

A Journey 611

Chapter 611 The Black Knight

Archer watched Mia and Albert flirt over the device, which irked him and caused him to shout at the two, but they would never hear him. After the flirting, she took off once she dismissed the golems.

He summoned his wings and followed behind as she zoomed ahead using magic, causing Archer to fly harder to catch up.

After doing that for an hour, they arrived at the same city Alberts mana recording showed. Mia landed in the city square and started being a menace as she cursed soldiers and caused riots wherever she went.

But it wouldn't go well for her this time as three people turned up. When Archer saw this, he got worried but calmed down as he knew she would be okay because it was only a mana recorder scene, so he watched with eager eyes and amusement.

It was two men and a woman. They looked to be powerful by the aura that radiated off them. Mia grinned before summoning her golems and sending them charging toward the trio. One of the men cast a spell as it got close, and a Wind Blast quickly took it out.

When Mia saw this, she summoned more and sent them forward, only for them to be cut down by the woman wielding a spear.

The last man, who looked to be the leader, stepped forward with a grin and warned his grandmother. "Mia Silverthorne. Return to the Avalon Kingdom before this gets worse."

Archer examined the trio before him—the individual gifted in wind magic sported brown hair and piercing red eyes. Although taller than Mia and the others, the difference wasn't notable.

The woman wielding a spear wasn't beautiful, nor was she ugly. To him, she was more of a plain Jane. He turned to the trio's final member, resembling a muscular and towering bull. His imposing figure, topped with a bald, gleaming head, caught the light, reflecting it brilliantly.

He noticed the three wore special metal armor that allowed them a good defense but didn't block their movement.

Mia smiled before commenting. "Well, I have to do this the good old way. I'm glad Momma taught me how to fight."

Archer started laughing when he saw Mia crack her knuckles and get ready to fight. Suddenly, a boom was heard as she sped forward and punched the wind mage.

The man quickly cast a shield, but when her fist connected, a loud clap was heard as he flew backward. The mage slammed into a nearby building, causing it to crumble on top of him.

A large stone beam crushed him as it fell over. When the other two saw that, they activated a signal. It shot a beam into the air, calling for help.

Mia saw this and lunged forward as the spear woman swiped out, but she dodged it while casting a Fire Blast into her face.

When the fire connected, it burned the woman, causing her to scream. Archer watched as she kicked the spear woman into the rubble the man was under. She turned her attention to the last man, who was holding a large greatsword sword.

He saw the look of rage take over the man's face. Mia faced the swordsman with unwavering resolve, her eyes gleaming excitedly. The clash of fists against steel echoed through the city square as the two circled the other, each waiting for the perfect moment to strike.

The great swordsman lunged forward with a mighty swing, aiming to cleave Mia in two. She danced agilely to the side, narrowly avoiding the deadly arc of the massive blade.

With a swift counterattack, Archer watched Mia aim precise kicks at her opponent's legs, attempting to destabilize him. The swordsman, undeterred, retaliated with a rapid succession of strikes.

Mia parried each blow, her movements a mesmerizing display of agility and skill. The clash of her fists and the sword sent sparks flying, illuminating the chaos surrounding them.

As the fight intensified, a group of heavily armored knights appeared on the scene, drawn by the signal activated by the swordsman. Mia knew she had to finish this battle quickly before the odds tilted against her.

With a sudden burst of speed, Mia closed the distance between her and the swordsman. She skillfully dodged his attacks, slipping through the gaps in his defense.

She delivered a flurry of lightning-fast strikes in a dazzling display of close-quarters combat, exploiting every opening with surgical precision.

Despite Mia's skill, the swordsman proved to be a tough opponent. His massive blade swung with brute force, forcing Mia to evade with flips and spins. Sensing the impending clash, the surrounding knights formed a circle, creating an arena for the duel.

Archer saw Mia dodge another sweeping strike from the greatsword, her eyes narrowing with focus. In a moment of clarity, she figured out what she should do, and he saw this when she grinned.

The air crackled with mana as she unleashed a Fire Storm, a swirling vortex of intense heat and flames that roared to life around the swordsman. The ferocity of the fire consumed him, creating a storm of scorching wrath.

Caught within the fiery vortex, the swordsman struggled to maintain his stance. The flames licked at his armor, sending waves of searing heat. The onlookers gasped at the horror unfolding before them.

Seizing the opportunity, Mia moved with the precision of a seasoned warrior. With a swift and agile maneuver, she closed the distance between them. Amidst the chaos of the Fire Storm, she drew a shortsword from her belt, its blade glinting in the reddish glow.

Mia targeted a vulnerable moment as the swordsman fought to escape the spell. With a single, decisive strike, she severed his arm at the shoulder.

The greatsword clattered to the ground, and the once-mighty warrior stumbled backward, his agonized cries drowned out by the raging inferno.

Once the battle was over, everything died down. Almost half the buildings lay in ruins as a fire spread out. People were screaming as they tried to put it out but the magical fire burned too fast.

Mia looked around at the devastation, but Archer quickly noticed something flying at the unsuspecting woman. She was alerted at the last second by her warrior senses. She tried to protect herself with a shield, but the man was quicker.

He watched as his grandmother was sent crashing through nearby buildings. The attacker was in black armor that covered his whole body. Archer couldn't see the man's face but continued to watch as Mia stopped.

She was lying in a ruined stall but stumbled up as pain shot through her body. Archer watched the scene unfold as the black armored knight suddenly appeared in front of Mia, who instantly reacted by casting Fire Blast and throwing a punch, but the knight battered the spell away.

He hit her in the stomach and then the face, causing the dragon-kin woman to drop to the ground. Mia tried to get up, but her body was aching. That's when she spotted the knight approaching her, but a fat nobleman called him off.

Mia and Archer watched the man walk over to her with a lewd smile as he spoke. "The great Terror Witch. It's good to meet you finally, and I must say you will become a godly plaything."

After speaking, the fat noble ordered his men to tie her up, but a sudden rumble was heard in the distance. One of the knights asked no one in particular. "Is that a storm?"

Archer turned his head to see a bright light heading straight toward them, and when it closed, it dived right toward the fat noble. A large axe was seen as it cleaved through the bodyguards, sending a wave of blood to splatter everything.

Without a word, Albert swung his massive axe in a wide arc, cleaving through the air with a force that sent shockwaves through the square. The knights, caught off guard, attempted to raise their weapons to defend themselves, but his attack was relentless.

Archer watched as each swing of his axe was a dance of death, as steel meeting steel. Armor clattered and weapons shattered as Albert single-handedly dismantled the encircling forces.

His movements were precise, his strength unmatched, and his presence overwhelming. During the chaos, the black-armored knight, who had been a menace to Mia, faced the wrath of Albert, who was enraged because of her condition when he arrived.

The two locked eyes, a silent acknowledgment of the impending clash. The air seemed still as he watched as his grandfather approached the enemy. With a roar that echoed through the square, Albert brought down his massive axe with remarkable force.

Despite his formidable appearance, the black-armored knight was no match for the sheer power behind Albert's strike. The massive blade cut through the dark armor and flesh, carving the black knight in two.

The defeated foes lay strewn across the square, their once-

intimidating presence reduced to nothing before his might. Archer watched as Albert turned his attention to Mia, who lay on the ground.

Chapter 612 Big Horde

He watched as Albert cradled the injured Mia, who was already healing herself, but that didn't stop his panicking. Once she was stable, the old man took off and flew toward the city's entrance.

That's when he discovered that Albert's mana recorder was the second and Mia's was the first. With that knowledge, the scene ended, and I came to the balcony, seeing the sun starting to set.

Archer shook his head and put the recorders back into his Item Box after deciding to watch the ones his brother gave him another time. As he did that, he heard the girls entering his room while chatting.

After seeing them all, he got up and walked inside; when the girls saw him, each one beamed. Nefertiti rushed to be the first to kiss him, which she did, and after that, she shoved his head into her cleavage, causing him to smirk.

He pulled back and asked the grinning succubus. "Enjoy my head in your boobs, you naughty girl?"

Nefertiti feigned innocence, then leaned forward, kissing his cheek before gracefully settling onto the sofa. The other girls followed suit, each giving him a kiss and a warm embrace as they took their seats.

"Sweetheart. Are you getting bored on the ship?" An excited asked as she sat on his lap, earning her a few dirty looks.

The redhead giggled before sticking her tongue out at them all as Archer answered. "Yeah, it's not the greatest. Students wandering around and the professors barking out their orders annoy me.

Everyone nodded while laughing. Ella was the next to speak. "Well, we have our classes. You should attend Arch. It may teach you something."

"No, thank you. I put up with the college because it's mainly interesting because of my chosen classes. I prefer adventuring, exploring, and having sex with you all."

When he said that, some girls became embarrassed and went red as the others grinned at him. Nefertiti got excited by just hearing the word and looked at him like an Archer, a staring predator.

Her reaction caused him to laugh, but Nala, Teuila, Talila, and Halime's reactions shocked him. They were smiling and gossiping about his manhood while ignoring everyone around them.

Archer turned to the last four, who were staring at him. Llynriel was looking anywhere but him while Hemera's yellow eyes glowed with lust, and Liera's eyes started swaying even faster as she got excited.

