

A Journey 671

Chapter 671 Promise Not To Judge Me (R18)

?Archer watched as Teuila shed her dress, allowing it to cascade to the floor. Beneath, she revealed a set of light blue bra and panties, which she swiftly discarded, eliciting a broadening smile from Archer as he beheld her bare form.

His eyes widened as he saw Teuila standing before him, her nude form a mesmerizing sight. Her body was that of a warrior, sculpted and powerful yet still exuding undeniable femininity.

"Wow, Teuila, you're gorgeous," Archer spoke with a lewd smile.

After speaking, his eyes roamed down. Her curves were in all the right places, highlighted by the flickering mana light in the room, casting shadows that danced across her smooth brown skin.

Archer saw her large breasts sitting proudly on her chest, perfectly proportioned and inviting, drawing his gaze like a magnet. She had sexy dark brown nipples that poked out, which he wanted to suck while playing with her perfectly neat pussy that was dripping with love juices.

Every contour exuded strength and grace. Yet, the underlying softness captivated him all those years ago. Archer felt his pulse quicken as he took in the sight before him. The raw beauty of the woman standing before him ignited his desire.

He longed to reach out and touch her, feel the warmth of her skin beneath his fingertips, and lose himself in the depths of her gaze. But then he heard a giggle before seeing Hemera stripping out of her clothes.

She seemed delighted with his reaction as he took in her entire form. Archer's eyes widened as he beheld her hourglass-shaped body, emphasized by her large, soft, brown-nippled breasts.

Hemera's smooth, flawless, brown skin seemed to glow in the dim light. With a big smile gracing her gorgeous face, Archer was torn between the two girls, unsure of who to attack first as his violet eyes glowed lust.

However, an idea struck him, and he stepped forward, stealing Teuila's luscious lips. She eagerly returned it while Hemera began kissing down his body, her hands taking hold of his cock and stroking it with skillful precision.

This caused Archer to let out a groan, but Teuila didn't let him think as she placed his hands on her boobs which he started to massage into all different shapes as he started pinching her hard nipples before he felt something warm on his cock.

He stopped kissing Teuila to look down and saw Hemera's head bobbing back and forth while letting out moans as her lips were wrapped around his cock. When the blue-haired girl saw this, she smiled before commenting, "I want to try something out, Arch, but promise not to judge me?"

Archer wondered what she had planned but nodded with an excited grin as he couldn't speak due to Hemera's tongue swirling around his cock, which sent waves of pleasure shooting through his body.

Teuila smiled before going behind him. He stood there, his body thrummed with anticipation as her lips traced a tantalizing path down his spine. Each kiss sent shivers of pleasure coursing through him, igniting a fire that burned hotter with each passing moment.

His breath hitched as she reached the small of his back, her kisses growing bolder, more insistent. Then kissed all the way back up until she bit his ear causing a shiver to run all over his body until she reached his nipples which was one of erogenous zones.

'What the hell, Teu! What kind of lewd stuff have you girls been reading?' he silently cursed, but he couldn't help but enjoy the sensation.

It was as if every nerve ending was ablaze with sensation, and he surrendered completely to the pleasure that consumed him. Teuila's passion radiated from every movement, every flick of her tongue, propelling him to the brink of ecstasy.

He moaned uncontrollably, his body writhing beneath her touch as she teased his sensitive ears with such enthusiasm that he felt himself teetering on the edge of release. When he looked back, he noticed her of necter was running down her thick thighs, evidence of her intense passion and desire.

But Teuila wasn't alone in her efforts to pleasure him. Hemera took his cock deeper into her mouth, her passion mirroring Teuila's. Her movements were skilled, relentless, and Archer found himself caught in a whirlwind of sensation as she deepthroated him with abandon.

"Oh, damn, that feels amazing, girls," Archer murmured as he reveled in the pleasure from both tongues.

The combined assault on his senses was overwhelming, pushing him to the brink of euphoria faster than he thought possible. He could feel himself unraveling, pleasure building to an unbearable crescendo as the two girls worked in perfect harmony to drive him wild.

Then, with a groan, Archer let himself go, surrendering completely to the pleasure that consumed him. His body convulsed with ecstasy as wave after wave of pleasure washed over him, leaving him trembling and spent in its wake.

His senses were overwhelmed, his body writhing with pleasure as Teuila started running her hands all over his body and cupped his balls while Hemera sucked him, sending jolts of bliss coursing through him. Every flick, every caress, drove him closer to the edge of sanity, his mind consumed by the sensations.

Meanwhile, the sun elf's mouth felt like heaven wrapped around his throbbing cock, her throat eagerly accepting him as he thrust deeper into her warmth. The combination of Teuila and Hemera pushed him beyond his limits, igniting a firestorm of desire within him.

With a moan, Archer surrendered to the overwhelming pleasure, his climax erupting with an intensity that shook him to his core. He felt himself release deep into Hemera's throat, waves of bliss crashing over him as he emptied himself.

Hemera moaned with satisfaction as she eagerly swallowed his seed, relishing its taste. Afterward, Teuila ceased attacking all his weak spots as the sun elf was still going.

She wrapped her arms around his shoulders and spoke with a sultry voice, "That turned me on more than the book ever said. Your reaction was sexy, Arch. Admit that you loved what my little tongue can do to you?"

Hemera was busy cleaning his cock, licking every bit of seed until he was spotless. She wiped her mouth before standing up with a smirk, "Yes, husband. Did our attack switch on something inside you? The way you're looking at us is making me even wetter."

Archer smirked, "That was amazing. Your attacks on all my weak spots felt so good Teuila," He looked at Hemera. "while your sucking was out of this world, Hemera, but now let me return the favor to each of you."

After speaking, the blue-haired girl started kissing his neck while Hemera cast Cleanse on her mouth before kissing him. When the two did that, an irresistible surge of lust engulfed him, his every nerve electrified with desire as he seized the sun elf and bent her over.

She quivered with anticipation, her beautiful yellow eyes fixed on him with affection. Placing the blue-haired girl beside her, Archer admired both their femininity. Teuila's pussy beckoned like a vision of temptation, gleaming with arousal and adorned by delicate folds yearning for exploration.

On the other hand, Hemera's entrance pulsed with desire, flushed and swollen with an urgent longing, yearning to be filled and cherished. Without hesitation, Archer plunged into each of them, a surge of pleasure coursing through him, igniting a wildfire of ecstasy.

With each thrust, he switched between them, reveling in the sensation of their slick pussys that were so wet that he could enter both with no issues. In a moment of sheer desire, he tugged on Teuila's ponytail, eliciting a sharp cry of pleasure from her lips.

The room filled with the sounds of their passionate moans, the rhythm of their bodies moving in perfect harmony. Archer was lost in a haze of sensation, his every sense consumed by the intoxicating pleasure.

His passionate lovemaking and constant swapping between the two caused them to scream out in pleasure. As he slid into Teuila's pussy, he was met with a warm, welcoming embrace, her walls pulsating with each thrust.

Switching to Hemera, her's felt tighter, almost feverish with desire, gripping him like a velvet vice. Archer felt a rush of excitement as the love juices from both flooded out, signaling their intense arousal. The sight and scent of their combined passion fueled his desire even further.

With a primal urge driving him, Archer focused on Hemera, thrusting deeply into her as she moaned with pleasure. He could feel her walls pulsating around him, her body trembling with every movement. With each thrust, he felt himself getting closer to the edge.

Then, as the intensity of their lovemaking reached its peak, Archer released his pent-up desire, spilling his essence deep inside her. Hemera cried out in pleasure as she felt him fill her, her body quivering with pleasure.

But Archer's hunger was not yet sated. With a greedy appetite, he turned his attention to Teuila, who eagerly awaited his touch. Without hesitation, he entered her, the slickness of her arousal guiding him as he thrust into her with abandon.

Their bodies moved in perfect harmony, each motion driving them closer to the brink. And then, as Teuila's cries of pleasure filled the room, Archer reached his peak once again, emptying himself inside her as wave after wave of bliss washed over him.

Completely spent but utterly content, Archer slumped beside the two girls, their bodies intertwined amidst a haze of exhaustion and perspiration. They lay there, immersed in the tranquil aftermath of their shared passion, while the other five girls encircled them.

Before long, Archer fell asleep. The girls naturally gravitated towards him, seeking solace and warmth in his presence as they settled into a comfortable slumber together.

Chapter 672 My Snake Slave (R18)

The following morning, Archer woke up covered in limbs and hair, causing him to chuckle before casting Blink to get out of the tangle. Once free, he walked to the bath chambers to take a bath.

As he entered, steam enveloped his face, but he submerged himself in the warmth of the water, letting it embrace him. Archer spent an hour there before getting dressed; while doing that, he remembered the papers Ophelia gave them and decided to ask what groups they were all in.

He sat at the table and pulled out some paper before he started writing down how he wanted the legions organized and what type of support staff he wanted to hire. He focused on his memories of Earth and the Roman Army.

Archer loved everything related to Rome but decided to recreate it on Thrylos as his foundation. He ordered the generals to construct forts all over Draconia, using them to protect the land while training new soldiers.

Additionally, he wanted to establish the legions as soon as possible to protect the kingdom's walls and take on the pirate strongholds. Half an hour passed as he wrote down strategies, tactics, and training methods.

He offered unit suggestions such as spearmen, sword mages, berserkers, and heavy and light infantry alongside cavalry, skirmishers, and scouts. Archer emphasized that competent commanders must train them all, and when they are all organized and coordinated, they will take the pirate strongholds.

Archer then organized the kingdom by pulling a map Aisha had given him. The dragonkin woman built four wooden towns, but he wanted cities, towns, and villages. So, he decided to visit Mohamet and use the army to construct infrastructure that the kingdom could use.

When he wrote all that, he couldn't be bothered to write anymore, so he jumped up and was going to open a Gate to his kingdom, but Llynriel, Halime, and Teuila walked into the living room. When the three girls saw him, they smiled before greeting him with a kiss.

