

A Journey 651

Chapter 651 Two Future's One Choice

[Catherine Volkovitch POV]

A wave of sorrow washed over her as she listened to his heartbreaking plea. She knew that his pain ran deep and felt a profound sense of compassion for him despite the atrocities he was about to commit.

In a voice heavy with sorrow and determination, he declared, "Because of their cruelty, because of their emperor's actions, all the Novgorodian people will perish from Thrylos along with their allies."

Catherine's heart sank as she realized the extent of his vengeance. She knew there would be no mercy, no reprieve from the wrath of the Draconian Army.

She watched as Archer commanded his soldiers to butcher the survivors. "Show them no mercy! These are the people responsible for the deaths of my girls, for the deaths of your queens! They have taken from us that which can never be replaced. That which will haunt us for eternity."

Archer's voice thundered with rage. "For every life lost, for every drop of blood spilled, let a million of theirs pay the price. Let them feel the weight of their ruler's decisions; let them suffer the consequences of their actions."

His soldiers surged forward, their battle cries echoing through the streets as they descended upon the unsuspecting citizens of Novgorod in a frenzy. The sounds of clashing steel and agonized screams filled the air.

The once lively streets were now painted red with the blood of the innocent, and the air was thick with the sounds of screams and cries of anguish. She could see Archer was consumed by a never-ending rage over his loss and change.

Catherine felt a deep sense of guilt and helplessness, knowing that she could do nothing to stop the massacre that was taking place that was down to her son's stupid decisions that brought doom to their empire.

But suddenly, the vision shifted. The scene began to blur and fade away, replaced by a new image, a white dragon banner unfurling on every city across Verdantia. It symbolized power and domination, a stark reminder of Archer's unstoppable march towards conquest.

As the vision expanded, she realized with a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach that this was no mere dream. It was one of many futures that could happen. Once a symbol of hope, the white dragon banner now served as a chilling herald of Archer's oppressive rule.

With a heavy heart, she knew that the world was about to plunge into darkness. Archer, who was once a beacon of light and hope, had now become its greatest threat. And as the white dragon banner continued to spread, engulfing the world in its shadow.

"Do you want this future? Or the one I'm going to show you, girl?" A voice was heard from behind her.

Catherine spun around to spot a robed figure standing there. She asked in a suspicious voice. "Who are you?"

"I am what's to be, what's been, and what came before. Could you answer my question, girl?"

She nodded. "Yes. How do I prevent him from falling?"

The figure started laughing. "You must rid yourself of the thing you've cherished for so long."

Catherine's confusion was palpable, evident in her furrowed brow and questioning gaze. Sensing her uncertainty, the figure before she spoke. "Your son's desire for conflict with the white dragon has far-reaching consequences, as you've seen. But what lies ahead, should his plan fail and we thwart the Dark God's intentions, is a vision I must now reveal."

"Dark Gods?" Catherine's voice trembled with disbelief. "How can a mortal woman be entangled in the god's games?"

"More than you know, Catherine Volkovitch. You must step up and choose when the time is right. Now, witness the fruit bore from such trouble. " The figure spoke in a neutral tone.

The figure waved its hand as it spoke for the last time, "The choice will appear, and your whole being will tell you to go against it, but if you do, the first vision will come true, and you shall see everything you hold dear burned to dust under the white dragon's rage."

The next scene surprised Catherine. She saw Archer lounging on a sun-soaked island, a peaceful smile gracing his features as he lounged on a chair. Surrounding him were women of all ages, appearances, and races, relaxing while chatting in small groups.

But what truly shocked Catherine was the sight of a large pack of children around him. Little girls swarmed over Archer while giggling and laughing as he playfully interacted with each one.

His laughter echoed across the island as he kissed the heads of each one who squirmed in his embrace with sheer delight. It was a sight that seemed so different from the darkness she had witnessed before.

That's when Catherine spotted her granddaughter, Yevdokiya, among the throng of women. With a beaming smile, Yevdokiya held a little girl with white hair and piercing blue eyes, staring at Archer with love.

She watched him look over to the little girl, who shyly looked away. Catherine watched as Archer cast a spell to appear behind Yevdokiya and the girl. He gazed at the shy child with a gentle crouch and softly said, "Yelena, would you like to come to Papa? I've missed you dearly."

The timid little girl peeked at him, eliciting a radiant smile from her granddaughter. Yelena quickly descended from her mother's arms and toddled over to Archer. Her heart swelled with affection as she witnessed the scene.

Archer scooped up the giggling girl, her laughter filling the air as he showered her tiny face with loving kisses. That's when Catherine's world changed as a grey-haired little girl with violet eyes appeared.

She watched the girl tugging at Archer's sleeve, prompting him to bend down and smile as he picked her up. He asked in a sweet voice, "Tatiana! Where's Mama?"

Catherine's heart skipped a beat as she watched the child, a mirror image of herself, point southward. Confusion clouded her mind as she saw herself, her long grey hair tied back into a ponytail, approaching Archer and tenderly kissing him.

That's when the sound of girls giggling caught her attention as they chased each other around not far from Archer and the women. The youngest, a little blonde lion girl with a mischievous glint in her violet eyes, scampered on all fours.

Behind her, a tiger girl with striking white hair and brown skin bounded after her sister, her beautiful brown eyes alight with joy. She closed the distance between them with each playful leap, her laughter mingling with her sister's.

As Catherine's gaze swept over the scene, she noticed three more little girls joining the playful fray, each exuding a unique charm and mystique. The first girl, with her supernatural appearance, seemed almost otherworldly.

Her skin was as pale as freshly fallen snow, highlighted by cascading locks of snowy white hair that framed her delicate features. But the girl's eyes caught her attention, a mesmerizing shade of blue.

Next to the first girl, there was another. Her skin was smooth and chocolate brown, shining with energy. Her hair, though, was as white as the clouds above. But what truly set her apart were her eyes – a soft, delicate red that shimmered with an inner light.

As she moved, Catherine saw colorful feathers adorning her, resembling the majestic feathers of a phoenix. Then there was the third girl, her presence imbued with a devilish energy that was impossible to ignore.

The little girl chased after the other two, her fox ears twitched with excitement. Her hair, a deep brown, flowed behind her as she moved swiftly. Her eyes, a captivating shade of violet, shimmered with intelligence and curiosity as she raced through the forest.

Her playful laughter was mesmerizing to her. Together, the three girls ran all over the island, their laughter mingling with the gentle rustle of leaves and the melodious trill of beasts flying overhead.

With a heavy heart, Catherine tore her eyes away from the scene, readying herself for the future as the vision ended. She awoke from the vision and reappeared in the same hall where she had spoken to her son Anatoly.

After doing that, she shook her head to clear it of the cobwebs and decided to call for a meeting with some of her friends. She pulled out a communication device and spoke into it. "Ladies, can we meet? I have some important information to share."

A moment later, an excited voice broke the silence. "Cathy, is that you? When did you start using this channel again?"

"Since we need to put a halt to my foolish son Agnes," Catherine replied firmly. "Inform the others to gather at the Summer Isles. I need to speak to everyone."

"Okay, red-eyes. Titania will bring Morgana, the woman teaching that poor girl how to become a ruler, and is bringing her everywhere." Agnes commented.

Catherine sighed. "That's fine, and stop calling me that! We're not children anymore, woman."

All she got in reply was a cackling laugh before the device clicked off, causing her to sigh with annoyance.

Chapter 652 I'm Kidnapping Her From The Wedding

Archer continued watching the fights until a strange feeling washed over him as a portal opened next to their seats. That's when he heard a voice. "Arch! Where are you?"

Ella stumbled through the portal while holding a cup and slurring her words. Archer's eyes narrowed, but Teuila beat him to hit. "That gremlin got El drunk!"

The other girls started laughing as the half-elf spotted Archer and stumbled over to him to sit on his lap while slurring. "Sera's wine tastes very... nice. You. Should try some."

He chuckled while pulling Ella closer so she could rest her head on his shoulder, but instead of doing that, she got naughty and started nibbling his neck. While doing that, she mumbled. "I love... you Archer."

When Archer heard the drunk half-elf's words, he smiled before responding. "I love you too, El. Now go to sleep."

After he spoke, Ella curled up in his lap and fell asleep, causing the other girls to look at her with jealousy, but they understood that she was drunk, so they didn't bother with the sleeping elf anymore.

Once she was settled, Archer slipped his hand into the back of her dress, gently running his fingers up and down her back. The half-elf's reaction sent a shiver through him, accompanied by an endearing moan.

Archer turned his attention back to the match that was about to end and would be Hemera's, then Maeve's. Soon after, the fight ended, but the announcer spoke to the crowd. "We will have five more fights after this one. The queen wants to move to the Qualification Round as soon as possible."

She paused for a second before continuing. "Can Hemera Helios and Celeborn Highleaf come to the stage, please? Your match will begin soon."

The sun elf walked over to Archer before sharing a passionate kiss with him, which shocked the crowd and caused them to murmur.

"He's a playboy!"

"How many girls does this white dragon have!"

"Look at the beautiful girl asleep on his lap. Most men would love to be in that position!"

The surrounding people's reactions caused Archer to laugh as he slapped Hemera's bubble butt, causing her to yelp. Her yellow eyes turned to him, promising retribution, which he relished.

As Hemera stepped onto the stage, he watched with pride and anticipation. Archer decided to scan him to see what his stats were like.

[Celeborn Highleaf]

[Level: 65]

[Rank: Expert]

[Other information not available due to blocker]

Archer grew confused but decided to ask one of the girls later as the referee signaled the beginning of the fight. Celeborn, her wood elf foe, immediately cast shadow blasts toward Hemera.

