

A Journey 641

Chapter 641 Meeting The Family

While the girls were getting to know Aeris, Llynriel led Archer toward her family's tent. After bowing to the girl, the Oakheart guards let them through when they arrived.

When they stepped into the tent, Archer saw half a dozen people sitting around talking but stopped when they spotted the two. He noticed a man who looked a lot like Alaric stand up and approach him with an unreadable expression.

Archer watched the man who stopped in front of him. Llynriel quickly spoke with a smile. "Papa, this is Archer. I will be marrying him."

The man nodded but didn't take his eyes off him, which caused him to stick out his hand with a smile. "I'm Archer Wyldheart."

When the Oakheart king saw this, he beamed before taking his hand and speaking. "It's good to meet you finally. My wife has told me a lot about you. I'm King Alderion Oakheart,"

"All good, I hope." He replied when letting go of the elf man's hand.

Alderion nodded. "Sit down, you two. We have much to discuss."

Archer and Llynriel nodded before the king started introducing the people in the tent. "You already know my wife Sylphina, but the young man sitting next to her is Aramil Oakheart, the first prince."

He greeted him with a nod and received one in return. Alderion turned to the next boy and introduced him. "This is the second princess, Faeler, and the two beauties sitting there reading are Arwen and Aerin Oakheart, the first and second princess."

Archer looked at the girls and thought they were beautiful, but to him, they had nothing on Llynriel, who looked around nervously. He grabbed her hand and went to sit down when Sylphina motioned them to.

Llyniel calmed down when she felt his hand, but Archer greeted everyone who returned it with smiles. After that, Aramil spoke while looking at him. "So my baby sister is just one of your many women?"

He looked at the boy and decided to mess with him. "Yes, Aramil. I love twelve women dearly, and Llyn is one of them."

When the girl in question heard his words, she went bright red, but Archer felt her tattoo going crazy with feelings of love, which caused him to look over at her. He felt her love for him through their connection, just like he could feel the other girls.

Archer shook his head when Aramil replied, causing everyone to look at him like a fool. "Can you even please all of them?"

When Llyniel and her two sisters heard this, they started protesting, but their parents watched with interest. So Archer sighed before explaining. "I can please them and more prince. It's not even about the pleasure. It's what they bring to my life. For example, Llyn is a ball of joy to be around. She always smiles, and I love watching her while she works in her garden."

"You watch me!" Llyniel panicked, causing everyone to laugh.

Archer nodded. "Yes, you're adorable when you're working."

Her parents and sisters smiled when they saw her reaction, but her two brothers watched Archer with suspicious gazes. He just ignored them and started chatting to the king and queen.

"So, Alderion, do you accept Llyniel's engagement to me? I know Sylphina has, but I haven't heard your opinion."

The older elf man nodded before explaining. "I have no issues apart from the fact that you've got loads of women at your side. How do I know my daughter will be treated the same?"

Archer sighed and was about to reply, but Llynial interrupted. "I know there have been rumors and speculation about Archer's relationship with me and the other girls in his life,"

She continued, meeting each of their gazes with unwavering determination. "But I want to assure you all that Archer treats each of us with the same love, respect, and consideration."

A murmur of uncertainty rippled through the tent, spurring Llynriel to press on with even greater conviction.

"He doesn't play favorites or show favoritism to anyone," she emphasized. "Whether it's me, or Ella, or Nefertiti, or any of the other women in his life, he treats us all with equal care and devotion."

Alderion and Sylphina exchanged a meaningful glance, silently acknowledging their daughter's words. Aramil and the rest of her siblings listened intently, their expressions softening with understanding.

"I have seen firsthand how Archer goes out of his way to make each of us feel special and loved," Llynriel continued, her voice filled with emotion. "He values our individual strengths and personalities, and he cherishes the unique bond he shares with each of us. He also is willing to support us in whatever we desire. I wanted a garden to grow plants, and he made me one; Hecate wanted to sell potions, so he bought a shop for her."

Sylphina spoke up, her voice gentle yet probing. "But Llynriel, how can we be sure that Archer's intentions are genuine? How can we trust that he won't hurt you or the others?"

Llynriel met her mother's gaze with unwavering resolve. "Because I trust him, Mama," she replied, her voice firm. "I trust him with all my heart, and I believe in the seriousness of his love for me and the other women in his life. He would die for any of us without thinking about it."

When the family heard this, they turned to Archer, who was nodding with a smile. Her parents saw this, and they smiled before Alderion spoke up. "Okay, I'll accept this engagement, but just look after her son."

"Of course, I will," Archer answered.

After that, he got to know Llynriel's family before returning to his tent to see some girls chatting to Aeris. Archer got jealous when he saw how close the black-haired boy was to his girls.

As Archer warned, the wood elf went to the sofas and sat down to get comfortable. "Aeris, you better not be flirting with my girls. Even if you're a friend, I won't accept it."

When Aeris heard this, he shook his head. "I would never Arch! You're my friend, and now the girls are."

He looked around as the rest giggled but ignored it before slumping into one of the sofas as he spoke. "Who's fighting today?"

Ella was the one to answer. "All of us are. But Teuila's fight is first, which starts soon, and we'll be leaving."

Archer nodded. "I remember she's fighting Dorian Blackwood. When does it start?"

The girl in question entered the living room and spoke. "It starts in ten minutes. We were waiting for you to leave, darling."

He looked around the tent to see if everyone was ready to go and spoke. "Okay, let's head to the arena before the announcement so you can prepare."

All the girls agreed, and the large group, including Aeris, left the tent and made their way to the large arena the Oakheart Kingdom built using nature magic.

Archer loved the look of it as it was made from vines and wood, which produced a unique-looking arena that only the wood elves could build.

They stepped into the building and ushered them through the student entrance, then were led to the College Of Magic section to see Lioran, Alaric, and Cian along with their ladies.

The lion boy greeted them with smiles as Archer and the girls sat down. Lioran turned to him and spoke with an amused voice. "You're fighting the top student in the Starlight Academy."

Archer grew curious and asked. "Who is this student?"

Lioran shrugged. "Kassandra, something. No one knows her family name as she appeared months ago and impressed the academy headmaster, who put her on the tournament team. But she beat them all and became the strongest student in the Starlight Academy."

"Interesting. Well, it's the last fight until I find out what group I'd be in, but I'm guessing it's the Cosmic one."

Cian was the next to speak. "Arch."

He looked over to the orange-haired boy, who explained everything he missed. "Once the girls finish their fights, see the headmistress to find out what group you'd be in."

Archer nodded before Alaric spoke. "Llyniet tells me you met Father. I'm shocked he accepted the engagement as she is his baby and treats her like one."

When the wood elf boy spoke, the girl in question complained. "He does not baby me, Al! I can't control what Father does."

He started laughing at the siblings before turning back to the match, where a girl smashed a hammer in another girl's face and sent her flying off the stage.

Once that fight was over, an announcement rang throughout the arena. "Can Teuila Wyldheart and Dorian Blackwood come to the stage for their fight."

The blue-haired girl jumped up with a big smile before kissing Archer and approaching the stage as she stretched her arms. When Teuila stepped onto the stage, she pulled out her sword and waited for her opponent.

A boy with black hair and bright green eyes stepped on the stage with a big smile. Archer saw him looking at Teuila with a lewd look in his eyes and wanted to kill him but knew his Ocean Princess could look after herself.

Chapter 642 Congratulations

[Teuila's POV]

Teuila was staring at the black-haired boy named Dorian. She noticed the lewd look he was giving her, which caused her anger to flare as she warned him. "I wouldn't look at me like that. You see, my husband is VERY possessive of us girls and will kill you after this."

Dorian shrugged. "He wishes. My Father would raise hell in the imperial court if he did that."

Teuila chuckled before retorting. "You think he cares about that? Continue with your stupid behavior and watch what happens."

He smirked. "How does it feel to be one of many women he sees? If you were with a man like me, I would spoil you rotten."

When Teuila heard this, she asked herself. 'Is this simping that Archer told us about?'

As the fight was about to start, the referee's announcement prompted Teuila to grab her sword. Dorian also had his sword ready. Without a word, she lunged forward, moving so fast that it created a loud boom in the arena.

Teuila swung her sword at Dorian, who barely blocked the attack. But she continued attacking, not allowing him to react as her strikes grew more ferocious; the crowd erupted into a frenzy of cheers and applause, their voices blending with the excitement.

The arena seemed to pulsate with energy as she unleashed her fury upon the boy who disrespected her with unmatched savagery. Dodging his swings ease, she closed in on him with determination etched across her features.

With a swift movement, she delivered a brutal headbutt, causing his nose to explode in a spray of blood. The crowd roared in approval, thrilled by the raw power on display. But Teuila was not finished. With a fierce growl, she let go of her sword and chose to fight with her bare fists instead.

Her punches landed with precision and force, her movements a blur of speed and intensity. Dorian, caught off guard by her relentless assault, attempted to retaliate, but she effortlessly dodged his attacks, her reflexes honed to perfection.

Despite his desperation, she wore him down with each blow, and her resolve was unwavering. As the intense battle between the two raged on, the crowd watched with bated breath, anticipation hanging thick in the air.

Teuila's blue eyes blazed with determination as she unleashed a relentless attack upon her opponent. With every strike, her blows landed with precision and force, each driving Dorian further back, his defenses crumbling beneath the onslaught.