Teuila sat beside him with a smile as she questioned, "Where are you off to so early? Do you know what group we are in?"

He shook his head, "No. I was going to ask one of you girls when you woke up."

She grinned before retrieving a piece of paper from her storage ring and began, "We're split up, but none of our fights overlap so that we can watch everyone's matches. But enough of that, Ella is in the Light Group, Talila is in Darkness, Hemera is Fire, Llynriel is Earth, Halime and Leira are in Thunder, while you are in Cosmos with Nefi and Nala, and I'm in Water."

Archer raised an eyebrow before asking, "Does it match your affinity or something? Or is it random picks?"

Llynriel answered his question, "It's random, darling. Well, that's what Mother and Father told us."

He smiled and replied to the wood elf's question, "Okay. Do you girls want to visit my kingdom? I have to see Aisha and Mohamet."

They all gave him a nod, but Halime suddenly said, "Is Leira pregnant? Hecate didn't scan her, and she may just be late."

"What makes you ask that, Hali? Does it bother you if she is?" Archer inquired, curiosity lacing his voice.

Halime shook her head before replying, "No. Any child of yours is mine, Arch, but we must be certain because her family will be angry as you two aren't married yet."

Archer nodded, "Okay, let's sort this out now. Llynriel, you get Hecate, and Teuila, can you get Leira, please?"

They smiled before departing, leaving Archer alone with Halime, who wore a guilt-ridden expression as she gazed at him. However, he chuckled before rising to his feet and approached Halime.

Halime barely reached his chest in height. With a gentle touch, he lifted her chin with his finger, guiding her yellow snake eyes to meet his violet ones. Archer spoke with a knowing smirk, "I'm not angry with you. But I can't help but look at your seductive body, Hali. You look stunning and have made me horny."

Leaning in closer, he spoke seductively, "My Snake Slave. Pleasure me until we're thoroughly satisfied."

Halime swallowed nervously, feeling a rush of arousal coursing through her, causing her pussy to grow wet. Despite her apprehension, she agreed with a small smile.

She grabbed his hand and tugged him towards one of the bedrooms, determination shining in her eyes. Once inside, she swiftly dropped to her knees, her submissive posture contrasting sharply with her usual quiet demeanor.

With practiced ease, she freed Archer's cock from his pants, her actions fueled by an affection that seemed to have been waiting to burst forth. As she took him into her mouth, her lips enveloping him, he was taken aback by the intensity of her desire.

The sensation of her warm mouth and eager tongue sent shivers down his spine, and he couldn't help but gasp in pleasure. Halime's skilled sucking caused him to let out a moan as her long tongue licked every inch of his cock.

Archer found himself swept away by the unexpected passion of his usually reserved companion. Her quiet moans and the way she eagerly took him deeper only fueled his arousal further.

He found himself captivated by the raw hunger in her eyes as she pleased him with such devotion. As Halime continued to suck him with shameless devotion, Archer surrendered to the overwhelming sensation, his mind reeling in pleasure.

It was a moment of pure ecstasy, one that left him breathless and yearning for more. As Halime pleased Archer, she sensed his growing lust and felt a surge of desire within herself.

Pausing for a moment, she released him from her mouth, her lips trailing down his shaft before she tenderly kissed his balls, eliciting a soft moan from him. Unlike the previous night with Teuila, Halime's approach was different.

It was not driven by urgency or desire but by a gentle, loving touch. She explored his body as the lust took over her, Halime's movements deliberate and filled with affection.

With delicate strokes of her tongue. She traced a path along his inner thighs, leaving a trail of kisses in her wake until she reached his cock and started sucking it again with even more vigor now than before as her lust overtook her, causing her to go into a pleasure-filled daze.

She still stroked him as she ran her tongue along the tip, causing him to jerk due to the pleasure that washed over him. Archer looked down and saw a puddle of love juices pooling between her legs, which sent him wild.

Unable to restrain himself longer, he leaped to his feet, an urge pulsating through his veins. He effortlessly lifted Halime after getting up, her body melting against his with a gasp of surprise.

Carried by the heat of the moment, he laid her gently on the bed, his movements fueled by a raw, unbridled passion. With eager hands, he swiftly removed her panties, exposing her glistening sex to his hungry gaze.

Without a moment's hesitation, he plunged into her depths, his cock sliding effortlessly into her wet, inviting pussy. Halime's scream of ecstasy filled the room as he began to thrust into her with a fervor born of pure desire.

Each movement sent shockwaves of pleasure rippling through her body, igniting a firestorm of sensation that threatened to consume them both. Driven by an insatiable hunger, Archer moved urgently, his movements becoming more frenzied with each passing moment.

The air crackled with electricity as passion washed over the couple. Their moans mingled like a sweet melody. Halime cast a spell of cleansing over her mouth in a moment of sheer abandon, erasing any lingering traces of her earlier activities.

Then, with a hunger that bordered on desperation, she pulled him closer, her lips crashing against his in a fierce, passionate kiss. Their mouths met in a clash of tongues and teeth, each kiss more fervent than the last.

In that moment, their souls intertwined, their hearts united by a deep yearning and passion. Lost in the intensity of the moment, they surrendered to the overwhelming rush of pleasure, moving together in perfect synchronization.

Their bodies melded in an exquisite dance, ascending to peaks of ecstasy that Halime had never before experienced. As Archer continued to make love to the snake girl with wild abandon, her screams of ecstasy filled the room, echoing off the walls.

Each thrust sent waves of sensation coursing through her body, igniting a firestorm of desire that threatened to consume her. Halime's nails dug into his back, her grip tight as she begged for more, her voice a desperate plea for release, "Give me more, Arch! It feels so good."

Halime's body writhed beneath him, every movement driving him deeper into her, fueling the flames of passion that burned between them. With each thrust, he felt himself teetering on the edge of oblivion, his desire driving him to the brink of madness.

Chapter 673 Looks Like It'll Be Just Us Two

The moment's intensity was overwhelming, a whirlwind of sensation that threatened to consume them both. Archer finally reached the pinnacle of pleasure, his climax crashing over him like a tidal wave.

He spilled his seed deep inside Halime's womb, filling her with his essence as she cried out in ecstasy, her body trembling as she climaxed at the same time. Archer noticed she fainted due to the overwhelming pleasure that washed over her.

After their passionate encounter, Archer withdrew from Halime's slick folds, his seed and her love juices flowing out like a waterfall. He swiftly cast a cleansing spell on himself before tenderly kissing Halime's forehead and leaving the room.

As he stepped outside, the voices of four girls reached his ears. Curious, Archer approached to find Llynriel, Teuila, Leira, and Hecate sitting together. Although Llynriel, Teuila, and Hecate seemed relaxed, Leira wore a troubled expression.

Archer sighed, sensing the tension. "What's wrong now?" he asked, his voice filled with concern.

The cat girl's gaze fell to the ground as she replied softly, "I needed to cleanse my system to regulate my moonblood cycle. I'm not pregnant, Arch."

He noticed Leira's troubled expression as she spoke softly about her concerns. Without hesitation, he stepped forward, reassuringly touching her shoulder.

"Leira, it's okay," he said gently, his voice filled with understanding. "We're still young and have plenty of time to think about starting a family. Right now, let's focus on caring for ourselves and each other."

She looked at him, her green eyes reflecting gratitude for his understanding. "Thank you, Archer," she murmured, a hint of relief in her voice.

Archer smiled warmly at her before turning to Hecate, who was nearby. "Hecate," he called out, catching her attention. "Could you do me a favor?"

Hecate nodded, curious about what he needed. "Of course, Archer. What do you need?"

He glanced back at Leira before turning back to Hecate. "Could you cast a pregnancy prevention spell on everyone? Just to be safe."

As she realized the situation, Hecate's expression shifted to one of understanding. "Of course, Archer. I can do that before I head to the shop."

"Thank you, Hecate. Would you like to spend some time together tonight?" Archer commented as he approached the moon elf.

Hecate smiled before walking toward the bedroom where Halime was sleeping. Archer turned to Llynriel and Leira, who appeared tired, and suggested, "Why don't you two go back to bed? We have hours until the tournament starts."

Llynriel glanced at Leira and nodded before the duo returned to the bedroom, leaving Archer alone with Teuila. The blue-haired girl turned to him with a grin. "Looks like it'll be just us two."

"That's good. I love spending time with you, Teu. Now, let's see Aisha and Mohamet," Archer said as he opened a Gate to the Bastion.

Archer motioned for Teuila to pass through and followed her when she vanished into the violet portal. When he stepped through, they appeared in the fortress's courtyard, causing every surrounding soldier to kneel in respect.

He greeted them with a nod before leading Teuila into the hall. After telling a guard to summon Aisha, he started looking for Mohamet and soon found the old man talking to a group of men and women.

The human general he met all those years ago turned to him with a happy smile while greeting him with a salute, "Your Majesty. How can I help you?"

"Who are all these people, Mohamet?" Archer questioned.

In the grand hall of the Draconian Palace, Mohamet stood before Archer, Teuila, and a group of men and women, their faces reflecting reverence and loyalty. With a commanding presence, Mohamet introduced the leaders of his army and other elite units.

"The White Dragon Archer, it is my honor to present the leaders of our mighty legions and battalions, who will serve you with unwavering loyalty and dedication."

He gestured to the first pair of warriors standing beside him. "First, I present to you Lucian Nightshade and Elara Ravensong, the Dragon Marshals of the First Legion. Their courage and strategic prowess are unmatched, and they shall lead their legion with honor and valor."

With his imposing presence and steely gaze, Lucian Nightshade nodded in acknowledgment. Beside him, Elara Ravensong, radiating strength and determination, offered a respectful bow.

Mohamet turned to the next pair of warriors. "Next, we have Alistair Shadowblade and Thalia Evergreen, the Dragon Marshals of the second Legion. Their cunning and skill in battle are renowned, and they shall lead their legion with wisdom and foresight."

Alistair Shadowblade, clad in shadows that seemed to dance around him, inclined his head in deference. Thalia Evergreen, with her connection to nature evident in every aspect of her being, offered a serene smile.

