaze squarely as he explained, "The scales are a clear indication. Dragon-kin lack them, whereas true dragons possess them."

Archer's understanding deepened as he glanced at Sera, her crimson scales affirming the guard's statement.

Redirecting his attention to the moon elf in front of them, he inquired, "So, what brings you to us?"

The guard respectfully nodded and said, "The Emperor wants to meet the dragon who bravely protected the capital and the Empire."

Archer agreed with a nod. But the peaceful moment was interrupted when two more young women, looking a bit disheveled, joined them.

In response, the guard offered, "Let me guide you to the palace; it's close to the southern gate."

The group agreed and followed the guard. Passing through the gate, they caught the surprised glances of soldiers, who looked both amazed and astonished.

Soldiers whispered to each other, talking about the impressive sight of the white dragon fighting the horde and then flying westward.

Rumors spread about the dragon's return to Larissa and its possible connection to the first princess.

Archer's attention turned to Hemera, intrigued. Hemera subtly confirmed the rumors with a nod.

But his thoughts were different from what people assumed. He wasn't interested in the first princess; his focus was on the third one, the silver-haired elf with red eyes.

His heart longed for the two little girls who had welcomed him with pure happiness.

Dismissing the thought with a shake of his head, Archer decided to question the guard. "What do you know about the third princess Hecate?"

The guard cast an odd glance his way before responding, "Actually, quite a bit. Rumors have it that she's a witch who foretells the future. What lends credence to the rumor is her silver hair and red eyes, much like the evil witch of Lunarians legend."

When Hemera heard that she added. "She wasn't evil. There is no evidence of her apart from her existence and ties to the Lunarian imperial family, legends say she was a power moon mage."

The elf stared at the girl who spoke until his eyes widened as he spoke. "Princess Hemera Helios?"

Hemera smiled as she nodded her head, he nodded his head and continued. "Yes, you are right. There is no evidence that she is evil but the stories are to scare the children."

She nodded and the group continued on until they saw a massive palace in the distance surrounded by a guarded wall.

As Archer and the girls walked further into the heart of Larissa, the bustling cityscape began to transform.

The narrow streets lined with quaint shops and lively market stalls gradually gave way to a grander expanse.

Before them, a magnificent sight unfolded—a sprawling palace with distinct Greek-inspired architecture stood in all its glory.

He saw the palace's marble columns reach skyward, supporting ornate archways adorned with intricate carvings.

The facade was a masterpiece of white stone, contrasting beautifully against the azure sky.

His eyes widened in awe as he took in the splendor before him. The palace seemed like a relic from ancient times, a testament to the city's rich history and cultural heritage.

The group approached the entrance of the palace and received a warm welcome from the Imperial guards, who now took on the responsibility of escorting Archer and the girls.

παΠδσNovel.com A tall moon elf man, clad in silver armor and a black cape, stepped forward and introduced himself, saying, "I am Constantine Vasilios, Captain of the Lunarian Imperial Guard."

Archer and the girls introduced themselves, and Constantine's smile grew as he guided them toward the entrance hall of the palace.

Soon, they arrived at an immense wooden door, which a butler promptly opened, allowing the group to enter the hall.

As Archer stepped inside, he found himself in an expansive and breathtaking hall that appeared to have been plucked directly from the pages of ancient Greek mythology.

Soft, ethereal light bathed the space, emanating from towering windows that reached up to meet the grand arches of the ceiling.

Sunlight poured in, casting a warm and golden hue over the meticulously polished marble floor.

The hall was adorned with massive columns, reminiscent of the elegant designs of the Doric order.

These columns were adorned with intricate reliefs depicting gods and goddesses engaged in celestial pursuits.

Chapter 256 I've Been Dreaming

[Hecate's POV]

[A day before Archer's arrival]

Hecate sat in her room, engrossed in reading a spellbook, when a knock echoed on her door. "Come in," she called out.

Her maid, Eione, entered the room and bowed before speaking. "Princess, the Emperor has decided to wed the First Princess Acantha to the dragon upon his arrival in the city."

She gazed at the moon elf who had been by her side for years before responding, "He will not choose Acantha. He is not as they think. He will take what he desires."

Eione sighed at Hecate's words, nodding in acknowledgment. She then proceeded to pour some tea for Hecate as she continued her reading.

The following day, while in the midst of her meal, a guard rushed into the hall, delivering the news that the dragon had arrived and was en route to the palace.

Hecate's heart quickened at the announcement. The Emperor ordered the maids to prepare additional food and ensure the palace was immaculate.

The entire family rose from their seats and made their way to the throne hall, where they would receive their guests.

Acantha brimmed with excitement, having heard rumors of the dragon's exploits.

As they assembled in the hall, anticipation grew while they awaited the dragon and his companions to make their entrance.

After a five-minute wait, Gorgo, her father's advisor, swung open the grand doors, revealing his arrival.

Hecate's eyes widened as she beheld him, a rush of thoughts flooding her mind. 'The same white hair. The same violet eyes and a captivating smile.'

The two little girls' images appeared in her mind, causing her to smile.

[Back to Archer]

Upon entering the throne room, Archer scanned the already assembled crowd and spotted the entirety of the imperial family.

Yet, amid the gathered individuals, his gaze fixated on her—the woman who had inhabited his dreams. A smile graced her lips as their eyes met.

Radiant and mesmerizing, she possessed flowing silver hair that cascaded around her, accompanied by the brilliance of her vivid red eyes. Her curvaceous form was on display, making a striking impression.

