

A Journey 601

Chapter 601 Point Taken

Gianna started laughing before correcting him. "You're wrong. The emperor only allowed people to travel on them so they would spread rumors when they returned home and get other royal families interested in the ships so he could sell them after the tournaments finished."

When Archer heard this, he started laughing and thought the emperor was either stupid or intelligent, but either way, he didn't care.

The jaguar woman continued before his attention drifted. "They were designed to keep the passengers comfortable but also protected. Each ship is assigned a Magic Knight company."

"Oh, so they do get attacked?"

"Not since they traveled across the sea to the islands off the continent, but the emperor has prepared for everything, little Archer. So, there is no need to play hero. You can relax." Gianna said with a smirk.

Archer gazed at the grinning woman and replied, "I'm not a hero, 'Gianna.' I don't do anything for free unless you're my woman."

The older woman's smirk grew wider as she walked away, saying, "Who knows what the future holds?"

He watched her heading towards the other Professors, noticing the sway of her behind as the dress she was wearing couldn't hide her muscular thighs.

Her vibrant green tail quivered with excitement, and despite her attempts to halt its movement, Archer couldn't help but laugh. Once she departed, he watched the preparations of the mana ships as even more people arrived at the shipyard.

Archer noticed students from all different academies, colleges, guilds, and sects. He was shocked by the amount of people here and wondered how many institutes were on Pluoria.

While admiring the scenery, Nefertiti walked over to him and grabbed his arm as she spoke with a smile. "I can't wait to travel on one of them. It seems like it will be how we travel for a while."

He nodded in agreement. "Why not? We spend so much time jumping through Gates it wouldn't hurt to travel like normal people unless there's an emergency."

"That's a good idea," Nala said from behind them.

Archer gave the lion girl a charming smile as he replied. "We'll see how it goes. When do you think we'll board?"

"Shouldn't be too long now, Arch," Leira commented as the other girls joined them.

"I heard from Cassie that we will stay on the same floor, but girls and boys are separated," Ella said while she fiddled with her blonde hair.

"Yeah, some of the other girls in our classes were talking about it earlier, but Archer could sneak in or meet us in the domain," Nala suggested, which earned her several nods from the others.

Halime and Llyniel's faces went red because they knew exactly what the other girls meant by sneaking in. Teuila spotted their reactions and teased the two. "I know exactly what you dirty girls are thinking. Get your head out of the gutter."

When the wood elf heard her accusation, she got even more embarrassed and scrambled behind Archer, who had a smile on his face.

The snake girl realized that Llyniel had left her behind, causing everyone to laugh, but Archer reassured them that he would come to see each one and not to worry.

Professor Ashguard returned to the group with purpose. The students, including Archer and his girls, were gathered in anticipation. The bear woman's stern gaze swept across the crowd before she raised a commanding hand.

"Students, it's time to board the mana ship. Follow me," she declared, her voice cutting through the ambient chatter.

Archer, the girls, and a hundred other students followed behind her. They moved towards the awaiting mana ship.

The ship's entrance was a ramp that welcomed the students aboard. The air was charged with excitement as they crossed the entry, guided by Professor Ashguard through the labyrinthine corridors of the vessel.

Finally, the group arrived at a pair of ornate double doors. Professor Ashguard, with a sweep of her hand, opened them to reveal a stunningly decorated common room.

Soft light filled the space, casting an enchanting glow. The walls were adorned with detailed paintings depicting scenes of mythical creatures and far-off realms.

Bookshelves lined some of the walls, and a crystal chandelier hung gracefully from the ceiling, illuminating the foyer in shimmering light.

Comfortable chairs were arranged so groups could sit and talk or even relax. While walking alongside the girls, Archer couldn't help but appreciate the beauty of the surroundings.

Soon, Professor Ashguard stopped walking and spun on her heels to face them as she started speaking. "Here is where you will spend time traveling up and down the continent. I will show everyone to their rooms, but no room sharing is allowed even if you are engaged."

As the bear woman said that, she looked at Archer knowingly, causing him to smile at her. After informing them, the Professor started to show everyone their rooms.

Lioran, Cian, and their girls were led away before they left them. Archer looked around and started to get annoyed while waiting for the Professor to return.

She walked up the stairs, and Archer couldn't help but notice how her curves showed through her robes. He knew he loved curvy women, but his father's little sister was something else.

Her short, wavy brown hair reached down to her shoulders. They walked briefly before reaching a nondescript door, and the Professor entered as she started speaking. "Archer and ladies. Follow me, and I'll take you to the rooms the headmistress assigned to you."

Archer nodded before following behind for a few minutes until she suddenly turned to face them when they appeared in a long corridor with loads of doors on either side.

Her massive boobs jiggled, which caught his attention. As he was looking at her, someone poked him in the ribs, causing him to look, and saw Hemera standing there with a grin.

She commented. "Stop checking the Professor out, or she will get angry. Not all women are like us and enjoy your gaze."

"Point taken," Archer answered with a grin.

Soon, he stopped admiring the older woman before she spoke. "These twelve rooms belong to each of you and myself. The headmistress wants me to keep an eye on you. Now pick a room, and it will be yours until the end of the Arcane tournament."

All the girls kissed him, earning him a scowl from the Professor. After they picked out their rooms, Archer picked the one next to the bear woman so he could bump into her more often.

After choosing the room, Archer entered to see a large single bed with a dresser on one side and a table on the other. There was a door that led to a balcony from which he headed.

When stepping outside, he saw queues of people stepping onto the other mana ships. Archer returned to his room and laid on the bed to get comfortable.

He could sense the girls getting settled into their rooms, but one was heading straight for him, which brought a smile to his face. Archer stood up and approached the door.

A soft knock came, and he opened the door to see a smiling Talila looking at him with a lust-filled gaze. She commented before he could say anything. "Can I come in master?"

Archer grinned as he reached out to grab the mixed elf and pulled her into the room. When he closed the door, she dropped to her knees in front of him.

He knew what the silver-haired girl wanted as she stared at his manhood. Archer spoke with a grin. "Pull my pants down, my slave."

When Talila heard this, she instantly did what he said and gently pulled down his pants, and his manhood popped out. She took it in her hands and started stroking him.

Archer let out a groan as a surge of pleasure washed over him. But soon enough, she took it in her mouth and started moving her head backward and forward.

Talila continued to suck him until he was ready to release his seed down her throat. So he grabbed her head and pushed his manhood further in.

He saw a puddle of love juices pooling between the elf's legs. This turned Archer on even more, causing him to finish in her mouth, which made her eyes roll in pleasure.

After Archer finished in her mouth, she was crouched in front of him in a daze, but he wasn't done there. He cast Cleanse off her and lifted her to her feet.

As he did that, Talila's large boobs jiggled as she stood up; on shaky legs, she managed to stand, but Archer kissed her before his hands slipped down her body until they reached her soaking wet flower.

Archer began teasing her playfully by rubbing her soaked flower, which made the elf release a moan full of pleasure. However, their blissful moment ended when he swiftly positioned her over the nearby table.

He bent her over and started rubbing his manhood against her. This caused Talila's body to tremble. Archer slipped into her cave and instantly felt the tightness clamp down on him.

Chapter 602 Stop Being A Narcissist

Archer made love to Talila until the elf was in a pleasure-filled daze, and the two were cuddled up in the comfortable bed. The elf had her head on his chest and was fast asleep.

He was lying on the bed while looking out the window to see the afternoon sun high in the sky. Archer gently moved Talila to the side before standing up and stretching.

While doing that, he walked over to the balcony and felt the fresh air brush against his face, causing a shiver to run all over him. Archer saw hundreds of people still boarding the other mana ships.

Archer sat on one of the chairs outside, using the tattoos to check on the other girls. He noticed some engaged in conversations while others were solitary in their rooms.

He smiled as he observed Hemera, Leira, and Halime chatting but chose not to eavesdrop. Turning his attention back to the mana ships, he witnessed several of them beginning to take off.

The midday sun cast a warm glow on the scene as the colossal vessels rose, their ethereal energy engines humming to life. As he admired the scene, a voice echoed through the room. It wasn't a physical voice but a projection from a mana stone within the room.

It belonged to the ship's Captain, an authoritative and reassuring tone. "Students of the College Of Magic and The Starlight Academy. This is your Captain speaking. We are delighted to have you on board. Our destination today is the Oakheart Kingdom, but before we go there, we must travel over the Western sea to avoid the storms ravaging the north of Pluoria."

After hearing this, Archer relaxed to continue watching the many ships take off. As he sat there, Ella appeared at the door while the others waited in his bedroom and, with a smile, spoke. "Arch. Gianna is here to give us a tour of the manaship once we take off."

He nodded before a sudden jolt was felt, and they started slowly taking off. When this happened, Archer felt all the mana it was using to lift off. Ella quickly grabbed the door frame as the shipyard grew smaller.

Once the manaship stabilized, it became peaceful as they were now above the clouds. They started flying west, and Archer commented. "Well, that was something."

Ella agreed with a giggle as he stood up and walked back into his room to see Gianna talking to the girls. She spoke excitedly as she told a story from her days as an adventurer and how she slayed an Orc King.

