

## **A Journey 451**

### Chapter 451 Archie!

The bandits shifted their focus to Archer, casting magic in his direction, only to be stunned when the spells harmlessly rebounded off his impervious form.

He propelled himself into the group's heart in an explosion of power, his claws slashing through them with relentless force, tearing the bandits apart brutally.

Meanwhile, Nala engaged in a graceful and agile combat display, deftly dismantling the remaining foes with her sword.

Her actions were precise and swift as she killed each bandit with a blend of finesse and determination.

Archer took out many using his sharp claws that tore through their cheap armor, causing them to drop to the ground lifeless.

The bandits found themselves wholly outmatched by her skill, unable to react as she systematically eliminated them one by one.

Archer and Nala maintained perfect teamwork as they worked together to eliminate the bandits.

Their surprise attack caught the bandits off guard, leaving them in stunned disbelief as the duo efficiently dispatched the entire group.

With the threat eliminated, Archer dismissed his claws and began scouring the camp for any valuable loot. Nala observed him with keen interest as he started his search.

[Nala's POV]

Nala was left wholly aback by the flawless coordination and harmonious teamwork between herself and Archer. Her deep admiration for him shone brilliantly in her blue eyes.

While looking at him, Nala's thoughts meandered back to the memories of the days she spent training with her grandmother, Malaika.

Sword training sessions in the palace's training yard became a regular event whenever Malaika paid a visit from the southern continent of Avidia.

She could vividly recall the soothing yet profound words her grandmother had shared during their sparring sessions.

"Remember, my dear Nala," Malaika had said with a tender smile, "when you meet your mate, you will know. It doesn't matter their race or origin. What's important is the connection you feel. Love is boundless, and it should never be forsaken."

A profound emotion welled up in Nala's heart as she reminisced about those cherished words from her grandmother.

They continued their training as the clinking of blades filled the air. Amid their practice, Nala's curiosity got the better of her, and she paused to ask, "Grandmother, how will I know if I've found my mate?"

Malaika halted their sparring momentarily, her eyes filled with a deep well of wisdom. She replied, "Sweet Nala when you find your mate, it will be like a song in your heart."

They traded blows again before Malaika continued speaking. "Your souls will resonate with each other in a way that defies explanation. The bond you share will be unbreakable, transcending any differences and obstacles in your path."

Nala took her grandmother's words to heart, and she couldn't help but feel that everything the older woman described perfectly matched her emotions when she was with Archer.

She regained her senses and joined Archer in their quest to search for valuables.

[Back to Archer]

Archer found their stash, which was buried just outside the camp. He couldn't dig, so he summoned a dozen Stone Men.

He ordered them to pull out the treasure as he waited. Not even ten minutes later, they threw the chests at his feet.

As he opened them, his eyes gleamed at the sight of gold coins, precious gems, and various valuable treasures.

He quickly stored everything in his Item Box, and as he did so, Nala approached him with a beautiful smile.

At that moment, he took the opportunity to appreciate her untamed beauty. Nala's wild, long blonde hair framed her face, and her bright blue eyes sparkled with a captivating allure.

Nala's body exuded the essence of a warrior as her toned muscles coexisted harmoniously with her feminine grace.

Her shapely and decently sized boobs enhanced Nala's alluring and wild charm. But then Archer suddenly realized that the size of breasts in this world was massive compared to those back on Earth.

Nefertiti and Teuila's mothers had mammoth ones that defied all logic, and to top it off, even the succubus herself had bigger boobs than anyone on Earth.

Archer found himself briefly lost in thought, contemplating the possibility of having wives with boobs like Mele and Hatshepsut.

The thought got him excited as he would love to be smothered by massive mountains.

However, he soon refocused as Nala was watching him. He apologetically smiled and said, "I was just lost in my thoughts."

Archer then scooped Nala up, and they resumed their search for more bandits.

As they soared through the air, Nala couldn't help but inquire, "What were you thinking about Archie?"

He answered honestly. "I've always wondered why some women have such large breasts. It seems like it could be uncomfortable and even hurt their backs."

Nala shot him a bewildered glance, clearly taken aback by his question.

She laughed and said, "You know, thanks to mana seeping into us and strengthening everyone's body. Women who can't use it will experience challenges because of their size, but it's not something that happens among those with access to mana."

The lion girl giggled and added, "If you met my grandmother, you'd be surprised. Her chest is massive, yet she's a much better fighter than me, even with those proportions."

Archer smiled and joined in her laughter, nodding in agreement as they approached another bandit camp.

But this time, he didn't descend. He just cast Element Bolts made from thunder and sent them flying toward every bandit he could see.

The thunderbolts caused a chain reaction of explosions that reverberated throughout the camp. Explosions went off in every direction, sending shockwaves through the bandit ranks.

Smoke and debris filled the air as the bandits struggled to regain footing amidst the chaos and destruction.

Archer raised his hand with a grin and summoned a group of formidable Krutnik Warriors, their presence electrifying the atmosphere.

The Netherbeasts descended to the Earth with loud thuds, remarkable swiftness, and unrelenting ferocity.

They assaulted the remaining bandits, offering the shocked men no opportunity to respond.

Nala gazed in astonishment as Archer's beasts exhibited their formidable might and precision, swiftly incapacitating the remaining bandits with unwavering determination.

The lion girl's wide-eyed expression vividly conveyed her shock at the sudden arrival of the Krutnik Warriors and their resounding victory over the bandits.

Once the battle had subsided and the sounds of conflict faded into the distance, Archer descended to the ground with Nala securely in his grasp.

As they touched the Earth, the Krutnik Warriors turned their attention towards Nala, their beady eyes fixating on her.

Startled, Nala let out a yelp when she felt their gaze upon her. Archer, recognizing her discomfort, raised his hand and addressed the Krutniks.

"This is my wife. Do not pose any threat to her, or I will kill every single one of you."

In response to his words, the Krutniks all bowed respectfully towards him before he dismissed them back to their domain.

Archer summoned the Stone Men again and commanded them to collect the spoils from the bandit camp.

As they carried out their task, he and Nala settled down, taking a moment of respite.

She turned to him with an admiring smile. "You fight like a wild beast, Archie! I love your fighting style. Who taught you?"

He chuckled and replied, "Teuila and Talila have been my primary instructors, but a lot of it comes down to instinct."

Nala nodded in understanding. Just as they finished, the Stone Men reappeared and placed the chests before him.

Archer promptly stored the loot after going through it to see an unknown amount of gold coins, and they continued their work until the morning sun graced the sky.

Upon witnessing the sunrise, Archer opened a Gate to the western entrance of Starfall City, and they stepped through, greeted by the bustling scene of merchants and students exiting the city.

Standing at the roadside, he sent messages to the girls, inquiring if they were prepared, and received affirmations from each of them.

He conjured a portal, and all nine girls emerged from it. Nefertiti and Talila, with their characteristic enthusiasm.

The two girls swiftly made their way to the front, eliciting eye-rolls from the others as they eagerly sought to give him the first kisses of greeting.

Their affectionate greetings were followed by the rest of the girls, who beamed at him before they all began to make their way to the college.

Archer and the girls chatted among themselves as they passed through the college gates. They were warmly welcomed by Lioran, along with his fiancées, Leonora and Nalika.

The lion boy and his women welcomed Archer and the girls with warm, friendly smiles. They exchanged pleasantries and engaged in light conversation.

Once the greetings were over, the group proceeded toward the Homeroom. The girls and Lioran's fiancées engaged in cheerful chatter, forming connections and sharing stories.

As they strolled, they came across Ciaran, who joined Archer and Lioran in playful banter.

Ciaran was talking about his fight with the Battle Witches, reminiscing about the event and how he managed to battle them to a stop.

#### Chapter 452 Samara Grayleaf

As they walked toward their homeroom, the girls engaged in casual conversation about various topics that interested them, leaving Lioran with a sly grin.

He leaned in toward Archer and whispered, "I can't help but notice the way Nala is looking at you. What have you been up to?"

Archer glanced at Lioran, initially thinking he was teasing him. However, when he turned to see Nala quickly avert her gaze, it caused Lioran to laugh.

He turned to his friend and casually explained, "We went bandit hunting this morning and fought together."

When the lion boy heard this, a big smile appeared before speaking. "Well, what a way to attract Nala. She does like a good fight."

Archer flashed a mischievous smile as he leaned close to Lioran's ear and whispered, "I've claimed your sister as my own. Your father's opinion is irrelevant."

After uttering those words, both Archer and Lioran erupted into laughter, their infectious mirth filling the air.

Ciaran couldn't help but wonder what had been said but refrained from asking.

Lioran's laughter ceased as he directed a warning at the red-haired boy. "Be cautious with Maeve. This greedy dragon might try to claim her as well."

Upon hearing Lioran's words, the Avaloch Prince felt perplexed. Nevertheless, they continued their laughter.

The group navigated the college's hallways and eventually arrived at their homeroom. When they entered the room, they saw Professor Krado Brachan conversing with a group of students.

Archer and his girls took their seats at two desks while Lioran, his fiancées, and Ciaran found places at the one in front.

The Professor gazed at them and warmly greeted, "Good morning, Archer and ladies. I trust you managed to stay warm last night. The weather seems to be worsening."

He nodded along with everyone else as they acknowledged the Professor. After that, the older man made his way to the front of the class.

However, Archer noticed a sudden change in the Professor's expression, as if he had remembered something important.

The Professor turned his attention to them and spoke, "Archer and his ladies, I require the list of additional classes. You missed the submission deadline yesterday, but it's not a problem, as the college will certainly accommodate your requests."

Archer nodded and retrieved his schedule, which included the list of their regular lessons and four empty boxes designated for their choices of extra classes.