Instantly captivated, Archer's attention was unmistakably drawn to her.

The girls accompanying him noticed his reaction, leading to shared giggles, though Nefertiti's response was a disapproving hmph followed by a playful poke.

Caught off guard, Archer emitted a quiet yelp before regaining his composure.

He dismissed the unexpected distraction and continued his stride, approaching the man positioned at the center of the room.

This individual, with dark grey hair and eyes, seemed to hold a significant role.

Slightly shorter than Archer, the Emperor paused as the man who had ushered them in took the initiative to speak.

"Your Majesty, allow me to introduce Archer, the white dragon who came to the Empire's aid in its time of need."

With a respectful nod, Archer acknowledged the Emperor's presence. As introductions followed, he focused on the trio before him.

The Emperor spoke in turn, conveying his identity and that of his wives. "Greetings, young man. I am Emperor Menelaus Lunarides. Beside me is my first Empress, Gorgo Lunarides, my second wife, Philomena Lunarides, and lastly, my third wife, Damaris Lunarides."

Archer reciprocated the warm greetings with a smile directed at each woman. Gorgo, a statuesque figure, possessed raven-black hair and deep blue eyes.

Philomena exuded an alluring curvature, enhanced by her own dark blue hair and eyes. The final wife adorned herself with dark green hair and eyes, an enchanting contrast.

They all smiled at Archer, but his attention stayed on the silver-haired woman with red eyes, his true interest.

Menelaus continued with his introductions, motioning towards the princes and saying, "Allow me to introduce Nikos and Agesilaus, the first and second princes."

They responded with nods, but he could tell they didn't him, a fact that didn't trouble him in the least.

Archer acknowledged the introductions with a grin, then turned his attention to the girls as the man proceeded to introduce his daughters.

"Here are the lovely young ladies: Acantha, Chryseis, Hecate, and Lampito, the first, second, third, and fourth princesses." He said with a smile but ignored Hecate.

Archer proceeded to introduce each of the girls one by one, and their expressions amused him, prompting a chuckle.

The moon elf girls observed him intently, their appearances strikingly familiar. They bore a strong resemblance to their mothers, akin to duplicates.

To Archer, they seemed insignificant, resembling the Ashguard family and their treatment of him. Hecate evoked his sympathy, igniting a desire to liberate her from this environment.

However, Archer chose to address the situation. "I was informed you wished to meet with me. Let's keep this brief; I'm eager to resume my journey."

Menelaus regarded the straightforward young man, his lack of etiquette apparent. If not for him being a dragon, the Emperor might have dismissed him. But aligning the boy with his cause was important to him.

With a discreet throat-clearing, Menelaus initiated the conversation. "I understand you are engaged to a Solarian princess, who happens to be standing beside you."

Archer responded with a chuckle to Menelaus's words and nodded in acknowledgment.

The Emperor's discourse persisted. "The Lunarians are not ungrateful. As a token of our appreciation for aiding our empire, I propose an offering of 20,000 gold coins along with the hand of my first daughter, Acantha Lunarides."

Upon hearing the offer, Archer began to nod his head and replied, "Thank you for the coins. My Grandma used to say you can never have too many."

He proceeded to walk towards the princesses, who started to smile. The five girls behind him understood his intent and remained in place.

Archer walked past the first and second princesses, leaving them visibly confused. However, he soon came to a halt in front of a blushing Hecate.

In a gentle whisper, he asked, "Have you dreamt of those two little angels? They resemble you so much."

Her body quivered, a blend of nervousness and excitement coursing through her.

She managed to nod, a shy smile forming on her lips in response.

Turning his gaze to the moon elf woman, an enigmatic witch yet exuding innocence, Archer sensed the weight of mistreatment she had endured from others.

Guided by an unspoken connection, Archer's unexpected words left Hecate and the other princesses taken aback. "Hecate, I would rather marry you. Would you accept my proposal?"

Emperor Menelaus found himself struck into silence, his astonishment evident.

Among his wives, Gorgo and Philomena reacted similarly, while Damaris, Hecate's mother, wore a knowing smile.

Hecate nodded with a small smile. When Archer saw her answer, he turned to Menelaus and spoke, "I want Hecate."

The man looked at him, and as Acantha walked off, he shook his head and asked the boy, "Why do you want to marry a witch?"

Archer burst into laughter upon hearing Menelaus's question, but he soon calmed down and shrugged. "I love witches."

The Emperor didn't know how to respond and sighed before saying, "If that is your wish, I'll announce it to the empire right away."

He exited the room, followed by all his children except for Hecate and her maid, Eione.

The girls approached Archer, each one kissing his cheek before wondering what to do. Hecate stood awkwardly.

Archer turned to her after telling the other girls to head back to the domain so he could talk to Hecate. They accepted and bid her goodbye as they left.

Hecate didn't reply but continued to gaze at him. He walked up to her and got close. She didn't move as he leaned in and kissed her.

She quickly returned the kiss, and they separated not long after. Hecate spoke, her cheeks turning red, "So that's how it felt."

Archer raised an eyebrow, asking, "What do you mean?"

Her blush deepened, and she looked down while fiddling with her fingers. She mumbled, "I've been dreaming of you for a while now, and our life."

He smiled when he heard her and went to sit down on a bench, Hecate followed behind and asked. "What took you so long to get here? I've been waiting."

Archer chuckled and told her what they got up to on the way to Larissa, she listened to everything he said and soaked it in.