He chuckled before talking. "I'll see you all tonight. Now, no girl will be left behind. I can visit all ten. Sia and Hecate are busy right now."

"What's Sia doing? I thought she'd be at the tournament to watch you." Ella inquired in a curious voice.

"So did I, but she sent me a message yesterday saying her mission has been extended as bandits have returned to the Summerfield Duchy and are causing chaos."

After speaking, the four started thinking to themselves as Hemera asked. "Are you going to hunt more bandits?"

"No. It bores me now as I've gathered so much wealth that I had to make my lair even bigger."

Sera wiggled on his lap and asked. "Do you have a big horde husband?"

Archer nodded proudly as he stood up and opened a portal to the lair to show them what he had gathered. He led them into his vast hidden lair. The soft glow of magical crystals embedded in the walls illuminated the chamber.

As they entered, the air became heavy with the scent of wealth, and the girls exchanged curious glances. Turning to face them, a mischievous smile playing on his lips before announcing. "Ladies, welcome to my lair."

Their eyes widened as they saw the sight in front of them. The chamber was filled with mountains of gold and silver coins that stretched as far as the eye could see. Piles of precious gems and magical artifacts adorned the space, creating a dazzling display of luxury.

Nala gasped, her blue eyes reflecting the glittering treasure. She asked, her voice filled with amazement. "Is this... all yours?"

Archer chuckled, nodding. "Indeed. Over the years, I've gathered quite a fortune through my adventures and the generous donations of many royal family's."

Ella stepped forward, running her fingers through a cascade of golden coins as she whispered. "This is unbelievable."

With her glowing yellow eyes, Hemera was fixated on the mountains of wealth. "I've never seen so much gold in one place."

She acknowledged, her voice carrying a hint of disbelief. Liera's eyes and purple tail danced with greater speed in her enthusiasm as she proclaimed, "We've hit the jackpot!"

The contagious thrill of the cat girl reverberated. "We're wealthy!"

He noticed the others stood in stunned silence, taking in the sheer magnitude of the treasure trove. Sera bounced around as she couldn't help but giggle. "Sweetheart, you didn't mention you were sitting on so much treasure!"

Archer grinned, enjoying their reactions. "Well, now you know this is just the tip of the iceberg. There is a lot more."

The girls exchanged glances, realizing the incredible possibilities that lay ahead. Talila, quiet until now, finally spoke up, "What are you planning to do with all of this?"

Archer's eyes gleamed with a sense of adventure. "Explore, have fun, and make sure all of you live a life of luxury."

"That can't just be it? Tell us." Teuila asked as her blue eyes narrowed.

The other nine girls nodded, but Halime spoke up next with a sweet smile that melted his heart. "We won't judge you on whatever it is."

Archer turned to the window to gaze at the sunset, a warm glow spreading across the horizon as he was in his room surrounded by his ten women.

The air was filled with a gentle breeze, and the sound of distant waves provided a soothing backdrop. As they were ready to listen to him, he couldn't help but smile, a genuine expression of happiness.

With a soft chuckle, Archer turned to face them, his eyes reflecting a mix of affection and resolve. "You know, when I look at all of you, I can't help but dream of a future. A future where our love continues to grow, and we continue to share our lives together."

The girls exchanged smiles, their eyes filled with curiosity. Nefertiti, ever the playful one, nudged him gently. "What are you thinking, Archer?"

He took a deep breath, his smile widening. "I want to build something extraordinary for us. A mansion, surrounded by gardens and filled with laughter. A place where our children can run freely and experience a life I could only dream of."

Ella's eyes sparkled with excitement. "Children? Are you serious?"

Archer nodded, his gaze filled with a vision of the future. "Absolutely. I want our children to have a life of plenty, surrounded by love and luxury. I want them to grow up free to explore and dream."

He took a deep breath, his eyes reflecting nostalgia for his life on Earth and his horrible life on Thrylos until he got his power. "I grew up without the love and care of a father. My childhood was far from ideal, but it taught me something invaluable – the importance of unconditional love."

The girls listened attentively, their expressions reflecting a mix of curiosity and empathy.

Archer continued, "I want our children to experience a love I never had. No matter how many we have, I want to spoil them with affection and shower them with all the love a father can give."

Ella reached out, gently squeezing his hand. "That's a beautiful sentiment, Archer."

He smiled warmly. "I want to be there for them in every moment – from their first steps to their dreams and aspirations. I want to be the father who supports them, encourages them, and cherishes every little joy of their lives."

Sera, who sat beside him, leaned against his shoulder. "You'd be an amazing father, Archer."

A soft chuckle escaped him. "I want to be better than my own father. I want our children to know that they are cherished, valued, and loved unconditionally. No matter what path they choose, I'll be there for them, guiding and supporting."

Nala spoke softly, her eyes filled with understanding. "You're breaking the cycle, Archer. That's admirable."

He nodded. "Exactly. I want them to grow up in a home filled with laughter, warmth, and the knowledge that their father will always be their biggest supporter."

When the girls heard him, they smiled and walked over to him. Each one peppered his face with kisses. After that display of affection, Hemera spoke. "Well, that's good, Archer. Make sure not to spoil them too much, though."

The sun elf laughed as she remembered the little girl she dreamt about years ago. He nodded with a smile. "Of course, Hem."

She smiled, but Sera spoke up. "When will you give me an egg, husband?"

Following the dragon girl's remarks, a sudden silence descended on the room. However, Teuila found herself unable to contain her amusement, erupting into wholehearted, contagious laughter that she eventually tumbled off her chair.

Chapter 613 What Do I Get

Soon after, the infectious wave of delight reached Halime, who surrendered to a fit of giggles, and Llynriel joined in, concealing her face to stifle the laughter. The others were laughing, causing Sera to grow confused.

"What are you idiots laughing at?"

The girls and Archer shared looks before he nodded and explained. "Sera. Female dragons don't lay eggs, especially if they have a humanoid form like you."

When the redhead heard this, her eyebrows raised in enlightenment. Sera quickly asked in an excited voice. "So I have to push our baby out of my honeypot?"

Archer started laughing but soon calmed down. "Yes, my dragon girl."

Sera went still, and everyone knew what was about to happen. She pitied him as a red blur was seen before slamming into him. The chair he was sitting on was sent skidding backward as he embraced.

"Calm down. We have enough time to have children. After all, we're still young and have hundreds of years ahead of us."

"Unless you get a weak human girl. Then live for about eighty years but will pass away unlike us." Talila commented, surprising everyone.

Archer had to agree with the mixed elf and responded. "So true. If I get any human finances, I'll rank her up so her life span can increase every time."

Everyone agreed, and the group started chatting until the girls told him they were attending some clubs in the morning.

The atmosphere shifted with the changing skies as the night wore on, and the laughter echoed through Archer's room. The colors of the sunset gradually faded, giving way to the mystical glow of the full moon.

Its silver beauty spilled through the windows, casting a glow over the gathering. The girls and Archer engrossed themselves in conversations ranging from light-hearted banter to more profound discussions about their lives and future dreams.

The room buzzed with the energy of affection, creating a warm and welcoming atmosphere. As the last rays of sunlight vanished, replaced by the moon's supernatural glow, subtle changes rippled through the group.

Some of the girls began to exchange glances, their expressions shifting between nervousness and excitement as they remembered what Archer said and expected a visit from the horny dragon.

Nala stood up and stretched her muscular body that clicked before looking at everyone with her beautiful sapphire blue eyes reflecting the moon's radiance. "It's getting late, and I should get some rest as I'm a tired lioness. Goodnight everyone."

She walked over to him and gave him a long, passionate kiss, causing a few jealous eyes to stare at the lion girl, which didn't bother her. After that, she kissed his forehead before walking to her room.

Nala's departure prompted a few others to follow suit. Teuila, blushing but smiling, got up and excused herself with a naughty grin at Archer. "I think it's time for some beauty sleep. Goodnight, everyone!"

Halime, whose earlier giggles had subsided into a more thoughtful demeanor, rose from her seat. "I need some time to myself. Goodnight, Archer."

He watched the changing expressions on the faces of the remaining girls. Some exchanged knowing glances, while others seemed caught between the desire to stay and the anticipation of what the night might bring.

Sera, always honest and forward, leaned in with a mischievous grin. "Archer, I believe it's time for us to retire too. I want to be first tonight."

Archer chuckled, recognizing the playful tone in her voice. "Of course, my dragon girl. Lead the way."

As Sera and a few others exited the room with excited smiles, he couldn't help but feel a sense of happiness in his current life. The moonlit night held promises of intimacy, shared moments, and the enduring bond that connected them all.

Left alone in the quiet room, Archer couldn't help but appreciate the moon's beauty, casting its gentle glow through the manaships windows. Once they walked outside, he kissed the other eight girls before returning to their rooms.

Sera happily dragged him to hers, which wasn't far from his. Archer cast Cleanse on himself, remembering to do it after visiting each girl.

He was the most handsome and all-caring dragon and lived up to his promise. He visited all ten girls and made sure they were satisfied before ravaging them. Each one fainted into a world of pleasure.

Archer was gentle with Halime and Llyniel, but the others wanted it hard, which he happily agreed to. The last girl he visited was Talila; the two were now sleeping with half her body on his.

