

## **A Journey 461**

### Chapter 461 Knowledge

Intrigued by the subject matter, Archer listened intently. This was uncharted territory for him, an opportunity to acquire knowledge he had yet to encounter.

The professor's detailed explanation delved into various races, each possessing their own traits and skills related to mana.

"Dragons," Professor Riftwalker emphasized as he looked at Archer, "are unparalleled in their mana reservoirs. Their innate connection to the elemental forces grants them immense power. However, this doesn't necessarily translate to finesse or control. It's a delicate balance."

The students exchanged intrigued glances, their curiosity piqued by the revelation of the diverse mana affinities among different races.

"As you embark on your magical journey, ensuring you understand your race's mana affinity is the first step. It forms the foundation upon which you build your magical prowess," the professor concluded, his gaze sweeping the attentive students.

Archer raised his hand, seeking clarification. "But what if someone wants to enhance their mana capacity beyond their race's natural limits?"

The professor acknowledged the question with a nod. "Excellent inquiry. While your race may predispose you to a certain mana capacity, diligent practice, leveling up, and mastering mana control techniques can expand your limits."

"What's the standard amount of mana for, let's say, a human?" Archer inquired, posing another question.

The older man regarded him with intrigue, explaining. "Well, that depends on the person and their race, to be honest with you."

He turned and commenced writing the mana amounts on the board.

Humans = 15,000

Elves = 30,000

Dwarves = 18,000

Demi-humans = 13,000

Dragons = 100,000

Demons = 22,000

As Professor Riftwalker concluded, he continued. "Don't consider these numbers absolute, but they're are from a book I read a while ago. The mana capacity varies even within Demi-humans, depending on their specific races."

He resumed his pacing, explaining further. "For instance, take the Fox people in the far east. They harness very powerful illusion and fire magic, while the tiger people excel in enhancement magic."

At that moment, Ella asks in a curious voice, "Professor, who exactly are these numbers intended for? Regular individuals or those with formidable magical abilities?"

The older man appeared taken aback by the question, yet he soon smiled as he responded, "Apologies, young lady, for any confusion. These numbers are for an Arch Magus at the fiftieth level. Nevertheless, it ultimately hinges on the individual's determination and desire to get stronger."

Upon concluding his speech, a girl raised her hand, capturing the Professor's focus. "Yes, Miss Mirabelle Northwood?"

"Does holding a higher Rank signify greater power compared to lower Ranks? In other words, can an Expert defeat multiple individuals of lower Ranks?"

The older man smiled at the girl before speaking with a voice full of wisdom. "Now, my dear students. I want you to remember this: in the world of magic, ranks don't always correlate with strength. You could be a High Mage of a high level, yet an Arch Mage might outmatch you in a duel."

Curious whispers circulated through the classroom, with students exchanging puzzled glances, including Archer and the girls.

As for Archer, he was unfamiliar with ranks, knowing little beyond the fact that he received bonuses from them.

Professor Riftwalk elaborated, "You see, a mage's power isn't solely determined by their rank. It's a culmination of various factors. Real-life experience plays a crucial role. Years dedicated to practicing and refining one's craft can make a significant impact. A lower-ranked mage, who hasn't advanced in rank but possesses decades of experience, can prove to be a formidable adversary."

He paced back and forth, gesturing to emphasize his points. "Mana is another crucial factor. The quantity and control of mana someone possesses greatly influences their abilities. It's not just about having a high rank; it's about what you can do with your mana."

The students nodded, absorbing his wisdom.

"Skill and knowledge," Professor Riftwalk continued, "are equally important. A mage dedicated to mastering a particular branch of magic can wield it with incredible precision. And knowledge, my dear students, is power. The more you understand the magic, its history, and its underlying principles, the more effectively you can manipulate it."

He paused, allowing his words to sink in. "So, remember that while ranks reflect your achievements, they do not define your worth as a mage. A lower-ranked mage with superior experience, mana control, skill, and knowledge can surpass a higher-ranked counterpart very well."

The Professor stopped pacing and continued. "It's a reminder never to underestimate anyone, for true strength in the world of magic often lies in the unseen qualities that a mere rank cannot measure."

"But beyond all these factors," He declared, his eyes twinkling with profound insight, "the most crucial element in a mage's journey is their will to grow stronger, their unwavering desire to push the boundaries of their abilities and reach for greater heights in life."

His words hung in the air, resonating with a profound truth. The students exchanged thoughtful glances, their minds stirred by the professor's profound wisdom.

Upon hearing this, Archer wondered if he was like those people, knowing he was different from the other students.

As he thought about it, Tiamat's voice reassured him,

"You're not like them. You're made of pure mana, and the usual rules don't apply to you, my White Dragon. You are special, and because of my gift, your fate changed."

Archer grinned upon hearing her alluring, mature voice, replying mentally, 'Why do you always talk when I have questions?'

His laughter echoed in response to Tiamat's playful words, "We are connected, and I also enjoy observing your exploits. But Arch! If you're the king, who would your queen be?"

Archer's thoughts drifted back to Tiamat's playful remark as the classroom discussion continued.

In his mind, he replied, 'Well then, consider yourself my White Dragon Queen. One day, I'll claim you for myself, and we'll live our lives together on Thrylos.'

To his surprise, Tiamat burst into laughter, a melodic sound echoing in his thoughts.

She didn't outright reject the idea but responded teasingly, "Oh, ambitious, aren't we, my White Dragon? We'll see about that."

As the Professor wrapped up the lecture in the background, Tiamet bid farewell happily, "Until then, my lovely, take care."

Archer couldn't suppress a smile as he whispered. 'Goodbye, Tiamat.'

After the Goddess disappeared, he pondered why she chose to communicate with him.

The conclusion that she found him handsome and desired him as her husband brought a smile to his face.

Unbeknownst to him, in a distant place, a mature woman with snow-white hair was lounging in a hot bath, laughing heartily.

Tiamat's thoughts amused the Goddess, prompting a smile as she spoke to no one in particular. "Stupid boy. How do you come to such a conclusion? But I welcome it."

Sipping dragon wine, she continued watching Archer daydreaming in class, her smile growing even wider.

As Professor Riftwalk talked, the bell rang, signaling the transition to the next class. Ella turned to him with a curious expression. "Hey, Archer, what class do you have next?"

After contemplating, he responded, "Magic Fundamentals, but I'll pass on it."

Ella arched an eyebrow. "Pass? Why?"

Archer leaned in and whispered, "I already know the ins and outs of it. I prefer exploring the library; there's so much to discover. I've been delving into knowledge about various beasts I can capture."

Ella chuckled, "Always on the hunt for something interesting. Well, try not to stir up too much trouble, okay? I've got Spellcraft with Hemera and Nefertiti."

He grinned, "No promises," as he gathered his belongings. Giving each of the three girls a kiss, he made his way out, leaving Ella shaking her head with an amused smile.

As Archer strolled toward the library, a mischievous glint sparked in his eyes. However, his steps faltered, and a sly smile played on his lips.

Abruptly changing course, he veered away from the library, deciding on a more adventurous pursuit.

He quickly cast Gate to the Riverland Duchy to hunt some pirates for a couple of hours before returning to the girls.

The portal appeared in front of him within the quiet hallway, and he stepped through as he summoned his wings.

A stunning scene unfolded as Archer crossed to the other side, prompting him to ascend into the sky as the falling snow settled.

Surveying the landscape from this heightened vantage point, he marveled at the captivating sight below.

A wintery Riverland sprawled beneath him, graced by an intricate network of rivers meandering through the terrain like silver threads.

Ships cruised along the icy waterways, their hulls easily cutting through partially frozen rivers.

Sails billowed in the cold breeze as they gracefully advanced toward the Crownlands, their journey marked by a tranquil beauty against the snowy backdrop.

Archer marveled at the expansive winter landscape, the rivers carving pathways through the snowy terrain, and the ships navigating them with a sense of purpose.

Chapter 462 Big Cat

Archer soared gracefully above the pristine white landscape, contemplating the number of bandits he could track down in the next few hours.

With a casual wave, he conjured Tressyms, and more than three dozen materialized, emitting delightful meows as they appeared.

The Tressyms, displaying immediate affection, surrounded Archer. He reciprocated by tenderly stroking each one that drew near.

Surrounded by the smaller creatures, a larger Tressym gracefully approached, capturing Archer's focus.

The majestic creature nudged its sizable head against him, prompting him to run his hand over the beast's large ears.

It started to purr while Archer gave it his orders, which the large cat-like beast agreed and let out a few meows before the rest flew off.

Archer could have sworn he saw happiness in the Tressym's eyes, but he shrugged and decided to descend.

He landed by the river's edge and used Mana Manipulation to create a chair to wait for his scouts.

As he lounged, trading ships painted in various colors glided through the water, each carrying tales of distant lands and exotic goods.

Sailors, weathered by the sea and seasoned by countless voyages, paused in their duties to steal curious glances at Archer.

His presence drew their attention like a magnet. Archer perched almost regally and observed the sailor's glances with quiet amusement.

His eyes, sharp and perceptive, met theirs with an unspoken understanding. The sailors, exchanging puzzled looks, couldn't help but wonder about the mysterious figure in their midst.

As the trading ships continued their journey, Archer remained seated, a lone figure amid the ebb and flow of maritime life.

The sailors, returning to their tasks with stolen glances over their shoulders, couldn't shake the feeling that they had just glimpsed a character from a tale yet untold.

Archer observed with keen interest as a mesmerizing array of trading vessels sailed through the bustling harbor.

The first to catch his eye was a sleek elven ship, its hull adorned with intricate carvings that seemed to dance in the sunlight.

It glided through the water with ethereal grace, leaving behind a trail of gentle ripples.

Following closely, a dwarven cargo ship trundled in, its stout design and reinforced hull revealing the craftsmanship of the mountain-dwelling artisans.

Barrels of ale and precious minerals peeked out from the cargo hold, a testament to the dwarves' dedication to trade and tradition.

A majestic galleon, flying the colors of a distant and regal kingdom, sailed into view.