Eione watched this with wide eyes as she saw Hecate smile and chat along with the boy, as they were talking Menelaus returned but stopped walking as he looked around.

"Where are the other girls gone?" He asked out loud.

"They have gone to do something. I teleported them out so don't worry Menelaus." Archer quickly replied.

He approached the two and spoke as he held out his hand. "I've made the announcement, my guard is bringing your gold. I hope to have a long-lasting relationship with you Archer."

Archer took it and nodded his head. "Get in contact with the Solarian. I'm sure you both could conquer the west and unite Mediterra."

When Menelaus heard this he smiled and spoke. "Yes, that was the plan, hence the gold and marriage."

The two went off to get to know each other better. That was when Hecate's mother approached her with a smile. "I'm happy for you Hecate. You deserve to be happy."

Hecate looked at her mother and smiled. "Thank you, Damaris."

Chapter 257 Northern Gate

When Damaris heard her daughter's reply, a sad smile appeared on her face, and she couldn't bring herself to meet Hecate's eyes.

"I'm sorry for being a useless mother. I do hope you find your happiness," Damaris said softly.

Damaris turned around and walked over to her husband and Archer. Hecate watched her depart and finally felt a sense of happiness.

After a wait, she would now be able to travel with him and leave the palace. She wondered if he would permit her to continue her potion studies.

Archer and her parents conversed for a couple of hours before he bid his farewells and approached Hecate, who was waiting on the bench.

Drawing closer, he inquired, "Are you ready to get out of here? Or do you need to collect something?"

Hecate nodded and replied, "Would you mind if I continued studying my potions? And could Eione come with us? She'll be let go if not."

Archer smiled while saying, "Sure, let's go get your belongings and hit the road."

They left the hall, followed by her maid. After a brief walk, they arrived at her bedroom.

Hecate opened the door, and the three of them entered. As he stepped in, he noticed a blend of study room, potion lab, and bedroom.

Looking around, an idea struck him, and he said, "Hecate, I'll be back in a minute."

She nodded as he opened a portal to his domain. When it materialized, the two women were clearly surprised.

Archer entered the treehouse and found the girls enjoying a meal. Sera jumped up and offered some bread, saying, "Arch, take some bread El cooked. It's really nice."

He accepted the food and began eating, then praised Ella. "You're becoming quite the cook, El."

Ella emerged from the kitchen with a smile, handing bread to Hemera and Nefertiti. "Yeah, Mother was teaching me. I'm going to go see her soon."

Archer nodded with a smile before focusing on his task. He closed his eyes, envisioning the treehouse with a potions room connected to a comfortable bedroom.

The tree momentarily quivered but quickly stilled. The girls grew concerned before spotting Archer standing there.

He finished his task and opened his eyes. Teuila was the first to ask, "Did you just create something?"

Archer smiled, replying, "Yes, I made a potion lab and bedroom for Hecate."

They nodded in understanding, and Nefertiti avoided looking at him. Archer blinked next to her and whispered, "Don't be angry, don't forget what I said before. You know I love you, my pink princess."

She relented, offering a smile as he pecked her cheek. Addressing everyone, he said, "Girls, I'll go get Hecate and be back shortly. Then we can continue on."

They agreed and returned to their activities. Archer opened a portal to Hecate's bedroom and stepped through.

Inside, he saw the two women packing clothes. He cast Stone Wardens, summoning the Stone Men to assist.

Archer inquired about what to take, and Hecate pointed out items, which were then carried into her new lab.

After an hour of organizing, he turned to her. "Aren't they going to come see you off?"

She shook her head and replied, "Unfortunately, no. They never checked on me. My parents simply sent the maids."

Eione nodded and introduced herself, saying, "I'm Eione, Hecate's personal maid."

He smiled at the moon elf maid. She had the same dark features as the others. The Stone Men were quickly finished.

Archer dismissed them and opened a portal to her new lab/bedroom. They stepped through the portal and found themselves standing in a breathtaking potion lab.

The room seemed to shimmer with an otherworldly glow, casting a warm and inviting atmosphere.

Shelves lined the walls, filled with an impressive array of potion ingredients in meticulously labeled containers.

The air was rich with the scents of herbs, spices, and rare magical components.

Hecate's eyes widened in astonishment as she took in the sight before her. Her heart raced with excitement, and a delighted smile spread across her face.

She couldn't believe her eyes—the lab was a potion maker's dream come true.

"Archer, this... this is incredible," she exclaimed, her voice tinged with awe.

He grinned, pleased by her reaction. "I'm glad you like it. I wanted to create a space where you can work on your potions to your heart's content."

Eione also gazed around, her eyes sparkling with wonder. "Princess, this is truly remarkable. You're fortunate to have such a considerate fiancé."

Hecate nodded, feeling a deep sense of gratitude towards Archer. She walked over to one of the shelves and ran her fingers over the rows of colorful vials and jars.

Each container held a unique substance, carefully organized for easy access.

Hecate's excitement grew as she spoke. "This is beyond anything I could have imagined. Thank you, Archer." "I think you should take a look at

He shrugged modestly. "Just wanted to make sure you have everything you need."

Hecate turned her attention to the doorway at the other end of the lab. "What's through there?"

Archer smiled mysteriously. "That, my dear, leads to your private bedroom. I thought you might want a place to rest and relax after long hours of potion-making."

Eione's eyes twinkled mischievously. "And a place to escape to when your experiments go awry."

Hecate began unpacking her belongings, with Eione assisting her.

Meanwhile, Archer closed his eyes, allowing his imagination to take form, envisioning a bedroom connected to the lab through a corridor.

