

## **A Journey 471**

### **Chapter 471 Silly Old Man**

Archer heard Mia's stern voice echoing in Albert's ears through the communication device.

"Albert, you are not leaving the mansion, not even if the emperor himself orders it. I won't allow it," Mia declared sternly, like she was telling off a child.

Her words carried a sense of authority, and she continued, "If the emperor wants you, he'll have to go through me first."

Mia's firm tone left no room for argument, showing her commitment to protecting Albert from anything.

A chuckle escaped Archer's lips, catching the attention of Sia and Albert. Their eyes widened in surprise as they turned toward him.

Upon hearing the chuckle, Mia's voice demanded through the communication device, "My handsome grandson! Bring me to the old man so I can drag him back here and give him a piece of my mind."

Archer heeded his grandmother's request and cast Gate to the Silverthrone mansion.

An older version of Sia emerged, clad in pants and leather armor while holding a spear, a sight that took Archer by surprise.

Puzzled, he wondered why she was dressed in such a manner. Mia scanned the tent, spotting Albert and Sia, then finally, Archer.

A warm smile graced her face as she approached him. She hugged him tightly before whispering into his ear. "Thank you for saving my husband, Arch."

Mia spoke in such a loving and grateful tone that it caught him off guard, but he returned the hug with one of his own.

Archer thought to himself. 'This isn't so bad. She reminds me of mother back on Earth.'

But he stopped thinking about that and replied. "He may be a silly old man, but he's still my grandfather, and all you two have done is show me love, so it's the least I can do, grandmother."

The older woman hugged him even tighter, releasing him only to gently kiss his forehead before speaking, "I'll love you until my last breath. You're my cherished grandson, after all."

A smile adorned Archer's face as Mia approached Albert, who initially grinned at the heartwarming sight, but his expression shifted when he noticed his wife.

As she neared, she addressed him angrily and affectionately, "You old goat! You seem to forget that you're not as young as you used to be! I appreciate you protecting our daughter, but you still need to take care of yourself."

When Albert heard this, he didn't know what to say and scratched his head while Mia continued. "If it weren't for our grandson, you and Sia would be lost! I told you to take more soldiers when we last spoke."

"But, darling, those Church dogs and a dragon attacked us, and little Sia was about to be hurt, so I had to step in," Albert explained.

Mia's temper subsided as he spoke, and she embraced him, saying, "I'm sorry for my outburst; I was just worried. But I knew he would appear whenever you and Sia get into trouble."

Archer's grandparents turned to him, smiling as Albert expressed his gratitude. "Thank you for saving us again, my favorite grandson. I'll take you out for a drink once the Frostwinter Festival starts. I know a good tavern."

Mia scolded him again, saying, "Oh, so you want to get drunk again, eh? Remember what happened last time, old man? Your nephew had to drag you back to the mansion!"

Archer laughed when he heard her before focusing on what she was wearing and examining her armor.

With a teasing voice, the older woman smiled at his gaze and said, "Oh, look at the way you're looking at this old lady. You're going to make me blush."

After she spoke, Archer blushed, but she kept teasing him, saying, "I had to suit up, ready to slay bandits, but nope, you'd already taken care of them. And now, you're here, attempting to charm me away from your grandfather, you mischievous dragon! Who knew you had a thing for grandmothers?"

Caught off guard by her comment, Archer was surprised to hear the laughter of both Sia and Albert.

That's when Archer surprised everyone when he finally spoke with a cheeky grin. "Well, I do like an older woman, but not one who's in a happy marriage and is my precious grandmother."

Mia had a look of shock appeared on her face. Quickly recovering, she countered, "Oh, interesting. My little grandson loves older women, eh? What if that woman has grandchildren and is free?"

Before he could reply, Sia spoke up in a voice filled with jealousy. "You will not be marrying an old woman!"

Archer faced his fierce warrior lady and grinned before moving closer to her. Archer tightly held her, which Sia loved.

As they held each other close, Archer leaned towards her ear, whispering words of affection that brought comfort.

Sia warmly hugged him and playfully pushed his head into her bosom, making Mia and Albert laugh while the older woman jokingly remarked, "Well, it seems like the little girl has finally achieved her desire."

After hugging her, Archer released her and turned to his grandparents, stating, "You can head back to the mansion; I'll finish off the bandits."

Curiosity etched across Albert and Sia's faces, prompting the old man to inquire, "How do you know where they are?"

"I don't, but I will know soon," Archer replied confidently.

The other three watched in amazement as Archer opened a portal, and Tressyms appeared, flocking around him.

Mia and Albert's eyes widened in shock, but soon, they burst into laughter as the flying creatures nudged their heads against him.

Archer commanded them to find the bandits in the Summerfield Duchy, to which the Tressyms agreed, taking flight and soaring off.

Following that, he directed his attention to Sia, Mia, and Albert, who observed him with astonishment.

However, he promptly clarified, "They are my scouts. Now, I'll go check on Scar and Shiva."

With those words, he pivoted and strode towards the exit. As Archer stepped outside, he was met with a breathtaking scene.

The jungle, once a vibrant tapestry of green, now lay under a serene blanket of white. The trees bore the weight of glistening snow.

Their branches were adorned with delicate icicles that sparkled like diamonds in the soft light.

A thick blanket of fog clung to the landscape, weaving an ethereal veil that obscured the familiar paths and transformed the jungle into an otherworldly realm.

The air was crisp and cold, each breath visible as a misty cloud. The silence that accompanied the winter scene was profound.

It was broken only by the distant sounds of creaking branches under the weight of snow and the occasional rustle of unseen creatures navigating the frost-covered undergrowth.

Now attuned to the weather, Archer took a moment to appreciate the surroundings. When he arrived, his primary concern was Sia's and Albert's well-being.

His gaze fell upon the two jungle tigers outside the camp, peacefully relaxing amidst the wintry scene.

Closing the distance, he gently touched their fur before casting Aurora Healing on them.

A radiant white light emanated from Archer's touch, enveloping the tigers in a healing embrace.

The last traces of wounds dissolved and healed them completely. With that complete, Archer continued to show his care.

He tenderly stroked behind the tigers. That's when he looked at Scar and spoke. "You and Shiva can rest in the domain and take a break."

Scar nudged its head against Archer, prompting him to stroke it affectionately. Shiva followed suit, seeking similar attention.

With a gesture, he opened a portal for the two majestic tigers. They stepped through as the portal materialized, disappearing into another realm.

Archer watched them vanish before shifting his gaze, contemplating the dark sky before returning to the tent.

Sia, Mia, and Albert chatted when he entered, their laughter blending with the ambiance.

The sound echoed against the backdrop of the ongoing snowfall. They turned towards him, their expressions illuminated by smiles.

He addressed them. "Do you want to return to the capital? I can deal with the bandits."

Mia nodded in agreement with a smile on her face. "I'll be taking the old goat back, and Sia needs to report the church's attack to the emperor."

Archer cast Gate twice, one leading to the Silverthrone mansion and the other to the floating island.

Sia quickly kissed Archer's lips. Her voice reassured me as she spoke, "Come see me when I'm back on the road. Send me a message beforehand, okay?"

Archer nodded a silent agreement between them. Sia's smile widened, and with a final shared gaze, she leaned in for another kiss.

Sia walked through the portal, leaving the snowy jungle behind. Mia and Albert looked on with happy faces, seeing the sweet moment between her and Archer.

His grandmother couldn't resist teasing him more as they prepared to depart. "Archer, how about some grandbabies, eh? I'm not getting any younger, and I might pass away from stress, all thanks to this silly old man."

Chapter 472 Suncreek Forest

Archer couldn't help but laugh when he heard the older woman's comment and shook his head before replying. "Not yet, grandmother. We are still young, and it will happen when it happens. There's no point in rushing it."

Albert burst into laughter before adding his thoughts, "Well said, Arch! We can't rush these things, Mia. It'll definitely happen; after all, he's a dragon."

Mia nodded in agreement and teased, "Well, you're right, Albert. He is a lewd dragon."

Archer was at a loss for words when he heard his grandparent's comments. However, he attempted to guide them towards the final portal, only to be stopped by Mia.

Without warning, she pulled his head into her cleavage and began gently running her fingers through his hair.

"You ought to drop by more frequently. I do miss my handsome grandson." Mia expressed.

Archer grinned and stepped away from his grandmother before responding, "I'll make a point to visit you more often."

The older woman smiled as she walked over to Albert and grabbed his arm before pulling him along.

Albert looked at him pleadingly, but Archer ignored the old man by looking outside the tent while whistling as Mia dragged him toward the portal.

The old man acted heartbroken but smiled and said farewell. "See you soon."

With a final wave, they stepped through the portal, disappearing from view. The air seemed to change as Archer found himself alone after their departure.

Inhaling deeply, Archer exited the tent, greeted by the gazes of the surviving soldiers gathered outside.

Addressing them, he declared, "I'll arrange for your return to Starfall City. Upon arrival, make it known that the White Prince sent you."

All the soldiers saluted before packing up the camp as he turned to the landscape and looked at the once towering trees that now lay broken and defeated.

Their branches scattered like fallen soldiers on a battlefield. As his gaze traveled downward, Archer observed deep gouge marks etched into the earth.

The scars on the ground painted a vivid picture of the chaotic clash that had taken place, a brutal dance between forces that left an indelible mark on the landscape.

But that's when he noticed a woman approaching him, recognizing her as Sia's second-in-command, Valeria.

She had beautiful brown hair cascading down her armored shoulders. Her eyes, a luminous shade of yellow, glowed as she surveyed the surroundings.

Clad in knight armor that accentuated her muscular frame, she stood with an air of confidence.

As Archer observed the female knight, her practical armor did little to hide the strength evident in her well-defined arms and shoulders.