Moving on, Mohamet introduced the leaders of the Dragon Marshals. "Presenting Kieran Darkwater and Darian Silverleaf, the Dragon Marshals of the 3rd Legion Dragon. Their loyalty and dedication to you are unwavering, and they shall lead their legion with honor and integrity."

Kieran Darkwater, his eyes ablaze with determination, nodded solemnly. With her calm demeanor and resolute spirit, Darian Silverleaf stood beside him with a sense of quiet strength.

Mohamet then introduced the leaders of the other units, each one kneeling before Archer as a sign of utmost respect as they introduced themselves:

"Arianne Stormborn, Commander of the Homeguard Battalion."

"Evelina Emberheart, Leader of the Dragon Legionaries."

"Cassius Stormborn, Master of the Drakelord Knights."

"Rodrick Emberheart, Leader of the Dragonfang Battalions."

As each leader knelt before Archer, their commitment and loyalty were noticeable, their unwavering dedication to their kingdom and its ruler evident in every gesture. After that, Mohamet motioned him to sit on the throne he had constructed.

When Archer sat on the throne, it felt comfortable before dragging Teuila onto his lap as he took out the papers he completed earlier. He handed it to Mohamet, who started reading it as his eyes widened.

The old man looked at him with shock as he asked, "You want the army to build farms, roads, ports, and everything else? Why would you do such a thing?"

"Bored soldiers grow restless, general. We need to keep them busy, and because the work is for the kingdom, they would be happy to help. Now summon every soldier available to relocate large amounts of labor," Archer answered before opening a portal to the domains of many cities and villages.

Archer then announced to everyone inside that the Draconia Kingdom was ready and needed people to work the farms and help the economy grow. When he finished speaking, there was a loud cheer.

From the people he stole from the Chuch Of Light, the orphans he took in, and the millions of humanoids who wanted to help Archer. Once hearing that, he turned to Mohamet, who was giving orders before speaking, "Give me half an hour, Your Majesty. I will dispatch people to construct a tent city for now."

He nodded, "Okay. I will build the western and southern walls before I return. How many soldiers do we have, Mohamet?"

The old man stretched his beard and replied, "Just over two million, Your Majesty. We have three full legions of light and heavy infantry, cavalry, and ranged units. We don't have enough Healers or support staff, so the soldiers have tried their best to fill those roles."

Archer didn't answer immediately as he thought of ways to earn money before speaking: "Hold on a second, Mohamet. Let me think for you a second, but who can tell me some popular expensive plants we can sell in bulk?"

That's when he saw Evelina, the leader of the Dragon Legionaries, raise her hand, causing him to motion for her to speak, "Your Majesty. They would be Astraloria - Valethorn - Chronosia - Arkania."

His confused expression caused Evelina to grin before explaining, "Well, Astraloria is used in enough makeup and women's products that the large trading guilds will pay a lot of gold to acquire. Then there's Valethorn, an ingredient for the high-end health potions the Novgorod and Nightshade Empires love to buy."

Archer was interested and inquired in a curious tone, "What about the other two?"

Evelina smiled before continuing, "Chronosia is used in mana potions to boost its effects, while Arkania is a rare tea favored by every noble and lord on Thrylos."

"Interesting. Where can these be found?" Archer washed

The woman with light brown hair and blue eyes started to think to herself before speaking, "Verdantia. Especially the Novgorod Empire, which has many private gardens that grow a lot of rare ingredients."

Archer nodded as he grinned, "I'll empty the domain of people, Mohamet. Make sure they're comfortable and have Aisha arrange for them to have jobs."

That's when he remembered something and spoke, "Also select one thousand men and assign them to start collecting taxes. Make it three gold a month from every citizen old enough to pay and who has work or some profession, and if they complain, tell them that their coin will pay for the improvement of the kingdom and not to fill my pockets."

Chapter 674 Homeguard Battalion

Mohamet nodded before Archer continued speaking, "Now get one legion ready for combat and dispatch the others to start building stone fortresses in the locations I've marked on this crude map."

Archer retrieved a map provided by Aisha and handed it to herMohamet. When he took it, he started observing the numerous markings; the old man questioned, "Why such a vast number, Your Majesty?"

"Each fortress is designed to accommodate twenty thousand soldiers, and considering our future army's size reaching into the millions, we will require as many strongholds as possible. I trust your years of training have prepared them for this task," Archer replied confidently.

"Yes, Your Majesty. You can take the First Legion while the other two will be assigned to build infrastructure across the kingdom and guard the sea walls once you've completed them," Mohamet nodded.

But the old man got a curious expression before asking, "What will you be doing with the First?"

Archer smirked, "I will be conquering the pirate strongholds surrounding Draconia. But I want the organization to be like this."

He handed another piece of paper to Mohamet, but to ensure the man and generals understood, he devised a brilliant idea to do this. Archer stood up as he cast Mana Manipulation to create a picture of his army's composition.

With a commanding presence, he began to explain the organization of the Dragon Legion.

"Here in the heart of our army lies the Dragon Legion," Archer gestured to a designated area on the map. "Comprised of twelve infantry regiments, four Cavalry Regiments, fifteen Mixed Ranged Cohorts, fifteen cohorts of Support Staff, and ten mixed cohorts of infantry and cavalry that make up the Supply Regiment, our Dragon Legion stands as a formidable force, ready to defend our kingdom."

He pointed to each section of the Legion on the map as he spoke. "Each Infantry Regiment consists of ten thousand men, organized into Cohorts of one thousand men each, further divided into five centuries of two hundred soldiers each."

"Similarly," Archer continued, "each of our Cavalry Regiment are made up of ten thousand Riders and further spilt into cohorts of one thousand cavalry each. After that much like the infantry the cohorts are spilt into five centuries of two hundred riders."

Transitioning to the section dedicated to the Ranged Battalions, he provided a detailed overview, "Our Mixed Ranged Cohorts, the Wyrmguard Artillery Corps. I want them to have one thousand engines of war in each cohort. Which will be broken down into two groups of five hundred that will be called an Artillery Century."

Archer looked around and saw the nods of understanding before continuing, "Alongside them will be our Archers, organized into cohorts which are made up of one thousand soldiers. These cohorts are further subdivided into five centuries of two hundred skilled marksmen. Additionally, our mages are grouped into Mage Companies, each comprising one hundred. However, collectively, they form part of cohorts comprising one thousand soldiers, constituting the ranged section of our army."

Archer looked at Lucian Nightshade and Elara Ravensong, the Dragon Marshals of the first Dragon Legion, who were listening to every word he said. That's when he started explaining the concept of strategic, operational, and tactical bases.

He began by pointing to a marked location on the map indicating Draconia's future Port Cities. "Strategic Bases are where our army's vital supplies are shipped from. They serve as the primary hub for logistics and distribution, ensuring our forces are well-equipped and supplied for campaigns."

Elara nodded, her keen intellect absorbing the information. "And the Operational Base?" she inquired, her voice steady and commanding.

Archer's gaze shifted to a different point on the map, indicating a port or river city marked as the landing point. "The Operational Base acts as the anchor of our supply lines during campaigns," he explained. "It's where our supply caravans or ships dock to resupply our troops with provisions, ammunition, and other necessities while on the move."

Lucian's brow furrowed slightly as he processed the information. "And what about the Tactical Base?" he asked, his tone reflecting his curiosity.

Archer's finger moved to another set of markings on the map, indicating bases positioned every fifty miles along the army's route. "Tactical Bases are crucial for our operations. These are the bases we build at regular intervals during our campaign. Initially, they serve as storage points for food, weapons, and other supplies. Once our army moves forward, these bases transition into supply depots, guarded by the Supply Brigade to ensure our logistical support remains secure."

Lucian and Elara exchanged glances, silently acknowledging the importance of each type of base in maintaining the army's effectiveness and readiness for battle. With a nod of understanding, Lucian turned back to Archer.

"Thank you, Your Majesty," he said respectfully. We will ensure that our legion understands and implements these strategic principles effectively."

Then, Teuila spoke up as she quietly watched: "Husband, why are you focusing so much on supplies instead of steamrolling the enemy? And why not carry the army's stuff for them in your Item Box?"

Archer smiled as he brushed a strand of blue hair out of her face before explaining, "Because I don't want my army relying on me to be a pack mule. I'll be exploring new lands as they conquer the old for me. And to answer your question, my love, what does an army march on?"

Teuila looked confused on her pretty face before Elara answered, "Your Majesty. Supplies are important to an army when conducting a campaign in enemy territory. It's amazing how you've thought about the logistics, as many rulers usually ignore that aspect."

"Yes, they do. We won't be ready to depart until we start growing our food and have a functional navy," Archer answered the woman.

As he observed her more closely, he noted her attractiveness, though she didn't possess the kingdom-toppling beauty of some of his girls. Yet, a certain charm about the Dragon Marshal intrigued him.

But he ignored that for now and turned to Mohamet with a question that had always bothered him: "Do we have anyone experienced with naval warfare?"

The old man nodded, "Yes, Your Majesty. A group of dragonkin and humans are fond of ships and fighting at sea. They have been bugging me about helping the kingdom since they came here."

"Call for them," Archer ordered.

Mohamet bowed and walked off to find the people as Archer turned back to Teuila and explained, "Teu. An army marches on their stomach; we must ensure everything is in place before moving."

"I understand. It's different from how the other rulers wage war; they would rather rush in and conquer instead of focusing on logistics," Teuila answered as she cuddled up to him while everyone watched them.

Archer nodded, "Yes, it is. The Draconia army will be special, and they will be able to stay in enemy territory thanks to the supply lines and their abilities to forage food or collect it from a nearby town or city."

After speaking, he called out to his second Dragon Marshals, "Alistair Shadowblade and Thalia Evergreen. Step forward."

When the two appeared before him, they knelt, allowing Archer to examine them. Alistair has brown swept-back hair and green eyes that speak of a lifetime of experience. He noticed the man was rather tall for a human. After looking at him, he scanned the man.