When he opened his eyes, he found the two women looking at him curiously. He smiled and explained, "I just created a bedroom for Eione that connects to yours."

Their eyes widened in amazement, and Hecate stepped closer, her curiosity piqued. "You can create things?"

Archer smiled warmly as he elaborated on the concept. "Yes, but only within my domain. There should be ingredients available in the forests, and you can enlist the help of any of the dragon-kin to gather them."

Eione chimed in, her curiosity was evident. "Dragon-kin are present here?"

He affirmed her question with a nod. "Indeed, they are my people, so to speak."

She inquired further, seeking clarification. "So, you are their leader?"

He was about to respond when Hecate interjected with a sense of pride. "He's not just any leader; he is the White Dragon King, the rightful ruler of all dragon kind."

Archer glanced at the potion princess and gave a nod. As he prepared to leave, he spoke, "Okay, girls, I need to hit the road. Hecate, if you want to talk to me, use this."

He tossed her a bracelet and added, "Just infuse it with mana, and you can reach me."

Hecate smiled as she put the bracelet on, watching him leave the room and head to the living room to gather the ducklings.

Upon his arrival, Teuila was asleep, while Ella and Sera chatted animatedly. Hemera, on the other hand, was immersed in her reading.

Archer scanned the room but couldn't spot Nefertiti. Ella quickly informed him, "Nefertiti has gone to the academy. She said she'll be back tomorrow."

He nodded and inquired, "So, who will be joining me?"

Ella shook her head and replied, "Not for a little while. I want to visit Mother."

Before he could respond, Sera chimed in hurriedly, "Can I stay here for today? I'm feeling really tired and just want to rest."

Archer agreed, saying, "Okay, you two. Remember how to contact me."

With that, he approached Teuila and playfully poked her button nose, whispering, "My ocean princess."

Teuila stirred and her bright blue eyes fluttered open. She mumbled, "I want to sleep, you lustful dragon. Remember not to ravage us."

Archer chuckled at her response and leaned in to kiss her forehead. She smiled and drifted back to sleep.

He repeated the gesture with the other girls, but when he approached Hemera, she declined, focused on learning a new spell.

Archer's smile then turned mischievous as he snapped his fingers, summoning Nefertiti to appear before him.

Confused, Nefertiti suddenly found herself in the treehouse, facing Archer's grin. Before she could react, he leaned in and kissed her.

In the midst of their embrace, a cough disrupted them. They separated and turned toward the source of the sound.

Xanthe stood there, ready to leave. Archer promptly sent Nefertiti back to her academy through a portal.

Stepping through himself, he emerged on the northern road. Casting a quick glance around to ensure no one was nearby, he continued his journey while eating sweet bread.

As he was walking he got a message from Hecate. "Archer. Father just contacted me and requested your help. The swarm has been spotted north of Larissa."

His face lit up with a smile as he responded, "Alright. Let him know I'll join the soldiers at the north gate shortly."

She acknowledged his message swiftly, and the line fell silent. Archer summoned a Gate leading to the northern entrance and stepped through.

Upon arrival, he was greeted by the sight of numerous Lunarian soldiers mounted on Hippogriffs, preparing for their departure.

Archer called out for the girls, and within a couple of minutes, they materialized before him.

He briefed them on the situation, explaining the unfolding events, and to his delight, every one of them expressed their willingness to offer assistance.

Chapter 258 Reunited

The girls got prepared as the Captain approached them, he bowed to the Archer and Hecate as he spoke. "White Prince, Princess. The Emperor dispatched us to deal with the swarm."

Archer nodded and told them to get ready to leave, they will catch up. The Captain nodded his head and rushed off to his mount.

Minutes later they charged north. Archer turned around and spotted Ella trying to speak to Hecate but only got nods in return.

She soon gave up and went to chat with Teuila who already had her sword ready. He opened a portal to the domain and summoned a wyvern.

The same large beast walked out of the portal and bowed to him. Hecate quickly shuffled backward catching his attention.

Archer turned to her with a smile as he responded. "He won't harm you Hecate. He is here to give you girls a ride and once his done he will return to the domain."

Ella, Teuila, Nefertiti, and Hemera all nodded, this convinced her to get on the wyvern's back.

He turned to Sera and nodded. She quickly transformed into her dragon form and took off, Sera flew north like a bullet. Archer smiled at the five girls and whispered. "Draco."

He also transformed and took to the sky, with a large flap of his wings he flew forward. The wyvern soon followed behind.

While Archer was quickly catching up, Sera dashed forward and encountered Lunarian soldiers charging into a horde of Ratlings and Rat Ogres.

It was then that she spotted giants and swiftly flew at one, tearing into it. Shortly after her sudden attack, an earth-shaking roar resonated through the air.

A surge of violet flames collided with a giant and the advancing swarm. Archer lunged for the largest giant and swiftly brought it down.

His tail lashed out, striking another giant, while he simultaneously clawed at the one beneath him.

He sank his teeth into its neck, managing to snap it. As Archer and Sera tackled the swarm, the Lunarians charged into the horde and began taking down the creatures.

The girls arrived at the scene and launched their own attacks against the Ratlings. They noticed a group on the roadside, observing the unfolding battle.

Archer swiped his claws, dispatching dozens of creatures, and soon the battle concluded, leaving him amidst a sea of blood and bodies.

He turned his gaze toward the group the Ratlings had been attempting to target. As he did so, he was taken aback to recognize a certain individual he had encountered long ago.