The contours of her body, including subtle curves, were discernible even beneath the protective layers.

The combination of power and grace painted a compelling picture, showcasing her martial prowess and the undeniable allure of a warrior with strength and femininity.

Despite her appearance suggesting she was in her late twenties, the rigors of her training bestowed upon her a timeless, youthful visage.

Sculpted by dedication and discipline, her body bore the unmistakable signs of strength. At that moment, a realization clicked in Archer's mind—he was drawn to muscular women.

Shaking off the distraction, Archer refocused and, with a clear mind, greeted the knight with his most charming smile. "Hello, Miss Valeria. I must say, you still look as beautiful as ever."

Much to his surprise, his confident charm and complimentary words seemed to have little effect on her.

Unfazed, she responded calmly, leaving Archer intrigued by the resilience of the seasoned knight. "Young Master. What are you planning to do?"

Archer gazed at the older woman and thought to himself. 'Why does she want to know? She had only met me as a child.'



But he shook his head before stating his intentions. "I aim to clear out the bandits in the Summerfield Duchy before returning to the College of Magic."

Valeria nodded in understanding. She then turned her attention to the other soldiers and declared, "I will join you. I want to witness the capabilities of the man the commander has chosen in action."

He was confused but shrugged before opening a portal to the elevator in Starfall so they could be seen, too.

As Archer was doing this, he sent a message to Sia telling her that he sent her soldiers back, but Valeria stayed behind.

It was silent for a while before she spoke. "Okay. She isn't into romance or men, so I don't have to worry. Look after her, Arch, she's a good girl!"

Upon hearing the Dragon-kin woman's words, Archer chuckled and turned to Valeria with a smile. "Alright, you can join. We must wait for my scouts, and then we can proceed."

Valeria, the brown-haired woman, regarded him before offering a small nod. Archer then summoned the Shadowspawn guarding the camp and dismissed them.

Upon witnessing the unusual creatures, Valeria's expression shifted to one of horror, prompting her to ask suspiciously, "What are those creatures?"

Archer turned to her and explained, "It's a spell I acquired before classes started. I find it rather handy, to be honest. They are both my bodyguards and a fighting force, all wrapped up in a single spell."

Valeria regarded Archer with a thoughtful expression before turning her attention to the soldiers preparing to enter the portals.

She strode over to them, offering encouragement and ensuring their departure went smoothly.

As time passed, Archer waited patiently, the air heavy with anticipation. The portals hummed softly in the background.

Then, in a flutter of wings, the Tressyms returned, swooping down with evident affection for Archer.

He welcomed their playful antics, grateful for the brief moment of respite. Amidst the nuzzles and purrs, the Tressyms conveyed the information he sought.

With the task completed, Archer sent the otherworldly creatures back to their domain. Turning to Valeria, he found her already watching him with a curious gleam in her eyes.

Inquisitive, she asked, "What are those creatures? I've never seen them before."

Archer chuckled before responding, "They're from another realm, and I adopted them. They wanted to assist me, so now they serve as my scouts."

Valeria nodded, then inquired, "Are we ready to go?"

Hearing her question, Archer smiled. Summoning his wings, he approached the older woman and effortlessly scooped her into a princess carry.

Her initial shock turned into a searching look, prompting Archer to laugh before explaining, "Flying is much quicker. Otherwise, it would take weeks to travel."

She remained silent but did not attempt to dismount, so Archer ascended into the sky, heading towards the Suncreek Forest in the North-West.

Valeria saw a landscape that surprised her as they soared, unlike anything she had seen before.

Observing the astonishment on her face, Archer smiled and inquired, "First time flying during sunrise?"

Valeria nodded and elucidated, "Yes, Young Master. The Imperial Army restricts travel this early in Frostwinter due to the weather."

As Archer soared over the Winter-clad Summerfield Duchy, a blanket of snow stretched as far as the eye could see.

The ongoing snowstorm painted the landscape pristine white, transforming the normal summer scenery into a wintry wonderland.

Despite the mesmerizing beauty below, the biting cold of Frostwinter made itself known.

Valeria shivered against the chill. Noticing her discomfort, Archer cast a Cosmic shield that enveloped them both.

It deflected the frigid winds and swirling snow, creating a cocoon of warmth. Inside the shield, Archer concentrated, using his magic to infuse the air with a gentle heat.

The sudden warmth eased Valeria's shivering, and a grateful smile crept across her.

As Archer and Valeria glided through the winter sky, they approached two rivers that had succumbed to the icy grip of the weather, their surfaces frozen into sheets of glistening ice.

The landscape below showcased the relentless influence of Frostwinter. Soon, the distant sight of a town emerged from the snowy expanse.

It lay nestled under a pristine blanket of snow, yet signs of bustling activity were evident.

People hurried about, some clearing snow from the streets while others navigated through the frost-covered town.

Valeria leaned close to Archer and spoke, "That's the town of Wisteria Wharf. It's a trade hub specializing in potions and other medical supplies."

"Do they gather their ingredients from the jungle?" Archer inquired.

The older woman nodded affirmatively. "Yes, and they also hunt formidable beasts that inhabit the first few miles of the jungle."

He nodded but then spotted a looming forest, its dense canopy peeking through the snowy landscape.

A mischievous smile played on his lips as he accelerated with a powerful flap of his wings.

Valeria glanced around in surprise, taken aback by the sudden burst of speed. As they drew closer to the looming trees, a realization dawned on Valeria.

She exclaimed in astonishment, "That's Suncreek Forest."

In response to her revelation, Archer descended gracefully, gently touching the ground before setting Valeria down.

Seizing the opportunity, she proceeded to enlighten him about the nature of the forest.

"The Suncreek Forest is perilous, teeming with strong beasts that often ambush those passing through," she explained, emphasizing the inherent dangers lurking within its depths

Chapter 473 I May Be A Beast

Upon hearing the woman's warning, Archer smiled excitedly as he entered the forest's edge.

Activating his Aura Detector, he quickly honed in on the bandits. In a matter of minutes, he pinpointed three separate camps.

Turning to Valeria, he shared his plan, "There are three camps. I'll send my creatures to attack the two smaller ones while we tackle the largest."

She nodded in agreement. Archer took the lead, navigating through the dense Sun creek Forest.

They continued deeper into the Sun creek Forest. A hush enveloped them, interrupted only by the rustle of leaves under the layer of snow.

Usually bustling with life, the forest was covered in snow, and the air was cold. Archer observed the surroundings.

The snowy blanket covered every branch and leaf. However, beneath this frozen landscape, signs of life persisted in countless trails left behind by many beasts.

Diverse imprints adorned the snow, each telling a silent tale of the forest's inhabitants.

He recognized the traces of various beasts, from the tracks of small prey to the more imposing marks of predators that prowled through the wintry landscape.

The quiet forest seemed still, but underneath, a lively ecosystem thrived. Walking with Archer, Valeria observed the tracks, her eyes moving from one set to another.

The duo continued their journey, silently immersed in the beauty of Sun creek Forest. Archer stopped walking and opened a portal before summoning a large group of Chulls.

Lobster-like creatures emerged through the portal, and Valeria, standing beside Archer, gazed in complete astonishment as these colossal beings entered.

The Chull Warriors were adorned in formidable chitinous exoskeletons that glimmered in the morning light.

Their colossal heads swiveled in perfect unison, surveying the surroundings with restrained power.

They stood nearly twice as tall as Archer, but she quickly noticed how submissive they were when they bowed to him, which shocked her.

That's when Archer issued a command. "Attack the two smaller camps. Retrieve the bodies and any treasures they possess, then bring them to me."

After speaking, he pointed in the two directions, and they rushed off to complete their orders while Archer led the female knight toward the largest bandit camp.

As they traversed the forest, the older woman spoke, "These bandits have been wreaking havoc in the eastern region for weeks. The local baron dispatched his men, but they fell into an ambush and were eradicated."

Archer nodded as she continued, "The Duke hasn't been able to deal with them as he's focused on the Duchy's reconstruction. The emperor assigned him the task, but he must rely on his soldiers to repair the towns and villages."

"Why are you telling me this?" Archer inquired with a curious tone.

Valeria stopped and spoke. "I know why you're doing this. It's for Sia to help with her mission. But I'm just letting you know when we deal with these, you will be heavily rewarded."

Upon hearing the mention of a reward, Archer's eyes gleamed with interest, causing Valeria to shake her head before resuming their journey.

After ten minutes of walking, they reached the massive clearing where the sight of a sprawling bandit camp unfolded before them.

The camp sprawled across the forest, revealing a chaotic mix of makeshift tents, haphazardly constructed structures, and scattered bonfires.

The air hung heavy with an amalgamation of scents, wood smoke, the metallic tang of weaponry, and the underlying musk of too many bodies congested in one place.

Archer's eyes swept across the expansive scene, noting the disorderly layout of the camp and the crude defenses erected.

In the distance, he could hear the bandit's muffled sounds, the low conversation hum, and the occasional laughter punctuating the tense atmosphere.

As they got closer, Archer spotted bandits standing guard at the entrance, resembling a makeshift gate—the sole access point due to a small river obstructing any other approach.

He surveyed the camp, his eyes narrowing with focus. Activating his Aura Detector, he extended his senses to gauge the presence within the ramshackle structures.

The magical resonance revealed a surprising number, close to eight hundred bandits hidden within the confines of the forest camp.

An excited glint sparkled in Archer's eyes as he turned to Valeria. "There are nearly 800 bandits here," he announced.

Valeria's expression shifted to one of shock, her features mirroring disbelief at the magnitude of their adversary.

Unbeknownst to her, Archer found a peculiar satisfaction in how her button nose scrunched up when she was astonished.

That's when Archer got a good idea and summoned nightmare Gnolls from the domain, their grotesque forms stepping through the portal.