Archer wasn't concerned; he knew Hemera was strong enough to defeat her opponent. With a confident smirk, she lifted her hand toward the approaching shadows. Suddenly, bright sunlight erupted from her palm, chasing away the darkness with sunlight.

The crowd gasped in wonder as the dazzling display unfolded before them. Hemera's control over the sun was unmatched, and it showed in the way she effortlessly countered Celeborn's attacks.

Blinded by the sudden burst of light, Archer watched as her opponent faltered momentarily, his movements slowing as he struggled to adjust to the brightness. Seizing the chance, she swiftly closed the distance between them with surprising speed.

In a blink of an eye, Hemera swept Celeborn's legs out from under him, causing him to stumble and lose his balance. As he began to fall, she delivered a powerful punch straight to his face, the impact sending him crashing to the ground with a thud.

After the attack, Hemera jumped backward as he struggled to regain his footing, but let him get up as she prepared to attack; a sense of desperation washed over him. Channeling the power of nature, he cast a healing spell on himself, hoping to mend his wounds.

A greenish aura enveloped him briefly as the spell took effect, soothing his injuries and restoring his energy. But panic set in as he realized Hemera was charging forward and was getting too close before he could react.

Celeborn didn't waste any time and conjured a tendril of shadow energy before lashing out in a last-ditch effort to defend himself. However, Hemera was one step ahead as she expected the attack.

Her moves were a blur to the crowd as she easily dodged the shadow's tendrils. While smoothly darting around them, she closed the distance between them with determination in her yellow eyes.

Archer watched intently as Hemera used sun magic on her feet and surged forward to confront Celeborn. The sun elf didn't think as she unleashed a Sun Blast aimed directly at his chest.

The intense light enveloped him in a blinding flash, leaving the crowd momentarily stunned by the display of power. Celeborn staggered backward, the force of the blast knocking him off his feet and sending him crashing to the ground once more.

Struggling to rise, Celeborn raised him, but Hemera harnessed her sun magic once more and delivered a spinning kick aimed at his jaw, sending him reeling before he succumbed to unconsciousness.

Hemera stopped with a smile as radiant as the sun before bowing to the crowd, acknowledging their applause. After that, the referee announced her as the winner before she returned to a grinning Archer.

When she came close, he spoke in a proud tone. "That was brilliant, Hemi. What was that spell you use to go fast?"

The sun elf giggled before answering. "Sun Blast. But I use it on my feet to get a quick burst of speed."

All the girls greeted her with smiles. Ella murmured something, though no one could quite make out her words. Afterward, it was Maeve's turn to fight. Archer spotted her fiery orange hair as she confidently stepped onto the stage following the announcer's call.

Archer looked at her even closer and admitted to himself that she was stunningly beautiful, reminding him of a Celtic warrior from Earth. She was muscular and had big boobs which bounced every time she moved.

He was mesmerized until he heard Leira. "Like the Avaloch Princess husband?"

When Archer heard the cat girl, he turned to her with a smile. "Yes. She's a lovely girl, and I think I will steal her from her wedding after the tournament."

Leira nodded before giggling as she explained. "Me and the girls have spoken. We agreed that Maeve should be one of them if you were to go after any more girls. She likes you and doesn't want to get married but can't go against her duty."

Archer sighed. "Yeah. Lioran said she's serious when it comes to stuff like that. But will me kidnapping her make her disregard that duty?"

"Yes. Just look at the way she's looking at you, Arch." She responded while pointing at the stage.

He looked at Maeve, who was staring at him with a smile, but there was something in her grey eyes. She mouthed something before turning to her opponent, a regular-looking girl using a weapon he had never seen.

Archer turned to Leira and asked. "Do you know what she said?"

The cat girl nodded and recited what the orange-haired girl had said. "Take me away from my wedding, but it won't be easy, dragon"

"The Avaloch Princess will be mine, Leira. You watch me." Archer declared before paying even more attention to the fight.

Teuila nudged her and spoke. "What is he ranting about now?"

Leira laughed before telling her what he said. "He wants to claim Maeve Avaloch, and she's not making it easy for him. This ignites his dragon instincts, making him want her even more now."

The blue-haired girl started laughing. That's when Halime joined in, "She's playing hard to get. Maeve likes him even more than he does her but wants that to change by teasing him."

Everyone turned to Archer, who was focusing on Maeve jiggly behind as the referee signaled for the fight to start. His excitement surged as she stormed toward her opponent with unwavering strides.

The crowd held its breath, anticipation palpable in the air. Maeve's fiery orange hair blazed like a beacon of fire as she closed the distance between herself and her adversary. With lightning-fast reflexes, Maeve expertly batted away the girl's weapons.

Every movement unfolded with meticulous skill, displaying the finesse of a seasoned warrior. Archer couldn't help but be astonished by the display of skill before him, captivated by the Celtic-like girl.

Each strike was imbued with a savage fury that stirred something within him, a primal attraction to her fierce combat prowess. Maeve lunged forward in a quick and skilled maneuver, her blade slicing through the air with deadly accuracy.

The edge of her sword connected with the girl's thighs, leaving deep gashes in its wake. With a cry of pain, the opponent staggered backward, her balance faltering as she stumbled.

As the defeated girl lay unconscious on the ground, attended to by the healers, the referee declared Maeve the match's victor. Archer watched her step off the stage and handed the sleeping Ella to Teuila, who happily took the half-elf.

He rose from his seat and strode purposefully towards the orange-haired girl, noting her conversation with a man and woman resembling her. However, his attention was drawn to a brutish-looking man standing nearby, gazing at her with a possessive intensity that pissed him off.

Archer's mind churned with jealousy as he observed the scene unfolding before him and thought to himself, a determined glint in his eyes. "I'm kidnapping her from the wedding."

Chapter 653 The Gods Can Turn Water Into Wine

Archer watched as the man tried to talk to Maeve with a smile, but she replied politely while looking uninterested. He turned his attention to her fiance, who had bushy brown hair and blue eyes. He was big but looked like a dimwit, which confused him.

He approached Maeve, slipped his arm around her waist, and pulled her closer, causing the three people to give him death glares. Archer noticed a man who stood at seven feet looking down at him with anger growing in his grey eyes.

Guessing this man was the King of Avaloch and Maeve's father, Archer knew his hatred toward him would only grow, and, in the future, it would lead to a blood feud. He soon realized he would never accept their union, a thought that greatly amused him.

After looking at the man, Archer turned his attention to the woman who looked like an older version of Maeve, only with green eyes, bigger boobs, and wasn't muscular. She was staring at him with something like interest, which fascinated him.

'This woman should hate me, but her gaze has no malice.' Archer thought to himself.

He shook his head and turned his attention to Maeve's fiance, who was staring at him with an innocent smile, causing him to think. 'Are they marrying her to an idiot? She deserves better.'

While Archer was thinking, Maeve's father demanded while taking a step forward. "How dare you touch my daughter, boy! She is the third princess of the Avaloch Kingdom! Do you know it's a death sentence for such crimes?"

As the king waffled on, Cian, Maeve, and their elder sisters arrived just in time to hear his words. Their faces paled with apprehension, anticipating Archer's explosive reaction. However, their unease deepened when all he offered in response was a smile.

Archer ignored the king's question and introduced himself to Maeve's fiance with an insincere smile. "I'm Archer Wyldheart. The white demon of the Southlands, the Scourge of the Church Of Light, and the Doom of the World. Who are you?"

The young man seemed taken aback but answered. "Seamus Albion. Second Prince of the Albion Kingdom and Maeve's fiance."

When Cian heard this, He thought, watching the interaction unfold. 'Stop mentioning that you're her fiance, idiot! Can't you see he's getting angrier.'

"And where is this kingdom?" Archer replied with an even bigger grin, hiding a boiling anger fueled by jealousy.

While he was trying to control himself, Maeve tried to escape his clutches but couldn't. Seamus answered without realizing he was dooming his homeland in the distant future. "It's North East of the Avaloch Kindom."

When Cian, Caoimhe, and Siobhan heard this, they sighed as their sister's fiance just shot himself in the foot. Archer chuckled as he thanked the boy for the information. "That's very good. I heard the east is very nice during Frostwinter. Don't tempt me into visiting."

Maeve and Cian trembled upon hearing those words, fully aware of their implications. Unaware, Seamus continued to prattle on, releasing the squirming girl as he spoke.

When Maeve was free, she watched him with narrowed eyes as Seamus answered with an innocent smile. "I see you're friends with Cian and Maeve. How about you two visit us after we settle in the Albion Kingdom?"

Archer's smile turned darker, but Seamus was oblivious to it all as he assumed he had made a new friend. It was a chilling transformation that sent shivers down the spines of those familiar with his true nature.

The siblings exchanged worried glances, dreading what shenanigans he might unleash. Yet, they remained silent, watching as he posed seemingly innocuous questions they knew harbored ulterior motives.

Cian leaned over and whispered to Maeve, "He'll kidnap you at your wedding, sis. Is this truly what you want?"

She turned to her older brother and gave him a nod before returning her attention to Archer as he conversed with her fiancé, who was clueless about the doom that would fall upon his kingdom.

Maeve's parents watched with astonishment as this seemingly friendly front Archer put up masked the true menace they believed him to be. Despite his charming behavior, the older couple couldn't shake the unease.

They braced themselves, especially when they noticed the obsessive gleam in his eyes whenever he looked at Maeve, heightening their unease. Anticipating that he was plotting something sinister, the couple heard the rumors.