[Magic Fundamentals] [Elemental Affinities and Mana Control] [Combat Magic] [History & Geopolitics]  
[Spellcraft]



[Anti-Magic Defense] [Magical Creature Studies] [Magic Knight Training] [Swordsmanship] [Summoning and Conjuring] [Magical Artifact Creation] [Spiritualism and Mediumship] [Magical Ethics] [Curses and Hexes] [Beast Taming] [Cultural Magic and Traditions] [Runes and Glyphs] [Healing and Restoration] [Battle Strategies] [Ward and Shield Magic] [Questing and Adventure] [Alchemy and Potion Making] [Enchanting] [Blacksmithing] [Legends and Mysteries Exploration] [Necromancy] [Economy] [Witchcraft] [Magic Theory]

Observing the girls as they made their selections, Archer still determined what to choose for his extra classes.

After some consideration, he made his decision.

[Questing and Adventure]

[Legends and Mysteries Exploration]

[Magical Creature Studies]

[Swordsmanship]

Archer's choices reflected his interests and goals, including improving his greatsword skills and delving into quests, adventures, legends, mysteries, and Magical Creature Studies.

Happy with his pick, he turned to Nefertiti sitting next to him and asked. "What did you pick Nefi?"

The succubus looked up at him with a smile and replied happily. "I picked Battle Strategies, Anti-Magic Defense, Runes and Glyphs, and Enchanting."

As he listened to her choices, he found himself curious. A perplexed expression crossed his face, but then she explained her motivation and desire to try new things.

Archer grinned and shifted his gaze to the blonde half-elf, still studying her choices on the paper. He asked, "What classes did you pick, El?"

In response to his question, Ella smiled, "I've chosen Magical Creature Studies, Healing and Restoration, and Summoning and Conjuring."

With a smile, Archer gazed at Ella and gently kissed her forehead, making her beam with happiness.

However, a disapproving huff from Nefertiti behind them caught their attention as she stared at Archer with a hint of jealousy.

Archer, undeterred, maintained his smile and leaned in to kiss Nefertiti on her lips, surprising her, but it pleased the succubus.

But then, he sensed the presence of four pairs of eyes and turned to find Sera, Hemera, Talila, and Teuila looking at him.

In response to their expectant gazes, Archer sighed and repeated the gesture, planting kisses on each of their lips.

The girls were happy and sitting there with smiles on their faces as all the other students who were already in the room or entering just watched them.

Lioran and Ciaran started laughing when they saw the faces. The Professor shook his head and didn't know what to think, so he ignored it.

Archer resumed his seat, indifferent to the inquisitive gazes of his fellow students. He then turned his attention back to the Professor, shaking his head as he muttered, "Playboy."

He shifted his focus to the sun elf and inquired about the additional courses she had selected.

Hemera retrieved the paper she had prepared and responded with a cheerful smile, "I've picked Anti-Magic Defense, Curses and Hexes, and Enchanting."

Archer posed the same question to the remaining girls, receiving various answers. However, Teuila, Nala, and Talila chose the Questing and Adventure class.

Realizing that he would be spending most of the day with them, Archer found himself approached by the Professor.

The Professor smiled as he began collecting the class selection papers from the students.

Then, Halime, with her exotic accent, directed a question at Archer, asking, "What classes did you pick?"

He turned his charming smile towards the snake girl, catching her off guard before answering, "I chose the Questing and Adventure class along with Legends and Mysteries Exploration, Summoning and Conjuring, and Swordsmanship."

Upon hearing his class selections, the girls and Lioran and Ciaran exchanged peculiar glances that prompted Archer to inquire, "What?"

Nefertiti was the first to voice her curiosity. "Why did you pick the most random classes? Legends? What are you going to do with that? Only treasure seekers or historians take such lessons."

With her question lingering in the air, all eyes turned towards Archer, who continued to wear a confident smile. Ella, inquisitive, added, "Are you eager to embark on legendary quests?"

He nodded in agreement, which led to more inquiries from the group. Lioran was the first to pose another question. "Arch. My friend, nothing ever gets found. What makes you think you'll find anything?"

Archer looked at the lion boy and shrugged as he answered. "I have my ways. You watch as I become the wealthiest dragon on Thrylos."

The girls started giggling after his declaration, and even Professor Brachan chuckled before walking away.

Once that was done, the bell started, causing all the students in the Homeroom to leave for their classes.

Archer had Combat Magic class with Professor Grayleaf, and he was accompanied by two girls, Nefertiti and Nala, while the rest of the group was in different lessons.

As they bid him goodbye, all the ladies, except Llynial and Nala, gave him a parting kiss.

The playful antics of the siblings, Lioran and Nala, brought laughter from Archer before he left the classroom. Nala then led him and Nefertiti to the training grounds.

As they walked, the succubus playfully grabbed Archer's arm, pressing it against her giant mountains, which brought a mischievous smile to her face.

With her lion tail swaying excitedly, Nala noticed this and took Archer's other arm, drawing the student's attention around them.

Archer let out a sigh but couldn't help but feel pleased that Nala and Nefertiti were unfazed by the opinions of others.

As they continued walking, Nala commented, "Professor Samara Grayleaf is a good teacher; she knows how to wield her magic with her sword, which is a valuable skill to learn."

He nodded in agreement and grinned, "That sounds promising. I'm looking forward to learning from her."

Archer recalled that this woman was the younger sister of Ksara, one of his mothers, and decided to add her to his revenge.

The three of them made their way to the combat magic training field. They could see the Professor conversing with several students as they approached.

The professor appeared to be offering guidance and demonstrating various techniques.

Just as Archer was about to join the group, Professor Grayleaf turned around. Her striking, slow-burning orange eyes fell upon Archer, and a warm smile crossed her face.

Archer took a moment to observe his aunt. She had a mane of messy blonde hair similar to Ksara's, tied back in a ponytail.

Her physique was that of a true muscle mommy, resembling an Amazonian warrior. He knew she fought in many wars across the empire.

Despite her formidable build, he noticed her slender frame with medium-sized breasts, emphasizing her impressive strength and presence.

If rumors were true, she sought something more peaceful for a few years as she spent a decade on the battlefield.

He noticed the warm smile on his aunt's face. Archer couldn't help but think to himself, 'A warrior and beautiful. She's mine.'

Chapter 453 Energetic

[Samara Grayleaf's POV]

Samara engaged in a lively conversation with a group of students who were eager to hear about her wartime experiences.

Despite their questions, she downplayed the subject. Instead, she shared insights into her unique fighting style, which captivated her audience.

However, their discussion was abruptly hushed as a solemn elf stepped forward and issued a cautionary remark, "Please be cautious, Professor, the demon dragon has arrived."

Samara's face reflected her bewilderment as she turned to see the source of such commotion.

Her amazement was palpable as her gaze landed on an extraordinarily handsome young man whom she knew as Archer Ashguard, the son who was banished.

He wore a plain black shirt, matching trousers, and sturdy boots. Archer stood before her, causing her to gaze at him with wide, curious eyes.

Samara also took note of the two young women accompanying him. She recognized the wild, blonde Nala, but she had never seen the other girl beside him, and was an otherworldly beauty.

The young woman had flawless light brown skin and striking pink hair that tumbled in unruly waves.

Her eyes mirrored the captivating color of her hair, radiating profound wisdom. Samara couldn't help but notice the young woman's seductive figure.

In particular, her massive chest and a brief pang of envy washed over her because many of her friends had bigger chests.

However, she quickly shook off her momentary jealousy when she heard the young man speak in his strange yet exotic accent.

Samara smiled as she spoke. "Well, hello, Archer. We meet again."

[Back to Archer]

When Archer heard Samara address him by name, he responded with a sly grin, "Yes, Aunty."

Samara approached him, stopped before him, and spoke with fascination in her eyes, "You've grown stronger since our fight boy. I can feel the mana radiating from you."

In response to her comment, he smiled and replied, "You'll see in the upcoming tournaments."

Samara nodded and welcomed him and Nefertiti, saying, "Welcome to the Combat Magic class, Archer and this new young lady. Stand to the side while I explain the basics to the class. You're fortunate that the war led to the headmistress canceling classes and extending the break."

Archer, Nefertiti, and Nala stood off to the side before Samara stood before everyone and explained the basics of Combat Magic class.

She stepped to the front of the class, her commanding presence capturing the student's attention. She began to explain the basics of Combat Magic with authority.

"Combat Magic is an essential discipline for any aspiring mage," she started. "In battle, knowing how to wield magic is as crucial as mastering conventional weapons and swordplay. It's not enough to simply cast spells; you must understand when and how to use them effectively."

She continued, "Magic can be a formidable tool for offense, defense, and support. You'll learn to cast spells with precision and to combine them with your combat techniques. This knowledge will give you an advantage in battle, allowing you to adapt to different situations."

Samara's words were met with attentive nods from the students, who recognized the importance of her teachings.

She explained various spells and their applications, stressing the need for versatility and quick thinking in combat.

"Remember, it's not just about power," Samara emphasized. "It's about using your magic wisely and choosing the right spells for the right moments. In this class, you'll learn not only the theory but also the practical skills needed to become a proficient combat mage. Mastery of this discipline can be the difference between victory and defeat on the battlefield."

As Samara's lecture unfolded, the students absorbed her wisdom, eager to delve deeper into Combat Magic and enhance their abilities as mages and warriors.

While she was speaking, he looked around, taking in the view. The expansive field featured over a dozen small arenas where students could practice their magic and combat skills.

Some of these arenas had unique features and obstacles to challenge the students. In the center of the field stood a massive arena, larger than the rest, likely intended for duals, group training, and demonstrations.

It seemed to be the focal point of the training area, designed to accommodate bigger events and battles.