When Archer heard this, he remembered all those years ago when he was sent into the Eventide River due to one. The green-haired jaguar woman stopped talking and turned to him with a smile as she spoke. "Oh, Archer! I was telling the girls old stories. They are ready for their tour, but it's girls only. I heard Lioran is in the common room getting ready for his."

He looked at the woman with a raised eyebrow before questioning. "Why am I not invited?"

Gianna smiled as she answered. "Well, I like your ladies. They are lovely, and I want to get to know them better."

Archer gazed at the jaguar woman, her yellow eyes captivatingly glowing. Her vibrant green hair cascaded in waves around her. She sported an ensemble of pants and a jumper, a style that puzzled him but aligned with her unique fashion sense.

The outfit didn't conceal her curves or large boobs, but he shook his head before nodding. "Okay, well, have fun, you lot."

He walked over to each girl and kissed them. After that, the ten left with Gianna, who waved at him. Archer looked at the door before taking out a cloak and wrapping it around himself as he left the room.

While Archer was walking, he could hear the distant hum of the manaship's engines as he ventured into the common area. His destination was the part of the manaship where Lioran and the other students were gathered.

As he stepped into the common room, a sudden hush fell. Conversations ceased, and all eyes turned towards Archer. It was as if a veil of silence had descended upon his arrival. The atmosphere crackled with unspoken tension.

Lioran stood alongside Cian and two other boys, accompanied by his fiancées. When the lion boy caught sight of Archer, he greeted him warmly. "Archer, glad you could join us. We were just about to start our tour. Care to join?"

Archer nodded, acknowledging the invitation, and the group parted slightly to make room for him. As he stepped forward, the eyes of those gathered followed his every move. There was a subtle tension in the air.

He turned to Lioran, who was talking to Leonora and asked. "Why is everyone looking at me like I'm a rare beast?"

The lion boy started laughing, causing everyone to look at him like he was crazy, but what he said next caused people to panic. "Maybe because you're a rare beast?"

Archer looked at him with a deadpan expression but soon laughed. "Well, you're right. But what's with the looks?"

"What you've done has spread all over the place. Traders talk, and the old ladies like the gossip Arch. People are already talking about the wedding between you and Inara."

When he heard that, his violet eyes widened in shock before he started coughing, causing Lioran to laugh before revealing more. "I heard when we're in the semi-finals, she will come to cheer you on personally."

"Oh god. I only flirted a little bit."

Leonora and Nalika looked at him with wide eyes. Archer turned to them and realized they shared some features with Inara but were white, unlike the brown-skinned lioness.

They both shared some features with Inara and her granddaughter. Nalika was the first to ask in a shocked tone. "You flirted with that bloodthirsty woman?"

"She didn't hurt you?" Leonora asked next.

Their reactions caused Archer to laugh, but he admitted it. "Yeah, but only a little bit. She was a wonderful woman and looked like a fierce warrior."

When Lioran and his girls heard this, they looked at him like he was weird before the lion boy commented. "Eh, Arch? She is notorious in the Lionheart Kingdom. She hunted a wild Dreadfang and wrestled a mountain tiger into submission."

"Mountain tiger? What is that?" Archer asked.

The two boys with Lioran started laughing, which caused the two lion girls to look at him like an idiot before Nalika explained. "That's the thing you ask? You don't know she challenged every suitor to a one-on-one and beat them?"

"I don't care about that. It's not like I'm planning to marry the woman, and I only said we'd go on some dates when we saw each other next." He answered the lion girl, who looked taken aback.

Lioran came up to him while laughing before putting his arm around his shoulder and walking him away. "Arch. Do you realize who you're talking about? Well, I don't blame you even if you make me question myself sometimes."

When Archer heard this, he chuckled but pushed him away while expressing with a grin. "Carry on with that, and I'll claim every Lionheart woman there is."

"Shut up, you lewd dragon. They would drain you alive, and those women scare me sometimes."

When Lioran said this, the two started laughing and continued with their banter until they walked onto a balcony wrapped around the cabin. Lioran turned to him and started talking. "Thanks to your flirting, Inara is enamored with you and hounded father to send her as a guest on the Lionheart side."

"Why are you telling me this? It's a given she would want to see me thanks to how handsome I am?"

Lioran looked at him with a deadpan expression before retorting. "Stop being a narcissist, Archer! Inara will cause problems if she meets your girls as she is jealous and won't think twice about attacking them."

Archer looked out at the sky, lit by the afternoon sun, but narrowed his eyes when he saw something coming from below them. He turned to Lioran and commented. "She won't do that, Lio. Inara is smarter than you think and knows."

After speaking, he leaned over the railings to make sure what he saw was real, and when he confirmed it, he spoke. "Now find my girls and tell them I'll see them later."

As Archer uttered his words, he leaped off the manaship, hurtling toward the approaching menace. As he drew near, he saw the colossal figure of an undead dragon. A grin spread across his face as he swiftly transformed into his own dragon form, colliding with it.

He tore into its bony body but was hit by a powerful blast that rocked his body. When that happens, Archer realizes this foe is stronger than him, but he shrugs it off thanks to his Anti-Magic skill.

Chapter 603 The Sisters Of Shadows

Archer used his claws and started tearing into the undead dragon. The two were trading blows, but then more appeared. He was just about to summon some flying beasts from his Monster Army.

But he saw something falling from the manaship, and when they got closer, Archer recognized armored knights with glowing white wings holding all kinds of weapons. One started casting a spell that slammed into another undead dragon.

The knights fell upon the dragons and started battling them while in the air, thanks to the mana wing spell the mages cast on everyone. Archer saw this and returned to his fight, but a familiar seductive voice was heard beside him.

"Archer Wyldheart. I knew you'd be on board."

Seeing the undead dragon's jaws closing around him, he realized the bite wasn't forceful. To his surprise, a woman materialized on the dragon's shoulder. Although shocked, Archer couldn't help but smile.

He fell to the ground below, where a forest with a concealed swamp awaited. They vanished into the canopy, but Archer returned to his humanoid form.

[Ophelia Blackfire's POV]

She was sitting in the office of the captain given her on the College Of Magic side of the manship when the alarm suddenly went off. Ophelia jumped to her feet, rushed outside, and heard some of the Professors talking about undead dragons.

When hearing this, Ophelia rushed toward the closest balcony to see what was happening, and after stepping outside, she saw someone jump from above and quickly recognized the boy.

'Archer.' Ophelia thought to herself.

The older witch watched as he turned into his dragon form and crashed into the undead dragon. Seconds later, they fell to the ground, which shocked her.

That's when the knight assigned to the mana ship also jumped off when even more undead dragons appeared, but they were not as big as the one Archer was fighting.

But suddenly, Archer vanished into the forest below as the knights fought. Ophelia cast a spell and started flying to the battle in the air. She waved her hands while casting her witch magic.

The black fire appeared around her and shaped itself into large arrows. Once they were formed, she sent them toward the undead. When the black arrows connected with their rotten bodies, they exploded.

Once dealt with, the knights returned to the manaship, but it was stopped above where Archer disappeared. When Ophelia landed back on the ship, the captain summoned her to the cockpit.

She made her way there, and when she got there, the older human with white hair was wearing an immaculate Imperial Air Core uniform. The man turned around and spoke. "I just received a message from General Ironhart telling me to wait for the boy to return because some ships were attacked. Why can't you deal with it, headmistress?"

"I can, Captain Greyborne, but there are too many attackers for only the Professors and me to deal with. Even the Magic Knights will have issues protecting the ships if any more appear."

Just as she spoke, the air shook with an enraged roar, causing Ophelia and Captain Greyborne to rush to the nearest window. When they saw the incoming threat, their eyes widened. Hundreds of undead flying beasts were flying toward the manaships.

Ophelia rushed toward the nearest balcony while speaking. "I'll hold them off. Activate the ship's weapons and try to hold out."

The white-haired human nodded and started barking out commands. After doing that, several small mana cannons appeared on the bottom of the ship before firing into the swarm of beasts.

Powerful blasts of mana raced toward the undead beasts and exploded in the middle of them. The aftershock shook the ship, but that didn't stop Ophelia from casting a particular spell passed down through the Blackfire family.

She started chanting in an unknown language, sending a tsunami of black fire surging toward the undead. The scorching hot flames burned them to ash, but even more beasts appeared in all shapes and sizes.

Ophelia saw this and sighed as it was impossible to keep using the same spell as it used a lot of mana. The older witch sensed all the students watching the battle while some cast spells into the swarm.

As the creatures approached, a sudden eruption of violet flames collided with them, resulting in explosions. Through the smoke, she witnessed a white dragon soaring into the air, snapping its jaws and tearing through the beasts without trouble.

[Back to Archer]

As Archer plummeted, he stopped himself from crashing into the ground using his wings before landing. As he dusted himself off, his gaze locked onto a woman he hadn't encountered in quite some time.

Time hadn't dimmed her beauty; she remained as enchanting as ever, prompting Archer to flash a charming smile.

"Hello, Demacia. Long time no see," he spoke.

"Yes, it has been a while, white dragon. It's also good to see you." A seductive voice responded.

Archer looked at the necromancer, wearing a long, gothic black dress. Her pale white skin was flawless, and her bright blue eyes shone with untold wisdom. She was gorgeous, and he wondered if she was married.