Pointing toward the front gate. "Charge and create chaos!"

Fueled by dark energy, the nightmare Gnolls snarled and surged forward, their twisted shapes blending with the shadows as they approached the camp's entrance.

Their eerie howls echoed as they charged toward the unsuspecting guards. As the nightmare, Gnolls thundered toward the front gate.

Archer turned to Valeria. "Let's go."

He grabbed her again before taking off, flying over the river and landing in the center of the camp.

Once they were there, Valeria took out her spear while Archer summoned his claws before the bandits spotted them.

With a sudden burst of energy, he lunged at the nearest bandit, his movements fluid and precise.

Archer executed a swift, decisive slash with flawless fluidity using his claws, cleanly decapitating the bandit attempting to raise his shield.

In perfect synchronization, Valeria confronted the assailants with her spear, seamlessly integrating it as an extension of her form.

She moved through the chaos, skillfully dispatching foes with lethal precision.

Each calculated strike found its mark, and with a dancer's grace, she moved between opponents, leaving a trail of defeated bandits in her wake.

As the skirmish unfolded, Archer and Valeria fought in tandem, their movements synchronized.

Archer's close-quarters combat complemented Valeria's finesse with the spear. Together, they formed a formidable duo, dispatching bandits with speed.



The bandits, taken aback by the sudden onslaught, struggled to counter the sudden assault they faced.

Archer and Valeria pressed forward while cutting through the ranks of bandits that recklessly charged at them.

The clash of steel, grunts of effort, and blood painted a scene as they cleared out the bandit camp in the Suncreek Forest.

Pressing on with their assault, the bandits were engulfed and swiftly dispatched. Archer's razor-sharp claws skillfully severed limbs and slit throats with ease.

Meanwhile, Valeria drove her spear through the nearest bandit, leaving punctured gaps in their ranks.

The sound of weapon clashes and the wails of the outlaws reverberated across the camp as Archer's claws and Valeria's spear moved in a synchronized dance through the chaos.

With each precise strike, the bandit numbers dwindled until, finally, the skirmish ended.

The once large and bustling camp descended into silence, interrupted only by the crackling of embers and the distant calls of creatures.

Just as the last bandit fell, the Chull Warriors returned, hauling the lifeless bodies of their fallen prey and the wealth of the bandit camps.

Dumping everything in the center of the camp. But when Archer saw this, he summoned the Stone Men and ordered them to loot the hearts.

As Archer performed this task, he instructed the Chull to wait. The Stone Men swiftly looted the hearts and presented them to Archer, who stored them in his Item Box.

Once the Stone Men completed their task, Archer directed the beasts to take the bandit bodies back to their nest, making them very happy.

With a coordinated effort, they seized the lifeless forms and dragged them through the portal Archer had opened.

Valeria, who has already grown used to all the weird stuff Archer did, approached him while cleaning off her spear.

She remarked, "You fight well, yet your style lacks finesse. It's more akin to a beast than a skilled combatant."

Archer looked at the woman like she was an idiot before commenting. "I am a beast, remember?"

Smiling, he stepped back to clear some space between the two, which confused Valeria until he whispered. "Draco."

A bright light blinded her until it died, and she saw a massive white dragon standing before her.

She stumbled back and fell on her ass which caused Archer to chuckle as he looked in his Item Box and saw that he had three thousand eight hundred and thirty-three hearts.

With a smile, he summoned all over them about him, and they dropped into his mouth. Archer felt the experience flow into his large body.

Reverting to his humanoid form, he approached Valeria to engage in conversation. "You see, I may be a beast and not entirely human.

However, that doesn't hinder my capacity to learn. My girls, along with Sia, are instrumental in teaching me."

Valeria, taken aback by this revelation, widened her eyes. Archer, noticing her reaction, inquired, "What's wrong?"

Shaking her head, the older woman responded, "I'm surprised that a dragon would be open to learning from someone else."

"Why not? I enjoy learning." He answered with a smile.

That's when the Gnolls were busy eating the bandits at the entrance but he told them to take as many bodies as they could before opening a portal.

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After sending the Gnolls back to the domain, Archer summoned the Stone Men and told them to loot the camp.

Once he had done that, he walked over to Valeria, who was watching the little beings rush around, taking anything worth something.

Archer stopped behind her and spoke with a grin on his face. "Now the bandits are gone. I have to get to classes. Do you want to join Sia?"

Valeria turned around as she nodded. When he saw that, he opened a portal to where Sia was so the older woman could step through.

Before stepping through, she spoke. "It was a good experience seeing you fight, Young Master. We must do it again."

When Archer heard that, he took a bracelet from his Item Box and started messing with it before throwing it toward the woman.

Valeria caught it and examined the piece of jewelry, then commented. "I'm sorry if this offends you, but I'm not interested in you. You're still a child."

Archer's face twisted in confusion before he explained, "It's a communication device. It'll let us talk and team up for more bandit hunting."

"Ah, got it. Sounds good," Valeria replied, examining the bracelet with interest.

During her inspection, Archer created a portal leading to Sia's location. "She's on the other side," he informed the female knight.

Valeria smiled at him before saying, "I'll be seeing you again, Young Master."

He nodded, and as she stepped through the violet portal, a sense of departure settled in the air.

Archer remained in the now empty bandit camp, watching Valeria disappear into the portal.

The echoes of their recent battle still lingered in the air. The Stone Men, diligent in their task, scurried about the camp, collecting spoils and treasures.

Alone in the aftermath, Archer surveyed the ruins. He could see the remnants of the chaotic confrontation – scattered weapons, tattered tents, and signs of the fierce struggle.

The forest seemed to reclaim its quietude, contrasting sharply with the recent clash. With a patient demeanor, Archer waited for the Stone Men to complete their looting.

He used Aura Detector to scan the surrounding forest and found nothing. That's when he decided to check his new status.

[Experience: 2278800/4000000]

[SP: 2>3835]

[HP: 28120>28320]

[Mana: 659690>660690]

[Strength: 20500>20700]

[Constitution: 20000>20200]

[Stamina: 20500>20700]

[Intelligence: 19600>19800]

Upon discovering his new status, Archer was happy and saved the points until he got five thousand before using them.

Finding a chair, he sat down and sent a message to the girls, telling them of his delay and assuring them of his return.

Hemera responded, informing him they were preparing for class after breakfast. Archer patiently waited for the Stone Men to accomplish their mission.

[Verdantia Continent - The Holy City of Elysium - The Pope of the Church Of Light POV]

A mature man in his late fifties stood on his balcony, gazing out over the sacred city of Elysium within the Novgorod Empire.

His name was Ezekiel Devotaris, and he was the Church of Light pope like his father before him.

He was intricately tied to the imperial lineage and was wedded to the Novgorod Emperor's aunt—his mother's sister.

Adding to the family connections, his granddaughter Sofia was destined to unite with the Emperor's son in marriage in the future.

He was enjoying his time away from the work of the church. Since they lost their place on Pluoria, they have spread out to the other three continents, which haven't gone well.

As he was thinking, his assistant rushed onto the balcony and spoke. "Holy Father! I have news."

Ezekiel turned towards the younger man, nodding as he settled into the nearest chair.

"Your Holiness, the Demi-God and his dragon have been defeated. However, the boy managed to slay the dragon, while the Nightshade Princess brought down the Demi-God," the young man reported fidgeting.

Upon hearing this, the Pope felt a sense of dizziness. Losing a Demi-God was a severe blow, leaving an opening for the High Elves to exploit and advance their goals.

Ezekiel directed a grumpy gaze at his assistant, asking, "Who was it, Gabriel? Nerida? Or that nuisance, Lyriana?"

Gabriel shook his head before responding, "It was the first Princess Ayrenn Nightshade. She has attained the Demi-God rank thanks to being the eldest princess."

The Pope nodded his head before asking. "What of the pet dragon? Is it gone?"

"Yes, your Holiness. He was killed by the boy not long before Seraphiel was finished." Gabriel spoke.

As Ezekiel was about to speak, the doors flew open, revealing a mature woman with messy grey hair and glowing green eyes.

The atmosphere within the sacred chambers of the Church of Light was tense as Natalia Devotaris entered, her eyes locking onto her husband,

She approached him with an intense gaze that couldn't be ignored. He looked up from his desk, his expression a mix of irritation and curiosity. "Natalia, what brings you here?"

Natalia glared at him, her words cutting through the air with a sharp edge. "Ezekiel, we need to talk. I just heard about Seraphiel. He was supposed to protect our granddaughter, not become a casualty in your reckless endeavors."

Ezekiel sighed, his frustration evident. "I needed a powerful mage, and Seraphiel was the best candidate. His loss is regrettable, but sacrifices are sometimes necessary for the greater good."

Natalia's eyes narrowed, and she leaned in, her voice a whispered warning. "Don't play games with me, Ezekiel. Sofia better be safe. I won't tolerate any threat to her because of your foolish plans. If anything happens to our granddaughter, the consequences will be severe."

Ezekiel met her gaze, a flicker of irritation crossing his features. "I am not oblivious to the risks, Natalia. I have assigned Chiara to safeguard her. She's one of our best, and she will ensure our granddaughter's safety."

The grey-haired woman held her ground, her tone unwavering. "I don't want assurances; I want action, old man! These power games of the Church are endangering our family. Seraphiel's death should serve as a wake-up call."

Ezekiel sighed again, a weary acknowledgment in his eyes. "I understand your concern, Natalia. I will do everything in my power to ensure Sofia's safety. But you must also understand the delicate balance we must maintain for the Church and our lord."

Natalia straightened, her gaze still firm. "I understand more than you think, Ezekiel. Just remember, family comes first. Sofia's safety is non-negotiable."

With that, she turned on her heel, leaving Ezekiel to ponder her words. The weight of her warning lingered in the room.