The manaships engines worked overtime as everyone slept. But all of a sudden, the speaker in the corner of the room came to life, causing Archer to wake up with a groan.

"Passengers! This is the Captain speaking. We have to land for immediate repairs because of the storm last night. I'll be landing shortly."

He shook his head and rose from the bed, noticing that Talila was sound asleep, unaffected by the Captain's message. Archer stood up, stretched his limbs, and headed to the balcony.

Venturing outdoors, he observed the sun piercing through the grey clouds, yet a lingering chill persisted. The conclusion of Frostwinter was imminent, and he eagerly anticipated the festival, eager to claim his rewards.

But he soon noticed they were flying over an expansive white grassland. The manaship descended until it touched down, causing a snow cloud to engulf them, cutting off everyone's vision.

Archer remained unperturbed by this, as eyesight wasn't affected by it. He used the tattoos to check on the girls, making sure they were all well and peacefully asleep. When he saw all ten with happy smiles and wrapped up in blankets, it made him happy.

Once the cloud calmed down, he could see the Magic Knight rush off the ship and secure the area with some spell that circled them.

As he stood on the balcony, taking in the serene beauty of the morning, Archer noticed two figures by the main entrance of the manaship. Commander Morgan stood alongside his daughter, Giselle.

The two seemed to be talking among themselves. A mischievous glint sparked in Archer's eyes. He felt an urge to make an entrance. With a confident grin, he decided to drop from the balcony in a way that would catch their attention.

Vaulting over the railing, Archer sailed through the air with a controlled fall. The enchantments of the ship responded to his mana, slowing his descent until he landed with a thud on the snow-covered ground.

The morning sun shone, casting a warm glow on the wintry landscape. Commander Morgan and Giselle turned their attention toward the sudden sound. Archer straightened up, brushing off imaginary dust from his clothes nonchalantly.

His arrival seemed to surprise the father and daughter duo. Archer greeted with a casual wave, his eyes reflecting the playfulness of the moment. "Good morning. I hope you both enjoyed the night."

Commander Morgan, ever composed, nodded in acknowledgment. "Archer. You have a flair for the dramatic, I see."

Giselle, a hint of amusement in her eyes, smiled at the unexpected display. "That was quite an entrance. But why would you jump off instead of simply walking?"

Archer chuckled. "Why walk when you can make an entrance, right? What brings you two out here at this early hour?"

The older man sighed before explaining. "We have a situation."

Archer's playful behavior shifted to a more serious one as he spoke. "What's going on?"

Morgan took a deep breath before explaining, "A flock of beasts managed to breach the ship's shield during the night. They caused considerable damage to one of the engines, and we need immediate repairs."

Archer's brows furrowed in response. "How did they do that? I thought this ship couldn't be attacked?"

Morgan sighed, "The storm last night weakened the shield, and they took the opportunity to attack. We've secured the area, but we're temporarily grounded until we can fix the engine."

His mind raced, considering the situation. "What kind of beasts are we dealing with?"

Giselle, who had been silent until now, said, "They're a species of large birds with razor-sharp feathers. Agile and fast. They caught us off guard."

Archer nodded, his expression shifting to greed. "If I can deal with the beasts. What do I get?"

"I'll inform the emperor of your assistance, and he will add to your already substantial reward, which you'll be getting once we're back from the Oakheart Kingdom." The older man answered with a nervous smile.

"You better tell father-in-law that my help was amazing and needed."

Morgan and Giselle just looked at him with dumbfounded expressions. The older man shook his head before retorting. "You cheeky dragon! Help out first, and once it's dealt with, we can see how amazing it will be."

Archer chuckled, then nodded, spotting a sizable bird soaring in the distance. "Is that one of the beasts?"

The father and daughter duo turned to follow his gaze, confirming that it was the culprit of the attacks causing a smile to appear as he raised his arms.

Chapter 614 But There's More To It

Archer summoned a horde of flying shadow creatures that shot out from his shadow. He ordered them to capture the beasts above, causing them to rush off.

When Morgan and Giselle saw this, their eyes were wide with fear as they quickly walked backward as he turned his head. "What are you two doing? They won't hurt you."

The white-haired girl smiled nervously as she stopped backing up before carefully approaching Archer, who was smiling at the duo. He turned to the shadow creatures as they returned carrying the flying beasts.

He scanned them as they got closer.

[Nightshade Raptor]

[Rank: S]

Archer smirked when seeing this as the shadow creatures landed. He walked over to them and stared down at the angry-looking bird. It was a lovely white color with black tips on its wings.

The bird's wingspan was massive, taking several shadow creatures to contain. That's when he saw its yellow eyes. Archer could swear something was there and grew curious as he approached it.

He crouched down and looked into the beast's eyes before asking. "Can you understand me?"

The Nightshade Raptor stared back before he heard a voice in his head. "Yes. You can speak our tongue?"

When hearing this, Archer smiled. "Why are you attacking the human ship? They will attack you."

"We were desperate after being chased from our nesting and hunting grounds. The young needed food." The Raptor spoke.

The voice evoked the image of a kindly elder, but the beast's words caused his greed to flare and propose. "You need a home, eh? I got an offer for you, bird. You and the rest of the Nightshades will take a mana oath never to betray me. If you do this, I'll give you a place to thrive and grow stronger."

When the beast heard this, its head tilted but nodded, causing Archer to smile and dismiss the shadow creatures. After they were gone, the Nightshade Raptor stood up and was giant.

The size of it shocked him a little, but it soon vanished when it bowed down. It was nearly as tall as him, but it then took the mana oath before he ordered it to get the rest of its kind and return.

After that, the Raptor took off, leaving Morgan and Giselle with eyes as large as plates. The white-haired girl shook her head before rushing up to him and asked. "What were those noises you were making?"

Archer grinned before explaining he could speak to smarter beasts, which he took advantage of. He told the father and daughter in a nonchalant voice. "They belong to me now so that they won't attack anymore. I'll ask them to guard the manaship."

Morgan warily nodded while Giselle looked skeptical. Archer saw this and explained while using Mana Manipulation to create a chair. "You see, big G. I am a white dragon. Do you know what that is?"

The older man sighed before checking on the other Magic Knights, leaving his daughter with the annoying dragon.

Giselle looked at him and realized what he said. Her cheeks became red and covered her boobs as she spoke. "Don't call me that! It's not my fault I have big boobs. Blame my grandmother Vera, who I took after."

Archer laughed at the embarrassed woman as she answered his question. "Well, I know white dragons are royalty of dragon kind. That's all really."

He grinned before creating another chair and motioning for her to sit. Giselle sat down and turned her attention to him. Archer started explaining. "You're correct, but there's more to it. I am the living embodiment of mana and can control it like no one else."

Archer caused his left arm to turn into a clear but colorful one to prove his point. Gisselle saw all the different colors rushing about. Fire, Earth, and Darkness were three she spotted, but there were too many to count.

"What are you exactly?" Giselle asked, her voice carrying a mix of fascination and uncertainty.

Archer turned to her, his expression clouded before answering. "You know, Giselle, I've become many things since my incident, and sometimes I wonder if I truly know what I am anymore. Watch this Big G."

He turned to the white-haired girl and let the mana go wild. Archer's violet eyes began to glow with a supernatural light. Giselle watched in amazement as the radiant colors danced within his eyes.

Her eyes widened with wonder as she watched this otherworldly display. The glow intensified, casting a gentle illumination in the dim surroundings. Giselle couldn't help but be captivated by the mesmerized by Archer.

But he stopped and continued talking, "I'm a white dragon, royalty among my kind. That's much I've always known, as you said. But there's more to it."

He gestured toward the colorful arm, and the elements danced in response. "I am the Shadow Prince, a title that carries its weight and mysteries. But all that doesn't matter to me as long as it doesn't stop me from living how I want to."

Giselle, sensing the complexity in his words, listened intently. Archer added with a hint of uncertainty, "The world itself blessed me with mana. A blessing it hadn't granted to anyone before me. I am something beyond definition."

He paused before continuing. "So, to answer your question, Giselle, I don't exactly know what I am anymore. But perhaps that's the beauty of it—the constant discovery, the mysteries within myself."

The woman absorbed his words, a mix of awe and confusion crossing her features as she spoke. "I was expecting that, but thank you for telling me. Now I can win some bets within the company."

When hearing her remark, Archer burst into laughter. The two continued to chat about everyday things, but soon, Morgan called for Giselle to join him as he was about to speak. She bid her farewells and hurried back to assist the Magic Knights in protecting the manaship.

Once she was gone, Archer turned to the nearby grassland where the other passengers sat around on tables and chairs. He noticed a group of excited students heading into the forest.

Archer grew curious and followed behind them while dodging other people. As he got closer, he spotted a group of four girls surrounded by a crowd of rowdy boys.

[Kestria Ashguard's POV]

[Just before the manaship landed on the grasslands]

Kestria was staying in the College Of Magics section of the manaship. She was in a room with three friends she met when they all started. The captain's message woke them up, causing the four girls to get out of their beds.

A blonde girl with bright pink eyes was the first to comment. "Damn, the old man had to wake us up! I was having a good dream."

"It's better than crashing Lila. It is protocol in such situations. The Magic Knights on board will secure the area before we can get off" A blue-haired who had bright green eyes.