With a smile, he decided to ask. "Demacia. I'm curious, are you married?"

When the necromancer stared at him, he was taken aback. But soon, a smirk appeared on her face before she responded. "I am not. But relationships don't interest me."

She approached and continued. "I'm here to warn you about the Death Cult who is hunting you, but a few days ago, the Death's Whisper Guild approached us and offered an alliance to take you down and split your body between them, but as the leader of The Sisters of Shadows I accepted the offer, and instead of attacking you I decided to warn you."

"Why? What benefit do you get out of helping me?"

Demacia shrugged before revealing her true motives. "All my sisters have discussed the option of joining you, but what would we get in return?"

Archer was shocked but thought about it for a second before responding. "What do you want? I'm guessing bodies for your necromancy and somewhere safe to work?"

She smiled and added one more condition. "You must guarantee my sister's well-being?"

"Of course. But the Sisters of Shadows have to take a mana oath not to betray me or my girls, then you got yourself a deal."

Demacia nodded before taking out a device and speaking. "Mother. He accepted the offer, so prepare to leave."

Archer sensed the Magic Knights getting close, so he turned to the black-haired woman and took out a bracelet to give to her. When the necromancer took it, she asked in a curious tone. "What is this?"

"The soldiers are coming, so escape before they arrive. When you are with your mother and sisters, send mana into it to contact me." Archer explained.

Demacia smiled as she spoke with a grin. "Thank you. I will see you soon, my king."

Archer shook his head with a smile as the woman vanished just as the Magic Knights appeared around him. A middle-aged man approached him and knelt. "White Prince. We must return to the manaship."

"Okay. Let's go." He responded to the soldier as he summoned his wings and took off.

Soon, Archer and the soldiers were back on the manaship. When they arrived, Ophelia and his girls were waiting. They scolded him for jumping off without telling them first, but he soothed them with kisses and hugs.

This pleased them, and he promised to visit each one tonight, which excited them. After greeting his ladies, Archer turned to the purplish-black hair witch staring at him with narrowed eyes.

Ophelia stepped forward and asked. "Why do I sense death all around you?"

Archer shrugged. "I don't know. I did fight with an undead dragon, so maybe it's that."

She just studied him before sighing. "Stay out of trouble, dragon. You'll get all the excitement you need during the tournament. After all, some powerful youngsters will be taking part."

"Of course. I don't look for it, Ophie. It seems to find me." He answered as the engines roared to life and the manaship started flying again.

Ophelia shook her head before retorting. "Don't call me that boy! It's headmistress or Miss Blackfire. Now stay out of trouble and find something to do."

Archer gave the woman a charming smile as she vanished, leaving him alone on the balcony he landed on. With a shrug, he entered the manaship to see students walking everywhere.

Without thinking, he turned and started walking through the ship's corridors and saw hundreds of doors, which he assumed were the passenger's rooms. He saw students from the Starlight Academy mixed in with students from his college.

But he ignored them and walked over to the nearest window. Archer looked out over the fast-moving landscape. As he watched that, a voice from behind him spoke up. "We should be coming up to the sea now."

Chapter 604 Aeris Redcliffe

Archer turned around to see a delicate-looking boy around his age looking at him. He raised his hand with a smile. "My name is Aeris Redcliffe. It's good to meet the boy behind all the rumors."

Looking at the boy's outstretched hand, Archer carefully scrutinized him. Jet-black short hair framed his face, and he had an innocent smile. However, what truly captivated his gaze were the boy's striking red eyes.

A deep crimson shade, they sparkled with an unusual intensity. He blinked, momentarily taken aback, but then extended his hand, initiating the introduction. "Archer Wyldheart."

"Yes, I know your name. I'm from a kingdom in the far south called Dunespire. My father sent me to the Starlight Academy to make friends. So here I am."

"So you decided to approach the dragon minding his own business?" Archer asked with a raised eyebrow.

Aeris chuckled. "Why not? I see you talking to that lion demi-human and his friends. Does my presence bother you?"

"No. I was curious. I understand girls approaching me, but not boys, as they see me as a threat except from a handful of people. It's new to me." He answered the black-haired boy.

The boy chuckled, which made Archer laugh and tease his new friend. "You laugh like a woman, Aeris. Maybe the gods cursed you?"

"Shut up! I was born with this laugh dragon!" Aeris retorted but soon started laughing.

The two continued talking, and Archer soon noticed people staring at them with strange looks that were annoying, which caused him to ask in a curious voice. "Are you the black sheep of Starlight Academy? Or did you use the Professor's cat in an experiment?"

"What are you waffling on about Arch? Of course, I didn't use any cats! They hate me due to my element."

"If you continue mocking me, I'll eat you, Aeris. But what element do you process?" Archer answered.

"Darkness and Summoning."

Archer grew even more curious. "What's wrong with that? I love the darkness. It's so peaceful and misunderstood."

Aeris nodded with a sad smile before agreeing. "It's a great element, but I don't have enough mana to use it for long, and I'm not good at summoning. Due to my mana, I've only contracted with horned rabbits and slimes."

"Interesting."

He stepped back and looked at Aeris even more closely, and thanks to his dragon eyes, he could see what no one else could. He saw that the boy's mana heart was underpowered and needed a jolt.

With a smirk, Archer stepped forward and placed his hand on Aeris's chest, which caused him to go red. "What are you doing? You don't suddenly touch someone like that."

Aeris stopped speaking when the mana wave crashed into his chest, causing a burning pain to radiate. The black-haired boy screamed in pain, catching everyone's attention. A Professor rushed over to separate them, but he was sent flying by a slender white tail.

Archer turned to the man who crashed to the floor. "Don't get involved. I'm fixing his mana, human."

After channeling the mana, he withdrew his hand from Aeris, who sported a flushed face and beads of sweat as he felt the mana surge through his body, causing shocks to his body, but when that all faded, he felt much better.

Archer caught a glimpse of wide-eyed astonishment on the boy's face as he sensed the mana surge.

"What did you do?"

He smiled before answering. "I just corrected your mana heart. It needed a jolt, and who better to do that than a white dragon?"

Aeris looked shocked and quickly spoke. "I need to get back to my room. Can we meet another time?"

"Yeah. I'm not hard to find."

The black-haired boy smiled and rushed off while being watched by all the students in that part of the ship. Archer looked around to see a common room where people sat around talking or reading.

With his new friend gone, Archer left that part of the ship behind and went looking for something to do as Gianna gave the girls a tour, and he had nothing to do. After walking for a little while, he saw someone he hadn't seen in a while.

In amazement, she walked onto one of the observation decks and looked at the rough sea below. Archer entered the room, gaining her attention and causing him to speak. "Hello, Apollonia. I haven't seen you in a while."

The pink-haired girl just looked at him with a blank look on her face before she answered. "Because you don't come to class."

Archer chuckled. "Well, yeah, you're right there. But sometimes it can't be helped."

Following his words, he studied the girl. Her lengthy pink hair was neatly fastened into a ponytail, and the crystal blue brilliance of her eyes sparkled under the afternoon sunlight.

Her fair, porcelain skin held a captivating beauty, but Archer soon noticed something that amazed him. She was made up of mana, but not in the way he is. Her human form is the main one, while his human form is his secondary.

Apollonia spoke with an annoyed tone. "Why are you here? Think you could woo me like the girls that follow you around? Sorry, but I'm not a lost duckling."

"Huh? I've not flirted with you at all. I was saying hello." Archer responded.

Her blue eyes turned to him, and he felt she was boring into his soul, but she spoke. "I saw the way you were looking at me. Your eyes were roaming all over my body. Are you a pervert?"

Archer was taken aback by her attitude and got annoyed. "I was admiring your beauty, and that's it."

When the pale-skinned girl heard this, she bristled with anger before speaking. "Stop being nice to me. I don't know you and have no interest in knowing you. Now enjoy the rest of your day."

After speaking, she turned on her heels and marched out of the observation deck, leaving a stunned Archer behind. He shook his head but soon heard laughing coming from behind him.

Archer quickly spun around to see a man sitting on a bench at the back. He was a mop of black hair and had a long black beard.

But the man was much taller and bigger than him. The man's eyes were green and blue, which he hadn't seen in this world yet.

He shook his head and commented with narrowed eyes. "Who are you? And why are you creeping around like a stalker?"

When the man heard Archer's question, he started laughing but soon calmed down and explained. "I'm Captian Morgan Highmore. Leader of the Magic Knights."

Before he could retort, the man continued. "I've got the scoop on you, Archer Wyldheart. The maestro of mayhem, the connoisseur of chaos, a hooligan, and a bandit. Delighted to make your acquaintance at last."

Archer looked at the man who was smiling at him. With a shrug, he responded. "Well, it does seem you know me, but why would I care?"

"You shouldn't. I mean, you no harm, boy. I was your father's friend long ago, but his pride got too much for me."

When Morgan mentioned his father, he growled before warning him. "Don't mention that human in front of me. He's lucky I let him live and didn't eat him."

"Yeah, Leonard went too far with you. I did warn him, but he didn't want to hear it. But honestly, I'm glad you're okay now." Morgan commented as he stood up and stretched.