[Alistair Shadowblade]

[Human]

[Level: 150]

[Rank: Arch Mage]

'He's strong. I'll have them train even more,' Archer pondered before shifting his attention to Thalia.

Thalia, an elf of uncertain lineage, possessed an ethereal beauty. Her light blonde hair cascaded around her shoulders, framing her face with leaf-green eyes gleaming with wisdom.

Her face was strikingly beautiful, and her lips exuded a lusciousness that seemed to beckon for kisses. Despite her slender physique, Thalia possessed curves in all the right places, which caught his eye, but he shook his head and scanned her.

[Thalia Evergreen]

[High Elf]

[Level: 310]

[Rank: High mage]

'Wow, she's twice as strong as Alistair,' he thought.

Archer smiled, "My second Dragon Marshals. You will be in charge of constructing the kingdom's forts. I will draw a blueprint for what I want. Which one of you is experienced in building structures?"

Neither answered, but Archer saw a hand fly up before speaking, "Your Majesty! There is a family of dwarves on my street who used to build warships for the old Dwarven Empire that was on the central continent years ago."

Archer caught sight of a human woman with chestnut hair, her vivid yellow eyes fixed on him with a blend of admiration and attraction. Despite her efforts, her clothes struggled to contain her big chest, emphasized by the military uniform that clung to her curves.

He scanned the beautiful commander of the Homeguard Battalion.

[Arianna Stormborn]

[Level: 285]

[Rank: Arch Mage]

'Very strong and gorgeous. A good combination,' Archer thought to himself.

Eagerly, he exclaimed, "Fetch them, Arianne Stormborn. Bring them here!"

"Yes, Your Majesty," she saluted before rushing out the hall.

When she was gone, Archer told the rest of the group, "I will build the eastern and southern walls before returning. Tell Queen Aisha to wait here for me."

Everyone bowed as he stood up and held Teuila in a princess carry, darkening her brown cheeks. He smiled before leaning down and kissing her juicy lips before casting Gate to the outside.

He stepped into the courtyard and summoned his wings. With a powerful flap, he ascended into the sky, soaring southward. As he flew, he pondered the type of wall he imagined constructing.

Chapter 675 Long Time No See My King

Archer swiftly reached Draconia's southern shore and descended. After landing, he set Teuila down and began stretching as she spoke, "Arch, do you mind if I go for a swim?"

He watched Teuila sprint toward the rough waters and dived in, shaking his head while speaking to himself, "Crazy girl. But Aquarians do love their water."

After that, he returned to work and flapped his wings to hover in the air while surveying the shoreline. Once he did that for twenty minutes, he knew the type of wall he would create. It would stretch from the western mountains to the eastern ones and have access to the river with a large metal gate.

Knowing this would use much of his mana, he sent Mohamet a message to organize some of the White Dragon Knights to come and keep an eye on him while he did this. The old man did this without complaint after Archer opened a portal to the Bastion.

He had expected a few reinforcements, perhaps a dozen, but what emerged from the shimmering gateway left him stunned. Five hundred heavily armored knights marched out in perfect formation, their white armor gleaming in the sunlight.

The helmets they wore obscured their faces, leaving only narrow slits for their eyes, adding an air of mystery to their imposing presence. Each knight held a massive sword, the blades reflecting the light with a deadly glint as they moved in unison.

Archer's astonishment deepened as the knights halted their march and arranged themselves into precise rows. He had not anticipated such a formidable force appearing before him.

Suddenly, a large man stepped forward from the ranks of knights, his stature commanding attention. He knelt before Archer with an air of deference, his voice resonating with respect as he spoke.

"I am Marius Silverfang, Second in Command of the White Dragon Knights," the man declared. "What can we do for you, my gracious king?"

Archer struggled to find his voice, still reeling from Marius and his knights' unexpected arrival. But he shook his head and spoke in a commanding voice: "Have the soldiers guard the area while I create this wall."

That's when he turned to the commander and said, "Teuila is in the sea. If she returns, tell her the plan, Marius."

"Yes, Your Majesty," The man responded before shouting his orders to the knights.

Archer watched as they formed a perimeter around him. He started to hover in the air and closed his eyes while casting Mana Manipulation, which caused the mana around him to go crazy.

To the knights below, it looked like a storm was beginning, but suddenly, the man shot down into the ground. He felt the mana in the air gathering around him before shooting into the ground.

After a few minutes, the earth started to shake, causing walls to rise. Tough-looking black stone shot up into the air and stood fifty meters over the sea, allowing for perfect sight. Archer created staircases that led to the stone street below.

He erected towers, each doubling as guard quarters, positioned at intervals of every mile along the wall, ensuring surveillance even when the soldiers were off duty. Additionally, he constructed large forts scattered along the wall's length.

Yet, the pinnacle of his creation was the imposing metal gate designed to thwart ships' attempts to traverse the Dragonfire River into Draconia. As Archer completed his task and felt the dizziness overwhelm him, he began to plummet from the sky.

Panic surged through him until a booming voice shattered the air, commanding, "Catch the king!"

In a split second, strong arms enveloped him, breaking his fall. Startled, Archer saw a figure with snow-white hair and glowing yellow eyes. Recognition flooded his mind as he remembered a woman he had encountered some time ago.

"Long time no see, My King," the woman greeted him, her voice filled with warmth and familiarity.

[Teuila's POV]

Teuila surged through the water like a rocket, her Aquarian heritage guiding her with remarkable speed. As she darted among the ocean depths, thousands of sea beasts swirled around her, their forms a mesmerizing display of aquatic life.

But then, without warning, the chaos of the sea quieted, and an eerie stillness enveloped her. Teuila's heart pounded as she scanned her surroundings, searching for any sign of danger.

Then, a voice cut through the silence, rich with warmth and familiarity. "My Sea Princess has returned," it echoed, resonating with power. "I have been following your journey, girl, and it has been exciting."

Teuila's eyes widened in astonishment as she recognized the voice. It spoke to her with a tenderness she had never known. A surge of emotions flooded her—awe, wonder, and a profound sense of connection to the vast depths of the sea.

"Goddess Oceana, it's been a long time, and yes, life has been fun," Teuila replied with a smile.

A melodious laugh echoed through the water as a bubble formed, giving birth to the ethereal figure of a woman. Her long, dark blue hair flowed like silk, catching the light in a mesmerizing dance, while her golden eyes sparkled with an otherworldly radiance.

Her skin, as smooth as porcelain, bore no imperfections. Teuila's heart skipped a beat as she recognized the beautiful figure before her—the Sea Goddess. It had been years since she last encountered her, back when she was just a child of seven.

But the memory of the deity's beauty remained etched in her mind. The goddess materialized fully, her presence exuding an aura of calm and wisdom.

With a gentle smile, she spoke, her voice carrying the tranquility of the ocean depths. "I've witnessed your husband's escapades and the way he unwittingly thwarts the plans of the dark gods. It's quite amusing, wouldn't you agree?"

Teuila's smile widened as she recalled some of Archer's antics, causing her to agree, "Indeed, he possesses a gift for provoking powerful people and groups."

Another laugh resonated before Oceana said with a smile, "Allow me to offer you a glimpse of his future. I've been instructed otherwise, but as the goddess of the sea, even a dragon deity cannot dissuade me from indulging my children."

The woman touched Teuila's forehead and witnessed an amazing scene. She stood on a hill, her heart pounding as she witnessed the chaos below. On one side of the battlefield, soldiers clad in menacing black armor.

She noticed they held white banners embellished with the symbol of the white dragon and clashed mercilessly with Novgorodian warriors. The clash of swords and the cries of battle filled the air as Archer's soldiers cut swaths through the Novgorodian ranks.

Their advance was relentless and unstoppable. Teuila's breath caught in her throat as she watched them fight bravely against the overwhelming amount of Novgorodian soldiers who were waiting to take their lives.

But amidst the chaos, a hush fell over the battlefield as a massive shadow blocked the sun. Teuila's eyes widened as she saw Archer in his dragon form but much bigger, locked in a fierce duel with a menacing black dragon.

The two beasts clashed with thunderous roars, their massive forms twisting and turning through the sky as they exchanged devastating blows. Her heart raced as she watched the struggle.

Despite the ferocity of the Archer's attacks, the black dragon seemed to hold the upper hand. Its dark scales gleamed in the sunlight as it unleashed a barrage of fire and fury upon him.

But then, with a mighty roar, she watched Archer launch a devastating counterattack, his powerful jaws clamping down on the black dragon's throat with force. Her eyes widened in awe as she watched the black dragon thrash and struggle in a futile attempt to break free.

After some struggle, Teuila watched as Archer tore the dragon's neck apart, causing blood to rain down; with a deafening crash, she watched as the black dragon fell to the ground, defeated and lifeless.

Teuila stood transfixed as Archer's soldiers surged forward, cutting down the remaining enemy soldiers with swift and decisive strikes. The clash of steel echoed across the battlefield as the black-armored soldiers pressed on.

With each step, they pushed deeper into the enemy ranks, driving back the Novgorodian forces with unwavering resolve. She watched in awe as the tide of battle turned in her love's favor, his soldiers fighting with unmatched skill and ferocity.

But even as victory seemed within reach, the scene shifted abruptly, and Teuila found herself gazing upon a massive castle under siege. Archer's army had surrounded the stronghold, their ranks bristling with weapons and excitement as they launched a relentless assault on the city walls.

Mana cannons thundered in the distance, sending blasts of magical energy hurtling toward the defenses. The impact was devastating, sending debris flying as sections of the once-

imposing walls crumbled under the onslaught.

She caught sight of Archer striding toward the forefront of the horde of black-armored soldiers, his words ringing out with fervor that ignited a fire in the hearts of those around her. "They've assaulted our home! They've laid waste to the Third Legion and massacred the people of Vassia City! The Novgorodians will answer for their brutality!"

Teuila observed as he turned, gesturing toward the city. "We've come a long way, my comrades, but this war is far from its end! Not until we seize their homeland and raise the white banner high above their capital!"