Kestria looked at both girls and spoke. "Yeah, Fiona's right, Lila, something happened in the early hours. I'm just happy we're landing while there's light. Father told me many beasts roam the land at night."

That's when their bedroom door opened, and a short girl looked at Kestria before speaking. "Yeah, we're landing now. I see the knights getting ready."

After that, the four girls prepared to stand around while repairing the ship. They left their room and followed the Professors as they led the students outside. The other three girls complained while Kestria thought to herself.

While walking down the corridors, she wondered how Archer was doing as she hadn't seen him around lately. When they stepped outside, she was shocked by the beauty of the landscape.

A vast expanse of white covered the ground, transforming the grassland into a winter wonderland. The snow sparkled in the soft light, casting an ethereal glow over the landscape.

Tall trees, their branches adorned with a layer of glistening snow, stood like sentinels against the cold. The professors ushered everyone off and told them not to wander too far. Kestria and her friends sat close to the ship while gossiping.

She looked at the three girls who stood by her when everyone found out what her father had done to Archer. Lila Stirling possessed radiant blonde hair and beautiful pink eyes. Despite her lack of height, she displayed a curvaceous figure that defied her age.

In contrast, Fiora Ravenscroft stood tall and slender with beautiful tanned skin, her black hair framing striking grey eyes. Watching the trio, Kestria focused on the final member, Brielle Wycliffe, distinguished by her grey hair and vibrant green eyes.

Her body resembled that of a seasoned warrior, and her combat style revolved around the proficient use of a spear. After that, she joined in with the gossip, and after a while, Fiora suggested as she went over a map. "It says there is a waterfall around here. Want to check it out, girls?"

Chapter 615 You Three Succubus's

[Kestria & Friends POV]

Everyone agreed and stood up but was interrupted by a group of boys from the Starlight Academy based in the Summerfield Duchy in the south.

Kestria watched as a blonde boy who looked a few years older than them spoke with an unknown glint in his red eyes. "Hello Ladies. I'm Lucas Everrose. Do you want to join us? We are enjoying some rare eastern tea."

Briella answered instantly. "No, thank you. We're busy."

After that, they started walking away before entering the trees. The four girls, bundled up in warm coats to fend off the cold, ventured into the snow-covered forest.

The air was crisp, and the ground crunched beneath their boots as they made their way through the pristine snow. Tall trees stood like silent sentinels, their branches adorned with glistening white.

As they walked deeper into the forest, signs of life became evident. Beasts roared in the distance, their echoes reverberating through the chilly air.

Small beasts scurried away, startled by the approaching footsteps, leaving a trail of displaced snow in their wake. The four girls exchanged glances with excitement and caution in their eyes.

The ordinarily peaceful forest now hummed with an undercurrent of wild energy. Kestria's father had warned her of the beasts that roamed the woods of Pluoria. As they continued their journey, the trees began to thin, and the sound of rushing water reached their ears.

Kestria saw a breathtaking sight awaited them as they emerged from the maze of trees. A magnificent waterfall cascaded down a cliff, its waters unfrozen even in Frostwinter.

The waterfall sparkled as the sunlight caught the droplets in mid-air. The surrounding rocks were covered with a sheet of ice. A pool of crystal-clear water lay at the waterfall's base, its surface reflecting the winter sunlight.

Kestria and her friends stood in wonder, their earlier caution replaced by wonder. The roaring waterfall seemed to drown out the distant calls of the creatures, creating a serene sanctuary in the snow-covered wilderness.

Her bright pink eyes widened, and Lila exclaimed, "This is amazing! I never thought a forest could be so beautiful!"

Fiora nodded in agreement, her grey eyes reflecting the marvel of the scene. "Nature never ceases to surprise me anymore."

Brielle added with a hint of admiration in her green eyes, "Yet, life thrives even in this frozen world."

As the group lingered by the waterfall, they marveled at the harmonious coexistence of nature's raw power and delicate beauty in the forest's heart. The four found a place to sit for a while but suddenly heard a stick break.

Their heads snapped behind them to see the blonde boy was earlier. Kestria rolled her eyes as they all stood up. But that's when more students from the trees and Fiora commented calmly. "Why are they here?"

Lila responded without taking her eyes off the boy. "Look at the lust in his eyes."

The boy got closer and gave the group a fake smile. "Ladies, it was rude to turn down my request. I know each of you, apart from the brunette, are daughters of counts. My mother is the Duchess Everrose, so you should feel honored I showed interest in any of you."

Kestria bristled with rage as she stepped in front of friends who tried to pull her back, but she shook them off before commenting. "Go away, Lucas. We don't want your company, and you shouldn't be following girls into the forest with a pack of boys."

Lucas smirked before commenting. "We just wanted to escort four beautiful girls, but one seems to have an issue with that."

That's when his eyes widened like he just remembered something. "Oh, you're an Ashguard girl. A few of you are attending the College Of Magic this year."

He looked at each girl before licking his lips. "Well, I've heard that you've been shunned for what you did to your big brother, who happens to be the continent's guardian at this point, and you disrespected him."

Kestria looked shocked before replying in a defiant tone. "I've never hated Big Brother. Yes, I admit I did nothing to stop it, but what could I do? I was a little girl whose parents never listened to me!"

She remembered all the times she had to watch Archer suffer, hated every second, and continued ranting. "I wish he never suffered like that, but there was nothing I could do. Take it up with my older brothers and not me, or are you too scared of them?"

All the students surrounding them and those still joining started laughing, causing Lucas to get annoyed as he barked out. "Your father is an idiot to throw away something that could have benefited the empire."

Kestria looked at him like he was an idiot before informing the boy. "You do know he's engaged to Leira Avalon, right?"

This time, Lucas was perplexed, prompting her to chuckle at his expense. "You march over here, playing the defender of Big Brother as if you're some valiant hero. What you fail to grasp about Archer is that he doesn't need anyone to stand up for him. He's strong enough on his own, and his women are equally formidable. So, kindly, fuck off and go find another place to make yourself look like an idiot."

She turned around after speaking to drag her friends away, but a bad feeling washed over her, prompting her to quickly turn back around, only to see Lucas's fist covered in flames as he swung at her.

His punch connected with her face and sent her flying. Kestria crashed to the ground with a thud, causing her to get hurt even more. Lucas approached her with a wicked smile on his face and went to kick her, but a sudden slice was heard.

Then his leg flew into the bushes, causing him to scream in agony as he fell over. All the students were shocked to find an extremely handsome boy standing in front of Kestria and looking down at her with sadness.

She was struggling to get up, with blood running from wounds all over her face, while smiling when she saw who it was. "Big Brother."

Brielle's eyes widened as she nudged Lila but got no reply. She looked at the blonde girl staring at Kestria's brother with love hearts in her eyes.

That's when Fiora spoke in a dreamy voice. "He's very handsome and caring. Look at the way he is tending to her."

The grey-haired girl looked at the two girls like they were weirdos, then approached the two. When she got close, a glow surrounded Kestria. Brielle saw all the wounds heal, and a smile appeared.

She shook her head and asked. "What are you doing to her?"

He turned to her with a smile that caught her off guard and caused her heart to beat fast. Briella shook her head and introduced herself. "I'm Brielle Ashguard. I'm assuming you're my cousin Archer?"

She noticed his gorgeous violet eyes shone as he looked at her before speaking. "Give me a second. Have to deal with the others."

The black-haired girl nodded as he walked toward the approaching student and sidestepped the boy's clumsy punch. She watched as Archer smacked the boy with his slender tail. Lila and Fiora approached her and asked. "What did he say?"

"He asked me to wait for him."

The two girls smiled as they turned toward Kestria, who was sitting up rubbing the side of her face as she watched Archer deal with the Starlight boys.

As the four watched him approach the rest, they rushed at him. They saw Archer dodge every attack thrown his way while slapping them away with his tail. Brielle got excited as she saw this and wanted to fight him.

The other three laughed when they saw this. Fiora turned to Kestria with a smirk before commenting. "I think your big brother has two more admirers. Like all love stories, you'll go the taboo route and get with your brother."

When Kestria heard this, her face went bright red as she shrieked. "I'd never marry him! He's my brother, you idiots! You're one to talk, Fiora. You've got that girl-in-love look in your grey eyes! In fact, I see it in all your eyes, you three succubuses!"

The three girls looked at each other briefly before nodding and turning back to Kestria as Lila spoke. "It's not illegal, you know Kes. It's just frowned upon in society."

Brielle jumped in and teased the brown-haired girl. "But you admit that he's very handsome?"

"Yes."

"If he wasn't your brother, would you ask him out?" Lila commented with a grin.

"Yes."

Fiora ended their teasing. "Now imagine him making love to you after a long day off adventuring with us girls? How good would that feel?"

When Kestria heard that, she went even redder, causing the other three to laugh before telling her they were joking, but that didn't stop the images running through her.

Chapter 616 My Little Nephew

Kestria quickly shook her head as she retorted. "Hell no! I wouldn't share a bed with him. He's my big brother!"

"Oh, that's nice little sister. After I heal you and deal with the stupid noble boy, you bad mouth me?"

