

A Journey 681

Chapter 681 Arriving At The Draconia Kingdom (2)

[In the not-so-distant future]

Tamsin took a deep breath, gathering her thoughts before continuing. "The young man I was speaking with is King Archer Wyldheart of the newly founded Draconia Kingdom," she explained, watching as confusion flickered across their faces.

"Draconia Kingdom? Where's that?" Marigold repeated, her brow furrowing in disbelief. "But what would a king from Draconia want with us?"

Tamsin nodded, her heart heavy with the weight of her next words. "King Archer has offered us sanctuary in his kingdom if we leave Aradonia behind," she said, her voice tinged with sadness. "He wants to help us escape the Sunspear Empire's grasp."

Her daughters exchanged worried glances, uncertainty clouding their features, "But Mother, what about Father and Brother?" Briela asked, her voice trembling with emotion.

Tamsin's heart ached at the mention of her lost loved ones, but she knew she had to stay strong for her daughters. She replied, her voice filled with determination, "We will honor their memory by ensuring the survival of our people."

Just then, a group of large dragonkin men entered the courtyard, their imposing presence drawing the attention of everyone present. Tamsin recognized them as the soldiers King Archer had mentioned, sent to escort them to Tidewater City.

"Your Majesty," one of the dragonkin men said, bowing respectfully before her. "The White Dragon has sent us to escort you and your family to Tidewater City."

Tamsin nodded, guiding her daughters toward the waiting carriage as the soldier escorted them outside the palace gates. However, her heart skipped a beat when she saw thousands of formidable black armored soldiers standing guard around them.

Seeing so many assigned to protect her and her family by a seemingly unknown king left her bewildered and apprehensive. Their menacing black armor gleamed in the sunlight, but she could only see their eyes covered with everything else.

Marigold stopped behind her and whispered worriedly, "Who are these soldiers, Mother? And why do they look so frightening."

Briela agreed just as the king's mother, Jessica, approached angrily, demanding, "What are you doing, Tamsin? Why are you allowing these unknown soldiers to take us captive? This king seems up to no good and will do something scummy to you and the girls."

Just as the older woman said that all the soldiers around them turned to face her with a look of rage; one of them stepped out and scolded the late king's mother, "Who are you to question our king, human? He's the infamous White Dragon who created a kingdom out of nothing where all can thrive and live safely. Be careful with your next words, woman."

Another soldier added, "You're lucky he wanted to help your kingdom. It would be best if you were more thankful he arrived in time. If not, you don't want to know what would have happened to you or your family."

As tensions escalated, Tamsin sensed the situation veering out of control and interjected, "Mother, Aradonia is on the brink of collapse. We would have become mere playthings in the hands of the Sunspear soldiers. What other choice did I have? The young man harbors no ill intentions toward us. He aims to invite others to join his kingdom and contribute to its growth."

Before anyone could reply, a soldier ran up to them and warned the leader, "We have an incoming enemy commander. What are your orders?"

Tamsin watched a tall soldier who towered above them and shouted out orders, "Marcus!"

After shouting, a man riding a beast resembled a velociraptor but looked more fearsome. Tamsin noticed its sleek, muscular build and razor-sharp claws. Standing low to the ground, its sinewy body is cloaked in dark, mottled scales that provide perfect protection.

Its keen, predatory gaze gleams with intelligence as it surveys its surroundings, plotting its next deadly move. Long, dagger-like teeth protrude from its serrated jaws, ready to tear through flesh ruthlessly. Its eyes, gleaming orbs of amber, reflect an insatiable hunger for bloodshed.

She watched as the commander gave the man named Marcus an order, "Run those Sunspeaker soldiers down and show them how the White Dragon does things."

Tamsin saw the man react with happiness as he responded with a salute, which confused her as she'd never seen a soldier so enthusiastic about fighting a battle, "Yes, commander."

With that, he rushed off to the rest of his soldiers, and she watched as they charged toward the incoming enemy. Tamsin stood at the edge of the road, her heart pounding with anticipation.

'Why are they charging at a larger force? Are they crazy?' She thought to herself.

The Drakewing Outriders, a formidable force of mounted warriors, thundered across the field towards the imposing Sunspeaker Cavalry, their faces determined. Without fear, they closed the distance with incredible speed. As they drew near, her eyes widened in amazement as she witnessed the Outriders pull out weapons she had never seen before.

These were not mere swords or spears but devices shimmering with arcane energy. At the command of their leader, the Outriders aimed with their mysterious weapons, the air crackling with anticipation.

With a deafening roar, the weapons unleashed torrents of mana bullets, each glowing with raw magical power. Tamsin watched in amazement as the bullets streaked across the battlefield, slamming into the ranks of the Sunspeaker Cavalry with explosive force.

The loud bangs echoed across the plains as the mana bullets tore through the enemy ranks, sending soldiers flying in all directions. She could hardly believe her eyes as she witnessed the devastating power of these bizarre weapons.

But the Outriders didn't stop there. They charged into the chaos with a fierce battle cry, swords flashing and spears thrusting. The clash of metal rang out as they engaged the enemy in close combat, their movements fluid and precise.

Tamsin watched in awe as the Outriders fought with unmatched skill and ferocity, cutting through the Sunspire ranks like a scythe through wheat. With every strike, they brought down another enemy soldier, their determination unwavering even in the face of overwhelming odds.

As they were doing that, the commander turned to her and spoke, "Let's get going, Your Majesty. The journey will be hectic."

She agreed and stepped onto the carriage, followed by her daughters and mother-in-law, and the soldiers started escorting them to Tidewater City under constant attack. Still, between the troops known as Dragon Legionnaires and the Outriders, the enemy was easily put down until the blades and bullets of Archer's army.

Tamsin thought to herself, 'How come they are so strong? How is he training them.'

After that, the trip to the port city took just two hours, and the last half went by peacefully with no more attacks. They entered the city gates but rushed straight for the shipyard. When Tamsin, her daughters, and her mother-in-law saw the menacing black ships scattered throughout the bay.

But one ship stood out and looked like a monster on the water's surface, shocking Tamsin, who had never seen such a warship. Her kingdom's ships were half the size of the thing. It loomed over the harbor like a fortress of steel and magic, its sleek hull slicing through the waters with an air of authority.

At its prow, a massive dragon's head sculpted from obsidian jutted forward, its eyes ablaze with fiery enchantments. Mana cannons, which can unleash devastating arcane energy torrents upon any foe foolish enough to challenge its might, littered the deck.

They gleamed with a metallic sheen, their barrels adorned with complex dwarven runes pulsating with raw magical power. The battleship bristled with activity as crews of skilled sailors and mages worked tirelessly to maintain its formidable arsenal and ensure its readiness for battle.

Each crew member moved with the efficiency of a well-oiled machine. Their movements synchronized as they carried out their duties with unwavering dedication. As the sun dipped below the horizon, casting a golden glow across the waters.

When all the women saw the ships, they were utterly shocked, and the queen's mother, Jessica, commented in disbelief, "What are these monsters? I've never seen ships like this in all my forty years of life."

Briela and Marigold nodded in agreement as the carriage stopped, and the commander opened the door, allowing the four to step out. When the salty air hit their noses, they started getting upset, but Tamsin spoke in a determined voice, "Come on, ladies. We need to get out of here."

After speaking, the Draconia commander appeared before instructing, "Head toward pier five and board the waiting boat. It will take you to Archer's Pride."

"Archer's Pride?" Marigold repeated in a curious voice.

"Yes. It's the king's ship that he and the Oakshield sisters designed together," the commander explained.

The four women nodded in unison before making their way towards their escape. As they boarded, they were rowed out to the immense battleship, where they were assisted onto the deck. When Tamsin glanced back, she witnessed thousands of her citizens being ferried onto other ships, which left her utterly astonished.

As they observed the survivors being escorted to safety, shouts erupted, followed by the sudden thunderous boom of several large explosions. Marigold, Briela, and Jessica jumped in fright as the battleship's cannons fired.

The barrage continued until it abruptly ceased, prompting Tamsin to rush to the nearest soldier and inquire, "Who is the ship firing at?"

The soldier paused, assessing Tamsin before replying, "I'd reckon it's the Sunspear dogs. The king ordered us to target their camps, aiming to obliterate them as he loots all their treasure."

Chapter 682 Arriving At The Draconia Kingdom (3)

[In the not-so-distant future]

When Tamsin heard the man's reply, she was shocked and asked suspiciously, "The king is looting the Aradonia Kingdom?"

The soldier responded before rushing off, "Yes, Your Majesty. He wants all the wealth for himself and won't let it fall into the hands of the enemy."

She was shocked, disgusted, and angry that their saviour was looting her kingdom in their time of need. After telling her family to stay put, Tamsin wanted answers and decided to find the ship's commander as she walked along the deck and questioned the nearest soldier, "Where is the commander?"

'This is wrong. How can he loot our wealth while we're being invaded,' she thought to herself while her temper flared.

The soldier removed their helmet, and a woman's face appeared as she answered unenthusiastically, "Follow me."

Tamsin nodded and followed while they paced across the ship's deck and entered through a side door. The corridor was painted light grey, and she noticed a nice breeze flowing through it, causing goosebumps all over her body.

The female soldier turned to her, saying, "Stay close; otherwise, you'll get lost."

She nodded and followed the woman through the labyrinth of corridors that wind around the ship while sidestepping soldiers as they rushed past. Tamsin saw many rooms with people working in them, and at one point, they passed by one of the ship's cannons, where she saw a group of men carrying shells back and forth.

The acrid scent of oil and the tang of sweat assaulted her senses, causing her to shake her head. After passing by the cannon, a group of soldiers carrying crates of supplies barreled down the corridor, their voices raised in urgent conversation.

Tamsin flattened herself against the wall, heart pounding, as the soldiers hurried past, barely acknowledging her presence. The woman glanced back and informed her, "We're almost there. The bridge is just ahead."

"Understood," Tamsin replied, falling into step beside the woman.

They ventured into a quieter section of the ship, their footsteps echoing off the metallic floor as they approached a looming metal door. Tamsin's steps reverberated throughout the corridor, starkly contrasting the bustling chaos elsewhere on the vessel.

Tamsin pondered silently, her thoughts swirling with curiosity about the identity of the ship's commander. Still, she'd soon find out as the soldier banged on the door, and soon heard a serious but enchanting woman's voice was heard, "Come in! This better be good."

The woman swung open the door, revealing a bustling scene on the ship's bridge. Some crew members hurried about, while others sat at strange devices emitting periodic beeps. Tamsin was confused, as she hadn't seen anything like that.