Chapter 676 Do You Have It

Teuila watched as Archer finished his impassioned speech, rallying the soldiers with his words. The soldiers grew increasingly fervent, spurred on by the relentless barrage of mana cannon fire overhead.

The thunderous explosions supported Archer's silent declaration, fueling the troops' adrenaline as they prepared to charge into battle. Teuila stood nearby, her heart beating as she looked at her husband, whom she'd grown to love.

Cannons thundered in the distance, sending bursts of energy crashing into the already weakened defenses. Chunks of stone and debris rained with each explosion, weakening the fortifications.

As the walls began to crumble under the onslaught, adrenaline coursed through her veins. She knew what would come next—the Draconian army, fueled by a thirst for revenge, would charge forward, seizing the opportunity to breach the enemy's stronghold.

With a fierce battle cry, they surged forward, their ranks unyielding as they poured through the breaches in the walls. Teuila's heart pounded as she watched the chaos unfold. The clash of steel echoed through the air as the Draconian forces clashed with the defenders.

Swords clashed, arrows flew, and magic crackled in the air as the two armies fought for supremacy. Teuila's gaze swept over the battlefield. She knew victory was within Archer's grasp, but that's when she woke up and appeared back in the water.

Teuila shook her head and looked at the sea goddess before asking, "Why did you show me that Oceana?"

"You, my dear, hold the pivotal role in guiding your husband away from the path of darkness. Trust your instincts, and you will know when the time is right to intervene. Now, go and enjoy yourself," Oceana remarked before fading away with the tide.

After the goddess had departed, Teuila shook her head once more before darting through the water with renewed determination. As she propelled herself forward, she leaped out of the water, only to collide with the wall with a resounding thud, causing it to tremble slightly.

[Back to Archer]

Archer rose to his feet, his gaze settling on Sarina Kaba, Mohamet's daughter, with a curious glint in his eyes. As he watched her, he couldn't help but notice her long, white hair emitting a soft glow as it cascaded down in a ponytail.

Her smooth brown skin, reminiscent of chocolate, complemented her hair. Yellow eyes met his gaze, holding a mixture of attraction and something indescribable. Shaking his head slightly, he redirected his focus to her attire.

She wore a combination of black metal and leather armor, emphasizing her desirable curves. He commented with a grin as he took in the beautiful soldier, "Hello, Sarina. What brings you out here?"

The white-haired dragonkin woman giggled as she replied, "I lead a Brigade of the Homeguard, handsome. Father dispatched me to the southern wall, which I must admit is beautiful."

After she spoke, Archer remembered something before turning to the wall but was stopped when something thumped against the wall, causing him to Blink to the top and look over only to see Teuila rubbing her head.

Her blue eyes looked at him, frustrated, before she pouted and sat there, making him feel guilty. He chuckled before Blinking next to her and embracing the Aquarian, who was soaking wet.

Archer cast Cosmic Shield and Mana Manipulation to generate warmth within the vicinity so Teuila could dry off. As the comforting heat enveloped her, she sighed in relief before addressing him, "I love the wall you've constructed, even though it's given me a headache."

He chuckled before casting Aurora Healing on her as he spoke, "Be careful next time, my love. I don't want you to hurt yourself."

Teuila giggled but nodded, "Deal. Let's go. You still have one more wall to build and a jealous-looking dragonkin woman staring down at you to deal with."

"Oh, that beautiful woman is Sarina. I met her years ago, and now she leads a Homeguard Battalion," Archer explained as he cast Blink to reappear on the wall.

When Teuila heard him, she narrowed her eyes, but her expression softened into a giggle upon seeing his confused look. She reassured him, "I'm not a jealous girl, Arch. I know you'll have many wives, but you'll always make time for me and the others."

Archer nodded in agreement. "Definitely, Teu."

Teuila was about to flirt back, but a cough interrupted them. The couple turned to see Sarina standing there, wearing a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes. Archer smiled warmly before introducing the two.

"Sarina, this is my fiancée, Teuila Aquaria," he said with a smile, turning to Teuila.

"Teu, this is Sarina Kaba, the most beautiful soldier in my army and my future lover," Archer said with a charming smile, catching the dragonkin woman off guard.

Archer noticed Sarina's face got a shade brown, causing him to smirk, but she quickly rebuked him, "Why would I want to be the lover of a playboy dragon with so many women he couldn't please all of them."

"Oh, you're wrong, soldier. Archer can easily please us twelve and still have stamina. I'm still aching after our last session," Teuila interjected with a grin, making the woman's face even darker.

After that, Teuila approached the dragonkin woman and offered her hand as she spoke, "It's good to meet one of Archer's future lovers. Do you mind telling me how the two met?"

"Ye-yes. Let's check out one of the towers," Sarina offered while looking away at Archer, causing him to laugh.

Teuila told him to wait here as they walked off. Archer turned his attention to the arriving soldiers being pushed back by the White Dragon Knights, who wouldn't let them approach.

Archer ignored them and took off to examine the wall. He soared through the air on his powerful wings and saw a sight that skipped his heart. Before him rose an imposing black stone wall, towering fifty meters high and stretching as far as the eye could see.

Its sheer size and menacing appearance sent shivers down his spine, yet he couldn't help but admire the craftsmanship that went into its construction. Despite the intimidating wall, Archer noticed the towers lining its length were equally formidable.

They stood tall and proud, providing strategic vantage points for the soldiers. The forts scattered along the wall added to its defenses, their sturdy structures ready to withstand assault.

Hovering closer, his gaze fixed upon the metal gate that was the primary entrance into Draconia. It loomed before him, black and foreboding, its massive form a stark contrast against the surrounding stone.

When he finished surveying the Southern Draconia Wall, Archer noticed a column of soldiers marching toward him, accompanied by wagons and other individuals. Spotting them, he swiftly flew towards the tower where Teuila and Sarina were stationed.

As he neared the tower, Archer dismissed his wings, allowing himself to fall freely towards the wall with a confident smile. The soldiers below watched in awe as he descended, their eyes widening with amazement.

But as he seemed to be on a collision course with the ground, Archer cast Blink and reappeared unscathed outside the tower's door. The soldiers erupted into cheers, exhilarated by the display of magic and skill.

Archer stepped into the tower, greeted by a spacious barracks-

like room. Large windows lined the walls, allowing morning light to stream in and providing a view of the surrounding landscape. Rows of neatly arranged beds filled the space, each with its footlocker at the end.

He noticed smaller rooms designated for artillery storage and maintenance along one side of the room. Weapons racks held swords, spears, and bows, while shelves were stocked with ammunition and other supplies.

The air was filled with the faint scent of oil and metal, hinting at well-maintained weaponry. Soldiers moved about the room. Some engaged in conversation while others tended to their gear or choose on their bunks.

When he entered the room, everyone present except Teuila dropped to their knees in reverence. But she greeted him with a loving smile and stepped forward, her gaze fixed on him as she inquired, "What will the soldiers' wages be, darling?"

Archer paused, momentarily caught off guard by the question. He hadn't given it much consideration before. After a moment of thought, he decided to imitate the Roman pay model.

"Two hundred and fifty gold coins per year, with additional bonuses and incentives," he replied. "But that's the current standard. I may need to conduct some raids on the Novgorodian Banks to procure more gold, but it's certainly doable."

When he finished, everyone looked at him with wide eyes, causing Sarina to comment sarcastically, "You're going to steal from one of the richest empires on Thrylos?"

As she spoke, a large dragonkin soldier commented out of nowhere, making Teuila and Sarina jump, "I don't mean to be rude, commander, but Thrylos is bigger than anyone thinks. There may be a bigger and stronger empire out there."

Archer looked at the man with narrowed eyes, causing the soldier to shrink back, but stopped when he asked, "Why do you say such things? And if you scare my women again, I'll rip your head off."

The big man gulped before answering, "I apologize, Your Majesty. But to answer your question, it was a book I read."

"Do you have it?" Archer asked.

When the soldier heard his question, he smiled before speaking, "Yes. Let me get it."

The man returned seconds later and handed Archer a book about Thrylos and the sea monsters that inhabited them, which intrigued him. Archer handed the man a gold coin, which shocked him, but he insisted on taking it for the book.

Chapter 677 A Dragonkin, Fox And Two Tigers

Teuila stepped closer to Archer, encircling one arm around his waist and resting her head on his shoulder. "Two hundred and fifty gold a year is indeed generous wages," she remarked softly. "It will not only support their families but also contribute to the prosperity of the kingdom."

"That's the plan, but I need to get hold of those ingredients. Hold on, Teu," Archer said as he walked out of the tower, followed by Teuila and Sarina.

When outside, he summoned the Tressyms, who were happy to see him. Instantly, the air was filled with the fluttering of wings as the adorable creatures descended upon him with excitement.

At first, Archer chuckled as the Tressyms swarmed around him, nuzzling and purring affectionately. But soon, their happiness reached funny levels as they started to tackle him with playful pounces, causing him to stagger and almost lose his balance.

Teuila and Sarina burst into laughter at the sight, their eyes sparkling with amusement. The blue-haired girl spoke with amusement, "Looks like you've got some eager fans, Archer!"

"Yeah, they are lovely beasts who have served me well," he replied as he ran his hand through the flying cat's silky fur.

After that, he ordered them to loot the Novgorod Empire and Church Of Lights gardens for Astraloria, Valethorn, Chronosia, Arkania, Moonshade, Celestial Moonflower, Elysian Glowfruit and Frostfire Spice.

He remembered a few rare plants and ingredients the central continent had that he could grow and sell in bulk to earn many gold coins through trade. After the cats were gone, he turned to Sarina and handed her a bracelet, which confused the woman.

Archer smiled before explaining, "Send mana into it to contact me. We need to go on a date soon, Sarina Kaba."

The white-haired dragonkin woman replied, "I would like that. " She looked at Teuila before continuing, " Only if it's okay with your women."

He was just about to reply, but the Aquarian Princess answered for him, "You're welcome to date him, Sarina. You seem like a lovely woman."