The four girls jumped in fright when he spoke, causing him to laugh. When Kestria saw him, she tried to explain herself, but he told her he was messing up and understood. After that, he looked at the three girls with his little sister Kestria before giving them a charming smile.

He also decided to tease them. "Ladies. Would you allow me to escort you back to the ship?"

When saying that, the three girls nodded like chickens while Kestria stood up on shaky legs, but he quickly grabbed the brown-haired girl, which caused her face to go bright red in embarrassment.

He laughed before comforting her. "It's okay, little sister. I'll put you down once we're with the Professors."

Kestria nodded but looked back at Lucas, who was out cold as the pain overwhelmed him, and inquired. "What are you going to do with that idiot?"

Archer turned back to the blonde boy and sighed as he walked over to him. He crouched down and touched his shoulder before casting Aurora Healing. A bright light washed over Lucas, and they quickly regrew the leg after much pain.

But once the boy was healed, he returned to the manaship while carrying Kestria, followed by Brielle, Lila, and Fiora. The group walked awhile until they saw the ship through the trees.

The three younger girls rushed forward and marched over when Samara and Jade saw them. Archer saw the bear woman's annoyance as she got closer. She stopped in front of them, her massive boobs jiggled, catching his attention.

He noticed Jade's blue dress clung to her hourglass figure. As he was watching her, Kestria spoke. "Hello, Aunt Jade. Some boys were causing trouble, and Big Brother helped us."

That's when he noticed Jade's expression softened before speaking to him. "I heard you cut off a Starlight student's leg. Is this true?"

"Yes."

The instant answer shocked the two Professors before Samara stepped forward. "Why did you hurt him like that? Do you know how long it takes to regrow limbs?"

Just as he was about to reply, Lila interrupted excitedly. "He healed Lucas in seconds, Professor. You should have seen it!"

When Jade heard this, she called over some Magic Knights as she made her way through the forest. Samara, who stayed with them, inquired as Archer put Kestria down. "What were you guys doing out there?"

Kestria looked down and answered. "It was our fault, Professor. We wanted to see the nearby waterfall until Lucas and his lackeys appeared. He used magic while attacking me, but I'm healed thanks to Big Brothers spell."

Samara's eyes widened as she asked Archer, who was standing there with a smile. "What magic are you using? Light?"

He shrugged. "I'm not sure, to be honest. I learned the spell a while back, and it seems to heal everything."

When hearing this, the four younger girls regarded him with expressions as if he were a creature, prompting him to laugh. "You all are staring at me as though I'm a beast, and, truth be told, I am. However, this form your seeing now isn't my true one; it's merely the one I use most frequently."

"Can we see your dragon form?" The grey-haired girl asked with a smile.

"Okay, but let's find a place with enough space."

Samara smiled and followed behind them, catching his attention. "You coming along, Professor?"

"Yes, my little nephew. I want to see this dragon everyone talks about."

He nodded. "Then I won't disappoint you, Aunty."

They both laughed, which confused Kestria and her friends, but they ignored it. While walking, he checked on his girls and saw they were still out cold. That's when Archer realized he had gone rough on them the previous night.

The group continued their journey through the dense forest until they emerged into a sunlit clearing. The sun's warmth cast a golden glow on the foliage, and the air was filled with the hum of nature.

Archer scanned the spacious area, his eyes landing on a patch of soft grass bathed in sunlight that melted the snow.

"This should be the perfect spot." He declared with a glint of excitement in his eyes. Samara and the four younger girls gathered around, their anticipation obvious.

With a charming smile, he took a deep breath, the air shimmering with mana. The sunlight seemed to dance around him as his form began to change. Slowly, his human form shifted, and a majestic white dragon emerged.

Archer's scales gleamed like polished ivory, reflecting the sun's radiance. His wings stretched wide, casting a shadow over the grass beneath. The girls gasped in awe, their eyes wide with wonder as they witnessed the breathtaking transformation.

Standing with her arms crossed, Samara couldn't help but crack a small smile. The sunlight highlighted the patterns on his scales. Fiora whispered, her voice filled with admiration. "He's even more magnificent in the daylight."

The other three agreed while Kestria marveled at what her big brother had become. She had always thought he was a dragon-kin like their mother, but finding out he was an actual dragon shocked her.

As they approached the entrance ramp, Archer turned to the four girls with a warm smile. "Well, ladies, it's been quite the adventure today, hasn't it?"

They nodded in unison, their eyes still filled with awe from witnessing Archer's dragon transformation.

"Thank you, Big Brother!" Kestria beamed, her enthusiasm infectious.

Archer chuckled, opening his arms wide. "Come here, all of you."

He hugged each of the younger girls individually; his embrace was one of comfort and warmth. Samara watched with a fond smile as Archer showed affection for his little sister and her friends.

Following the hugs, Kestria bid farewell to her friends before going to their classes. Wearing a grin, Archer turned to Samara, extending his arms with a playful question. "How about one?"

The blonde woman had striking orange eyes and a strong body that declared her warrior status. While her chest may not have been the biggest, this unique feature only added charm that radiated from her.

Samara smiled before stepping forward and hugging Archer, which caught him off guard as the woman squeezed him tight and whispered into his ear while tip-toeing. "Sorry for what my sister did to you. I promise you she will never lay a hand on you again."

Archer smiled when hearing this but responded as he returned the hug. "I've told you when we first met it's not your fault, so no need to apologize."

The two separated, and Samara nodded. "Well, I felt the need to say it. But I have to get back as I have a class coming up. Why don't you join?"

"No, thank you. I've been fighting for four years straight and want to break from all that. It doesn't mean I won't fight, but I'm not looking for one."

Samara nodded in understanding before leaving. Archer was left alone, but that didn't bother him as he entered the manaship and saw dozens of soldiers rushing alongside the crew.

Archer strolled through the corridors and saw students from various places milling about the common areas. He soon returned to his room to chill out for a while, but as he got close, he sensed someone waiting outside.

Rounding the corner, Archer caught sight of Ella, the half-elf, standing in his path. As he approached, she glanced up and greeted him with a smile before hugging him.

"Hello Arch. Where have you been?" She spoke.

"Oh, Kestria ran into trouble, and I helped her. Now, how can I help my beautiful half-elf?" He said while running his fingers through her blonde hair.

Ella smiled at them before responding. "I wanted to spend some time with you. I've missed you."

Archer beamed when she heard her response and leaned down to kiss her delicate lips, which caught her off guard, but she returned it with a passionate one. The couple kissed for a while before stepping into his room.

When they entered, Ella slumped down on the bed as Archer took off the cloak he'd been wearing and sat down on the comfortable chair. He looked at the half-elf and asked. "How are the others? Still sleeping?"

The half-elf giggled. "Yes. Well, some of them are awake but are aching, so they choose to stay in bed. Their words were, 'That lewd dragon ravaged us. He needs to be more gentle.' it's true, though, because my body is still hurting."

"Sorry, El. I just get carried away when it comes to you girls." Archer said in a guilty voice.

Ella laughed. "I don't care. It shows you find us attractive, but we like to moan. Anyway, what did you get up to with Kestria? How is she?"

Chapter 617 The Khalasarni Sea

Archer explained everything he'd been up to when he was with his sister, and by the time he was finished, she was looking at him with wide eyes.

This caused him to laugh before asking. "What's wrong?"

"You've become more compassionate than in the past. A few years back, you might have ended the noble boy's life," Ella pointed out, her gaze fixed on him with intense blue eyes.

He didn't know how to react but shrugged. "I don't know, El. I didn't feel the need to kill him like the people who came before. The urge to kill isn't as strong as it was when I evolved years ago."

"Is it the hearts you eat? Or maybe because you're a Sovereign Mage?"

He answered after thinking for a second. "I'm not sure, but ever since I became the Shadow Prince, the anger has subsided, but it's still there waiting to surface."

After speaking, Ella looked confused and clarified. "So, are you a prince? Or is it more of a title?"

"I think it's just a title, but it also allows me to summon shadow creatures who listen to any command I give them."

As he said that, something clicked in his mind before he continued. "The second prince said something. He thought the first picking a white dragon was different from everything he'd been taught."

"Well, Arch, you are an anomaly and do things people think are impossible without a second thought. You attending the College Of Magic sent shockwaves through the empire; no white dragon has done such a thing." Ella explained as she stood up.

He got curious and asked. "What are you doing? And why would it shock everyone?"

"Making us tea. Halime gave me some from her homeland and said you should try it. No white dragon has done anything like it because they were all idiots, according to the Professors."

Archer smiled. "Okay, that makes sense, I guess."

Once replying, he sat back and watched her feel the teapot with water before boiling it on the stove that came with the room. When Archer saw this, he grew confused, which caused Ella to laugh.

"The empire believes that allowing passengers to prepare tea in their rooms would make them happier," she explained.

He nodded. "It's convenient for us, though. I do love your tea."

The half-elf smiled before returning to brewing their drinks. Archer watched as the teapot signaled it was done, prompting her to grab a cloth and place it on a tray between two cups, setting out the ingredients Halime had given her.

She brought them over to the table he was sitting at and poured him a cup. He instantly smelt a soothing aroma, which made him relax. When Ella saw this, she smiled. "Try it, Archer."

As he tried the tea, a burst of flavor erupted in his mouth. It was a soothing and sweet explosion that brought a sense of relaxation to his entire body.

