

## **A Journey 481**

### Chapter 481 The Fall Of Riverbend City

The Professor spoke. "Sit next to Zarina Archer. I was just about to tell the class about a legend from the southern continent, Avidia."

Archer nodded his head and walked over to the desk. He sat down and caught the redhead's attention, but she quickly returned to reading.

That's when the Professor spoke. "Well, students, this story is familiar to the Doom of Frosthalm, but how the city fell was much different."

The class fell silent as Professor Drakebane prepared to recount a grim tale.

His eyes bore the weight of a haunting memory as he began to speak. "Today, class, we delve into a tragedy that has left a mark on the pages of history, the Fall of Riverbend City that happened nearly one hundred years ago."

With a wave of his hand, he cast a spell that showed the image of a city once pulsating with life.

Archer witnessed many ships arriving in the city to trade and a lively city full of life. There were mothers with their children shopping in the markets.

Merchants were selling their wares on the street, and a group of men constructed a new building by the docks.

Streets lined with shops and boutiques beckoned people to enter with their displays of wares and promises of deals.

Canopies of blossoming flowers adorned ornate balconies that overlooked the busy thoroughfares.

A network of bridges arched gracefully over winding canals. A magnificent plaza in the city's heart unfolded, a convergence of culture and prosperity.

The air was fragrant with the aromas of exotic cuisines emanating from bustling open-air markets.

Street performers captivated onlookers with their talents, and children's laughter echoed from a meticulously landscaped park.

But then the Professor effortlessly changed the scene, showing the student a haunting picture of the city's current state.

It now lay in ruins, a haunting echo of its former grandeur. Once gleaming symbols of prosperity.

Towering buildings were now charred black by the destruction. The air was thick with acrid smoke, casting a pall of despair over the decimated city.

Where once lively streets had thrived now lay debris and remnants of what was. Riverbends's once grand plaza, a hub of culture, was now desolate.

The bridges that once spanned over the canals now stood in various states of decay, depicted in the vivid image painted by the Professor.

Archer observed the crumbling structures and noticed broken, abandoned ships drifting aimlessly through the stagnant waters.

The haunting scene invoked memories of the tales surrounding the Doom of Frostholm and the unsettling details he had read about before.

But that's when he saw something that shocked him. Amidst the ruined city, everyone saw humanoid creatures, grotesque and malevolent, roaming with a purpose.

Their skin, as dark as the charred remnants of the city, seemed to absorb what little light remained.

Sinister red, lifeless eyes gleamed with a malevolence that betrayed any semblance of humanity.

These abominable entities moved around the city, hunting down citizens who cowered in their homes and forts.

Harrowing cries of terror echoed through the streets as the creatures captured their prey, dragging them away.

The city, once a beacon of wealth on the eastern side of Avidia, now lay in the grip of a nightmare.

A place where dreams had turned to ashes and the pursuit of wealth had given way to the cruel whims of unknown creatures.

That's when the Professor flicked his hand, and the image vanished, but he continued speaking.

"The city, situated along the banks of the Wildfire River, which was once a source of life and prosperity for the people, but the waters turned into its doom."

Professor Drakebane's gaze bore into each student, holding them captive with the intensity of his narrative.

"From the depths of the River emerged horrifying humanoid creatures, their origin shrouded in mystery. They swarmed the city, relentless in their savagery."

A collective shiver ran through the room as Professor Drakebane continued, "These creatures, the so-called 'Dwellers of the Abyss,' carried out a nightmarish campaign. Citizens, young and old, were seized by them, their desperate screams echoing as they were dragged back into the dark waters."

He paused, allowing the weight of the tale to settle upon the students. The air in the room grew heavy as he spoke of the invaders making the city their home, ensnaring anyone foolhardy enough to enter.

"And so," Drakebane concluded, his voice tinged with solemnity, "Riverbend City became a forsaken place. The Dwellers of the Abyss guard their newfound home, trapping anyone who ventures too close, their dark waters concealing the horrors beneath."

As the professor wrapped up his spine-chilling tale, a heavy silence settled over the room, leaving the students gripped by a mix of dread and fascination for the ominous story they had just heard.

Yet, Archer's curiosity caused him to ask, "Have any of the kingdoms or empires on Avidia attempted to reclaim the city?"