That's when he heard Gabriel speak. "Holy Father, should the Holy Mother speak to you like that?"

Ezekiel let out a sigh, shaking his head. "No, but she holds the status of one of our three Demi-Gods and wields formidable magical abilities. On Verdantia, there's scarcely anyone who can challenge her, except

for Catherine Novgorod and Ellariana Nightshade. However, they are cordial with each other, only fighting when it concerns their daughters or granddaughters."

Gabrial nodded, remembered those three powerful women, and shivered when he pictured Catherine's deep red eyes peering into his soul.

The pope chuckled before speaking. "I see you have had an experience with them. They are very strange women, but they call for the Acolyte leader. We shall send them to deal with the boy."

[Verdantia Continent - Ayrenn Nightshade - Atlantis City - Capital of the Nightshade Empire]

Ayrenn strolled through the palace garden, seeking relaxation after confronting the Demi-God of the Church of Light.

The exhaustion from expending so much mana lingered for hours. During her leisurely walk, a tranquil voice sounded behind her, "Finding yourself in trouble, are we?"

Ayrenn turned to find her grandmother, Ellariana Nightshade, seated on a bench with a smile gracing her face.

Ellariana, with her blonde hair and violet eyes mirroring Ayrenn's own, was one of the most influential figures in Verdantia.

"Hello, grandmother. What trouble are you speaking of? I am a peaceful priestess that harms no one," Ayrenn chuckled.

Ellariana burst into laughter before getting to the point. "Ayri, I know you've been protecting the little white dragon. Why?"

Joining her grandmother on the bench, Ayrenn explained, "The Goddess Tiamat showed me a vision."



Shaking her head, she continued, "I shouldn't say vision, but a possible future where the world is at peace. Trade flourishes, and there is no war, only petty conflicts among nobles. Wars between empires are forgotten."

Ellariana nodded in agreement before commenting, "Well, the gods have their ways and reasons. It's good she's shown you something. Tiamat has been inactive for the last few thousand years but now seems more active than ever."

Ayrenn smiled and continued, "It's because of Archer. He's restoring faith in her by aiding many people during his journey. The boy is only seventeen but has put an end to wars and laid cities to the ground. However, he isn't a hero; he's more like a bandit, taking everyone's wealth. I've even heard that the Avalonian Emperor owes him a great debt."

Chapter 475 The Quest and Adventure Class

Upon hearing her granddaughter's explanation, Ellariana erupted into laughter, her voice infused with humor as she spoke. "Ah, so he's not like the White Dragons of old, aspiring to be heroes."

Ayrenn nodded. "Yeah, he's different compared to the others. At the moment, he's been collecting beasts to create an army, and by what Tiamat said, he gathered millions so far."

"We will see him during the Celestial Magic Tournament," Ellariana smiled.

"Yes, but Pluoria still has to have their tournament, which begins after their festival," Ayrenn spoke.

The two continued conversing in the garden as the snow fell against the protective dome that covered the imperial palace.

[Back to Archer]

Archer patiently waited until the Stone Men returned with the goodies, prompting him to jump up excitedly.

Upon their return, he observed numerous chests filled with treasures before storing them in his Item Box alongside the stuff brought by the Chull.

With the task complete, Archer dismissed the Stone Men and cast Gate to the College of Magic before stepping through.

As Archer traversed the snowy road toward the college, he noticed the landscape blanketed in frost.

He cast Cleanse on himself and unfurled his cloak to shield against the cold as he made his way to college.

Upon reaching the entrance, the guard saluted Archer as he passed. As he walked through the grounds, a distinctive "poof" caught his attention.

Turning around, he spotted Ophelia standing there with a smirk as she inquired. "Why are you late, boy?"

His eyes narrowed before responding, "Had to help Sia in the Summerfield Duchy. The church and a red dragon attacked her and my grandfather."

Ophelia's eyes widened, and she quickly asked, "What did you do with the body?"

Archer grinned at her, sensing her excitement before answering, "What do you mean Headmistress?"

She sighed before speaking. "I know you would have killed the beast for attacking Sia. I'm not stupid, boy."

He started laughing as he answered. "It's in my Item Box. Why?"

Ophelia's excitement skyrocketed before she grabbed Archer and teleported them somewhere, which took him by surprise.

When they reappeared, they were in the middle of a dense forest. The ancient trees stood tall, their branches interwoven like a natural tapestry that blocked out much of the sunlight.

She turned to him, a broad smile lighting up her face. "Show me the body."

Archer shook his head, eliciting a puzzled expression on the witch's face, which, in turn, made him laugh.

"But why? You will benefit from it," Ophelia inquired.

That's when he grinned. "I want a date with you, Headmistress."

When Ophelia heard this, she was taken aback, unsure how to respond. She shook her head before replying, "No! You're too young, Archer. I am hundreds of years old and have walked Thrylos before the Ashguard bloodline. You're a baby to me."

Upon hearing her refusal, Archer laughed before approaching her. He leaned in to whisper, "I will get you one day, Ophie."

After speaking, he strolled into the clearing and brought out the red dragon's body, which crashed to the ground, causing the nearby earth to shake.

While he did this, Ophelia watched his back and felt a strange sensation. She couldn't quite place it but ignored it before approaching the fallen dragon.

The creature was massive, its impact having crushed trees as Archer summoned it from his Item Box.

The witch was shocked and spoke as she stopped next to him. "This is an adult dragon. But it seems wild to me. Look at its scales. They are thick and soaked with mana."

Archer closely examined the scales, noting the mana seeping off them. He shrugged, uncertain about what to do, but decided to speak to the girls when he saw them.

That's when she made a request. "Do you mind if I have a few scales, please? It will help in my and mother's research."

"Okay, but I want a kiss in return," he replied with another grin.

Upon hearing this, she felt annoyed and thought, 'This cheeky dragon. All he wants to do is tease me.'

But she sighed, gently shaking her head. "I'm sorry, but I can't. I believe a kiss should be reserved for someone I truly love, a principle I hold dear."

When he heard this, he smiled. "I respect that."

Archer approached the fallen red dragon's body. He pulled loads of vibrant red scales from its massive form, each gleaming with a magical luster.

Most of the scales were stored in his Item Box, but he still held some. That's when he strolled over to Ophelia, who observed his actions with curiosity and surprise.

Archer extended his hand, offering her about half a dozen crimson scales.

The unexpected gesture momentarily shocked Ophelia, but she quickly regained her composure and accepted them with a gracious nod.

"Thank you, Archer. These will be invaluable for our research," she expressed, genuine appreciation in her eyes.

He responded with a casual grin. "Anything for you."

She quickly stored the scales in her ring before seizing his arm and teleporting them back to the college after he stored the dragon in his Item Box.

The hallway greeted them with its emptiness. Ophelia turned to Archer, her voice kind as she spoke. "I believe you have The Quest and Adventure class. An interesting lesson, as it is a test."

Archer, now curious, inquired, "A test?"

Ophelia nodded before elaborating, "Well, it was an idea of the Professors who believed students needed experience fighting beasts and taking on quests."

"Where does the adventure come into it?" he asked.

"At first, I didn't understand it, but according to what the Professors tell me, they want to allow students to venture out independently and learn life lessons. However, they provide recording crystals, and students can only explore places the imperial army deems safe enough based on their ages."

Ophelia went to leave but continued. "Well, it's only a test phase to see what the students learn from such a lesson. Now I have to get back to work, dragon. See you around."

She smiled at him before vanishing into thin air. After that, he started looking for the Quest classroom.

As Archer walked down the college corridors, the echo of his footsteps resonating in the empty halls, he suddenly found himself face-to-face with Lioran and Nala.

The two friends also had the same class, and their faces lit up upon seeing him.

"Hey, Archer! You're headed to Quest, too?" Lioran exclaimed with a friendly grin.

He nodded, returning the smile. "Yeah, Ophelia just mentioned it."

Nala, ever enthusiastic, grabbed Archer's arm. "Great! We're on our way there too. Let's stick together."

The lion girl's hand encircled his arm. Lioran laughed, amused by the sudden gesture.

Archer, though slightly caught off guard, joined in the laughter as the trio continued down the corridor, making their way to the Quest and Adventure classroom.

As Archer, Lioran, and Nala entered the class, they were greeted by a sight that immediately caught their attention.

Maps adorned the walls, depicting diverse regions and terrains. Carefully preserved and mounted beast heads served as trophies, each telling a tale of a successful quest.

The atmosphere buzzed with anticipation as students gathered, examining detailed maps and inspecting formidable heads of mythical creatures.

Aged parchment and the subtle scent of preserved beasts created a unique ambiance, blending academia with the essence of adventure in the air.

Archer's eyes widened with excitement, and he exchanged glances with Lioran and Nala, who wore expressions of awe and curiosity.

Standing at the front of the room, Professor Grayleaf welcomed the students with a warm smile.

When Archer noticed Samara teaching the class, confusion crept across his features until Nala clarified, "Most Professors teach two lessons organized by the college staff."

He nodded in understanding as Samara addressed them. "Lioran, Nala, you already have your seats, but Archer, you can sit over there."

She gestured towards the window where Maeve sat, wearing a smile. Archer made his way to the desk and took his seat.

Looking around the room, he couldn't spot any of his girls. Using the bracelet, he tracked them down, discovering each one in their respective classrooms, some together, some alone.

That's when Archer saw Samara moving to the front of the class while looking at everyone.

Professor Grayleaf stood at the front of the classroom, her gaze sweeping over the students, including Archer and a few others.

With a warm smile, she explained the Quest and Adventure class and how it can help the students.

"Welcome, everyone," she addressed the class. "This class is not just about learning theories from books; it's about gaining life lessons and experiencing the true outside world. The college believes in hands-on education, and that's what Quest and Adventure is about."