Amidst it all, she spotted an exceptionally beautiful woman seated upon a captain's chair. This woman's snow-white hair, tied into a ponytail, perfectly complements her pristine white uniform.

As the admiral turned, her gaze fell upon the saluting soldier. With a swift acknowledgment, she dismissed the soldier and fixed her narrowed, piercing pink eyes on Tamsin, who felt like a predator was looking at her.

But the woman then introduced herself, "I'm Admiral Olivia Anderson, Admiral of Draconia's First Fleet. What can I do for you, Queen of Aradonia?"

Tamsin's anger surged as she contemplated the wealth Archer intended to seize, spurring her to demand, "Why is your King pillaging my lands? Such greed is unjustifiable and unbecoming of a ruler."

She watched as Olivia grinned before replying, "You stupid woman. A king without greed is even worse than a figurehead. Our King is unique as he doesn't care for anyone's opinion of him, and leads his people with such passion that it's honestly inspiring."

"But he's acting like a bandit and raiding my kingdom! How is that a sign of a good king?" She retorted.

As Tamsin observed Olivia's expression morph into one of sternness, a pang of regret surged within her. She realized her words had already been spoken, irreversibly casting their impact. Witnessing the admiral rise from her seat and advance to her, her voice slashing through the air like a whip, she braced herself for what was to come.

"Tamsin, do you realize what you're saying?" Olivia's tone was sharp, her eyes narrowing with disapproval. "Spreading falsehoods about the White King is not only reckless but dangerous. He doesn't just rule; he leads with strength. His people adore him because he looks after them, guides them, and inspires them to be better."

Olivia paced back and forth, her frustration evident, "You speak of lies and deceit, tarnishing the reputation of a ruler who has shown us what true leadership is. The White King doesn't look down on his people; he stands beside them, acknowledging their service. He may be a very greedy dragon and a complete playboy, but he doesn't neglect his people or kingdom."

She paused, her gaze piercing, "Your words undermine not only his legacy but also the trust and respect he has earned from his subjects. Think before you speak, Tamsin Aradonia."

Tamsin felt guilty because she assumed he was a tyrant who thrived on people's suffering, but hearing Olivia's explanation made her apologize.

"I'm sorry," she uttered, her voice tinged with remorse. "I was emotional. I understand that Archer harbors no ill intentions toward us or my kingdom, and I shouldn't jump to conclusions."

"King Archer, but that's good. At least you can acknowledge your mistakes," Olivia was about to reply but was interrupted.

That's when Tamsin turned to see a man quickly speak to Olivia after bowing to her, "Ma'am, we have three incoming ships heading toward the bay. What are your orders?"

Afterward, she watched the white-haired woman remove a scope from her pockets and look toward the bay's entrance. She turned to her excitedly and declared before motioning for her to watch, "Now wait and see how Archer's Pride deals with the Sunspear Navy."

She nodded and followed Olivia to the closest window. There, she spotted the three ships, dwarfed by the battleship they were on. However, the white-haired woman seemed unfazed by their size difference.

Tamsin couldn't help but notice the sparkle in Olivia's eyes, which reminded her of a child unwrapping a present on their birthday. That's when the white-haired admiral screamed, "Fire!"

Shortly after, Tamsin heard a series of resounding booms, followed by the sight of volatile mana streaking across the sky. The mana projectiles struck the three ships precisely, causing massive explosions that reverberated through the air.

Seeing the power of such weapons, she was glad she wasn't an enemy. Tamsin shook her head and curiously asked, "How come they're so powerful?"

She grinned before responding, "You'll see. The King has found some extraordinary engineers who can build these marvels."

"Are they goblins or dwarves?" Tamsin asked as the two races were known for their craftsmanship skills.

Olivia laughed as she replied, "Dwarves. Unfortunately, my King hasn't met any goblins yet."

Tamsin nodded, but she continued, "Now return to your family. You will be guided to your rooms, but I'd wait until sunset as the view from the bow is beautiful. Take your daughters to see it."

After saying their goodbyes, Olivia made her way back to the bridge. At the same time, Tamsin rejoined her family, who were seated towards the stern of the battleship and engaged in lively conversation.

She noticed Marigold looking up with a smile and asking, "Mother, what happened?"

Tamsin quickly noticed Jessica's scowl as she recounted all that had transpired. Yet, despite this, she found solace in her daughters' evident relief at their newfound safety. Once she finished reciting the events, a sense of calm settled over them, like a comforting blanket enveloping a weary traveler.

The group settled in as the sun dipped low on the horizon, painting the sky pink and orange. Tamsin stood at the battleship's railing, watching the last rays of daylight dance upon the waves.

Below, crew members bustled about, loading supplies and assisting her people onto the ships. Tamsin nodded approvingly as she observed their efforts, grateful for their tireless dedication.

She noticed that more of her people were being brought aboard, their weary faces illuminated by the soft glow of twilight. Tamsin made her way among them, offering words of comfort and assurance, her heart heavy with the weight of their suffering.

Yet, amidst the chaos, there was a glimmer of hope. They were now safe aboard the battleship, bound for a new beginning. As the final people were onboard, Tamsin got up and returned to the railing, her gaze fixed on the horizon.

She whispered a silent thank you to whatever magic powered the ship, marveling at how swiftly it sailed through the waters. Days turned into weeks as the battleship journeyed across the vast expanse of the sea.

Tamsin spent her time speaking with the survivors, listening to their stories of loss and resilience, and offering whatever comfort she could. But as the days passed, her anticipation grew, fueled by the promise of reaching their destination.

Then, one morning, as the first light of dawn painted the sky in shades of gold, Tamsin spotted it - an island rising from the misty sea. She hurried to find Olivia, excitement coursing through her veins.

"Admiral Olivia," Tamsin called out as she approached the bridge, "is that Draconia?"

Olivia turned to face her, a smile playing at the corners of her lips. "Yes, Tamsin," she replied, "that is our homeland."

Tamsin was amazed by what she saw as they approached the island. A huge metal gate at the kingdom's river entrance showed how strong and tough Draconia was.

"We'll need to pass through the gate to enter the kingdom," Olivia explained, her voice tinged with pride. "But first, we must seek permission from the Homeguard Battalion."

Chapter 683 Arriving At The Draconia Kingdom (4)

[In the not-so-distant future]

Tamsin watched the gate grow larger as they approached, but soon, she spotted towers dotted down the giant wall made from menacing-looking black stone. Soldiers patrolled up and down the wall while large cannons pointed to the sea, waiting for enemies to get close.

As Tamsin admired the wall, she wondered who built it, but her thoughts were interrupted when Olivia spoke into a device, "This is Admiral Olivia Anderson. Open the Southern G..."

An earth-shattering roar interrupted her, sending Tamsin and some of the sailors on the bridge into a momentary panic. However, they quickly regained their composure, hurried to the exit, and dashed outside.

They were greeted by the breathtaking sight of a massive white dragon soaring overhead. Stunning violet flames illuminated its majestic form as it let out its Dragon's breath, lit up the giant wall and surrounding sea.

Tamsin turned to the admiral, noticing the fascination gleaming in her pink eyes as she watched the Dragon. She asked, "What is that? I've never seen a white one before."

Olivia shook her head slightly as she pointed and replied, "That's the king. Look, he's coming toward us."

Tamsin's eyes widened as she saw the massive Dragon flying directly toward them. Before she could react, a sudden burst of blinding light momentarily disoriented everyone on the bridge.

Then, amidst the confusion, a heavy thud echoed through the air. As the light faded, Tamsin blinked rapidly to clear her vision and found herself face-to-face with King Archer. She couldn't help but be taken aback again by his strikingly handsome face and charming smile.

"My gorgeous admiral," King Archer greeted Olivia warmly, his voice hinting affection. "You destroyed those Sunspear idiots with ease. It was good to see."

Tamsin stood in awe, silently observing the king and admiral exchange. Her heart pounded with a blend of nervous anticipation and fascination. Soon, she couldn't help but notice the faint blush creeping onto Olivia's cheeks as she gazed at Archer.

At that moment, she noticed the king's gaze. He said, "I hope your journey was uneventful. Now, you will witness the splendor of my kingdom and discover what it can offer your people."

She smiled and gave the young man a nod in agreement but wanted to find out who built the Draconia wall, so she asked curiously, "Who did you hire to build your kingdom's fortifications?"

When Olivia heard Tamsin's question, she started laughing before Archer answered with a cocky grin, "I did. Do you like it? I did use a lot of my mana in the process and fainted."

Tamsin's eyes widened as she thought, 'What kind of monster is this?'

As additional thoughts flooded her mind, she couldn't help but voice another question. "Why don't you construct your cities yourself?"

Archer chuckled as the ship neared the opened gate. He honestly replied, "Well, I certainly could, but I choose not to. I prefer not to foster a reliance on me for every aspect. I'll defend them and the realm, but I won't pamper them. They need to learn how to be independent incase something ever happens to them."

'That's very smart. He may be powerful in his own right, but he wants to encourage his people to become strong through experience,' she thought while looking into Archer's violet eyes.

Tamsin nodded before speaking, "I will check on my daughters and then enjoy the scene from our balcony."

"Okay, Tamsin. Enjoy yourself. I ordered my soldiers to build you and your family a mansion on the edge of the capital," Archer commented as she walked off.

She felt the urge to leave swiftly as Archer's gaze lingered on her, flushing her cheeks crimson. Yet, as she hurried towards the cabin designated by Olivia, her husband's face flooded her thoughts, eclipsing any memory of the young man's scrutiny.

When she entered the cabin, Marigold and Briela smiled at her, and Jessica commented, "What was that large beast that flew over us?"

Tamsin answered, "It was King Archer returning from Aradonia."

After explaining everything that happened while she was gone, she walked toward the balcony and stepped outside as the battleship slowly sailed down the broad river; Tamsin was entranced by the beauty of the landscape unfolding before her.

The riverbanks stretched in leafy expanses dotted with lush greenery and wildflowers. The water shimmered in the gentle sunlight, casting a mesmerizing reflection of the surrounding scenery.

In the distance, Tamsin spotted clusters of quaint towns nestled amidst the rolling hills, their rooftops glinting in the sunlight. Smoke curled lazily from chimneys, hinting at the bustling life within.

Beyond the towns, vast fields stretched out, where farmers toiled under the watchful gaze of soldiers, the white banners fluttering in the breeze. Tamsin's gaze followed the road from the towns, where a column of soldiers marched with purposeful strides.