Archer posed a question that made the people shiver, but Seamus didn't have a problem bragging. "So, my new friend. How wealthy is your kingdom? I heard it's just a petty realm selling livestock to survive."

When asking this, Maeve's father snapped, his voice accusing. "Enough of your games, dragon!"

"Oh, aren't you touchy. I was getting to know my new friend here as I don't have many my age." Archer looked at Seamus with the friendliest smile he couldn't muster, "Ain't that right?"

The young man thought Archer was friendly and spoke up to defend him. "Yes Father-in-law. I see no dishonesty in him, and grandmother told me dragons are truthful beings."

Archer nodded like a chicken, causing Maeve's Father to get even angrier, but he made it even worse by speaking to the king with a grin. "I am very honest, Ronan Avaloch. I shall give you a quote to remember me by."

He walked over to the man, who was staring at him with eyes full of rage and hatred, causing Archer to chuckle before speaking with a cocky grin. "The gods can turn water into wine, but I can turn your mother into mine."

When hearing this, Ronan's face turned several colors, and he was about to attack Archer, who was openly mocking him in front of his family. But stopped himself as he noticed Ophelia Blackfire standing close by and a large group of girls staring at him like he was scum.

A few of them took out weapons, causing Ronan to rethink his next actions before leaving the arena. While walking away, Archer spoke to him with a smirk. "See you soon, Father-in-law. Make sure to keep an eye out for me."

Seamus looked at him and asked in a curious voice. "Which sister will you be marrying, Archer? Both are lovely."

"Why not all three and their mother?" Archer replied while looking at the older woman, who stared at him amusedly.

He looked into her beautiful green eyes and asked with a charming smile. "What is your name?"

The woman's eyebrows raised before inquiring in a heavy accent that reminded him of how Celts sounded on the history documentaries back on Earth. "Naomh Avaloch. I must ask, why did you provoke my husband if you want to marry his daughters or me as you said?"

A smirk appeared on her beautiful face when she finished speaking as she enjoyed Archer's attention. He shook his head while responding. "I like teasing people. Especially old men who think they are powerful but are nothing but an ant to me."

After responding to her inquiry, he leaned close to her ear, his tone dripping with seduction. "While Maeve is mine already, upon seeing you, I find myself desiring you as well, my warrior queen."

He leaned back with a smirk, leaving Naomh flustered and red-

faced before she turned around and walked over to the other woman. Seamus didn't know what was happening but spoke as he followed the queen. "I wish you luck in the tournament, Archer. It was nice meeting you."

The young man walked off while he grinned and mumbled. "I'm sure you won't be saying that when I steal Maeve."

"You are evil, Arch. Can't believe you got my mother all flustered like a young girl." Cian's voice rang out from behind him.

Archer chuckled before asking. "The human wasn't as you described. He seemed like a meek child."

This time, Cian laughed as he explained. "Do you know how much willpower someone has to be around you for long, my friend?"

"What are you talking about? None of my girls have this issue." Archer replied in a doubt-filled tone, which caused Cian to laugh.

"It's not that. You hate Seamus because he's marrying Maeve. Since you already see her as yours, you're subconsciously projecting your aura onto him, making it feel like a formidable beast is glaring at him."

He nodded in understanding. "So why don't any of you feel like this?"

"Because we're friends, Arch, and no threat to you. Being a dragon, your instincts will tell you when someone has bad intentions toward you." Cian answered.

But Archer wasn't listening as he watched Seamus try to kiss Maeve goodbye, but she expertly dodged him, which forced the young man to leave disappointed. Once he left, the orange-

haired girl approached him with a big smile.

This uplifted his mood, but her next words drove him mad. Maeve stopped next to him and whispered so that only they could hear. "I'll be going against my Father, so show me what a life with you will be like, my dragon."

Chapter 654 How Talented She Truly Is

Archer looked at Maeve before his smile grew even more. "Of course, I will. Ask any of my girls, and they'll tell you how well I treat them."

"If you take me away from my wedding, you'll turn the Avaloch Kingdom and their allies against you, and my father will send assassins?" She asked in a concerned tone.

He shrugged without a worry in the world. "Being hated even more isn't new to me, Maeve. Everyone either loves or hates me, which doesn't bother me anymore. I don't live my life caring what people think about me. That's pointless."

Maeve laughed as they walked back to the others and took a seat. When Teuila and the rest saw them, they greeted her with a smile, and each girl kissed him before Archer asked as he took the sleeping Ella, who reacted by getting closer to him. "Who's fighting next?"

Talila was the one to answer in an annoyed tone. "Zarina then Apollonia. Halime is after them while I'm last."

Archer smiled before leaning into the mixed elf and spoke in a voice oozing with his charism. "I can't wait to see my slave fight. I wonder if I should visit you tonight?"

When Talila heard that, she shivered all over her body but mumbled so none of the other girls could hear. "Can you? I can make sure the other slave is their Master."

His grin grew even more before replying. "You better win and make sure Hali comes with you."

Talila agreed with a nod and looked over to the snake girl, whose yellow eyes turned to her and smiled. After that, Zarina was called up to the stage, and Archer paid attention to her and scanned her as he didn't care about being caught, especially by her.

[Zarina Whitestone]

[Level: 86]

[Rank: Master]

'Oh she's strong. I hope she can fight.' He thought to himself before turning to her opponent.

When Archer saw him, he was taken aback by the size difference. The boy stood at seven feet and was built like a tank, but the bear ears caught his attention. He was twice the size of Zarina, who was looking at him with a bored look and got ready to cast her magic.

He scanned using Analyze the Bear Boy and wanted to see his strength.

[Lawrence Blackclaw]

[Level 79]

[Level: Expert]

Archer was impressed and couldn't wait to see how Zarina would deal with him, but as soon as the referee announced the start of the fight, she dashed forward without waiting, catching Lawrence off guard.

When the crowd saw this, they went crazy and started screaming. Lawrence cast an earth magic spell called Earth Spikes to block the redhead's approach, but she leaped over it and started spinning and hitting him with a solid kick.

He watched as the bear boy skidded backward, but Zarina didn't give up as flames appeared on her fist and foot before she launched another attack, which Lawrence couldn't block this time as dozens of punches slammed into his face.

Archer was stunned before getting excited and wanted to fight the quiet girl, but that's when Lawrence dropped to the ground unconscious. The cheering started instantly, and Zarina stood there until the referee announced her as the winner.

After that, she left the stage while the healers tended to Lawrence, who was out cold, and that's when the announcer called out. "Can Apollonia Nordvania and Pallius Ashguard come to the stage, please."

When he heard this, his eyes narrowed, and he remembered what he had done to his brothers. The blonde boy with green eyes approached the stage, causing the Avalonian crowd to murmur.

The air around Archer changed, causing all the girls to look at him with concerned expressions until Teuila answered. "That's his older brother. They used to torment him until he got his revenge."

Maeve asked curiously. "What happened, if you don't mind me asking?"

Teuila looked at Archer, who nodded before returning to the fight as the referee started the battle. His eyes locked on the stage where his brother, Pallius, stood opposite Apollonia. The air crackled with tension as the crowd murmured in anticipation.

Archer watched the pink-haired girl closely and noticed that her skin was pale white and her blue eyes glowed like ice. He remembered that she was an ice queen and didn't give him the time of day, which annoyed him but made his interest grow.

He shook his head before scanning the two of them and wanted to see their strength.

[Apollonia Nordvania]

[Level: 92]

[Rank: Master]

[Pallius Ashguard]

[Level: 73]

[Rank: Expert]

When Archer finished scanning the pale-skinned girl, he continued watching as his brother made the first move. Pallius, with his arrogant smirk firmly in place, began the duel.

He raised his hands and started casting magic. That's when Archer saw the flames that danced around his fingertips before erupting into a series of fire blasts, each aimed at Apollonia with deadly precision.

But she was no stranger to battles. Archer watched as she dissolved into thin air, her form becoming a wisp of smoke. The blasts passed through the space where she had stood, leaving Pallius momentarily bewildered.

Then, in a heartbeat, the atmosphere shifted. A bone-chilling cold descended upon the stage, causing the air to freeze and thicken. Frost spread like tendrils across the ground, and the audience gasped as the temperature plummeted.

Archer felt a surge of anticipation as he watched Apollonia reappear behind his brother, her silhouette outlined against the icy backdrop. Without hesitation, she raised her hands, gathered the frigid energy surrounding her, and unleashed it in a powerful blast of ice.

The frozen shards tore through the air, striking Pallius squarely in the back. He cried out in shock and pain as the tendrils encased him, sapping his strength and leaving him vulnerable. His heart raced as he witnessed the downfall of his brother.

He loved seeing the ice queen teach him a lesson. As Pallius crumpled to the ground, defeated by Apollonia's cunning, Archer's lips curled into a satisfied smirk. The crowd erupted into cheers and applause.

But he remained silent, his gaze never leaving the fallen form of his brother as he thought to himself. 'He's lucky his not dead. Maybe one day if he does anything else.'

Following that, the referee declared Apollonia as the victor, signaling the conclusion of her match before Halime's turn arrived. Rising to her feet, Halime prepared for her fight, but not before Archer offered encouragement. "Good luck, Hali. I have faith in you. You've got this."

She smiled and gave him a nod before approaching the stage where a blonde girl stood. He recognized her as a student from the Starlight Academy and scanned the two to see who was stronger.