Archer watched the happy pacing at the front of the class as she started her passionate explanation.

#### Chapter 476 Magical Creature Study

Archer watched as she gestured towards the maps and artifacts hanging around the room.

"You'll embark on quests that take you far beyond the safety of these walls. The continent awaits exploration, and thanks to the previous war and the treaties that have been signed after, you'll have the opportunity to journey to many different areas outside the empire, each with its unique challenges and discoveries."

Samara's eyes gleamed with enthusiasm. "From the lush forests to the daunting mountains, the bustling cities to the quiet villages, this class will be your gateway to understanding the world around you. You'll face creatures and encounter various cultures, all of which will contribute to your growth as individuals and as a team."

She paused, allowing her words to sink in. "So, gear up, be prepared, and get ready to experience the wonders and challenges beyond our college."

As Archer absorbed Professor Greyleaf's words, a sense of satisfaction washed over him. He was relieved to have chosen a class that promised excitement.

Glancing at Nala, he noticed her tail playfully rubbing against his, and he couldn't help but smile.

A shiver ran down his spine when her tail wrapped around his, and he met her mischievous grin as she turned her head toward him.

Archer playfully swatted Nala's thigh, eliciting laughter from the lion girl.

However, their banter was interrupted when Samara's voice cut through the amusement. "Archer, stop flirting and listen up. The class's first task is to pick up two quests from the quest hut at the college entrance and complete them by sundown."

As Samara finished speaking, a murmur of gossip swept through the students.

However, she quickly brought their attention back, saying, "This assignment is designed to be completed within a few hours, so there are no late-night ventures into the forests."

Some students were happy, but some were still moaning, making Archer laugh. The lesson continued for another hour until the bell rang, and it was time for their next class.

They discovered that the college had its quests posted by citizens for free, but the staff paid the students for completing them.

The Headmistress considered it a necessary incentive to encourage students to take on these quests.

As the students began pouring out of the room, Archer stood up, but Nala turned to him with a happy voice. "What class have you got next, Archie?"

He shook his head at the nickname, smiling at the lioness before answering, "I've got Magical Creature Studies next."

Nala looked disappointed before she thought of something and got an excited look on her face as she asked. "Do you want to go on a date today?"



She spoke so loud that the remaining students all heard her, and it caused Lioran to stumble because it caught him off guard.

Archer nodded affirmatively. "Yes. I will take Ella out after classes, but we can meet once I take her home."

The lioness was delighted as she pecked him on the cheek before leaving the room. Lioran observed this with an amused expression on his face.

Upon noticing Lioran's gaze, Archer inquired, "What are you looking at?"

Lioran chuckled. "Nothing, brother-in-law. I'm not looking at anything. Now, I will see you in Magic Fundamentals."

With that, the blonde boy departed, leaving Archer alone. He shrugged and exited the room while Samara was engrossed in reading some paperwork.

He set out to the Magical Creature Study class. The halls were bustling, with students heading to various lessons.

Amid the crowd, he unexpectedly ran into Halime, who greeted him with a bright smile.

"Archer! Hey!" she called out, her happiness evident in her voice.

He returned the smile, genuinely pleased to see her. "Hey, Hali! What's up?"

She stepped beside him, sharing details about her day and the upcoming magical creature study class.

The casual conversation added a pleasant note to Archer's journey through the bustling corridors of the college.

They embarked on the long walk to the Magical Creature classroom on the other side of the college.

The path meandered through bustling hallways and across lively courtyards. As they strolled, Archer couldn't help but notice people avoiding Halime, casting wary glances her way.

He wanted people to stop whispering about her, so he gently took Halime's hand in his, which caught her by surprise.

Initially shocked, Halime looked at him, finding a reassuring smile on his face. Slowly, a small smile formed on hers, and she tightened her grip on his hand.

Together, they continued their walk and finally arrived at the Magical Creature Study class, and to their surprise, it wasn't a traditional classroom.

Instead, it was an enchanting garden with a veranda where students could comfortably sit and study magical creatures.

The garden was filled with vibrant and exotic plants in different colors.

Each corner housed a different habitat for magical creatures, creating a living, breathing textbook for the students.

The atmosphere resonated with the calming melodies of chirping magical creatures and the gentle rustle of leaves.

Seated on the veranda, Archer and Halime were amidst various magical beings. That's when Ella, Sera, Hemera, and Leira entered the garden.

They spotted Archer and swiftly made their way over to him. The four girls greeted him with kisses before taking their seats.

When they were comfortable, an older woman walked out of a door in one corner.

Archer watched her stroll gracefully to the center, capturing the students' attention. Her gaze met Archer's as she reached the focal point, and a warm smile graced her lips.

"Good day, students," she began, her voice melodic. "I am Professor Wrena Summerwild, and welcome to the captivating world of Magical Creature Study. Here, we'll explore the wonders of magical beings and the harmony they share with our world."

He observed her with interest, captivated by her introduction and the energy she radiated, echoing the enchanting essence of the garden itself.

Archer observed the professor, a petite woman with flowing blonde hair and vibrant orange eyes.

She was dressed in an outfit reminiscent of a zookeeper. His attention was piqued when he noticed a small bird perched on her shoulder, a species he couldn't identify.

His curious gaze did not go unnoticed by the Professor. She approached his table and addressed him, "I see little Java has caught your attention. She is a firebird from the southern continent. I rescued her as a chick and cared for her ever since."

As Wrena spoke, the small red bird gracefully took flight from her shoulder, gliding toward Ella.

Landing in front of her, it chirped softly. Ella's face lit up with a smile, and she gently stroked the little bird, appreciating the unexpected encounter with the charming firebird.

The little bird continued its whimsical flight around the veranda, greeting each of Archer's girls with chirps and graceful flaps of its vibrant red wings.

With her keen interest in magical creatures, Sera extended her hand toward Java. The firebird responded by fluttering around her fingers, its melodious chirps creating a playful symphony.

Leira, always fascinated by nature, watched with wide-eyed wonder as Java danced in the air, its red wings creating a mesmerizing display against the green backdrop of the magical garden.

Hemera, the quiet observer, observed Java with a serene expression as it flew in circles around her.

Darting between each girl, the little firebird elicited smiles all around. Meanwhile, Professor Summerwild's attention shifted toward Archer.

Meeting her gaze, Archer acknowledged the older woman's excitement. "I didn't believe the rumors, but you're a baby dragon, but a dragon nonetheless."

"Well, you're correct. I am in dragon society, but in the Avalon Empire, I'm a teenager," Archer replied, offering a clarification with a hint of amusement in his tone.

The Professor nodded her head before speaking. "Can you introduce yourselves to the class?"

Archer grinned and rose to his feet before addressing the class.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm Archer Wyldheart, known as the most handsome dragon on Pluoria," he proclaimed, a playful glint in his eye, prompting giggles from the girls.

After the laughter settled, the focus turned to the girls. Ella, Sera, and the rest each took their turn introducing themselves, with Halime and Leira patiently awaiting their moment in the spotlight.

The Professor walked back to the front of the class, capturing the attention of the eager students in the Magical Creature Study class.

With a warm smile, she addressed the curious faces before her. "In this class, we explore the marvelous realm of magical creatures, beings that share our world and contribute to the balance of nature."

She gestured toward the verdant garden surrounding them. "Here, you'll not only learn about the creatures themselves but also gain insights into their habitats, behaviors, and the interconnected web they form within our ecosystem."

"As students of magical creatures, you'll embark on journeys of observation, interaction, and, at times, conservation. This class is not just about academic knowledge; it's about fostering a deeper connection with the magical beings that coexist with us in the world."

Chapter 477 Astral Serpent

Archer continued to listen to the passionate professor's explanation.

Professor Summerwild's eyes sparkled with enthusiasm. "Through hands-on experiences and thoughtful study, you'll uncover the mysteries of creatures both familiar and rare. From the smallest water spirit to the mightiest dragon, each holds its place in the intricate tapestry of our wonderful world."

She concluded with a reassuring smile. "So, let your curiosity guide you as we embark on this magical journey together. Get ready to witness the wonders that this world has to offer."

The Professor stopped talking, turned toward a cage, and started playing around with it, as Sera commented. "Archer, why are you taking this class? You're a tamer with your Monster Army."

He nonchalantly shrugged before responding, "Yeah, I might have the skill to capture beasts, but when it comes to understanding them, I'm clueless. Perhaps this class will be the key to increasing my knowledge, so I can collect even more beasts. After all, countless Netherbeasts met their end because they didn't listen to my commands."

Sera nodded before Leira asked while her tail swayed due to her curiosity. "Why do you want beasts? Why not just use the Dragon-kin soldiers?"

Archer looked at the purple-haired cat girl and answered with a grin. "Beasts are uncountable. They will be my main soldiers while everyone else will be the elites."

Leira grinned and was about to say something, but Professor Summerwild interjected, "Attention, students. You'll now have the opportunity to select a beast to care for during our classes."

She gestured towards a fenced corner containing various creatures, but Archer seemed uninterested as he inquired, "I already have my own beasts. Can I bring them?"

Professor Summerwild smiled at him and replied, "Certainly. Bring them to the next class."

But with a mischievous smirk, he opened a portal to his domain. Suddenly, a pint-sized Owlbear, no larger than a dog, burst forth from the portal.

Its fluffy feathers and sharp beak created an adorable yet fearsome sight.

Instead of attacking, the tiny Owlbear surprised everyone by bounding toward Archer, who crouched down with a grin.

With a series of adorable noises, pounced onto him, showering him with affectionate licks. Archer laughed as he wrestled playfully with the small creature.

The scene was so unexpectedly heartwarming that it elicited giggles from five girls, who couldn't resist the charm of their comical encounter.

When Professor Summerwild saw this, her jaw dropped, and all the other students watched amazedly.