Its towering masts and billowing sails painted a picture of maritime opulence, and the crew moved in harmony, like performers in a grand nautical ballet.

His attention shifted to a nimble, pirate-hued sloop that darted through the waves with a seemingly rebellious spirit.

Its crew, marked by colorful bandanas and the glint of mischief in their eyes, added a touch of daring to the maritime panorama.

A merchant vessel from a far-off desert land followed, adorned with vibrant fabrics that fluttered like exotic birds in the wind.

He marveled at the intricate patterns that spoke of a culture woven into every thread. As the various ships paraded before him, Archer couldn't help but appreciate the beauty in their diversity.

Each vessel, a floating canvas of different cultures and histories, painted the harbor with a vivid tapestry of stories.

The rhythmic symphony of creaking timbers and billowing sails serenaded Archer as he continued to watch, a silent witness to the vibrant dance of the trading vessels.

Amid the unfolding scene, his Aura Detector pinged urgently as a ferocious beast lunged toward him.

Archer cast Blink, disappearing from view just as the creature barreled forward, crashing into the vacant chair with a resounding thud.

As the dust settled, he materialized not far away, his gaze filled with excitement as he took in the creature before him.

The beast, reminiscent of a mountain lion, exuded an air of menace underscored by a growl that resonated with an unsettling tone.

Turning to meet Archer's eyes, the creature's gaze bore into him with an intensity that sent a shiver down his spine.

However, rather than succumbing to fear, he was overtaken by an unexpected laughter that bubbled up from within.

He calmed down while opening a portal and summoned Scar, who waltzed out like he was the king before spotting the beast.

The Nightmare Tiger looked at it and let out an ear-shattering roar before charging forward.

Scar lunged at the mountain lion-like beast with a feral roar, the clash of titans sending shockwaves through the air.

Their battle unfolded with a symphony of growls and snarls, each beast vying for dominance. Scar, with strength and agility, swiftly gained the upper hand.

The Nightmare Tiger's movements were a blur of grace and power as it dodged the lion's strikes and retaliated precisely.

Its claws glinted in the sunlight as they raked through the air, leaving behind trails of arcane energy.

The lion-beast fought valiantly, but it was clear that Scar's unearthly prowess was overwhelming.

Scar sent the creature sprawling with a powerful swipe, its growls of defiance momentarily silenced.

A smile played on Archer's lips as he witnessed the victorious display, but the vanquished beast attempted to rise.

In response, he unleashed an Eldritch Blast, a burst of otherworldly energy that struck the beast, quelling any resurgence of resistance as it lay defeated.

In the aftermath of the conflict, Archer approached his loyal companion, Scar. Extending a hand, he gently stroked the Nightmare Tiger's sleek fur, drawing forth a contented response.

Scar, in turn, expressed affection by rubbing against Archer, creating a moment of quiet connection amidst the lingering echoes of the recent battle.

The bond between Archer and Scar seemed to deepen with each reassuring touch, forging a silent understanding that transcended the tumultuous events around them.

With the mountain lion-like beast defeated, Archer turned his attention to the fluffy Tiger.

"How's guarding Sia with your woman?" he inquired casually.

The beast met Archer's gaze with a look of exasperation, prompting laughter from him. "Oh, she's that difficult, huh? Well, she probably only cares about you, boy. Give her a chance."

Scar nodded his large head and nudged him again, wanting more pats, which made Archer chuckle as he did that.

To his surprise and delight, the big cat responded not with stoic reserve but with a surprising vulnerability.

The formidable creature, resembling a dark shadow in the moonlight, dropped to the ground, sprawling on the snow like a kitten seeking affection.

Archer chuckled, a rare display of warmth as he pampered the Nightmare Tiger. He traced his fingers through Scar's thick fur, feeling the powerful muscles beneath.

Scar, usually a creature of untamed ferocity, reveled in the attention, purring softly as Archer continued the gentle strokes.

The bond between the two deepened with each caress, transcending the boundaries of master and beast.

As Archer's hand glided over Scar's belly, eliciting an excited response from the massive cat, a familiar flutter of wings heralded the return of the Tressyms.

Eager for their share of affection, they gathered around Archer, their eyes conveying a playful insistence.

Acknowledging their silent request, he shifted his attention from Scar to the Tressyms and extended his hand one by one, offering each winged cat the pampering they sought.

The air filled with contented purrs and affectionate meows as Archer indulged each Tressym in turn, ensuring they, too, received their deserved moments of attention.

Their feline forms exuded a sense of diligence as they conveyed their findings.

The biggest Tressym informed him that the Riverlands were relatively clear of bandits, with only a few strong groups present.

However, their report took an unexpected turn as they revealed a troubling surge of banditry in the Crownlands, with groups numbering in the hundreds.

Excitement sparked in Archer's eyes at the prospect of a new challenge. The abundance of bandits in the Crownlands presented an opportunity to loot even more treasure.

After the Tressyms finished sharing images in his mind, Archer quickly grasped the details of the different places.

The clear images helped him understand the locations easily, guiding his next moves with valuable information and a fresh perspective.

After the pampering session with the Tressyms, Archer, feeling renewed purpose, turned towards his surroundings.

There, he found Scar, the Nightmare Tiger, fixing him with a gaze that seemed to penetrate the depths of his soul.

A smile graced Archer's face as he approached the beast and spoke as he jumped on its back. "I'll ride you while we hunt in the Riverlands."

Excitement radiated from Scar as he anticipated the hunt, manifesting in a roar that echoed across the pristine white landscape.

Amidst the winter-covered Riverlands, they moved in tandem, a striking contrast against the snowy landscape.

The Nightmare Tiger's powerful strides left tracks in the pristine snow as they gracefully navigated the terrain.

Archer pulled out his cloak and draped it around his shoulders while seated on Scar's back as the biting wind bothered him, prompting him to secure the hood tightly to shield against the wind.

They came to a massive river with dozens of ships traversing its icy waters and wondered how to cross as Archer couldn't see any bridges.

#### Chapter 463 Shadowspawn

Archer was greeted by a breathtaking spectacle: a vast colossal river seemed to defy the boundaries of the land.

The water flowed steadily, bringing a clear, icy coldness from the depths below on the expansive surface.

He witnessed dozens of ships sailing together, turning the river into a busy highway filled with merchants and traders from various kingdoms.

Each vessel, adorned with billowing sails that caught the frosty breeze, moved gracefully through the icy water.

Cutting through the frozen surface, their hulls left a delicate trail of cracked ice in their wake. Archer watched in awe as the maritime parade unfolded before him.

The rhythmic creaking of the ship's timbers and the distant echoes of sailors at work carried across the frozen landscape.

It provided a quiet backdrop to the lively procession on the river, the contrast of ice and wood creating a scene of stark beauty.

Captivated by the mesmerizing display of ships navigating the icy waters. Archer stood at the river's edge.

Archer faced the challenge of crossing without any bridges in sight. Lost in thought for a moment, he pondered the obstacle before him.

Abruptly, Scar suddenly charged forward, catching him off guard. The massive tiger sprinted toward the water with excitement, a surge of energy that Archer could feel.

When they got closer, a large ship drifted into view. Seizing the opportunity, Scar leaped, astonishing the sailors on board.

The sudden appearance of a massive tiger and its rider shocked the ship's crew. Before fully grasping the situation, the pair landed gracefully on the ship's deck.

The bewildered sailors watched in disbelief as the duo seamlessly moved from one ship to another, a swift dance across the water.

Panic spread among the crew, evident in their shouts and uncertain gestures as they questioned whether an attack was imminent.

With daring leaps from ship to ship, Archer and Scar swiftly crossed the river, leaving the perplexed sailors behind as the two reached the other side.

They disappeared into the distant woodlands, and the commotion on the ships subsided, replaced by the realization that an unexpected and mysterious duo had left them in their wake.

Archer and Scar continued traveling through the wood. The wintry air resounded with the rhythmic crunch of snow, occasionally punctuated by the splashes as they leaped over frozen streams.

In the serene landscape, he observed a vast expanse of white, interrupted only by the occasional cluster of frost-covered trees.

As they traveled further into the Riverlands, the landscape transformed from rivers to expansive grasslands and dense woodlands.

Archer recognized the woodlands, which housed the first bandit camp—an outlaw stronghold with approximately one thousand bandits.

In the dense cover, they silently approached the outskirts of the camp, moving with deliberate stealth, ensuring they remained hidden from the watchful eyes of the bandits.

The two observed the sprawling camp below. Hundreds of people meandered about, their presence creating an uneasy energy in the air.

Some engaged in mundane tasks, while others appeared restless, their eyes scanning the surroundings.

While others huddled together in a secluded corner of the camp, their hushed conversations and furtive glances suggesting a clandestine planning session.

Archer strained his ears to catch any fragments of their discussion, keen on unraveling the schemes brewing within the camp.

The duo remained hidden. A palpable tension hung in the air. The two patiently observed the bandit activity.

He was about to attack but got a better idea as he remembered one of the new spells he learned.

With a big smile and a simple wave, he summoned hundreds of eerie Shadowspawns. Some sported menacing tentacles, while others boasted razor-sharp claws.

The shadowy creatures varied in size, with some towering at ten feet and others more diminutive at three.

Archer marveled at the surreal scene before him. He got excited when he saw them and couldn't wait to see them in action.

But that's when he sensed Scar's unease. He comforted the big cat with a reassuring pat and caring words, "Don't worry, boy, they won't harm you."

Silently, the creatures formed a quiet ring around the camp, their spectral forms merging effortlessly with the shadows cast by the afternoon sun.

Archer sensed the air growing taut with anticipation as the bandits revealed, oblivious to the looming danger.

With an unsettling stillness, they materialized from the shadows. A faint murmur of motion, and in an instant, a bandit collapsed, his throat cut.

Panic seized the camp as the creatures persisted in their noiseless onslaught. They scrambled for their weapons to fight back at this unseen menace.

Archer smiled when he saw the bandit's faces twist with fear and confusion. Summoning his claws, he charged into the chaos, riding atop Scar as they plunged into the fray.