They moved in disciplined formation, their armor gleaming in the sunlight as they made their way toward a towering stone fort perched atop a distant hill. The sight filled Tamsin with awe and wonder, and she marveled at the harmony between civilization and nature.

Her daughters joined her, and Marigold commented, "The land is so beautiful. It's like the painting Father used to show us."

"Yes, those nature books he loved," Briela excitedly declared.

When Tamsin heard that, her heart dropped as the grief slowly crept back, but she didn't let it consume her as she knew Rio wouldn't want her to get depressed, plus she had her daughters to look after.

They stood together on the balcony of their cabin, taking in the breathtaking scenery. Below, the river flowed gently, its surface shimmering in the fading light.

Lush greenery adorned its banks, punctuated by colorful wildflowers swaying in the breeze. Marigold and Briela leaned against the railing, their eyes wide with wonder as they took in the beauty of the landscape.

"It's so beautiful, Mama," Marigold whispered, her voice filled with awe.

Tamsin smiled, her heart swelling with love for her daughters. "Yes, it is," she replied softly, wrapping an arm around them. "Just look at how the sunlight dances on the water, painting everything in gold and amber."

As the hours passed and the ship sailed down the river, Briela's curiosity was piqued by a distant silhouette rising against the horizon. She pointed eagerly and asked, "Mama, what's that?"

Following her daughter's gaze, Tamsin squinted, trying to make out the shape in the distance. Then, recognition dawned on her, and her eyes widened with realization, "That, my darlings, is Dragonheart City," she explained, her voice tinged with excitement.

"Dragonheart City?" Marigold repeated, her eyes widening with curiosity. "Is that where King Archer lives?"

Tamsin nodded, a fond smile playing on her lips, "Yes, it is," she confirmed. "It's the capital of the Draconia Kingdom, ruled by King Archer himself."

As they continued to watch, the silhouette grew larger, revealing towering spires and grand buildings bathed in the soft glow of twilight. Lights flickered to life in the windows, casting a warm and welcoming glow over the city.

Soon enough, the ship docked at a shipyard, and the Draconia soldiers disembarked while guiding the Aradonian survivors onto the pier. Tamsin and her family made their way to the exit and ran into Admiral Olivia and King Archer.

When the white-haired boy saw her, a big smile appeared as he spoke, "Tamsin. It's good to see you."

After speaking, he cast a charming grin at her two daughters. "Marigold, Briela. You both look stunning today," he complimented.

Tamsin eyed her daughter's cheeks flush with color before shaking her head. "Your Majesty, please refrain from flirting with my girls. They aren't accustomed to the company of someone as handsome as you."

"Oh, so you think I'm handsome?" He asked with a grin, and Tamsin realized what she just said and went red herself.

Archer started laughing before leading them off the ship, and when the four women saw the port, they were shocked. The port was constructed from beautiful white stone, and its architecture was grand and imposing against the backdrop of the sea.

Hundreds of people bustled about, each engaged in their tasks. Sailors hurriedly unloaded cargo from ships, merchants bartered with customers at market stalls, and fishermen returned with their day's catch.

The air was filled with the sounds of seagulls overhead, ships creaking, and the chatter of the busy port. Tamsin marveled at the scene before her, captivated by the vibrant energy of the port and the elaborate details of its architecture.

It was bustling with activity as hundreds of people went about their business, a testament to the kingdom's thriving trade and commerce. As Tamsin observed the bustling activity near the port, her attention was drawn to a peculiar sight.

A plump but beautiful dwarf woman with a warm smile purposefully walked through the crowd, her eyes fixed on King Archer, who stood nearby. Without hesitation, she approached him, her smile growing wider as she approached.

When the dwarf woman reached him, she wrapped her arms around his legs in a tight hug, her enthusiasm palpable. Archer, taken aback momentarily, crouched down with a gentle smile spreading across his face.

Tamsin watched as he returned her hug warmly, his eyes reflecting genuine affection for the dwarf woman. After exchanging a few words with the woman, Archer approached Tamsin and her daughters with purpose in his stride.

As he neared them, his expression softened into a warm smile. "Tamsin," he greeted them, his voice gentle. "I will escort you to your new mansion just outside the city. I believe you and your daughters will find it quite charming."

Her curiosity piqued at the mention of the mansion, but she offered a grateful nod regardless, "Thank you, Your Majesty. We appreciate your generosity," she replied with genuine appreciation.

Chapter 684 All Of You Get In The Bedroom (R18)

When Archer and Teuila entered the treehouse, he saw the rest of the girls lazing around the living room chatting. But as they saw him, smiles appeared before jumping up and greeting him with a kiss and hug, which he loved.

Ella was the one to talk first as she stepped back from him, "How was the kingdom? Did you meet with Aisha and Mohamet?"

Archer nodded in response as he went to sit down, "Yeah, I gave them my instructions on building my territory, which went well. I created some laws and got a dwarf family famed for their craftsmanship to serve the kingdom."

Everyone smiled before Nefertiti said suspiciously, "Are you planning to claim Aisha? Seeing as she's your queen."

He appeared taken aback but answered honestly, "Yes, but she's not interested in me now as I'm still young and never forget that you girls are my queens already, but I doubt you want the headache of running a fledgling kingdom with millions of citizens."

"If we choose to help, Will you let us help you run your kingdom if we wished?" the pink-haired succubus questioned.

"Of course. Why would I stop you? I would love it if you girls helped me out, but you're free to do whatever you like," Archer replied with a smile.

Nefertiti grinned and gave him a sweet kiss before she revealed an idea she just formed, "Once I get some free time, I'll return to Zenia and recruit some of the younger generation, as they would love to join the White Dragons army."

Archer nodded with a sweet smile as he thanked his succubus fiancée, "Thank you, Nefi," he squeezed the pink-haired girl, "I love you, and thank you for all your support."

She made a pleased noise that he found adorable before separating as the other girls watched him with narrowed eyes. Sera bounded up to him with a big smile as she commented, "Naughty husband. You need to treat us all the same."

When Archer heard this, his eyes narrowed at the ten girls, who giggled while agreeing with the dragon girl. He cast Blink to appear behind Sera, who he flung onto his shoulder before seeing the laughing Halime while holding her stomach.

The snake girl instantly stopped, but it was too late as Archer picked her up like a sack of potatoes and carried her off while calling out, "I'll be back before we leave for the fights. I'm punishing a mischievous dragon and snake."

All the others looked jealous and eyed him like he had killed their cat, which caused him to grin as he got a brilliant idea before ordering them: "All of you get in the bedroom. This jealousy needs to be punished out of all of you."

After speaking, he entered the bedroom while carrying a giggling Sera and Halime, but something caught his attention, and that was the smell of their arousal, which was soaring as they closed in on the bed.

Archer threw them on it as the other eight came in before Teuila shut the door behind them. He positioned Sera and Halime on all fours by the edge of the bed before turning the others with a lewd look and shining violet eyes as he spoke, "Each of you bend over on the bed as I'm going to fuck each one of you until your trembling and full of my seed."

They did as he said, with most of them having red cheeks, but Nefertiti marched over to and wrapped her slender arms around his shoulder from the back and pushed her massive boobs against him.

A shiver ran down his spine, igniting his desire as he indulged in the sensation of her flawless, supple breasts. He swiftly turned Nefertiti around without hesitation, positioning her over a nearby cupboard.

Lifting her dress, he admired her voluptuous curves, finding her fat ass irresistibly alluring in her black panties. Nefertiti looked back with a lewd smile and spoke in a voice dripping with lust, "Show me what you can do to this body. I'm all yours, husband."

He moved them to the side with a grin and noticed she was already soaking wet as her love juices ran down her meaty thighs. Seeing this, he pulled his cock out and rammed it into the succubus, who let out a primal moan as he bottomed out in her pussy.

"Oh, mother goddess. I've missed this feeling!" She spoke between moans.

After that, Archer's desire overtook him as he fucked each of the girls one after another until he filled them up twice, and their bodies were trembling with pleasure. Once he was done, his lust was gone.

As he looked around the room, the girls were lying all over the bedroom with a wide range of racy smiles on their faces. Ella, Teuila, Hemera, and Nefertiti reclined on the bed in varying degrees of undress.

Meanwhile, Sera, Nala, and Talila rested on the sofa, and Halime, Llyniel, and Leira sprawled on the floor, their clothing still on, but their dresses hiked up as they were all leaking their mixed fluids.

When Archer saw this, he chuckled. He felt slightly tired but knew they had their fights in an hour, so he cast Aurora Healing on all ten girls, causing some to wake up with a yawn. Talila was the first, as her silver hair was in a mess and not in her regular ponytail.

Her beautiful red eyes turned to him and narrowed before scolding him, "Arch! Why ravage us just before the tournament starts? Couldn't you wait until tonight, you horny dragon!"

He chuckled before answering, "I couldn't help myself. I'm sorry for the timing of it, but I would be lying if I said I wasn't enjoying myself because that felt amazing."

"Don't give me that, you little shit. You knew exactly what you were doing," Talila retorted as she stood up.

Archer noticed her big boobs were bouncing as she moved, and her muscular body was covered in sweat and other bodily fluids, but that didn't bother him as his eyes roamed over her abs, which looked like the gods sculpted them but still held their femininity which turned him on again.

When Talila noticed the look of lust appearing in her fiance's violet eyes, she backed off, warning, "No more, you unsatiable beast! Wait until tonight as my pussy is still sore, and we have to fight."

But he ignored her as he continued to look at her slim waist and long-toned legs. When the elf saw this, she quickly turned around to pick her clothes up but quickly realized she shouldn't have done that as she heard an instant woosh.

Archer appeared behind her and bent her over the nearby cabinet as he looked at her toned bubble butt and its perfect dimensions, which drove him nuts. He took his cock out and started rubbing it against Talila's pussy, causing her to moan.

She still managed to complain, "If you fuck me again, I won't be able to fight at one hundred percent Archer!"

He leaned forward, causing his cock to rub her even harder, and seductively whispered into her long ear, "Don't you remember? Every time you take my seed, you grow stronger, my silver-

haired beauty."

When Talila heard this, her body trembled with pleasure but soon nodded in agreement as her mind changed, "Make it quick, you beast."

Archer didn't waste time and dived into her tight pussy and hit her womb, eliciting a throaty moan and causing him to fuck her even harder until her whole body was trembling as she climaxed over his big cock, which drove her into a world of neverending pleasure.

He quickly filled her up, causing Talila to climax as she squirted all over his waist, which didn't bother him as he pulled out of the quivering elf who had a silly smile that made him smirk as he heard someone stand up and spotted Llyniel rubbing her eyes.