[Halime Nagendra]

[Level: 95]

[Rank: Master]

[Lila Snowfang]

[Level: 75]

[Rank: Expert]

When Archer saw a thought of his snake girl losing, but that vanished as he watched her walk up the stairs. Lila stepped forward with a fake smile as she spoke. "So you're the poisonous snake I've heard so much about."

Halime bristled but ignored her jab and replied with a grin. "I once was, yes."

She looked over to Archer, who blew her a kiss, causing a bright smile to appear, and continued. "But my husband's mana somehow stopped me from poisoning people, but I still have access to it as a weapon. Want to see?"

As Halime uttered her words, the referee's signal marked the commencement of the battle. Lila lunged forward, intent on seizing the advantage. However, a serene smile graced her lips as she focused her energy.

Her yellow snake eyes gleamed with mana as she cast her spell. With a graceful hand motion, she unleashed Poison Wave—a lethal fusion of venomous energy crackling through the air toward her adversary.

The blonde girl's eyes widened in alarm at the sight of the oncoming assault. Reacting swiftly, she evaded the deadly wave with a nimble leap to the side, narrowly dodging it. Archer watched Halime jump on her like a shark before she could catch her breath.

Halime appeared in front of Lila in a blur of motion, her movements fluid and precise. She delivered a series of devastating strikes with lightning speed, each blow landing surprising strength.

Lila's staggered backward, her defenses crumbling under the relentless assault. He watched as Halime closed in on her opponent. With a final, decisive move, she leaped into the air, spinning gracefully before delivering a powerful kick straight to Lila's jaw.

The impact of the strike knocked Lila off balance, sending her tumbling to the ground in a tangled heap. Cheers erupted from the crowd as Halime stood tall, her chest heaving with exertion as she took in the aftermath of her victory.

She had emerged triumphant, proving her strength and skill in battle. Archer watched her with wide eyes and didn't realize she'd gotten that strong. He turned toward Teuila, who giggled when she saw his expression.

The blue-haired girl explained. "Nala and I have been training her here and there but never realized how talented she truly is."

Archer's smile widened as Halime approached them, and when she reached them, he enveloped the snake girl in a warm embrace, holding her tightly against him. In a soft, tender whisper, he spoke words of affection that stirred something deep within her.

Chapter 655 Why Haven't You Told Us This

Halime melted in Archer's arms, savoring his caress and loving words. His open display of affection filled her with a sense of belonging and deepened her feelings for him even more.

The couple didn't let the roaring of the crows bother them as they watched the fight or the other spectator's eyes. Archer didn't care about expressing his love for his girls in front of people because he wasn't ashamed of loving them.

While hugging the snake girl, he looked around to see the arena, which he ignored until now. The circular stadium was huge, with rows of seats rising to the sky. Thousands of people filled the stands, cheering and waving flags of different colors and shapes.

The noise was deafening, mixing chants, horns, drums, and whistles. He saw Professors roaming the edge of the large stone stage, watching the ongoing fight. But that's when Halime's word brought him back to reality.

"Thank you, Arch," She tightened her hug before continuing, "You're the first person aside from my Mother to accept me despite my condition."

His gaze lingered on her, captivated by her attire. Halime wore a black kaftan that perfectly complemented her silky, ebony hair. As he met her gaze, her yellow eyes radiated affection, resembling those of a snake.

"You're my beautiful snake girl, Hali. Why wouldn't I accept you? I've grown to love you." Archer answered.

Yet, what truly captivated him were the scales adorning her body, mirroring his own, a shared trait that resonated deeply within him. Archer smiled when hearing her. He leaned down and planted a sweet kiss on her plump and inviting caramel-toned lips.

Halime returned it with a passionate one, causing the other girls to grow jealous. Once they separated, he had to kiss the others, which caused Lioran and Cian to laugh until he gave them a look, causing both boys to shut up.

Maeve started laughing, which was a beautiful sound to Archer's ears. She calmed down before commenting in an amused voice, "Only our Grandmother and Father can do that. You must really scare him."

He turned to the orange-haired girl, who was dressed like a warrior wearing leather armor that couldn't contain her large assets, which caught Archer's attention. Her curly hair was tied into a pony, similar to Teuila's.

Archer noticed the thick cape she had wrapped around herself when she sat down. He thought she was a beautiful girl who reminded him of Celtic women from Earth, but that didn't bother him.

With a shake of his head, he responded, "He says it's to do with my aura, but I have no clue. As long as people leave me alone."

He explained that his aura was very powerful because he was a dragon, and people he disliked felt. Archer and Maeve laughed when he told her about some of the reactions he got in the past.

The Avaloch Princess was reeling him in as they watched the fights. When the other girls saw them chatting, they left the two alone while talking to Nalika, Leonora, and Cassie, who came with the boys.

Cian looked at Lioran and Alaric and smiled as Archer was telling Maeve the story of him being hunted through a forest by cannibals when he was thirteen. When the large group heard this, they all turned their heads to him.

Talila asked in a voice full of curiosity. "Why haven't you told us this?"

"It didn't come up," He shrugged before noticing everyone looking at him, including his friends, and continued. "Well, I was thirteen and on my first long quest for the guild. We were taking aid to a nearby kingdom that requested help from the Adventurers Guild, and when the convoy arrived, an army of beasts overrun the city."

When they heard this, their eyes widened, but Nefertiti asked, "Where was this husband?"

"The Forsaken forest, my love. It was a creepy place to be with their screaming and hooting throughout the night as they searched for me." Archer answered with a shiver as he remembered his time in the forest when he washed up in the south.

He went on to tell them of his time in the forest as he was hunted down by the cannibals, which everyone listened to as they waited for Eveline, Aurelia, and Talila's fight.

[Four years earlier]

In the dense, shadowy forest, Archer cautiously stalked along the twisted branches of an ancient tree, his senses alert for any sign of danger. The moon cast eerie beams of silver light through the thick canopy, illuminating patches of tangled undergrowth below.

As he peered over the edge of a branch, his heart skipped a beat as a twisted figure lunged out of the darkness, its wild eyes locking onto his with a feral intensity. With a gasp of horror, Archer instinctively recoiled, his pulse racing as he stumbled backward.

Reacting on pure instinct, Archer unleashed Eldritch Blast. The blast struck the cannibal square in the chest, sending it staggering backward with a guttural cry of pain before the creature could recover.

Archer leaped agilely to another nearby branch, his claws digging into the rough bark as he propelled himself away from the looming threat. Adrenaline surged through his veins as he darted through the forest.

Behind him, the forest erupted into chaos as a horde of cannibals emerged from the shadows, their bloodcurdling cries echoing through the night air. Archer's heart pounded in his chest as he raced through the darkness, the pursuit of the cannibals driving him onward.

Branches whipped past him as he darted through the tangled undergrowth, his breath coming in ragged gasps as he pushed his body to its limits. The sounds grew louder with each passing moment.

The frenzied footsteps were closing in on him from all sides. With a burst of desperation, Archer leaped from branch to branch and was a blur of motion as he evaded the grasping hands of the bloodthirsty cannibals.

The canopy overhead swirled with shadows as he vanished into the depths of the forest, his only thought to escape the clutches of the cannibals and live to see another day in the heart of the dark forest.

Archer fled into the darkness, his heart pounding as he raced through the tangled undergrowth. With the relentless pursuit of the cannibals hot on his heels, he sought refuge in the hollow of a massive tree, hoping to evade their grasp.

Breathless, Archer pressed himself against the damp walls of the hollow, his eyes wide as he strained to listen for any sign of his pursuers. The sound of snapping twigs and guttural cries echoed through the stillness of the forest.

Suddenly, a group of cannibals emerged from the shadows, their twisted forms looming ominously in the moonlight as they gathered beneath the tree. Archer held his breath, praying they wouldn't discover his hiding place.

But fate had other plans. As they stopped directly in front of the tree, one of the cannibals glanced up and caught sight of the hollow. With a curious expression, it reached out a gnarled hand and prodded at the entrance.

Reacting on instinct, Archer unleashed a Plasma Shot from his outstretched hand, sending the cannibal reeling backward with a startled yelp. Seizing the opportunity, he cast Blink, vanishing from sight in a flash of mana and reappearing on a nearby branch.

Heart pounding and breath coming in ragged gasps, Archer wasted no time in fleeing once more, his feet flying over the forest floor as he raced toward the safety of the river. But just as he reached the water's edge, a massive beast burst forth from the depths.

Its razor-sharp teeth gleamed in the moonlight as it lunged toward him with a deafening roar. With a cry of panic, Archer cast Blink again, vanishing from the creature's path in the blink of an eye and reappearing on the river's opposite bank.

He scrambled to his feet and sprinted into the darkness. As Archer darted through the dense undergrowth of the forest, his heart pounded in his chest, his breath coming in ragged gasps as he pushed himself to his limits.

Suddenly, without warning, a rustling from the nearby bushes drew his attention. Before he could react, a twisted figure burst forth, lunging at him with outstretched arms. Archer dodged to the side with lightning-fast reflexes, narrowly avoiding the cannibal's grasp.

His heart racing, Archer stumbled backward. The cannibal snarled and hissed, its wild eyes gleaming with malice as it advanced on him once more, but without wasting any time, he cast Eldritch Blast into the creature before running off again.

Chapter 656 They Have An Army

Archer and the group fell silent as the rabbit girl Eveline emerged upon the announcer's call, drawing their attention to the stage and allowing him to study her. He loved her long, silky white hair and striking red eyes. She oozed a unique charm that caught his interest.

Eveline's face is stunning, with warm and inviting features. Her skin has a rich, sun-kissed glow that lights up her whole face. Above her eyes, perfectly sculpted white eyebrows frame her face with precision, adding to her charm.