They advanced like a tempest, Scar's immense presence carving through the bandit ranks while Archer skillfully fended any approaching threats.

Amid the intense battle, the clash of steel against claws and the anguished cries of the bandits painted a vivid picture of chaos in the camp.

The Shadowspawn joined the battle, engaging the bandits in a deadly dance of swift and precise movements.

Archer's every strike was measured, capitalizing on the chaos, while the creature exploited the cover of shadow that littered the camp.

Scar's roars resonated through the woods, striking fear into the hearts of the bandits. He moved with unparalleled ferocity, pouncing on unsuspecting foes.

Archer scanned the battlefield as he moved seamlessly after jumping off Scar and killed many bandits as he made his way through the camp after seeing more enemies joining the fight.

The shadowspawn moved with predatory grace and killed many who got close as their claws and tentacles tore into them.

Archer observed the creatures retrieving the hearts. A fleeting thought crossed his mind: did they understand his intent? He shrugged off the pondering, refocusing on the ongoing battle.

Amidst the tumult, he caught sight of the bandit leader—a colossal figure with a twisted grin and a cruel glint in his eye.

The man epitomized the concept of a barbarian, sporting scruffy brown hair, red eyes, and attire fashioned from animal hides.

He then summoned his Greatsword, its gleaming blade catching the glint of sunlight. His eyes locked onto the skilled bandit leader, and with a confident stride, he advanced.

With a gaze tainted by madness, the man of equal skill confronted Archer head-on. Sparks erupted in a display of their clash.

Engaged in a dance-like precision, they filled the air with crackling energy. Vicious blows were exchanged with skill, turning the battlefield into a stage for intense confrontation.

The bandit leader swung his battleaxe with force, cleaving through the air. Yet, Archer, displaying finesse with his sword, expertly parried and countered each strike.

It was like a dance of steel playing out, the clash of their weapons punctuating the bandit camp that was now destroyed thanks to all the fighting.

Archer exploited openings in the bandit leader's defense, delivering precise strikes. The bandit leader, in turn, displayed a fierce resolve.

The older man's axe swung in powerful arcs to overpower his skilled adversary. Archer engaged in a thrilling duel with the leader.

The clash of the Greatsword against the menacing battleaxe echoed. Drawing upon every ounce of Archer's skill.

He executed a dazzling array of strikes and maneuvers. His movements were a dance of precision and agility.

Archer's excitement sky rocketed during the fight, and he continued fighting just using his sword.

Each swing is a calculated response to the bandit leader's relentless assault. Sparks flew as the weapons collided.

The two adversaries locked in a mesmerizing display of martial prowess. As the fight wore on, Archer's strategic mind assessed the situation.

Recognizing an opportune moment, he shifted tactics. With a sudden twist, he disarmed the bandit leader's focus, creating an opening.

'Got him now!' Archer thought to himself.

In that split second, he seized the advantage and unleashed an Eldritch blast with unexpected force, catching his opponent off guard.

The violet spell struck true, slamming into the man's chest and sending him staggering backward, the blast's force disrupting the battle's rhythm.

The leader, who was momentarily incapacitated, struggled to regain his footing. Archer, capitalizing on the surprise attack, pressed forward.

In a swift and decisive motion, Archer cleaved the bandit leader in half, the Greatsword's razor-sharp edge leaving no room for evasion.

The battlefield fell momentarily silent as the two halves of the bandit leader slumped to the ground.

Archer watched this while dismissing his sword and ordered the Shadowspawn to loot the camp.

He then turned his attention to the now-destroyed bandit camp. As Archer surveyed the aftermath of the battle, a grim scene unfolded before him.

The once bustling bandit camp now lay in ruins, the air heavy with the stench of blood and smoke.

Lifeless bodies scattered across the ground, and pools of crimson stained the earth. The eerie quiet was disrupted by the crackling of fires that had ignited amid the chaos.

Flames licked the remnants of makeshift shelters, casting an unsettling glow on the devastation.

#### Chapter 464 The Town Of Mistwood

Archer took a seat and waited for the Shadowspawn. Scar approached him. With a nudge from its large head, he guessed what the tiger wanted.

He discerned the tiger's desires and conjured a portal leading back to Sia, who was journeying through the Summerfield Duchy with his grandfather.

The prospect of the tiger reuniting with his beloved brought a hearty laugh from him, acknowledging his grasp of the beast's intentions.

When Scar saw this, he licked Archer goodbye before stepping through it. While this happened, the girls sent him a message asking where he was.

Assuring them that he was bandit hunting, Archer eased their concerns, and they encouraged him to enjoy his mission.

Following this, the Shadowspawn finished their task, delivering almost a thousand hearts to him.

They watched as he stored them in his Item Box before directing his focus to the treasure. One hundred chests filled with gold coins, gems, paintings, and various items.

Archer's enthusiasm peaked as he stored the treasures before dismissing the Shadowspawn.

With satisfaction, he surveyed the bandit camp, now ablaze, and resolved to obliterate it.

Inhaling deeply, he expelled a torrent of violet dragon fire that consumed the remaining structures in its brilliant embrace.

Archer summoned his wings and ascended, ready to confront the other bandits scattered across the Riverlands.

After flying for a time, he reached the next camp. Yet, this one was smaller than its predecessor, prompting Archer to descend and land gracefully on a branch.

He learned the camp's layout from the tree he was in a massive tent. Presumably, the leaders were encircled by smaller tents and patrolled by bandits.

What drew his attention was the disciplined demeanor of the guards. It dawned on him—these were not mere bandits but soldiers who had turned to a life of thievery in the wake of war.

This realization pleased Archer, as it suggested they'd gathered loads of wealth, which would be his now, and they were his enemies.

Taking flight, he hovered above the camp, casting forth Element bolts and harnessing various elemental forces.

Bolts of fire, water, earth, thunder, lightning, darkness, sun, and moon materialized around him.

He sent them soaring toward the camp with a sweep of his hand. The bolts streaked through the night, hitting their targets with crackling precision.

Archer watched the onslaught, allowing no room for escape. The soldiers were caught off guard and crumpled to the ground as the bolts zapped through them.

The aftermath unfolded into a haunting scene—a sea of lifeless bodies strewn across what was once a lively camp, now transformed into a somber landscape.

Having left the desolate bandit camp behind, he took to the skies, his wings propelling him toward the remainder of the Riverland bandits.

The expanse of the Riverlands unfolded beneath him as Archer scanned the landscape for signs of bandit activity.

His journey was far from over, and the prospect of killing all the Riverland bandits and claiming their wealth excited him.

That's when he headed to the last place the Tressym showed him in the Eastern Duchy and flew in that direction.

For an hour, he soared through the skies, purging the Riverlands of banditry and amassing considerable wealth, a source of great joy for him.

Standing atop a towering peak that offered a commanding view of the Crownlands, Archer surveyed the city sprawled below.

As he recalled, this city marked the entrance known as Starhaven. It served as a trading hub, guiding commerce into the heart of the Crownlands.

Archer gazed upon the bustling city. He observed a steady stream of merchants and their wagons traversing the roads.

Misty Fen Swamp loomed in the northern distance, eternally veiled in mist year-round.

The Tressyms found that most bandits are in the southwest, in the Whispering Pines and Shadowleaf Forest.

There are also some in the Mystic Wood to the southwest and the Whispering Veil in the middle of the Crownlands.

Surveying the vast expanse below, Archer spotted numerous villages, towns, and cities dotting the landscape, connected by stretches of breathtaking grasslands.

His attention was drawn to the southern horizon where Murkwood Swamp sprawled ominously.

The crisp wind tousled Archer's hair as he stood on the mountain's summit, taking in the panoramic scene.

A surge of excitement lit up his eyes, prompting him to leap into the air. His wings unfurled instinctively, carrying him into the unknown realms below.

Gliding through the crisp air, he embraced the exhilarating rush of the landscape unfolding beneath him.

The mountain's peak gradually receded, giving way to the vast terrain. He adjusted his flight toward the Whispering Veil as the sunset.

Archer soared through the orange sky, his wings cutting through the dense, eerie mist that clung to the twisted trees of Murkwood Swamp.

An otherworldly hush hung in the air, punctuated solely by the sporadic croak of concealed creatures and the distant whisper of flowing water.

He emerged from the shadowy swamp, and the landscape transformed beneath him. The oppressive darkness gave way to a sea of lush grasslands that stretched to the horizon.

Silvered blades of grass swayed gently in the breeze, creating a mesmerizing dance beneath the moon's ethereal glow.

Ahead, the grasslands abruptly yielded to the Dragon's Tears River. Its roiling waters glistened in the dying sunlight, reflecting the orange glow like a raging fire.

He could feel the power emanating from the massive river, its currents turbulent and untamed.

Legend had it that the river was named for the tears shed by ancient dragons, their sorrow forever etched into the water's relentless flow.

Archer marveled at its grandeur as he glided over the vast expanse of the Dragon's Tears River.

With its unyielding force, the river etched its path through the landscape—a testament to the raw power of nature that facilitated swift trade across the empire.

The journey from the foreboding swamp to the tranquil grasslands and ultimately to the river's grandeur was a passage through contrasting realms, each possessing its allure and peril.

Archer observed that the air was laden with an otherworldly stillness, punctuated only by the occasional croak of unseen creatures and the distant murmur of water.

Archer glided through the expansive sky, his wings gracefully navigating the currents as he pressed on for an hour.

The landscape transformed beneath him, evolving from rolling hills to thick forests and meandering rivers.

In the distance, a town emerged on the horizon, capturing Archer's attention. With purpose, he changed his course towards the distant settlement.

The town beckoned to him, a beacon amid the ever-changing scenery below. A delicate mist hung over the area, giving the settlement an almost ethereal quality.

Intrigued, Archer adjusted his course and wanted to explore the town. Drawing nearer, the details of the town became clearer.

He could make out quaint cottages with smoke rising from chimneys that seemed to whisper secrets to the passing breeze.