Despite his attempts to fight back, he was outmatched by her skill and ferocity. Sensing an opening, Teuila pressed forward, her movements fluid and calculated as she closed the distance between them.

She struck him repeatedly, relentless in her assault. Each blow was powerful enough to make him stagger backward. As the barrage continued, Dorian's strength faded, his movements slowing down as he struggled to keep up with Teuila's relentless attack.

With each passing moment, it became increasingly clear that he was no match for her. Finally, with one powerful strike, she delivered the decisive blow that sent Dorian crashing. He crumpled beneath the force of the impact, his body folding in on itself as he lay sprawled on the ground, defeated.

The crowd erupted into cheers and applause, their admiration for Teuila's prowess echoing throughout the arena.

Teuila stood triumphant, her chest heaving with exertion as she surveyed the aftermath of the battle. At that moment, she had proven herself a true warrior and to show the other students that they were strong.

She shook her head as the referee approached and announced her as the winner before calling for the next match.

[Back to Archer]

Archer stood up and approached the tired Teuila, who smiled when he saw him. He quickly cast Aurora Healing, causing her to feel much better. She thanked him with a kiss before he asked the group. "Who's fighting next?"

"It's me, husband. The girl is already on stage." Nefertiti answered with a grin.

He turned around to see a brute of a woman before absentmindedly commenting. "Is that a real-life gorilla woman?"

The girls started laughing, and Lioran answered. "She's part of a family in the east. A strange bunch as they alter their bodies with chemicals and dark magic."

Archer nodded as he turned back to Nefertiti. "Show her what my succubus can do."

When the pink-haired girl heard this, she grinned before speaking. "Of course, my love. Let me deal with this brute quickly, and I'll be back."

After speaking to him, she made her way confidently toward the stage, drawing the attention of everyone present. Nefertiti ascended the stage and nodded with the referee, signaling her readiness to participate.

The referee started the fight, and the gorilla woman charged forward. The crowd held its breath, anticipation thick in the air as the pink-haired succubus prepared to unleash a devastating attack.

Nefertiti thrust her palm forward with a fierce cry, unleashing the Arcane Blast with explosive force. The pink sphere hurtled through the air, leaving a trail of shimmering energy in its wake as it homed in on the woman.

Her foe attempted to evade the attack, but it was too late. The blast struck her squarely in the chest, engulfing her in a blinding flash of light and sending her hurtling backward with bone-

shattering force.

With a resounding crash, the gorilla woman slammed into the arena wall, the impact echoing throughout the stadium. The crowd was stunned into silence before erupting into thunderous applause and cheers.

Many of the Professors were shocked at Nefertiti's strength. They knew she could use the famous Zenian arcane magic, which impressed them. Archer noticed the smiles of Ophelia and Professor Ashguard sitting on a balcony not far away.

The referee announced her win before Archer watched her walk toward him with a big smile and a lust-filled look in her pink eyes. When Nefertiti got closer, she kissed him before returning to her seat.

As they were speaking, the announcer started talking. "Llyniel Oakwood and Lalina Bloodaxe! Come to the stage."

He watched as she nervously stood up and was reassured of her power, which made her feel better. She approached the stage and saw a demon girl with red skin and black hair.

Llyniel's opponent used a whip and short sword, which didn't bother the wood elf, who stepped up. As Archer watched her, he felt the natural magic gathering around her as the demon girl was using fire.

The referee asked if they were ready, and both girls nodded. He motioned for the fight to begin. Llyniel didn't give her opponent a chance and instantly cast her spell. 'Vine Reach.'

With a thunderous roar, vines burst forth from the ground, surging forward like a tsunami, and caught the demon girl in their grasp. The audience gasped in amazement as they coiled tightly around her, immobilizing her completely.

Archer watched in astonishment as Llyniel surged forward as Teuila had done earlier. She quickly closed the distance between herself and the trapped demon, delivering a swift kick to her head.

The impact reverberated throughout the arena, and the girl staggered dazedly. Seizing the opportunity, she launched a rapid combination of strikes, each blow landing with precision and force.

Everyone watched in amazement as Llyniel's flurry of attacks left the demon girl reeling, her consciousness fading with each strike. Finally, with one last powerful blow, the wood elf delivered the finishing blow that knocked the demon girl unconscious.

A stunned silence fell over the arena as the realization of what had happened sank in. Archer and the other girls could hardly believe their eyes at the display of power before them. But the silence was short-lived as the citizens of Oakheart, filled with pride and excitement, erupted into thunderous cheers.

The sound echoed throughout the stadium, causing the very foundations of the arena to tremble beneath their feet. Once the cheering calmed, the referee announced that Llyniel was the woman.

Afterward, the wood elf ran over to the Archer, who was watching her with a proud smile. He wrapped his arms around her before whispering into her ear. "You're strong, Llyniel. I didn't know you could fight hand to hand."

The brown-haired elf smiled before looking at Teuila and Talila as she answered. "They helped me train in my spare time."

"Congratulations, Llyniel! That was amazing!" exclaimed Ella, clapping her on the back.

Sera nodded enthusiastically. "You really showed them what you're made of out there."

Llyniel blushed, feeling a mixture of pride and embarrassment at the attention. "Thanks, guys. I couldn't have done it without your support."

Before the girls could continue their praise, the announcer's voice boomed through the arena. "Ladies and gentlemen, it's time for a short break! But don't go too far because, after the break, we have an exciting match between Archer Wyldheart and Kassandra Leviathan!"

Once they heard that, Archer and the girls got excited before getting something to eat as he got hungry while watching Llynriel's fight.

Chapter 643 Fianna Everrose

?When Archer and the girls left the arena, he smiled at Llynriel. "Where is a good place to eat, Llyn?"

She stopped walking and started thinking for a second before speaking. "Follow me."

He nodded and started following her down the street but soon spotted Lioran, Cian, Alaric, and their girls. When the lion boy noticed Aeris was still with them, his eyebrows rose when Archer laughed before explaining. "He's staying with us due to the other students bullying him."

Lioran felt sorry for the black-haired boy. Archer turned to Aeris and asked in a curious voice. "When is your fight?"

"After Seraphina's. I'm fighting a boy from the College Of Magic."

Archer grinned. "Well, I hope you do well."

Aeris smiled before looking down and blushed, which Archer missed as he turned back to Lioran, who was introducing him to two people. "Arch, I want you to meet my friends, Axel and Alice. They are from the leopard tribe in the Lionheart Kingdom."

He looked and saw a boy and a girl who resembled each other. Both had brown hair and yellow cat eyes that gleamed in the sunlight. Axel looked tall and strong, while Alice was shorter but still muscular.

Axel was carrying a spear while Alice wielded a large Warhammer. As they stopped, the siblings bowed to the lion boy, addressing him as "Lion prince."

When he saw this, Archer started chuckling, causing the two to look at him with narrowed eyes. Lioran laughed. "Yeah, that's what I'm called back home."

Archer nodded before introducing himself. "I'm Archer Wyldheart. The most handsome dragon on Thrylos and Lioran's brother-in-law."

The sibling's eyes widened, but Sera spoke up from behind them. "Can we keep walking Arch? I'm hungry."

He smiled apologetically. "Sorry, let's go, girls."

Archer turned to the two newcomers and offered. "You can join if you want."

After the introductions, the large group followed Llynriel, who took them to Mossy Grove. When Archer saw this, he smiled as the delicious smell hit his nose, causing him to ask the wood elf. "This the best place, you know?"

"Yes, Arch. Mother comes here sometimes when she wants something different, and I came with her a few times."

"Okay. I hope it has good food. I'm starving." Archer answered.

The large group entered and was directed to their largest table by the waiter standing by the entrance.

[Fianna Everrose POV]

The Duchess was in the Oakheart Kingdom to watch her children fight in the Qualification Round but wasn't traveling on the same manaship as she used her personal one. While sitting in her office, someone knocked on the door.

"Come in!" She answered in an elegant voice.

Her maid Jessica walked in and bowed toward her as she started speaking. "Your grace. The young master has been hurt, but I've been told to inform you that the assailant healed him before leaving."

When Fianna heard that, her pen dropped to the desk, and she jumped up and demanded. "Who hurt him? Tell me now, Jessica."

The black-haired woman nodded obediently before answering. "His name was Archer Wyldheart, my grace."

"Oh, what did that stupid boy do now? Why would he get on that devil's bad side?"

"According to the report, he was beating Kestria Ashguard, and Archer intervened, slicing off his leg but healing it after the Professors arrived," Jessica answered.

After hearing that, Fianna knew she couldn't do anything but talk to the boy, which was the talk of the empire. The Duchess sat back down while sighing and decided to speak to Archer when she arrived at Greenwood City.

Days passed, and Fianna found herself in the Wood Elf kingdom. When she received word that the boy she sought was at a restaurant in the city, she made her way there without delay.

When arriving in her carriage, Fianna spotted a large group sitting by the window. There, surrounded by a circle of girls and friends, sat an extraordinarily handsome young man. Still, his eyes truly caught Fianna's attention.

His eyes sparkled with a captivating violet color, pulling her in like a moth to a flame. Fianna felt her heart flutter as she watched him, completely captivated by his presence. She had never seen anyone like him before and couldn't tear her gaze away.

Beside her, Jessica, her loyal maid, noticed the sudden change in her mistress's behavior. Her eyes widened in surprise as she followed Fianna's gaze to the handsome stranger.

"Your Grace," Jessica whispered. "Are you alright?"

Fianna tore her gaze away from the young man and turned to Jessica, her cheeks flushing slightly.