The older man solemnly shook his head before responding, "Numerous attempts have been made, but none have succeeded. A handful of adventurers did manage to return once, but their accounts were filled with tales of nightmarish scenes and grotesque creatures."

"Interesting," Archer spoke to himself, mentally noting down the idea of visiting the city when he eventually ventured south.

The redheaded girl, Zarina, overheard him and chuckled, capturing Archer's attention. He turned to her quizzically, asking, "What's so funny?"

Setting her book aside, she responded, "I can see you're eager to visit such a place, but it's perilous. Even Demi-Gods shy away; one met their end there about ten years ago."

Acknowledging her warning with a nod, Archer shifted his focus to the professor, who had returned to his desk and gathered a stack of papers.

The Professor cleared his throat, drawing the attention of the hushed room. With an air of anticipation, he spoke.

"Now, students, legends, and mysteries have some truth to them, but today, I propose a project that will test your research skills and delve into the heart of some that have left their mark on history."

He paced in front of the class, the boards creaking beneath his weight. "Each of you will choose a well-known legend or mystery, whether it be the disappearance of the Solar Knight Legion, the mythical jungle city of Azura, or the unsolved riddles of the mist-covered lost cities. You must sift through facts and present what you have done in the next class."

Students buzzed with excitement as they exchanged glances and thought about their choices.

The Professor continued, "Choose wisely as the journey of discovery begins now."

With that, he walked around the class while handing out a guide for the project. Archer saw Zarina with an excited look on her face.

She saw his reaction and spoke. "I love legends and figuring out old mysteries. My family are treasure hunters, so this class helps."

He was about to reply, but the Professor interrupted when the older man stood before the class with a gentle smile, his eyes reflecting wisdom and enthusiasm.

Everyone went quiet in anticipation as he began to share something. "Education is not just about gaining knowledge; it's about finding your passions, the spark that ignites your curiosity."

He paced the front of the room before continuing. "That's why I give myself student projects around topics I am passionate about. Whether it's the mysteries of lost civilizations or uncovering the secrets hidden within legends, I believe it can be infectious."

Pausing, he made eye contact with each student, his gaze sincere. "My hope is that through these class projects, you don't just learn facts and figures, but you uncover your own passions."

The professor's eyes twinkled with genuine warmth. "In understanding what captivates you, you embark on a journey of self-discovery. It's not just about completing assignments; it's about finding what makes your soul come alive. Because, my dear students, a life spent pursuing your passions is a life well-lived."

As he concluded, the room filled with the students speaking among themselves after realizing that education under this professor would be fun.

Archer liked the sound of it because he could find treasures thanks to them. But as he examined the room, he saw the sadness in the Professor's eyes.

He wondered why the older man was sad, then remembered that his sister was still in Frosthalm or the surrounding area, but thought she was gone.

Tiamat told him she was still alive, but it wasn't time to meet, so he wouldn't tell the Professor because he knew the man would rush north.

But the man shook his head and continued with the class for another hour, talking about the Riverbend incident and informing the students about everything he knew.

While he did this, Archer looked around the room and saw a lot of bookshelves full to the brim with old tomes and battered books.

There were maps on the walls showing faraway lands he had never seen, but was interrupted by the bell which announced the end of the day.

He stood up while saying bye to Zarina as he made his way out of the room and looked for Ella to take her out.

#### Chapter 482 Sharp Slaps

Exiting the classroom, Archer navigated the corridors until he reached one of the exits.

As he stepped outside, he noticed the falling snow had ceased, leaving a serene blanket of ankle-high snow covering the surroundings.

The walkway, however, had been cleared of the snow. Just as Archer was about to continue, he found his path blocked by the same group of girls from earlier on.

The familiar blonde girl stood there with a self-assured expression, catching his attention. Swiftly, she spoke, "You're going to accompany me on a walk. Otherwise, my mother will be displeased that you've rejected his only daughter. Besides, you should count yourself fortunate that I find you intriguing."

Upon hearing this, Archer erupted into laughter, a wild and unrestrained outburst that bewildered the group.

The outspoken sidekick confronted him, his tone challenging, "Why are you laughing? You being handsome doesn't excuse disrespect when my lady speaks. Treat her with the respect she deserves."