He walked over to Archer and slapped his shoulder as he asked. "Have a drink with me, boy! I made sure the quartermaster stocked some strong Ale. I guarantee it makes your head spin."

Before Archer answered, he sent a message to the girls telling them what he was up to. They replied, telling him to have fun and enjoy himself with his new friend. After that, he looked at Morgan and nodded.

The older man smiled and put his arm over his shoulder while guiding him to the Magic Troop section. They walked through the corridors as Morgan kept chatting to Archer, who was bewildered by the situation and wondered why the man was friendly with him.

After trekking for a while, they walked through a double door to see a similar common room, but this one had a bar with soldiers drinking. When the door slammed shut, everyone turned to them.

Archer noticed that most soldier's eyes widened in shock as two women rushed up. He saw one had very short white hair and glowing green eyes. She spoke while looking at Morgan. "Father, who is this handsome young man?"

The second woman had the same short hair, but it was black, and had bright blue eyes, which caught him off guard. She quickly commented. "Sister, he is a dragon. Look at his beautiful white scales."

Morgan chuckled before introducing them. "Archer, these two beauties are my daughters, Giselle and Genevieve Highmore."

Chapter 605 The Highmore Twins

Archer looked at the twins, who were smiling up at him. They both looked the same but different. They were beautiful and looked like they could fight, which impressed him. He shook his head and examined the two.

Giselle was the one with the short white hair and sparkling green eyes. She was a curvy woman with massive boobs like most noble women he met. Archer noticed she was wearing Magic Knight armor and carried a spear.

She looked like the happier of the two as she looked at him with a smile. After looking at the white-haired twin, he turned to the other sister, Genevieve, who was more slender than Giselle, with smaller boobs and a slimmer waist.

Archer loved her piercing blue eyes and short black hair. She seemed to be the moody one. He gave them his best smile before speaking. "Hello, ladies. My name is Archer Wyldheart. It's a pleasure to meet you."

Giselle's smile grew when she heard that, and Genevieve just huffed. Morgan laughed when seeing this and spoke. "You can talk to him after girls. I want to have a drink with him."

The two nodded before returning to a group of soldiers who were watching the scene. The black-haired man turned to him with a grin. "They like you."

But Morgan's expression changed as he leaned in to warn. "Don't try to get them. They are not going in our collecting, you lewd dragon."

Archer stopped, walked, and looked at the man. "If I like them, I will take them, Morgan, and you won't be able to stop me, but I'm not interested. Yes, I admit they are gorgeous, but attracting my attention takes more than just good looks."

The older man looked at him and smiled as they walked through the common room. "I like you even more, boy. Want me to adopt you into the Highmore family."

When Morgan finished speaking, he started laughing upon seeing Archer's expression. "I'm joking. I'm sure you do not want parents with the ones you were given."

He said nothing as the two continued until they arrived at the bar. Morgan looked at the bartender and ordered. "Get me the usual, but get the Dragon Ale for my boy Archer."

The bartender nodded and walked off before returning with a large jug filled with a sweet-smelling ale, its aroma wafting through the air as he set it down in front of Archer. He looked at the jug with genuine interest, lingering on the golden liquid inside.

Having downed his drink easily, Morgan turned to him with a grin. He slapped his back in a friendly way, causing Archer to shift forward slightly. "There you go, Archie! That's the renowned Dragon Ale. Brewed with the finest ingredients, it packs a punch that'll leave you feeling like you can breathe fire!"

He grabbed the jug with a nod of thanks. The sweet aroma teased his senses, and he couldn't help but be bewitched. Morgan, still grinning, raised his empty mug, encouraging Archer to join him.

The common room was filled with the lively chatter of the other Magic Knights, clinking mugs, and the occasional burst of laughter. Archer, holding the large jug of Dragon Ale, was drawn into the festive atmosphere. Sitting beside him, Morgan watched with an amused glint in his eyes.

Archer studied the golden liquid within, which brought a gleam to his eyes. Chuckling at his enthusiasm, Morgan leaned in with a friendly warning.

"Now, this ale has a kick like a dragon's tail. Drink it easy unless you want to be carried out of here like a sack of potatoes."

Flashing a confident smile, and dismissed the older man's warning. "I can handle it. Dragons aren't known for being lightweight, you know."

With a shrug, Morgan leaned back, lifting his mug with a smirk. "Your choice, my friend. Just remember, I warned you."

Ignoring the advice, Archer took a hearty swig from the jug. The initial taste was refreshing, with a fine sweetness that danced on his tongue. He lowered the jug, seemingly unaffected, and shot Morgan a triumphant grin.

Morgan laughed heartily. "Not bad for a rookie. But let's see how you handle another round."

Encouraged by his success, Archer continued to drink, savoring the flavor of the Ale. The conversation flowed, and the social atmosphere of the common room surrounded him. The older man, still amused, raised an eyebrow. "You're holding up well, I'll give you that."

But as Archer reached for another round, a slight change began. The edges of his vision seemed to blur, and a warmth spread through him. The realization hit him, and he chuckled nervously, glancing at Morgan.

"That warning of yours might have been onto something," Archer conceded with a lopsided grin.

Morgan burst into laughter, slapping Archer on the back. "Told you so, my boy! The Dragon Ale has a way of sneaking up on you. Pace yourself next time."

The common room of the Magic Knights buzzed with laughter and the clinking of mugs, the entertainment reaching its peak as Archer, under the influence of the potent Dragon Ale, stumbled to his feet.

Morgan, engrossed in a lively conversation with fellow knights, didn't notice Archer's departure. With a mischievous grin, Archer mumbled something about needing fresh air and made his way to the exit.

The wooden door creaked open, and a cool night air greeted him. The moon hung high in the sky, casting its silvery glow across the sea below.

Guided by the ghostly light, Archer ambled through the corridors of the mana ship. The ship, powered by mana, hummed with a gentle resonance. While walking, he couldn't help but admire the patterns of the mana crystals embedded in the walls, giving off a soft light.

The corridors of the mana ship echoed with Archer's carefree laughter as he continued his tipsy exploration. Unknown to him, Giselle and Genevieve, having noticed his absence from the common room, decided to investigate and ensure he was okay.

The twin sisters, their Magic Knight armor glinting softly in the light, followed the sound of Archer's laughter. They found him leaning against a corridor wall, his eyes fixed on the moonlit night through a nearby window.

With her short white hair and sparkling green eyes, Giselle approached first with a warm smile as she spoke. "Archer, are you enjoying the night sky?"

He turned to them with a lopsided grin, and his cheeks flushed from the effects of the Dragon Ale. "Giselle! Genevieve! I was just... having a moment with the moon. It's so shiny!"

With her shorter black hair and piercing blue eyes, Genevieve chuckled at Archer's intoxicated state. "You've had more than your share of Dragon Ale. Come on, let's get you to the spare room. Father will kill us if we let you wander around drunk."

Silence fell from Archer's lips as the Ale's effects finally took hold, sending his senses into disarray. He sagged in the girl's arms, his body succumbing to sleep.

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[Giselle and Genevieve's POV]

The twins dragged Archer to the Magic Knight section and took him to their spare room. Genevieve opened the door while Gisella held onto him. He grabbed a hold of the white-haired woman who let him do it as he was out cold.

Her sister walked out of the room and informed her. "Sister, the beds ready. You put him to sleep; I want to take off my armor. It's hurting my boobs."

Giselle giggled while nodding. "Go on, Gene. I'll deal with him and join you."

With that sorted, the black-haired girl walked out of the room and headed down the corridor so she could relax.

When Genevieve was gone, she put the sleeping Archer in bed. Giselle moved away and noticed that he was having a bad dream. She leaned down and whispered into his ear. "You're fine white dragon. Dragon Ale comes with nightmares."

The white-haired girl pulled the covers over him before leaving the room. When leaving, she bumped into something. Giselle looked up to see her Father standing there. He looked down at her and spoke. "How is he, Giselle?"

"He's good. Just drunk and needs some rest." Giselle answered.

Morgan smiled when hearing her response before heading back to his room. Giselle did the same thing after making sure Archer was okay.

[Back to Archer]

While sleeping, the Ale off, Archer managed to have several nightmares, which annoyed him. But by the time he woke up, they stopped. He looked around and didn't recognize the room he found himself in.

Archer got out of bed and stretched while yawning. The mana ship's quiet hum provided a soothing backdrop as Archer, having just cast Cleanse on himself, stood in the privacy of the room he was in.

The glow dissipated, leaving behind a refreshed and invigorated feeling. With a satisfied nod, he decided it was time to change into fresh clothes. Archer looked around and saw an empty room with basic furniture.

Chapter 606 Overpowered For My Age

Archer looked around the room and approached the door when he saw a piece of paper on the door. He picked it up and read it, which didn't take too long. It was a note from Morgan telling him they had to get to work but to visit them sometime.

After reading that, he left the chamber he was in to see the Magic Knight common room, which was empty; with a shrug, Archer returned to the College Of Magic section of the mana ship. It didn't take him too long.

He entered the standard room and saw some professors sitting around a table chatting about the upcoming tournament. He stopped when they spotted Archer, who shrugged and walked to the nearest window.