The group stood there, eyes wide, as he approached them. One of them spoke, "Is that the white dragon everyone has been talking about?"

They all nodded in agreement, their gazes locked on the massive creature that came to a halt before them.

Talila gazed upward, a flicker of recognition crossing her mind as her eyes met those violet orbs. However, her thoughts were abruptly interrupted as the dragon shifted, reverting to his humanoid form.

Sporting a grin on his face, Archer positioned himself before the astonished group. His gaze locked onto the beautiful elf he had encountered years ago.

She stood there adorned in adventurer's armor, her long silver hair elegantly tied into a ponytail, and her smooth brown skin radiated its timeless beauty.

Archer couldn't help but take note of her well-toned physique, thick thighs, and large boobs, which stirred his excitement. At that moment, Archer decided to make her his own.

With a warm smile, he addressed her, saying, "Encountering you again Talila, is indeed a delightful surprise. Crossing paths with you in Mediterra has surprised me."

The woman just stood there in shock as he looked at her.

[Talila's POV]

Upon catching sight of the boy she had encountered years before, Talila was left speechless. As her gaze rested upon him, she observed that he now stood taller than she did.

His once long and unkempt hair had been transformed into a shorter style, his violet eyes radiated with a charming gleam, and he bore beautiful white scales across his body.

Dressed in clothes from the area, he seemed casually self-assured. Coming up behind Talila, the female knight Freya inquired, "Are you Archer? The young boy from three years ago?"

Archer nodded, a warm smile gracing his features as he extended his greetings, "Hey Freya, Novius, Cecelia, Radyn, and Cat."

Cecelia let out a giggle upon hearing his greeting, and the others warmly acknowledged the boy. However, Darius's anger was evident, and he remained quiet.

Novius and Radyn nodded in acknowledgment. Noticing Talila's silence, Archer drew closer to her, his voice soft as he replied, "You look even more beautiful than when we first met, Tali."

As he talked, Talila felt a mix of emotions. Memories of the young boy came back, but she couldn't just think of him like that now.

A quick thought passed through her mind, 'He's grown really good-looking. What happened to him in these years?'

Cecelia stepped forward and spoke, breaking the silence, "It's nice to see you again, Archer. Time has flown by. Why are you here?" "I think you should take a look at

[Back to Archer]

Upon hearing Cecelia's question, Archer responded, "I'm traveling back to the empire. I've been away for quite some time."

While he spoke to the group, the six girls came up behind him. Nefertiti quickly saw Talila but didn't say anything.

Hecate and Hemera, though, had strong reactions. Their eyes got big as they shared a look that meant something.

But, instead of talking right away, they chose to stay silent and wait. The Sparrows looked at the six girls with curious looks.

Cecelia stepped forward and inquired, "Archer, who are all these lovely young ladies?"

He halted his words and pivoted to find all the girls assembled there. A smile graced his lips as he greeted each of them with a kiss.

Hecate blushed and retreated to the domain; the crowd was becoming overwhelming, and she aimed to complete her unpacking.

Archer turned back to Cecelia and responded, "They are my fiances."

He proceeded to introduce the girls to the Sparrows, who gazed at him in astonishment. Talila's eyes narrowed as she remarked, "So you're a playboy?"

Before Archer could reply, Nefertiti intervened, asserting, "No, he isn't. He takes care of all of us and doesn't show favoritism."

Cecelia's smile widened, and Talila nodded in agreement as she continued watching him.

The caravan organized themselves as they set off down the road. Archer approached Talila, who was riding a horse, and hopped on behind her.

She tensed up as he encircled her waist, prompting Darius to complain.

Archer shot a mischievous grin at the cat before turning back to Talila and initiating a flirtatious conversation. "You smell really nice, Tali. It's good to see you again."

Meanwhile, the five girls were engaged in conversation with Feyra and Cecelia. They ignored the other Sparrows who attempted to strike up a chat.

After traveling for two hours, they reached Larissa, where they were welcomed by the Hippogriff Cavalry.

Their arrival granted them swift entry. Archer and Talila caught up, exchanging small talk and updating each other on their experiences.

Upon arriving at the merchants guild, Archer dismounted and helped Talila down. As he did, he asked, "Tali, are you from the Lunaris or Solari empires?"

She shook her head and explained, "I was raised in an all-female tribe residing in the Shadowvale Forest."

Intrigued, Archer probed further, "What led you to become an adventurer?"

Talila glanced up at him while awaiting payment from the merchants. "I need to earn gold for the tribe and find someone to assist my mother."

Archer nodded empathetically and inquired, "What's the matter with her? Maybe I can provide some help."

Her eyes widened at his offer, torn between acceptance and caution. Just then, a girl's voice emerged from behind them. "I'd let him take a look. He's known to achieve the impossible."

They turned their attention and saw the girls standing there. Teuila chimed in, "Ella, Sera, and Nefertiti are ready to move on, but Talila, consider letting Archer assist you."

Talila looked at the boy she had met years ago, wondering if he could genuinely help her mother.

Before she could fully process it, Archer spoke, "You can bring them with us. As long as the cat doesn't bother me, it's all good." He smiled, alleviating her concerns.

παΠdαsNovel.com She smiled and hurried off to rejoin her group. Once she was gone, Ella spoke up. "So she's the Talila you've told me about. It's strange that you two reunited here."

Before Archer could respond, Nefertiti interjected, "His whole life seems prearranged. He was sent here by Tiamat, gathered four princesses, and will likely marry more, even if I don't like it."