Archer shifted his gaze to the unassuming human, his grin lingering as he replied, "What makes your lady so exceptional? She pales in comparison to my fiancées. Why should I entertain her fake advances? Does she believe she can gain some benefit from me?"

Amidst the persistent laughter echoing in the courtyard, Eliza, the noble girl, grew increasingly delusional.

Her eyes gleamed with an unwarranted sense of entitlement as she pointed a finger at Archer. "Peasant! You should be honored that a noble such as myself is even considering a date with the likes of you. My father will be gravely disappointed if you refuse."

Unable to hold it in anymore erupted into a laugh reverberating through the courtyard.

When the laughter subsided, he wiped away a tear and, with a sly grin, responded, "Oh, Eliza, you're entertaining. But I think you're missing a crucial detail here."

With an air of theatricality, Archer straightened his posture. "My last name hasn't always been Wyldheard. It was Ashguard. And, for your information, my father is none other than Duke Leonard Ashguard of the Mistwood Duchy."

A hushed silence fell upon the group as the revelation hung. Eliza's smug expression faltered, replaced by shock and disbelief.

The others exchanged glances, trying to process the unexpected twist.

"Duke Leonard Ashguard?" Eliza stuttered, her composure crumbling. "But... that's impossible. You're not a noble anymore. You're just a commoner, an average citizen after you were kicked out of the family."

Archer chuckled, his amusement undeterred. "Ah, the beauty of assumptions. I may have chosen a different path, but I don't care about being a noble."

Now infuriated and humiliated, Eliza snapped, "You can't fool me with your lies. Once a noble, now just a peasant. How pathetic!"

Archer, still grinning, replied with a wink, "Believe what you will. But I assure you, my reality is far more intriguing than your fantasies."

As his laughter stopped, he decided to tell them about his girls.

"You know," he began with a grin, "I'm engaged to not one, not two, but eight princesses from all corners of Pluoria. And, to add a bit more excitement, I'm also engaged to the famed General Sia Silverthrone herself. Quite the impressive lineup, don't you think?"

Eliza's eyes widened in disbelief, her initial anger replaced by a mix of shock and resentment. Fueled by fury, she turned to her lackeys and, in a fit of rage, ordered them to attack Archer.

However, as the lackeys prepared to carry out the command, a mischievous giggle resonated from behind them.

The entire courtyard turned to witness a brown-skinned girl with flowing pink hair and glowing pink eyes stepping forward.

Her presence exuded an otherworldly aura. When the girl's eyes locked onto Eliza, she spoke with an air of authority, "You dare court my husband, human?"

The shock that had frozen the group moments ago intensified. Eliza, now caught between disbelief and confusion, stammered, "H-husband? What are you talking about?"

When Archer saw her, a big smile appeared as he spoke lovingly. "Nefi. It's good that you're here.



"Just stand back, my husband, and let me deal with this harlot trying to get close to you." She said with a voice full of hate.

He nodded before stepping back and introducing her to the noble group with a grin. "This is Nefertiti Sharifi. Third Princess of the Zenia Empire in the south and one of my fiances, she's angry with you."

That's when Nefertiti's pink hair cascaded like spun silk and her eyes aglow like ethereal orbs, raised her delicate hands.

Arcane power rippled through the air, transforming her into an enchanting visage resembling a celestial devil.

Her pink hair was like flames, her eyes glowed as her succubus features appeared, and she looked like an evil version of herself.

When Archer saw this, he grew excited at this side of his southern princess.

In an explosive burst of energy, Nefertiti, her form radiating an ethereal glow, lunged forward with a grace that defied the laws of physics.

Swift as a fluttering petal, she closed the gap between herself and Eliza's underlings, her every movement a dance of lethal elegance.

They were still recovering from the shock of her sudden appearance and ensnared in a whirlwind of deadly strikes.

Nefertiti's hands moved like a symphony of shadows, seamlessly weaving through the air as she quickly incapacitated them.

Each strike was deliberate and precise. She evaded their weak attempts at defense, effortlessly disarming them with a combination of well-timed parries and counterattacks.

Despite their initial aggression, the underlings were rendered helpless against the onslaught.

As the last student crumpled to the ground. Nefertiti stood amidst the fallen. Her pink eyes gleamed with jealousy and protectiveness as she surveyed the courtyard.