"Yes, yes, I'm fine. But I would like to speak with him. Ask him if he will come to speak with me in the carriage." She replied, her voice betraying her excitement.

Jessica nodded, still taken aback by Fianna's uncharacteristic request. Without hesitation, she approached the young man's table and relayed Fianna's message. A few moments later, the young man rose, excusing himself from the group.

With a friendly smile, he walked up to the carriage, excitedly making her heart race. She couldn't understand why she felt this way. When Jessica opened the door, and he entered, everything changed for her as he flashed his charming smile.

[Back to Archer]

Archer was sitting in the Mossy Grove with everyone. They were about to order when a maid appeared out of nowhere, catching some girls off guard. She looked nervous but spoke. "Archer Wyldheart. My mistress wants to speak with you. Would you come along?"

His eyebrow cocked before looking outside to see a noble-

looking carriage outside, and shrugged as he spoke. "Ella, order me two of everything. I'll be back soon. I want to see who this noble lady is."

While standing up, Nefertiti commented with narrowed eyes. "You better not bring back a noble lady husband. There's too many women around you already."

He walked over to the succubus and kissed her along with the others before making his way to the entrance, but he didn't see the girls looking at Aeris, who avoided their stares with red cheeks, causing everyone to laugh.

As Archer stepped out, the red-haired maid opened the carriage door, and he entered, only to be stunned by the sight before him. A beautifully stunning woman with long, flowing blonde hair and glowing blood-red eyes was sitting there.

She wore a noblewoman's dress that highlighted her seductive curves, but what caught his attention were her massive breasts, straining against the fabric of her dress. He shook his head before taking a seat.

Archer looked into her red eyes before giving the beautiful woman a charming smile as he spoke. "I'm Archer Wyldheart. I assume you're a Duchess of some sort? What business do you have with me?"

As he spoke, it brought her back to reality, as she had asked. "Why did you hurt my son? I understand you healed him, but it has mentally affected him to the point he can't compete in the tournament."

He was confused because he couldn't remember hurting anyone until the memory of the nobleboy returned, causing him to smile as he answered. "He hurt my little sister and would have taken advantage of her. The human boy was lucky he only got his leg cut off. But I have no issue with you, Lady; you are not responsible for the sins of your child."

The woman's eyes widened when hearing Archer but nodded before introducing herself as she realized there was something special about him. "I'm Fianna Everrose. The Duchess of the Summerfield Duchy. I must apologize for what my stupid son has done and will make sure he learns how to act like an Everrose."

She looked at the maid and continued. "Jessica instruct the guards to take Lucas to the southern lands to hunt beasts alongside the Homeguard. That will teach him how to behave."

Archer saw the maid nod before leaving the carriage. Fianna turned back to him, her stunning smile catching him off guard as she spoke seductively. "Do you mind accompanying me in the city? I want to get to know you more."

When he heard her request, there was something inside him to accept and see where it went; with a smile, he accepted the offer before sending a message to the girls, who were skeptical but told him to be careful.

He heard Nefertiti's moaning but quickly distracted her by promising a lot of pampering and love, which pleased the succubus. After that, Archer looked at the blonde woman and smiled.

Fianna's excitement was real as she jumped up, causing her massive boobs to jiggle as she settled down beside him and grasped his arm. Archer turned his head to find a pair of red eyes staring at him, accompanied by a mischievous grin.

He didn't know what to make of this woman but felt no hostility toward him, but it got him curious, so he asked. "Don't you hate me for what I did to your son?"

Chapter 644 How About We Start As Friends

The blonde Duchess giggled as she shook her head. "He has caused all sorts of trouble with his bragging. In the Everrose family, we prefer to handle our issues rather than involve outsiders. We've been taught to consider both sides of the story before judging."

'It makes sense. But it's no bother now, as the boy will leave Kestria alone, and no one can scold me for it,' he thought to himself.

When Archer heard her answer, he understood what she meant and nodded before asking. "Aren't you married? Where is your husband?"

Fianna answered as she looked out the window and answered with a sad smile. "I am married to the Duke, but my husband ignores me and the Duchy by spending much time with his mistresses. The marriage was good for the first few years, but after, I couldn't bear any more offspring, so he shunned me. I've been meaning to end the marriage in the capital, but he has powerful friends who will make my life hard if I do that."

"So you're caught between a rock and a hard place. I do feel sorry for you; being in a dead marriage isn't good for anyone. But I'm curious, what makes you interested in someone much younger than yourself?" Archer questioned in a warm tone when he heard the sadness in her voice.

The blonde woman sighed. "I do not know, Archer. I hoped to find some happiness during this miserable existence, but I can't find that inside my family. It's hard to keep smiling when everyone is gossiping behind your back. I want to be happy and enjoy myself instead of being mocked."

When Archer heard this, he thought, 'Some men are stupid to treat such a beautiful woman so poorly.'

That's when he said positively, "How about we start as friends? You look like all you do is work and need something to relax."

Fianna nodded, prompting Archer to retrieve a bracelet and offer it to her. As she took it, he explained. "Contact me using this whenever you're free, and I'll take you to places you've never seen before."

She smiled while putting it on and spoke with happiness. "Thank you, Archer, it means a lot to me, and yes, we can be friends. Do you mind meeting me tomorrow evening by the docks? I'm free there."

"Of course. If nothing comes up, then I'll be there." He answered with a genuine smile.

After speaking, the maid informed the Duchess. "We have to return to the inn, my lady."

Fianna nodded before answering. "Okay, we will head back now."

Once Archer heard that, he stood up and spoke with a smile. "Duchess Everrose, it was nice meeting you. I shall see you tomorrow."

As the carriage sped off, he stepped onto the pavement. Archer reentered the restaurant, his eyes lighting up at seeing a table laden with food. He pushed the door open, and the bustling noise of the restaurant washed over him like a comforting wave.

The aroma of various cuisines filled the air, mingling with laughter and chatter from the patrons. With a confident stride, he made his way through the crowded tables. A smile spread across his face as he took a seat.

The girls turned to him, and Nefertiti questioned with narrowed eyes. "I smell a woman. An older one, who is she?"

Archer chuckled before telling them everything that happened, leaving people gawking at him. Leira started laughing as she inquired. "So you're mingling with a married woman now?"

He shrugged. "She seems nice, but I'm not sure. I saw the sadness in her eyes and knew she was telling the truth."

They all nodded before they started eating. Lioran turned to him with a smirk. "So married women are on the table now?"

"Shut up, Lio. She came to scold me but fell in love with me instead and left with a smile, so why does it matter? I don't care for her husband." Archer replied in a nonchalant tone.

After he spoke, everyone turned to him with curious expressions. Teuila commented with a teasing tone. "Do we have to worry about our mothers?"

Archer shook his head in denial. "No. They are family to me. I don't see them that way, but there is one woman I'm interested in."

He looked at Lioran before continuing with a grin. "Malaika Goldheart. I want to become Lio's grandfather."

Nalaika and Leonora started giggling at the look on their fiance's faces, and Nala turned her head to Archer excitedly. "You want to woo grandmother? She's a tough woman Arch. I'm not sure you could."

"Don't doubt me, my lioness. My charm is endless." He replied with a smirk while eating some ribs.

Everyone stopped chatting and started eating. Sera ordered strong wine for the group because she was the cheeky dragon. When Ella saw this, she scolded her. "Seraphina! You're fighting after Archer. You can't be drunk on that stuff."

However, the redhead ignored Ella's scolding and persisted in drinking while storing more in her storage ring. The group carried on for a while until Archer finished. He hadn't anticipated the abundance of food, but everything was from meats to bread and soups.

Llyniel informed them that they served a wide variety of food, which pleased them. One dish that particularly caught his attention was Acorn Bread, a personal favorite of his. He flagged down the waiter and requested as much of it as the chef could prepare.

They waited for another half an hour before their meal was ready. Archer paid five gold coins for the entire meal, which included the Acorn Bread. The waiter brought it over on a large trolley, but Archer stored it in the Item Box before leaving the restaurant.

The large group returned to the arena for Archer's fight with the mysterious girl Cassandra from the Starlight Academy. While strolling, Lioran and Cian tried teasing him, but Nala and Maeve joined them on the walk.

When Archer saw the orange-haired girl, she smiled at him before speaking. "How have you been? Your fight was amazing."

"I've been good, Maeve. Cian tells me you're getting married after the tournament. Perhaps I should stir up some mischief and crash the wedding, all while kidnapping you." He replied with a smirk, causing her grey eyes to shine.

With a grin of her own, Maeve teased. "Does that mean you'd be claiming me as your woman? Even if you become enemies with the Avaloch Kingdom?"

Archer shrugged before answering. "As long as you and Cian don't hate me, I couldn't care less what your kingdom does or says."

Maeve smiled and leaned in. "I expect to be in your arms that night, Archer Wyldheart. I want to escape that kingdom, so don't let me down."

After speaking, the warrior girl talked with her friend Eveline, who smiled at him. Archer gave her a charming smile before Teuila appeared next to him. "Kidnapping princesses at their weddings? That's naughty Arch."

He glanced to his right and caught sight of his Ocean Princess. Her blue hair was styled in its customary ponytail, and she was adorned in a winter dress complemented by a cape. Archer smiled. "Well, Teu. She seems more than happy to become mine, and I've taken an interest in her, so I'll kidnap her while causing more trouble."