The entire field was encircled by a sturdy, protective wall, undoubtedly built to contain any spells or magic that might go astray during training.

The protective wall brought peace of mind to Archer and his fellow students, ensuring they could practice combat magic safely.

Archer also spotted bleacher-style seats encircling the field, giving observers a good view and enabling students to watch and learn from their classmates during battles and exercises.

The training field's layout was impressive, creating an ideal environment for honing their combat magic skills.

That's when Samara's voice snapped back to reality when she ended her talk. "Alright, it's time to put your knowledge into practice. I want each of you to find a partner and get ready for some sparring."

The students promptly found partners before walking to the training arenas and began their sparring sessions, employing their weapons and spells.

However, when it came to Nala and Nefertiti, they were determined to team up with Archer and declined to work with anyone else.



Samara eventually gave in to their request and instructed Archer to spar against them while she observed.

In response to Samara's instructions, Archer shrugged and embraced the challenge. The three walked to the largest arena, ready for their sparring match.

Archer deliberately chose to activate the power limiter on his bracelet, indicating his desire to fight using only the fundamentals and improve his skills.

He wanted a genuine challenge and didn't intend to overpower his opponents unless it was absolutely necessary.

In the center of the training arena, Archer faced Nala and Nefertiti, ready for the sparring match.

He focused his magic, and a shimmering aura of cosmic energy enveloped his body. Archer cast Cosmic Sword and summoned his greatsword.

That's when Nala charged towards him with fiery determination. He took a steady stance, his sword poised for action.

The clash was imminent, but three more girls appeared on the scene just as they were about to engage.

The ginger-haired girl named Maeve jumped into the skirmish alongside a brown-skinned rabbit girl with white hair and red eyes and a lilac-haired girl who bore a massive shield.

The unexpected arrival of the three girls introduced a layer of complexity to the battle, transforming the one-on-two spar into a one-against-five, a prospect that Archer found rather exciting.

Upon seeing this turn of events, Samara voiced her concern, shouting, "You three unruly ladies, get off the stage! This fight is unfair."

However, Archer intervened, reassuring his aunt, "Don't worry, Aunty. I'll be fine."

After conversing with the Combat Professor, Archer turned his attention to the two new girls and introduced himself with a playful tone, "Lovely ladies, I'm Archer Wyldheart, the most handsome dragon on Thrylos and renowned princess taker."

When Nefertiti heard him, she rolled her eyes before commenting. "Don't you dare think of collecting any more princess's husband. You already have enough."

Archer looked at the succubus whose pink eyes were glowing, and he kissed her before speaking. "Remember what I've said, my pink princess."

After he spoke, Nefertiti smiled but narrowed her eyes. "You owe me a date."

He nodded in response to Nefertiti and then turned his attention to the lilac-haired girl. Her hair was neatly tied into a long ponytail, and her skin had a pristine pearl-white hue.

She had a curvaceous figure, but her body also displayed evident muscle tone. Archer couldn't help but notice the captivating purple shine in her eyes as she looked at him.

But he soon noticed something quite unusual. Upon closer inspection, he observed gills behind her ears and her pupils, which resembled those of a dragon rather than a human.

Intrigued by this discovery, he couldn't help but ask, "What's your name? And are you a mermaid?"

As the girl stepped forward, she nodded in acknowledgment before introducing herself with a warm smile, "I'm Aurelia Vitalis of the Mermaid kingdom in the south. It's a pleasure to finally meet the white dragon."

Archer returned her smile and replied, "Ah, that's great to hear. I'll have to visit your kingdom soon. I've never seen a mermaid until now, but I have met many Aquarians who seem to be similar to mermaids."

Aurelia nodded and added, "They are our cousins in the south who evolved into what they are today. We don't have much contact with them though."

Upon hearing Aurelia's words, a smile graced his face. "My wife is an Aquarian, so you'll have to meet her."

She recognized the description and spoke with a grin as her shield grew in size to cover her. "Ah, the blue-haired girl I've seen around the college. I'll introduce myself one day. But for now, let's focus on the fight."

Archer then turned his attention to the brown-skinned rabbit girl energetically hopping up and down with a manic smile.

With an excited grin, he couldn't help but comment, "Energetic, aren't we today?"

#### Chapter 454 A Little Bird

When the rabbit girl heard him, she quickly nodded before speaking with a voice full of excitement. "Hello, Archer, my name is Eveline Moonwood. Second princess of the Moonwood Kingdom. It's nice to meet you finally."

Archer looked at her with a smile. She had snow-white hair like his, but it was in a long ponytail with the addition of her long, adorable rabbit ears.

She was muscular and had bright, blood-red eyes with a pretty smile. Archer didn't recognize her clothing as it looked like a Kimono but was more suited for battle.

Eveline had curves in all the right places, which caught Archer's attention as he hadn't seen anyone like her before.

While looking at her, he heard Nefertiti speak in an angry tone. "Stop looking at the rabbit like you're going to eat her, you lewd dragon!"

Archer grinned before glancing at the final girl, captivated by her intense gray eyes. Her ginger hair flowed and cascaded down like an orange waterfall.

Though not as muscular as Eveline or Teuila, she still possessed a noticeable level of muscle, but her curves were prominent, giving her a pear-shaped figure.

She sported Celtic-like leather armor that allowed her to move freely without any hindrance and cover all the important parts, giving her a good degree of defense.

"Hey there, Maeve. You've achieved your goal, and now we can fight, but this five against-one will be fun," Archer remarked with a mischievous smirk.

He checked out each girl with his greatsword in hand. Eveline was weaponless, Maeve had a spear, Nala wielded a sword, and Nefertiti conjured a purple flame with her Arcane magic.

After ensuring Archer's well-being, Samara received a nod from him before he got ready for the fight.

She blew a whistle, and in an instant, Nala pounced on him without any second thoughts, taking advantage of her astonishing speed that completely surprised him.

The lioness charged forward like a speeding bullet, grinning widely as she swung her sword at him.

But he was quick to react, using his greatsword to deflect the attack to the side. Suddenly, Maeve appeared out of nowhere, thrusting her spear at him.

Archer dodged easily and counterattacked by swinging at the girl with fiery red hair, who looked shocked by this turn of events.

As he swung, Aurelia stepped in and deflected his strike with her shield, causing sparks to fly everywhere as she was pushed back slightly.

Amidst the commotion, a purplish flame was aimed at Archer and slammed into him, but his Anti-Magic nullified the spell.

However, Nefertiti was quick-witted, and instead of attacking him directly, she caused the ground to shake beneath him.

Just then, Nala reappeared and thrust her sword at him while Eveline grinned and threw a punch toward his head.

Archer blocked Nala's attack but was caught off guard by the rabbit girl's punch to his chin, causing him to stumble back.

Aurelia charged at him while he was trying to correct himself before bashing him with her shield, and despite his attempt to block it, she cast a spell that made her shield heavier.

The impact knocked the wind out of him and sent him flying backward, landing with a thud as the other girls moved in to attack.

Archer quickly got back to his feet as Nefertiti suddenly emerged after coming to his senses, brandishing a pair of daggers and launching a fierce assault.

He swiftly defended himself by blocking the strikes with his left arm. When the blades made contact with his scales, they instantly shattered.

This left Nefertiti stunned as she hastily retreated to get some distance between them so she could cast more magic.

However, he didn't stop there and instantly attacked. Taking a deep breath, Archer unleashed his fiery dragon breath towards her.

He wasn't concerned about Nefertiti's safety because he could feel the arena's mana surrounding them all, acting as a protector.

Just as the violet flames were about to reach her, she vanished from the arena with a sigh of frustration.

However, that didn't dampen her spirits as she continued to cheer Archer on from the sidelines.

That's when Nala and Eveline appeared as they attacked, but Archer smiled as he cast Thunder Wave, which caught them off guard.

Eveline quickly jumped out of the way while Aurelia defended Nala well, chanting something, and water appeared from nowhere and shot toward him.

But he wasn't bothered about the magic as they bounced off him, and that's when Maeve rushed forward to swing her spear as she launched another attack.

Archer deflected most of them, but the ones that managed to slip through bounced harmlessly off his scales, to her frustration.

That's when Eveline attempted to strike and kick him as she appeared behind him, but Archer dodged her attack and seized her soft but firm thigh.

With a sudden burst of energy, Archer transformed into a shadowy figure with glowing violet eyes and razor-sharp teeth, which shocked the girls and students.

Nala's powerful attack passed through him and aimed for the ginger girl, but Aurelia blocked it before it could reach, sending it flying into the protective wall.

Eveline tried her best to flee with lightning-fast agility, but Archer effortlessly flung her out of the arena, giving her a playful wink.

She landed next to Nefertiti, who laughed at her misfortune and watched the rest of the fight as the rabbit girl stood up.

Archer then continued his battle with Nala, Maeve, and Aurelia. Eveline couldn't help but grin as she watched and loved fighting him.

After throwing the rabbit girl out, he caught sight of Maeve and Aurelia casting spells aimed at him.

That's when a Water Blast and Thunder Blast came barreling toward him, but he dodged it with Blink and appeared behind Nala, teasing her with a whispered voice. "Too slow, my lioness."

Archer effortlessly flung her out of the arena with a swift flick like the other two girls, leaving her dumbfounded and him erupting into laughter.

Nala landed on the ground unscathed and hopped back up before watching the fight. The mermaid warrior charged ahead.

She empowered her shield as she thrust it forward, unleashing another burst of mana toward him.

He evaded the attack using Blink again and materialized next to Maeve, who was preparing to strike using her spear.

As he appeared behind her, Maeve turned towards him and lunged forward in an attempt to stab him, but Archer deflected it to the side and seized her arm.