When Archer looked out, he saw a rough sea below and waves as high as a city wall crash on a small island. They were flying about thirty meters above the waves to avoid the storm.

It relaxed as thunder boomed overhead and the rain lashed against the window. While standing there, he zoned out to the beautiful morning sky. The sun hadn't risen yet, but the moon allowed him to see through the storm.

The thunderous roar of the engines echoed in his ears, laboring relentlessly to navigate through the storm. The entire vessel quivered, a symphony of vibrations, as the relentless rain battered against the protective shield.

"Isn't the weather just stunning, especially in the skies?" He heard a voice from behind him.

Startled, Archer turned around to find an unexpected presence. A smile graced his face as he greeted her, "Margeret, it's been a while. You're as beautiful as ever."

He soaked in the sight of the beautiful, sophisticated woman he had encountered in the college library. She was wearing a form-fitting blue uniform that highlighted her curves, and her shirt struggled to contain her enormous boobs.

Margeret's short brown hair was neatly secured in a ponytail, and a clipboard rested in her grasp.

'She is stunning. Older woman on Earth never looked as good as she does.' He thought to himself.

A radiant gleam of joy illuminated her blue eyes as she caught sight of his smile. Archer found this mature older woman beautiful and stepped forward before whispering into her ear. "That uniform looks good on you, Margeret."

Her face reddened when she heard his compliment, causing her to think to herself. 'Why am I blushing like a little girl? I'm a grandmother and shouldn't be falling for this playboy's charm.'

Margeret shook her head and spoke. "Thank you for the compliment, Archer. How are you finding the journey so far?"

"Well, apart from getting drunk for the first time, which was interesting, it's been okay, I guess. What are you doing here? You're a librarian?" Archer asked with a curious voice.

"I am. But the headmistress wants me to be her secretary for the tournament, and if I do a good job, I'll be promoted."

He smiled when hearing that and congratulated the older woman, who smiled before speaking apologetically. "It was good seeing you, Archer. But I'm in a rush and have to go. I was running an errand for the headmistress."

Archer bid farewell to Margeret, watching her briskly walk away, her figure disappearing down the corridor. He couldn't help but admire the sway in her step; even in her uniform, her round behind stood out.

With a slight smile, he turned and continued his journey through the mana ship. The atmosphere in the College of Magic section was a mix of excitement and anticipation for the upcoming tournament.

Professors and students alike were engaged in discussions about strategies and magic techniques. Archer decided to go to his room to gather his thoughts and perhaps rest for a while.

As he walked down the metallic corridors, the thunderous roar of the engines persisted, echoing the ship's struggle against the raging storm outside. He glanced out the windows, where the sea below raged with colossal waves.

Lost in thought, he was suddenly captivated by a movement in the sea. A colossal creature breached the surface, its massive form visible even through the stormy torrents.

After the creature vanished under the waves, he closed his hands to scan for the girls and saw some sleeping while Ella, Llynriel, Nala, Halime, and Teuila were in the common room. He sent them a message asking if they wanted to have breakfast with him.

All three agreed by replying through the bracelets. With that, Archer headed toward them as the sun rose. After walking for ten minutes, he found the five girls. Ella greeted him with a big smile. "Morning Arch! Where were you last night?"

He kissed each girl before explaining what had happened and where he was, which caused them to laugh. Teuila asked while trying to stifle a laugh. "You've never been drunk?"

"No Teu. Never seen the interest, but it wasn't so bad." Archer replied with a chuckle.

The five girls led Archer through the bustling corridors of the College of Magic section of the ship, navigating the flow of students going about their business gossiping or heading to the extra classes the professors decided to hold while they traveled.

As they entered the spacious dining room, Archer saw dozens of students in animated conversations scattered across the tables. The aroma of various dishes filled the air, creating a mouth-watering atmosphere.

Ella grinned at him and gestured towards an empty table. "Sit here, Arch. We'll get the food."

With that, she and the other girls dispersed towards the various serving stations, leaving Archer to take in the lively scene.

Sitting at the table waiting for the girls to return, Archer noticed Lioran approaching with a warm smile. Nalika and Leonora trailed behind him, their expressions mixing curiosity and excitement.

Lioran greeted Archer with a smile. "Good morning, Archer. Mind if we join you?"

Archer motioned to the empty seats. "Not at all, Lioran. Grab a seat. It's good to see you."

As they settled in, Leonora greeted him as she sat beside Lioran. "Hey Archer. How was your morning?"

"It's good. I'm just waiting for the girls to bring my breakfast. El told me to wait here." He replied to the lion girl.

Nalika commented next. "When's your date with Inara? And are you planning to claim Nalani Silvermane as well?"

Archer choked when he heard the grey-haired lioness. He shook his head before talking to the girl in a fed-up voice. "Do you spend your free time gossiping about my love life?"

"Pretty much. It's interesting to guess who you're going to claim next." Nalika responded with a grin.

Archer looked at the lion boy, who was chuckling while watching his fiance tease him. "I swear, Lioran, if you weren't my friend, I would have shaved her bald by now."

This only made him and Nalika laugh. Leonora shook her head while stifling a laugh, causing Archer to answer. "I haven't planned anything. I'm trying to strengthen my current relationships before wooing other women."

"Oh damn. I thought you'd claim another ten princesses during the tournament." Lioran teased him.

Archer narrowed his eyes and warned the lion prince. "One more word and I'll go after your grandmother and become your grandfather, Lio!"

He then turned his attention to the two lionesses and teased them. "I will challenge your father for your mother's hand and any sisters you two have. So you'd be calling me father soon, girls."

After speaking, everyone laughed as Lioran responded with a teasing tone. "If you somehow marry her Arch, I will offer my hand in marriage as well."

"Shut up, idiot. I wouldn't marry you, and I feel sorry for Leonora and Nalika for being stuck with you." Archer retorted.

Lioran started laughing and stopped messing around before asking. "Enough of the teasing. Are you excited for the tournament? I heard the Oakheart Kingdom is beautiful."

Archer nodded. "Yeah, I can't fight and see how others compare due to being overpowered for my age."

"That's cheating. You'll demolish the competition, and it would be unfair." Leonora spoke up after she took her cloak off.

"I created a limiter to put me at the Magus Rank." He replied as he raised his arm to show them the bracelet.

"Oh, okay. I guess that's fine, then. Sorry, I heard you've wiped out armies and destroyed the Dragon Hunters." Leonora explained.

When she mentioned the hunters, it brought back memories of the fights he'd had with them before, and he promised himself he would wipe them out when he visited the north.

Archer shook his head. "Yeah, you're right, but where is the fun in fighting people my age and instantly beating them? I want a challenge."

Lioran and the two girls started laughing before the lion boy spoke. "Sounds about right for you, Arch."

As the four continued to talk, Ella and the others returned with loads of plates. When Archer saw this, his eyes widened as there were all kinds of food, from meat to potato-looking things to burgers, which confused him.

But he shrugged and started eating after thanking his girls, who replied with smiles before they ate.

Chapter 607 You Collect These

Without hesitation, Archer plunged into the feast. He grabbed a chunk of perfectly grilled meat with his fingers, savoring the smoky flavor as he started eating.

The juices dripped down his chin, but he didn't care about anyone as he was completely absorbed in the ecstasy of the first bite. Teuila chuckled, shaking her head. "I swear, darling, you eat like you've been starving for days."

Archer mumbled through a mouthful of food, "Just appreciating good cooking, Teu."

He moved on to the mashed potatoes, piling them onto his plate in generous piles and savoring the creamy, buttery richness he loved when he took a mouthful. The others exchanged amused glances, occasionally laughing at his sheer enthusiasm for the meal.

With a mischievous grin, Nala pushed a bowl of curry toward him. "Try this, it's a bit spicy."

Archer accepted the challenge, scooping a generous portion with a piece of bread. His eyes widened, and a satisfied groan escaped his lips as the flavors exploded on his tongue. He loved the blend of spices, the meat's tenderness, and the sauce's richness.

Halime leaned over, teasing him, "You know, there are other people at this table who might want some too."

Archer chuckled, but his focus remained on the food. "Plenty to go around, Hali. Help yourselves."

As he continued to devour the food, the others joined in, sampling the different dishes and enjoying the company of the meal. The dining room echoed with laughter and the clinking of cutlery, creating a warm and joyful atmosphere.

Despite the abundance of food disappearing before him, Archer's appetite seemed insatiable. He reached for another grilled meat skewer, his eyes gleaming with sheer greed.

The others exchanged amused glances, realizing that trying to match his eating prowess was futile. Ella, Teuila, Nala, Halime, and Lyniel laughed at his behavior as they all knew he loved his food.

Lioran commented while he was eating plate after plate. "Arch. You should be fat due to the amount you eat."

At first, he didn't answer as he was finishing a bowl of what looked like soup, but it was spicy. Once Archer was done, he looked at Lioran with a grin. "Ask Nala if there is any fat on me. But everyone knows I love food, and it's been like this since waking up from the incident."

Nala looked down as her cheeks reddened when she heard Archer's comment. The nights of pleasure returned in detail, causing the lion girl to become shy.

When seeing her reaction, he smiled before using his tail to touch hers. Nala calmed down and smiled at him as Nalika asked in a curious voice. "Incident?"