The Aquarian princess sighed. "You are a menace, darling. I'm glad we're engaged and love each other. Imagine if we were enemies."

"Never. You were always mine, Teuila Aquaria; your fate was sealed on the day we met all those years ago when you saved me." Archer said with a smile.

When hearing that, Teuila's lips curled into a smile as the memory of a battered boy with white hair flashed through her mind. The same boy had saved her kingdom, and the bond between them had grown stronger through that shared journey.

"I can't believe it's been four years already, Arch. Time has flown by," Teuila commented, her fingers intertwining with his as they reminisced.

Archer smiled before replying. "It's been great. We have many more years together, so let's make the most of it."

After speaking, the group arrived at the arena, and Archer had to go to the stage, as the announcer said. "Can Archer Wyldheart and Cassandra Tidewater come to the stage, please!"

He kissed all the girls and bid farewell to the boys before making his way to the stage, where an extremely attractive girl stood. Stepping onto it, he examined her closely. She was muscular with black hair and midnight black eyes, exuding confidence.

Archer sensed her strength and realized she wasn't human. With a smirk, he questioned, "What are you? You're not human."

The girl smiled, her voice enchanting as she replied, "Beat me, and I may consider telling you, dragon."

"Okay. Weapons or just fists?" Archer asked.

"Fists," Cassandra answered before the referee started the match, and the two rushed at each other.

Chapter 645 What Are Titans

Archer rushed forward with a boom, throwing a punch toward Cassandra's smiling face. However, she deflected it before countering with one of her own, striking him in the stomach.

As the wind left his lungs from her counterattack, Archer grinned and grabbed her arm, swiftly throwing her across the stage to create distance between them. She landed on her feet, but her bright blue eyes shone as she looked at him.

His smile widened, mirroring hers. The crowd roared excitedly, eager to witness the clash between them. Archer charged at her, but she didn't move, waiting for his attack with a smile.

Kassandra blocked the first attack, but the second got through and threw her off balance. The battle raged on; each exchange of blows shook the arena to its core. Each blow landed with bone-crushing force, leaving them both battered and bruised.

Yet, amidst the chaos, a sense of ecstasy coursed through Cassandra's veins. She had found someone who could match her strength blow for blow, causing her to unleash a flurry of punches with a wild grin, each strike fueled by her growing excitement.

Archer managed to block some attacks, but a few still hit him. The heat of battle sharpened his senses, and he needed to adapt to stand a chance against this Cassandra. The fight was exciting, so he had to dig through his memories to remember anything that could help.

Drawing upon the lessons of Teuila's training, Archer's movements became blurrier and even straightforward. He easily dodged Cassandra's punches with lightning-fast reflexes, quickly slipping through her guard.

Archer skillfully exploited openings to deliver his devastating blows. The tide of the fight began to shift as his relentless attack forced Cassandra onto the defensive. He chipped away at her defenses, each strike wearing her down.

But she grabbed his arm and pulled him close just as he thought he was gaining the upper hand. The two started to wrestle each other, and Archer felt her boobs squishing up against his chest before he was thrown to the ground.

She jumped on top, but he quickly pulled the surprised girl close so her punches couldn't do much damage. While they were like this, she spoke in a voice tinged with exotic allure. "Can we meet after the fights? I want to spend some time with you."

When Archer heard this, he was thrown off by the sudden change in her tone, which left him bewildered as Cassandra grinned. "Got you."

She pushed him back before throwing a punch that collided with his jaw, sending his world spinning. Archer was forcefully propelled into the arena wall, collapsing with a groan.

Despite his injuries, Archer wasn't ready to concede defeat. Excitement fueled his movements, and Regeneration was healing his body; he instantly sprang to his feet and cast Blink, reappearing behind her.

Leaning close, he whispered gently into her ear, "Yes, we can meet. But I have to defeat you first."

That's when Archer unleashed a series of punches, striking Cassandra's back three times. The force of the impacts sent her crashing across the stage, meeting the same unforgiving wall he had moments before.

Archer watched as the girl jumped up, but something was different about her. He noted the manic intensity in her smile as excitement surged through her. Cassandra recognized she had finally encountered someone who could keep up with her.

A loud thunderclap echoed through the arena as she charged at Archer. He lifted his arms to protect himself from her punch, which pushed him back, but he smirked and quickly moved closer to her.

They continued to fight with their fists, the air filled with energy, and each punch boomed loudly in the arena. The crowd, on the edge of their seats, roared with excitement as the two clashed with unmatched ferocity.

Each punch they exchanged sent shockwaves rippling through the air, making the ground tremble beneath their feet. Archer's movements were too fast to see, and his reflexes honed to perfection as he anticipated Cassandra's every move.

As the black-haired girl launched a powerful punch toward Archer, he deftly sidestepped the attack, his hand shooting out to intercept her blow. He diverted her momentum, sending her staggering forward.

Seizing the opportunity, he pressed his advantage, launching a rapid barrage of punches at her. Each blow landed accurately, wearing down her defenses as he relentlessly pressed forward.

Despite her skill, she struggled to keep up with his attacks. For every passing moment, Cassandra realized that she was outmatched. As Archer delivered a final, decisive attack, his fist connected with her jaw with a resounding crack.

Archer watched as she stumbled backward, her eyes glazing over before she collapsed to the ground, unconscious. That's when the arena reverberated with the crowd's deafening roar, their cheers echoing off the walls as they hailed Archer as the victor.

With a sense of satisfaction, he raised his fists in triumph, basking in the crowd's admiration as he emerged victorious. Archer quickly approached Cassandra and performed the Aurora Healing spell, enveloping her in a radiant white light that stirred her from unconsciousness.

As Cassandra blinked her stunning azure eyes open, a mischievous grin spread across her pretty face. "You're quite tough, Archer. How about we journey together? I believe there's much we can teach each other." She commented while sitting up.

"Of course, princess." Archer nodded. "But you still haven't told me what race you are?"

The black-haired girl laughed before inquiring. "How do you know I'm a princess?"

He pointed toward her clothing. "He gestured toward her clothing. "The body suit you're wearing, made from Aquarite and Deepsea Velvet, suggests you're from The Dark Trenches."

When Cassandra heard this, her smile grew even more. She was about to speak, but the referee announced Archer as the winner, and the two left the stage. The black-haired girl linked arms with him and leaned in. "I'm the fifth Kraken Princess Cassandra Tidewater of the Tidewater Empire. It's nice to meet you, white dragon."

Archer turned to her and saw a beautiful smile that charmed him, but he shook his head before asking. "You're a Kraken? Like the sea monster?"

Kassandra nodded. "Yes, dragon. But they are our wild cousins who have lost their minds or have been banished."

Curiosity piqued, he inquired, "What brings a deep-sea monster to compete in a tournament like this?"

The girl laughed before explaining. "Well, because we are Titans, it doesn't mean we aren't like other races."

After their conversation, they returned to the group of girls and his friends. As they walked, Archer asked, "What exactly are Titans?"

Kassandra spoke as they stepped onto the stand. "Titans are ancient beings of immense power and unfathomable size. They are not mere creatures, but forces of nature incarnate."

Archer listened intently, absorbing her words as they weaved through the crowd. "But what makes them so formidable?" he inquired, his curiosity evident.

"Titans can assume humanoid forms," Kassandra explained. "In their true state, they are colossal monsters, capable of easily reshaping landscapes and laying waste to entire civilizations."

She stopped talking and looked at him with a smile. "Does that bother you, Archer?"

Shaking his head. "No. I'm a dragon. Who am I to judge a Kraken? If you mean me no harm, then we have no issues."

When hearing Archer's question, Cassandra's face lit up with a smile. She spun on her heels and approached him, kissing his cheek before speaking, "I assure you, I mean you no harm whatsoever. I wish to get to know you, that's all."

She smiled as they continued walking, but Archer felt loads of eyes on him. When they reached the girls, he introduced them. "My beauties, this is Cassandra Tidewater, the Fifth Princess of the Tidewater Empire in The Dark Trenches."

Archer saw Teuila's eyes widening in shock as she jumped up and demanded. "What are you, girl? A Shadow Shark or Lurker?"

Kassandra smirked before shaking her head, "No Aquarian princess. But I can smell your blood from here, which smells delicious."

Teuila turned to Archer, "Do you understand what she is, husband? That's a monster of the deep. They hunted the ocean races like no end. It's one of the reasons we were forced to step onto land."

He shifted to Cassandra, who shrugged unbothered, "That was the elders. We needed breeding pools, and the Mid-Rift was the perfect place for them."

The blue-haired girl exploded. "What do you mean! Those lands were our homes! What are you anyway? You never said."

Kassandra smiled. "I'm a Kraken. Now, take back your words, Aquarian."

When Teuila heard that, she rushed forward and spoke with suspicion, "You're still alive? Your race hasn't been seen since you attacked our sea settlements."

The black-haired Kraken shook her head. "Yeah, but the Shadow Sharks have been warring against us and keeping us trapped in the Trenches."

"Oh god. Are they real?" Teuila asked with wide eyes.

Kassandra sadly nodded. "Yes, and stronger than ever. Their princess is here and represents a kingdom in the south which the Shadow Empire seized."

Chapter 646 Demetra Shadowborne

When hearing the request, the girls asked Kassandra to show them to the Shadow Shark girl. Kassandra's gaze swept across the bustling crowd, her eyes scanning until they alighted upon the elusive figure.

"She's wearing the black and white dress with the Mitiril armor," Kassandra answered as she pointed at a girl across the arena.