With a forceful pull, he tossed her out of the arena like the others, causing all the students to laugh, but this time, she utilized her thunder magic to land safely.

Archer saw it all and grinned, then fired off a bunch of Element Bolts, even though he knew his mana was now running low.

He didn't let that stop him, though, and aimed the bolts at Aurelia, who dodged and weaved to try and block them.

Unfortunately, the bolts were too powerful, sending her out of the arena. Now, Archer and Maeve left, who was confused by what had just happened.

Archer surprised Maeve by sneaking behind her and placing his claw against her neck. He whispered in her ear seductively, "You're beautiful, Maeve. I've chosen you."

Maeve was taken aback by his words and shuddered before responding, "Sorry, but my father has already arranged for me to marry a prince from a neighboring kingdom."

He smiled mischievously and replied, "Don't worry about that. You'll be mine, Princess Maeve Avaloch."

After speaking, Archer approached Nefertiti and Nala, who were waiting for him. Before he got to them, Samara stepped in front of him.

Samara beamed at Archer and exclaimed, "You're already a skilled swordsman, but with a little more training, you could be unbeatable!"

However, her expression quickly turned to confusion as she asked, "But I thought you were stronger than this. What's going on?"

Archer chuckled and lifted his left hand to reveal a bracelet. "I created a limiter for myself,"

He explained. "As a Sovereign Mage, I can't fight at full strength, so I lower myself to Master to train and gain experience."

Samara's eyes grew wide as she absorbed this new information.

A smile spread across her face before she uttered, "Alright Archer! Let's do this. We'll train during the evenings. Meet me at the city square at sunset, and I'll put you through some serious training."

After hearing this, Archer nodded before Samara spoke. "You've got the whole class to yourself now. Maybe you should head to the library. They've got loads of fascinating books there."

As soon as she finished speaking, a puzzled expression appeared on Archer's face, making the Combat Professor laugh. "I heard from a little bird that you're enrolled in the Questing and Adventure Class."



"Yep, it caught my attention," he responded, reaching Nefertiti and Nala, who patiently waited for him.

Archer spotted Aurelia, Maeve, and Eveline making their way towards him. When the trio stopped before him, they greeted him warmly.

#### Chapter 455 A Thing For Mature Women

However, Eveline broke the silence as she spoke to Archer in her exotic voice. "Thanks for the fight. I hope we can have a rematch."

Archer nodded in agreement as the fight excited him, and he couldn't wait to fight her again. "Definitely. I had a good time."

Eveline, the rabbit girl, beamed before Maeve chimed in. "I remember what you said. Father will visit during the Frostwinter Festival, so you have until then to make it happen."

With a mischievous smile, Archer's eyes lit up upon hearing her challenge and happily accepted.

He spoke with a confident voice and charming smile. "Fear not, my dear Maeve. Before Frostwinter comes to an end, you shall be mine."

Drawing closer to the enchanting ginger-haired girl, Archer leaned in, his voice dripping with seduction as he whispered, causing a shiver to run down her spine.

His words were filled with possessiveness. "I will do anything to make you mine, including kidnapping you."

Maeve's lips curled into a playful smile as she absorbed Archer's words, her head nodding in agreement.

At that moment, Archer turned his attention to Aurelia, his voice filled with admiration. "Miss Mermaid, you possess good defensive skills and easily wield magic. The fight was truly captivating."

Aurelia grinned at him before joining Maeve as they headed to continue their training in the closest arena.

That's when he noticed the sky was getting darker and wondered if the weather would be bad. But he shrugged and strolled up to Nefertiti and Nala, who gave him skeptical looks.

The succubus commented when he got close. "You just can't resist, can you, hubby? Why do you have to chase after every princess you see?"

When hearing this, he approached the succubus and wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her into a passionate kiss while everyone, including Nala, watched.

The onlookers, including Nala, observed the intimate display. Sensing her growing frustration.

He chose to express his affection through the kiss, demonstrating his unwavering care for her, irrespective of their surroundings.

The students and Samara were taken aback by his unabashed display of affection, finding it surprising.

Archer's bold gesture pacified Nefertiti, leaving her content and happily reassured. However, as they passionately kissed, the weather abruptly took a turn for the worse.

Snow started to cascade from the darkened sky, and a chilling wind swept through the air, which was sudden and unexpected.

Feeling the cold flakes against his skin, Archer reluctantly separated from Nefertiti, both realizing the sudden change in weather.

Silence descended upon the field as students turned to watch the unexpected display of affection, which they weren't used to.

Whispers started circulating like wildfire, creating a hushed symphony of gossip among the onlookers.

As the gossip reached its peak, a sudden chill filled the air. The sky darkened, and the first snowflakes began to fall, gracefully dancing in the air.

The students looked up in surprise, their attention shifting from the unfolding drama to the unexpected weather change.

A collective shiver ran through the students as the cold sting of the snow pricked at their faces, prompting them to pull their cloaks tightly around themselves.

The light snowfall escalated into a sudden blizzard, threatening to engulf the entire training field. Panic rippled through the students, evident in their wide-eyed expressions.

That's when the temperature plummeted at an alarming speed. It was as if the weather was responding to the heightened emotions on the field.

During the growing chaos, a protective dome shimmered to life, gracefully encasing the entire training area.

A sudden barrier shielded the students from the biting cold and the blinding swirl of snowflakes.

When Archer saw this, he loved the view of the snow hitting the dome while the girls looked up in fascination.

The once-open field transformed into a serene snow globe, leaving the students inside cocooned in warmth and safety.

Archer looked back at Nefertiti before pecking her perfect nose and said, "I'm off to the library. What's your next class? Mine's spellcraft."

Nefertiti wasted no time in responding. "I got Magic Fundamentals, which seems like a great class. I'm curious to see if they teach things differently from Zenia."

With a smile, he nodded and kissed her goodbye as the two girls returned to their training. But as she walked off, he told her to meet him in the library when she was done.

The succubus happily agreed before walking off. Just as he was about to leave the field, Nala ran up to him and called out his name. "Archie!"

Turning around with a chuckle, Archer was taken aback when the lion girl quickly pecked his lips before returning to Nefertiti, who started scolding her.

He watched the succubus and lioness walk away while the pink-haired girl vent her frustrations to Nala, who forcedly smiled.

As he strolled away, he couldn't help but glance back, noticing Nala's tail swaying rapidly with excitement.

Archer halted at the college entrance, his eyes following Nefertiti and Nala as they returned to Combat Magic.

That's when he noticed the hallways' intricate decorations and magical ambiance caught his attention.

He walked down the corridors adorned with enchanting tapestries and ethereal lighting. Archer marveled at the craftsmanship that seemed to defy the laws of physics.

The college, with its otherworldly charm, left him in awe. After a few turns, he encountered a professor elegantly attired in magical robes.

Seizing the opportunity, Archer approached her with a polite smile. "Excuse me, Professor. Could you direct me to the library?"

The woman, a seasoned mage with a warm demeanor, nodded in acknowledgment. "Of course, young one. Head down this corridor, take the second left, and you'll find the library at the end of the hall."

Following her instructions, Archer navigated through the corridors, each turn revealing new wonders.

The air itself seemed infused with knowledge and ancient wisdom. After a brief journey, Archer arrived at the entrance of the library.

The sight that greeted him was nothing short of breathtaking. Massive shelves lined every wall, reaching towering heights and disappearing into the magical glow above.

The air was filled with the scent of old parchment and the hushed whispers of countless stories.

Large tables were strategically placed in the library, inviting students to delve into the library's treasures.

Archer stood amid a bibliophile's paradise, eager to explore the wealth of knowledge in the extensive collection of books and magical tomes.

Surveying the expansive library, Archer's gaze yearned for a book recounting the legends and ancient tales within the empire.

As he strolled through the aisles, his quest was momentarily interrupted when a mature and seasoned voice reached his ears. "Hello, my white prince. What brings you to my library?"

The woman's words echoed from behind him, prompting Archer to turn and face the source of the greeting.

He saw a beautiful older woman who looked to be in her thirties. Her short, light brown hair framed an elegant face, and her glowing blue eyes exuded wisdom and allure.

She possessed a curvaceous body, and her very large boobs swayed in a mesmerizing dance as she walked.

Archer was captivated by the mature woman's beauty, yet he quickly regained his composure, offering her a charming smile.

"I'm Archer," he introduced himself, "and I'm here to find books on legends, tales of treasure, and similar subjects."

Upon hearing him, she smiled warmly and responded sweetly, "I'm Margaret Sinclair, the head librarian of the College of Magic. I know what you're looking for. Follow me."

As Archer followed closely, he couldn't help but admire how her curvy body perfectly matched her and how her suit hugged her every contour.

However, after a short distance, she abruptly halted and faced him with a mischievous smile.

"Seems like you have a thing for mature women, huh? Don't you have a flock of young beauties to admire? I'm just curious why you've been fixated on me ever since we crossed paths."

Archer grinned, responding to her playful comment. "Well, Margaret, I may have my fair share of young ladies, but that doesn't mean I don't appreciate the beauty and charm that comes with a mature woman."

Margaret chuckled, her blue eyes glinting with amusement. "Flattery won't get you special privileges in my library, Archer. Now, let's focus on finding those books you're interested in."

She continued leading the way through the expansive shelves, Archer following with a smirk.

Margaret led Archer to a secluded back corner of the library, assuring him, "This is where we keep everything you're looking for."

She gestured to the shelves lined with dusty tomes, the air filled with the faint scent of ancient knowledge.

Margaret's attempt to grab a specific book led her to lean forward, revealing her curvaceous physique and catching Archer's eye without her intention.

With an hourglass figure, a slender waist, and voluptuous hips accentuated by her tight-fitting outfit.