"Thank you. It was nice to meet you, Teuila," Sarina replied as Archer picked her up and started flying toward the western part of Draconia.

While flying, he instructed Mohamet to dispatch a company of Homeguards to the new wall he was about to build. As they soared through the skies, heading northwest toward their destination, the wind rushed past them, carrying the scent of adventure and freedom.

The landscape unfolded beneath them, a patchwork of forests, rivers, and rolling hills. As they flew over a river, Teuila leaned in unexpectedly, pressing her lips against his. Her sudden action caught him off guard, causing him to lose focus momentarily.

Archer briefly veered off course but quickly regained control and steadied their flight. Once he had stabilized their course, he looked at Teuila, his expression a mix of surprise and amusement.

Her laughter rang out, a melodic sound that danced on the wind. "You certainly know how to keep me on my toes," he remarked with a chuckle, his eyes twinkling affectionately.

Teuila grinned mischievously, her eyes sparkling with delight. "Just making sure you're paying attention, my love," she teased, her voice carrying on the breeze.

Archer shook his head and continued until they reached the western part of Draconia. When they arrived, all the couple saw was a wilderness, but it didn't bother him as he descended to open a portal for the White Dragon Knights, who stormed through.

He laughed at their reaction, but Teuila commented in a thoughtful voice, "They are well-trained and extremely loyal, Arch. You better treasure that in a world like this."

"I do, Teu," Archer replied as Commander Marius approached him and saluted.

"Your Majesty, thank you for opening the portal. We didn't know where you were going after you built the southern wall," Marius said respectfully.

Archer nodded, "Next time, I'll inform you before we move. I will build the wall before returning to Bastion to meet with Aisha and Mohamet. Keep an eye on the area, Marius."

"Yes Your Majesty," the man replied.

He walked over to Teuila and leaned into her ear to whisper, "I love you, Teuila Aquaria."

After that, he took off and did the same thing as in the south: create a wall with the same metal gate. Everything was the same as the four walls that protected Draconia. The North had a little bit to fill in, which he did.

It only took him not ten minutes, but by the time he returned to Teuila and the knights, he was tired and looked sweaty. They rested briefly before Archer informed Mohamet of the walls' completion.

Once Archer felt better, he opened a Gate to the Bastion and stepped through with Teuila, followed by the White Dragon Knights, who dispersed once into the fortress. A maid approached them and offered to guide them to Aisha.

He agreed and trailed behind the woman as Teuila reached out, clasping his hand. They formed a trio as they navigated the bustling corridors. Along the way, amidst the groups of soldiers and staff, Archer was met with bows of respect, which he casually acknowledged.

After a short while, they reached a sturdy wooden door, which the maid promptly opened. Archer and Teuila entered, finding themselves in the presence of Aisha, Mohamet, and several other men and women.

As everyone noticed his presence, they jumped up and knelt, but Aisha offered him a small bow, revealing some of her alluring cleavage. Archer shook his head and inquired, "Who are these people?"

The tiger woman's face was breathtakingly beautiful. Her striking orange eyes seemed to glow with an otherworldly allure. Framed by long lashes, her eyes held a mesmerizing depth that could captivate anyone who dared look into them.

Her plump and enticing lips curved with a subtle suggestion of mischief, beckoning attention with their irresistible allure. Yet her hourglass silhouette, accentuated by the snug uniform that strained against her massive boobs, truly seized his gaze.

He noticed how her flawless, porcelain-white skin exuded an air of purity and smoothness. Aisha spoke, bringing him back to reality, "This is Meera Sharma. She would be Draconia's Prime Minister, Your Majesty."

She bowed toward Archer, allowing him to see her deep cleavage, but quickly stood straight with a smirk and spoke, "It's good to meet the White Dragon King finally. We've been working to stabilize your kingdom."

Archer smiled charmingly at the woman, "And I thank you, Meera. I will make it up to you once everything settles down."

"I eagerly anticipate it, Your Majesty," the tiger woman replied seductively as she settled back into her seat.

Aisha then shifted her attention to the next woman, who oozed a beauty on par with Meera's. She, too, was a tiger woman with an aura of strictness and a serious expression engraved upon her face.

Archer stood mesmerized, his gaze fixed upon the tiger woman before him. Straight black hair flowed down her back like a silken waterfall, framing a face of unparalleled beauty. Her emerald green eyes sparkled with intelligence and warmth.

They captured his attention and revealed an emotion that stirred something within him. But it was her body that truly captivated him. With a subtle sway of her hips, she moved with effortless grace, her figure resembling a pear.

Her slender waist gently widened into rounded hips, highlighting her feminine charm with every movement. Despite her undeniable beauty, her demeanor was simple and spoke of humility and inner strength.

Archer found himself drawn to her, his heart quickening at the sight of such captivating beauty embodied in the tiger woman before him. Aisha giggled at his reaction, and the black-haired tiger woman acted unaffected.

The redhead dragonkin woman introduced her, " "Your Majesty. This is Jaya Darkwater. She is very knowledgeable on war, defense, and other matters relating to Draconia's security."

He smiled at hearing this and spoke to Jaya, who was now staring at him, "I need to run some ideas by you before I leave for the tournament."

Jaya nodded before sitting back down without saying anything, which confused him. He went to speak as a fox woman stepped forward as her long ears twitched in excitement. When Aisha saw this, she sighed as the woman spoke, "Oh wow. Rumors don't do it justice. You're very handsome, My King."

Archer was taken aback by her forwardness but smiled as he looked at her. She possessed a captivating appeal, with sun-

kissed blonde hair cascading down her shoulders in gentle waves, framing a face of radiant beauty.

He had to admit she was beautiful. Her flawless brown skin radiated a soft glow. Full and inviting lips curved into a seductive smile, adding an irresistible charm. Her skin glowed warmth, highlighting the striking contrast of her piercing blue eyes, which sparkled like sapphires.

Despite her slender frame, her curves were there, with large boobs drawing his attention, emphasized by the way her clothing hugged her figure.

Aisha quickly introduced the fox women, who looked at each other with expressions full of lust that everyone could sense. Teuila nudged Archer, who returned to reality as the dragonkin woman spoke, "This is Bailey Moonclaw. She is Draconia's agriculture expert. She helps the kingdom grow food more efficiently."

He smiled before speaking to the fox woman, "Nice to meet you. I hope we get on and help the kingdom prosper."

Baily giggled playfully, her voice dripping with flirtation as she purred, "Oh, I'm absolutely certain we'll get along famously, Your Majesty."

Chapter 678 Are You A Tyrant Husband

?As the fox woman spoke, her eyes roamed down Archer's body, causing Teuila to laugh at the feisty lady. But she soon got bonked on the head by Aisha, who scolded her, "Don't be using your scent to attract the king, Bailey!"

Archer chuckled before waving Aisha away and asking the beautiful fox woman a question, "Bailey, I sent some helpers to bring back rare ingredients the kingdom could use to raise funds. Can you take three Cohorts of White Dragon Knights and set up several farms so we can grow them?"

Before Bailey could answer, Mohamet asked in a dubious tone, "Why do you need three thousand soldiers, Your Majesty?"

Archer sighed as he explained, "Old man. Growing all this stuff will be one of our income sources; of course, we would need to protect such assets, so why not use the best soldiers we have? It's not like they will follow me to the tournament."

Mohamet nodded understandingly, waiting for Bailey to answer. "We can set them up within a few days if the soldiers help Your Majesty. I heard your fiancée is good with plants. Do you mind if she helps out?"

"I'll ask her when I return," Archer replied with a smile.

Bailey settled into her seat before responding, "Thank you, Your Majesty."

Aisha smiled before introducing the last woman in the room. Archer turned his gaze to her and noticed she was dragonkin. She possessed an enchanting allure, her pointed ears adding an exotic charm to her appearance.

Luscious brown hair cascaded in soft waves around her face. He couldn't help but notice her captivating facial features, which exuded an undeniable allure. Archer noticed long, thick lashes framed her eyes, which sparkled with mischief and intelligence.

Her delicately shaped nose added to the symmetry of her face, while her full and inviting lips curved into an irresistible smile. Every glance from her was a magnetic invitation, leaving him spellbound by her undeniable beauty.

She looked like a serious yet playful woman with a slender yet curvy body, pleased with his roaming. Aisha coughed before speaking, "This is Lyra Emberheart. She looks after the finances, Your Majesty."

"It's nice to meet you, Lyra," he responded before turning to the three men who looked at him nervously.

He asked Aisha with a charming smile, "Who are these three, my queen?"

She quickly introduced them while pointing at one of the men: "Your Majesty. This is Leofric Shadowcaster. He is very knowledgeable in the ways of justice, having served as a judge in the Novgorodian Empire."

Archer nodded at the man before examining him. Leofric Shadowcaster was a human who stood taller than others he'd met, his features sharp and defined. His jet-black hair falls in sleek waves, framing a face marked by piercing grey eyes that seem to hold secrets untold.

His complexion is fair, with a hint of sun-kissed warmth, and his angular jawline speaks of determination and resolve. Leofric carries himself with a sense of mystery, his movements graceful yet purposeful.

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Aisha continued, "This is Lucius Ravenshade. He's Draconia's Adventurers Minister. He has been helping me organize and discover the kingdom's dungeons and corresponding with the adventurers guild."

Archer greeted the man with a nod before examining him as he had with Leofric. The dragonkin man possessed a commanding presence. His scales shimmered with a deep, midnight blue shade, reflecting the light in interesting patterns.

His emerald green eyes gleam with intelligence and wisdom, framed by thick, arching brows that convey a sense of authority. Lucius's physique is powerful and imposing, with muscles rippling beneath his scaled skin.

Despite his formidable appearance, his warm gaze hints at a depth of character beyond his fierce exterior. The man bowed to Archer respectfully before Aisha moved on to the last man, "This is Valerian Darkmoon. He wants to educate the kingdom's youth so we have a smart population."

"That's a good idea. Who came up with such it?" Archer asked in a curious voice.