After swallowing it, he looked at the smiling half-elf and praised her. "This is delicious, El. It made me feel at peace and relaxed."

Ella smiled as the two continued drinking until Archer asked a question. "So, have you heard about the upcoming Arcane Tournament?"

Her eyes gleamed with interest before giving him a nod. "Yes, everyone's buzzing about it. They are excited to travel to the central continent for the Celestial Magic Tournament, where people from all over Thrylos come to fight and prove who's the strongest in this generation."

"Yeah, I heard about that part. I can't wait to see the other opponents and their origins. I heard there are fox and tiger women in the east."

The half-elf giggled before teasing him. "Oh, you're thinking about girls in front of your fiancée? How naughty."

Archer laughed. "No. I'm just saying what I've heard."

"I'm messing with you, Arch. But yes, you are right about that. The fox demi-humans have a realm on Orientia called the Kitsunia Kingdom, and the tiger demi-humans reside in the Ganesha Empire. Still, there are many races on all the continents."

When hearing the explanation, excitement lit up his face. "What other races do they include?"

Ella laughed before explaining. "On Orientia, there are fox, tiger, wolf, and lynx demi-humans as well as humans, orcs, and a dragon empire called Zhulong ruled by powerful eastern dragons."

"Dragons?"

"Certainly, but they don't look like you. They resemble serpents, possessing great magic, and are known to be excellent fighters," Ella responded.

"What's the orc kingdom called?"

Ella shook her head before answering. "They don't have one. Their last domain was wiped out, and now they become nomads who roam The Khalasarni Sea on Orientia. They raid and pillage the other kingdoms, then retreat."

Archer looked interested and asked with a curious voice. "What's the Khalasarni Sea?"

"The continent of Orientia is so big that it's twice the size of Pluoria. At its heart lies a colossal grasslands known as The Khalasarni Sea, a place the Orcs proudly call home. Kingdoms and empires must deploy sufficient forces to deter the relentless raids."

"What does the Zhulong empire do? And how do you know all this?"

Ella giggled as she started explaining. "They try to react, but the Khalasarni Raiders usually vanish into the green sea before the armies arrive. Oh, and I listen in class or read history books, Arch. I've already told you this."

He laughed and apologized. "Sorry, El. I forgot, but what about the Frostwood continent?"

The blonde girl put her hand on her chin to think about it. She started speaking. "Frostwood is a mix match of races. There are vampires, dwarves, humans, goblins, valkyries, and wolf demi-humans. They are always fighting, and the wars have been going on for thousands of years."

Archer nodded as he was happy to learn about all the different races. He was just about to ask, but Ella responded. "I don't know what races are on the southern or central continents as I haven't read that far yet."

"Okay. Thanks for telling me all that. It was interesting." He I haven't read that far yet."

"Okay. Thanks for telling me all that. It was interesting." He thanked the half-elf, who smiled as she leaned in to kiss him.

The two continued talking until Ella had to attend a class she signed up for when the other girls finally appeared. Most were in a good mood, especially Nala, Nefertiti, Talila, and Teuila.

Archer noticed the other girls were wincing and felt guilty, so he stood up. He greeted each girl with a kiss and hug before casting Aurora Healing on all of them, which made them happy because smiles appeared on their faces.

When Sera felt the pain fade away, she glared at him. "Archer! Why go so rough on me? I was hurting all over, and the others were in pain as well."

He held up his hands as six pairs of eyes turned to him. "Girls, I'm sorry, but It's hard to control myself when you're all so beautiful."

"Charmer."

"Sweet words."

"Pervert dragon! Made me do such obscene stuff!"

"My ass hurts. He slapped it so hard."

"He bit my nipples! He's an beast!"

Leira, Llyniet, Hemera, Halime, and Sera all commented, 19:57

causing Archer to feel even worse. But when he saw the redhead's comment, she had a big smile on her pretty face and ruby-red eyes.

He knew they were teasing him, so he commented back with a grin. "Shut up, you lot. I know each one of you loved getting fucked by me."

When Archer said that, the five girls' cheeks went red while the others started laughing, but he continued. "Leira, you were in heat so much that you pleaded for me to go rough on you! You naughty cat!"

He pointed at the wood elf with a grin, causing her to yelp. "Llyn, don't act all innocent, you lewd girl. You were loving it just as much as me."

The brown-haired girl went utterly red and shut down, but Archer didn't miss the smile that appeared as she looked down. He turned his attention to the snake girl with a mischievous grin. "Hali, you were biting me as you climaxed. My neck was covered with fang marks!"

That's when he turned to the cheeky redhead who was looking at him with lust in her eyes and slapped her thigh with his tail, causing Sera to giggle. "And you, Sera! You were screaming your lungs out and begging for it."

Once he was done talking, he jumped up and declared. "You bunch of succubus's want to tease me."

His violet eyes shone as he looked at all ten and declared. "You all will be waddling by the time I finish with you tonight."

Leira and Llyniel yelped when hearing this, as they never expected him to want to go again. Hemera tried to act like she wasn't happy, but he could smell her excitement. "How can you want it again tonight? You have ten girls, husband! Your lust is insatiable."

Chapter 618 Want To Tag Along

Archer turned to Hemera with a grin before speaking. "You lewd sun elf. I know you're excited for tonight."

The sun elf blushed before the group started chatting for a while. They told him about the classes they'd been taking and how they were getting to know the other girls in their year, which pleased him.

Ella looked at him and asked in a curious tone. "You don't care if we make friends with the other girls in class?"

Archer shook his head. "Of course not. Why would I? Like I told you girls, I won't hold you back from whatever you want to do."

He looked at each one before continuing. "I have no interest in controlling any of you whatsoever. I prefer seeing the smile on your face when you prefer doing what you love. Look at Hecate, and she's happy with the shop."

The group discussed the upcoming Celestial Magic Tournament until Teuila, Talila, Sera, and Nala departed to join Professor Samara for their Combat Class. At the same time, Ella, Leira, Halime, and Llyniel made their way to Professor Ashguard's magic Combat Class.

Archer bid the others farewell before turning his attention to Hemera, who would stay with him. He walked up to each girl, offering a gentle kiss and hug before they left for their classes.

Once they were gone, he turned to the sun elf, reading a Pluoria history book, which caught his attention, causing him to ask. "Anything good in there?"

Without taking her yellow eyes off the book, Hemera replied. "Yes. Five kingdoms once stood in the far north of Pluoria, but only two are left after falling to the dark god Malgazar and becoming the Forsaken."

"How did this dark god achieve that?"

"The author said the god sent his dark priests to the three northern kingdoms and corrupted their royal families. The population of all three kingdoms transformed into hideous creatures that stalk the land."

Archer grew even more curious and asked her to continue, which she did. "The last two kingdoms that stood against the Forsaken built the Ghostwall to protect their lands from the creatures who attack them."

"What do these creatures look like?"

Hemera thought for a second before replying. "They are humanoid but with fur. They attack at night, so it's hard to see them."

He nodded as she continued. "Now, the human and ice elves handle the wall to stop the Forsaken. But it seems things are changing as reports of mutated beasts appeared. Only their strongest cannons or mages can deal with them."

When Archer heard that, his violet eyes shone, and a grin appeared. "I should visit this wall. I could do with fighting stronger beasts."

The sun elf laughed before replying. "Wait until the tournament ends. We will have a month's break before heading to the central continent."

"You're convinced we're going?" Archer asked with a grin.

Hemera gave him a sweet smile. "Of course. I know you certainly will, as well as most of the girls. For us, it all depends on who our opponents are, but everyone has been training hard."

Archer nodded with a proud smile. "Yes, I can feel that you have become even stronger. Let's hope you all can get a place in the central continent."

After that, the two spoke about more events that have happened all over Pluoria. Archer stood up and spoke. "I'm going to check on Hecate. Want to tag along?"

"Yes, please. Hopefully, the ship will be flying again."

She jumped up as Archer opened a Gate to the Dragonheart Potions stockroom and stepped through, followed by Hemera. As they stepped through the portal, the air was thick with the scent of various magical ingredients.

Shelves lined with colorful vials and jars neatly organized filled the room. The soft glow of enchanted crystals illuminated the space. The sweet and soothing aroma of dried herbs and flowers dances in the air, a comforting embrace that invites them further into the shop.

To their surprise, Thalia, Hecate's vampire assistant, was hunched over a worktable, meticulously calculating ingredients for a potion.

She looked up with a warm smile as they entered and enthusiastically greeted them, her eyes twinkling. "Archer! Hemera! It's good to see you both. I'm just working on a new batch of Elixirs. Step this way, and I'll take you to Hecate."

The blonde vampire led them through a narrow corridor with shelves with magical herbs and rare components. The trio emerged into the shop's front room, where Hecate stood behind a polished wooden counter.

A middle-aged couple chatted with her, their expressions curious and eager. The moon elf noticed Archer and Hemera's arrival. Her red eyes lit up with happiness as she saw him, and she politely excused herself from the couple.

"Arch, Hemera, welcome! Just a moment, please," Hecate said with a gracious smile, returning her attention to the customers. "Excuse me for a second; I'll be right back."