Archer couldn't help but feel a certain stirring within himself as he noticed her alluring curves.

'Do I have a thing for older women as well?' He questioned himself as Margaret chose a book.

#### Chapter 456 The Library

Margaret picked up the volume and explained knowingly, "These books hold tales of legends, treasures, and all the mysteries you seek. Take your time, explore, and let me know if you need assistance."

Archer nodded appreciatively, briefly lingering on the alluring sight of the older woman before refocusing on the array of books that promised to unveil the secrets he sought.

As she was about to leave, he asked in a curious tone, "Where is the section on beasts?"

With a warm smile, Margaret led Archer to another section dedicated to beasts and creatures.

They strolled for a little while until they arrived at another section with two shelves stacked with books.

Standing before the shelves, Archer read the titles, considering which ones to explore.

Ultimately, he settled for two books: "A Guide to Beasts in the Avalon Empire and Its Lands" and a unique book detailing different creatures.

Archer carried the books he had chosen over to the section on legends and mysteries.

He stumbled upon an intriguing book titled "The Doom of Frostholm," capturing his attention as he'd heard of it before and was curious.

Archer approached a table next to a large window overlooking the college gardens and sat down.

He started reading about the tragic events that led to the Swarm taking over the city, resulting in the demise of all its citizens.

A particular section caught his eye as he delved into the chilling narrative—a story that read like a horror novel.

Archer felt a shiver run down his spine as he read about the horrifying scenes of Ratlings dragging their neighbors away, the air filled with desperate screams and pleas.

It was a tale intertwined with a more significant tragedy—a story of a boy and a girl.

The narrative unfolded as the girl who went missing in the chaos of the city, leaving her brother desperate to find her after all these years.

Reading about the boy watching his sister vanish into the nightmarish city, Archer couldn't help but feel sorry for them.

Yet, he became engrossed in this personal story amid the catastrophe, eager to uncover the sibling's fate amid the Doom of Frosthalm.

Archer empathized with the family who had lost everything in that city as he continued reading.

Horrible and grim details of the Swarm invasion unfolded before him from the point of view of a survivor.

The pages painted a haunting picture of the chaos, fear, and tragedy that befell Frosthalm during those fateful days.



A harrowing narrative depicted a city plunged into chaos, with Ratlings employing cunning tactics to seize control and capture the scared citizens.

The horrors began with the ominous tolling of a creepy bell, a creation of a mysterious stranger who appeared in the city.

Eerie sounds echoed through the city, signaling the beginning. Suddenly, gaping holes opened all over Frostholm, created by the Swarm.

These became portals for the Ratlings and all sorts of vile creatures to launch surprise attacks, catching the unsuspecting city guard and soldiers off guard.

The once-thriving city became a battleground of chaos and despair as the portals unleashed a relentless onslaught of invaders.

Invaders swarmed through the city, spreading terror and destruction in their wake as they brought death to the north.

Archer felt sympathy for the city guard and soldiers, knowing the gruesome fate awaited the captured citizens when he saw the strange humanoid creatures.

He continued to immerse himself in the chilling account of the Doom of Frostholm and couldn't shake the feeling of dread that clung to the words on the page.

Delving deeper into the historical accounts, Archer stumbled upon a chapter detailing the personal tragedy of the college's history Professor Drakebane.

The story unveiled the tragic fate of Draven's sister, Nyx Drakebane. A noble family member hailing from the Frostwyn Duchy, she had met her untimely demise two decades ago.

Nyx, the young girl at the center of the story, had vanished in a fit of rage and despair following the brutal death of her parents at the hands of the relentless Swarm.

The heart-wrenching details painted a vivid picture of a family shattered by loss and a sister lost to the darkness that ensued.

Archer pondered the fate of Nyx and the unresolved mysteries of Frostholm. He continued reading to find out more about them.

Shifting his focus to the present, a familiar seductive voice echoed in his head. "She's still in the city, lost to madness. But the time to visit her isn't soon. You have to deal with the upcoming Swarm."

He surveyed his surroundings, finding no one. That's when he recognized the voice as Tiamat's, her words laden with caution.

Archer took a moment to absorb the weight of her warning before she continued. "They are much stronger this time around. You can handle the cannon fodder, but the generals far surpass your strength and could kill you. But grow stronger, my white dragon," Tiamat's voice echoed in his mind.

With her warning lingering in his thoughts, Archer remained unperturbed by the impending swarm and excitedly welcomed it.

Focused on building his Monster Army, he was determined to engulf every creature in his flames and plunder Frostholm's wealth.

As the heavy silence lingered, Archer made a solemn decision. He would journey to the doomed city after he dealt with the Swarm to reclaim its lost treasures.

Setting aside the Drakebane family's tale and the Doom of Frostholm, he eagerly delved into one of the other books to read about the diverse beasts that roam Pluoria.

Flipping through the pages looking for interesting beasts, Archer was fascinated by the myriad possibilities, particularly the sea creatures.

The notion of crafting a sea in his domain sparked in his mind, envisioning the potential to tap into the abundance of aquatic life.

He pondered how these sea creatures could assist him in the future, recognizing their inability to fight on land, a realm he was more familiar with.

But he didn't dwell on it as he was well aware of the colossal leviathans dwelling in the depths, surpassing even his dragon form in size.

The book he was reading revealed details about other sea monsters that piqued his interest, sparking a desire to capture them.

He dismissed the idea of fishing for the time being. Instead, he considered asking Teuila for help, knowing her knowledge of the sea could prove invaluable.

However, he knew that the southern sea differed significantly from the one bordering the Avalon Empire.

As his contemplative thoughts ceased, he resumed immersing himself in the book's pages.

[Krakens: These colossal cephalopods, mythical behemoths with massive tentacles capable of crushing ships and coastal settlements, stirred visions of chaos on the high seas]

Considering how to use these monsters, Archer chuckled at the thought of dropping a Kraken on a city or having it attack pirates.

But he shook his head and resumed reading.

[Dragon Turtles: Majestic and armored, these sea creatures seamlessly blended the strength of dragons with the resilience of turtles]

Archer was captivated by the idea of incorporating these creatures into his Monster Army.

A sly grin crossed his face as he imagined forcing kingdoms and empires to pay him for safe passage through the seas.

Shaking off the darker musings, he refocused on the book.

[Giant Sea Serpents: Slithering through the ocean depths, these serpentine beings offered a captivating blend of elegance and danger]

"People would be terrified if they saw me riding atop one of these creatures," he remarked.

[Giant Sharks: Swift and ferocious, giant sharks patrol the seas with predatory grace while attacking ships]

A smile crept onto his face. "They have Megalodons. I bet they're impressive."

The unfolding pages revealed even more sea creatures, each possessing unique abilities and characteristics.

From elusive water elementals to ethereal sea dragons, he marveled at the diverse denizens of the ocean depths.

The wealth of information stoked Archer's imagination, and he pictured building a formidable aquatic horde.

Flipping through the pages, he came across the elusive Sirens, enchanting creatures capable of luring sailors with their mesmerizing songs.

Having read the book on sea monsters, Archer set it aside and glanced outside, where the weak sunlight struggled through the ongoing snowstorm.

As he resumed reading, the sound of approaching footsteps drew his attention. Hemera, wearing a smile, joined him at the table.

Archer grinned at the sun elf and inquired, "What brings you here, my lovely elf?"

Hemera answered as she looked at the books he was reading with curiosity. "Nala said you came here when I went to the Combat Magic class."

He nodded before asking another question. "Why are you out of class?"

She met his gaze with her captivating yellow eyes before responding, "Considering I'm older than the Professor, Magic Fundamentals were unnecessary for me. It was pointless."

Enthralled by her presence, Archer couldn't help but be captivated. Hemera's short, golden blonde hair framed her face delicately, cascading below her ears.

Her plump, inviting lips tempted him with incredible softness, and her flawless, light brown skin added to her enchanting charm.

Chapter 457 My Greatest Treasures

Archer grinned as he complimented the sun elf, "Hemi, you're truly beautiful, you know that."

Blushing at his words, she smiled and replied sweetly, "Thank you, Darling. You're quite handsome yourself."

He leaned in and kissed her, catching the elf off guard. However, she quickly reciprocated the gesture until they were interrupted by a cough from behind them.

They separated to find Margaret standing there, holding a book and gazing at them with a hint of longing in her eyes.

Shaking her head, she handed it over with a smile before saying, "Archer, this is a compilation of all the treasure legends in the Crownlands. I'm sure it will be more useful to you than an old lady like me. You may get lucky."

As she spoke, Hemera, giggling, remarked, "I'm sorry, but if you think you're old, what am I? You're still very beautiful because."

Margaret regarded the elf quizzically, prompting Hemera to burst into laughter. "I turned 46 this year. Well, that's in human years, but I'm still a teen by eleven standards."

Upon hearing this, Margaret's eyes widened, but she smiled in response. "Thank you for your kind words. I must get back to work now."

She was about to turn around, but Archer swiftly grabbed her wrist, causing her eyes to narrow as she prepared to cast a spell.

But he cast Aurora Healing, and a white light enveloped the librarian, who let out a happy sigh while relaxing as she felt the spell wash over her.

Archer and Hemera heard a few pops until the light faded, and Margaret looked at him with shock as if he had just stolen her cat or favorite book.

As she massaged her lower back and repositioned her upper body, she started to cry, which worried them.

Hemera stood up and approached to comfort the woman, but Margaret extended her hand before speaking. "Sorry, I'm just happy. I had an accident years ago and injured myself badly."

When Archer heard this, he sensed grief and heartbreak but decided not to pry, understanding it wasn't his place to get involved.