The air grew cooler as he descended, and the scent of damp earth mingled with the sweet fragrance of blooming flowers.

Suspended just above the treetops, Archer slowly descended to the fringes of Mistwood.

The setting sun enveloped the town in a gentle, golden glow, elongating shadows over the cobblestone streets.

Archer noticed that the townsfolk went about their evening routines, unaware of the winged visitor gracefully descending from the sky.

With a soft thud, he touched down on the outskirts of the town. He dismissed his wings, feeling the cool grass beneath his boots.

The tranquility of the town enveloped him as he strolled towards it, the soft hues of the sunset painting the world in shades of pink and orange.

Archer marveled at the blend of natural beauty and human craftsmanship that defined the town.

The sun sank beneath the horizon, allowing twilight to embrace Mistwood tenderly. The moon ascended as Archer drew near the town, gradually darkening the sky.

The streets were alive with activity as people bustled about, their silhouettes animated against the evening's canvas.

Stepping into the heart of the town, Archer noticed the quaint charm that Mistwood held under the moonlight.

Cobblestone streets glistened with a soft sheen, and the warm glow of lanterns illuminated the facades of rustic cottages.

The scent of hearth fires mixed with the aroma of fresh flowers. However, as Archer strolled further in, the hum of conversation began to ebb, replaced by hushed whispers and glances.

More and more townsfolk turned to look at him, their eyes widening with curiosity and astonishment.

It wasn't long before a palpable tension filled the air. Archer felt the weight of their collective gaze as he moved through the cobblestone streets but didn't bother with them.

The source of their fascination became evident as the moonlight revealed the four pristine white horns protruding from his head and the beautiful white tail swaying behind him.

Initially absorbed in their daily routines, the townspeople gradually ceased their activities, forming a silent corridor of onlookers.

Children paused in their play, and market vendors paused mid-transaction, all eyes fixed on the mysterious figure with otherworldly features.

As Archer ventured further into Mistwood, a tantalizing aroma wafted through the air, leading him toward delicious food.

Intrigued by the scent tickling his senses, he followed the alluring fragrance.

#### Chapter 465 The Whispering Veil

Archer strolled toward the stalls. He activated his bracelet, sending a message to the girls to update them on his whereabouts and activities.

The first to respond was Nefertiti. He felt the jealousy in her voice. "You're not chasing any more girls, are you, husband?"

Surprised by the unexpected question, Archer chuckled before responding with a good-natured smile, "No, my succubus. I'm hunting down bandits for their wealth."

A brief pause followed before Nefertiti spoke again, her voice filled with affection. "Okay, husband. I love you, and be careful."

His smile widened at the warmth in her voice before replying. "Love you too, Nefi. I'll be back in a couple of hours. Tell the others."

As Archer approached the stall, the old woman behind it fixed him with a scrutinizing gaze. Her eyes narrowed with suspicion that seemed to penetrate through him.

"What do you want, dragon boy?" She inquired with a voice that carried the weight of many years.

Archer smiled politely at the old woman, his eyes taking in the tantalizing aromas surrounding the stalls.

The flickering lantern light cast a warm glow on the spread of exotic dishes before him, and he couldn't help but be spoiled for choice.

"I'm here to sample your delicious food," Archer said, gesturing towards the array of dishes.

Her eyes still narrowed, but the old woman regarded him briefly with a spark of curiosity before breaking into a toothless grin. "Well, dragon boy, I see you've got an adventurous spirit. Here in Mistwood, we offer more than just mundane fare."

She gestured proudly to the eclectic dishes on display. "I've got Dragonfire Chili, a stew that warms the coldest hearts. Elven Leaf Wraps for those who crave the taste of the enchanted forest. Gryphon Roast Skewers, made from the finest gryphon meat, marinated in secret spices."

Archer's interest piqued, and he nodded, encouraging her to continue.

"Then there's Faery Fruit Parfait, a sweet treat with a touch of magic. Dwarven Forge Pies for those who appreciate hearty, flavorful bites. Mermaid's Delight Sushi for fans of ocean wonders. Phoenix Wing Bites, crispy and spicy. And Trollish Stone Soup, a soup that'll mend more than just your hunger."

She paused, her eyes twinkling with a mischievous glint. "And that's not all, dragon boy. Centaur's Meadow Salad, Kraken Ink Pasta, and Sprite's Sparkling Nectar, a sweet drink from the heart of the magical meadow."

His mouth watered as he took in the descriptions remarked with admiration in his voice. "Quite the menu you have."

The old woman cackled, her laughter carrying the wisdom of ages. "Yes, indeed. Mistwood may seem like a simple town, but our food tells a different tale. So, what will it be, dragon boy? Feeling bold enough to try Mistwood's finest?"

Archer grinned, eager to embark on a culinary adventure in Mistwood. "I'll take one of everything, ma'am."

The old woman's eyes widened in surprise. She stared at him as the lines on her face deepened with disbelief and amusement.

"A bit of everything, you say?" she exclaimed, her voice carrying a tone of delight. "Well, boy, you've got an appetite as adventurous as your spirit!"

Without waiting for Archer's response, the old woman started moving around her stall with more energy than an old woman should have.

Her hands moved swiftly, scooping generous portions of Dragonfire Chili into a sturdy bowl, wrapping Elven Leaf Wraps in vibrant leaves, and skewering Gryphon Roast Skewers with a practiced finesse.

Archer couldn't help but marvel at the variety and richness of Mistwood's food as the delicious dishes piled up before him.

The woman, her initial skepticism replaced by her happiness, continued her culinary dance, creating a feast fit for the dragon in front of her.

Once the order was complete, the old woman looked at Archer with a sly grin. "Now, dragon boy, for this feast, it'll cost you three gold coins. A bargain, considering the delights you're about to experience."

Not bothered by the cost, he reached into his Item Box and produced the requested coins, shocking the old woman again.

"A fair price for such a feast," he said with a nod, appreciating the effort.

The old woman cackled, her eyes twinkling with satisfaction. "You've got a big appetite, dragon boy. May this meal be a tale you'll carry with you from Mistwood."

With a gracious smile, Archer accepted the carefully packed assortment of Mistwood's finest foods, the enticing smells already tempting his senses.

He stowed away the meals in his Item Box. However, Archer kept a bowl of the Dragonfire Chili to eat.

Archer, bidding farewell to the old woman, indulged in the spicy food as he walked down the street.

With a satisfied grin, he strolled towards the eastern entrance. When Archer arrived, he saw numerous town guards stationed around the gate.

The town's protective wall stands at a modest four meters. He walked out of the town and headed toward the mist-covered forest.

When the guards saw this, one man ran after him and spoke worriedly. "Why are you going toward the Whispering Veil? It is full of beasts and bandits."

After the man spoke, Archer grinned before replying. "That's the point."

He walked into the forest and avoided all the large tree roots that sprouted from the muddy ground.

Archer ventured deeper into the eerie mist forest. The oppressive mist thickened around him, cloaking everything in an impenetrable haze.

The twisted branches of the gnarled trees loomed overhead, resembling shadowy sentinels reaching into the mist.

A strange silence filled the air, broken now and then by the gentle rustling of leaves and a far-off beast's hoot.

The twisted forms of the trees took on a haunting beauty, and the ground, covered in a carpet of damp moss, became a textured landscape under his discerning gaze.

Archer came to a clearing with roots coming out of the ground. That's when he summoned the Tressym's.

He instructed them to locate the bandits, a task they eagerly undertook while he settled into a comfortable spot on a root.

Seated and at ease, he took out a Dwarven Forge Pie from his Item Box, enjoying the hearty meal as he awaited the return of the Tressyms.

Diving into his meal, Archer relished the flaky crust and the delectable combination of meat and rich gravy.

Satisfaction resonated with each bite, bringing a contented smile to his face. As he savored the final mouthful, a grin played on his lips.

At that moment, his Aura Detector alerted him to a dozen incoming pings heading in his direction.

Remaining seated, Archer maintained his calm demeanor as the distant sounds of approaching footsteps grew louder.

The misty forest provided no clear visuals, heightening the anticipation of the impending confrontation.

Suddenly, a horde of charging orcs burst through the mist, their menacing figures converging on Archer's location.

Maintaining an air of calm despite the imminent confrontation, Archer's expression stayed serene. A confident smile graced his lips as he uttered, "Draconis."

In an instant, his wings manifested and unfurled. His claws elongated and sharpened while a cascade of scales emerged, forming a protective layer over him.

Witnessing Archer's transformation, the Wild Orcs roared, beating their chests in an adrenaline-fueled display of ferocity.

With a unified battle cry, they charged toward him. Archer met their aggression with a grin, matching their intensity as he lunged forward.

A burly Orc swung a stone club in a powerful arc, but he responded agilely, using his formidable wing to block the oncoming attack.

In a swift countermove, he slashed at the beast's kneecap. He continued with his attack and cast Eldritch Blast and Void Blaze.

Dark energies surged from him, creating an ethereal storm that engulfed the orcs in arcane flames.

The void-infused blaze left a disarray as the orcs howled in pain, caught within the maelstrom of violet flames.

The battleground became a chaotic canvas of shadows and infernos as Archer, in his Draconic Form, continued his assault.

His tail swept low, tripping the orcs, while his claws struck true, leaving a trail of dead beasts and pools of blood.

As the last of the orcs attempted a desperate charge, Archer unleashed the Celestial Beam, and a bright beam shot out.

It engulfed the remaining orcs in a blinding cascade. Their anguished roars echoed through the misty forest as the intense beams burned through flesh and bone.

In mere moments, the orcish assailants were reduced to ash, their forms consumed by the purifying flames of celestial energy.

The forest once shrouded in eerie stillness, now bore witness to the aftermath of Archer's celestial intervention.

As the skirmish concluded, the misty forest settled into an unsettling calm. Archer, now solitary but triumphant, stood amidst the fading shadows.

Surveying the aftermath, he noticed a few lifeless bodies, still intact. With a purposeful air, Archer summoned the Stone Men and instructed them to retrieve the hearts from the fallen.