The older woman quickly spoke. "Mr. Wyldheard! Where did that adorable beast come from?"

Archer interrupted his playtime with the joyful little bear, who exuded happiness in his company, shifting his focus to Professor Summerwild.

With a smile, he responded, "I suppose you could call me a collector of creatures, Professor, and this charming little girl is no exception."

As he spoke, Archer affectionately caressed the small bear, who responded by playfully rolling onto her back, exposing her belly.

He stroked her soft fur gently, which pleased the older woman. "I can see you care for the little Owlbear. But how did you come by her?"

"Well, she was being sold in an exotic beast shop, and I freed her before giving her a safe home to grow up with her brothers," Archer spoke as he booped the bear's beak.

That's when he thought to himself. 'I need to name her. Let me think.'

After careful consideration, he settled on a name. Just as he was about to christen her, Professor Summerwild interjected, "Alright, now take some time to play with her while the others make their selections."

With a nod, Archer received a kiss from each girl, except for Halime, who watched with jealous eyes.

As the others departed, the little Owlbear, delighted by the girl's departure, bounded into Archer's lap, eagerly seeking more attention.

However, Archer, instead of immediately indulging her, spoke with a smile, "Your name shall be Juno, you little fluff ball."

As he gently rubbed Juno's belly, her happy noises filled the air, and she curled up even tighter, content in the newfound companionship.

He loved her soft brown feathers and wondered how her brothers were doing. So he opened a portal again, and two more balls of fluff flew at him before crashing into him.

The two young Owlbear boys were excited, climbing over him and playfully licking and nipping at his long ears.

Archer gently pushed their beaks away, cautioning, "Don't bite my ears. They're sensitive."

However, being youthful bears, they paid no heed and continued to nibble at his ears, causing him to laugh when he felt their little beaks.

Feeling left out, Juno joined in, creating a scene that captured everyone's attention as the three Owlbears enthusiastically jumped all over him.

The joyful chaos drew amused glances and smiles from onlookers, turning the moment into a delightful spectacle.

The courtyard bustled with activity as the students resumed selecting their creatures to care for.

After half an hour, everyone gathered under the veranda. Archer, with Juno clinging to his back, not letting go, and the Owlbear boys nestled in his lap.

They were tired after playing for so long and hunting earlier in the day. Upon the girl's return, they were greeted by the heartwarming sight.

Smiles adorned their faces, and Sera couldn't resist a playful comment, "The big bad dragon pampering three little Owlbears. Never thought I'd see the day."

Archer laughed, responding, "So what if I'm a dragon? That doesn't mean I can't enjoy life and care for things."

Intrigued, Ella inquired, "And what have you named them?"

Archer took a moment, carefully selecting names that suited the two little bears. "They are Bastian, with white and black feathers, and Bjorn, that has the light brown feathers."

That's when he noticed the creatures the five girls had, and their choices didn't catch him off guard. Ella had a petite white bird that emitted cheerful chirps.

Sera's companion resembled a tiny wyvern, and Leira's creature appeared like a small cat. On the other hand, Hemera's beast was a radiant fire bird gracefully circling her.



Finally, Halime's choice was a serpent-like creature coiled around her neck, contentedly accepting her affectionate gestures.

After watching the girls, Professor Summerwild spoke to the whole class.

"Now that you've chosen your creatures, building a strong bond with them is crucial. I want you to come by daily to tend to your beasts starting tomorrow. This daily interaction is vital for establishing a connection."

She emphasized the importance of the daily routine, "Feeding, grooming, and spending time with them will not only ensure their well-being but will deepen the bond between you and your magical companions and create a formidable partnership. So, make it a point to visit and care for your creatures regularly."

After her explanation, Archer turned his attention to Ella's petite white bird, examining it in the company of the other creatures.

[Aetherwing]

[Rank: A+]

His gaze shifted to Sera's beast, followed by Leira's, Hemera's, and Halime's creatures.

[Drakeling]

[Rank: B]

[Thunderfeline]

[Rank: A+]

[Dawnfeather]

[Rank: C]

[AstralSerpent]

[Rank: S]

Upon encountering Halime's small serpent, he directed his inquiry to the professor, curiosity etched on his face. "Professor, what kind of snake is this?"

He gestured towards Halime, who suddenly appeared shy, her gaze turning towards the floor. The professor responded, "That is a Nightfang Archer. They hail from the Jungle of the Beastlands in the south."

When Archer heard her answer, he nodded before she returned to talking to the other students.

Ella, Leira, Sera, and Hemera played with their beasts while Halime read a book about hers.

He didn't know where it came from, but the snake girl saw his reaction and giggled before talking. "The Professor gave it to me, and I stored it away."

Archer smiled before getting up and walking around the table to sit beside Halime, who was pleased but got shy.

The other girls saw this and watched him while chatting among themselves. But Archer looked at the little black snake with red eyes.

With a gentle yet confident tone, Archer addressed the snake coiled around Halime's neck, "Come here, little snake."

His voice carried a comforting assurance, and he extended a hand towards the creature.

The tiny serpent, seemingly attuned to Archer's presence, uncoiled itself from Halime's neck and gracefully slithered into his hand.

It ascended his frame until it arrived at his neck, catching his attention as it approached the slumbering Owlbear. Upon noticing this, Archer reassured, "Don't worry, little one. Juno won't harm you."

The snake acknowledged with a nod, gracefully winding itself around Archer's neck. A melodious voice echoed, "Thank you. So warm."

Halime, witnessing the scene, smiled. However, Professor Summerwild approached their table, her gaze on the snake.

She remarked, "It seems the creature has chosen you. Nightfangs tend to stick to the person they choose."

Her attention turned to Halime, whose yellow eyes gleamed with fascination as she observed Archer tenderly stroking the little snake.

"Go and acquire another one. Being a snake Demi-human, gives you an advantage in bonding with them," the professor suggested.

Chapter 478 The Western Wilds

Halime nodded, asking Ella, "Do you want to come with me?"

The half-elf nodded in agreement, rising from her seat, and the energetic redhead, accompanied by her Drakeling, bounced beside Ella and Halime.

It resembled a tiny red and black wyvern the size of a crow who was just as energetic as the redhead.

His knowledge about them was limited, understanding them to be ambush hunters specializing in capturing small birds and ground-dwelling creatures.

Archer chuckled at the lively display before they hurried off. Turning his attention to Hemera and Leira, engrossed in their reading, he decided not to disturb them.

Instead, he refocused on the snake, inquiring, "What are you? Why does the human call you a Nightfang?"

A girl's voice echoed in response, "They are our cousins. We look alike, but there are differences."

He grinned before asking another question, "Why are you coiled around my neck? Are you not afraid?"

Adorned with violet eyes, the small black snake met his gaze before answering, "You mean me no harm. I can sense that you are a kind soul. I know that you will look after me."

Upon hearing the little snake's reassuring words, Archer couldn't help but smile. His eyes, filled with warmth, examined the beast coiled around his neck.

She had beautiful black scales that glistened in the light and glowing violet eyes that radiated an otherworldly charm.

Two delicate horns adorned its head, and a razor-sharp that could easily slice through the skin.

The details of the snake's appearance fascinated Archer, and the bond between them deepened as he appreciated the unique beauty of his newfound beast.

Following that, Professor Summerwild delved into the intricacies of caring for the chosen magical creatures, imparting knowledge to the students.

During this, the Owlbears returned to the domain after getting pampered for a while. Archer promised to visit them more which pleased the bears.

Archer asked the girls what classes they had and soon found out. Ella, Sera, and Leira had Spellcraft, while Hemera had Magic Combat. Archer, glancing at his schedule, he saw that he had Magic Fundamentals.

After that, he had a free period, followed by a Legends and Mysteries Exploration class, an intriguing subject he was eager to attend.

He had Three hours before his class. Archer decided to make the most of it by exploring the Western Wilds in the Summerfield Duchy.

Archer thought to himself. 'This will be fun. I can fight strong beasts while recruiting them in the Monster Army.'

When he stopped thinking to himself, he got ready to head to the south and joined the girls in leaving the room.

After the group exited the class, Archer turned to Ella, expressing his intentions, "El, we'll go on a date after college. We can explore Starfall if you want."

Ella's face lit up with a big smile, causing a ripple of envy among Sera, Hemera, and Leira.

Quick to reassure them, Archer added, "I'll take Teuila and Sera out tomorrow and then the rest the days after to make sure everyone gets a date."

The gesture brought smiles to the faces of the four girls, appreciative of the fair treatment.

However, Archer noticed a lingering sadness on Halime's face. Hemera addressed him, "Are you skipping Magic Fundamentals, Darling?"

He nodded and shared his plan, "I'll be exploring the Western Wilds down south, capturing some unique beasts for my army, and see if I can find some treasure."

The unexpected revelation left the girls in shock. Sera spoke up before Archer could reassure them that he would be fine. "What is the Western Wilds?"

Archer was about to explain, but Halime beat him to it. "The Western Wilds are a dense and perilous jungle, home to creepy beasts and cannibal tribes. Tales suggest an evil lurks within, though the truth remains uncertain."

She described the thick foliage that made navigation challenging the mysterious calls of unknown beasts echoing through the jungle.

Halime's words painted a picture of the wild picture of the Western Wilds. But that's when she continued. "I've heard stories of adventurers disappearing without a trace in its heart, and the nearby cities and towns avoid it like the plague."

That's when Archer noticed Halime's eyes reflecting a mix of caution and intrigue. "But I can't say whether it's simply folklore or something more. It's a place shrouded in mystery, and many who have ventured in never returned."

Archer and the girls listened with rapt attention. Ella turned to him, concern etched on her face. "You can't go there. It's too dangerous!"

He smiled reassuringly as he replied, "I won't be going alone."