That's when Margaret looked at him with a big smile as she spoke. "Thank you for helping me, White Prince. You don't understand what you've done for me. If there's anything I can do to repay you, state your wish."

He looked at the beautiful woman and smiled before responding. "If you encounter any unusual or weird books, could you set them aside for me? I'll come back in a day or two."

Upon hearing this, she smiled before returning to work, each step marked by a newfound lightness in her demeanor.

Archer couldn't help but notice the energy in her every move. As he watched her, he couldn't deny his admiration for her captivating figure and the elegant way her curvaceous backside swayed.

Her luscious light brown locks bounced playfully as she turned the corner, vanishing from sight, leaving Archer with a lingering fascination.

That's when he felt a pinch as Hemera spoke in a teasing voice. "I know you don't care about race, but I didn't think you were into older women, Darling. Do I need to worry about Mother?"

Archer looked at her blankly, causing her to giggle, but he responded, "Mature women have their own charm, and yes, I'm into them. But you don't have to worry about Mother; I don't see her that way. That reminds me that I've got to see her soon. It's been a while."

When Hemera heard this, she smiled and suddenly kissed him, this time with a big smile.

Once they separated, Archer asked with a silly expression, as he loved it when they were proactive, "What was that for? You surprised me."

The sun elf giggled before replying in a voice full of care, "You still call her Mother after so long. She will be extremely happy. All that woman does is talk or ask about you. See her tonight!"

Archer gazed at her and gave a confirming nod. "After classes, I'll visit them briefly before returning to the domain."

"Perfect! I'll inform her right away," she replied, producing a communication device resembling a small sun.

Hemera spoke into it. "Mater!"

After waiting a minute, an exotic voice similar to her's replied. "Yes, my little sun. What is wrong?"

She smiled before speaking. "Archer will come to see you after classes end, Mater."

That's when silence filled the air until an excited voice spoke enthusiastically. "Good. I haven't seen my son in so many moons. He must visit me more. I miss him dearly!"

Archer couldn't help but chuckle when Cassandra's voice reached his ears while Hemera bid her mother farewell and stored the communication device in her storage ring.

Once she was done, Archer playfully used his tail to stroke her thigh, causing the elf to turn her gaze toward him with a knowing expression immediately.

But he didn't cease his actions, persistently rubbing up her thigh, which caused Hemera to shiver as she loved every second of it.

That's when a grin appeared on her face as her hand slipped under the table and started rubbing his member.

Her actions caused Archer to groan as he grabbed her arm and teleported them to his lair.

[Hemera's POV]

When they appeared in the large chamber, Hemera's eyes widened before she stood a massive mountain of gold coins, reaching a height three times that of Archer.

The glittering cascade of wealth seemed to stretch endlessly, and she couldn't help but gasp at the sight of it.

'There must be millions of gold coins here,' she thought, realizing the scale of his endeavors. It dawned on her what he had been up to during his adventures.



As she marveled at the sight, Archer gently took her hand, pulling her towards another part of the grand chamber.

Curiosity filled her eyes as they passed a large room, and what she saw left her breathless.

The room sparkled with an enchanting array of colors, illuminated by the radiance of countless gems. Hemera stood still, captivated by the breathtaking display of wealth.

Precious stones adorned the room, from dazzling diamonds to deep-hued sapphires and vibrant emeralds. She felt awed, realizing the mountain of gold coins was just the beginning.

With its untold riches in gems, the sparkling room vividly depicted Archer's remarkable adventures and wealth.

[Back to Archer]

As they made their way to his bedroom, Hemera suddenly stopped. Her eyes widened, and her gaze fixated on an even more colossal mountain of gold coins in the back.

This new pile dwarfed the previous one. The sheer scale of the wealth before her left her utterly shocked, wondering how many realms he must have bankrupted.

Sensing her astonishment, Archer turned to see Hemera standing still, staring at the monumental heap of gold.

He approached her with a knowing smile and gently touched her shoulder, causing her to come to and look at him.

She had a curious look on her face before asking. "What will you do with it, Darling? There's so much here, more than you could ever use."

"This," Archer began, his voice tinged with pride and amusement, "is what I've collected since I first ended up in the Southlands until now."

Hemera couldn't tear her eyes away from the vast treasure trove. The mountain of gold seemed to stretch impossibly high, gleaming in the ambient light.

It was a testament to Archer's countless adventures and challenges, each coin representing a story, a victory, or perhaps a narrow escape.

"I've only ever wanted to be free and live how I want," Archer said, his eyes shining as he gazed at his horde.

Archer chuckled before continuing, "But I'm greedy and can't help it. I love gold and taking it from people."

He turned to a smaller pile and said, "I want you, the girls, and our children to have the best, live happy lives. To make that happen, we need gold."

As the grandeur of the treasure-filled chamber surrounded them, Hemera felt an overwhelming surge of affection for Archer.

She moved close to him, wrapping her arms around him gently. Feeling her warmth, he turned to face her with a soft smile.

"I love you, Archer," Hemera whispered, her words carrying the depth of her emotions. "Not for the treasures or the adventures, but for the moments like these, where it's just us."

Archer's eyes softened, and he placed a hand on her face. "And I love you, Hemi. More than all the gold and gems in the world. You girls are my greatest treasures."

Leaning in, she gently kissed his lips, surprising him. In that moment, the world around them faded away, leaving only the warmth of their connection.

Hemera's gaze held a lingering affection as their lips parted from a tender kiss, but as she attempted to step back, a sudden stumble hinted that something had captured her attention.

Her eyes shifted toward the room filled with gems, and she approached it, disappearing inside as Archer looked on, his confusion evident.

#### Chapter 458 Sunfire Gems (R18)

Archer was curious, so he followed her inside, wondering what had captivated the elf's interest.

He found her peering into a chest, deep in thought and murmuring to herself. Hemera held a bright yellow gem, its radiant glow capturing her fascination.

Hemera turned to him with her eyes shining as she spoke excitedly. "Darling! How did you get these? Why do you have so many?"

She looked so excited that Archer didn't know what to do, so he asked. "What are they?"

"Have you never heard of a Sunfire Gem?" she questioned confusedly.

Archer furrowed his brow, a curious expression crossing his face. "Can't say that I have. What is it?"

Hemera's eyes sparkled with enthusiasm as she began to unravel the mystery. "Sunfire Gems are extraordinary gemstones infused with the pure essence of sunlight. They are rare, exquisite, and incredibly potent in harnessing solar energy. For sun elf mages like me, they're prized treasures."

He leaned in, his interest piqued. "What makes them so special? Why do sun elf mages desire them so much?"

She explained, "The magic of my race is intricately connected to the sun's power. The gems amplify the sun's energy, acting as conduits for our spells. When a mage channels its magic through a gem, it intensifies its strength and powers up spells. It's like adding the pure essence of sunlight to our magic."

Archer nodded with a smile as he asked. "So, it enhances your magic. That sounds impressive. But why are these gems so coveted?"

A mischievous smile played on Hemera's lips as she continued, "Not only do Sunfire Gems enhance our spells, but they are also incredibly scarce. The process of creating them is a closely guarded secret among our top-ranked mages. It involves a ritual during the Summer Solstice, where the gem absorbs the maximum intensity of sunlight. It's a delicate and rare occurrence, making each one a precious commodity."

His eyes widened in understanding. "So, they're not just powerful; they're hard to come by. No wonder sun elf mages would go to great lengths to acquire them."

Hemera nodded, her golden eyes gleaming. "Exactly. Having a Sunfire Gem is a symbol of prestige among sun elves. It elevates their magical prowess and grants them respect within our community. And, of course, the allure of enhancing their spells with the pure radiance of sunlight is irresistible."

Archer chuckled, appreciating the significance. "Sounds like these gems are quite the hot commodity. Pun intended."

She laughed but started looking at more of them and asked curiously. "Where did you get these?"

"I got them from the Delphosia Republic and other kingdoms in Mediterra when I defeated them. I can't say for certain, but there might be two or three chests of these, perhaps even more," he replied truthfully.

Upon hearing this, Hemera was further astounded, uncertain how to react, as all sun elves understood the significance of these stones.

Archer then closed his eyes to survey the room. When he opened them again, a look of shock crossed his face as he spoke, "I have eleven chests of Sunfire Gems and a dozen chests of dark gems."

Upon hearing this, Hemera's shock deepened, and she mumbled, "You have Lunar Gems too? How? They are even rarer."

He chuckled before responding, "My Sun, I've destroyed so many kingdoms and castles that I've lost count. I've amassed more wealth than I could spend in a lifetime, acquiring numerous rare and priceless gems. You can have the Sunfire Gems if you wish, but I want to gift a few to Mother and your father."

Hemera's smile widened, and she eagerly lunged at him, wrapping her arms and legs around him in excitement.

The joyful sun elf began kissing his neck and tearing off his shirt. Her hands found their way to his chest, fingers tracing the contours of his muscular form.

Their kisses grew fervent, and Archer could feel her desire rising to meet his own. They eventually parted, his violet eyes now gleaming with lust.

He pushed her against a nearby table, leaving her with a grin on her face as she lifted the back of her kaftan to show him her pink panties.

When the sun elf did this, he pounced on her and pulled them down to reveal her perfect slit, which caused his member to rage.

After that, he dived in and started licking her while rubbing her clit, causing Hemera to moan in pleasure as she felt his tongue exploring her cave of wonders.

"Mmmmnghmmghh!!~~ Archer!"

Archer explored every inch of her with his tongue, making the elf's body tighten. She clutched the table's edge and let out louder moans.

He widened her legs and explored her with his tongue, causing the sun elf to scream in pleasure.

"Ahgggnnhhh!!~~"

His attack continued as he slipped a finger inside her and slowly moved it in and out until she was soaking wet.