Acknowledging his command with silent nods, the Stone Men hurriedly set off to carry out their assigned task.

He patiently awaited their return, eyes scanning the surroundings, anticipating the arrival of the winged cats.

Chapter 466 Locke Silverbane

Seated once more, Archer patiently awaited the return of the Tressyms. The Stone Men efficiently gathered six Orc hearts, which he stored away before dismissing them.

Alone again, Archer reclined on the gnarled root, his gaze drifting upward to the night sky. The stars twinkled overhead, their brilliance captivating him.

Shooting stars streaked across the vast expanse. They left behind a mesmerizing trail of beauty, painting the celestial canvas with fleeting bursts of cosmic radiance.

A quiet contemplation seized him as he marveled at the size of the world he ended up in. The thought of unexplored lands and hidden realms stirred his excitement.

With a resolute gleam in his violet eyes, Archer wanted to explore all the different continents and islands.

Deep in thought about his plans, Archer was interrupted as the first Tressyms returned, rubbing their heads against him.

Expressing affection, he reciprocated, and the flying cats responded with joyous purring.

As the rest of the Tressyms returned, he continued the affection and information exchange ritual.

Once satisfied with the gathered intelligence, Archer dismissed his Draconic Form, retaining only his wings.

With a mighty leap, he took to the night sky, soaring southward in search of the expansive clearing that the Tressyms had guided him towards.

Beneath his wings, the wind whispered, and Archer surrendered to the liberating embrace of the open sky.

Soaring for a while, he caught sight of a colossal tree in the distance. Circling it, he spotted the desired clearing.

With precision, Archer descended and landed on a nearby perch, a tree overlooking the sprawling bandit camp below. As he observed the scene, hundreds of figures moved about.

However, upon closer inspection, Archer realized they weren't mere bandits but former enemy soldiers turned outlaws in the aftermath of war.

After scanning the camp from his vantage point, Archer gracefully stepped off the branch and descended to the ground with a subdued thud.

He summoned the Nightmare Ant Warriors, who promptly bowed. Addressing them, he issued a command, "Kill everyone, but ensure you retrieve their hearts. Keep the bodies; they'll serve as nourishment for the larvae. Take them to the nurseries."

With a nod of understanding, the Nightmare Ant Warriors emitted an eerie noise as they swiftly charged into the camp, catching the unsuspecting bandits off guard.

Archer watched as the Nightmare Ant Warriors descended upon the unsuspecting bandit camp.

The eerie stillness of the night was shattered by the sudden screeches and bizarre noises emanating from the warriors.

Swift and relentless, the ants moved with uncanny precision, their dark forms a blur in the shadows.

The bandits, caught off guard, scrambled to react, their confusion heightened by the surreal cacophony accompanying the ant's assault.

As the Nightmare Ants engaged in combat, their strange noises harmonized with the chaos of battle.

The air pulsed with an otherworldly symphony, an unsettling accompaniment to the swift and silent dance of nature's warriors.

Archer, hidden from view, watched with a mix of fascination and satisfaction.

Now facing an unexpected and bizarre onslaught, the bandits struggled against the dark force that had descended upon them, their voices joining the dissonant chorus of the night.

The Nightmare Ant Warriors moved with a lethal grace, weaving through the chaos of battle with unparalleled skill.

In a seamless display of coordination, they skillfully closed in on the bandits. Their razor-sharp mandibles and venomous stings struck with deadly accuracy.

The bandits, incapable of organizing a unified defense, succumbed individually to the precise and swift strikes of the Nightmare Ant Warriors.

The clash of forces reverberated through the air, leaving no doubt about the outcome: Archer's ant warriors proved an indomitable force.

Overwhelmed and outmatched, the bandits yielded to the relentless assault with minimal resistance.

As the last echoes of battle subsided, Archer remained hidden, watching the Nightmare Ant Warriors retreat into the shadows, their mission accomplished.

The bandit camp lay silent, a haunting stillness settling over the scene. Archer, indifferent to the morbid aftermath, leaped down from the branch.

The Nightmare Ant Warriors materialized upon landing, presenting Archer with the hearts they had diligently collected.

Swiftly storing them away, he summoned the Stone Men to the scene. Instructing the Stone Men to loot the camp.

Afterward, Archer sent the ant warriors back to the domain, each carrying the lifeless bandits.

He observed them leaving before returning to the Stone Men, who ransacked the remnants of the bandit camp.

Archer watched them do that as he retreated to a branch to wait. He flew up to one and got comfortable.

Once he was, he watched the night sky, realized it was getting late, and thought he had enough time to hit another camp.

Amidst contemplation, Archer's thoughts were abruptly shattered by the sounds of distress.

That's when he heard a woman's scream, and the collective cries of others drew his attention. Swiftly, he turned to witness the Stone Men corralling a group of captives.

Casting Blink, Archer materialized before a man who stumbled back and inquired, "Are you the one who freed us? And are these things yours?"

The man gestured toward one of the motionless Stone Men. Archer nodded in confirmation, prompting the man to express his gratitude.

Just as a semblance of relief settled, Archer's Aura Detector detected more approaching threats.

Realizing that the initial bandits were not the only ones, he commanded the Stone Men to engage the imminent threat.

Summoning more Stone Men, Archer urged the rescued captives to return to the safety of their cages.

A decision met with reluctant compliance. Over fifty more bandits, led by a tall and sinister figure, emerged on the scene.

The older man, sporting a smirk, swung a mace, obliterating two incoming Stone Men. However, their comrades retaliated with ferocity, tearing through the bandit ranks.

Spotting the leader, Archer quickly assessed the man and recognized his formidable power, prompting a grin to spread across his face.

[Locke Silverbane]

[Level: 311]

[Rank: High Mage]

Seizing the opportunity, Archer conjured Element bolts charged with thunder, launching them toward the bandits and their leader.

Although the man managed to deflect some, Archer wasn't finished. Summoning his Greatsword, he charged toward the bandit leader.

Archer's face radiated with excitement and joy as he charged towards the towering and ominous bandit leader.

Three quick-thinking bandits got in his way, attempting to shield their leader from him, but that didn't bother Archer.

Without breaking his stride, he smoothly pivoted, his Greatsword cleaving through the air in a powerful arc.

The blade whistled as it sliced through the first bandit's defense, sending the unfortunate adversary sprawling to the ground in two distinct pieces.

With unwavering momentum, Archer continued the deadly dance, the Greatsword seamlessly transitioning to strike the second bandit.

The clash of metal rang out as the man desperately attempted to parry the oncoming blow, but Archer's strength prevailed, and the blade cleaved through the bandit's body.

The third bandit, witnessing the fate of his comrades, hesitated for a fraction of a second.

At that moment, Archer's Greatsword descended like a swift judgment, connecting with the bandit's body.

The force of the blow sent the bandit tumbling, the Greatsword leaving a trail of chaos in its wake.

Undeterred by the brief interruption, Archer continued his charge toward the bandit leader, the Greatsword stained with the remnants of blood.

The air crackled with the intensity of the conflict as Archer closed the distance with a thunderous clash.

Archer swung his large greatsword at the imposing bandit leader, who skillfully intercepted the attack with a massive mace.

The clash of metal resonated through the air as the two formidable opponents locked in a test of strength.

Undeterred, Archer wasn't finished. Archer's eyes glowed with arcane energy as the bandit leader held the greatsword at bay.

He unleashed an Eldritch Blast with a swift incantation, a surge of dark power hurtling into the man's stomach.

The force was formidable, sending the bandit leader sprawling backward through the air, momentarily suspended before crashing to the ground with a resounding thud.

With the bandit leader momentarily incapacitated by the Eldritch Blast, Archer seized the opportunity.

His greatsword gleamed in the moonlight as he swiftly closed the distance. In a fluid motion, he drove the blade through the bandit leader's chest, a brutal and decisive strike.

As the bandit leader gasped in pain, Archer withdrew the greatsword, leaving the man to crumple to the ground.

The strike's finality echoed in the silent night. Meanwhile, Stone Men battled the remaining bandits. The clash of weapons and unyielding pursuit painted a chaotic scene.

Having dealt with their leader, Archer watched as the Stone Men fired Stone Bullets, causing the panicked bandits to flee.

The bullets hit the back of the men's heads, causing them to drop like lifeless mannequins with cut strings.

Archer smiled, pleased with the outcome. He ordered the Stone Men to loot the hearts and the camp, then sat down and waited again.

#### Chapter 467 Greatsword

Archer reclined, watching as the people captured by the bandits reappeared, their expressions a mix of relief and disbelief.

His gaze swept across the scattered bodies strewn about the scene. Amidst the people, he noticed a cat woman and a human approaching, their faces beaming with happiness.

Intrigued by their mood, Archer couldn't help but wonder about their connection to the chaotic events.

His thinking ceased when the duo reached him, their smiles unwavering. They bowed before him without hesitation, and Archer was caught off guard.

The cat woman was the first to speak with a smile. "White Dragon. Thank you for rescuing us. Our caravan was ambushed as we approached Mistwood Town.

He inclined his head toward the woman, who continued speaking, "I am Selene Orion, and this is my husband, Aricen. We are traders who traverse the Crownlands."

Archer smiled, observing the couple. The woman, with brown hair and blue eyes, stood with twitching cat ears.

The man, a seemingly ordinary human with black hair and brown eyes, stood about six feet tall.

After scrutinizing them momentarily, Archer inquired, "I'm Archer. How did you come to know I'm a White Dragon?"

Aricen replied, "We've read books, My Lord. Both of us have delved into the legends and stories about them."

That's when Selene spoke up, "How can we not know? You have beautiful white wings, scales, claws, and a gorgeous tail."

Archer looked at the woman, who continued talking with a big smile. "You look exactly how the books tell. It said a man with snow-white hair and glowing violet eyes is the White Dragon."

He nodded to the woman and kept speaking as more people approached him.

Amidst the conversation, Archer's Aura Detector began buzzing with activity, signaling numerous pings converging on his location.

While surveying the gathering around him, Archer cautioned, "Gather up now. Beasts are approaching."