Her full lips, lush and inviting, curve into a soft smile that lights up her face, accentuating the natural curvature of her cheeks. Eveline's energetic movements, marked by her hopping up and down, causing her large assets to bounce, were highlighted by her warrior clothes.

Archer couldn't help but notice her muscular physique, reminiscent of some of his girls, but her thick thighs and legs made sense, given her being a rabbit demi-human. With his curiosity growing, he scanned her.

[Eveline Moonwood]

[Level: 89]

[Rank: Master]

[Don't look at a girl's status. See me in person, handsome]

'What the fuck,' Archer internally remarked when he saw the personal message and guessed it was some form of blocker.

He shook his head only to see the rabbit girl looking at him with a grin, causing Nala to comment with a giggle, "Now you got your eyes on a bunny girl. You naughty dragon."

Laughter rippled through the group, breaking even the envy of succubus Nefertiti, who couldn't help but join in as they watched Archer's intense scrutiny of Eveline as though she were his prey.

Archer's focus shifted to her opponent, a young orc boy of their age. Standing at a towering seven feet, his slightly green skin contrasted with fiery red hair and piercing blue eyes. He turned to Leira, asking, "Are there orcs in the empire?"

The cat girl nodded in affirmation, "Yes, indeed. Many orc merchants and mercenaries have made their home in the southern trade cities."

"Oh, I never knew that," Archer mumbled, causing her to smile.

"Well, the empire is very diverse, with many races living in the thousands of cities that make up the realm," Leira commented.

Archer turned to the orc boy and scanned him.

[Lok'tar Stonefist]

[Level: 84]

[Rank: Master]

He was just about to speak, but the referee announced the beginning of the fight, causing everyone to turn their attention to the rabbit girl who dashed forward without wasting a second and generated a boom due to being so fast.

The orc boy didn't know what had happened as he felt the foot connect with his jaw, but Archer saw it all. She rushed forward but quickly got behind him and threw a high kick at his head.

Eveline jumped back as Lok'tar recovered. A grin played at the corners of her lips, a glint of excitement sparkling in her captivating red eyes as she charged toward the orc boy with lightning speed.

Her movements were rapid, each step purposeful as she closed the distance between herself and her opponent. With a swift feint, she drew Lok'tar's attention upward, then dropped low in a sudden, unexpected move.

The impact of her first kick reverberated through the arena, a resounding boom echoing in its wake as Lok'tar barely managed to deflect the blow. But Eveline was relentless, her attacks coming in a blur of motion.

With a pivot, she spun around, her leg sweeping out to take Lok'tar's legs out from under him. As he stumbled, Eveline seized the opportunity, closing in with a barrage of punches aimed at his exposed midsection.

Each strike was meticulous, the force behind them evident in how Lok'tar grunted with each impact. Yet, despite his efforts to defend himself, she pressed on as her punches were so powerful that the orc boy felt his bones rattling.

Archer watched in amazement as the rabbit girl unleashed her full combat prowess. In that moment, she was a force to be reckoned with, a whirlwind of strength that left even the most seasoned fighters in awe.

The crowd cheers filled the arena, and Archer couldn't help but feel a surge of admiration for Eveline. In her, he saw not just a formidable opponent but a warrior with a spirit as fierce as any he had ever known.

As the fight continued, Hemera asked Leira a question. Who seemed knowledgeable about the empire's races, "Leira. Is it normal for bunny girls to be this strong? I thought they were a peaceful people."

When the purple-haired girl heard the elf's question, she sighed, "Well, most are apart from Eveline, the queen, and some others, who are anomalies and love fighting with their rabbit army."

Archer's eyes opened in amazement before asking, "They have an army?"

"Yes. They are only a few thousand strong, but the queen uses them more of a rapid force. They can deploy so quick that they can overrun the enemy camps or forts before anyone's ready."

After speaking, they returned to the fight, but Archer couldn't stop thinking about creating all kinds of units for his army. He had beasts they could ride but shook his head and decided to think more about it when they returned to the empire.

Eveline quickly ended the fight by dodging some of Lok'tar's attacks, which she deflected with ease before aiming for the thigh, causing it to cramp, bringing the orc boy to the ground, which allowed her to finish him off with a punch.

Lok'tar was out cold when the referee announced her as the winner. After that, she joined Apollonia and a few other girls. After an hour, the next fight would be Aurelia, who ended the match by overwhelming her opponent with her magic.

Talila jumped up as she was the last to fight, and the sun was setting in the background, causing a beautiful pink color to illuminate the sky. Archer kissed the silver-haired girl before she approached the stage while holding her bow.

Her opponent was another girl with brown hair and blue eyes who attended an academy on a mountaintop in the northern part of Pluoria called the Snowreach Academy. The fight began when the referee announced it.

Archer watched as Talila didn't move apart from knocking an arrow as the other girl started casting her ice magic. The mixed elf fired the arrow before rushing forward, catching her opponent off guard.

She quickly cast her spell, which zoomed at Talila, but she batted it away using her bow, then sidestepped as the girl went to cast another. She unleashed a flurry of blows, striking her opponent with lightning-fast punches and kicks.

Each strike landed, causing her opponent to stagger backward, dazed and disoriented. But she didn't stop there. With a swift backward somersault, she created distance between them as she unleashed a volley of explosive arrows.

The arrows detonated on impact, sending clouds of dust and debris billowing into the air, obscuring her opponent's vision. Amidst the chaos, Talila remained poised and focused, her senses sharp as she anticipated her opponent's next move.

With each explosive arrow, she forced her opponent on the defensive, keeping her off balance and unable to mount a counterattack. As the dust settled, her opponent emerged, coughing and disheveled, her resolve visibly shaken.

But Talila remained unfazed, her red eyes gleaming as she prepared for the next round of combat. She knew that victory was within her grasp, and she would stop at nothing to achieve it.

As the battle unfolded before him, Archer's keen eyes locked onto Talila, his heart pounding with anticipation. With each graceful movement, she showcased the skill of a seasoned warrior.

The brown-haired girl unleashed a powerful ice spell, Talila's reflexes kicked in, and she dodged with lightning speed, the icy blast whizzing past her with a chilling gust. Without missing a beat, she surged forward and put her bow in her storage ring.

With a fierce battle cry, Talila closed the distance between herself and her opponent and unleashed a flurry of strikes. The brown-haired girl staggered backward, her defenses crumbling under the relentless assault.

Archer watched in awe as Talila pressed her advantage; her movements were fluid, and she didn't know she could move so fast. With each strike, she wore down her opponent's defenses, her determination shining bright in her silver eyes.

He saw a big smile on her face as she delivered a powerful blow that sent the brown-haired girl reeling, her vision swimming as she struggled to stay on her feet. With one final strike, Talila knocked her opponent out cold, leaving her sprawled on the ground in defeat.

As the dust settled and the crowd cheers echoed through the arena, Archer couldn't help but feel a swell of pride in his heart. Talila had fought skillfully, proving a formidable warrior worthy of admiration.

Afterward, the referee announced her as the winner before ending the group rounds. He spoke to all the students who were still there. "Go to your headmasters or headmistresses to see what group you will be put in. Once that is organized, the group stages will only last a few days.

Chapter 657 Can We Talk For A Moment

After the announcement, Archer and the others got up to look for Ophelia to find out their groups. While walking, Llyniel asked the group, "The next part of the tournament is in the Sabat Kingdom, right?"

Nefertiti answered, "Yes, the Knockout Stage is hosted in the Sabat Kingdom. After that, the Quarterfinals will be held in my homeland."

Everyone nodded, but Archer wasn't paying attention. He heard Ella making adorable noises as she got comfortable in his arms. The large group walked for a while until the headmistress appeared in front of them.

"Oh, hello, Archer and friends. I was coming to look for you guys," Ophelia smiled.

She then spotted the sleeping half-elf and asked, "What happened to her?"

When the group heard her question, they giggled before Archer explained, "Our dragon girl got her drunk on some expensive wine, but funny enough, we were just looking for you to find out what groups we're in for the Qualification Round."

Ophelia nodded as she took two pieces of paper and handed them to him. She said, "This will tell you what groups you and your girls are in, while the other is for your friends."

"Thank you, Ophie." Archer smiled as he handed Lioran the paper with the other's names.

When the headmistress heard him use her nickname again, her cheeks flushed, but she shook her head and retorted. "Can we talk for a moment, Archer?"

Archer nodded with a grin before telling the girls to wait for him. After that, he followed behind the witch, who stopped by a bench outside the arena. Upon seeing the view, he told Ophelia to wait a moment.

She agreed as Archer returned to the domain and put Ella in bed so she could rest. While doing that, he scanned the treehouse to check on Sera, who was in a deep sleep. The air was crisp and cold as Archer returned to the snow-covered grounds.

He spotted Ophelia sitting on a bench, her gaze fixed on the serene landscape stretching before her. Archer approached and sat beside her with a soft crunch of snow beneath his boots.

"Hey, Ophie," Archer greeted her softly, his voice conveying warmth despite the chill in the air. "You wanted to talk?"

Ophelia turned to him, her expression thoughtful yet resolute. "Yes, Archer. I've been thinking a lot lately, especially with the tournaments coming to an end soon."

Archer nodded, his curiosity piqued. "What's on your mind?"

Ophelia sighed, her breath visible in the cold air. Looking gently at Archer, she stated, "I'm not your witch dragon."