Aisha quickly answered, "It was me, Your Majesty," she looked down in embarrassment, "I tried doing the same thing on the Avidia, but the nobles hated it."

"It's a shame they are idiots. But it's a brilliant idea; I came up with a name for Valerian's position: the Minister Of Education. " Archer spoke with a charming smile, which caused Aisha's cheeks to grow darker.

After that, he turned to the dragonkin man looking at him. Valerian had an aura of elegance and grace. Archer noticed his scales were black, and his eyes, a deep shade of amethyst, reflected his keen intellect and sharp wit.

Valerian's high cheekbones and strong jawline lent him an air of sophistication. He was draped in midnight blue robes adorned with complex patterns. The man respectfully bowed, but Archer waved him off before bringing up the law he had created.

Archer wanted their opinion on the laws he created, so he pulled the paper out of his Item Box and started speaking.

"These are the laws I created for our kingdom," he announced. "They are the principles upon which our society will be built, guiding us towards a prosperous kingdom."

The group listened intently as he spoke, focusing on every word. Archer's gaze swept across the room, his eyes locking with each person present as he read the laws he created.

"No killing unless in self-defense," he continued. "We must protect the lives of our citizens and ensure that violence is only used as a last resort or during war."

Next came the prohibition against rape or sexual assaults, followed by laws against theft, tax dodging, and interfering with the king's mines. Each law was met with nods of agreement and murmurs of approval from the group.

Archer continued to read, his voice unwavering as he outlined the remaining laws, covering topics such as domestic abuse, military service dodging, trespassing on the king's private land, slavery, treason, and badmouthing the royal family.

Valerian raised his hand as he questioned, "Badmouthing you? People will do that in a kingdom, Your Majesty."

"That breeds descent, and that's not good for any realm, Valerian. We want a population who loves the royal family," Archer answered.

Finally, he concluded with a law against fraud or deception, ensuring honesty and integrity in all dealings. As he finished reading, there was a moment of silence in the room, the weight of the laws hanging heavy in the air.

Aisha questioned with a dubious voice, "The Kings Mines? I'm assuming you mean the mines the people have found?"

"Yes, those," he answered smugly before looking at Mohamet. "Order the Homeguard to move in and secure all mines in Draconia. Build a fort next to it and allow the people to build a mining village so the resources go toward the kingdom."

After speaking, Archer looked around the room and waited for their opinions, causing Teuila to remark, "They are basic but clear and would create a safe kingdom to live in."

He nodded, "That's the plan, my love."

Once he spoke, Archer handed the paper to Aisha and informed her, "Post these laws in every town and ensure everyone sees them. If any are broken, I will execute the person."

Everyone's eyes widened, and Aisha complained, "Don't you think that excessive, Your Majesty?"

"No. People tend not to follow laws for the most part, but if they realize they will be executed for breaking even a basic one, they will stay in line and be good citizens. There's no point holding them in prison as it costs gold. Build some holding cells in each town or city, and I'll clean them out," Archer casually answered, catching everyone off guard.

Teuila shook her head and inquired with a teasing smile, "Are you a tyrant husband?"

Archer chuckled before answering, "Yes. I want my people to live in peace and have happy lives; they can't do that if some of them are committing crimes, and trust me if you lower your guard against the criminals, it will surge and become a plague to the kingdom."

He looked toward the nearest window and continued, "If that means becoming a tyrant, then so be it, Teuila. I want to build a land my people can love and live happily with their families."

After speaking, everyone nodded, but as Aisha was about to speak, a knock interrupted her. The door opened to see a group of four dwarves following behind Arianne, who had a big smile as she looked at Archer.

The Homeguard Battalion general blushed when seeing the look Archer was giving her but shook her head and started speaking, "Your Majesty. This is the Oakenshield who came to Draconia to seek a better and more fulfilling life."

She turned to one of the dwarves, who stood five feet tall and had a bald head with a long gray beard. Archer introduced him, "This is Drogan Oakenshield. The patriarch of the Oakenshield Family."

The dwarf's yellow eyes studied him before he laughed as he looked at Aisha and spoke in a deep voice, "Lassie! I didn't know the infamous White Dragon was this young. I thought he would have at least been my Dagny's age."

Archer laughed before responding to the old dwarf, "Well, I'm sorry to bust your bubble, but I'm seventeen, and if that's an issue, you don't have to be here, dwarf."

Drogan waved him away, "Now, laddie, don't get touchy. I mean no offense, but it was hard to believe to see what you've built at your age."

Chapter 679 Draconia's Royal Navy

Archer nodded, but Drogan decided it was a good time to introduce his family. With a big smile on his weathered face, he started speaking and motioned for a younger dwarf man. "This is my oldest son, Thordar Oakenshield. I brought him along because he's an expert at building war machines. I thought you'd like to meet him."

He looked at Thordar, who looked like the younger version of Drogan but had blood-red hair, which was the same color as his long braided beard. All this stood out on his short but bulky warrior-like frame.

The young dwarf stepped forward and bowed, "Ma Lord, it's good to meet ya finally. I have a weapon that would fit perfectly on the kingdom's walls if you allow me to help ya."

Archer grinned before looking at Aisha, "Have the army build the Oakenshield Family a workshop to produce stuff for the kingdom while constructing my farms and the other projects. I also want you to inform the army that they should build naval bases in the places I marked on this."

She nodded, but he continued after handing her the map, "And put up a notice asking for skilled laborers to help the army with construction. Everyone will be paid, so don't worry. We need to get the kingdom up and running soon."

Aisha smiled and respectfully bowed, "It will be done, Your Majesty."

That's when he remembered something and asked, "My queen. Do we have a secure location to store the kingdom's wealth?"

She nodded, "We constructed a bank years ago, Your Majesty."

When hearing her response, he jumped up and told everyone to wait as he returned to the domain, but this time, he appeared in his lair, where a neverending mountain of gold and silver coins sat untouched while gathering dust.

As Archer looked around, he saw numerous chests he hadn't emptied into the room. He stored them all in his Item Box before returning to Aisha's office. When they all saw him, Teuila inquired, "What did you do, husband?"

He grinned before holding out his hand and summoned all the chests of gold, which shocked everyone, including Teuila. Archer looked at Mohamet, "Call for the White Knights and tell them to secure this wealth in the kingdom's bank."

The old man nodded before rushing out of the room, only to return minutes later with twenty soldiers who started taking the chests to the bank. After that, Aisha tore her blue eyes away from the pile of chests and asked suspiciously, "What do you plan to do with the coins?"

"Build forts, cities, towns, villages, roads, and many other projects. The wealth is from bandits anyway, so it doesn't matter much to me," Archer answered before turning back to Drogan, who was staring in wide-eyed amazement at the pile of wealth.

"Thordar, start drawing designs and hiring workers for when your workshop is up and running. We will need a large number of weapons to station along the wall for security," Archer said as he turned to the younger dwarf.

He nodded, "Yes Ma Lord."

Archer turned to Drogan and questioned, "Who has the knowledge to build warships? I want to create The Draconia Royal Navy."

The old dwarf grinned before stepping behind the two women, "These are my beautiful granddaughters, Dagny and Solveig. They love building ships and the weapons needed for them."

Archer glanced at the dwarf girl before him, noting the untamed black hair that fell in waves down her back. He was drawn to her full figure, which he hadn't seen on Thrylos so far. She wasn't fat, but she wasn't slim either.

Dagny's face carried a soft fullness that spoke of life. Her cheeks were rounded and rosy. At the center, her lips, full and well-defined, curve into a smile that radiates warmth and invites friendly conversation.

Her eyes, framed by thick lashes, sparkle with intelligence and kindness. He found her extremely attractive despite being a chunky girl. Archer noticed the gleam of wisdom in her beautiful yellow eyes, a clear sign of knowledge waiting to be unlocked.

That's when he turned his attention to the other dwarf woman, who had the same red hair as Thordar but was muscular instead of chunky like Dagny, which surprised him.

She stood a bit taller than her sister, but her body looked compact yet remarkably strong. Her muscles were well-

defined, and each curve was carved from dedication and strength. Archer noticed her striking face, a blend of sharp angles and soft contours that formed a fierce beauty.

Her full lips, a bold and sensual feature, are often set in a determined line, ready to take on any challenge. Her yellow eyes, intense and captivating, hold a fiery spirit that is both alluring and formidable.

This woman carries herself with an air of confidence that is as undeniable as her physical prowess. She is a force to be reckoned with, her beauty matched only by her strength.

Despite being muscular, Archer noticed she still had her feminine curves and massive boobs. He shook his head after ogling the two dwarves and spoke with a charming smile, "It's a pleasure to meet you both. I have a few designs I want you to look at. Maybe you can improve them."

The redhead Solveig stepped forward and inquired in an exotic accent, "What ships do you want us to build, bossman?"

When Aisha, Mohamet, and Droган heard how she spoke to him, they would scold her, but Archer stopped them as he revealed, "Battleships, Cruisers, Destroyers, and Frigates."

Dagny was next to speak, "I've never heard of them, handsome. Can you show us?"

Archer smiled before pulling out four pieces of paper and handing them to the dwarf sisters, who happily took his drawings.

They poured over them as he turned to Aisha and instructed, "Gather anyone you think can be trusted to work in the government. We need smart and trustworthy people who can manage the kingdom's affairs. I will leave more instructions with Mohamet."

Aisha nodded and left the room after bowing, followed by the other officials. Arienne and Bailey tried to stay behind, but the dragonkin woman shouted their names, forcing them to leave. Not before the fox woman pecked Archer on the cheek with a teasing smile.

Once they were gone, it was only him, Teuila, Mohamet, and the dwarves. Archer looked at Droган and asked, "I trust you will create useful stuff for my kingdom?"

"Yes, Ma Lord. In my two hundred years, I have learned many things I will use for Draconia," Droган responded, causing Archer to smile.