The urgency in his voice prompted swift action from the couple, who quickly corralled everyone in response.

In a surprising move that shocked both the onlookers and the couple, Archer conjured a Cosmic Shield around the group, creating a protective barrier.

With a heightened sense of awareness, Archer then summoned his Greatsword, a weapon he had recently acquired but momentarily forgotten due to the unfolding events.

It dawned on him that he had received a notification earlier about mastering the Greatsword but had yet to explore its potential.

[Greatsword Mastery Learned]

After looking at the new skill he just learned, Archer smiled before hearing something in the nearby forest and looked over.

At that moment, he became aware of something unsettling—just beyond the tree line, dozens of gleaming eyes stared back at him, reflecting the moon's silvery light.

That's when a beast Archer never expected to see: Werewolves. They emerged, their fur bristling and low growls filling the night air.

His smile widened, a fierce glint in his eyes. Sensing the impending battle, the beasts snarled and advanced, closing the distance between them.

Archer squared his shoulders, his smile unwavering as the greatsword felt like an extension of himself as he moved with a grace that defied the weapon's size.

The first werewolf leaped, but he skillfully dodged, surprising given the Greatsword's large size.

With a swift, controlled motion, he swung his Greatsword, the blade cutting through the air with a low hum.

The beast fell, cleaved in half, its demise marked by a ghastly howl. The next werewolf, undeterred, leaped towards Archer.

He parried its attack and brought down the Greatsword in one fluid motion. Archer's blade cut through fur and sinew, separating the creature into two lifeless halves.

The moonlit clearing became a battlefield, the air filled with the clash of steel and the guttural sounds of the werewolves.

Archer moved with precision, each swing of his Greatsword a deadly dance. One after another, the werewolves fell, their bodies cleaved in half by the relentless force of his strikes.

[The Orion couple's POV]

Selene and Aricen stood transfixed on the outskirts of the moonlit clearing, their eyes widening as they watched Archer effortlessly dispatch the werewolves.

The once-haunting howls, which had tormented their nights for days, were now answered with a swift and brutal response.

When the couple saw this, they were amazed as Archer moved with deadly grace, each swing of the Greatsword cutting through fur and flesh effortlessly.

It was as if he danced with death, the once-menacing werewolves falling like leaves in the wind.

The air resonated with the unsettling symphony of the battle – the clash of steel, the snarls of werewolves, and the occasional howl that marked another beast meeting its end.

They witnessed Archer's expression remain composed, almost detached, as if this dance was just another part of his existence.

When the last werewolf crumpled to the ground, the clearing fell silent. Selene and Aricen, still processing the surreal scene, watched as Archer flicked the blood from his sword.

The once-dreaded howls had been replaced by an eerie quiet, broken only by the rustling leaves and their hushed breaths.

Selene and Aricen couldn't shake the mix of shock and awe at that moment. They realized they had just witnessed Archer butcher the werewolves with chilling ease.

[Back to Archer]

Amidst the fallen werewolves, Archer stood and let out a heavy breath, his Greatsword stained with the remnants of the once-menacing creatures.

Turning towards Selene and Aricen, who regarded him with wide eyes and a sense of awe, Archer furrowed his brow in confusion.

Their gaze was not fear or dread but a look of reverence, as if they were witnessing an otherworldly being.

"What's wrong?" Archer asked, his voice cutting through the eerie silence that followed the brutal confrontation.

The couple shared a glance, their faces still etched with a mix of astonishment and admiration.

Without uttering a word, they continued to gaze at Archer, who, in response, shrugged and cast the Gate to Mistwood Town.

Before they stepped through the portal, Archer fixed his gaze on them. "Take this portal to Mistwood town and tell them the White Prince saved you."

Selene nodded, her smile a token of gratitude, bidding farewell as she stepped through the shimmering gateway.

Once all the people had departed, the Stone Men approached, dropping chests at Archer's feet.

His grin widened at the unexpected windfall. With so many chests scattered around, counting them became a trivial concern.

Nonchalantly, Archer stored them in his Item Box, deciding it was time to return to his domain.

However, as he made the transition, a realization struck him. He had meant to visit his new mother but forgot to as he enjoyed himself while bandit hunting.

A sigh escaped him before he stepped through the portal he had just opened. Entering the treehouse, the silence enveloped Archer, and he felt the chill in the air.

Archer walked over to the fireplace, crouching to breathe fire into it. The flames flickered to life, pushing back the biting cold that had settled in the room.

Making his way to the bedroom, he entered and undressed before slipping into bed. Despite his efforts, a lingering chill persisted.

He cast Mana Manipulation, conjuring a fireball he sent into the fireplace, causing the flames to roar.

In that warm ambiance, he summoned a surprised Talila and Teuila. Initially baffled, the two girl's expressions softened as they saw him.

Without hesitation, they crawled under the sheets, cuddling up to Archer. In the comforting warmth, the trio soon succumbed to sleep, the quiet crackle of the fireplace providing a lullaby in the peaceful night.

The treehouse stood silent in the night, Archer, Talila, and Teuila nestled comfortably under the blankets, oblivious to the weather's impending fury.

Outside, the air thickened with a growing tension, and clouds gathered ominously as thunder boomed.

As they slept soundly, a sudden shift in the atmosphere heralded the arrival of an unexpected tempest—a mana storm.

The tranquility of the Crownlands shattered as the storm unleashed its power. The wind howled through the trees, and the sky crackled with unstable magic.

The once-calm night transformed into a maelstrom of energy, with bolts of mana lightning illuminating the darkness.

Inside the treehouse, Archer stirred in his sleep, sensing the disturbance. Talila and Teuila, nestled beside him, shifted uncomfortably as the storm's chaos intensified.

Air crackled with the unpredictable forces of the mana storm, and the very fabric of reality seemed to warp and twist.

The treehouse creaked under the pressure, its structure tested by the raging magical tempest.

Despite the turmoil outside, Archer, Talila, and Teuila remained in a peaceful slumber, shielded by the warmth of the blankets and the embrace of dreams.

Unaware of the havoc in the Crownlands, they slept on a tranquil island amidst the storm's relentless assault.

Amid slumber, Archer was abruptly jolted awake by Sia's piercing scream. "Help, husband! The church are attacking us, and Father is injured. They're high-ranked, so be careful!"

Upon hearing the urgent plea, Archer sprang out of bed, swiftly dressing himself.

Without hesitation, he opened a portal to the Summerfield Duchy, guided by the location indicated on Sia's bracelet.

Chapter 468 The Church Of Light

[East part of the Summerfield Duchy - Sia's POV]

[Hours before Sia called Archer for help]

Sia, accompanied by her father and five hundred soldiers, journeyed eastward to quell a group of bandits wreaking havoc in the region.

They had been a menace to the eastern part of the Duchy, launching attacks on merchants and travelers en route to Whillowshade City for trade.

She rode atop Shiva as they approached the bridge spanning the dark waters of the Black River.

Sia noticed the dense foliage of the jungle surrounding them seemed alive as they marched through it.

A scout returned with news as they reached the middle of the bridge. Sia reined in Shiva, and the large tiger stopped, its powerful muscles tensing beneath her.

The scout reported, "No signs of attacks, Commander. It seems safe for now. We should set up camp here."

Sia nodded and gazed out over the expanse of the dark waters beneath the bridge, her eyes sharp and attentive.

After consideration, she issued the order, "Prepare the camp. Keep vigilant. We don't know when the outlaws might strike. Shiva, stay alert."

Shiva released a low growl in response, its sleek form radiating a sense of readiness. The soldiers swiftly set to work, pitching tents and fortifying their position.

Perched atop the mighty tiger, Sia's eyes meticulously scanned the jungle, fully aware that the calm could shatter instantly.

The soldiers swiftly organized, some gathering wood for a fire while others erected tents and prepared a makeshift defensive perimeter.

Vigilant and commanding, Sia watched the surroundings, her gaze flickering between the soldiers and the dense foliage beyond.

As the camp took shape, the soldiers moved with practiced efficiency. That's when she got off Shiva as Albert approached.

Shiva nudged Sia before prowling the perimeter, its keen senses attuned to the slightest disturbance.

"Maintain your guard throughout the night. We can't afford surprises," Sia reminded the nearest soldiers, who promptly saluted.

Albert chimed in with a cheerful tone, "Well, it's good to see my little dragon commanding the troops. It makes a father proud."

The Santa Claus-esque man erupted into laughter, prompting Sia to turn her head with narrowed eyes.

"I've been doing it for years, old man," she retorted.

Amidst his laughter, Albert responded, "Well, little Sia, you can't help how a father feels. You'll understand when Archer puts a baby in your belly."

Sia's cheeks flushed crimson at his remark, and she snapped back, "There will be no babies soon! I'm a general in the Imperial Army, and he's in the College of Magic, chasing princesses."

The elderly man burst into laughter again, much to Sia's annoyance. She issued a playful threat, "If this continues, I'm telling Mother, and she will punish you!"

Having delivered her warning, Sia walked away, leaving Albert grinning. He watched his daughter stroll off with amusement and pride.

Under the moonlit canopy of the jungle, Sia walked through the night camp. The soldiers, vigilant in their posts, saluted as she passed, their respect evident in the crisp sound of boots meeting the ground.

Reaching her tent, Sia entered. The interior, dimly lit by a flickering lantern, held a map spread across a table and various scrolls detailing the ongoing mission.

As she reclined on a cot, the day's weight bearing down on her, Sia's mind drifted. Her thoughts, however, were not solely occupied by the mission at hand.

She wondered about Archer—his endeavors, his pursuits at the College of Magic.

Yet, amid the peaceful night, a pang of jealousy surfaced as she contemplated the presence of nine other girls in Archer's life.

She closed her eyes, seeking solace in the quietude of the tent, hoping that the night would bring both rest and clarity in the face of the tangled emotions that lingered in her thoughts.

A sense of unease swept over her as she settled in, prompting Sia to rise from her comfortable position.