That's when her gaze landed on a scared Eliza. The blonde girl was looking at her with fear in her eyes, which made Archer laugh even more as he enjoyed the show even more.

Nefertiti approached the trembling girl, who was backing away. The succubus's tail swayed behind her, its movements a mix of anger and excitement.

As she drew nearer, the distinct outline of her horns became more apparent, adding an eerie charm to her ethereal presence.

Wide-eyed and fear-stricken, Eliza could hardly comprehend the supernatural spectacle before her. The swaying tail and the imposing horn left her paralyzed with dread.

With a sudden burst of speed, Nefertiti seized Eliza by the neck, lifting her off the ground.

Nefertiti's tail swirled excitedly behind her, creating an unsettling contrast to the apparent gentleness of her grip.

As Eliza dangled in Nefertiti's grasp, the succubus delivered a series of sharp slaps to the girl's face, each strike accompanied by a burst of energy.

The resounding echoes of the blows filled the air, and Eliza's fear manifested in wide-eyed shock and pained whimpers.

Nefertiti slammed Eliza to the ground, causing the courtyard to reverberate with the impact. She screamed in pain, her cries echoing through the once-silent space.

Nefertiti warned the girl with a voice that seemed to carry echoes from another realm. "Don't you ever try anything with my husband again, harlot? You can't force him into anything like the other men you've done it to."

When she was this close to the blonde girl, Nefertiti stopped when she smelt something that disgusted her.

"Ewww, you whore. You're this young and already bedded so many men. You're disgusting." She commented, her voice full of venom

Nefertiti's patience wore thin as she glared down at Eliza. Her elegant demeanor, replaced by a fierce intensity, launched into a scathing tirade.

"You're nothing but a shameless whore," Nefertiti spat with venom, her words cutting through the air.

"You think you can slink your way into my man's pants? Well, let me be clear. A whore like you will never get near him. He deserves more than a desperate, pathetic slut like you."

Nefertiti, fueled by sudden anger, began landing a series of swift and precise blows, her once graceful motions now a storm of controlled strikes.

Each hit carried the weight of her contempt. The courtyard echoed with the sickening sound of blows connecting, punctuated by Eliza's cries of pain.

The succubus's relentless assault served as a lesson, a vivid portrayal of the consequences of attempting to claim what was not rightfully hers.

Eliza confronted a harsh reality as Nefertiti's relentless fury persisted. The confident noble, once assured of her advances on Archer, now faced the stark consequences of her actions.

Archer observed the tumult, Nefertiti teaching Eliza a resounding lesson.

However, their clash was abruptly halted by the sudden appearance of professors who swiftly intervened.

As the tension diffused, the pink-haired princess approached Archer. She tenderly wrapped her arms around his shoulders, sealing the moment with a sweet kiss.

The tender moment between Archer and the pink-haired princess concluded with a gentle separation.

She leaned in, her lips brushing his ear as she whispered, "You're mine, and I hate that you have other girls. But as long as you don't neglect me, I'm happy. Tomorrow, after classes, I want to go on a date. Will you take me husband?"

Archer's smile widened as he nodded in agreement. He sealed the promise with a tender kiss on her forehead as Professor Ashguard approached them.

Chapter 483 Where Did You Get This From

Archer saw the bear woman and smiled at her, but the Professor asked when she arrived in front of the two of them. "What happened here, Mr Wyldheart?"

He looked at the older woman and was about to speak, but Nefertiti interrupted. "She was trying to force Archer on a date, and when he rejected, she got angry, so I dealt with it."

Professor Ashguard let out a heavy sigh, her concern etched on her face, as she gestured for Archer and Nefertiti to step away. "Give the Healers some space," she urged them, recognizing the situation's urgency.

As the College's Healers swiftly arrived, they took charge, attending to Eliza and her underlings with practiced efficiency.

Professor Ashguard kept a watchful eye on the proceedings, her worry not easily concealed, but she still shooed the couple away.

Archer and Nefertiti reluctantly stepped back, allowing the healers to work on tending to the injured before they left.

The college's garden lay beneath a pristine blanket of snow as they strolled through it. The crunching of their footsteps echoed in the crisp winter air.

Nefertiti, her pink hair contrasting with the snowy backdrop, turned to Archer with a thoughtful expression.