The five girls went silent, but Archer chuckled. "El. Tell the story. You're better than me at telling it."

Ella confirmed with a nod and turned her gaze toward their friends, starting the story. After an hour, she was done. The three sat there in silence before Leonora spoke. "Why haven't you killed them? I would have if I were treated like that."

Lioran and Nalika agreed. Archer sighed before explaining his reason for not killing the Ashguards. "What would killing them get me?"

"Revenge?"

"Peace?"

"Happiness?"

The three lions asked one after another, but Archer laughed it off. "Well, I'd get a little bit of each if I did kill them, but after that, I'd most likely be lost without revenge, so I chose a different path. I plan to marry my father's sister and his wife's siblings. I will allow them to hear about what I've done and will continue to do, and they will be outside as strangers."

When he finished speaking, everyone looked at him with amusement and confusion. Lioran broke the silence by laughing.

Archer looked at the lion boy who asked. "You mean the Professors in the college? And you've got Sia Silverthorne, which means your mother has been dealt with. How did she react?"

A grin appeared on his face as he remembered what his grandfather told him. He shook his head and answered. "She was confused, annoyed, and angry, I guess. Well, that's what Albert told me."

The lion boy nodded but asked another question. "Albert?"

That's when his eyes widened alongside Leonora's and Nalika's. Lioran spoke as he looked at Archer. "You're grandfather is Albert Silverthorne? The butcher of Moonshadow Grove and the notorious demon general of Avalon?"

"Who's your grandmother, Archer?" Nalika asked with wary eyes.

"Mia Silverthorne."

The three's eyes widened, and Lioran spoke out loud. "Your grandparents are monsters, Arch. Mia Silverthorne is known as the Witch Of Terror. No wonder you're the way you are with them as relatives."

"The Butcher of Moonshadow Grove and the Witch of Terror? What are you on about Lio? They are a sweet old couple who dote on each other like teenagers." Archer spoke in a defensive tone.

All five girls directed their attention to the lions, who began getting nervous before explaining. "They are widely well-known across Pluoria and beyond, my friend. I'm certainly not bad mouthing them; in fact, I hold your grandfather in high esteem. He is truly a great man. He saved my Father and Mother with no need to."

Archer smiled when he heard his friend's explanation and wanted to know more. "Tell me about them? I want to know anything."

"I can do you one better. I have a mana recorder of a famous historian telling an old story of how your grandfather burned an entire kingdom just because they hurt Mia. It's a good story, Arch. You need to hear it."

Lioran took a crystal from his storage ring and handed it to him. "This is very old and rare. There aren't many left. So if you could return it tomorrow, I'd appreciate it."

"You collect these?" Archer spoke as he examined the little crystal he took from the lion boy.

The lion boy nodded. "Yes. They are stories from our past and keep the heroes of old alive so future generations can witness their feats. For example, Mia got the nickname The Witch Of Terror because a king kidnapped her mother, and she terrorized a whole until they submitted to her."

Archer started laughing as it matched his grandmother's personality and decided to watch the crystal later when he was relaxing. After that, the girls started talking among themselves 01:32

while Lioran went to the toilet.

While sitting there, Aeris approached the table, holding a food tray. He stopped in front of him and asked politely. "Hey Arch! Can I sit with you, please?"

He looked up to see glowing red eyes staring at him. The girls went quiet and narrowed their eyes at the black-haired boy. Archer smiled before nodding. "Yes, Aeris. Take a seat."

Archer shifted to make space for Aeris, who took a seat, and when he did, he introduced the boy. "Everyone, this is Aeris. I met him yesterday while I was wandering around the ship."

As the black-haired boy settled into the seat, Nala couldn't help but blurt out, "You know, Aeris, you kinda look like a girl."

Aeris raised an eyebrow before answering. "What? No way!"

Laughter erupted around the table. Teuila, Halime, and Ella couldn't contain their amusement. Even Lioran, who had just returned from the toilet, joined in on the laughter.

"Come on, Nala, give the guy a break," Archer teased, trying to ease the situation.

Nala, however, wasn't convinced. She squinted at Aeris, studying him as if trying to uncover some hidden truth. "I'm not so sure about that. We might need a second opinion."

The lion girl turned to Nalika and Leonora. "You two. Tell me your opinion."

When the twins heard Nala, they bowed and spoke in unison. "Yes, princess."

Leonora was the one to speak. "Yes, he does look like a girl. He has feminine features, but that isn't unusual nowadays. Even in The Lionheart Kingdom, there are men like this."

Archer started chuckling but noticed the uncomfortable look on Aeris face and changed the subject. "How long until we arrive at your kingdom, Llynriel?"

The wood elf came two after zoning out and answered. "About a week, Arch. A storm is hitting the kingdom right now. The mana ships had to fly around the Eastern coast."

"Are there normally storms over Oakheart?" He inquired.

"Yes. In Frostwinter, they are really bad and cut off most of the roads into the kingdom. But the mother has been working on it and has kept most open this year."

Archer smiled at her explanation. After that, Lioran and the two lion girls said they would attend a training session that Professor Grayleaf had organized."

As he spoke, Teuila said, "Yes, Sera, Talila, Nala, and I are taking it too. The other girls are attending the Battle Magic Class taught by Professor Silvercrest."

"Whose going there?" Archer asked the blue-haired girl.

"Nefertiti, Hemera, Ella, Llyniel, Halime and Leira."

"So all of you then." He responded in an amused voice.

Teuila nodded. "Yes. We want to train for the tournament. We're not overpowered like you."

Chapter 608 Avoiding You

Archer chuckled but agreed with Teuila. He said his goodbyes to the girls who made their way to the classes while Aeris remained seated.

Lioran was the next to leave with Nalika and Leonora, who said they'd meet him later. Once they were gone, Aeris asked in a curious voice. "Arent you going to train Arch?"

"No. I have to limit myself to the Master Rank to have fun, and I already know my way around a greatsword, so no need to train for now."

The black-haired boy nodded and was going to speak, but more people approached, and when Archer saw them, his eyes widened as if they were his siblings. Not the ones who made his life hell but the innocent ones who couldn't do anything to help even if they wanted to.

Kestria, the brown-haired human, was Janna's daughter. Dara bore a striking resemblance to the green-haired woman, sharing the same hair color, but she inherited their father's green eyes.

They gazed at him with smiles that concealed a mixture of regret and longing. Archer shifted his attention to the two boys, who seemed a couple of years younger than him. They were his full brothers, sharing the same mother.

Viden possessed their mother's black hair but had their father's green eyes. On the other hand, Ryn had their mother's blue eyes paired with their father's brown hair.

Archer watched all four of them before motioning for them to sit down as the dining room emptied. Kestria looked at him with a smile. "Hello, big brother. I hope you've been well."

"I've been fine, thank you. Are you guys looking forward to the tournament?" He asked the group.

Viden and Ryn nodded with excitement. The brown-haired boy was the first to talk. "Big brother. My classmates and Professor say you will be the winner of the Arcane Tournament. Are you going to use your dragon form there?"

Archer laughed as he shook his head. "No, little brother. I'm limiting myself so I can fight at the Master Rank to make it fun."

"Make it fun? Do you understand what this tournament means? Why fight at a disadvantage?" Dara spoke in a surprised voice

"Well, big sister. There's no fun overpowering people my age when I can enjoy myself and hopefully learn something from this by fighting at their rank." Archer replied.

Dara blinked and then giggled. "Well, that does make sense. How have you been?"

Before answering, Archer turned to Aeris and asked. "Do you want something to drink?"

The black-haired boy nodded with a smile. Archer turned to his four siblings and offered the same, which they all accepted. He got up and walked over to the counter to grab six drinks for them all.

While he was gone, Kestria turned to Aeris and inquired with curiosity brimming in her green eyes. "Have you been brother's friend for long?"

He shook his head. "No, we met yesterday and became friends."

Archer's sisters nodded, and not long after that, Archer returned and placed the drinks on the table before asking. "Are the others here?"

Dara sighed. "Yes, our other siblings are on board but are avoiding you. But don't worry about them. They are hateful and are jealous of you."

When he heard the green-haired girl's comment, he laughed as Kestria spoke. "Congratulations on your fiancée's, big brother. They are so beautiful."

"I heard you're marrying Aunt Sia. Is this true?" Ryn asked while spotting Archer's tail swaying behind him.

Archer grinned as he answered. "Yes. Sia and I are together."

Ryn's eyes widened before Viden questioned. "Don't you think it's wrong that you took our aunt as a lover?"

"No. Why would I? Dragons do it all the time." He answered his younger brother.

Kestria laughed before the older girl spoke. "When we were still in the Mistwood Duchy, the guards said they'd never seen Auntie smile like she has done since being with you."

"Yeah, the grandmother said the same thing," He revealed.

After that, they continued to talk for a while, and Ryn looked at the crystal that Archer was playing with and asked. "Do you like history, brother?"

He looked at the brown-haired boy before answering. "Yes. I find it interesting. Why?"

"Have you heard about the Battle of the Black Flags that happened near an island off the north coast of the Avidia Continent a few years back?"

Archer shook his head, causing Ryn's smile to brighten as he took a dozen crystals and passed them to him while speaking. "These are the accounts of the generals and leaders of both sides. Some other crystals show recent battles on different continents that you might like."