The gems radiated, casting vibrant hues illuminating the room as they linked with Archer's mana.

Chaos ensued as mana surged into Hemera, and she eagerly welcomed and absorbed it as it intensified everything.

However, shortly after, he stopped teasing her, recognizing that she was already leaking, which told him that she was ready.

Archer positioned himself behind the pleasure-filled girl and gently pressed his manhood against her cave as he slipped inside her, coating himself in her juices, which were already flowing.

With a deep sigh, she yearned for him to fill her cave completely. Her voice was filled with desire as she called his name, "Archer, please start. It feels amazing."

Suddenly, a wave of intense desire consumed him when he heard her words and could feel her wet cave tightening around his member, which caused him to let out a groan.

That's when he started thrusting deep while holding onto her slim waist. That's when Draconic Synergy activated, and mana started pouring into Hemera, adding to her pleasure.

"MmmMMmmmmGghh!!~~"

He continued to show his affection for his sun elf, holding onto her shoulder tightly as he passionately made love to her, climaxing and releasing his essence deep inside her.

Hemera's body shook uncontrollably as she reached her climax and squirted all over his thighs, causing her eyes to roll back in her head.

Archer observed her struggling to remain upright, seeing his essence slowly escaping her cave and trickling down her sleek, bronzed limb.

However, his lust for her was far from satisfied, and he looked at Hemera, struggling to regain her composure.

He embraced her firmly and gently laid her on the table. Gazing at her face, he observed an expression of pure happiness in her dazed eyes, accompanied by a mischievous smile.

She whispered, barely catching her breath, "More."

Archer eagerly fulfilled her desires until they were both content. Once they were done, Hemera was left in a daze from the intense sex.

After pulling out of her, he cast Cleanse on them both before they started getting dressed as the couple shared looks.

Hemera then took out a potion and downed it in one gulp. Noticing a faint glow emanating from her, he inquired, "What was that?"

With a mischievous grin, the sun elf replied, "Oh, just a rejuvenation potion. A lustful dragon wore me out, but this will help me get back to my studies."

That's when Archer saw the mana radiating from her body, catching her attention. She looked at herself and asked in a curious voice. "What is this Arch?"

Archer turned to her, a playful gleam in his eyes. "You know, being a white dragon comes with benefits. Like Draconic Synergy, for example."

Hemera's brows furrowed in intrigue. "Draconic Synergy? What's that?"

With a charming grin, he explained, "It's a unique bond between a dragon and his lover. In our case, it's you, my beautiful sun elf. When a dragon and his lover make love, their magic flows, creating a synergy that enhances their abilities."

Hemera's eyes widened with interest. "Enhances abilities? How?"

Archer leaned in, kissing her lips tenderly, continuing, "When we're making love, you absorb mana from my body. Depending on the strength of our bond, the dragon magic can boost your powers. It's like tapping into the raw energy of our union."

She nodded, absorbing the information. "So, the stronger our connection, the more powerful the synergy?"

Archer chuckled, "Exactly. It's a unique magic tailored for white dragons and their wives. But here's the interesting part: if I were to be with a partner of a being of higher rank than me, I'd benefit from the boost."

Hemera raised an eyebrow, intrigued. "You mean, if I were stronger magically, you'd get the power boost?"

Archer nodded a mischievous glint in his eyes. "Indeed. But don't worry, my love, I'm not complaining. The synergy we share is already quite potent."

The sun elf's smile widened, and she nodded in fascination. After pondering for a while, she paced around, murmuring to herself. "We must test this. I need to inquire with the other girls tonight. This will be intriguing."

While she was doing that, Archer walked over to the chest with the Sunfire Gems and brought it over to Hemera.

He sat on it and started watching the nerdy elf with a smile before she turned to him.

Chapter 459 Elemental Affinities and Mana Control



Archer watched as Hemera paused her contemplation, her murmurs fading away. She redirected her attention toward him, curiosity sparkling in her eyes.

"Why are you sitting on a chest? Especially with such treasure?" she inquired.

He started laughing as he stood up and pointed to the chest. "Sorry, I was watching you and couldn't help myself. But here you can have this."

Archer opened the chest and took six Sinfire Gems before sliding it toward her. Hemera quickly stored it in her ring.

She looked at him with a big smile and spoke with a voice full of love. "Thank you for the sex and gems. They will be helpful for my studies. You may want to give those Lunar Gems to Hecate."

Upon hearing the girl's gratitude, he burst into laughter, reveling in their lack of shyness.

Hemera, observing him, tilted her head inquisitively. Archer took her hand and suggested, "Let's head back now. We should have our next lesson."

The sun elf nodded in agreement as he opened a portal. Together, they stepped through, reappearing at the library table where he had been sitting.

He noticed more students were inside thanks to his heightened hearing, which, despite annoying him at times, he had grown accustomed to.

Hemera looked at him and spoke in a happy voice. "What's your next class, Darling?"

Archer quickly answered as he saw a group of three older students sitting a few tables away.

"I have Elemental Affinities and Mana Control, my sun. What about you?"

"I have Combat Magic, but after, do you want to meet for lunch?" Hemera asked.

He nodded his head as he answered with a smile. "Of course. We can eat with the others."

After speaking, he led her out of the library. Archer saw Margaret sitting at the desk, and she looked up and said bye as they left.

Once they were out, Hemera kissed him before making her way to class. Archer did the same and ran across a scene that made him laugh.

Sera was shouting at a human boy who looked confused and frightened. The dragon girl passionately intended to cook him for bad-mouthing her sweetheart.

Upon hearing this, Archer narrowed his eyes but let her deal with it. His decision proved wise when the redhead slapped the boy.

The boy slammed to the floor as she lunged forward while dodging another boy's punch and used her slender red tail to swipe his legs, causing him to drop.

Once on the floor, Sera kicked the boy in the head, sending him skidding along the floor, which caused some of the students to watch the cheer.

That's when another two boys appeared, but this caused Sera to laugh. While this was happening, all the other students watched in excitement as they cheered on the dragon girl.

Sera, a fiery whirlwind of punches and kicks, finished the fight. Her movements blended precision and strength, skillfully taking down her opponents.

The onlookers swept up in the unexpected display of martial prowess, erupted into an even louder cheer.

As the cheers echoed through the air, the professors swiftly appeared on the scene, their stern expressions revealing their disapproval.

Professor Ashguard and Silvercrest swiftly broke up the fight, which was already over, calling for a healer to tend to the four injured boys.

The stern expressions of the professors conveyed their disapproval of the unruly situation.

Turning her attention to Sera, Professor Ashguard inquired, "What happened here?"

With a wicked grin, Sera spilled the beans, "Oh, they insulted Archer, and you know that's like poking a dragon with a stick. Had to school 'em a bit."

Her eyes gleamed excitedly as she continued, "And you're asking for trouble. Let me show you what happens!"

She launched into a vivid demonstration with a burst of energy, throwing powerful shadowboxing moves and delivering a series of well-timed kicks.

Her animated explanation turned into an impromptu martial arts performance, capturing the attention of the onlookers.

"First, you insult our sweetheart," she declared, throwing a jab in the air. "Then, you get a taste of this!"

Sera punctuated her words with a swift roundhouse kick, sending imaginary foes flying. "And trust me, it's not a flying lesson they signed up for!"

The students gathered around, eyes wide, as she continued her dynamic display. "And if you think that's all, oh no!"

Another punches and kicks followed, accompanied by exaggerated sound effects and theatrical flourishes.

Archer watched with amusement and pride, knowing that Sera sometimes got hyper, which he loved about her.

The cheers from the crowd indicated that her performance had struck a chord, turning the threat of retaliation into a sidesplitting spectacle.

As the laughter echoed, Sera finished her demonstration with a dramatic bow, eliciting even more applause from the entertained audience.

After she finished her dynamic display, Jade and Gianna exchanged glances, simultaneous thoughts crossing their minds. 'We have a jokester. But she is entertaining.'

Jade shook her head with amusement and addressed the redhead with a gentle smile. "Well, Sera, if they insult your beloved, challenge them to a duel."

The dragon girl looked up at Jade and replied, "Okay, but they were here, and so was I, so I dealt with them."

Turning around, she spotted Archer standing there, watching her with a smile. Sera couldn't contain her excitement and rushed toward Archer with excitement.

Playfully, she lunged at him. Archer, with a grin, opened his arms wide and caught the dragon girl in a warm embrace.

Sera, uniquely displaying her affection, began nibbling on his neck. Archer shivered when he felt her do that.

While Archer was pampering, Sera Jade ushered the students forward, instructing them to attend class before they got a warning.

Afterward, she approached the couple and addressed them, saying, "It's time for class for both of you as well."

Sera reluctantly climbed off him, and they nodded before walking to class. Archer had Elemental Affinities and Mana Control alongside Sera, Ella, and Leira.

The two left the crowd behind while Sera giggled as Archer complimented her performance.

As they made their way down the corridor, the bustling energy of students and the distant murmur of activities surrounded them.

Sera, ever the playful dragon, couldn't resist a bit of good-natured teasing.

"So, Archer," she began with a sly grin, "do you ever worry that your own reflection might fall in love with you? I mean, you're practically the poster child for handsome."

With a hint of amusement in his eyes, Archer decided to play along. He gently poked Sera's sides, causing her to laugh. "Well, I've been told my charm is legendary. But, I promise, I try not to let it go to my head."

After recovering from the unexpected tickle, she chuckled, "Legendary might be an understatement. I bet you could even sway your mother with those looks of yours."

Archer disapproved mockingly, "Now you're just being outrageous. Let's not bring my mother into this."

Their banter continued, laughter echoing through the corridor as they approached the classroom.