The girls nodded upon hearing her words, but Hemera stated, "She resembles my big brother Leonidas."

Upon hearing this, Archer's eyes widened, and he swiftly opened a portal, calling for Hecate. She emerged from the portal, focusing only on him while ignoring the others. She inquired, "How can I assist you, husband?"

Archer grinned as he replied, "You know the elf I was talking to? Does she resemble your sister, Fabia?"

Chapter 259 Is That You

Hecate stared at him with a neutral expression, though he thought he caught a glimpse of sadness in her eyes.

She responded, "She shares the same features as me, but her beauty comes from my big sister. I can see the resemblance."

Archer smiled. "Thank you, Hecate. I'll come to see you once I'm finished here."

The moon elf approached him and pecked him on the cheek before returning to the domain, seemingly ignoring the girls.

Nefertiti voiced her thoughts. "Why is she so rude? She doesn't acknowledge us even though we share the same husband."

Before he could comment, Hemera chimed in. "She doesn't talk to anyone except for Archer and her maid. He could have been like her if not for Ella."

The pink princess calmed down and nodded. It was then that the Sparrows returned, and Talila spoke. "We've been paid and can head to my village."

Archer nodded and began his journey northward towards Wildwood Crossing, and ultimately, to the forest.

They walked along the road for a few hours, the afternoon sun hanging overhead and beaming down.

Deciding to take to the skies, he informed the group of his plan. The girls nodded, while the Sparrows appeared hesitant.

Unperturbed by their uncertainty, he whispered, "Draco."

With that, Archer transformed into his dragon form, relishing the sensation. He lowered his body, allowing his girls and the group of adventurers to board.

Once everyone was settled, he took off, soaring northward. By the time night descended, they found themselves nearing Wildwood Crossing.

However, Archer descended to the ground, returning to his humanoid form. The Sparrows set up their tents, preparing for the night.

Archer glanced at the girls and inquired, "Would you prefer to camp out tonight or retreat to the domain?"

They exchanged glances and then answered together, "Domain."

His smile widened, and with a wave of his hand, Archer cast Stone Warden. He summoned a dozen Stone Men, instructing them to guard the Sparrows.

The group watched in amazement as the Stone Men formed a protective circle around the campsite. Archer approached Talila and playfully scooped her up.

Her companions knew she could easily escape his grasp but chose to play along. Cecelia giggled, enjoying this glimpse of a different side of the usually reserved elf.

Archer opened a portal and stepped through, followed by his companions. As they entered the treehouse, he gently set down the elf who appeared quite comfortable.

Talila glanced around, a sense of wonder filling her. As she began to explore, confusion clouded her expression.

However, before she could venture too far, Archer spoke, "Follow me. I'd like you to meet someone."

She nodded, intrigued, and trailed after him, while the other girls continued with their activities.

As he walked away, Teuila's voice reached his ears. "Don't forget about our training after you're done," she reminded him.

Archer acknowledged her with a nod and led Hemera and Talila to Hecate's lab. Throughout the walk to the lab, he noticed the sun elf's gaze frequently fixed on the younger elf.

Upon reaching the new addition to the treehouse, Archer knocked on the door, which was promptly opened by Eione. She warmly welcomed the trio inside.

Once inside, their attention turned to Hecate, engrossed in her reading. However, as her eyes met Talila's, she softly uttered, "Fabia."

Talila's eyes widened, her heart skipping a beat at the mention of her mother's name from the lips of this unfamiliar woman.

She looked at Hecate, noticing her long silver hair like her own, the same red eyes, but her skin was grey, and she wore a black silk peplos.

Talila asked curiously, "How do you know my mother's name?"

Hemera began to cry, as she had always believed she had lost her big brother, but now a part of him stood before her.

Hecate felt the same way, though her bond with her sister Fabia was even stronger. To see her sister's daughter in front of her was overwhelming.

It was at that moment that Archer recounted the story of the missing Solarian Prince and the lost Lunarian Princess.

Once he had finished, the girl fell silent, her red eyes locked onto him. She shook her head and turned her gaze toward the two older elves.

In a sad tone, Talila mumbled, "So the two of you are my aunts?"

Hemera nodded and quickly pulled the girl into a tight hug, her emotions overflowing. She exclaimed, "Yes, you're my niece! Mater and Pater will be overjoyed to meet you, Tali."

However, Hecate abruptly dampened the cheerful atmosphere with her announcement. "My parents won't care. They banished Fabia many years ago, and they refuse to speak of her."

Archer felt a pang of sympathy for Hecate and her sister, knowing he couldn't change their family's past. He was aware that Agamemnon would offer them shelter if he asked.

Leaving the aunts and niece to bond, Archer stepped away to give them space. After bidding Hecate and Hemera farewell with a kiss, he exited the lab.

Making his way to the kitchen, he found Ella preparing a meal. Taking a seat at the table, the girls bombarded him with questions.

Archer proceeded to explain everything, and their astonishment was palpable upon learning that Hemera and Hecate were Talia's aunts.

However, the conversation shifted as Ella finished cooking, and the five of them sat down to enjoy the meal.

Once they had eaten their fill, Teuila took Archer outside the treehouse and started training him until the sun fully set.

By the time they were done, he was sweating all over with red marks littering his body. Teuila helped him up.

After enjoying a refreshing bath, each of them retired to their respective rooms after bidding Archer a goodnight kiss, all seeking a tranquil night's rest.

Archer entered his room and settled into bed with a longing for an undisturbed sleep. He quickly found a comfortable position and drifted off into slumber.