As Hecate approached them, the couple exchanged amused glances and continued perusing the various potions on display.

"Archer, Hemera, it's always a pleasure. What brings you here today?" She inquired, her long, silver hair shimmering in the ambient light.

"I wanted to see my beautiful moon witch. I've missed you, Hecate." He answered with a smile.

When hearing his words, a blush tinted Hecate's cheeks. She stepped forward and kissed him passionately, surprising both Archer and the customers, as they typically thought of her as a lovely yet stern woman.

Before he could do anything, a blonde blur was a scene, and Stella, the dog demi-human, crashed into him. Archer smiled before hugging Hecate's new apprentice, who was happy to see him as she spoke. "Big Brother. It's good to see you. I've missed you."

"I missed you too, Stella. We will meet up and go out for Directly support the authors on WebNovel!"

something to eat. I've just been busy with the tournament and all the trouble I get into."

The dog girl giggled as she replied. "Master tells me about all your exploits, and you better."

Archer smiled and nodded in agreement. He then sat down on a nearby chair, enjoying the warmth in Hecate's smile as she got back to work.

Meanwhile, Hemera wanted to explore local bookshops, so Archer handed her a pouch of coins and kissed her before she headed out. Once she was gone, he started watching Hecate serving her customers and chatting to them with a slight smile on her face.

Archer's violet eyes scanned the room as the sweet fragrance enveloped the air. Hecate's shop was bustling with customers seeking remedies for different ailments, and the soothing glow of crystals bathed the shop in a warm light.

As he watched, a young elven couple approached the counter, their expressions a mix of curiosity and anticipation. With her silver hair cascading gracefully over her shoulders, Hecate greeted them with a warm smile.

The couple began to explain their predicament, a lingering curse troubling them for weeks. Hecate listened, her expertise clear in asking thoughtful questions to understand the nature of their condition.

With a confident nod, she disappeared into the corridor with shelves filled with herbs and rare components. She returned moments later, holding a small vial containing a shimmering potion.

He watched as Hecate handed it to the couple; she explained the dosage and assured them of its efficacy. The gratitude in the couple's eyes was real as they left the shop after they paid her, their steps lighter and expressions brighter than when they had entered.

Archer watched with a satisfied smile, pleased to witness the moon elf's potion's positive impact on the lives of those who sought her aid. Soon after, an elderly man entered, leaning heavily on a staff.

His worn features spoke of a long, difficult life, and his eyes conveyed a silent plea for help. Hecate approached him with the same grace and compassion she showed every customer.

The man explained his chronic joint pain, aching bones that seemed to be getting worse as time went on. Archer saw her listening, her eyes filled with empathy. She disappeared again into the back, returning with a jar of salve infused with healing herbs.

She gently applied the salve to the old man's hands. Archer marveled at her skill. The man's face softened with each tender touch, and he expressed his gratitude in a raspy but heartfelt voice.

Customers continued to come and go, each with unique stories and requests. Hecate met them all with the same dedication and kindness, offering potions, salves, and magical remedies tailored to their needs.

This went on for a couple of hours until the flow of people slowed down, causing Archer to ask the moon elf who was going through a ledger. "When will it get busy again?"

Hecate looked up as she smiled. "Jasper should be in soon, and he normally gets them going again. Don't react to him when he comes in because the man means no harm. He is very eccentric."

As she said that, the door opened, and a tall balm man walked into the shop while muttering about the cold weather.

Chapter 619 Path In Life

[Dragonheart Potions customers POV]

[While Archer was wandering the witch kingdoms]

The man has lived in the capital for over a hundred years and has seen many shops come and go still when the new potion shop appeared on Market Street selling high-quality potions and medicines for cheap.

Jasper was interested as his bones ached every morning and needed something to help the pain. He exited the bed and stretched as best as possible, only to hear a loud pop from his spine.

He was a warrior in his younger days but was injured, so he was forced to retire from the Avalonian army, where he was an accomplished veteran of the Unification Wars and the following Midnight Uprising.

The old man was bitter that he was forgotten about and rotted away in the mansion where his family left him. He had children, but none visited since Bella died a year ago. Jasper shook his head and splashed some water on his face.

After retrieving his clothes, he went to his mana safe to get some coins to buy whatever they were selling. Once Jasper was done, he shut it and left the house as the wind slowed, but the street was still icy.

As he navigated the bustling streets of Starfall City, he couldn't help but overhear the excited murmurings of the people around him. Amidst the sea of faces, the topic of discussion became clear – the White Dragon Prince.

Whispers of his impending marriage to the third princess Laira Avalon circulated like a gust of wind through the crowd. The pride in their voices spoke of the union not just as a royal affair but as a symbol of hope and protection for the empire.

Jasper's ears caught fragments of conversation as he walked along the cobbled streets. The citizens spoke wonderfully of the Archer Wyldheart, the White Prince, who had taken on the role of the empire's guardian at only seventeen years old.

The news seemed to bring a sense of reassurance to the people, and the atmosphere buzzed with positivity. Jasper couldn't help but sneer at the mention of the White Dragon Prince.

His experience as a seasoned warrior allowed him to see through the supposed guardian. Whispers of the prince's actions, burning kingdoms and stealing treasures for himself.

The rumors only fueled his contempt for the so-called guardian of the empire. His distrust lingered as he strolled through Starfall City's streets, filled with the festive anticipation of the upcoming Frostwinter festival.

However, he decided to shift his thoughts and check out the new potion shop, hoping to find something to ease the constant pain in his body. When Jasper entered the shop, he was greeted by the sight of neatly organized shelves filled with potions and medical supplies.

The air was thick with the pleasant scent of herbs and magical ingredients. Two busy girls, one with blonde hair and the other with black, stocked the shelves with various potions while a stunning grey-skinned elf woman with an air of authority perused a ledger.

Her pointed ears accentuated her supernatural beauty, and her red eyes held a captivating charm. A cascade of silver hair framed her gorgeous face, adding to the enchantment. Jasper found himself momentarily mesmerized by her features.

The elegance in her posture and the subtle glow of her skin left an indelible impression. He couldn't deny the sheer beauty of the elf before him, appreciating the finer details of her appearance.

Jasper was completely captivated by the beauty of the elf before him that he assumed to be the owner. As she oversaw the potion shop, I couldn't resist approaching her. With a newfound vigor in his step, he sauntered towards her, a hint of a grin on his lips.

He used his most charming tone as he spoke. "Excuse me, ma'am. Your presence in this shop makes it shine even brighter than the potions you sell."

The elf, however, remained composed, raising an eyebrow at his feeble attempt at flirting. She retorted coolly. "Flattery won't get you anywhere."

Undeterred, Jasper pressed on, "Well, it's not every day I encounter someone as beautiful as you. A woman like you deserves to be courted and admired."

The grey-skinned elf's expression turned stern as she interrupted, "Save your charms for someone who might actually fall for them. I am happily married, and I suggest you keep your inappropriate comments to yourself."

Jasper, caught off guard by her directness, stammered an apology, "My apologies, I meant no harm. Just wanted to appreciate the beauty in front of me."

He was confident in his charming abilities and continued conversing with the elf. Despite her quiet and reserved demeanor, he misinterpreted her silence, assuming she must enjoy the attention.

In his mind, the absence of outright rejection fueled his confidence, prompting him to escalate his flirting even further. Unaware of the elf's discomfort, Jasper pressed on, convinced he was making a lasting impression.

But before he could utter another word, the elf leaned in, her voice now threatening, "Let me be crystal clear. I won't hesitate to end you if you attempt to flirt with me again. Understood?"

Jasper gulped audibly, nodding in agreement. Little did he know, the two girls behind him, whom he mistook for mere shop assistants, hissed menacingly.

Turning around, he discovered their true nature – vampires, their eyes glinting with a predatory glimmer.

The elf spoke again, her red eyes narrowing at Jasper. "You better watch your words. My husband wouldn't take kindly to someone like you flirting with me."

Feeling annoyed and somewhat insulted, he retorted, "And who might your husband be? I'd be happy to challenge him to a duel."

Laughter erupted from the elf and the two girls behind Jasper. The blonde vampire stepped forward, her amusement evident. "You have no idea, do you? Her husband is none other than Archer Wyldheart, the White Dragon Prince, and she is Hecate Wyldheart."

Jasper's eyes widened. The White Dragon Prince, the very person he had sneered at earlier, was the husband of the elf he had been trying to flirt with. He started to feel a mixture of embarrassment and regret.

The stern warning, accompanied by the menacing hisses from the vampire girls, made him realize his mistake. Taking a deep breath, he stepped forward, his posture showing sincerity as he bowed to the three, even if it hurt him.

He began, addressing Hecate and the two girls. "I owe you all an apology. I didn't know who you were, and my attempts at flirting with a married woman were entirely wrong and disrespectful. I respect your limits, and I'm truly sorry for any discomfort I caused."

Hecate, maintaining her composed demeanor, nodded slightly, acknowledging his apology. The blonde girl, still amused, looked at him with a more neutral expression while the black-haired one remained vigilant.

"I appreciate your apology. Understanding boundaries is crucial, especially when interacting with others, especially married women." Hecate responded, her tone softer but firm.

Giving a subtle nod, the blonde vampire added, "We may have a sense of humor, but certain lines should never be crossed."