She said firmly, brushing aside the mention of her family, "Let's refocus. I believe it's time for you to depart from the college, Archer. It's clear that this environment no longer serves you. You're destined for greater things, out there in the vast world, going on adventures and discovering new lands."

He furrowed his brow, processing her words. "Leave the college?" he repeated, his voice hinting at uncertainty. "But what about my girls? They seem to enjoy it here."

Ophelia smiled softly. "Your girls are always welcome to stay, Archer," she reassured him. "But I think they'll understand if you venture out alone. They're a strong group and thrive no matter where they go."

Archer fell silent, his mind racing with thoughts and emotions. Leaving the college meant leaving behind the familiar comforts and routines he had grown accustomed to, but deep down, he knew Ophelia was right.

A whole world awaited exploration, and he couldn't longer ignore the call of adventure. Archer loved exploring unknown lands and wanted to dive into a dungeon, but with attending classes, there wasn't enough time.

But something was nagging him, so he asked. "What about this expedition after the Celestial Magic Tournament?" he smiled before continuing. "I still want to take part in it. Traveling to an unknown continent is exciting."

She nodded. "Yes, and you will be there. The emperor has asked for a place for you to be saved on the ship. But that won't be until the tournament ends and everything is organized."

Archer's eyes widened in amazement, and he asked, "Can you tell me about the land? What's it like?"

Ophelia smiled. "Well, get comfortable as I tell you Valkyria Blackwood's account of landing on the Unknown Lands. It's fascinating!"

[Valkyria Blackwood's POV]

A year before Archer participated in the Arcane Magic Tournament, a cat woman with vibrant purple hair and mesmerizing glowing eyes conversed with the emperor within the halls of the Avalonian palace.

Standing tall at five foot ten, she possessed the physique of a seasoned warrior. Her expertise in fire, thunder, earth, and water magic excelled her through the Avalon imperial army and earned her many awards.

She was known as Valkyria Blackwood. She was a celebrated explorer and the younger sister of Empress Chloe Avalon. She was renowned for her passion for scouring uncharted territories and embarking on daring expeditions.

"Valkyria. I have a mission of great significance for you," Emperor Osoric began, his voice carrying the weight of authority.

She inclined her head respectfully, her violet eyes fixed upon the emperor, awaiting his command.

"You are to join the Frontier Fleet," the emperor announced, his tone unwavering. "Under the command of Admiral Vera Highmore. Your destination is the Unknown Continent in the North-West."

Valkyria's heart quickened at the mention of such a daring expedition. The Unknown Continent held mysteries beyond imagining, and exploring its uncharted territories excited her.

"Additionally," the emperor continued, "you will be accompanied by a battalion of Magic Knights and Marines, totaling four thousand of our finest soldiers. They will make landfall with you."

Her eyes widened in awe at the magnitude of the forces coming with her. The combined strength of the Frontier Fleet, Magic Knights, and Marines represented Avalon's resolve to explore and expand its reach.

"Your mission," Emperor Osoric declared, resonating with authority, "is to lead this expedition, establish contact with any indigenous peoples, and assess the land for its strategic value to the empire and our people."

Valkyria nodded solemnly, a fierce determination shining in her yellow eyes. She understood the gravity of her task and was prepared to face whatever challenges lay ahead.

"Admiral Highmore will provide you with the necessary resources and support," Emperor Osoric concluded with a smile. "May the spirits of our ancestors watch over you, Valkyria, and make sure you return; otherwise, your sister will kill me."

With a deep bow of gratitude, Valkyria expressed her unwavering dedication to Avalon and its people. She turned on her heel, her mind racing with plans and preparations for the epic journey ahead.

She departed from the palace and went to the elevator, descending to where her team awaited below. Stepping out of the fort that stood sentinel, she caught sight of her companions.

There was a dwarf woman in the group; her name was Thora Stonebeard, and she was carrying a big shield on her back because she was their tank. She had light brown hair and bright blue eyes.

Valkyria found it odd that the woman had a large chest despite being less than five feet tall. Nevertheless, she had a beautiful face and a charming button nose. Pausing in her stride, she couldn't suppress a smile as the dwarf's dimples deepened with her words. "Thora, are all the ladies here?"

"Yes, Bosslady. What is the new mission? A lost kingdom or some more ruins?" Thora commented with an excited tone.

"We've been allowed to explore the Unknown Continent alongside the empire's troops. We must head to the imperial shipyard to meet with Admiral Highmore for more information."

The dwarf woman got excited and lunged toward Valkyria, wrapping her strong arms around her in a crushing hug before speaking. "Yes! There are new lands to discover, Bosslady. We can earn more gold!"

Valkyria laughed as she managed to get out of Thora's arms while asking. "Where are the others?"

Thora remained silent and guided her to a cafe where five women were seated. Valkyria glanced at each of them. The first woman she noticed was Cleo Riversong, a cheetah demi-

human with blonde hair and stunning violet eyes. She shared Valkyria's warrior spirit, though she excelled in magic.

Next was the team's healer, a high elf named Lirael Sunfire. Despite being banished from the Nightshade Empire for her banned experiments, Valkyria welcomed the mage with open arms, as she was a powerful mage in her own right. She turned to the last three women, all human.

Two were warriors, and the last was their tracker, Soraya Oceanheart, who hailed from the southern part of the empire with brown hair and amber-colored eyes. Nia Ravenscroft, the third daughter of Duke Ravenscroft, joined Valkyria's adventures while exploring a ruined city in the Summerfield Duchy.

She bore a striking resemblance to her aunt Eleanor with her vibrant orange hair, complemented by piercing red eyes and a towering height of six feet. Meanwhile, Serena Wintergale, originating from the Frostwyn Duchy, possessed petite stature and mesmerizing green eyes.

Once a slave, Valkyria freed her, and Serena became fiercely loyal in return. The women bonded more, some more than others, as Nia started a harem that included Soraya and Serena.

Chapter 658 Admiral Vera Highmore

[Valkyria Blackwood's POV]

Once she arrived at the cafe, the woman started speaking. Cleo was the first to smile, showing everyone her sharp teeth. "What's the plan, Bosslady? Where are we going now?"

They all nodded before Valkyria started explaining. "We have been ordered to join the Frontier Fleet and sail toward the Unknown Continent. Once there, we will be dispatched with the Magic Knights and Marines, who will build a fort on shore to explore the land."

When the six women heard this, they all got excited. Serena was the next to speak: "Master, isn't the Unknown Continent dangerous? I heard the jungles are as big as Pluoria, and beasts the researchers have never seen lurk there."

Valkyria nodded, "Yes, it is, but that's what comes with the job, Serena. We will pave the way for a bigger expedition, which I heard will include the White Dragon."

The orange-haired girl Nia commented while holding Soraya's hand, "Boss. When do we set off? I want to take the girls on a date."

Serena and Soraya lowered their heads, causing Thora to laugh. "Great. We'll be stuck in the shop with the three lovers. Can we put them on the other side of the ship, Bosslady?"

Valkyria laughed at their reactions and responded, "We will be assigned a room when we board the ship, but Nia is not flirting with the women. You have Serena and Soraya, which is more than enough."

Nia nodded with a smile, squeezed the two girls' thighs, and said, "These two are enough for me, Bosslady."

When her two lovers heard her, they went bright red, and Thora teased them. "I can't wait to get a lover, so I won't be lonely anymore."

Soraya spoke with a grin and teasing voice. "You can join us, Thora. We've never had a dwarf before."

"Fuck off, Sora! Don't you or that lewd woman come near me with your filthy hands! I will crush them if you dare!" The dwarf woman snapped while waving a Warhammer in their faces, causing everyone to laugh.

Valkyria shook her head before interrupting the women's banter. "Come, ladies. Let's get to the docks."

They all nodded and stood up before following her. As the seven women made their way through Starfall City's bustling streets, the air buzzed with the energy of a city always on the move.

Cleo, ever observant, pointed out the city's various sights and sounds while Soraya rested subtly on the hilt of her sword. Nia walked alongside them, chatting with Serena, who listened with a smile, her green eyes bright with excitement.

After navigating through the labyrinth of streets, they finally arrived at the Imperial shipyard. The sight before them was awe-inspiring. Massive ships of all shapes and sizes dotted the harbor. Thora let out a low whistle as she counted the vessels, her eyes scanning the horizon.

"Look, Bosslady," she exclaimed, pointing towards the dock. "Four battleships, ten cruisers, and five destroyers. And would you look at that beauty?" She added, gesturing towards a sleek research vessel nearby.

Valkyria noticed guards opening the gate to let the group through, and another took them to the Admiral's office. This office overlooked the Dragon's Tear River, which led to the Whispering Sea, which would take them north-west.

When the guard knocked, a voice full of authority replied. "Come in!"

The door and Valkyria stepped, leaving the others outside, and when she stepped in, she was shocked. The woman sitting at the desk was the definition of beautiful; she had snow-white hair and glowing blue eyes.

She was dressed in a navy uniform that hugged her curvy body and massive boobs. Her face was a symphony of delicate grace, each feature a masterpiece in its own right. Alabaster skin, smooth as silk, glowed with a soft radiance, casting a gentle allure.

The woman scrutinized her before speaking. "Are you Valkyria Blackwood, the explorer the emperor assigned to the Frontier Fleet?"

"Yes. When do we start sailing?" She responded.

"This evening," the woman announced, her tone firm yet composed. "The weather forecasts predict calmer seas, facilitating a smoother journey."

Before Valkyria could respond, she rose gracefully to her feet, her navy uniform oozing authority and grace in equal measure. With a queenly air, she extended her hand towards Valkyria.