Archer looked at a youthful girl sitting among the spectators. She had snow-white skin much like his own, highlighted by a waterfall of dark blue hair framing her face.

He noticed her eyes were devoid of human warmth and bore the fierce intensity of a predator fixed on the unfolding spectacle in the arena. Despite her delicate features, an unmistakable aura of a hunter emanated from her.

Archer couldn't help but notice her muscular build and well-defined figure. He sensed the raw power radiating from her. As his gaze lingered on the girl, she turned to him, her lips curving into a playful smile.

She blew him a kiss, a gesture that caught him off guard, sending a shiver down his spine. Then, the girl vanished into thin air. The sudden disappearance shook Archer, leaving him momentarily stunned.

He didn't know where she went and what sort of magic she used, but he could see the remains of the mana she had used. Before he could fully understand what had happened, the girl reappeared out of nowhere, standing right in front of him.

Her sudden reappearance startled Archer and the surrounding girls, who gasped in surprise. With lightning speed, the girl grabbed his hand, her touch sending a jolt of electricity through him.

Without a word, she pulled him close, her eyes sparkling mischievously, before vanishing again, this time with Archer in tow. The girls watched in astonishment as the two figures disappeared into the ether, leaving only a faint whisper of their presence behind.

Once they had disappeared, all eyes turned to Cassandra, who shrugged. "Shadow Sharks are peculiar creatures. If they take a liking to someone, they'll go to great lengths to earn their approval. But if they harbor hate towards someone, they'd rather devour them."

Teuila nodded in understanding and spoke. "He'll be back before Sera's fight."

The girl in question was still downing the wine she had taken from the restaurant and started to feel slightly tipsy, which no one saw. Sera snickered and knew she would win her fight even if drunk.

Meanwhile, Archer and the Shadow Shark girl reappeared on a random shoreline. He looked around and spoke in a curious tone. "You traveled by shadows?"

The girl turned around and nodded before introducing herself in an exotic accent that was new to him. "My name is Demetra Shadowborne. The fifteenth princess of the Shadowborne Empire."

Archer's gaze intensified as he observed the girl, taking in every detail with newfound curiosity. Her dark blue hair framed a face dominated by bright yellow shark-like eyes, intensifying his attention.

As she smiled, revealing a row of fierce-looking teeth, Archer noticed gill-like structures beneath her pointed ears, adding to her mysterious allure. He had to admit that this girl was gorgeous.

When seeing his eyes roaming all over, it caused a big grin to appear on her face, and she spoke in a sultry voice. "If you keep eyeing me like that white dragon, I will have to drag you into a cave and mate with you. Us sharks love strong partners, and without your blocker, you would be even more powerful than me."

He grinned and inquired curiously, "That can come later, but why did you bring me here?"

Demetra said, "I think there's something you'd like. I felt it when we arrived, and as I saw you, I knew you would come with me."

Archer's curiosity intensified as he scanned their surroundings. Behind them lay a vast expanse of dense forest, while ahead stretched the rugged sea, its waters turbulent and wild.

Looking back at the predator-like girl who was staring at him, he nodded. "Okay, lead the way. But I can't swim in my dragon form."

She smiled and jumped into the sea, transforming into a huge demon-like shark. Its skin was navy blue, and its eyes were bigger than his. Her fins were as large as a sailship, and her body was twice the size of his dragon form.

When Archer saw this, he felt the power coming from her and realized he was only slightly stronger. As he was looking at the shark girl, he heard her voice in his mind. "Jump on and get comfortable. You'll love the view while I swim."

He chuckled before hopping onto her large back and settling on her dorsal fin. When Archer did that, he felt some magic enveloping him, which puzzled him until she explained. "It's a spell to give you air to breathe and will keep you on my back."

As Archer got comfortable, the sea roared and churned around them, the waves crashing against each other ferociously. The wind howled, whipping salty spray into his face while he relaxed.

Despite the wild conditions, Demetra remained unfazed. Her navy blue skin glistened in the sunlight as she turned to Archer with a mischievous glint in her bright yellow eyes while speaking into his mind, her voice filled with excitement and anticipation. "Are you ready for an adventure, white dragon?"

Archer nodded eagerly, a sense of thrill coursing through him. He replied, his voice tinged with excitement. "Lead the way."

With a playful smile, she dove into the rough waters, her massive form slicing through the surface effortlessly. Archer sat on her back, his heart pounding with exhilaration as he submerged into the unknown depths below.

As they descended deeper into the azure expanse, Archer's breath caught in his throat as he beheld the breathtaking underwater world unfolding before his eyes. Coral reefs stretched in all directions, teeming with life darting to and fro in a mesmerizing dance.

Schools of colorful beasts glimmered in the spotted sunlight filtering through the water, their scales shimmering like precious jewels. Majestic sea turtles glided gracefully through the currents, their ancient eyes watching the pair.

Archer marveled at the beauty and calm of the underwater realm, a sense of wonder washing over him as he realized that even the sea monsters seemed to avoid Demetra's imposing presence.

It was a sight unlike anything he had ever seen, and he felt privileged to witness it alongside the enigmatic Shadow Shark princess. Archer knew what he'd find would be interesting as they swam deeper into the ocean's heart.

He relaxed as Demetra surged forward, her massive body cutting through the water. The ocean stretched endlessly around them, its depths shrouded in darkness as they journeyed deeper into the abyss.

Archer marveled at the wonders of the underwater world, his senses alive with excitement and anticipation. Suddenly, a monstrous shadow loomed ahead, a massive whale-like creature gliding gracefully through the depths.

Demetra's predatory instincts kicked in, and she surged forward, her eyes fixed on her prey. With lightning speed, she closed the distance between them, her powerful jaws snapping shut around the creature's massive body.

The water churned with the force of their struggle as she wrestled with the beast, her sheer strength and ferocity on full display. Demetra tore the creature in two with a mighty roar, its flesh rending beneath her razor-sharp teeth.

Blood stained the water as she feasted upon her kill, her hunger driving her onward with relentless intensity. Archer watched in awe as she devoured her prey, his heart pounding with exhilaration.

Despite the violent spectacle before him, he couldn't help but admire her raw power and primal instinct. As Demetra finished her meal, she turned to Archer with a playful glint in her eye, her expression softened with amusement.

She laughed and said sorry in a teasing tone. "I apologize for that, white dragon. I couldn't help it. I was really hungry."

Archer couldn't help but laugh along with her, the moment's tension dissipating into the water around them. He affectionately reached out to pat Demetra's massive form, a sense of friendship blossoming between them.

"It's alright," he replied, his voice tinged with amusement. "I understand. We all get hungry sometimes."

With a contented sigh, Demetra resumed their journey through the depths, her laughter echoing through the water like a melody. As the two traveled, they approached an ancient city nestled on the seabed.

The city emanated a powerful aura, its structures pulsating with raw mana. Archer felt an energy coursing through him as they drew nearer to the city. He couldn't help but be captivated by the intense purity of the mana surrounding them.

It was unlike anything he had ever experienced. Suddenly, Demetra slowed, turning to Archer with a gleam of excitement in her bright yellow eyes. "Do you feel that? It's so pure, just like you."

Archer's eyes widened in awe as he took in the sight before him. He nodded in agreement, his voice filled with wonder. "Yes, I feel it. It's incredible."

Chapter 647 What's Steady

When Archer saw the underwater city, he was amazed. The buildings stretched as far as he could see and looked well-kept. He wondered if they had been teleported there. But that's when he felt something was off.

The duo traveled forward, but a large tail flew out of the shadows and struck Demetra in the side, sending her flying through the water. As that happened, Archer shouted at the shark girl. "Transform into your human form now!"

She listened, and when she transformed, Archer opened a gate back to the arena. The duo collided with the wall near the stands when they entered the portal, causing chaos. He was still holding Demetra, who was grinning but winced as the pain hit her.

"Whoa, what was that?" cried a spectator, his voice barely audible over the din of the chaos.

People scrambled to get out of the way, spilling their drinks and dropping their food hastily. Some stood frozen in shock, while others rushed towards the exits, desperately trying to escape.

A wave of confusion swept through the stands as spectators exchanged worried glances and muttered anxiously to one another. Parents clasped their children tightly, shielding them from the commotion, while Oakheart soldiers tried to restore order.

During the chaos, Archer and Demetra struggled to regain their bearings, their bodies aching from the impact. They exchanged a glance, silently acknowledging the havoc they had caused before slowly rising to their feet amidst the wreckage.

He shook his head before speaking. "What was that monster?"

Demetra laughed as she answered. "It's called the Maelstrom. Our people think it's the devil of the deep. No one has ever seen it, but it's killed many Deep Sea armies over the centuries."

"You knew it was there?" Archer asked in a surprised tone.

The shark girl giggled. "Yes. But I thought the two of us would be enough to search the outskirts, but it looks like the monster is touchy."

After speaking, she helped him stand as the Professors rushed over and asked. "What happened to you two? Why did you come flying out of that portal!"

Demetra explained that they encountered a monster they couldn't fight, so when it struck, Archer teleported them here to escape the unknown attacker, which appeased the Professors who went about tending to the people.

Once they were gone, she turned to him and spoke with a grin as she threw him something. "Take this dragon. We can talk through it if you want to."

Archer nodded while looking at the thing she gave him. It was a little silver metal bar, but he felt the mana coming off it. "Okay, sounds good. See you around."