When taking the crystal, he grew curious and asked. "How do you get these?"

"There's a store in Starfall City near Market Street that sells them, brother. Do you want to buy some?" Ryn grinned.

"Yeah. I'll buy some when we're back from the tournament."

After speaking, Archer looked at the two girls who were smiling at him. He grew curious and asked. "Why do you want to have a relationship with me?"

When Dara and Kestria heard this, they had sad expressions before the green-haired girl revealed. "You're our brother. We didn't see you as a burden or even troublesome. You never did anything to hurt anyone but still got bullied."

"I want to know the only big brother who has been nice to me, except Oswyn," Kestria spoke while Viden and Ryn nodded in agreement.

Archer smiled before taking out four white dragon tokens and handing one to each while explaining. "Send mana into them when college ends, and I'll meet you there. You can chill out in the domain with the girls."

Dara and Kestria beamed while the two boys got excited, causing Archer to chuckle. But the four siblings jumped up and told him they had the Homeroom Professor, which he waved away.

Once they were gone, Aeris commented. "You're good with them even when you have no reason to be."

"The four of them were never horrible to me. They, and my older brother Oswyn, were the only ones who cared but couldn't do anything because of our parents."

Aeris nodded before he spoke. "Well, Arch. I'm going to take a nap. I'll see you soon."

He looked at the black-haired boy to respond as he walked away. "Okay, Aeris. Take care."

Once Archer was alone, he stood and returned to his room to chill on the balcony. While walking down the corridors, he bumped into the rabbit demi-human girl Eveline, who was wiping sweat off her face with a towel.

When noticing him, the rabbit girl beamed and walked over. He seized the moment to observe her. With snow-white hair framing two lengthy rabbit ears, Eveline possessed the body of a seasoned warrior, displaying impressive muscles despite her youth.

Clad in a training outfit that clung to her sweating form, her brown skin shimmered beneath the layer of sweat.

"Wyldheart! I saw ya dive off the mana ship when the undead dragons appeared, and it was amazing! Can we fight after the tournament?"

Archer shook his head and looked into her crimson eyes before answering. "Of course, rabbit. I would love to see what you can do."

A big smile appeared on Eveline's pretty face. After this, she handed over a small disc and explained. "We can talk through this. I need to wash up, but we can meet another time if ya like."

Archer agreed with a nod as he put the communication device in his Item Box before saying farewell to the girl. "Speak later, rabbit. Enjoy your bath."

He proceeded to his room after walking for ten minutes before sprawling on his bed. He considered what to do but could not come up with any ideas, so he decided to chill on the balcony.

The weather wasn't so bad outside, but the dark clouds spoke otherwise. Archer looked over the railings to see waves crashing against the coast. When he saw the landscape, it was covered in snow and looked like a winter wonderland.

That's when he remembered the crystal Lioran gave him and decided to see how his grandfather got his title of the Butcher of Moonshadow Grove. He sent mana into it, and soon, he felt like he had been transported to a lush grassland.

A lone figure stood against the backdrop of the city lights, cradling a badly injured dragon-kin woman in his arms. The man's form was massive, standing at an imposing seven feet tall, with a muscular build that spoke of unmatched strength.

From a distance, he recognized the familiar shock of white hair atop the man's head – his grandfather, Albert Silverthorne.

In Albert's arms lay Mia Silverthorne, the dragon-kin woman, her form battered and bruised. She bore an uncanny resemblance to Sia, wearing flowing witch's robes that billowed in the evening breeze.

Her black hair was cut short, framing her face in a way that mirrored Sia's elegance. He realized that his Sia was the spitting image of Mia, which was no surprise to him.

Chapter 609 The Butcher Of Moonshadow Grove

Archer watched Albert stroke a strand of black hair off Mia's face as he spoke. "My love. They will pay for what they did to you."

His grandfather turned his head and called out. "Merric. Heal her while I deal with the King."

"Yes, commander!" A slim man with brown hair appeared out of the forest and took hold of Mia.

Before Albert could rush off, another man interjected. "Commander, if you go through with this, the emperor will be displeased. He may punish you."

A pair of ice-blue eyes turned on the man and spoke in an unbridled rage. "They hurt my wife, Theodore! The Moonshadow King will answer to my axe!"

Without another word, a boom was heard as Archer watched Albert sprint toward the city. He was dragged along and witnessed the old man go crazy as he leaped into the air and aimed for the city's gate.

Albert slashed toward it, and a massive mana blast tore the gate apart, sending soldiers flying. When Archer witnessed this, his eyes widened as he realized his grandfather was powerful and a man not to be messed with.

The scene continued as the old man rushed into the city while swinging his large axe against the hordes of soldiers. The axe cut many soldiers in half and sent the rest flying while mages started to appear around him.

Archer loved the scene and sat in a nearby building to watch while getting excited. The city trembled as Albert Silverthorne unleashed fury upon the soldiers. His eyes scanned the surroundings, ablaze with a fire that mirrored the inferno he was about to unleash.

The rhythmic clash of his boots echoed as he advanced, the air crackling with his rage as mana surged from his body as he sent slashes flying toward the buildings. His attacks destroyed them, causing them to crumble into dust with their inhabitants still inside.

In one hand, Albert wielded his formidable axe. A weapon passed down through generations of Silverthorne; its blade whispered to have tasted the blood of countless foes.

In the other, he conjured flames that danced with an intensity matching his burning rage. Soldiers, clad in armor that once symbolized the strength of the Moonshadow Kingdom, now faced the manifestation of wrath.

Albert's movements were a blur, a relentless storm of strikes that left no room for defense. His axe cleaved through armor and bone alike, each swing accompanied by a trail of searing fire that consumed everything in its wake.

The city streets became chaotic, stained with crimson blood and the scorching touch of impenetrable flames. Soldiers, once defenders of their home, now met their doom at the hands of a berserker fueled by an unyielding desire for vengeance.

As the carnage unfolded, buildings crumbled in the wake of Albert's devastating onslaught. His axe, a conduit of destruction, bit into stone and timber, rendering the cityscape into ruins.

Flames, both magical and mundane, consumed structures like a ravenous beast, leaving behind a landscape scarred by the relentless wrath of a man scorned.

Albert continued with his attack. Archer noticed that all he kept saying was Mia's name as he struck down dozens of soldiers, leaving a trail of blood behind him.

It took him a while to slaughter all the King's soldiers. An hour passed as he watched Albert destroy the Moonshadow capital. It now lay in rubble with a sea of blood rushing through the streets.

Albert watched from a good vantage point as he arrived at the palace gates. The King's Guards, clad in ornate armor, formed a formidable line of defense.

When seeing this, Archer thought to himself. 'Watch grandfather slaughter them. Hurry up, old man!'

Albert's eyes blazed with an unmistakable fury as a smile played on his lips. With an earth-shattering roar, he charged at the King's Guards like an enraged bull. The sheer force of his rush sent shockwaves through the air.

His axe, a gleaming extension of his wrath, caught the sunlight as the first strike was a torrent of power, a sweeping arc that cleaved through the air with a menacing whistle.

Two King's Guards, caught off guard, met a brutal fate as the axe cut through them effortlessly. The force of the swing sent crimson arcs into the air, and when Archer saw this, he cheered Albert on as the blood splattered against the palace garden.

The remaining Guards hastily raised their shields, bracing for the attack. The impact of Albert's swing rattled them, the sheer strength behind each blow reverberating through their defenses.

A ceaseless rage etched across Albert's face, mirroring the storm of unyielding strikes that ensued. Blessed with a lifetime of finely honed skills, he exploited every opening and weakness in their defense.

His axe transformed into a lethal blur, discerning the vulnerabilities in their armor and ruthlessly capitalizing on them as he turned the soldiers into a blood mist when he hit them.

The clash of metal against metal echoed through the courtyard, a battle that Archer could only watch in awe. In a matter of moments, Albert's brutal assault reduced the once-

mighty King's Guards to a scattered, defeated force.

The courtyard lay strewn with fallen warriors, and a heavily breathing Albert was staring at the palace doors.

Archer jumped off the building to get closer just as the old man shouted in a rage-filled voice. "King Rio Moonshadow! Get out here now! How dare you hurt my Mia? She was innocent and carrying my first daughter!"

As Archer heard that, he mumbled. "He must be talking about Sia."

The thunderous shout echoed through the palace, causing its foundations to tremble. A man, encased in a suit of imposing armor, stood forth, gripping a mighty greatsword in his hands.

When Albert saw this, he rested his bloody axe on his shoulder and spoke teasingly. "Marcus. You can run now, and no one will think differently of the cowardly knight."

After speaking, he started laughing before suddenly stopping and charging toward the knight, who was caught off guard. But Albert was like a whirlwind and kept striking, constantly causing the enemy to defend himself.

Archer felt something and saw his grandfather slow down his attack. He swung the axe in a way that caused the knight to entirely block it, leaving his chest exposed, which Albert put to use and slammed a fire blast into it.

The knight was sent flying and crashed through the palace doors. Albert stepped through and battered away some King's Guard who rushed him in a futile attempt of an ambush. Once he was out of sight, Archer followed him inside.