"I am Vera Highmore," she introduced herself, her gaze unwavering as she met her eyes. "I am Admiral of the Frontier Fleet."

Valkyria nodded in affirmation, respecting the woman standing before her. She had heard of Admiral Highmore's reputation, renowned for her leadership and strategic prowess.

Admiral Highmore gestured towards the door without missing a beat, indicating her to follow, "Come, I will show you to my vessel."

As Valkyria stepped out of the office, she was followed closely by the other women in her group, their curiosity piqued by the sudden turn of events. Admiral Highmore led them through the bustling corridors of the shipyard.

Finally, they arrived at a massive battleship docked at the harbor's edge. The sight was breathtaking, the ship looming tall and majestic against the backdrop of the setting sun.

Admiral Highmore proudly announced, "This is AIN's Avalon's Wrath, one of the finest battleships in the empire. It will protect the fleet on the open seas. Its mana cannons can easily penetrate Titan skin."

Valkyria nodded, but Cleo asked, "What's the AIN?"

"Avalon's Imperial Navy. Now follow me, ladies, we got some of the best rooms for you." Vera spoke as she walked up the gangplank, followed by everyone else.

As Valkyria stepped onto the Avalon's Wrath deck, her eyes widened in amazement at the bustling activity before her. Sailors and marines moved purposefully and synchronized as they prepared the ship for departure.

The air was alive with the sound of orders being shouted, ropes being pulled, and the distant clang of metal against metal. Her gaze was drawn to the massive mana cannons that dotted the deck, their imposing presence a reminder of the battleship's firepower.

Each cannon gleamed in the sunlight, a testament to the empire's advanced technology. At her side, Admiral Vera Highmore stood tall and resolute, her expression unwavering as she surveyed the scene before them.

With a nod of acknowledgment, she led Valkyria and her companions below decks, away from the hustle and bustle of the deck. Descending into the ship's bowels, they navigated through narrow passageways until they arrived at the vessel's rear.

Here, Admiral Highmore stopped before a row of doors, indicating to Valkyria and her companions that these were their accommodations.

"These rooms are reserved for our esteemed guests," she explained, her voice echoing softly in the confined space, "You will find them comfortable and well-appointed for the duration of our journey."

Valkyria nodded, "Thank you, Vera. Can we explore the ship once we're settled?"

The white-haired woman responded, "Yes. But just be careful as we are overloaded with cargo and passengers. Now, I must tend to the ship before we depart. We shall speak again."

[Vera Highmore's POV]

She walked through the ship's corridors and was saluted by all the personnel. When she reached the bridge where her Vice Admiral Sasha Silverwood was covering, they all stood at attention until Vera waved them away when she entered.

The woman who was her second approached her and said, "Admiral, the Marines are loading the last of the supplies while the other ships are nearly done preparing."

"Okay, Sasha. Order the Marines to hurry up and ensure we have everything before departing. The explorers have arrived and are settling in," Vera spoke as she sat in the captain's chair.

Sasha was just about to reply when a man spoke in a fed-up voice, "It's a shame we've been ordered to explore that Hellhole. We could be watching the Arcane Magic Tournament starting next year. I heard the white dragon is competing."

Vera looked at the man who had just spoken and noticed the Magic Knight commander was assigned to her when the emperor gave her this mission. She commented, "There's not much we can do, Elden. We can get the Memory Stones when we return."

"Yeah, I know, commander, but it's still a letdown. But I must admit I'm interested in this Hellhole. Rumors speak of massive beasts who prowl the jungles and hunt the treasure hunters seeking fortune." Elden commented.

Sasha looked at him skeptically and questioned. "How do you know this? If all the treasure hunters were hunted down."

Elden sat down before explaining. "Pirates and Slavers who visit the city of Sunfire Harbor speak of the horrors there. Then there's the Valknir and Winterfang Empire from the Frostwood Continent's old colonies, which failed."

"A trader told me that a colony of two thousand Valknirian settlers vanished overnight, and the Winterfang military forts were wiped out, leaving three survivors who spoke of nightmare-inducing monsters that appeared from the jungles and mutated humans who screech as they charged the soldiers."

Chapter 659 There Are A Million Soldiers

Archer listened as Ophelia recounted the tale but stopped when a device started going off. She pulled it out of her pocket and read it. She then looked at him before explaining that some Professors needed my help.

Before leaving, she handed him a Memory Stone with the rest of Valkyria's story. She said her goodbyes and rushed off to deal with private matters that didn't bother Archer, who got up and returned to the still-waiting girls.

When he arrived, Nefertiti asked suspiciously, "What happened?"

He told them everything that happened, from his leaving the college after the tournaments, the expedition to the Unknown Continent, and Valkyria's story. When Leira heard her aunt's name, she asked him to speak in private later, which he agreed to.

Nefertiti was happy he didn't court Ophelia, and after all that, Lioran approached while speaking, "Arch. Leonora, Nalika, and I are going to train. We will catch up with you tomorrow."

Archer nodded and said his goodbyes to Lioran, Cian, and Alaric before returning to the domain along with the girls, who started to relax. He sat down and started thinking about his army.

He decided to visit the Draconia to see how things were going and wanted company, so he looked at the girls before asking, "Does anyone want to visit my kingdom?"

When asked, everyone politely declined because they wanted to rest after the fights or study some new spells they found in the library. With a shrug, he contacted Fianna to see if she was free.

Archer only had to wait a few minutes to get a reply telling him she was free. He invited her, and she instantly accepted, mentioning that her husband was asleep. After accepting, he instructed her to meet with him at the entrance to the arena.

Afterward, he kissed each girl before leaving the domain and heading for Celestial City, which he built to troll the church. When Archer was teleported to the city, he was shocked at the sight and shook his head.

There were dragon temples all over the city, and the people looked at him respectfully, which confused him even more. Archer landed on the streets only to be greeted by a smiling older woman.

She bowed toward him and spoke in a voice full of respect, "Tiamat's chosen. We thank you for bringing us to this wonderful place. Our lives have greatly improved, and the people have chosen to worship the dragon goddess because of the safety you and her offer us. We don't have to worry about anything."

"What?" Archer asked in a confused voice.

The woman laughed before explaining, "We were skeptical, but a dragon girl with red hair spread rumors about you being Tiamat's husband. Honestly, we all thought they were lies until some of us received dreams proving the girl's claims right when the goddess herself told us. So after that, we converted."

'Seraphina! What have you been up to, you cheeky dragon,' Archer thought with a smile.

He nodded as he inquired, "Would you mind helping me with my kingdom?"

When she heard this, her eyes opened wide in amazement before speaking excitedly, "There's a dragon kingdom? Can we live there to spread the word of Tiamat?"

"Of course. I will open a portal to the main city in an hour, so prepare everyone and everything you need," He replied.

She nodded as Archer opened a Gate to the arena to meet with Fianna. Once he stepped through, he saw her standing by the entrance. She wore a winter cloak but still noticed her shivering from the wind and thought, 'Humans can't handle the cold weather well.'

After thinking to himself, he walked toward her, which caused her to turn around, her smile widening as she spotted him. She was about to speak, but he cast a spell, summoning a violet shield that enveloped them, warding off the biting cold weather.

Fianna looked around and nodded with a smile, "It's warm now. But I must admit I hate Frostwinter."

"It doesn't bother me unless it's really bad. But It's good to see you," Archer replied with a smile of his own.

Fianna was clad in a pair of tight pants that hugged her thick thighs and wide hips, and the jumper she wore clung to her curves and massive boobs, which perplexed Archer.

'How does she fit her boobs in that?' He thought.

But that didn't change the fact that Archer found her extremely attractive and wondered why her husband would neglect her. Her red eyes glowed with wisdom, and her dazzling smile caught him off guard.

Her face was a masterpiece in its own right. She had glowing white skin, smooth as silk, glowed with a soft radiance. Full lips painted a subtle shade of pink, curved into a captivating smile that could light up the darkest of rooms.

Overall, her beauty was ethereal, a blend of elegance and charm that left him breathless in admiration. But he shook his head and noticed Fianna was wrapped in a thick cloak that couldn't shield her from the cold weather.

"Let's get going," Archer spoke after examining the Duchess.

The older woman nodded as he opened a Gate to his kingdom and stepped through. They stood side by side on the edge of a snow-covered cliff overlooking the vast expanse of the winter landscape below.

Archer felt the air was crisp and clear, and the soft glow of the morning sun cast a golden hue over the scene before them. As they gazed out at the breathtaking panorama, Archer couldn't help but feel a sense of pride in the kingdom he had built.

Despite the harsh winter season, the land below teemed with life and activity. Dozens of farms dotted the countryside, their fields blanketed in a pristine layer of snow. Smoke rose lazily from the chimneys of farmhouses nestled among the trees.

Their cozy warmth is a stark contrast to the cold landscape. Beyond the farms, dense forests stretched as far as the eye could see, their snow-laden branches creating a picturesque winter scene.

Tall mountains loomed in the distance, their peaks dusted with snow, while a large river wound its way through the valley below, its icy waters glistening in the sunlight.

"It's beautiful," Fianna whispered, her voice filled with awe as she took in the breathtaking vista before her.

But she shook her head before asking in shock, "What is this place?"

"It is the Draconia Kingdom. A home for all dragon kind to be safe and grow," Archer answered proudly.

Following that, Archer summoned his wings, a sight that startled Fianna. However, she bravely approached him, extending her hand to gently trace her finger along their surface, sending a shiver coursing through his body.

Speaking softly, she remarked, "They are beautiful. Are they heavy?"