Demetra smiled before returning to her seat. Teuila hurried over to Archer and was concerned as she checked him over to see if he was okay. When confirming his well-being, a sigh of relief escaped her lips before she inquired, "What happened? Where did she take you?" (f)ree

Archer shook his head slightly as he responded, "We ventured into the sea and found an ancient city. However, our exploration was cut short by an unexpected attack, leading us to now."

The girls sighed in relief, then greeted him with kisses and smiles. After that, Ella walked over to him and spoke with a giggle, "Sera's fight is coming up next. But we've got a problem."

She pointed at a drunk dragon girl slurring her speech and wobbling around. When Archer saw this, he sighed and couldn't help but laugh as he spoke, "Why did no one stop her drinking? Can she fight like this?"

Teuila shrugged with a grin. "She insisted on fighting, so we figured why not let her have a go. If she ends up face-planting, it will be her tail she's tripping over."

Archer thought about the situation when suddenly, he felt a sharp nip on his waist. With a yelp, he spun around to find Sera grinning mischievously at him. He watched her wander off before Hemera grabbed her hand, but she broke away and lunged at Archer.

Before he could react, he realized it was Sera, and her breath smelt of alcohol.

"Hey there, handsome!" She slurred, wrapping her arms around his neck and climbing up his body like an overexcited monkey. Archer couldn't help but shiver as she nipped at his neck and ears with playful eagerness, her intoxicated antics catching him off guard.

"Whoa, Sera, easy there!" he chuckled nervously, trying to gently pry her off him without causing a scene. But just as he started to get a handle on the situation, a booming voice echoed through the arena.

"Seraphina Wyldheart! Your fight is about to begin!" The referee shouted through the mic.

The announcement snapped the dragon girl out of her nonsense, and she reluctantly released him, her eyes widening in realization. Without another word, she dashed off towards the stage, leaving Archer bewildered and the spectators amused by the spectacle.

The other fighter and the referee looked at each other, surprised by her strange arrival. Archer saw her stumble onto the stage, wobbling and looking dizzy. The scent of alcohol wafted off her as she swayed slightly, trying to maintain her balance.

Despite her intoxicated state, there was a determined glint in her ruby-red eyes as she faced her opponent. The referee's voice boomed through the arena, announcing the beginning of the fight.

Without hesitation, the burly boy charged toward the intoxicated redhead who was swaying around with a stupid smile with surprising speed. Sera seemed oblivious to the looming danger.

Her attention was all over the place as she attempted to steady herself. As he closed in, spear poised to strike, Sera's instincts kicked in, albeit sluggishly. With a sway, she managed to raise her arms to defend herself.

The weapon came crashing down, but her reflexes, dampened by alcohol, barely managed to deflect it. In a moment of sheer luck or perhaps instinct, Sera's tail whipped around, the force behind it surprising even herself.

With a resounding smack, the tail connected with the boy's side, sending him flying backward, his spear clattering to the ground. The crowd erupted into a mix of gasps and laughter as they witnessed the unexpected turn of events.

Emboldened by her accidental success, Sera stumbled forward, her movements clumsy yet oddly effective. With each intoxicated swing of her fists, she landed blows on her confused opponent, who struggled to regain his footing.

Despite her drunk state, Sera fought with a recklessness fueled by a combination of alcohol-induced bravado and a stubborn refusal to back down.

Each punch and kick seemed to carry the weight of her frustrations, which caused her to unleash a flurry of blows that caught her opponent off guard. Ultimately, it wasn't skill or strategy that won Sera the fight but sheer determination and a healthy dose of luck.

As the referee announced her the victor of the fight, the cheers and applause of the crowd, Sera stumbled backward, her breath heavy and her movements unsteady. Archer watched amusement and concern flickering across his features from the sidelines.

'She's strong even when inebriated, but that was amusing. I'll punish the naught dragon later.' He thought to himself.

Despite her antics, there was no denying her tenacity and strength, which impressed and worried him in equal measure. As the commotion died down and Sera was escorted off the stage, Archer couldn't help but wonder what other surprises she had.

Before he could say anything, Ella jumped up when the redhead got close and scolded her, which made everyone laugh. "Seraphina! Why are you fighting drunk? You could have killed that boy."

The girl in question looked at the blonde elf with a goofy grin plastered on her face and swayed on the spot, her movements mirroring those of a tipsy sailor navigating rough seas.

Seeing her friend's antics, Ella approached her with amusement and concern. Sera paused, a thoughtful expression briefly crossing her face before she straightened up, or at least attempted to, with exaggerated determination.

She slurred, struggling to find the right words. "Of course, I can fight! I'm as steady as a... as a... um, what's steady?"

Ella couldn't help but chuckle at her antics. "How about we let someone else take this one, huh? You can be our cheerleader instead."

Undeterred, Sera shook her head vigorously before refusing her offer with an unsteady wave of dismissal. "No way! I can take on anyone, anytime, anywhere!"

Before Ella could respond, Sera suddenly lurched forward, attempting to strike a heroic pose but stumbling in the process. Quickly reacting, the half-elf grabbed her friend's hand, steadying her.

"Come on, Sera," She said with a smile, "Let's leave the fighting to someone else today. How about we head back to the domain and grab some snacks instead?"

When the dragon girl heard the word snacks, her expression brightened, causing her to agree with a nod. "Yes. Let's go to the domain!"

Ella giggled before returning to the domain, leaving a chuckling Archer behind. He joined the other eight girls and spoke as he sat down. "Who's fighting next?"

"I am Archie!" Nala called out in an excited voice.

Chapter 648 You Did Wonderfully

Archer glanced over at Nala, who sat there with an eager grin. Her golden hair was tied back in a ponytail, which couldn't hide her fluffiness. But he admired her beauty, grateful to have her in his life.

With a gentle shake of his head, he complimented her. "You look stunning, Nala. I'm excited to watch you fight."

The lioness smiled when she heard him, causing her confidence to skyrocket. Archer continued to watch the next two fights, which weren't as exciting as the ones involving his girls.

A few hours passed by until the announcer called out. "Nala Lionheart and Venessa Venomclaw. Come to the stage, please."

When Nala heard this, she jumped up excitedly before kissing Archer and smiling at the others, who wished her luck. He turned his gaze toward her opponent, noting her dark green hair and crystal blue eyes.

She had a slender build and was undeniably pretty, although not quite as attractive as Nala or the other women he was with. He noticed she was wielding daggers while Nala used her sword.

Nala had a grin on her face while waiting for the fight to begin as she eyed her prey. Archer turned to Teuila, who was watching with interest, and asked in a curious voice. "Who's fighting next?"

She smiled before answering. "It's Leira and Hemi, but after those two, some of our classmates are competing, including Lioran."

He nodded before returning to the fight when the referee announced the start. Venessa rushed forward and struck out using her daggers. Nala easily blocked every attack as she counterattacked and kicked her in the chest, sending her flying back.

When Venessa got back up, she grinned while spitting on her blades, causing Halime to comment quickly as she recognized the move. "The girl is a snake demi-human like me, Archer! She just used her venom on the blades."

"She's trying to poison Nala?" Lioran asked in a threatening voice.

This time, the silver-haired elf Talila spoke. "She won't be beaten. You don't realize how strong your little sister has become over the last few months."

Lioran turned around and spotted the mixed elf and nodded in understanding before he started watching the fight. As Nala faced off against Venessa, the arena buzzed with anticipation.

She wielded her sword skillfully as her golden mane flowed behind her. Venessa, agile and cunning, brandished her daggers with expertise, her eyes glinting with confidence. The clash began with the sound of metal meeting metal ringing through the air.

Nala moved with perfect footwork, parrying Venessa's strikes with ease. While her opponent darted in and out with swift movements, aiming to find an opening in her defense. But she was a master of her craft.

With each exchange, Nala anticipated the girl's move, countering with swift and precise strikes of her own. Their weapons danced in a flurry of steel, each fighter testing the other's skill and resolve.

As the battle raged on, Archer watched in awe as the two engaged in a captivating display of martial prowess. Nala's skill and strength matched Venessa's speed and agility, creating a thrilling spectacle that held everyone's attention.

Despite Venessa's cunning tactics and relentless attacks, the lioness remained firm, her focus unwavering. With each clash of their weapons, she gained ground, steadily pushing her opponent back with a grin.

Then, in a sudden burst of skill and finesse, Archer watched Nala seize the opportunity she had been waiting for. With a lightning-fast strike, she disarmed Venessa, sending her daggers clattering to the ground.

Before the girl could react, Nala delivered a powerful blow to her jaw, knocking her opponent to the ground with a resounding thud. The arena erupted into cheers as she emerged victorious, her sword raised triumphantly above her head.

Nala had proven to be a formidable warrior and a true blade master. She had overcome her opponent with dignity and skill, leaving no doubt in the minds of all who witnessed her power.

Archer started cheering for her when the referee announced her as the winner, and the healers tended to the unconscious Vennessa. Nala approached him and the others with a grin as she spoke. "Did I do good, husband? I've been training with Teuila and Talila."

He nodded, "You did well, my lioness. Ask anyone here."

Just as he spoke, Lioran appeared with a proud smile and hugged the lioness, who was caught off guard. When she came to, she pushed her brother away before complaining. "Don't just hug me like that, brother! It's weird. Now Father will know how strong I've become."

Archer laughed at the siblings as he sat back down to watch the fight that was beginning. It was a boy from the College of Magic who used fire magic. He blasted the other student into nothing within the first two seconds of the fight.