But Archer knew his lust was over and decided to see Llyniel, Halime, and Sera tonight. So he cast Cleanse on all the girls, which woke them up. When they realized the time, they jumped up and rushed to the bath chamber.

Ella gazed at him, her head tilting slightly, "You're quite the scoundrel, Archer Wyldheart. Yet, I can't deny that the sex was amazing."

With those words, she exited the room. Archer chooses not to bathe. Instead, he cast Cleanse several times, refreshing himself. Then, he dressed in a crisp, light blue shirt paired with matching shorts. His attire was completed with flip-flops, which suited his relaxed demeanor.

Following that, he settled into a chair, taking a moment to rest as he awaited the girls. Soon enough, they began to emerge from the bathroom steadily. Archer observed each of them with an affectionate gaze, making them blush.

However, their embarrassment didn't deter them; instead, they approached him one by one, showering him with kisses filled with equal measures of love. When Sera saw this, her ruby-red eyes glowed as she sat on Archer's lap and snuggled up to him.

She started nibbling his ear just like she did when they first met. Sera found comfort in it and loved doing it to him. While doing that, he wrapped his arms around the dragon girl and whispered into her long ears, "I love you, Sera Wyldheart."

This caused her to tremble, but she stopped biting him and looked into his eyes with a big smile. She leaned forward and kissed him before replying, "I love you so much, Archer."

After that, Ella spoke to the group, "Come on, we need to get to the arena for our matches, or the headmistress will be angry."

Everyone agreed and jumped up as Archer opened a portal to the Oakheart Kingdom's Greenwood City.

Chapter 685 Qualification Round

Archer and the girls stepped out to see hundreds of students and Professors rushing around, but the ones closest to them all stopped and looked at them with wide eyes. A shiver coursed through him the moment his foot touched the ice-covered ground.

He shivered but quickly cast Cosmic Shield over himself to keep the freezing wind and snow from affecting him. When witnessing his reaction, Teuila laughed before playfully swatting his back and remarking, "Perhaps longer pants would have been a wise choice, my dear husband."

"It doesn't matter, as Frostwinter is ending in a week. I can't wait for the festival to see how much gold the emperor will give, darling. After all, he has aided the empire enough times already," Sera commented.

Archer was just about to talk but was interrupted when he heard a meow from his bracelet. He recalled the Tressyms he sent to the Vardentia to steal any ingredients or plants from the Novgorod Empire so he could sell them in bulk to fund his kingdom.

He opened a portal to the domain and called for the Tressyms, forgetting he had put little bracelets on them so they could return. That's when their leader flew out and rushed toward him, letting out an adorable meow.

The fluffball slammed into Archer, causing the girls to giggle when they spotted him. The cat started purring and licking his face, making happy noises before opening a tiny portal, and sacks and sacks of ingredients fell to the ground.

He quickly stored them all in his Item Box and scanned it, only to be completely shocked and baffled by the thousands of plants they brought back to him. Once he saw the amount, he showered the Tressym leader with affection, which pleased the fat cat, who soon returned to the domain.

Once it was gone, Archer turned to Llyniet, who was staring at the spot where the cat had dropped the bags. He noticed her fidgeting and met her gaze, captivated by her big brown eyes, which he found beautiful.

But that's when he heard her speak in a barely restrained voice, "Can I help you grow those husbands?"

"That's precisely the idea, my dear wood elf," he responded. "I'm establishing farms in Draconia to produce valuable plants for the kingdom's prosperity. I require someone with your expertise to oversee this effort just like you, my love. Would you be willing to take on the task?"

He watched in amusement as her excitement bubbled up like a fizzy potion until it burst out like an over-enthusiastic volcano. The wood elf began bouncing on the spot like a demented kangaroo, declaring proudly that she'd be the first in her family to produce such rare plants.

The other girls started giggling as Llyniet lunged at Archer like a rocket and wrapped her limbs around him. She excitedly peppered his face with kisses, causing him to smile as he held her.

After a couple of minutes, he put her down only to be asked by the brown-haired elf, "Can I see some of the plants, please, Arch?"

"I'll show you when we're settled, Llyn," he replied with a smile.

The wood elf nodded with a smile and was still as excited. When Archer saw her reaction, He laughed before speaking, "There are some extremely rare plants here. I can't wait to see your reaction."

Llyniel got excited and nodded with a smile. As they neared the arena entrance, they bumped into Lioran, Cian, Alaric, and a pair of twins, piquing Archer's interest. When the lion boy saw him, he said, "Arch, my brother! It's finally time to showcase our skills to everyone."

He chuckled before responding, "Yeah, I'm eager to wrap this up so we can journey to the Sabbat Kingdom in the north. I've never been there."

Lioran nodded as he turned to the twins, introducing them, "Arch, meet Chiron and Chione Windwalker. They hail from the Far North and joined the college a few months back. They are in some of our classes."

Archer glanced at the boy, noting his pale white complexion and matching hair. However, the similarity ended there, for Chiron's eyes bore a striking grey shade. Scrutinizing him further, he noticed the boy's shorter height and slender frame compared to his own.

Yet he detected an unfamiliar aura enveloping Chiron—a subtle but unmistakable unknown magic that fascinated him. It puzzled Archer, for he had never encountered anything like it. He shook his head, but the unusual magic only increased in power when he looked at Chione.

It radiated off her like an inferno, which surprised him as the magic felt eery and gave him goosebumps. Tearing his gaze away from her magic, he studied her. She possessed a supernatural charm, her porcelain skin as pale as winter's first snowfall, untouched by the sun's warm caress.

Short locks of pure white cascaded around her face like a soft halo, framing features of breathtaking symmetry. Her eyes were a piercing shade of grey, just like her brothers, but they held a steely determination.

Despite her undeniable beauty, there was an air of seriousness about her, as if every line etched into her flawless face spoke of a lifetime's worth of resolve. Her sharp and defined features oozed a no-nonsense demeanor that commanded attention without uttering a single word.

With each glance, she exuded an aura of quiet strength, leaving no doubt that she was the stronger sibling, which excited him. Archer stepped forward and introduced himself to the siblings, "I'm Archer Wyldheart. The most handsome Dragon on Thrylos."

Chiron nodded, "It's good to meet you, Dragon. But why do you refer to yourself as handsome? Isn't that a bit shameless?"

Archer shrugged before turning to his girls and asked in a confused tone, "Am I not handsome?"

All ten nodded with conviction, but Chiron responded skeptically, "Of course, they're going to say that. They're in your harem."

"Good point. Well, let's ask someone who isn't," Archer said.

Archer spotted Leonora, Nalika, and Cassie standing nearby, conversing with some of his girls. He drew their attention, "What do you ladies think? Am I ugly?"

The three looked at their finances, causing Cian to comment, "We won't be angry at you if you think Arch is good-looking. We all understand he is, he's the damn White Dragon, and dragons are naturally good-looking creatures in their human forms, but I know he won't target his friend's lovers as he's shown no interest in women who are in relationships."

Once Archer heard Cian's words, Fianna's face popped into his head as she was married. The orange boy was going to continue. They all heard a few coughs, causing him to look at Leria, who grinned as she spoke, "You don't think we know, husband?"

They all nodded, causing him to become baffled, "What do you know?"

The cat girl shook her head and said, "We shall discuss this later. Remember, I'm a cat demi-human Arch with a strong sense of smell."

'Oh shit. I forgot to tell them about meeting Fianna,' Archer thought as he started to feel guilty.

He sighed heavily before admitting, "I get what you're saying, but she's stuck in a miserable marriage. You can practically read it in her eyes.

"Who are you guys talking about? It sounds like some juicy gossip," Nalika asked, followed by Cassie, Leonora, Cians, Lioran, and Alaric, who nodded.

Archer sighed and looked at Leira before promising her many punishments and revealing, "I spent some time with Duchess Everrose, and she seems to be smitten with me."

Lioran's eyes opened wide. He asked, "You're courting Lucius's mother? And here I thought you weren't interested in older women except your Aunt Sia." free

He looked at his friend, who made him sound like a degenerate, highlighting Sia as his aunt. Archer was about to speak but was stopped as Chione spoke up for the first time in a cold voice: "So you're a playboy as well as a degenerate? Some of the rumors are true, then."

"Most probably are in some way or another," Archer spoke in a fed-up voice while rubbing his temple and scolding Lioran. "Stop slandering my good name, lion. For that insult, I will become your grandfather and uncle. Tell Malaika and Zara I look forward to wooing them."

Lioran started laughing before retorting, "I wish you luck, my friend. Those two are the toughest women I know. They taught Nala how to fight."

As he spoke, the girl in question bounded over to them with an excited, wagging tail and twitching ears. Archer couldn't help but find her adorable and stroked her ear, causing Nala to shiver with pleasure as she felt his fingers on her sensitive place.

But he quickly withdrew his hand, eliciting a huff from the lion girl. She soon declared something that stunned Lioran and Archer, "I will assist you in courting them, Archie. They would make valuable additions to your pride."

"Quiet, sister! Shouldn't you be on my side? Helping him would be cheating!" Lioran playfully interjected.

Nala poked her tongue out to her brother, who spoke to Chione to clear the air, "Archer's a playboy but not a degenerate just yet."

The paled-skinned girl shrugged and replied, "I don't care."

Laughter rippled through the group until Archer's smile greeted Chione, yet all he received was a dismissive huff, prompting a shake of his head before he asked, "Who out of all of us is the first to fight?"

Ella was the one who answered, "It's Nefi, myself, and you. After that, Teuila, Lioran, Halime, Llyniel, Hemera, Leira, Seraphine, Nala, and Tali."

Archer smiled before speaking, "It will be an eventful day then."

After that, they walked into the arena, eager for thrilling fights. Among the fray, they witnessed Leira's sister, Luna, the first princess of the Avalon Empire, effortlessly dismantle a poor soul from Starlight Academy, leaving the crowd in awe of her power.

Chapter 686 The Thirteenth

After that, they watched fellow students from the College Of Magic win and lose their bouts, which was entertaining. One person who caught Archer's attention was Cassandra Tidewater, the Kraken Princess, who was approaching him with an adorable smile after winning her first fight.

Kassandra stopped before him with a glint in her beautiful blue eyes, "It's good to see you again," she greeted him, then asked. "Can I join you, please?"

Archer nodded with a charming smile, which caused Ella to jump onto his lap, making room for Cassandra to sit beside him. While doing that, she commented, "Too many weak people competing. It's a shame they aren't as strong as you, Arch."