Jasper nodded in understanding, appreciating their willingness to accept his apology. "I've learned my lesson, and I'll be more mindful in the future. Please convey my apologies to your husband, the White Dragon Prince, as well. I meant no disrespect."

Hecate's stern expression softened slightly. "Consider this a valuable lesson, then. Be cautious in your interactions, and remember that not everyone appreciates advances, especially when they're married."

He nodded before Hecate started talking again. "Now, how can I help? Assuming you came in for a reason."

Jasper sighed, his gaze distant. "Indeed, the constant agony in my bones greets me every morning, a harsh reminder of the injuries sustained in the last war. Yet, it goes beyond mere physical pain. My thoughts are scattered, and I often find myself in a state of confusion and fear. The tremors in my hands persist until I finally surrender to sleep, only to awaken to the same cycle once more."

After speaking, Hecate nodded. "I've heard of this before. Many veterans suffer from this when their body takes too much damage. When were you injured?"

"About one hundred and three years ago," Jasper answered as the black-haired girl brought him a chair to sit down in.

Hecat asked the older man. "So you're a Master Mage?"

"Yes, but I was a Knight Master. Was never good at magic."

She nodded. "It's called Wraithbane Affliction. It destroys a soldier's body from the inside out because of a material they used in the armor and weapons back in your days."

Jasper's eyes widened as the College Of Medicine couldn't tell him what it was, but this young woman did. He shook his head and asked with a voice full of hope. "Is there a way to heal it?"

Hecate shook her head. "No, but there's a way to reduce the pain and slow down the degeneration of your body."

"How much would the treatment cost?"

"One gold. I'll make the potion now. So wait here." The elf answered as he watched her walk away.

After that, Jasper kept going back there until one day, he ran into someone who would forever change his path in life.

Chapter 620 Boring

When Archer saw the man, he felt the mana radiating from him, but it was broken and disfigured, which caught his attention. He turned to Hecate, who smiled at him as she spoke. "He comes in because he is still suffering the effects of the last war."

He nodded as the man shuffled to the front. As the man drew nearer, Archer estimated him to be in his thirties, though life had taken its toll on him. When he stopped at the counter, he bowed his head to Hecate.

"Morning Hecate. Is the medicine ready?"

The moon elf nodded and took out a bottle, but Archer used his dragon eyes to scan the man's body and realized there was poison infesting his body, which was causing the pain, so he asked. "Human. Who poisoned you?"

As he spoke, Hecate and the man looked at him with strange expressions before the elf asked.

"Husband? What do you mean by that?"

"Somethings lingering in his body causing whatever pain his suffering. It looks like someone managed to get Shadowbane Venom in your system. It's a nasty poison that doesn't kill but causes never-ending pain in the victim."

Hecate's eyes widened in shock. "How do you know that, Arch? I couldn't sense the poison."

Archer smiled at his moon witch before explaining. "Well, I can see all mana, my love. I can see it flowing through his body."

The man looked at him in amazement but shook his head and pleaded. "White Prince. My name is Jasper Arundel. I was a knight in the Avalonian army before I was injured. If you can remove the poison, I'd be willing to do anything for you."

When he heard the man say the name, the Avalonians called him. "Okay, Jasper. Take a mana oath never to betray me and become my knight, and I shall give you a new lease on life."

Jasper declared, his words echoing with sincerity. "White Prince, I pledge my loyalty to you. I swear upon my mana and my life to serve you faithfully, to uphold your honor, and to protect those under your charge."

Archer regarded him with a mixture of respect and compassion. He placed a hand on Jasper's shoulder and met the man's gaze with a reassuring nod. "Now, become new, my knight."

He just cast Aurora Healing on him, and when Jasper felt the pure mana flowing through his body, mending everything that's been broken. He felt his muscles repairing themselves, and the poison eating him from the inside vanished.

When Archer was done, he stepped back with a smile. "You're healed now. You will guard this shop and my Hecate with your life. If she ever comes to harm, I will eat you without a second thought. Understand?"

"Yes, my lord! Lady Hecate will never come to harm while I breathe." Jasper said in a voice full of pride.

Archer grinned. "Good man. Now go rest for the day and be here tomorrow morning. I'll bring you some special armor."

Jasper nodded. "Yes. Thank you for help, my White Prince."

The man stood up and made his way out of the shop while excited to be able to run again. His reaction caused Archer and Hecate to laugh, but she turned to him with a smile. "Thank you for that. People have been getting rowdy, and having a strong knight protecting the shop makes me worry less."

"That's okay. I was going to assign Eldric here, but his training with the army. But do you need anything else? I have to see Sia before we arrive at the Oakheart Kingdom."

Hecate shook her head. "I'm okay for now, husband. We have the Ethereal Apothecary Consortium supplying us now when their representative offered me a one-sided deal."

Archer's eyebrows raised, causing her to explain. "Well, about a week ago, a woman appeared in the shop and offered to supply us with everything while receiving five percent of the profits, but I only think that's cause the president is trying to get on your good side."

"Why? Where is this company from?"

Hecate giggled. "Maybe because you're a king? The white dragon? Guardian of the Avalon Empire, maybe?"

Archer laughed and nodded before she continued. "They are from the Nightshade Empire on the central continent."

"Oh, so they that big? Well, that's good, and if that president wants to meet, they'd have to wait until the Celestial Magic Tournament."

Hecate smiled. "I will tell the representative when she comes in next. She is a lovely woman but is obsessed with you."

"What?" Archer asked with confusion in his voice.

Once more, her laughter filled the air, its melodious notes captivating him. "Your laugh is so lovely, Hecate."

Her cheeks flushed with embarrassment at the compliment, but Archer quickly reassured her of his sincerity. After that, he spent time with her before using the dragon tattoo to locate Sia and realized she was in Valoria City in the Summerfield Duchy.

Archer turned to Hecate and kissed her before opening a portal to the Duchy and stepped through while summoning his wings. He jumped into the air, started flying south, and soon saw a large city in the distance.

Recognizing it as Valoria City, the capital of the Summerfield Duchy. He descended towards the ground after soaring through the skies for twenty minutes. While landing, he couldn't help but notice the vast expanse of farmland dotting the landscape below.

As Archer approached the imposing gates of the fantasy city, he couldn't help but marvel at the peaceful beauty of the snow-covered landscape surrounding it. The city walls stood tall and sturdy, decorated with detailed carvings and fortified with towers reaching the sky.

When he got closer, the guards stationed at the gate halted his progress, their armor glinting in the wintry sunlight. One of them, a stern-faced soldier with a fur-lined cloak, stepped forward and raised a hand to signal for Archer to halt.

"Halt! State your business," the guard commanded, his voice firm and authoritative.

Archer met the guard's gaze calmly before answering. He put his cloak on and wrapped it around himself. "I've come to see my fiancée, Sia Silverthorne."

The guard's eyes widened in shock as he mumbled. "The white prince?"

He nodded. "That's one of my many names. Now, could you take me to Sia? It's been a while since I've seen her."

The guard nodded respectfully. "I am Captain Ronan, guardian of the city gates. Follow me. I will lead you to Lady Sia's mansion."

With a nod of thanks, Archer fell into step behind Captain Ronan as they made their way through the bustling streets of Valoria City. The snow-covered cobblestones crunched beneath their boots, and the sounds of merchants hawking their wares mingled with the laughter of children playing in the snow.

Captain Ronan spoke of the history and inhabitants as they walked, pointing out notable landmarks and sharing the city's folklore. Archer listened with interest, his curiosity piqued by the captain's words.

Eventually, they arrived at a grand mansion nestled at the city's edge, its white marble facade gleaming in the sunlight. Captain Ronan halted before the ornate gates, gesturing for Archer to enter.

"Here we are, white prince. Lady Sia's mansion," Captain Ronan announced, his tone respectful.

Archer nodded gratefully, his gaze lingering on the elegant architecture of the mansion. "Thank you, Captain Ronan."

As he stepped through the ornate gates of Sia Silverthorne's mansion, a ring of armored soldiers suddenly surrounded him, their weapons drawn. Despite the guards' threatening stance, Archer had a small smile playing at the corners of his lips.

He seemed to melt into the shadows, disappearing in the blink of an eye. The soldiers exchanged startled glances, their eyes darting around the space where he had stood moments before.

Meanwhile, at the mansion's main entrance, Sia Silverthorne stood at the entrance as Archer appeared in front of her and smiled. She quickly hugged him with a big smile, and he returned it before separating.

His eyes roamed his older fiancée's stunning figure. Her jet-

black hair was tied into a ponytail, and the knight armor she was wearing couldn't hide her massive boobs or curves, which drove him nuts.

"Finished looking at me, my naughty husband? If you keep looking at me like that, don't blame me if I jump you." Sia's teasing voice brought him back.

After speaking, she waved around the guards, who rushed over before grabbing Archer and passionately kissing him. Once Sia got her fill of kisses, she dragged him inside and spoke. "How's the flight to Oakheart?"

"Boring." He answered with a chuckle.

Sia started laughing. "Yeah, it is when it's a long journey. But If I'm right, you're a few days from the kingdom, so it shouldn't be too long now, my love."

Archer nodded with a smile before asking. "How's the mission down here going?"