The following morning, he was jolted awake by the loud roar of a wyvern flying past. Archer sat up in bed and noticed Hecate lying next to him.

Confusion washed over him as he realized he hadn't sensed her presence. Archer leaned over and placed a kiss on her cheek, causing her to stir.

Her red eyes fluttered open, meeting his violet gaze as Hecate sat up and initiated a passionate kiss, their lips locking in a fervent embrace.

After a moment, they parted, and she smiled up at him. "I've been looking forward to that, Archer," she remarked.

He grinned, his voice a hushed whisper as he leaned in closer, his words intended only for her ears. "It's Hemera's turn, and then it'll be your turn. Just you wait, I'll ravage you."

Hecate's smile widened, and she wrapped her arms around his shoulders, sharing another lingering kiss before he rose from the bed.

Archer cast a cleansing spell upon himself and proceeded to prepare for the day. After bidding Hecate a temporary farewell as she returned to sleep, he left the room.

Surveying his surroundings, Archer found himself alone except for Nefertiti, who was in the midst of getting ready to head to the academy.

Turning around with a smile, she greeted him. "Good morning, Arch. I need to get to my classes."

He nodded and opened a Gate to her academy, sharing a kiss with Nefertiti before she stepped through.

With that task completed, he cast another Gate to the campsite. Hemera and Talila emerged from the stairs, and they joined him as he walked through.

The Sparrows had already packed up and were waiting. Cecelia noticed the trio's arrival and greeted them with a smile.

Talila took charge, efficiently organizing everyone for their departure. Archer whispered, "Draconis," and his draconic features manifested.

He gently lifted Hemera, taking to the sky, while the others mounted their horses.

After an hour of travel, they reached Wildwood Crossing. However, they continued past it, heading towards the distant forest.

Archer descended as Teuila and Ella established contact. He landed carefully, setting Hemera down as a portal opened.

The three girls emerged from the portal, offering him warm smiles.

As they continued their journey, the Sparrows gradually slowed down as they approached the outskirts of Shadowvale Forest.

They dismounted and got their weapons ready, the group entered the forest and noticed how quiet it was.

Archer activated Aura Detector but found nothing. After walking for a couple hours he picked up a few pings heading in their direction.

Talila spoke up. "Don't attack, they are from my tribe."

That was when three sickly-looking women appeared with their weapons at the ready. But as they scanned the group she stepped forward.

The women lowered their weapons as they spoke to her. "Is that you Talila? Who are all these people?"

She explained why they were there and the two women nodded their heads and started guiding them to their village.

Archer walked with purpose through the fantasy forest, his steps steady and deliberate.

The air was filled with the sweet scent of blooming wildflowers and the earthy aroma of ancient trees.

Sunlight filtered through the lush canopy, casting dappled patterns on the forest floor.

Chapter 260 Mother

As Archer, the girls, and Sparrows ventured deeper into the heart of the forest, a sight emerged on the horizon that caught their attention.

In the distance, nestled among the towering trees, a village seemed to have sprung forth as an extension of the very forest itself.

Archer's eyes widened with amazement as he beheld the remarkable sight. The village was a blend of natural elements and artistic craftsmanship.

Elaborate treehouses, intricately carved from the living wood, rose gracefully into the sky, their branches interwoven with those of the forest.

The structures seemed to meld seamlessly with the surrounding trees, becoming one with the landscape.

As they drew closer, the details became more apparent. Leafy vines adorned the dwellings, their vibrant greens contrasting beautifully against the earthy tones of the wood.

Lush gardens spilled over with a riot of colorful flowers, their petals swaying gently in the breeze.

Archer's steps slowed as he took in the scene, his violet eyes tracing the pathways that wound through the village.

Lanterns made from delicate glass orbs emitted a soft, warm glow, casting enchanting patterns of light and shadow on the ground.

However, something struck Archer as strange. The villagers appeared visibly depressed and malnourished, their bodies alarmingly thin.

Approaching Talila, he asked a question, "Tali, what is wrong with this village? Why do they look so depressed."

She turned toward him, a sad smile appearing on her face as she responded, "The tribe is facing hardships, struggling to get enough food. And with winter coming, things are going to get worse."

His gaze shifted to the girls, he watched them as they spoke to the village children and handed them snacks from their storage rings.

This intrigued him, prompting him to ask the elf another question, "But in a village without men, how are there children here?"

Before Talila could reply, an older woman chimed in, her voice carrying years of wisdom, "We welcome outsiders who lend aid to the tribe. This practice was altered years after Fabia's arrival."

Archer's attention was drawn to a tall woman possessing dark hair and eyes, an aura of leadership surrounding her.

He soon noticed the spark of recognition in Talila's eyes upon seeing the woman. With a respectful bow, Talila addressed her, "Matriarch, it warms my heart to see you again."

The woman returned the gesture with a smile as she looked at the girl. "And you as well, after six long years. The gold you sent our way has been a true blessing."

While Talila acknowledged the sentiment, Archer shifted his focus to the pressing issue, asking, "I was informed that your tribe is facing food shortages. How dire is the situation? How long can you last?"

The woman gazed at him and responded, "Three months."

Archer nodded, his mind already churning with thoughts about the potential usefulness of a skilled group of bow-wielding warrior women.

Seizing the opportunity to introduce an unexpected proposition, he spoke words that likely caught Talila and the tribe off guard.

"Would you consider relocating the tribe if there existed another place, one abundant in food and safety?"