He grinned in response to the compliment, his attention drawn to her natural beauty, which he hadn't fully appreciated. Her jet-black hair was pulled back into a sleek ponytail, accentuating her slender neck.

Kassandra's black eyes exuded an air of depth and mystery as pools of infinite darkness flecked with glimmers of unseen secrets. Their obsidian depths seemed to hold untold stories and hidden emotions, drawing others in with their enigmatic allure.

However, he saw the gills beneath her ears that distinguish her from other humanoids—a captivating feature that suggests her Kraken heritage. They enhance her already enchanting presence with an otherworldly charm.

Despite her soft features, her muscular frame speaks of strength. Well-defined muscles sculpt her arms and legs, while her giant boobs and slim waist create a harmonious balance of femininity and power.

Her thick thighs ooze power, indicating a life of activity and vigor. With each movement, she exudes confidence and poise. She embodies a rare blend of beauty, strength, and charm—a mesmerizing sight that leaves a memorable impression on all who see her.

"When are you going to stop staring at her husband?" Ella commented with a giggle when she saw him staring at their visitor. "She's not a piece of meat, you know."

When he heard Ella's words, Archer was about to speak, but Kassandra said reassuringly, "It's okay. He's strong enough to do so, and my kind love strength, especially a powerful surface dweller."

"Oh yeah. I forgot Krakens are all about strength and conquering innocent kingdoms," Teuila sarcastically said.

Kassandra laughed, "You have a point there. But like I've told you, we needed breeding pools to help our race. Anyone would have done the same thing as us," she commented with a neutral expression.

Teuila huffed but stopped short of arguing and chose to ignore Kassandra, who wouldn't stop talking, "We don't have to be friends, but can we be civil?"

"Return our lands, then we can be civil," The blue-haired girl snapped back before she turned to Archer. "You can talk to her, but don't expect me to. There's too much bad blood between our races."

Archer nodded, "Okay, Teu. But you know the Mid-Rift surrounds Draconia?" He smiled before offering her something she couldn't refuse. "I may be able to help your people set up a colony there. I'll make sure to capture some sea monsters to protect it."

A pair of ocean blue eyes turned to him with a look of hope and asked in a hopeful voice, "What will stop the Krakens from attacking again?"

Once Teuila said that, Archer turned to Cassandra with a grin and replied, "Because she won't allow it, will you?"

"No," She returned the grin with one of her own, "But I desire something in return if you want me to tell Father to stop invading your kingdom, Aquarian," she said.

Teuila turned to look at the girl and asked in annoyance, "What do you want, Kraken?"

"A date with Archer?" she instantly answered while thinking. "If I remember correctly, you surface dwellers take your lovers on them," Cassandra said, causing Teuila's eyes to widen in shock.

She shook her head as Archer laughed and let the two girls speak. Teuila asked suspiciously, "Do you want to be Archer's lover?"

The black-haired girl nodded, "Yes. He beat me, and in my society, if a man beats a woman, she becomes enamored with him and wants to be around him to form a bond," she looked at him with hopeful eyes. "And that's what's happened to me, and it shocked me, to be honest."

Archer noticed her cheeks growing red, but she quickly explained, "I'm not exactly a lady, as I love fighting and adventuring." Cassandra looked down as she continued and heard the sadness in her voice. "My siblings used to bully me because of my muscles and interest in fighting."

When hearing that, Archer reached out and touched her dainty hand, loving how soft they felt. This caused Cassandra to look up with a small smile as she squeezed his hand in return as electricity passed through the two, causing him to get a shiver.

"Damn Krakens and your strange love life; Father told me that your race is monogamous and doesn't like harems," Teuila finally spoke in a barely restrained voice.

Archer was looking at the blue-haired girl and wondered why she was getting angry. He asked Ella to jump up so he could pamper Teuila. The half-elf got up and motioned for her friend to take her place.

Teuila saw the offer and shrugged before slipping onto Archer's lap. When she did that, he started running his fingers on her thick thigh before whispering into her ear, "I love you, Teu. Forever and always. Do you know how happy I am that we met all those years ago? Extremely"

Once hearing his voice, Teuila's whole body shivered, causing her to smile and lean into him before Cassandra answered the blue-haired girl in an amused tone. "Can't a girl break the mold? I don't care for harems. Take us, for example. You will never like me, and the same goes for me toward you, but we mustn't be at each other's throats as we share the same husband."

After Cassandra spoke, Teuila's temper flared again, causing her to snap, "He's not your man! You asked for a date, but he hasn't replied yet."

Archer chuckled and sent a message through the dragon tattoo, [What's wrong? She's only been friendly to us]

When Teuila heard this, she sighed before replying, [She's a Kraken Arch. They destroyed my kingdom's settlements in the Mid-Rift and forced us to the surface]

[Isn't that a good thing though? If you were still under the water, we would have never met. So, in a way, the Krakens brought us together]

Teuila sighed before concluding, [Well, you're right. I will be civil with the girl just for you, but I can't bring myself to be her friend after the thousands of Aquarians they killed during the wars]

Archer smiled, "I understand, Teu, I would never force you into anything, and you know this."

Teuila nodded before returning to Cassandra, who watched them fascinatedly, and said in a retrained tone, "You want a date? But are you ready to rush into a relationship with someone you barely know?"

Kassandra watched Teuila with a thoughtful expression, her blue eyes holding a glimmer of understanding. Archer saw the look of honesty in her gaze and waited for her to speak.

"You know," she began, her voice calm, "in Kraken society, love is not something that strikes like lightning, nor can it be forced. It's a slow, steady burn, cultivated over time."

Teuila raised an eyebrow, her expression skeptical. "What do you mean?" she asked, her tone guarded.

"Well," Kassandra continued, "we believe that love is something that grows as a couple spends time together, shares experiences, and faces challenges side by side. It's not about grand gestures or passionate declarations; it's about the quiet moments, the everyday interactions, and the unwavering support that two people offer each other."

Teuila considered Kassandra's words for a moment, her expression softening slightly. "So, you're saying that even if a couple barely knows each other at first, they can still grow to love each other over time?"

"Exactly," Kassandra confirmed, a small smile playing on her lips. "It's about building a foundation of trust, respect, and understanding. As time passes, that foundation becomes stronger, and love blossoms naturally from it."

Archer watched as Teuila started nodding slowly, absorbing Kassandra's explanation. "I suppose that's a different approach from what I'm used to," she admitted, her voice tinged with uncertainty.

"It may be different," Kassandra acknowledged, "but it's no less valid. Love comes in many forms, and each culture has its own way of expressing and experiencing it. The key is to embrace those differences and find common ground."

When hearing the girl's explanation, Archer found it rich, "They believe love should be nurtured over time, through shared experiences, allowing it to grow strong," he summarized, reflecting on Kassandra's insight.

But soon, he gazed into Cassandra's blue eyes and decided to ask, "So you want to be in a relationship with me? You do realize what that means?"

Kassandra nodded as she spoke, her eyes fixed on Archer's with unwavering determination. "Yes, I know. You're a greedy dragon who will claim me for life, and I've happily accepted that."

Archer's gaze softened as he reached out to gently touch her hand, a flicker of emotion crossing his features. "And I, in turn, have accepted the responsibility that comes with claiming you," he replied, his tone sincere.

After that, Cassandra questioned in a hopeful voice, "So that means we're lovers now?"

He nodded, "Yes, and you will forever be mine in this life and the next Cassandra Tidewater."

Teuila huffed in his ear, saying, "I'll try my best not to argue with her, but you need to talk to the others to see if they accept her."

"Okay. Let's do it now," Archer replied.

That's when Teuila got up and sat down next to Cassandra, who smiled at her. Archer turned to the other nine girls and spoke, "I've claimed Cassandra. Does anyone have an issue?"

Chapter 687 Thank You Brother

Archer watched as most of the girls shook their heads and started welcoming Cassandra with smiles and hugs, but Nefertiti didn't join in and stared at him with an unknown expression, causing him to ask, "What's wrong, Nefi?"

Nefertiti spoke, her tone dripping with jealousy, "I don't want you to claim any more women," she said, her eyes narrowing as they shifted to Cassandra.

"But after being in a relationship with you for this long, I know you won't neglect us, which comforts me. Just know, husband," she continued, her voice low and intense, "if she hurts you, I will burn her to ash."

'Her jealousy is so sexy. I hope It doesn't stop,' Archer thought as he listened to the pink-haired girl.

Once Nefertiti finished talking, she leaned forward and kissed him with so much passion that it sent a spark crashing through his body. She separated from him before sitting back down to talk to the others who were watching the ongoing fight.

Afterward, Archer turned around only to hear Cassandra's sweet voice, "Thank you for accepting me. Let's look after each other from now on."

"Of course," he nodded before replying with an evil grin. "We're going to have so much fun," he said.

He went on to tell her his plans about Draconia and everything else while waiting for Nefertiti's fight. After he was done speaking, Cassandra looked at him with her black eyes and grinned, "Amazing. Can I help? I may be able to capture some strong sea monsters for you."

Archer nodded, "Sounds good. You can come with me when I return to Draconia."

Kassandra smiled before turning back to the fights. Just after that, Archer noticed it was Lioran's fight, and when he jumped up, he grinned at him before leaving for the stage. The crowd started cheering when they saw the fighters arrive at the stage.

He and his group had seats at the edge of the bustling arena, his gaze sweeping across the sea of cheering spectators. The sun beat down mercilessly, its rays piercing through the arena's opened roof, casting a golden shade over the entire scene.

The air buzzed with anticipation, each cheer and roar blending into a cacophony of excitement. Before him, several large stages stood proudly, each hosting its battles to determine who would advance to the knockout stage.

When seeing this, he turned to Leira, sitting a few seats down, and inquired, "What's with all these stages?"

The cat girl turned her emerald eyes toward him with a smile before answering, "It's for the different groups, Arch. It allows the organizers to complete the Qualification Round quickly."

Archer noticed that the arena seemed to have transformed since the group stages, now pulsating with heightened energy and charged with the thrill of individual showdowns. His attention was drawn to the nearest stage, where his friend, Lioran, stood tall and proud, bathed in the sun's warm glow.

The crowd cheered as Lioran prepared to face his opponent. His lion-like features exuded confidence and determination. He knew his friend was strong, so he scanned him.

[Lioran Lionheart]

[Level: 80]

[Rank: Expert]

'He might not be as strong as Nala, but he's still tough,' he mused inwardly.

Archer then looked at his friend's opponent and saw a large human wielding a giant Warhammer. He started at Lioran like he was looking at prayer, but the lion boy wasn't facing him as he pulled out his sword.