After that, the announcer spoke. "Leira Avalon and Theodore Sabat, please come to the stage."

When the crowd heard that, they started cheering, especially the people from the Avalon Empire, as Leira was their princess. Archer watched the arena come to life with banners and flags waving.

Archer turned around to spot Leira approaching him while wearing her green mage robes, which kept her warm during the cold weather. She also wore black boots that matched the outfit and made her look even prettier in his eyes.

The cat girl stopped before him, seizing everyone's attention as she leaned in and kissed his lips. The Avalonian crowd erupted into cheers and applause, thrilled to witness her affectionate gesture toward the guardian of their empire.

It was a sight that filled them with immense joy and pride because the normal citizen loved Archer and wished him the best. After the public display of affection, she went to the stage only to see a brute of a boy who looked much older than her.

Archer just sat back and wanted to see how strong she had become since they took their relationship further. Leira looked at the grey-haired boy using a sword and magic as she sensed the mana coming from it.

When Leira sensed that, she decided to end the match with one spell and waited for the referee to start, which came seconds later. She watched the boy's movement as his sword began to glow, indicating that he was powering it up for an attack.

As Leira faced her opponent, she allowed him to get close, luring him into a false sense of security. With lightning-quick reflexes, she waited until the last moment before his swing connected, then swiftly raised her arm.

Thunder crackled and danced along her limb, forming a protective barrier just in time to intercept the blow. The impact reverberated through her arm, but she stood firm, her gaze unwavering as she met her opponent head-on.

Sensing his vulnerability, Leira directed her magic, conjuring flames infused with crackling thunder around her fist. In a decisive move, she unleashed her fiery thunderstrike, her fist connecting with explosive force.

Fire and lightning erupted in a dazzling display, engulfing the area in a blinding flash of light and thunderclap. The sheer power of the explosion sent shockwaves rippling through the arena, causing the crowd to gasp in astonishment.

After the smoke cleared, Theodore Sabat was flung backward, his body hurtling through the air until he crashed into the stands with a thud. Silence descended over the arena as the spectators processed the unexpected turn of events.

Their eyes were wide with disbelief at the sheer magnitude of Leira's display of power. Archer stood up from his seat, a solitary figure amidst the hushed crowd. Without hesitation, he raised his voice in a booming cheer, his words cutting through the stillness.

"Bravo, Leira! Magnificent!" he exclaimed, his words echoing off the arena's walls. At first, his voice seemed to hang in the air, a lone declaration amidst the quiet. But then, as if sparked by his enthusiasm, a wave of applause began to ripple through the stands.

It started from where Archer sat, then spread like wildfire, engulfing the entire College of Magic section. Leira's heart swelled with pride as she heard Archer's cheer, a bright smile gracing her lips.

Encouraged by his support, she stood tall, her gaze sweeping over the crowd. Then, like a thunderous roar, the Avalonian section erupted into cheers, their voices rising in unison to salute their beloved princess.

It was a victorious moment, showcasing Leira's power. The cheers echoed far and wide, proving to everyone that their princess was strong and would go far in the Arcane Magic Tournament.

Following that, the referee declared her the winner, and she made her way over to Archer, who enveloped her in a warm embrace. Leira melted into his arms, finding comfort as she rested her head against his chest.

Archer's voice rang out gently as he praised her, "You did wonderfully, my love. That punch was truly impressive."

After the two separated he hugged the other eight girls who loved the affection he was openly showing them.

Chapter 649 The Volkovitch Dynasty

Archer barely paid attention to the other fights. They were only there to watch Hemera's and Maeve's matches, the last ones remaining on their list. While sitting there, Lioran turned to him and asked. "Have you heard of the Novgorod Heroes beating back the Swarm on the central continent?"

"Nope. I should send some spies there, but I can't be bothered with them. I'm too busy to deal with the church anymore." He replied while leaning back and relaxing.

Lioran started laughing before warning. "You better keep an eye on them, brother. Who knows what plan they are cooking up to mess with you."

Archer chuckled in response but decided to heed his friend's advice and planned to send out some Tressyms to gather information for him when he returned to the domain after the two fights.

[The Summoned Heroes POV]

Meanwhile, as Archer contemplated sending out spies, the summoned heroes had just arrived at Novgorod City. They were immediately captivated by its beauty, as no cities were like it on Earth.

Natsumi was the first to comment in a confused tone. "Does this place remind any of you of Russia?"

Before them sprawled a city straight from the pages of a fantastical storybook, its architecture reminiscent of ancient Russian designs on Earth. Massive onion-domed towers with complex patterns soared into the sky.

They cast long shadows over the bustling streets below. Colorful buildings with impulsive turrets and spires lined the cobblestone pathways, each facade with detailed carvings and vibrant paintings.

Gasps of awe escaped their lips as they entered the scene before them. Emily's blue eyes widened, reflecting the colors that danced in the sunlight. Causing her to whisper. "It's like something out of a dream."

Jason's gaze swept over the structures with wonder. "I've read about places like this in fairy tales," he said, his voice tinged with disbelief. "But I never imagined I'd see one in real life."

Tim couldn't tear his gaze away from the towering palace that loomed in the distance. Its golden domes gleamed in the sunlight, casting a warm, inviting glow over the city. "I've never seen anything so magnificent."

The five heroes agreed with nods, but Natsumi turned to Princess Yevdokiya and asked inquisitively. "Who is this white dragon your guards were gossiping about?"

When Tammy heard that, she got excited and questioned. "Is that some rare beast? The way the guards spoke about it made it sound like it."

Yevdokiya sighed, but the emperor explained. "Well, he is not a beast but a menace. He has stolen from the Church Of Light and taken control over Pluoria, which is the name of the western continent."

Jason asked. "So he's the bad guy?"

The princess nodded. "Yes. He has kidnapped several princesses from Pluoria, and rumors say he's targeting several more."

When the five heard this, they were horrified, and Tammy commented. "So he kidnapping girls while overloading a whole continent? Is he a demon king?"

Yevdokiya shook her head. "No, he's a white dragon. They are rare beasts as there is only one of them, so he takes advantage of this and forces kingdoms to give up their daughters."

After she spoke, the emperor added. "We will arrive at the palace soon, and the empress can explain more. She is the leader of my intelligence service, so she knows all the rumors."

The heroes agreed with a nod before turning their attention to the outside world while passing by all kinds of stores. The carriage continued traveling for twenty minutes until they reached a large metal gate.

Towering spires adorned with ornate designs reached toward the sky. The same golden domes they saw earlier were shimmering in the sunlight. The architecture was similar to the cities and reminded the five of a fantasy Russian palace.

Standing guard at the entrance were soldiers clad in sturdy-looking armor crafted from strange-looking metal and fur. Their imposing figures were decked with detailed engravings and embellishments, giving them an air of regal authority.

Each guard wielded a massive sword with ease, their movements practiced and precise. Tammy's eyes widened with excitement as she took in the sight before her, and she exclaimed in a voice full of awe, "Wow, look at those guards! They look like they stepped right out of a fantasy movie."

Emily nodded in agreement, her gaze lingering on the gleaming armor and imposing weapons. "I've never seen anything like it. They must be incredibly skilled warriors," she remarked, her tone tinged with admiration.

After that, the carriage stopped, and the doors opened, allowing the emperor and princess to step down while greeting someone. When the five heroes exited, they saw a row of maids and butlers standing in a neat line.

Before them stood a stunning woman, captivating even the girls with her beauty. Her luscious blonde hair cascaded down to the small of her back, framing a pair of bright blue eyes that seemed familiar to Yevdokiya.

But what truly captured the girls' attention was her sinful figure, flawlessly curved in every way, arousing a sense of envy within them. Tammy nudged Natsumi and whispered, "Do you see the size of her chest? They are massive!"

Emily looked at the two boys, who were mesmerized by the woman who started laughing before speaking in a distinctive Russian accent. "Husband. Are these the five heroes? Will you have Paval train them?"

Tammy saw the emperor shake his head before pointing at Yevdokiya. "I've asked Yev to train them as she has proved she is a strong warrior many times."

The woman nodded before turning to the five and introduced herself to the group. "I'm Anastasia Volkovitch, the Empress of the Novgorod Empire."

When the group heard that, they introduced themselves, which pleased the empress, who ushered them into the palace. As the heroes entered, they were taken aback again by how beautifully decorated it was.

Expensive paintings showing the previous generations of the Volkovitch Dynasty lined the walls. Emily saw the paintings end with empty ones, causing her to ask the beautiful blonde woman. "Anastasia, why aren't there any more paintings?"

The empress turned around while answering. "They are for our grandchildren."

As Anastasia led the heroes through the grand halls of the palace, their footsteps echoing against the polished marble floors, they couldn't help but feel a sense of reverence in her presence.

She moved gracefully, her regal demeanor commanding respect from all who crossed her path. Eventually, they arrived at a chamber bathed in a soft, ethereal light. In the center of the room stood a pedestal, upon which a glowing orb pulsating with energy rested.

The colors shifted and danced like a mesmerizing rainbow, casting elaborate patterns across the chamber walls. Anastasia gestured towards the orb solemnly, her voice carrying a weight of importance.

"Behold, the Affinity Orb," she announced, her words reverberating in the small chamber. "It can tell us what elements you will have access to."

The five approached the orb cautiously, their eyes widening in awe at its radiant display. Emily reached out tentatively, her fingertips tingling as they brushed against the orb's shimmering surface.