The Matriarch looked suspicious as she listened. Her eyes carefully studied him. But then she saw the five girls nodding in agreement.

Her doubt started to fade, replaced by curiosity. She answered carefully, "Yes if things were like that, I'd think about moving the tribe."

He smiled and decided to talk about it after helping. "We'll talk more about this after we help Fabia."

She nodded too, showing she agreed. She led the group deeper into the village.

Meanwhile, the Sparrows stayed in the village square, and Archer's girls went back to the domain to wait for him.

Archer, Talila, and the Matriarch headed toward a treehouse located on the village's edge.

Climbing the walkway, they entered the treehouse where two women were tending to a slumbering moon elf.

Upon seeing her, Archer couldn't help but notice that she bore a striking resemblance to Menelaus.

Drawn to her sleeping form, he gently approached. She appeared to be in a deep slumber. He reached out, placing his hand on her forehead, and cast Cure Wounds.

A brilliant light surrounded her, accompanied by faint sounds emanating from her body but she didn't wake up.

Archer chose to look through his library for healing spells. He turned to Talila and said, "I'll be back soon, Tali."

In a hurry, he opened a portal and entered his library, and began searching, storing the spells he already had in his Item Box as he did.

In the midst of his search, Hemera entered the library, when she spotted him it caused her to smile but she quickly asked, "Looking for something, Arch?"

Meeting her gaze, Archer explained, "I'm in search of a healing spell to help Talila's mother."

Hemera's nod signaled her understanding. A specific book came to mind, causing her to navigate toward a particular shelf.

παΠδςNovel.com She got the book and passed it to him. Reading the title, Archer confirmed, "Aurora Healing."

He showed gratitude to Hemera with a hug and then created a portal to Talila's treehouse. Upon reappearing, the Matriarch took a step back.

Ignoring her reaction, he started reading aloud, explaining to the two. After an hour and a half, a notification appeared.

[Aurora Healing Learned]

Archer's face lit up with a smile as he grasped the newfound knowledge. Rising to his feet, he walked over to the slumbering woman and gently laid his hand on her forehead.

He cast his new spell, Aurora Healing. The soft radiance spread from his hand, casting a soothing glow that danced across her body.

Talila's gaze was locked on her mother, a mixture of hope and anxiety evident in her eyes. The Matriarch stood by, her expression a mix of curiosity and anticipation.

Moments passed, and the air filled with a sense of stillness as the mana worked its way through Fabia's form.

Then, as if in response to the magic's touch, Fabia's eyelids fluttered ever so slightly. A faint sigh escaped her lips, and a serene expression graced her features.

Gradually, her breathing deepened, becoming more regular, as if the healing magic was weaving its mending threads throughout her body.

Aurora-colored tendrils of light danced gently around Fabia, illuminating her with a soothing radiance.

The room seemed to hold its breath, as if time itself had slowed down to witness this moment of rejuvenation.

And then, with a soft and peaceful exhalation, Fabia's eyes slowly opened. Her gaze was unfocused at first as if she was emerging from a dream.

Clarity returned to her eyes, and her focus settled on the concerned faces surrounding her.

Talila's breath caught as she witnessed her mother waking up. Tears of relief and joy welled up in her eyes.

"Mother?" she whispered, her voice filled with emotion.

Fabia's lips curled into a gentle smile, her voice soft but clear as she replied, "Talila... my dear, is that you?"

She nodded, her tears now freely flowing. "Yes, Mother, it's me. You're safe now."

Stepping back, he felt a rush of satisfaction. The spell had done its job, and Fabia was awake.

When he saw the two reunite he felt a bit of jealousy but remembered his Mother from Earth and smiled. 'I hope they are all okay.'

He couldn't help but hate Larka even more for how she treated him, especially when he remembered his past life.

That's when he saw Fabia's gaze shift to him, gratitude shining in her eyes. "You... you healed me," she murmured.

Archer nodded a warm smile on his lips. "Yes, with the help of a healing spell. You're safe now, Fabia."

Overwhelmed by the emotions of the moment, Fabia reached out a weak hand towards Talila, who eagerly took it in her own.

Their fingers intertwined a tangible connection reaffirming their bond. Archer watched the mother and daughter pair.

He decided to sort out the tribe's new village and get away from the motherly love he witnessed.

Archer stood up and told them he will be back soon as he opened up a portal to the domain. He wanted to help the tribe for Talila and give them somewhere to thrive.

Emerging on one of the balconies, he summoned his wings and soared towards a nearby mountain, swiftly traversing over the domain to reach his destination.

He hovered over the forest and closed his eyes as he started imagining a village built into the forest with treehouses, fields for food, and other essentials.

After doing this for a while he descended to the forest floor and took a look at his new creation.

He saw many elaborate treehouses, like enchanting sanctuaries nestled among the branches, their construction a harmonious fusion of artistry and nature.

Archer's eyes widened with amazement as he took in the scene.

The village appeared as if it had been born of the very forest itself, each structure meticulously crafted to coexist with the towering giants that surrounded it.

The treehouses ascended gracefully, their wooden forms rising toward the sky, connected by rope bridges and walkways that intertwined through the canopy.

He saw dwellings adorned with leafy vines and flower-filled balconies, each a celebration of the vibrant life that thrived within the forest's embrace.

Lush gardens spilled over with an abundance of fruits, vegetables, and herbs, showcasing the ingenuity of those who had cultivated this verdant haven.

Archer was happy with what he had done, now it was time to return to the treehouse to tell the Matriarch.