With a subtle gesture, he indicated the snake girl, who displayed a surprised expression, causing Archer to chuckle.

Hemera spoke up, her tone more pragmatic, "Well, if he explores the outer jungle, I'm sure he'll be fine. Plus, he can always teleport out of there."

All the girls nodded in agreement, but Leira voiced her concerns, "I don't think it's a good idea, especially if it's just the two of you. I heard the Headmistress is sponsoring a trip to the Savage Shores to explore the uncharted continent far to the southwest."

Archer's curiosity deepened upon hearing this, so he asked, "What else do you know, Leira?"

The cat girl shrugged before responding, "Not much. I know it's scheduled after the Celestial Magic Tournament, and that's all."

Archer nodded before bidding farewell with kisses to the four girls as they departed for their respective classes, leaving only him and Halime standing there.

Archer turned his attention to the nervous snake girl and spoke, "Do you know where the Headmistress's office is?"

The snake girl replied with a smile, "Yes. Do you want me to take you there?"

"Yeah, I want to ask about this unexplored continent," Archer said as they walked.

As they made their way to the Headmistress's office, Halime spoke, "I know some things about it, thanks to one of my mothers. Her family are explorers and travel all over."

He nodded, expressing his interest. "Make sure you tell me when we're on the road. I want to know all about it."

She smiled. "Of course. It's not far now."

Archer and Halime arrived at the imposing door of the Headmistress's office and raised his hand to knock.

However, before his knuckles could contact the door, they heard a voice behind them. "Oh, what brings a dragon and a snake on a search for a little ol' witch."

Turning around, they found Ophelia with a mischievous glint in her eyes.

Archer chuckled at the playful remark and replied, "We're here to seek some information about the unexplored continent, Headmistress. Halime here has some insights, and I thought it best to get more details from the one who knows it all."

Ophelia's eyes twinkled. "Ah, the unknown, my favorite subject. Well, come in. I can tell you what I know."

The room was a spectacle of mystical wonders when they entered the office, with magical devices adorning every surface.

Crystals on the ceiling bathed the room in a soft, colorful glow. Bookshelves filled with Spellbooks and ancient tomes lined the walls.

In one corner, a cauldron bubbled with a nice-smelling concoction. A detailed carved desk at the room's center held parchment, quills, and magical artifacts.

The desk doubled as a workspace and canvas for the arcane, adorned with magical diagrams and symbols.

Archer saw the older woman sit down before she started telling of vast landscapes adorned with majestic mountains.

She told them of dense jungles shrouded in fog-covered swamps home to enormous beasts that dwarf some dragons she's seen.

Ophelia continued, her eyes alight with excitement. "Mountains that pierce the sky, jungles so thick that sunlight struggles to penetrate. But what truly makes these places extraordinary are the remnants of an old world, cities hidden amidst the wilderness as they were shallower by the surrounding jungle."

Archer was captivated by the prospect of uncovering ancient mysteries. Ophelia continued, "These cities hold the secrets of a long-gone era. Some say they are filled with untold treasures, while others believe they harbor long-forgotten knowledge."



When he heard this, his imagination ignited with the prospect of exploring such a rich and untamed land.

The allure of ancient cities hidden amid the varied landscapes promised adventure and the chance to unearth the secrets of a lost civilization.

Sensing his eagerness, Ophelia began to unveil the journey's details. "The expedition to the uncharted continent will be a grand undertaking. But."

She paused with a grin before continuing. "It's not a venture to be embarked upon lightly."

Archer leaned in, his gaze fixed on her, eager for more.

"The celestial magic tournament," Ophelia continued, "is our qualifying event. The students who showcase exceptional skill will earn a coveted place on this exploration."

She leaned forward, her eyes locking with Archer's. "And, my dear, if you emerge victorious, you will secure one of those coveted spots."

A surge of excitement washed over him. If he won the celestial magic tournament, he could prove his strength to the world and secure the chance to explore this new continent.

Chapter 479 Hunt Beasts And Try To Find Treasure

Archer nodded at the older woman before leaving the room but spoke. "Thanks for the information. Me and Halime are going to explore down south. We'll be back in a few hours."

"I know. These walls have ears, and they hear everything." The headmistress commented with a grin.

When he heard this, a big smile appeared on his face when he got a good idea, which caught Ophelia off guard, but Archer and Halime left the room before she could speak.

Once they did, he cast Gate, where he fought the red dragon. The two stepped through it while some students watched in shock.

When they exited the portal, Archer saw the destroyed jungle around them but noticed it was slowly healing itself.

He summoned his wings and took off before suddenly picking up the snake girl, who yelped but got comfortable when she realized what was happening.

With a flap of his wings, they took off and started flying west. While Archer flew, he sent a message to Hemera to tell her mother that he would go tomorrow and is sorry because he got sidetracked.

The sun elf told him she would understand but to make sure to see her tomorrow, and Archer agreed before getting back to the task at hand.

The wind rushed past Archer as he soared westward, carrying Halime, who was clinging to him but looking around in amazement.

After flying for ten minutes, a breathtaking sight emerged on the horizon. A massive, snow-covered jungle nestled on an island off the western coast of the Summerfield Duchy.

As they approached, the jungle revealed its enchanting beauty, a snowy expanse blending seamlessly with the azure waters below.

The island stood as a winter haven, its frozen canopy glistening under the sunlight. Archer adjusted their course, descending gently to give Halime a closer view.

Snow-draped trees painted a peaceful scene, starkly contrasting the lively green jungles they had encountered earlier.

However, Archer saw the snow was melting upon touching the treetops. Despite this, the island's frosty charm possessed its captivating appeal.

Halime, entranced by the winter scene, couldn't help but recognize the enchantment of the snow-covered jungle below.

Sharing in her amazement, Archer soon shook his head. Steering back to the beginning of the jungle, he spotted a small strip of land bordering the jungle and the sea.

Choosing to land there, he descended to the beach and touched down. When he did, his Aura Detector instantly warned him.

A giant mantis-like beast suddenly appeared, charging at them. Archer chuckled and, without hesitation, cast Celestial Beam.

The scorching light struck the creature, searing it in half. Halime, shocked by the display, received a reassuring kiss on the forehead from Archer as he put her down.

Feeling Archer's kiss, the snake girl was taken aback, her brown cheeks flushing darker as she grappled with the unexpected gesture.

He noticed her reaction and smiled. Playfully, he summoned the Tressyms and, after some pampering, asked them to explore the jungle cautiously.

Halime observed as the flying cats, having enjoyed Archer's attention, agreed to the task. When she attempted to stroke one, it playfully dodged her.

"They're playful and curious; they'll warm up to you soon," Archer remarked with a smile.

True to his words, a grey Tressym approached Halime, allowing her to pet it, a moment she thoroughly enjoyed.

After getting pampered, the Tressym flew off and started their search while Archer watched.

That's when the two started their search and entered the forest. As Archer and Halime ventured into the jungle, they quickly discerned a noticeable change in the atmosphere.

Beneath the lush canopy, the air turned hot and muggy, starkly contrasting the snowy exterior.

Archer saw a swamp in the distance, but mostly, all he could see were trees. Archer's Aura Detector began to ping, telling him that beasts were everywhere.

Curiosity flickering in his eyes, Archer shared a glance with Halime. With a shared nod, they continued their exploration.

As they strolled through the jungle, Archer cast Cosmic Shield around the snake girl just as a sizeable gorilla-like monster emerged.

Cloaked in dark green fur, the creature loomed over Archer, fixing its glowing red eyes on Halime.

Muscular and formidable, the beast exhibited scales on the exposed areas where fur gave way.

That's when large boulders flew out of the trees and slammed against the violet shield that protected Halime.

Archer turned in that direction and saw even more of the gorilla beasts. That's when he scanned the biggest one.

[Mirefang]

[Rank: A++]

When he saw the Rank, he got excited and decided to fight the leader. Archer looked at Halime and told her to watch.

He walked away from the snake girl to make sure she didn't go flying. When he was far enough, he summoned his claws.

Archer confronted the Mirefang leader, a colossal creature with razor-sharp teeth that snarled menacingly.

The air crackled with tension as the two formidable beings faced off. It lunged at Archer, its massive form propelling towards him with frightening speed.

Using his dragon instincts, Archer dodged the ferocious attacks. With wings and quick movements, he managed to evade the brunt of the onslaught.

As the Mirefang recoiled from a missed strike, Archer seized the opportunity. With a swift motion, he unleashed a barrage of attacks using his claws, tail, and wings.

Each strike was calculated and precise, aiming at vulnerable spots on the Mirefang's scaled body.

The jungle echoed with the clash of the two, the Mirefang leader's roars reverberating.

Archer, displaying a combination of finesse and strength, engaged in a primal dance with the creature.

The fight unfolded with a symphony of movements as Archer skillfully avoided the Mirefang's attacks while delivering calculated counterblows.

Despite the Mirefang's sheer size and strength, Archer's dragon agility and combat prowess proved formidable.

The battle raged, a fierce contest between the Mirefang and Archer, who was smiling as he fought.

The Mirefang leader, with its menacing snarls and razor-sharp teeth, lunged once more at Archer, seeking to assert its dominance.

However, he skillfully dodged the assault. Seizing the opportune moment, he Blinked behind the Mirefang leader.

With a mighty sweep of his claws, he targeted the creature's legs, slashing through scales and sinew.

The Mirefang leader, now with useless limbs, roared in pain as it dropped to the jungle ground with a loud crash.

Archer, undeterred and in complete control of the battle, circled the fallen creature. He knelt before the Mirefang's head as the struggling creature writhed.

He addressed the injured Mirefang, "Join my Monster Army, and you shall thrive. Refuse, and I will end you and your entire tribe."