She walked toward the entrance of her tent. Observing the soldiers patrolling the perimeter, Sia found reassurance in their vigilance.

With a calming sigh, she returned inside the tent and settled back down to fall asleep soon. Hours passed until she was woke up to shouts and screams.

Sia jumped up and rushed outside and saw something that shocked her. As she stood near the entrance of her tent, a sudden roar echoed through the night.

Her eyes widened as she saw a massive red dragon descending from the skies. Shock seized her as the dragon revealed the presence of the Church of Light knights amid the chaos.

They clashed with her soldiers within the camp, turning the clearing into a battleground.

Frozen momentarily by the unprecedented assault, Sia's shock deepened as the dragon landed just outside the camp and observed the conflict with an eerie intelligence.

The unexpected alliance between the Church of Light and the dragon left Sia grappling with the realization that an unexpected alliance had attacked her camp.

Sia surged forward, drawing her sword in a swift motion as she searched for her father amidst the chaos.

In a seamless dance of combat, she deflected a knight's swing and swiftly drove her blade into the man's neck.

Her movements were akin to a tornado, leaving a trail of death in her wake across the battlefield.

However, her focused assault was interrupted by a sudden gush of flames that narrowly missed her; a quick dodge spared her from the searing heat.

That's when a man dressed in white robes appeared and swung a staff at her, which she managed to block.

Sia counter-attacked by casting Fireball at the man before lunging at him.

Sia's sword clashed with the man before her, and in the heat of the battle, realization struck her — he was the Demi-God of the Church of Light.

However, it was too late. He overcame her defenses in a sudden surge of power, striking her down to the ground.

As she struggled to rise, he punched her again, and Sia felt like a building just hit her. When Albert saw this, he went into a primal rage.

Fueled by paternal fury, charged the Demi-God with his Warhammer. Swinging like a madman, he attempted to pry the assailant away from his daughter.

But the dragon, acting with startling speed, intervened. With a forceful slap, it sent Albert crashing to the ground.

Undeterred, Albert quickly rose, determination etched on his face. He rushed forward again, attempting to thwart the Demi-God's assault.

Meanwhile, Sia, lying on the ground, could only watch in horror as the Demi-God mercilessly cut down her soldiers.

He left only her and Albert as the sole survivors in the wake of the devastating onslaught, but that's when her guardians appeared.

Scar and Shiva lunged at the approaching man with feral intensity. However, he proved a formidable enemy, effortlessly batting them away with overwhelming strength.

Despite their ferocity, the man's brutal onslaught subdued the tigers. With cold determination, he approached Sia, who lay defenseless on the ground.

Grabbing her by the neck, he lifted her with ease, his malevolent gaze fixed upon her.

The tigers, now subdued, watched helplessly as the seemingly unstoppable force ruthlessly quashed their attempts to protect their mistress before them.

With a cruel smirk, he subjected Sia to a merciless beating, each blow designed to break her will.

As she lay battered on the ground, he leaned in and spoke with ominous intent, "The Church will use you against the boy so we can finally kill him."

Amidst the grim moment, a voice pierced through the tension. "No, you won't. She is my future sister, and I won't allow it."

Sia and the Demi-God shifted their attention to the unexpected speaker. Stepping forward from the shadows, a high elf emerged, adorned in a regal imperial gown.

Her violet eyes reflected deep hatred as she confronted the Church's High Inquisitor. Without hesitation, she surged forward, delivering a powerful punch that shocked both the man and Sia.

The high elf's fist connected with a resounding impact against the Inquisitor, staggering him.

Before anyone could react, she seized him with otherworldly strength, and in a blink, they vanished into thin air, leaving only a fleeting echo behind.

In the sudden absence of the High Inquisitor, the incensed and disoriented dragon charged forward. Its massive form loomed over Sia, poised to strike.

However, in a selfless act, Albert, recognizing the imminent danger, jumped in the way, absorbing the blow meant for his daughter.

The dragon's fury was unleashed upon him, and Albert braced himself against the powerful onslaught, determined to shield Sia from harm.

The dragon's colossal claws struck Albert unrelentingly, hurting him through the air. His body soared before crashing to the ground with a heavy thud.

The impact resonated through the clearing, leaving an unsettling stillness in its wake as Albert lay sprawled on the ground, bearing the brunt of the dragon's ferocious attack.

That's when Sia saw the dragon approaching the badly injured Albert, struggling to stand up.

She panicked and called out to the one person who could help. "Help, husband! The church is attacking us, and Father is injured. They're high-ranked, so be careful!"

After those words, a portal materialized, and Archer stepped through it. The dragon reacted instantly, its tail whipping out with remarkable speed, striking him hard.

#### Chapter 469 Red Dragon

After Archer was struck, he was sent flying through the dense jungle, destroying trees in his path, until he violently collided with the riverbank a mile away.

In the aftermath, dazed and disoriented, he grappled with the turn of events and didn't know what or who hit him.

His head spun but quickly came to as he sensed a menacing presence approaching him from the dark water.

Archer quickly cast Blink, vanishing from the spot only to reappear on the opposite riverbank. He whirled around as a crocodile-like beast lunged at the spot he had just occupied.

Without wasting more time, he jumped into the air and flew towards Sia and Albert. What he saw before him ignited a fiery rage within his core when he arrived.

Avalonian soldiers lay lifeless across the battlefield, but that's when he saw a colossal dragon cast its ominous shadow.

Archer felt this dragon was much older and bigger than him, but that didn't stop him.

That's when his attention shifted to Sia, who was injured and struggling to stand up as blood dripped off her, but he noticed her stern gaze was fixed on the dragon.

Upon witnessing the scene, Archer's fury surged, but he restrained the impulse to charge forward recklessly.

Instead, what met his gaze was Albert, lying crumpled on the ground amidst a pool of blood, and he wasn't moving.

Near Sia, Scar and Shiva lay knocked out, showing clear signs of a tough beating, which added to his anger.

However, it was the sight of his grandfather's bloodied figure not far from them that ignited an uncontrollable fury within him.

Archer couldn't control himself anymore as he charged forward, and his voice resonated with wrath. "I'll kill you."

When he neared the crimson beast, it swiveled its massive head towards him. But before it could do anything, Archer whispered, "Draco."

He transformed into his dragon form in a dazzling burst of light. That's when two magnificent white wings appeared before stretching out.

Four large and muscular limbs ended in razor-sharp claws. Lastly, four gleaming horns emerged, completing his transformation.

After turning into his dragon form, Archer crashed to the ground, letting out an earthshaking roar before lunging at the furious red dragon.

The clash echoed through the skies as they grappled, teeth and claws clashing. The two dragons exchanged fiercely, each trying to gain the upper hand.

Determined and fueled by rage, Archer relentlessly tore at the enemy dragon, his razor-sharp claws tearing into it.

While his enemy was equally formidable and fought back, the clash of their titanic forms sent shockwaves through the air.

Amid the tumultuous struggle, he was thrown back by the red dragon's powerful attack.

Archer swiftly righted himself in mid-air, and with a deep breath, he unleashed his violet dragon breath.

A torrent of wild flames streaked toward the red dragon with force. The vibrant violet flames enveloped it, illuminating the dark sky.

It roared in agony, firing back its fiery breath that he dodged. The fight continued as Archer used his tail to swipe.

But the old dragon blocked the attack, and the intensity of their battle reached its zenith.

He cast Blink and instantly vanished, shocking the dragon, who looked around, but that's when he reappeared above him and dropped on top.

Upon landing, Archer swiftly descended, clamping his powerful jaws around the red dragon's neck.

The thunderous roar of pain from the beast resonated through the battleground.

Their struggle intensified as they grappled, their forms entwined in a dance of destruction.

Claws clashed with a force that shattered the tranquility of the jungle. The dragon's monumental clash etched a devastation trail across the jungle.

Their conflict sent towering trees crashing down like ancient giants, reshaping the landscape.

The fallen trees lay strewn across the battleground. The very earth quivered as they pressed on, tearing through the heart of the lush wilderness with unrelenting force.

In a pivotal moment, Archer, gripping the red dragon fiercely, steered the battle toward the river where he had been flung before.

The azure waters transformed into a chaotic battleground, churned by the colossal forces locked in an epic struggle for dominance.

They fought tooth and claw amid the rushing currents, leaving destruction in their wake.

During their fierce duel, the red dragon unleashed a savage slash across Archer's chest, leaving a searing trail of pain.

Undeterred, Archer retaliated in a daring move. He sank his teeth into one of the red dragon's wings, gripping it with strength.

He tore it away from the red dragon's mighty form with a powerful surge. That's when the red dragon roared in agony as Archer was flung the torn wing aside.

The battleground saw the struggle between these powerful creatures—one injured but resolute, the other unyielding in its quest for triumph.

The torn wing testified to the intensity of their fight. A palpable tension hung in the air as the two giants glared at each other, poised for the ultimate showdown.

In agony, the fiery red dragon met Archer's gaze with blazing red eyes. He, however, stood there with a confident smirk, undaunted by the older dragon.

Unperturbed by the vast size and age gap, Archer observed Sia approaching his grandfather, pouring something over the old man.

Anger ignited within him, causing his white scales to glow in the fading moonlight, enhancing his agility.

With feline grace, Archer navigated the jungle, marking the commencement of the final stage of the battle.

He was poised and ready for the ultimate confrontation that lay ahead. Initially confident in its advantage.

The older dragon was taken aback by Archer's power and hated that a baby dragon was even more powerful than him.

Mana surged through Archer, and with a thunderous roar, he lunged at the red dragon, teeth bared and claws at the ready.

The jungle battlefield became a spectacle of draconic prowess, the clash of their colossal bodies echoing through the jungle.

His attacks were a blur of white and violet, a force that left the red dragon scrambling to defend itself.

It retaliated, unleashing scorching flames that painted the heavens red and orange. Archer moved through the inferno.

His body was untouched by the searing heat thanks to his scales and Anti-Magic. He caught his opponent off guard and sunk his formidable teeth into the red dragon's scaled hide.