It was similar to Nala's, causing him to look at his lioness, who quickly answered, "Our grandmother forged them for us. She is a skilled blacksmith and a warrior in her own right."

"Is this Malaika?" Archer questioned with interest, causing Nala to laugh.

She shook her head, "No, Malaika is my maternal grandmother. Her name is Aziza, and she resides in Naravo working on the forges when she isn't training."

"Interesting, is she strong?" He asked.

Nala bobbed her head, "Yeah, she's a High Mage and has been training for years."

After speaking, Archer scanned Lioran's opponent to see his strength.

[Kaelen Montfort]

[Level: 75]

[Rank: Expert]

'Weak,' he thought as the referee announced the start of the fight, which caused the crowd to roar in excitement. Archer and the girls leaned forward in their seats, their attention fixed on the stage below as Lioran stepped onto it.

Archer watched as Lioran entered the fray, his golden hair gleaming in the sunlight. As he squared off against his opponent, the tension in the air became real. He could feel the anticipation building as the two fighters prepared to clash.

The lion prince charged forward with a roar, his muscles tensed and ready for action, but Kaelen swung his Warhammer with shocking strength, aiming to crush Lioran with a single blow.

But Lioran was quick and agile. He quickly ducked under the heavy swing and closed the distance between them, his sword flashing in the sunlight as it swung toward Kaelen. Archer watched his brother-in-law land a solid blow on his competitor's side, causing the boy to stagger back while trying to hit him with his Warhammer.

The crowd erupted in cheers as Lioran pressed his advantage. He moved so fast, and he just kept on attacking without stopping. Archer watched as his friend fought skillfully, his every move a testament to his strength and prowess.

With each strike, Lioran brought himself one step closer to victory, drawing the audience into the excitement of the battle unfolding before them. As the battle raged, the lion boy's swift and nimble movements dodged each powerful swing with calculated precision.

Every time he dodged, the crowd cheered, urging the lion boy. Archer's gaze narrowed as he noticed a subtle change in his technique. It was a move he had seen before—body Enhancing, a skill that heightened the caster's physical abilities.

That's when he finally understood Lioran's strategy. The lion boy ducked beneath it effortlessly as the large human unleashed another thunderous swing. In one fluid motion, he surged forward, his fist infused with the enhanced strength of his skill.

Lioran's fist landed with devastating force, connecting squarely with the boy's chest. A collective gasp echoed through the arena as Kaelen staggered backward, his breath stolen from his lungs.

Archer watched Kaelen struggle to remain upright, his chest heaving as he fought to regain his composure. But it was too late as he fell unconscious. With a victorious roar, Lioran emerged as the undisputed winner of the match.

Everyone erupted into thunderous cheering, and their excitement echoed throughout the arena. Lioran's name reverberated off the walls as he made his way back to them. When he arrived, Nala congratulated him with a big smile.

"Good job, Lio. You fought well," Archer commented with a grin.

Lioran replied as he took a seat next to Leonora and Nalika, "Thank you, brother," he let out a sigh of relief. "but I should have ended it quicker, but I tested my Body Enhancement because I leveled it up yesterday thanks to Cian."

The orange-haired boy nodded with a smile, but Alaric stopped chatting to Llynriel and said, "Your skill with a sword is amazing, Lio. You shouldn't doubt yourself."

Just as Alaric spoke, a few people appeared next to them. Archer looked up to see Maeve, Aurelia, and Eveline standing there. The orange-haired girl grinned when she saw him and commented, "It's good to see you again, Arch," after the greeting, she leaned in close, allowing him to see some of her cleavage as she whispered. "I can't wait to see what you do when at the wedding. The thought excites me."

Archer glanced downward, drawn to her large boobs and seductive curves that seemed to fill his vision. However, Maeve's smooth and alluring voice snapped his attention back to her face.

"Eyes up here, handsome," she purred. "Now, are you still going to rescue me from that nightmare?"

Meeting her gaze, Archer detected a mix of emotions in her grey eyes: hope, attraction, and a hint of longing. He shook his head lightly and replied, "Of course. I've already created a plan, but you'll have to wait and see how it unfolds."

Maeve smiled as she leaned over and kissed his cheek softly before joining his girls and started chatting while eyeing him occasionally. The rabbit girl greeted him next with a big smile and glowing red eyes, "Hello, Archer. How are you finding the tournament so far?"

He looked at the beautiful bunny girl whose white hair was tied into a ponytail and was wearing leather adventurers armor that allowed her easy movement, but she afforded her decent protection.

Archer leaned back in his seat as Maeve and Aurelia chatted with the other girls. They started gossiping as he scanned the arena until Eveline sat beside him, her gaze fixed on the ongoing battles.

"It's really exciting, isn't it?" Archer remarked, breaking the silence between them.

Eveline turned to him with a smile, her eyes shining enthusiastically, "Absolutely. Something is thrilling about watching fighters clash. The suspense, the strategy... it's all so fascinating."

Archer nodded in agreement, "Indeed. Each person brings their own fighting style and methods to the stage. I love seeing how they adapt to the fights."

Eveline's face lit up with interest, "I've always been drawn to the art of combat. The way warriors move with precision and grace, their determination shining through every strike... it's truly inspiring."

Archer chuckled softly, "You sound like a true warrior, Eveline."

She grinned, a playful glint in her eyes. "Perhaps I am, in my own way. But there's still much I have to learn. Watching these fights, though, it ignites a fire within me to improve and hone my skills."

"Same here," Archer admitted, a sense of friendship forming between them. "There's always room to grow, no matter how skilled we become. That's what makes the journey so exciting."

Chapter 688 Just Like Teuila Taught Me

Archer continued to watch the fights until it was Nefertiti's turn. They continued watching until the last battle finished; the referee announced, "Nefertiti Wyldheart and Marjory Lancaster, please come to the stage."

The succubus stood with a grin and kissed him before gracefully walking over to the stage. As she was doing that, the weather worsened, and it started to rain. He saw the people panicking and getting umbrellas out to cover themselves.

However, they soon became unnecessary as the wood elf mages posted around the arena quickly cast a spell to block the open roof, creating a beautiful scene as the rain hit the shield, causing a rippling pattern.

He turned his attention back to Nefertiti, who looked at him with a seductive smile and glowing pink eyes as she walked. Archer watched her plump ass sway side to side, causing it to jiggle.

This sent his lust soaring, but he quickly shook his head and smiled at the succubus, who blew him a kiss as she stepped onto the stage while eyeing her opponent. Archer decided to scan her to see if she had gotten any stronger since they had sex last.

Archer was pleasantly surprised when he saw her level rise and her status get a little boost.

[Nefertiti Sharifi][Rank: Magus][Experience: 11000][Level: 187>189][HP: 7200][Mana: 15500][Strength: 8200][Constitution: 10200][Stamina: 7200]

After examining her closely, he shifted his attention to her adversary, a tall figure with blue hair and eyes. Armed with a sword and shield, he wanted to see her level and rank by scanning her.

[Marjory Lancaster]

[Level: 82]

[Rank: Master]

'Nefertiti will slaughter her, hahaha,' Archer laughed internally.

He witnessed the Nefertiti cast a ball of pink flames and started to juggle it while watching Marjory with a smile, who returned the look with a dirty one, which made her laugh just as the referee announced the start of the fight.

The blue-haired girl rushed forward and swung her sword with some skill. But Nefertiti grinned as she waved her hand and used magic to deflect the attack before preparing to counterattack.

She coated her fists with pink fire and launched a punch that loudly smacked Marjory's cheek. Nefertiti's Arcane punch was so powerful that it sent the girl crashing across the stage, igniting the crowd's excitement.

Their cheers echoed throughout the arena as they rallied behind her. When Archer saw her attack, he was amazed. He looked at Teuila, who shrugged. "She has been learning close combat with us all," she said, looking at Nefertiti attacking Marjory before continuing. "I never expected her to combine it with her magic, though. Which is amazing, to be honest."

The succubus didn't let her opponent breathe, as she was on her like a shark, smelling blood. She went to kick Marjory, but the girl raised her shield and blocked the attack, sending her skidding backward.

Marjory jumped up and started attacking by wildly swinging and lunging; while this was happening, Nefertiti giggled as she sidestepped all the blows and struck out with a fire-covered fist.

The punches landed with such force that they shook Marjory to the core, and she felt her legs weaken. She quickly backed off to get some space to breathe, but Nefertiti moved in and threw more punches.

Archer watched as Nefertiti jumped backward and cast a spell as the girl recovered. Behind her, a large pink dragon made of her arcane flames appeared and let out a roar. She looked at Marjory with a smirk. Her pink eyes glowed with mana, and pink electricity appeared around her body.

Nefertiti started laughing as she sent the arcane beasts straight toward her opponent. Marjory went pale as she saw it approaching her and resigned to her fate. The fire dragon rushed forward and slammed into the girl's shield, but it shattered and was sent flying before crashing into the arena's wall.

When the crowd saw this, they went absolutely wild and started cheering Nefertiti, who basked in their praises. After that, she dismissed her spell as she looked at the shocked referee.

The referee quickly announced her as the winner and called up the next fight. She walked back to Archer with a smile on her pretty face. When she approached, he stood up and smiled proudly, "Well done, my succubus. I honestly never realized you were that strong."

Nefertiti giggled before whispering seductively into his ear as she rubbed up against his body, "It's all thanks to our sex, my husband. Your seed empowers us, and I want more!"

Archer grinned as he promised her more tonight before sitting back down. Nefertiti joined Hemera and Leira, who spoke to Leonora, Nalika, and Cassie. Cassandra turned to him and asked, "Where is your kingdom?"

He thought for a second and answered, "East of the Mediterra. It's a massive island surrounded by mountains."

"It sounds like a fortress to me. I wonder what sea monsters roam the sea," Cassandra wondered out loud.

Archer nodded, "You can check when we go there if you like. I will join you if you know the breathing underwater skill, or I can use my shield."

Kassandra agreed with a smile before returning to the fight, which was ending when one of the boys got knocked out. Once the winner was announced, the crowd started cheering. Afterward, the referee asked, "Ella Wyldheart and Luca Fairchild, can you please come to the stage?"

The half-elf said goodbye to the girls as she walked over to Archer. She passionately kissed him before rushing toward the stage. She took out her bow and arrows, catching the boy's attention.

Archer watched the boy trying to mock his Ella and decided to visit the foolish human once the day ended. He ordered his Shadow Creatures to hide and follow him until later so he could find him.