Despite the rage that lingered in the beast's eyes, it understood Archer's words. With a reluctant acknowledgment, it nodded in agreement.

Observing the number of Mirefangs that emerged in response to the healing gesture, Archer couldn't help but smile.

The radiant light of Aurora Healing had enveloped the once-struggling Mirefang, mending its injuries and restoring it to full strength.

That's when the jungle echoed with the growls and roars of the creatures as they gathered, their numbers growing beyond counting.

Archer, pleased with the turnout, stood among the throng of healed Mirefangs, their loyalty now firmly pledged to him, who had defeated their leader and healed him.

The leader stood up and gave Archer a bow. That's when he turned to a socked Halime, who he called over.

Observing the gathering of Mirefangs, Halime cautiously approached Archer, a hint of worry in her yellow eyes.

To her surprise, the Mirefangs, despite their fearsome appearance, allowed her to pass unimpeded.

Standing beside Archer, Halime couldn't help but gaze at him with awe and curiosity. Finally, she mustered the courage to ask, "How did you do that?"

Archer's grin radiated the confidence of a dragon as he opened a portal to the Beasthaven. "I defeated their leader and then healed him to demonstrate my abilities. It's in their best interest to align with me."

Turning his attention to the healed Mirefang leader, Archer inquired, "Are there any stronger beasts in this jungle?"

The beast nodded before pointing further into the jungle. With a nod, Archer motioned towards the portal before stepping through, followed by Halime and the excited Mirefangs.

As the creatures eagerly explored, Archer intervened to set some ground rules. Using Mana Manipulation, he displayed images of the girls and instructed the beasts never to harm them.

The Mirefangs, comprehending the order, eagerly nodded in agreement. He told them to find a home and not fight other beasts apart from the wild ones roaming the Beasthaven.

They rushed off before Archer and Halime walked back through the portal. When they returned to the jungle, the sounds of beasts and other things could be heard.

Halime turned to him and asked. "What is your plan?"

"We will hunt beasts and try to find treasure." He answered with a smile.

When the snake girl heard him, she smiled before nodding her head. The two of them continued into the jungle.

They had under three hours to explore, so they took advantage of it. As they ventured deeper into the jungle, the lush foliage became denser, and the air grew hot and muggy.

## Chapter 480 Legends and Mysteries

Archer heard the sounds of exotic creatures echoing through the trees. Their journey took an unexpected turn when many jungle beasts confronted them.

Never ready for a challenge, Archer took on the beasts with excitement. He used his claws, tail, and wings skillfully.

Amidst the chaos, Archer captured some creatures, each possessing unique and extraordinary traits.

With a combination of raw strength and finesse, he demonstrated his prowess in taming the wild inhabitants of the jungle.

As Archer engaged the beasts in close combat, Halime focused on using her unique abilities to tip the scales in their favor.

With a wave of her hand, tendrils of poisonous mist emanated from her fingertips, weaving through the air like ethereal serpents.

The toxic fog enveloped the approaching beasts, causing them to recoil and writhe as the potent poison took effect.

Halime's mastery over her poison magic became evident as she strategically targeted the more formidable foes, weakening them and disrupting their coordinated attacks.

The jungle air echoed with the hiss and sizzle of the magical toxins at work. Recognizing Halime's help, he adjusted his tactics to capture more beasts.

As the poison dispersed, Archer captured promising beasts for his Monster Army. Halime was drained but satisfied as she helped him.

When they were done, Archer approached the tired snake girl and gave her one of Hecate's potions, which she took and downed in one go.



After drinking it, Halime asked in a curious voice. "What is this potion? Where did you get it?"

Archer grinned before telling her. "My fiancée Hecate created it. We opened a shop called Dragonheart Potions."

When he mentioned Hecate's shop, he decided to check on it when he was on a date with Ella later on.

He stopped thinking to himself and continued until they encountered something they never expected to find here.

It was a lost village hidden in the dense foliage. It appeared ancient, its structures bearing signs of a long-forgotten era.

Archer and Halime exchanged curious glances, wondering about the time this village came from.

They explored the lost village within the Western Wilds. Their search yielded little more than remnants of a bygone era.

The eerie silence enveloped the dilapidated structures; the only remnants of life were scattered pots and the echoes of a once-thriving community.

Archer glimpsed the remnants of a once vibrant family home in one of the village houses. Dust-coated plates and cups adorned the table, frozen in time.

Upon entering, he discovered sofas arranged in one room, with a table between them and hunting weapons hanging on the wall.

A sense of abandonment lingered in the air. As Archer explored further, he approached the kitchen, finding a pot on a stove covered in dust and cobwebs.

While scrutinizing the house, his Aura Detector picked up signals surrounding the village, prompting him to leave.

However, before leaving, he caught sight of a pile of bones nestled in one corner of the room.

Amidst the remnants of the abandoned house, Archer's gaze lingered on a collection of skulls, thinking of the family that might have once called this place home.

That's when a sudden scream shattered the uneasy silence as he pondered the haunting relics.

Reacting swiftly, he rushed out of the dilapidated dwelling, only to find Halime under attack from the eerie rake-like creatures, their grotesque forms lunging at her menacingly.

Unfazed, the snake girl was casting her Poison magic, a green aura enveloping the creatures and forcing them to crumple to the ground.

Aware that time was of the essence, Archer cast elemental bolts made of thunder crackled to life, soaring through the air toward the remaining creatures.

Explosions resonated through the darkened jungle as the bolts connected with their targets, briefly illuminating the eerie surroundings.

The radiant display brought a brief reprieve, and Archer watched as the creatures were burned and sent flying into the distance.

Halime looked over at him with a weary but grateful smile. That's when he saw how tired the poor snake girl was again.

Archer smiled as he spoke. "Let's head back to the college. We've come far today."

She nodded her head, causing him to cast Gate back to the college grounds, and he let Halime go through first.

He looked around before stepping through it and saw they were in the gardens. Students were sitting on benches nearby, reading or talking.

Halime turned to him with a smile before talking. "What class do you have next? It's the last class of the day, and I have History & Geopolitics."

"Legends and Mysteries Exploration," Archer replied absentmindedly, his attention drawn to the little snake around his neck.

A gentle stroke indicated his acknowledgment of its presence. Halime, witnessing the interaction, smiled and expressed, "I've got to go, Arch. But I will see you later."

Archer bid farewell to the snake girl with a warm hug before she departed, drawing a watchful gaze from other students.

Unfazed, he waved at them with a charming smile before heading to class. As he walked, he heard the snake's voice. "I was sleeping. You're very comfortable."

Smiling, he replied, "Well, you can sleep as much as you want. But I may be fighting a lot so that you know."

"That's okay. I will be safe," the little snake answered before coiling around his neck even more.

It felt like he was wearing a leather scarf, so it didn't bother him. Archer strolled toward his class, the rhythmic strokes of his hand soothing the little snake coiled around his neck.

The tiny creature responded with contented hisses, its way of expressing happiness. The soft hisses created a harmonious melody as Archer continued down the corridor.

That's when a blonde girl, accompanied by two other girls, intercepted him with a fake smile as she looked him up and down.

He looked at the girl and thought she was good-looking but nothing like his girls. Archer thought to himself that she must be a noble.

As she spoke, she said, "So you're the white dragon everyone's talking about? You're handsome and look strong."

Archer, feeling a bit puzzled, responded, "Thanks. I've got to go to class."

Attempting to pass by her, the girl stepped in his way and suggested with a smile, "I'm Eliza Wainrider. Duchess Fianna Ever-rose that oversees the Riverland Duchy. Why don't we skip class together and go for a walk?"

He replied, "No, I want to go to class."

Archer was on the verge of responding when one of the girls' sidekicks interjected, "The lady is asking you to accompany her. Any man would love such a thing."

"Well, I'm not every man, and I'm not cheating on my girls," Archer retorted, shocking the three.

Archer decided to leave the persistent trio behind and sought the help of the nearest professor.

He approached the professor and inquired, "Could you direct me to the Legends and Mysteries classroom?"

The professor glanced up, and recognition flickered in his eyes. "Of course, White Prince. Follow me. I'll show you the way."

As He was led to the Legends and Mysteries classroom, the professor couldn't help but ask in a curious voice, "Archer, is it true that you took out corrupt nobles in the capital?"

Archer, though surprised by the question, nodded. "Yes, it's true. They crossed paths with me and lost everything to me. I'm sure they complain about how evil I am."

The professor replied, "Well, they were corrupt and taking from the people. They deserved what they got, regardless of how brutal it was."

Archer noticed the man stopped speaking when a group of students walked by, and once they were alone, he continued, "The people were shocked at first, but when they realized what you did had an impact on their daily lives, they are thankful to you now."

After the man spoke, Archer asked, "They don't need to be. I did it for my reasons, not to be some hero to the people. That's overrated."

The professor chuckled before remarking, "Indeed, that's accurate. Heroes often remain steadfast in their ideals, unable to see beyond them."

Archer concurred as they navigated a corner, finding themselves in a quiet corridor. Glancing around, he inquired, "Why is this place deserted?"

"Not many choose to attend this class, just enough to prevent the college from discontinuing it," the professor explained.

The professor gestured towards the classroom door. "Your destination is right there. Enjoy the class."

With a nod of appreciation, Archer entered the classroom, where about a dozen students turned their attention toward him.

Their eyes widened in surprise as they took in the sight of the famed white dragon.

Amid the students, Archer noticed an older human man with black hair and yellow eyes. The man stared at him, equally surprised, as their eyes locked momentarily.

That's when the professor shook his head and introduced himself. "I'm Professor Draven Drakebane, the head of the Legends and Mysteries department here at the college."

He nodded at the man. "I'm Archer Wyldheart."

The man smiled and pointed toward a seat at the front where a redheaded girl with blue eyes was reading a book while not paying attention to her surroundings.