That's when his strength surged, and he tore away chunks. Shimmering like shards of ruby, they scattered through the air, leaving the red dragon momentarily stunned.

The sight of Archer, smaller in size but ablaze with the world's power, shocked the older dragon to its core.

It roared in frustration while its scales flew off in disarray. The fight raged, a dance of red and white, but the older dragon quickly backed off.

The jungle quivered with uncertainty as the fate of this epic clash teetered on the edge. In a furious rage, Archer propelled himself towards the red dragon.

Their massive bodies collided again, and Archer's claws cut deep into the dragon's neck, eliciting a roar of agony reverberating through the battleground.

In response, the red dragon launched a slashing counterattack, its claws slicing through Archer's body.

Despite the wounds covering him, Archer pressed and continued attacking. The red dragon, undeterred, retaliated by sinking its teeth into his neck.

Scales snapped, and the searing pain elicited a thunderous roar from Archer as the teeth pierced his flesh.

But he didn't give up as he clung onto the older dragon and cast Soul Sunder on it, but the dragon knew what was happening and cast its magic.

Archer's Soul Sunder was disrupted, but that didn't stop him as he tore into the red dragon and summoned his Shadowspawns.

They joined the battle, but it retaliated fiercely, flinging them away with its red fire that burned the shadows.

He managed to block the attack but was sent flying and crashed not far from the epicenter of the clash.

The impact sent shockwaves through the surrounding landscape, making it quake. Archer, rising to his feet while shaking his head, sensed blood pouring from his wounds.

Puzzled, he looked at himself and noticed his usual rapid healing was slower. When he looked up, he locked eyes with the approaching dragon.

Archer scanned it before the fight started again.

[Red Dragon]

[Level: 635]

[Rank: Sovereign Mage]

When he saw the level and rank, Archer's eyes widened. However, he started using his speed to tilt the fight in his favor.

With the red dragon closing in, he cast Blink, disappearing only to reappear stealthily behind the older dragon.

Seizing the moment, Archer drew a deep breath and unleashed the formidable power of his dragon's breath, slamming it into the unsuspecting red dragon.

Caught off guard, the colossal beast crashed to the ground, giving Archer a decisive advantage.

Wasting no time, he swiftly advanced, taking control of the fallen dragon. He cast Soul Sunder, tearing the older dragon's soul from its body.

Chapter 470 Maybe I Should Marry Archer

After successfully eating the red dragon's soul, Archer felt all its memories pouring into his mind, causing a massive headache.

He learned of an island of dragon kingdoms warring with witches and so much more, thanks to the dragon's age.

But the random and useless memories were discarded. However, as the last remnants of the red dragon's soul were assimilated, Archer's once-majestic form began to waver.

The toll of the battle and his injuries caused a wave of fatigue to wash over him. Archer collapsed to the ground.

But before he fell into darkness, he cast Aurora Healing on Sia and Albert before he fell asleep while curling up next to the dragon's corpse.

[Sia's POV]

[Minutes before Archer's fight ended]

Despite the pain, Sia couldn't help but watch the intense dragon battle. Blood and scales filled the air, creating a chaotic scene.

The collision of large red and white scales resembled comets falling from the sky, turning the heavens into a mesmerizing spectacle.

As Sia watched, her eyes fixed on Archer locked in combat with the red dragon, the intensity of their clash echoed through the battleground.

The red dragon swiftly slashed at Archer's side, leaving three deep gashes on his flank.

The sight shivered through Sia, a silent gasp escaping her lips. But before the red dragon could revel in its attack, Archer retaliated with a fierce countermove.

With determination etched across his draconic features, Archer lunged forward and clamped his powerful jaws around the red dragon's limb.

The older dragon roared in pain, the sound reverberating through the air. At that moment, the dance of titans unfolded before Sia's eyes.

She witnessed it fling Archer away, a surprising feat given his size. Then, out of nowhere, a stream of violet fire struck the dragon.

Sia saw it roar in pain before the battle continued. Amidst the ongoing clash, she made her way over to her injured father.

Upon reaching the old man, she was taken aback when she heard him chuckle. Annoyed, Sia confronted him, "Why are you laughing, old man? You're seriously injured, and you laugh!"

Pulling out two potions, she poured one into Albert's mouth and consumed the other. However, the effects were minimal against their severe injuries.

With the last of her strength, she collapsed to the ground after administering the remaining potion to Albert.

"He's come, and he's angry. I can tell the boy cares, but in his own way. What that stupid girl did to him has affected him so deeply; I don't think he realizes that much," Albert spoke with labored breaths as the potion took effect, though its impact was limited.

As Albert and Sia observed Archer locked in combat with the dragon, a sense of awe and concern gripped them.

The fierce clash between the two colossal beings unfolded. Each attack made the ground shake, and trees fell in the jungle.

However, their attention was abruptly diverted as eerie, shadowy figures emerged from the darkness.

The creepy shadow beasts silently descended upon the remaining church knights, visibly frightened and paralyzed by fear.

In an unsettling dance, the shadowy beings swiftly and efficiently killed the knights.

Albert and Sia exchanged worried glances, their focus torn between Archer's intense struggle with the dragon and the encroaching threat of the shadowy assailants.

They witnessed five Templar Knights, the church's elite forces, valiantly holding their ground and successfully dispatching the shadow creatures.

The display of skill by the Templar Knights was commendable. However, despite their efforts, the relentless advance of the shadow creatures persisted.

Sensing the escalating threat, the Templar leader displayed signs of panic.

In a desperate move, he charged towards Sia and Albert, who exchanged worried looks as the situation took an unexpected turn.

As the leader approached, dozens of shadow creatures materialized in front, blocking the knights' path.

Frustration etched across the man's face, he swung his sword, but in an instant, his arm dropped to the ground, severed by the creature's unseen force.

Amidst the chaos, a particular shadow creature with long talons leaped backward.

The leader, now defenseless, watched in horror as all the shadow creatures lunged at him, overwhelming him in a nightmarish onslaught.

His body torn and battered, Archer's screams faded away, echoing the now-silent battlefield. Sia turned to witness the aftermath, finding Archer holding the defeated red dragon.

Suddenly, something shifted, and the red dragon's lifeless form plummeted to the ground with a resounding crash.

The jungle quivered in response, yet Sia's heart swelled joyfully, knowing that Archer had emerged victorious.

Sia, her eyes widening with concern as she approached Archer's dragon form. The moonlight revealed the extent of the injuries that adorned his once-majestic scales.

Deep gashes and scorched marks painted his body. She saw how battered his body was and noticed that he was going to collapse.

But before he did, Sia felt mana wash over her and heal all her wounds, and Alberts spoke happily. "See, he does care! The boy is on the verge of a long sleep and still manages to heal us."

Sia looked over to the old man who was now standing. She shook her head and stood up herself as her legs shook.

She ran her hand gently over his wounded body, tracing the lines of the injuries that were slowly healing.

In the hushed aftermath of the battle, Albert approached Archer's colossal, slumbering form.

The old man's eyes reflected pride and gratitude as he gently stroked the dragon's immense scales.

His voice, filled with emotion, declared, "I'm proud to have a grandson like you who would fight another dragon for an old man like me."

Sia, standing nearby, observed the tender scene with a warm smile. The air stirred as Archer, in his deep slumber, let out a large breath, its force nearly blowing Sia away.

After seeing Archer, the two walked through the battlefield, their eyes scanning the surroundings for any signs of survivors.

The air was heavy with the weight of the recent conflict, and the quiet aftermath echoed with the sounds of destruction.

As they moved cautiously through the fallen foliage and remnants of the battle, their hearts sank at the sight of the fallen comrades.

However, hope flickered as they discovered two dozen Avalonians who had weathered the storm and survived the battle.

A spark of hope illuminated Sia's eyes, and relief washed over her. Despite his weariness, Albert managed a nod of approval.

The battered but alive survivors gazed up at their leaders with exhaustion and gratitude.

After tending to the soldiers, those who could move began setting up camp next to Archer's massive body.

Sia observed a curious phenomenon—no beasts ventured near, avoiding the area as if plagued by an unseen force.

But she knew it was Archer keeping them at bay. That's when the last hours of the night passed by as Sia and Albert got some rest.

[Back to Archer]

As Archer's body completed its healing, he slowly opened his eyes and found himself surrounded by diminutive figures staring up at him.

Confusion clouded his thoughts momentarily, questioning why they appeared so small. Then, the realization dawned on him—he was still in his dragon form.

He shook his large head and stood up as his body cracked, which hurt the soldier's ears when they heard the crack.

Archer took in the aftermath of the battle, the once-lush jungle now reduced to ruins, with shattered trees and torn vegetation.

The air bore the weight of destruction as the morning sun lit the scene. Among the wreckage, Archer's focus shifted to the lifeless form of the older red dragon.

Approaching the large body, Archer unexpectedly found himself able to store it within his Item Box.

Surprise registered on his face, quickly followed by a sense of satisfaction. Closing his eyes, he delved into the contents of his Item Box.

He scanned it to see how many hearts he had and realized he had collected three thousand two hundred.

Getting an idea, he opened his large mouth and summoned all the hearts above him. They all dropped into his mouth.

Archer felt the rush of mana as he ate them all at once. He decided to check his status after seeing Sia and Albert.

Archer approached the camp, and his eyes fell upon a large tent standing amidst the makeshift shelter.

Intuition led him to believe that Sia might be inside, and a sense of anticipation filled him. As he drew closer, he wondered what awaited him within.

Archer quietly entered the tent, and to his surprise, he heard his grandmother's voice in a scolding tone.

He saw Sia giggling while Mia told off the old man on a communication device. She was chastising Albert for engaging in conflict with the church.

The older woman expressed concern about his frequent injuries that weighed heavily on her heart.

"I can't bear seeing you hurt so often, Albert. It worries me," her voice blended frustration and love.

Then, with a mischievous. "Maybe I should marry Archer; he doesn't get into as much trouble," she added, prompting a playful giggle from Sia.

Standing at the entrance, Archer couldn't help but smile at the unexpected banter between his grandmother and grandfather.