It only had been a minute, and when he entered the palace after Albert, the walls were covered in blood, and butchered corpses lay all over the place. Archer was taken aback because the happy-go-lucky teasing grandfather he knew was a demon.

He wondered why the old man would let himself get captured that time but then concluded that it was Mia's doing, causing him to mumble. "Damn, that woman is dangerous. She was a demon but now a troll."

After that, Archer followed the destruction and saw hundreds of King's Guard lying dead. Some were cleaved in half, while others were crushed. When seeing this, he spoke. "Damn, old man. You were brutal."

Soon, he made it to the throneroom, where he heard screaming. When Archer entered, a man flew at him, which passed right through and crashed into the wall.

That's when he heard Albert talk as he grabbed a trembling, scared man. "Rio! You harmed my beautiful Mia. Why! She did nothing wrong!"

"The witch killed a party of our finest adventurers. They were important to our kingdom, Albert!" The man named Rio responded.

"I don't give a damn! They attempted to force her into things! She had to defend herself while carrying our child, you idiot! Now, rot and die!"

Albert snapped the man's neck before launching his body into the wall near Archer. The impact caused the King to explode into bits.

Once the old man was finished, he cast a spell before taking off and flying around the Moonshadow, wasting everything. Archer watched this and thought to himself. 'Is this where I get it from? Grandfather is a beast.'

Albert flattened castles and turned armies into fertilizer. He tried not to harm citizens and only armed men. This went on for hours, and Archer watched as the old man stood over the prince and his bodyguard, whom he just slew.

He could see the old man's rage increasing, but a booming voice was heard. "That's enough, Alby! You've shown the world your strength."

Archer turned to see his grandmother, but he was briefly bewitched before shaking his head as she descended to the ground.

Mia looked at the bodies around them and spoke. "Well, Alby. We will be labeled the demon king and queen if this continues. Look at the orcs on the Eastern continent; you couldn't help yourself to challenge the chief who offered us shelter."

Chapter 610 The Witch Of Terror

Archer watched as the rage-filled Albert instantly calmed down when Mia appeared. He watched as his grandmother scolded him. "You stupid man! You didn't have to destroy the capital."

Mia stopped talking but smiled as she hugged Albert. "Thank you, my love."

"The anger was too much. When they hurt you, I couldn't control myself." Albert said as he held her hands.

"Don't worry, you idiot. The emperor will take the opportunity to add the Moonshadow Kingdom to the growing empire."

Albert nodded in agreement and was about to talk, but the crystal ran out. Archer reappeared on the mana ship's balcony, looking around. He shrugged to himself. "Seems like the old man is strong. I should fight him."

He shook his head, pulled out the other mana recorder Lioran gave him, and saw it was about his grandmother. Archer got curious, so he watched it as the afternoon shone down.

When he was about to do that, a flock of small flying beasts passed by the mana ship. Archer smiled as he summoned two shadow creatures and ordered them to attack. They bowed their heads before rushing toward the beasts.

They tore the flock apart, and a shower of blood fell to the ground, which made him laugh as he spoke to himself. "That was good. They've got stronger since I became the Shadow Prince."

After doing that, he held up his forearms and imagined his shadow claws appeared, and with a second, they did, which pleased him. Archer was happy as he could hide everything now but only hid his horns because they got in the way when he made love to the girls.

As he caught sight of his reflection in the door's glass, he couldn't help but be taken aback by his appearance. His snowy white hair, though short, gave off a scruffy charm, giving him the air of a rogue.

The violet luster of his eyes radiated an abundance of mana, resembling stars in the night sky. Examining his features, Archer took note of his strong jaw, a feature adored back on Earth.

His unblemished, clear, and smooth pale skin might be the envy of others. Archer rose and removed his shirt, revealing a body defined by pure muscle but not excessively. He admired the well-defined eight-pack he possessed and felt amazed.

Done with his narcissism, he sent mana into the mana recorder that Lioran gave him and was sent to a beautiful city. Archer looked around and saw people going about their business, but that's when he saw Mia.

She was walking down a street while looking around. When Archer saw this, he started to laugh as he spoke. "You look dodgy, grandmother. Let's see what you're up to."

He followed behind the dragon-kin woman who approached a group of guards. Archer sensed the mana as she cast a spell on them. As the magic took over, they started fighting each other.

"This grandmother of mine is a menace. I like it" Archer said with a grin as he watched her do it to numerous groups she passed by.

Mia cast a spell that caused the target to think the closest people were beasts, causing them to attack, but she released it hundreds of times. Archer watched as the streets descended into chaos and people fought everywhere.

While this happened, Mia continued her walk with a smile and a mischievous glint. She summoned dark and ominous golems with another wave and ordered them to ransack the noble's mansions for their wealth.

They rushed off, causing the ground to shake, which made her smile. Archer was watching the scene with wide eyes. Mia continued, and whenever a soldier approached her, she would send a Fire Blast at the man.

The dark red fire turned the enemy to ash as the woman passed by with a smile. As she strolled toward the palace, the air crackled with magic. As Mia approached the grand palace, the chaotic aftermath of her spells was evident in the city around her.

As she reached the palace gates, the ground trembled slightly, and from the shadows emerged the ominous stone golems she had summoned earlier. These eerie figures, dark and silent, took their positions behind her, their stony presence heightening the tension in the air.

Just as the golems settled into place, a man, surrounded by a formidable entourage of guards, stepped forward.

His voice echoed through the courtyard as he called out to her, his tone a mix of disbelief and frustration. "Mia! What are you doing? It was a dispute over the terms of the peace accords; there's no need to take it this far!"

Mia turned to face the man, a mischievous glint in her eyes. She gave him a sly smile as she gestured to the chaos surrounding them and replied with a hint of mockery, "Oh, dear, Chancellor Octavius. This is merely a taste of what happens when one displeases the Avalon Kingdom."

The chancellor's expression shifted from disbelief to a stern frown. "This is your solution? Bringing chaos to the entire city over a disagreement?"

Mia chuckled softly. "A little chaos keeps things enjoyable. Besides, it's not just about peace. It's about sending a message, about ensuring that no one underestimates the power of the Avalon Kingdom."

As she spoke, the stone golems behind her seemed to shift uncomfortably, their silent and ominous presence adding an eerie atmosphere to the confrontation.

Chancellor Octavius sighed, his frustration evident. "Mia, you're jeopardizing everything, the stability of the continent. This won't be taken lightly by the other kingdoms."

Her smile widened, and she raised her hand, commanding the stone golems to advance slightly. "Let them come. My love and I deal with whatever consequences arise. The Avalon Kingdom will not be underestimated any longer. We will become an empire that the continent fears!"

As the golems moved, the chancellor and his guards tensed, realizing that convincing Mia to undo her chaos might be more challenging than they initially thought.

The courtyard remained tense, with Mia standing defiantly, surrounded by her magical creations, as the consequences of her actions reverberated through the city.

She pointed at the group with a grin. "Kill them all! Show no mercy, my golems!"

When they rushed forward, the chancellor screamed out. "You would doom a whole kingdom just for the emperor's ambitions?"

Mia looked at the man and gave a simple answer. "Yes. Now die."

The sea of golems washed over the soldiers and annihilated them. Once that was done, she looked at her handiwork but felt like she wasn't done. She ordered the golems to destroy all military buildings and kill any remaining soldiers.

They bowed before rushing off. The ones who looted the noble's mansions returned and dumped a mountain of gold in front of her. When Archer saw this, he was shocked because his grandmother's eyes looked the same whenever he saw treasure.

"She's a greedy menace? Is that where I get it from?" He mumbled to himself.

He shook his head and continued to watch as Mia stored it all away in her storage ring and pulled out a communication device. "Alby! I'm heading for Moonshadow Grove City. When you are done in the south, come here, but make sure not to damage the city as Cynrad wants to keep it pristine."

After a few seconds, a deep voice was heard. "Yes, my love. It will take me a few hours, but be careful."

"I will. After the war, we need to get married. Little Sia will be here in a year."

"Believe me, my love, we will! I assure you that by the time our little angel grows older, we will have solidified the empire's power as a formidable force in Pluoria. Mia, we must put an end to these raids. The kingdom won't last unless we retaliate, and that's precisely what we're undertaking now."

"Yes. The Ashguard family is taking the west along. Even Agnes Avalon has joined the war with her band of crazy mages and took most southern castles."

When Mia finished talking, Archer was shocked and wondered which ancestor they knew. He also wanted to know who Agnes was.

After a while, Albert replied. "Cynrad has his wife fighting now? Is it that bad?"

"No, she was bored and is using her thunder magic well. She swiped away an Azuraian army that tried to invade the kingdom from the south."

"What did the king say about it?" Albert asked with a fed-up voice.

Mia started laughing before informing him. "He can't say anything. Agnes is a Demi-god and the matriarch of the Avalon Kingdom. The people love her, and the soldiers adore her."

"Damn! That woman is crazy, though. Her magic is dangerous."

Archer watched his grandmother smile. "She's a darling. It's just she and Cynrad don't get on at all. So she trains her magic and helps the kingdom while he's at war."

"Understandable. Okay, I won't be long, my love. Be careful of the Magic Knights over there." Albert commented before disconnecting.