With an arrogant smirk, Luca commented viciously, which made Ella giggle, "What is a dirty commoner doing in the Arcane Magic Tournament using such an expensive weapon?"

When Archer heard that, his temper flared, causing his aura to radiate from his body, causing Cassandra's gaze to snap and try to calm him down, but Halime got through.

Halime commented in a quiet voice, "Calm down, husband."

Archer took a deep breath and decided to scan the boy.

[Luca Fairchild]

[Level: 86]

[Rank: Master]

Ella returned his jab with a smirk as she knocked an arrow while preparing to fight. The referee saw the two contestants were ready and announced the start. Archer watched as she let several arrows fly, but Luca blocked them with his spear.

A grin spread across her face before casting Terra Blast. The ground trembled beneath them as a surge of earth erupted, catching Luca off guard. Rocks and debris soared towards him in a relentless torrent, propelled by the force of Ella's earth magic.

Luca's smirk faltered, replaced by a flicker of surprise as he scrambled to deflect the onslaught. Despite his skill with the spear, he struggled to evade the barrage of rocks, his movements growing more frantic with each passing moment.

Ella's heart pounded as she poured her energy into the spell. Her focus was unwavering as she watched Luca's defenses crumble before her onslaught. For a fleeting moment, victory seemed within her grasp.

But as quickly as it had begun, the Terra Blast subsided, leaving Luca standing amidst the debris, his breath coming in ragged gasps. His eyes met Ella's with disbelief and admiration, a newfound respect dawning in his gaze.

Looking at the human boy, she thought, 'I will attack in close combat and dodge any of his attacks, just like Teuila taught me.'

Archer's grin widened as he watched her swift movements. She released explosive arrows that detonated upon the ground beneath Luca's feet. Startled, Luca leaped aside to avoid the blasts, only for Ella to expect his landing spot and deliver a precise strike with her tiny clenched fist.

Ella's fist connected with Luca's jaw with a resounding impact, sending shockwaves rippling through the arena. Archer realized she used a lot of her mana because the power of her blow was so immense that it reverberated through the air, causing a deafening boom to echo throughout the stadium.

Luca's eyes widened in surprise as the sheer force of Ella's punch lifted him off his feet and propelled him backward. The people watched in wonder as he flew through the air, his body spinning uncontrollably before crashing to the ground in a heap.

A stunned silence fell over the arena as Ella's punch rendered Luca unconscious in an instant. The sheer power behind her strike had left him incapacitated, and his body sprawled motionless on the ground.

Ella panted heavily, her cheeks flushed with exertion as she struggled to catch her breath. Sensing her fatigue, Archer leaped to his feet and hurried over to the half-elf's side. With a gentle touch, he lifted her into his arms, noticing the telltale signs of exhaustion etched upon her face.

As he held her close, Archer felt Ella's body growing limp, her eyelids drooping as she began to succumb to fatigue. He started channeling mana into her body, which washed over her like a tsunami.

Slowly but surely, the color returned to her cheeks, and her breathing steadied as the mana coursed through her veins. With a soft sigh, she stirred in Archer's arms, her eyes fluttering open as she returned to consciousness.

When the referee saw this, he announced Ella as the winner and allowed Archer to take her back to her sea. He looked at the blonde half-elf and asked in a sweet voice, "Do you want to go to the treehouse to rest? You used a lot of mana during that punch, which was amazing, by the way."

Ella gave him a sweet smile before answering, "Yes, please. I want to sleep."

Archer nodded before vanishing from the spot, shocking the surrounding people. Seconds later, he reappeared as he sat down next to Cassandra and Halime, who swapped seats with Teuila as she talked to Cassie about swords.

Chapter 689 Watch This Dragon

Archer continued to watch the fights while talking to Cassandra and Halime about random things, but he was interrupted when Eveline was called up. The rabbit girl walked past the three of them and blew him a cheeky kiss as she made her way up to the stage.

He smirked and was about to say something, only to hear Cassandra question, in an amused tone, "Do you flirt with every girl you see, lover?"

"No," Archer smiled at the black-haired girl. "Just the girls I have interest in, Kass," he answered while slipping his arms around her and Halime's waists.

This caught both off guard, but they didn't stop him as they leaned into him. Archer turned his attention back to Eveline, who stretched her limbs while climbing the stairs. His gaze fixated on her, intense and longing.

Her slender, toned legs and thick hips with a fluffy rabbit's tail on the tailbone stirred something primal within him. These features, resulting from her rabbit demi-human heritage, held a mesmerizing charm.

At the top, her figure was slim yet defined, highlighted by well-defined muscles. Her giant boobs rested gracefully upon her chest, a perfect complement to her body. Despite her toned muscles, her femininity remained undeniably captivating.

Framed by a waterfall of lustrous white hair, her face possessed a supernatural beauty that drew his gaze like a magnet. Her striking crimson eyes seemed to pierce through the arena's chaos, captivating him with their intensity.

They held a depth that spoke of wisdom beyond her years yet sparkled with a playful light that hinted at her youthful spirit. What caught his attention next was the radiant shade of her brown skin, glowing under the sunlight.

Her complexion possessed a rich, caramel tone that seemed to shimmer with life and energy, emphasizing her face's refined contours. Archer was captivated by how her skin seemed to glow with an inner light, casting a spell over him with its natural beauty.

Eveline's lips were full and inviting, with a natural blush that seemed to beckon him closer. His eyes drifted to her most distinctive trait as he loved her delicate white rabbit ears that twitched at every sound.

Archer stopped eyeing the rabbit girl before briefly scanning the area, and that's when he spotted the purple-haired Leira chatting with Cassie and Hemera. With a mischievous smirk, he decided to pamper the cat girl.

Casting Mana Manipulation, he caused Leira to levitate suddenly, eliciting a surprised yelp from her. She didn't complain. Despite her shock, he carefully guided her to him and settled her onto his lap.

Leira's emerald eyes darted at him, clearly bewildered by the unexpected turn of events. Before she could voice her protest, Archer's hand reached up to gently stroke her ear. The sensation was surprisingly soft and silky, causing Leira to shiver involuntarily and attempt to squirm out of his grasp.

Still, she started to purr involuntarily, resonating with warmth and contentment. Encouraged by her reaction, Archer touched her fluffy purple tail, his fingers brushing against the velvety fur.

To his surprise, Leira let out a soft "Nyahhh," a subtle moan escaping her lips in response to his touch. Archer couldn't help but chuckle at her reaction, which was amusing and charming.

Despite her surprise, Leira seemed to love the attention. A faint blush tinted her cheeks as she leaned slightly into his hand. Their playful interaction added a light-hearted moment to the intense atmosphere.

This brought a smile to Archer's lips as he enjoyed the brief respite from the excitement of the battles unfolding before them. After running his fingers through Leira's silky tail, she relaxed into his lap and watched Eveline's fight. freeweb . com

Archer noticed she wasn't using any weapons apart from her fists and got into a combat stance with her arms in front of her. He scanned her to see how strong she was.

[Eveline Moonwood]

[Level: 92]

[Rank: Master]

Following that, he shifted his gaze towards her opponent, an elven girl with blonde hair and piercing blue eyes. Despite being an elf, she stood rather tall, surpassing the typical height expected of her race.

That didn't stop Archer from scanning her.

[Mariam Goldleaf]

[Level: 95]

[Rank: Master]

'They're evenly matched. I can't wait to see what Eveline does,' he mused internally as the referee started the match.

Eveline surged forward with remarkable speed, catching her opponent off guard with the sudden speed. Archer observed as the rabbit girl delivered a punch, which Mariam managed to block, but she swiftly followed up with a roundhouse kick.

Mariam failed to block the attack and took a blow to the face, staggering backward. Eveline swiftly leaped back without pause, denying Mariam any chance to retaliate. Archer observed with interest as Eveline turned toward him, her expression decorated with a broad smile.

She mouthed, "Watch this dragon."

Following her attack, Eveline swiftly crouched down, her leg muscles tensing as Archer saw mana surging within her. Instantly, she propelled herself forward like a rocket, hurtling toward Mariam with incredible speed.

Reacting quickly, Mariam attempted to swing her sword, but the rabbit girl dodged the incoming strike effortlessly. As the elf lunged forward with her sword, Eveline's reflexes kicked into overdrive.

Dodging the blade with a smile gracing her pretty face, Eveline moved with the agility of a seasoned gymnast. Her movements mirrored those of a swift and graceful rabbit darting through the underbrush.

With each dodge, Eveline swiftly countered with lightning-fast strikes of her own, her punches and kicks infused with the raw power of her mana. She weaved through Mariam's attacks like a whirlwind.

'She moves like a rabbit, but yet again, that's exactly what she is,' Archer chuckled internally.

Her movements were unpredictable, leaving the elf girl struggling to keep up. Bounding and leaping around the arena, Eveline used every inch of space to her advantage. With each graceful leap, she closed the distance between herself and Mariam, delivering powerful blows with deadly accuracy.

Archer noticed the elf's sword slashes grew increasingly frantic as Eveline continued to evade them effortlessly. Mariam's face was etched with anger as she struggled to land a single hit on her agile opponent.

'Wow, she is really strong, and her movement is amazing,' he internally praised Eveline.

But the rabbit girl's movements were not just about evasion; they were a dance of combat mastery. She found openings in Mariam's defense with each dodge and exploited them with swift and precise strikes.

Her punches and kicks landed with bone-crushing force, sending the elf staggering backward with each blow. Despite Mariam's best efforts to regain her footing, Eveline's relentless assault proved too much to handle.

With a final flurry of kicks and punches, she delivered a series of devastating blows that defeated Mariam. The crowd erupted into cheers as Eveline emerged victorious. Her agile combat skills and unwavering determination earned her the admiration of all who witnessed her epic battle.

Archer watched her walk back to them with a happy expression. When Eveline arrived, she smiled and asked, "How did you like the fight?"

"It was impressive, Eve. You're talented at combat. You may have to help me train one day," he answered, causing the rabbit girl to get excited.

Afterward, she returned to her seat but wasn't quiet as she gossiped with Maeve and Aurelia, who started giggling. Archer looked back only to see the orange-haired Celtic girl blow him a kiss with her voluptuous pink lips.

Archer replied with a charming smirk that caught the three girls off guard, "Once day, you'll be putting those lips to good use, Maeve."

When hearing that, they all got red cheeks, causing Archer to laugh as Cian was up next, and his fight was pretty much like Eveline's, as he used a spear to outskill his opponent by knocking him out.