Nefertiti turned to Archer, a touch of urgency in her voice. "Husband. I need to visit my parents and pick up some tomes. Can you open a portal to my home?"

He nodded with a warm smile on his face. "Of course, Nefi."

Archer, with a skilled incantation, cast Gate to the Zenian Palace. Nefertiti, appreciative of his assistance, expressed her gratitude with a deep, lingering kiss.

A radiant smile adorned her as she gracefully stepped through the shimmering portal. It closed behind her, leaving Archer in the serene, snowy tranquility of the college garden.

The echoes of their shared moments lingered in the wintry air, a bittersweet resonance in the quietude of the snowy landscape.

Standing in the college garden, Archer marveled at the enchanting snowy landscape that stretched before him.

A feeling of gratitude surged within him as he took in the beauty of the world around him and was happy to find himself here and not in some hellhole.

With the serene scenery as his backdrop, Archer decided to seek out Ella. The thought of spending time together on such a picturesque day excited him.

Determinedly, he set off to find her, eager to share the charm of their wintry surroundings and the warmth of their connection.

Archer walked back into the college, and when he did, he used Aura Detector to scan for the half-elf, but it was blocked, which confused him.

The thought of a particular witch crossed his mind, eliciting a chuckle. He opted for the old-fashioned approach and set out to find her.

After wandering around the college for ten minutes, he spotted her at the entrance, surrounded by the other girls.

When he approached and they spotted him, their smiles brightened. Each girl greeted him individually, ranging from warm smiles to affectionate kisses.

However, Halime and Nala watched the scene with jealous looks. Noticing their feelings, he turned to them before walking over to them.

Archer kissed each one on the cheek, prompting smiles to grace the faces of the two. As he swiftly responded to the urgency, the two girls beside him expressed their happiness.

Excitement infused Sera's voice as she interjected, "Sweetheart, I'm taking Llynriel and Halime to see the Beasthaven and visit the sisters."

He nodded before opening a portal to the domain. The three ladies bid their farewells and stepped through.

Turning his attention to Teuila and Talila conversing with Leira, Nala approached him with a beaming smile as she declared enthusiastically. "Archie! Me and the girls will be training before our date. After that, we can train together."

Archer chuckled upon hearing Nala's excited declaration but greeted the lion girl with a warm smile. She rewarded him with a peck on the cheek before hurrying over to join the other two girls.

Teuila approached him, a smile gracing her blue-haired visage. "So, you're training with us tonight?" she inquired.

He nodded in affirmation, and Teuila responded with a hug before requesting to return to the domain. Archer promptly opened a portal leading to the treehouse.

Talila, approaching with a playful demeanor, shared jokes with him about the upcoming training session, causing Archer to laugh.

That's when he saw Ella, Leira, and Hemera watching the scene before he walked over to them and spoke. "I will take you two out the day after tomorrow."

Hemera and Leira smiled when they heard him. The two girls told him they wanted to return to the domain library and study.

He opened a third portal with a warm smile, and the girls stepped through after sharing hugs. Now, only he and Ella remained, both standing there with smiles.

Archer's gaze fell on the girl who had always been beside him. With her short blonde hair and captivating sky-blue eyes, Ella exuded a charming presence.

Petite and slender, she wore a winter dress that reached her knees and a pair of boots that added to her overall charm.

Archer shook his head with a smile and suggested, "I heard there's a river that runs through the city. Let's find it while taking a walk."

Ella nodded, her eyes lighting up, and she stepped closer, grabbing his arm. They left the college grounds behind, ready to explore the city and stroll by the river.

They walked hand in hand down the road that led to Starfall City. The landscape was transformed into a winter wonderland, with pristine snow covering everything.

The crunch of their footsteps echoed in the crisp air as they strolled beneath the wintry branches of trees lining the road.

As they approached the city, the snow-covered landscape gave way to the lively atmosphere of Starfall.

Buildings adorned with icicles and twinkling lights lined the streets, creating a festive ambiance.

The couple continued their journey, the chilly air filled with the buzz of city life and the soft glow of lanterns guiding their way.

When they got close to the city gate, the towering walls greeted them with an imposing yet welcoming presence.

The gate guard, clad in a uniform adorned with the city's emblem, noticed their approach.

With a friendly nod, he raised the gate, allowing the couple entry into the bustling heart of Starfall.