The teasing exchange between Archer and Sera added a touch of humor to their walk, creating a light and jovial atmosphere that lingered as they stepped into the upcoming class.

Upon entering, a hushed murmur of students engrossed in pre-lesson tasks enveloped the room.

Surveying the surroundings, Archer and Sera's attention was drawn to Ella and Leira stationed at the back.

The genuine joy in their friends' smiles mirrored the shared excitement of the approaching lesson. With a welcoming gesture, Ella beckoned them to join at their table.

Archer graciously accepted the invitation, strolling over and gracefully taking a seat while observing the subtle blush on Leira's cheeks.

With a warm smile, he greeted the girls, "Hello, El and Leira. How was your last lesson?"

Ella responded with enthusiasm, her voice carrying a joyful tone, "It was fun. But it's even better now that we're with you."

Archer's smile widened, appreciating the camaraderie. His attention shifted to Leira, silently acknowledging her presence as Sera conversed with Ella.

He shifted his attention to Leira while grinning, avoiding direct eye contact before leaning in to murmur into her quivering cat-like ear, "How do you feel about my dragon tattoo?"

Upon hearing his question, her tail straightened, and her ears turned towards him before she averted her gaze, responding in a hushed tone. "I like it. I can feel a connection to you, my dragon."

Archer's face lit up with joy at her words, and he seized the cat girl's hand, expressing his happiness. "I'm glad you like it."

Observing his smile, she shook her head and voiced her thoughts. "The others told me about it, but it's different hearing about it to experiencing it."

He nodded understandingly before elaborating on all the benefits of the tattoo.

Leira, taken aback by the surprising details, found herself smiling by the end, expressing her gratitude with a gentle kiss on his cheek.

Chapter 460 Professor Riftwalker

Their moment was interrupted as the Professor entered the classroom and called for attention. "Okay, children, be quiet and get ready to learn."

Archer's gaze remained fixed on the short, brown-haired man clad in a black suit and adorned with a cloak.

With his sharp, blue eyes, the Professor surveyed the room until they landed on Archer, Ella, Leira, and Sera.

Glancing at Archer and the girls, the older man spoke heartily, "Looks like some new faces have joined the mix. I'm Professor Silas Riftwalker. It's time for introductions."

With boundless enthusiasm, Sera sprang to her feet, a wide smile illuminating her face as she exclaimed, "I'm Sera Wyldheart."

In her elegant manner, Ella followed suit, introducing herself with a graceful nod, "I'm Ella Wyldheart."

Leira, exhibiting the poise of a princess, introduced herself with effortless grace, "I'm Leira Avalon."

As the introductions unfolded, Archer stood with a charismatic smile, his gaze sweeping across the S-class students.

With confidence and a touch of playfulness, he spoke, "Well. I'm Archer Wyldheart, known by some as the most handsome dragon on Pluoria."

His words were accompanied by a wink, adding a lighthearted flair to the introduction.

Archer's charming smile and undeniable charisma stood out in the S class. As he introduced himself, giggles swept through the female students.

Their eyes couldn't help but linger on the handsome boy who seemed to command attention effortlessly.

Meanwhile, the male students, already feeling a twinge of envy, observed with a growing sense of disdain.

Archer's easy charm and the presence of the three stunning beauties beside him only fueled their resentment.

The atmosphere in the room became a mix of giggles from the enamored girls and glares from the jealous boys, creating a dynamic tension that lingered in the air.

As the whispers and glares spread through the classroom, Professor Riftwalker sternly silenced the gossiping girls and shot disapproving glances at the envious boys.

After restoring order, he turned his attention to Archer with a serious demeanor.

"So, you fancy yourself handsome, huh?" The professor's voice dripped with a jealous undertone.

"Sure, you've got your charm, but let's not pretend you're the pinnacle of looks, especially in this college. I've seen men with more allure, you know."

Archer flashed a confident grin at the older man. "Honestly, the opinion of some random human doesn't bother me. I'm engaged to nine beautiful princesses, and there's no doubt that number will only grow." With a dismissive wave, he turned his attention to the female students.

"What do you think, ladies?" Archer inquired, a charismatic glint in his eyes.

The collective response was a chorus of admiration. "Godly and very handsome," they declared in unison.

The praise echoed through the room, and Ella, Sera, and Leira couldn't help but beam with pride, knowing that this self-assured man was their husband.



Archer, still grinning confidently, concluded with a casual shrug. "Look, I know I'm handsome and can't control that. It's just the hand I was dealt, you know? Some men are doomed to be alone, while others," he glanced meaningfully at Ella, Sera, and Leira, "end up with many wives."

The insinuation irked the professor, who ignored the dragon boy's remark, suppressing any visible reaction.

Despite the tension and disapproval in the air, Archer remained confident, unfazed by the older man's silent displeasure.

Professor Riftwalker began, his voice carrying a certain resonance that demanded attention. "Today, we delve into the fundamental principles of Elemental Affinities and Mana Control. As budding mages, it's imperative that you grasp these concepts with precision."

He gestured towards the large magical diagram on the chalkboard, displaying a wheel with different elemental symbols interconnected like a complex puzzle.

"Elemental Affinities," he continued, "are the innate connections between a mage and the primordial forces that govern our world. Each of you has a natural inclination towards one or more elements."

Pointing to the symbols on the board, he explained, "Fire, water, earth, air, lightning, ice, and more – these elements resonate within the very core of our being. It's crucial to discover your primary affinity as it forms the foundation for your magical prowess."

The students exchanged curious glances as they absorbed this information.

"Now, let's talk about Mana Control," Professor Riftwalker continued, pacing back and forth.

"Mana is the lifeblood of magic. It's the raw energy that flows through everything in existence. As mages, your ability to control and channel mana is paramount. It's not just about power; it's about finesse."

He conjured a small flame, the flickering fire dancing to an invisible rhythm. "Mana Control is the art of manipulating this energy to cast spells of varying complexities. It requires focus, discipline, and an intimate understanding of the elemental forces you seek to command."

The professor then turned his attention to a crystal orb on his desk. "Watch closely," he instructed.

With a graceful wave of his hand, the orb lifted into the air and began to spin, surrounded by a shimmering aura of water and air.

"This is an example of Elemental Fusion, a technique that combines two or more elements for a synergistic effect. Mastery of such techniques will set you apart as accomplished mages."

The students furiously scribbled notes, eager to absorb the shared knowledge. Professor Riftwalker concluded, "Your journey in mastering Elemental Affinities and Mana Control begins now. It's not just about studying theories but understanding the profound connection between yourselves and the very fabric of magic. Practice diligently, and the secrets of the arcane will unfold before you."

The room buzzed with excitement as newfound understanding spread among the students. Archer turned his attention to the cat girl, who conversed with Ella.

Noticing Archer's gaze, she smiled and responded, "How many lessons do we have a day?"

Leira giggled before answering, "Didn't you hear in Homeroom? We have three core subjects and two extra classes. However, due to someone causing a late start, we'll have to wait until tomorrow to begin the extra classes."

She shot him a playful look, a big smile, and continued, "But you should have paid attention earlier."

Archer nodded, acknowledging her explanation, and casually used his tail to stroke up her back, slipping it into her shirt.

Leira couldn't help but shiver when she felt Archer's tail, and as she looked directly at him, she found him grinning from ear to ear, realizing the cat girl enjoyed the playful gesture.

Swiftly, she swatted his tail away, prompting laughter from Archer. Unfazed, he decided to try the same with the other two girls, starting with Ella.

Archer's slender yet muscular tail moved with sinuous grace, finding its way to Ella and gliding onto her thigh, causing her to let out a surprised yelp.

Despite trying to concentrate on the professor's words, she couldn't ignore the sensation of Archer's tail tip delicately stroking her inner thigh.

Brimming with unmistakable desire, her blue eyes locked onto Archer's, and she grinned as she teasingly remarked, "You naughty dragon. We can continue this back in the domain."

Completing her statement, Ella maintained her playful demeanor and affectionately stroked Archer's tail, creating a lighthearted yet charged atmosphere amid the classroom excitement.

As Ella playfully stroked his tail, Archer felt a shiver, eliciting laughter from the half-elf at his reaction.

Undeterred, he repeated the gesture with Sera, who responded by wrapping her tail around him lovingly, bringing a smile to Archer's face.

Turning to him with a playful grin and her ruby-red eyes glowing, the redhead commented, "That feels good, sweetheart."

The exchange of affectionate gestures further warmed the room's lively atmosphere.

It was at this moment that Professor Riftwalker resumed speaking. "To increase your mana capacity, you must level up and consistently utilize your mana."

Upon concluding his statement, Archer inquired, "What is the standard amount of mana someone should have?"

The professor regarded him with a neutral expression before responding, "That's a thoughtful question, Archer, and there isn't a one-size-fits-all answer."

Turning around, he gestured with his hand, revealing a list of various races and corresponding numbers next to them, leaving Archer puzzled.

Professor Riftwalker paced back and forth, focusing on the magical diagram on the board.

The room fell into hushed anticipation as he began delving into the intricate connection between races and their attunement to mana.

"Mana, like I said before is the lifeblood of magic, flows differently in each race," he began, his voice carrying a certain gravitas.

"Understanding your race's affinity to mana is crucial for harnessing your full potential as a mage."

He pointed to the list of races displayed on the board. "For instance, elves are naturally attuned to the ethereal aspects of mana. Their connection allows for finesse and precision in spellcasting. On the other hand, dwarves possess a remarkable resilience, allowing them to withstand more significant mana currents."

The board gave numbers on the varying levels of mana capacity associated with the different races.

"As for humans," the professor continued, "they possess a unique adaptability. While they may not excel in a particular type of mana, their versatility allows them to tap into various elements with relative ease."