Coming up next was Him, followed by Aurelia and Maeve. After their matches, it would be his turn, followed by Leira, Halime, Nala, Sera, Llyniel, Talila, Hemera, Teuila, Aeris, and Zarina.

Another fight was announced, and it went by quickly as it started. But as the battle ended, the referee announced, "Archer Wyldheart and Lucas Carstairs, please come to the stage."

Archer glanced up from his conversation and realized it was his turn. He jumped up and kissed each girl before going to the stage. As he stepped onto the platform, his eyes widened at seeing his opponent.

He quickly scanned him to find out how strong he was.

[Lucas Carstairs]

[Level: 90]

[Rank: Master]

A towering behemoth of a man with muscles rippling beneath his skin and a creepy smile that seemed to stretch from ear to ear. "So you're the infamous white dragon I've heard so much about," the large boy bellowed, his laughter echoing through the arena. "Show me what you can do!"

Archer squared his shoulders, unfazed by the daunting presence before him. Despite the stark contrast in size, he met the boy's gaze with excitement burning in his eyes.

With a confident smirk, he replied, "Oh, you'll see exactly what this 'white dragon' can do. But don't expect it to be easy for you."

As the referee signaled their readiness, the bout commenced with a swift charge from Lucas. He aimed a barrage of punches at Archer. But he just made a chuckle as he deflected the brute's blows before retaliating with strikes that landed squarely on the boy's face.

Each blow echoed through the arena with resounding thuds. Despite Archer's assault's force, Lucas staggered backward, momentarily disoriented. Seizing the opportunity, Archer closed in swiftly, using his tail to sweep Lucas's legs from under him.

The massive boy tumbled to the ground, but not without retaliating. His foot connected with Archer's stomach, sending him skidding backward, and pain shot through his body, causing him to laugh even more.

As the large boy regained his footing, Archer swiftly closed in. He anticipated the incoming swing aimed at his head, ducking to evade the attack. Seizing the moment, he delivered a powerful strike to Lucas's midsection.

The force of the blow doubled the big boy over, sending him tumbling to the ground while convulsing.

Chapter 690 Pax Draconia

Archer watched as his opponent regained his footing, offering him a chance to recover. Lucas hurled himself forward again, fists swinging with force. However, he swiftly parried the blows before launching a decisive counterattack.

With a sudden movement, he delivered a powerful headbutt, the impact causing a sickening pop as Lucas's nose gave way under the force. Blood rained down, but Archer chose not to dodge it and let it cover him before storming into him, landing a deadly combo.

His violet eyes gleamed with excitement while his smile widened with every strike. Lucas, taken aback by his apparent happiness during combat, hesitated momentarily, his confidence faltering.

"You're a madman!" he exclaimed while backing away, his voice tinged with disbelief and fear. But Archer paid no attention to the accusation. He was too busy reveling in the fight's thrill as adrenaline pumped through his veins.

He welcomed the pain, embracing it as strength. With a wild look crossing his face, he launched into another relentless onslaught, his movements wild and beast-like as he attacked.

Closing the distance between himself and Lucas, he increased the crowd's anticipation to a fever pitch. With every step, the ground seemed to tremble beneath his feet, echoing his thunderous heartbeat.

Everyone held their breath, their eyes fixed on the impending clash between these two formidable opponents. With a fierce determination burning in his eyes, Archer launched into a relentless barrage of punches.

Each strike was delivered with explosive force, creating shockwaves reverberating with deafening booms. Archer's punches seemed to come from every direction, leaving Lucas struggling to keep up.

Lucas struggled to defend himself against the relentless attacks. He pressed forward with a massive smile on his blood-covered face. Accelerating with sudden speed, Archer unleashed a barrage of strikes so powerful that they left the large boy staggering, his defenses collapsing under the assault.

Sensing the opening, Archer swiftly employed Blink and instantly materialized in front of Lucas. With unwavering determination, he grasped the boy's face firmly, his fingers digging into flesh as he forcefully slammed him onto the stage's ground.

The impact echoed through the arena with a resounding boom, the force of the blow reverberating through the air. As Lucas lay sprawled on the ground, defeated and dazed, he stood looking down at him just as the referee announced him as the winner.

But Archer ignored the man before squatting next to Lucas, who was injured. With a shrug, he placed his hand on the boy and cast Aurora Healing, causing a violet light to wash over him.

Archer studied Lucas more closely, noting his imposing stature reminiscent of a barbarian warrior. Despite his large muscular frame, Lucas possessed silver hair and piercing blue eyes, a testament to years of rigorous training.

Pleased by his observation, Archer recognized a kindred spirit in the disciplined warrior before him. As Lucas's eyes opened upon healing, Archer smirked and addressed him, "You're strong. Are you of noble birth?"

The boy sat up, shook his head, and answered, "No. My family owns land in the Crownlands and fights for the empire, but we're not nobles."

Archer nodded, "Good, good. Now, do you want a purpose in life? I could use a soldier like you in my army."

Lucas rubbed his head and asked suspiciously, "What about my family? Can they also join?"

"Of course, but under one condition, you and your family must swear a mana oath to me and my kingdom. Only then can you all reside in Draconia," Archer replied.

However, his attention was soon diverted as he noticed the referee ushering them off the stage to make way for the next fight. Archer smiled at the man before handing Lucas a coin as he helped him to his feet.

The silver-haired boy looked at the white coin and asked, "What's this for?"

"When you arrive home for the Frostwinter Festival, talk to your family and tell them what I offer. After doing that, send mana into the coin, and I'll visit you," Archer answered before walking back to his girls.

Once he sat down, Talila questioned, wrapping her arms around his shoulders from behind and kissing his cheek, "What did you talk about with the barbarian?"

Archer smiled, turned his head, and lovingly kissed her plump red lips, which the elf loved. He answered, "I want to recruit him and his family to the Draconian Army as they are strong, and I could create a heavy infantry unit made up of barbarians."

Nala was the next to speak, her tone probing, "So, you're truly committed to establishing a kingdom, Archie?"

Archer nodded solemnly, "Yes. I never wanted to rule originally, but I've understood the need for strong leadership, especially in a world plagued by constant conflict and unrest. Powerful empires thrive under the protection of Demi-Gods, and I aim to follow suit."

Gazing out at the guards and spectators filling the arena, he noticed a few among them who gave off a distinct aura, unmistakably marking them as Demi-Gods. The mana surrounding these individuals gave them away, allowing Archer to see their true power.

However, he quickly pushed aside this observation, refocusing his attention on the task at hand, "The people of this world deserve lasting peace, not merely the brief reprieves between wars. By uniting the lands under one banner, we can end the suffering my people and countless others endured over the years. I aim to spread the Pax Draconia across Thrylos, ensuring prosperity and stability for all."

Leira commented in confusion, "Pax Draconia? What's that?"

Curiosity flickered in the eyes of the girls as they leaned in closer, eager to hear more about Archer's vision.

"Pax Draconia isn't just about conquest or power," Archer continued, his tone earnest. "It's about creating a world where peace reigns supreme—a world where people can live without fear, without the constant threat of war looming over their heads."

Hearing this, they all nodded in agreement, their faces lighting up with eager smiles. Sera was the first to speak up, her curiosity piqued.

"Do we all have a place in your kingdom?" she inquired, her voice filled with hope. Archer returned her smile, his eyes shining with sincerity.

"Undoubtedly," he replied warmly. "You can choose your path, and I'll ensure everyone is fully supported within the kingdom."

As the referee called Aurelia to the stage, each girl smiled and nodded in agreement. Archer's attention shifted to the lilac-

haired girl, who smiled at him as she passed.

However, his gaze soon fixated on her godly curvaceous body and the way her shapely ass jiggled with every step she took, which drove him mad, as the leather armor she wore couldn't hide it.

Aurelia's strikingly beautiful face was framed by cascading lilac locks that tumbled gently around her delicate features. Her skin glowed with a porcelain-like radiance, accentuating the soft curve of her cheeks. fr(e)e

Beneath arched brows, her bewitching purple eyes sparkled with charm, drawing attention to their depth and intensity. Full, plush lips formed a graceful smile, illuminating her face and exuding warmth and charm.

Each aspect of her seemed perfect, creating a supernatural beauty that left an indelible impression on all who beheld her. He couldn't help but be captivated by her and continued to watch the mermaid girl.

As his gaze lingered on her, she suddenly turned in his direction. Catching his gaze, Aurelia flashed him a glowing smile that stole his breath. Her smile illuminated the entire arena, and her charm utterly enchanted him.

Momentarily, time seemed to stand still as they locked eyes and exchanged a silent admiration. Feeling a rush of warmth spread through him, Archer couldn't help but return her smile with a slight nod of appreciation.

It was a small gesture expressing his admiration for her beauty and confidence. Aurelia continued on her way, her smile lingering in Archer's mind until Teuila nudged him, breaking his reverie.

"She likes you, Arch, and I mean hardcore, " Teuila remarked, knowing how he'd react. "All she does is talk to us about you, but there's some bad news. She's engaged to a Novgorodian Prince."

Archer's initial reaction was anger, but he swiftly suppressed it, his determination shining through, "I'll steal her away, just like I'm going to do with Maeve," he declared firmly, his gaze steely with resolve.

Teuila smiled before revealing something, "We have decided that if you want to pursue Maeve, Aurelia, and Eveline, you can, as we like the three, and even Nefertiti likes them, which is strange as all of them have a soft spot for you."

When Archer heard this, his eyes widened in surprise, though he quickly answered, "Oh, really. I knew Maeve liked me as much as I did her, but not the others."

Just as Teuila was about to speak, Hemera commented from behind them, "You can tell Eveline likes you. It was harder with Aurelia, but it's there. Maybe you should take them on a date? Alone, obviously."

Archer nodded, "Definitely. I want to take all of you on a date, but there's not enough time."

The sun elf laughed before suggesting an idea: "Why not take the new girls on a solo date, then take two of us out? That way, we can all spend time with you without wasting time."

Just as Archer was about to reply, his bracelet vibrated as he received a message from Aisha back in Draconia: "Your Majesty. We have a problem. The remaining Valethorn Nobles have rebelled and captured the town of Drakonia while kicking out all our people."

When Archer heard this, his anger surged, and a wild aura enveloped him. This spurred Teuila to inquire, "What's wrong, darling?"

Standing up, he responded, "Some foolish nobles dare to rebel against me and wish for a painful death at the end of my claws."

"Are you heading to Draconia?" Cassandra inquired.

He nodded, "Yes. Would you and Hemera like to accompany me?"

The two girls agreed, and then he turned to Teuila, instructing her, "Brief me upon my return, and please record the girls' fights for me."