That's when the empress continued speaking. "If you don't mind, put your hands on the orb individually so we can find out what affinity you process."

Tammy was the first to test; multiple colors appeared when she placed her hand on the orb. That's when the empress spoke up. "Red, Silver, and Blue."

"What do those mean?" Jason questioned in

Anastasia answered with a smile. "Those elements are fire, metal, and water, which is very good."

The black-haired girl got excited and started dancing on the spot before Emily stepped forward after Anastasia motioned to her. She placed her hand on the orb, and it started to glow white, purple, and yellow.

They were shocked when the imperial family saw this, but the emperor explained the elements this time. "Light, space, and thunder."

Emily smiled when hearing that and returned to Tammy, who was talking to Princess Yevdokiya. Jason was next and did the same and got dark purple, red, and brown, which were gravity, fire, and earth.

Anastasia shifted her gaze to Natsumi, who watched the scene with fascination, much like she did when engrossed in anime or manga. Intrigued, she stepped forward and gently rested her hand on the orb.

Silver, green, and yellow appeared, which pleased the empress who spoke. "Wow, Natsumi. You got metal, wind, and thunder, a good combination."

The Japanese girl nodded with a smile before the last hero stepped forward and placed his hand on the orb, only for it to glow red, blue, and brown. Anastasia smiled as she commented. "Fire, water, and earth. The heroes are tri-element users, which is rare among us."

"Yes, even among the other empires and kingdoms, a three-

element mage is rare. But if you like, we can have some of the best trainers instruct you?"

Tammy spoke up with an excited voice. "Does that mean we can become witches?"

Princess Yevdokiya chuckled before explaining, "No, you'll be mages. They're similar but different from witches."

Chapter 650 I Need To Prevent This Future

[The Summoned Heroes POV]

The five heroes nodded in excitement before Tammy spoke again, "Will we see bandits and outlaws?"

After speaking, the emperor, empress, and princess stared at the excited girl before Emily bonked her on the head as she said, "Tam! Stop getting so excited over everything! We died on Earth; all you care about is bandits and magic!"

The black-haired girl giggled as she replied, "Can't I be happy, Em? Yes, we died, but back home, we all thought it was the end. Who knew you would get sent to another world? That's amazing!"

Jason and Tim laughed while Natsumi defended Tammy, "She has a point, Em. Who would want to be all down and depressed after dying when we can live new lives here?"

Emily sighed and chose not to argue before the empress spoke, "Heroes, if you follow the maid that will be here shortly, she will take you to your rooms."

The five nodded, but Tammy couldn't wait anymore, so she asked, "Anastasia, what do you know about the white dragon?"

When the empress heard that, she looked at the heroes and thought to herself, 'Maybe I can turn them against the boy?'

With that idea, Anastasia began to speak about the white dragon, describing it as a hooligan and menace who terrorized the people; her words were abruptly cut off by a sweet, melodious laugh echoing from behind the group.

Everyone turned around to see who had interrupted them. Standing there was a drop-dead gorgeous mature woman, her presence commanding attention with striking grey hair cascading down her back.

The heroes saw the intense red eyes gleaming with mischief and wisdom. Tammy looked at her curvy figure, which oozed with confidence; she seemed to captivate the onlookers effortlessly without even noticing it.

That's when the emperor spoke. "Mother. What brings you here?"

Emily nudged Tammy, who was staring at the goddess who had just appeared, and whispered, "What is it with all the women in this world? Their boobs are massive."

As the blonde girl said that, Tammy's eyes roamed down the woman's body until they reached two massive mountains, jiggling as she got closer. She gulped and replied, "They make me want to become a lesbian, Em."

When her friend heard that, she stepped back in shock only to hear Natsumi speaking to Jason, who was nodding along, "Why does her grey hair look so silky? Look at her waist. It's so thin!"

Emily sighed as the empress introduced them to the newcomer, "Heroes, this is the Novgorod Empire's guardian, Catherine Volkovitch. My husband's mother and Yevdokiya's grandmother."

The five greeted the woman, who spoke in an accent similar to that of the emperor and princess, "Ah, the heroes my irrational brother-in-law summoned. What a fool. Does he not understand the boy won't attack him if he just left him alone."

Just as she spoke, the emperor requested in a weird tone, "Mother, can we have a word in private while Anastasia takes the heroes to their chambers?"

Tammy watched the grey-haired woman give the man a slight nod before the empress said, "This way, heroes. The maid won't be here for a little while and should be cleaning your rooms."

Everyone nodded and followed the empress, who led them to their living space, while Catherine stared at the emperor with an unknown look.

[Catherine Volkovitch POV]

Catherine looked at her foolish son, who wouldn't leave the white dragon alone. She sighed before commenting, "Can't you leave the boy alone? There's no point poking a sleeping dragon when it's not bothering us."

Anatoly complained, "Why are you defending a lizard, Mother? He robbed the church and has killed many of its followers!"

"Only because they went after him and his girls. I've gone to Pluoria and watched him for a while, and I believe he is innocent. Do you want to know what I saw, Anatoly?" She asked with a grin.

He nodded, causing her to smirk, "A boy living life with his women. He was supporting them during their fights and was pretty friendly. But what did you want to speak to me about?"

Catherine observed her son's growing nervousness before he finally spoke, "Jeremiah and I are devising a plan to eliminate the white dragon once and for all. His ambitions will only lead him to challenge the Novgorod Empire in the future."

'This foolish son of mine. He will only bring trouble to this family.' She thought when she heard Anatoly's plan.

She sighed before answering, "Do what you like. But don't come running to me when his armies march on the capital."

When Anatoly hears his mother's words, he gets angry, "He won't set foot on Verdantia! We have several demi-gods protecting the continent who won't allow him to destroy the land."

After saying his peace, Catherine watched her son walk away in anger, but as she turned away, a vision hit her, which shook her to the core. She froze in horror at the sight before her. An apocalyptic army advanced menacingly toward the capital, its ominous presence felt by all.

At its helm strode a figure she recognized all too well, a boy dressed in casual attire. Yet, despite his relaxed appearance, an undeniable aura of authority surrounded him. Soldiers, numbering in the thousands, marched relentlessly on foot.

Above them, dragons soared through the sky, their massive wings casting ominous shadows over the land. The dragons engaged in fierce battles with mages, unleashing torrents of dragon fire that lit up the sky with blazing infernos.

Catherine's heart sank as she watched the capital of Novgorod engulfed in flames, the once majestic city now reduced to a burning ruin. She watched Archer, visibly enraged, leading the army from the front, showing no mercy as he commanded his soldiers to attack.

"My dragon soldiers, advance! Show no mercy to the city's defenders! Show them what happens when you attack me in my own home!" His voice pierced through the chaos with chilling clarity, leaving no room for doubt about his intentions.

Frenzied soldiers charged forward, their weapons raised high as they stormed toward the city walls. With reckless abandon, they scaled the walls, their faces contorted in rage as they clashed with the defenders.

The dragons, fueled by their master's anger, unleashed devastation upon the city, their fiery breath consuming everything in its path. She could only watch in horror as the once-proud capital fell to the onslaught, a wave of destruction that seemed unstoppable.

Catherine stood upon the highest parapet of Novgorod, her heart heavy with grief and despair as she witnessed her beloved city being mercilessly ravaged by the Draconian Army, led by none other than Archer Wyldheart.

Tears blurred her vision as she saw the once-grand streets now engulfed in flames, the sounds of destruction and chaos tearing through the air like a relentless storm. When seeing all this, she thought. 'I need to prevent this future from happening. My idiotic son mustn't kill those girls, or we will wake up an unstoppable monster.'

In the distance, Catherine could see the Draconian soldiers, their black armor gleaming in the firelight as they ruthlessly cut down innocent civilians. The air was thick with the scent of smoke and blood, and the anguished cries of the dying pierced her soul like daggers.

Her heart shattered into a million pieces as she watched Archer himself, a figure she once knew as a boy filled with hope and promise, a boy who she knew wouldn't kill innocent people but by her son and brother-in-law's hands, transformed into a harbinger of death and destruction.

He stood tall amidst the carnage, his face twisted with cruelty as he oversaw the horror unfolding before him. With a heavy heart, she witnessed the Draconian soldiers stacking the heads of her people into pyramids.

A morbid display of their power and brutality. Each head represented a life lost, a soul extinguished, and Catherine felt a profound sense of helplessness wash over her.

But amidst the horror, a chilling silence descended upon the city as Archer stepped forward, his presence commanding and his gaze piercing. He addressed the terrified survivors with a voice that sent shivers down her spine.

His voice trembled with emotion as he recounted the tragic fate of his beloved girls, each name a dagger to the heart.

"My beautiful Teuila died taking a poisoned blade to the heart for me. And my dear Ella, who had been with me for years," he continued, his words choked with sorrow, "died protecting me from the assassins sent by the empire."

His voice grew louder, filled with anguish and rage. "Nefertiti, Nala, Sera, Talila, Hemera, Hecate, Leira, Lyniel, Halime, Sia—

all of them," he shouted, each name a painful reminder of what he had lost. "They were innocent, yet they were slaughtered mercilessly by those who sought to harm me."

Tears blurred Catherine's vision as she watched Archer's raw grief and overwhelming anger. His words cut through the silence like a dagger, each syllable carrying the weight of his sorrow and loss.

"Why did they have to kill them?" he cried out to the heavens, his voice filled with anguish and despair. "They were innocent, they did nothing wrong!"