Archer quickly picked her up, which earned him a yelp, but he quickly explained. "We can reach the main settlement."

Fianna nodded and got comfortable in his arms as Archer took off. They flew toward the distant building he spotted. As the duo soared through the crisp winter air, Fianna couldn't help but marvel at the breathtaking landscape below.

The snow-covered grasslands stretched beneath them like a pristine white blanket, shimmering in the soft glow of the morning sun. Small villages dotted the countryside, their cozy cottages nestled among the trees, smoke spiraling lazily from their chimneys.

Fianna's eyes widened as she took in the scene unfolding before her. The quaint villages looked like something out of a storybook, with their thatched roofs and colorful gardens peeking out from beneath the snow.

It was a sight unlike anything she had ever seen, and she couldn't help but feel a sense of awe at the beauty of it all. Archer glanced over at Fianna and couldn't help but smile at the look of wonder on her face.

Her eyes sparkled with excitement, and her lips were curved into a delighted smile as she took in the breathtaking view below. As he flew over one of the villages, they started cheering, catching Fianna off guard as she questioned. "The people truly love you, don't they?"

"Yeah, but there's a reason for that. As you know, the dragon-

kin were a nomadic people who suffered brutal oppression from all sorts of empires and kingdoms along with the church. They never had a home or a safe place until I offered them one, and now I have millions of willing subjects, and that number grows by the day."

Fianna looked nervous before asking. "What are you planning to do, Archer? I mean, that's a lot of people. I can't imagine how many are soldiers."

"Build a world of peace for my children to live in, even if I have to become the villain to accomplish this. Once given a reason, my armies will trample empires and kingdoms that have stood for thousands of years. I will bring change to Thrylos that no one has ever seen Fianna. Not even the Avalon Empire can stand in my way."

He looked around and saw the hundreds of military bases and concluded. "There are a million soldiers ready to die for me and its not only for conquest but its to fight the Swarm that's coming in five years."

Chapter 660 Stormguards

Archer looked at the shocked woman and grinned as he flew toward the largest town the dragon king had built. When they got closer, the two saw thousands of soldiers training, shocking the Duchess.

"Do I have to worry about anything, Archer?" Fianna asked in a wary voice.

He laughed before responding, "No."

After speaking, Archer descended to the ground, catching the soldiers off guard. They quickly knelt while the commander rushed to him and put Fianna down. The dragon-kin man bowed, "Your Majesty. I'm commander Soren Poisonclaw; I'm in charge of training the recruits for the army."

Soren continued. "We didn't know you were coming, but I hope you're happy with the soldiers. They are ready to fight for you."

Archer nodded while looking around, "Where's General Kaba?"

The man pointed at a distant military fort that borders a large town, "He operates from the Bastion, which is the army's main headquarters. While Drakewood is the town right next to it, Your Majesty."

He smiled when hearing this and asked another question, "How many towns does the kingdom have now?"

"Three excluding Drakewood with about ten villages. Queen Aisha is planning to build a city but wanted to speak to you before starting," Soren man answered.

"What is the name of the towns?" Archer answered.

"Dragoncrest, our farming town that produces a lot of our food; Dragonhold is where the craftsmen live and operate their businesses, and Dragon's Gate is our trade town; the queen allows trading vessels to pass through the White Gate," Soren quickly responded.

A confused expression appeared on Archer before Soren explained. "She got the builders to install a metal gate that allows trading vessels to cross through the North and West Gates and sail down the Whiteflow River."

"How many soldiers are in the army? And is there a wide range of skills?" Archer commented.

Soren nodded. "Yes. There are just over a million soldiers, but half are still in training, and many skills are available that can be used in war, Your Majesty."

"Good. I have some ideas for new units and names. I'm going to speak to the general." He said while picking up the silent Fianna.

Commander Soren bowed before getting back to training. Archer took off and headed toward the Bastion, and when the two got closer, they saw a large half-stone and half-wood fortress still under construction.

Its sturdy walls and towering battlements were a formidable sight to see. As they drew closer, they could see hundreds of soldiers stationed along the ramparts, their vigilant gazes scanning the surrounding landscape.

Descending to a courtyard in the heart of the fortress, Archer and Fianna were greeted by the bustling activity of soldiers going about their duties. When the soldiers spotted him, they all stopped until one shouted, "The king has returned!"

A chorus of voices rang out in unison, echoing through the courtyard as soldiers and civilians shouted in jubilation.

"He has returned!" the voices cried out, each word infused with reverence and awe.

Fianna's eyes widened in shock as she entered the scene before her. She had expected a respectful welcome, but the genuine display of loyalty and devotion left her speechless. The sheer magnitude of the moment overwhelmed her, sending shivers down her spine.

Soldiers and civilians alike knelt in tribute, and their heads bowed in reverence as they awaited the arrival of their sovereign. She watched in astonishment as the courtyard became a sea of kneeling figures, their voices raised in praise.

Archer grinned at the display of loyalty from his subjects, and Fianna saw the smug look on his face. Before long, General Mohamet emerged from the crowd of kneeling figures. Flanked by several men, he knelt before Archer, his head bowed in deference.

"Your Majesty," he spoke, his voice reverently addressing his sovereign. "We are honored by your return."

Archer inclined his head in acknowledgment, a warm smile gracing his lips. "Rise, General. There is much to discuss."

Mohamet nodded and led Archer through the corridors of the Bastion, their footsteps echoing against the stone walls. Anticipation hung thick in the air. The torches lining the passageways cast flickering shadows.

Fianna stuck close to him and looked in amazement at the plain corridors without decorations. She wondered why she spoke. "Why aren't the corridors painted or even decorated? It looks plain."

Mohamet was about to speak, but Archer explained. "It a waste of coin. This fortress was made to protect the kingdom, and that's what it does. It doesn't have to be fancy. It just has to be practical."

The blonde woman nodded, and the Mohamet smiled happily before speaking. "Exactly, Your Majesty. I remembered your words from many of our chats over the years."

"It's the way forward for Draconia. We will not fall to greed; well, you cannot. But I certainly will. I can always take more treasure, but it's unnecessary after taking all the Church Of Light's wealth."

Mohamet agreed but was curious, so the older man asked, "What did you want to discuss, Your Majesty?"

Archer chuckled, "We will re-organize the army, create some specialized units, and recruit even more soldiers before the Swarm appears."

He looked around at some soldiers standing guard before continuing, "For example. We can have beast riders, skirmishers, light infantry, and many other units I've been thinking of. Commander Soren said there were many skills in the army. Can you explain?"

Mohamet nodded, "Of course. Many races have joined us, from dwarves, elves, demi-humans, humans, and others. They all have specific skills; we can organize them into these units you want to create."

Archer was pleased with Mohamet's answer and continued walking while saving the questions for another time. Finally, they reached the entrance to the throne room, massive wooden doors adorned with elaborate carvings looming before them.

With a solemn nod, Mohamet pushed open the doors, revealing the grand chamber beyond. Archer stepped into the room, his eyes widening in awe at the sight before him. The throne room was vast and majestic.

Its walls are adorned with banners bearing the symbol of the Draconia Kingdom, which was a picture of a white dragon breathing out violet flames. The floor was paved with polished marble, reflecting the warm glow of the torchlight.

But it was the throne that captured Archer's attention. It stood at the room's far end, carved from gleaming white stone, symbolizing power and authority. The throne exuded an undeniable aura of elegance and grandeur despite its simplicity.

As he admired its beauty, he approached the throne, his heart swelling with pride. He reached out and ran his hand along the smooth surface, feeling the cool touch of the stone beneath his fingertips.

Mohamet stood nearby, his expression of quiet respect as he watched Archer take his place on the throne. The other men followed suit, kneeling before their king with unwavering loyalty and devotion.

Archer looked at the men and said, "I want to re-organize the Draconia Army. There are just foot soldiers right now, but that will change."

That's when he spotted a dragon-kin man who was even taller than him and looked like a tank. He got an idea. Archer turned to Mohamet while speaking, "Who is the big man?"

The older man turned his head and chuckled before informing Archer, "That is your biggest fan, Your Majesty. Talonar Thornscales was from a nomadic tribe enslaved on the Frostwood Continent. Sagana brought them back a couple of years ago."

Archer nodded as he spoke, "What is his skillset?"

Mohamet thought briefly before answering, "He is what adventurers call a Tank. Talonar uses a myhril shield passed down in the Thornscales family."

'Yes. The first part of the plan is in place.' Archer thought to himself as he spotted Fianna standing there staring at him.

He called for her in a sweet tone, "Come here, Fi."

As the blonde woman approached, Archer reached out and pulled her into his lap, eliciting a surprised yelp from her. Despite her initial reaction, she didn't resist as his arms wrapped around her slim waist, sending a shiver coursing through her body.

Archer got comfortable and started running his fingers up Fianna's juicy thighs, causing her to get goosebumps, but stopped as he spoke to the crowd, "Talonar. You will lead and train any volunteers who want to become Stormguards. They will be the frontline and hold the enemy in place while killing as many as possible before dying. Whoever joins has to be ready to die for me or their kingdom."

When Talonar heard this, he felt honored before kneeling lower as he spoke in a deep and gravelly voice, "Your Majesty. I would be honored to lead such a unit. Thank you for this opportunity."

"Don't disappoint me," Archer commented, causing Talonar to nod in understanding.

He turned to Mohamet and asked while pampering Fianna, "Is anyone here good at magic and spellcasting?"

The older human smiled before introducing two elves who looked like siblings, "This is Finrod and Aranelle Moonflower. They are talented mages and joined us half a year ago."