After speaking, Dagny spoke excitedly: "What ya got here is a command ship, heavy, medium, and lightships that we would have used in the Steelhammer Kingdom, but they look much stronger. They are great designs and handsome. The Draconia Royal Navy will be a powerhouse, especially when some of our brothers join."

When the chunky woman finished speaking, she flashed him a beautiful smile, which caught him off guard. This caused Teuila to laugh as she leaned over to whisper, "I didn't realize you like a girl with some meat on her. I honestly don't blame you. She's stunning and seems lovely."

Archer agreed and nodded before talking: "I will create the docks tonight, but that's the only stuff I'm building. It takes up too much mana and gives me a bad headache."

The papers the dwarf sisters were looking at were Archer's attempt at drawing cool-looking warships in his spare time, but he soon asked the two a question: "Can you build them?"

Solveig answered in her sister's place, "Yes, bossman! And we can redesign them to be stronger than the ones you drew."

Archer was happy to hear that, but as he was about to speak, Ella sent him a message through the bracelet telling him they were ready to attend the tournament. His fight was after Nefertiti's and Ella's.

When hearing that, Archer tells the dwarf sister he will visit them during his journey back to the empire and, in the meantime, redesign them.

After that, Dagny turned, looked up at him, and spoke, "The Doompulse Cannons will be perfect for these battleships, while the Howler Cannons can be used on the other ships. We need to create more weapons, but this loadout should do for the first fleet until we can upgrade them."

He agreed with a smile, "Well, I'll come to see you two another day to go over plans, but I have to head back now. I got some fights to win."

Before leaving, Archer pulled out some paper and wrote down instructions for Aisha:

Ensure Tiamat is the kingdom's goddess and inform her followers that they can build churches in Draconia if they help with the kingdom's construction.

Send out scouts to see what resources the massive island had and what precious metals the mines produced.

Using the army and volunteers, create market towns, port cities, and trade hubs throughout the kingdom. Also, roadside inns and waystations for traders traveling through Draconia should be built.

After writing, he wrote something for the dragonkin woman: [I want The Draconia Kingdom to be focused on the military and trade. Mohamet tells me you can accomplish this, so prove it, and I will reward you, My Queen]

After completing his tasks, Archer opened a portal to the domain and bid farewell to Mohamet and the dwarf engineers. He and Teuila stepped through the violet gate and emerged in the treehouse.

Chapter 680 Arriving At The Draconia Kingdom

[In the not-so-distant future]

Tamsin was the queen of the small but strong independent Aradonia Kingdom in the Northeast of Avidia. The realm was being invaded by the mighty Sunspear Empire, which resided west of them and wanted their lands due to the valuable resources that could be found there.

She impatiently waited in the palace for news of the battle, surrounded by her terrified family. Her husband and eldest son had gone off to fight days ago when the scouts spotted the Sunspear army. Days later, the surviving royal guards returned, battered and bruised.

The group reported that the king and prince had fallen in the battle to hold off the enemy. The devastating news was followed by a plea for them to flee the kingdom. Tamsin was in shock and wanted to break down at the loss of her husband and son.

Tamsin knew she had to be strong for her daughters and get them out of the Aradonia Kingdom before the Sunspear soldiers could capture them. However, they were already too late to escape, as the enemy's vanguard was within miles of Suncrest, the kingdom's capital.

When she saw this, her heart dropped. However, something unexpected happened: a strange army appeared outside the city and stopped the Sunspear's advance. The surviving members of the royal family and their servants were gathered in the palace courtyard when a figure floated down and landed before them.

Tamsin was startled at the young man's sudden appearance. He possessed a striking handsomeness unlike any she had ever seen. Her breath caught in her throat as she watched him approach.

His short hair was the color of pure white snow, and she noticed his face was framed so exquisitely sculpted that it seemed to belong to a deity rather than a mortal man. The young man's eyes were a mesmerizing shade of violet and gleamed with an intensity that sent a shiver down her spine.

But it was his godly body that captivated her. Every line and curve seemed to be chiseled into perfection, his shirt clinging to toned muscles that rippled with every movement. Tamsin felt her cheeks flush, and her pulse quickened as she drank in sight before her.

'How can someone be so handsome?' She thought to herself as the young man came closer.

She shook her head when she heard her two daughters gossiping behind her, causing her to turn around and spot their red cheeks as they looked at him. The boy stopped before them and asked, in an exotic accent that immediately sent shivers down Tamsin's body, "Do you want somewhere safe to live for you and your people?"

When Tamsin heard this, she raised an eyebrow and was about to reply, but the commander of the royal guard barked out before she could talk, "Boy, who are you? And where did you come from?"

She watched the young man open a portal, and two girls emerged. Her astonishment was noticeable; their striking beauty stirred insecurity within her. Tamsin, in her own right, was a beautiful woman. Her luscious lavender hair was pulled into a tight bun, with a few strands delicately framing her face.

Tamsin possessed a pretty face adorned with a button nose and high cheekbones. Her large lavender eyes reflected a depth of experience, and though she was slightly curvier due to childbirth, she was still regarded as the most beautiful woman in Aradonia.

However, seeing the two girls with the young man shattered that perception. The first one had light-blue hair that flowed in a sleek ponytail, shimmering like moonlight on a tranquil sea. Her ocean-blue eyes, sparkling with a hint of mischief, held Tamsin's gaze with a captivating allure.

As she watched the girl more closely, she couldn't shake the impression of strength and resilience that oozed from her muscular body. Despite her youth, the girl possessed the bearing of a seasoned warrior, as if she had faced countless battles and emerged victorious each time.

Yet, femininity softened her features amidst the air of toughness surrounding her. This delicate balance left Tamsin in awe, and she realized she could never hope to match the girl's natural charm and charisma.

Her gaze shifted to the second girl, her attention captured by the striking figure before her. The beautiful girl stood tall, her wild blonde hair cascading in untamed waves down her back, framing a face that exuded strength.

Sapphire blue eyes, sharp and intense, gazed back at Tamsin with an unwavering focus. Despite her lion demi-human features, there was an undeniable beauty in her ruggedness, a raw power that emanated from every inch of her being.

Just like the first girl, she possessed a muscular body, her toned arms and sturdy frame a testament to her strength and prowess. But it was not just her appearance that caught Tamsin's attention.

The girl's gaze was fiercely loyal, radiating devotion from her core. She couldn't help but notice the subtle looks exchanged between the two girls and the handsome boy who stood before her.

That's when the lion girl unsheathed her sword and pointed toward the royal guard commander, who shut up when he saw the fierce look on her face. Tamsin was going to speak, but the lion girl interrupted her with a voice full of anger: "Don't you dare talk to our husband like that! He's here to offer your kingdom help, and you disrespect him human?"

Tamsin quickly interjected, "Commander, stand down. I sense no threat from them."

The grey-haired man nodded before stepping back as she turned to the boy. "I am Queen Tamsin Aradonia, and these are my daughters, the first and second princesses, Briela and Marigold Aradonia."

When she finished introducing herself and her daughters, she caught the boy's gaze, finding in it a hunger that took her aback. It mirrored how her husband had looked at her when they first met years ago, stirring unexpected emotions within her.

However, when he turned to her daughters, they widened. She watched the control he exerted over himself as he shook his head and introduced himself and the two girls. "I am King Archer Wyldheart of the newly formed Draconia Kingdom, and these are two of my queens, Teuila and Nala Wyldheart."

Tamsin's eyes widened in shock as she said, "You're a king? Why are you in Adaonia?"

She watched the boy's smile grow as he responded, "To test out my army and navy against a powerful foe. Also, I want to offer you and your people a safe place to live in my kingdom."

After speaking, Tamsin watched him talk to the two girls: "Nala, help the soldiers outside keep the Sunsphear soldiers back, and Teuila, come with me as we check on the battleships after the small battle."

Tamsin quickly spoke, "Small battle?"

"Yes. My admiral sank several Sunsphear ships as we approached your port and I must say she was overly excited, " Archer said, noticing the look of attraction in his eyes as he looked at her. "Now, if that's all the questions, I'll have my soldiers escort you and whoever you bring along to Tidewater City, where my navy is stationed."

When she heard this, she retorted, thinking the boy was over his head, "What's the catch? You're not doing this out of the kindness of your heart or to train your forces. What's the real reason?"

Archer knowingly smiled at her before asking her to talk privately, to which she agreed. When they were out of earshot, Tamsin waited for him to speak, which he did instantly, "I want your skills at running my kingdom along with any skilled citizens to help, and I want every Ardonia citizen to swear an oath never to betray me or the Draconia."

Tamsin looked at him with narrowed eyes, but Archer continued, "Look, I know It's suspicious, but I'm honestly here because one of my spies said the Sunsphear Empire was expanding, so I took the opportunity to fight them and save a dying kingdom."

"We're still hanging on!" she stupidly retorted, but deep down, she knew the boy was right.

"No, you are not Tamsin. You lost your husband and son in the Battle Of Tears, and the Sunsphear Empire washed over your land while occupying most of your cities. Thanks to me, only your capital and Tidewater City still stand."

Tamsin gave him a nod in acknowledgment at his request before she watched as he turned around and ordered an older man standing nearby, "Take a Regiment of Dragon Legionnaires and a Cohort of

Drakewing Outriders and escort the survivors to Tidewater City. Make sure the queen and princesses board Archer's Pride and depart as soon as the ships are full"

Tamsin observed as the man saluted Archer, then inquired, "And what about you, Your Majesty?"

"I'll fly there once our soldiers have boarded," Archer replied, turning his attention to her. "Get ready to leave."

She nodded and made her way back to the palace without saying another word. Her mind buzzed with the weight of her decision. Tamsin knew she had to tell her family about King Archer's offer of sanctuary in his kingdom, but she also braced herself for their questions and concerns.

As she entered the grand hall where her daughters awaited, she could see the worry etched on their faces as they spoke to their aunts and cousins.

"Briela, Marigold," she began, her voice steady but tinged with emotion, "there's something I need to tell you."

The princesses turned to face their mother, their eyes filled with anticipation. Briela asked, her voice soft and concerned, "What is it, Mother?"