The gate guard exclaimed warmly. "Enjoy your time in our beautiful city."

"Thank you," Archer replied, reciprocating the smile, and he and Ella stepped into the lively streets beyond.

Starfall City sprawled before them, a tapestry of life and activity. Market stalls lined the cobbled streets.

As they walked, Archer saw merchants and traders selling their wares, ranging from trinkets to warm winter clothing.

The air was rich with street food scents, inviting passersby to sample the local delicacies.

They meandered through the crowded thoroughfares, their surroundings alive with the chatter of residents and visitors alike.



Snowflakes danced down from above, adding a touch of magic to the scene. As they navigated the bustling streets, it gradually gave way to the soothing sounds of the harbor.

The distant cries of birds mingled with the gentle water lapping against the docks. That's when they arrived at Starfall's Harbor.

Archer saw ships with billowing sails bobbed in the water, their masts towering over the waterfront.

That's when he led them along the riverbank as they enjoyed the area's tranquility, the city's lively energy now replaced by the serene embrace of the flowing water.

They walked side by side, exchanging smiles and occasional conversation, the rhythmic footsteps blending with the city's symphony.

The river, a liquid ribbon winding through Starfall, carried ships back and forth, which Archer stopped to watch.

When Ella saw this, she stopped walking and smiled before speaking. "It's beautiful, ain't it."

Massive cargo ships, adorned with colorful flags and sails, gracefully glided into the harbor, their hulls laden with goods from distant lands.

Sailors hurriedly scrambled on the decks, securing ropes and preparing for docking. Sleek and swift merchant ships departed, leaving trails of rippling waves in their wake.

The air was alive with the creaking of wooden masts, the flapping of sails, and the distant calls of seagulls.

"Yeah, it is. But I'm glad I'm here with you, El. Sorry, I haven't spent much time with you girls lately. Life seems to get in the way." Archer spoke as they found a bench to sit on.

Ella looked at him and smiled before speaking. "Don't worry about it, Arch. We have years ahead of us and plenty of time. You seem to forget you, and I both live long, thanks to our races not like the normal humans who haven't leveled up."

Archer nodded when he heard the half-elf and smiled before pulling out the tub of noodles he had bought and two forks.

When Ella saw this, she giggled before commenting. "Where did you get this from?"

He looked at her with a smile before answering. "When I found little Stella. I bought loads of it and wanted you girls to try it."

Chapter 484 Winter Evening

Ella smiled and took a mouth of noodles before eating it. Archer heard her making little adorable noises as it seemed like she loved it.

After eating, the half-elf turned to him with a smile before commenting. "That was lovely."

He nodded. "Yeah, it is, but don't eat too much. I know a restaurant that serves similar food. Let's go there after we check on Hecate."

Ella smiled as the two got up and started walking again. After walking for twenty minutes, they arrived at Dragonheart Potions.

When they arrived, Archer saw people entering and leaving the store. It looked really busy, which pleased him.

The two then entered the shop to see people everywhere as some dragon-kin warriors gave him a bow when they saw him.

Archer waved them off as they continued watching over the shop. That's when he saw Eione and Xanthe working on the register.

He looked around and spotted Thalia, who smiled while waving at him, which he returned.

Recognizing that Hecate and Stella were deeply conversing with customers, the moon elf noticed Archer and offered him a warm smile.

Finishing her interaction, she quickly approached him, followed by Stella, the dog girl, at her side, radiating joy.

The little girl eagerly rushed toward Archer, enthusiastically embracing him as soon as she reached him.

Returning the hug, he inquired, "Hello, Stella. How have you been?"

"I've been fine. Hecate has taught me many good things and made me her assistant shop manager, which is fun." She answered with a big smile.

He nodded before putting her down and ruffling her hair, which caused Stella to laugh. After that, Hecate approached him and hugged him.

The moon elf inquired, "What brings you here, Arch?"

His gaze followed Ella, who was being guided around the shop by Stella; her excitement was evident. A smile played on Archer's lips as he observed them.

Turning his attention to the grey-skinned girl who had occupied his dreams. He felt a surge of happiness at having her in his life.

Hecate, known for her intelligence and passion for studying and creating, had shifted her focus to perfecting potion-making since acquiring the shop.

Each girl in Archer's life brought a unique personality to the group. With her quiet and anti-social demeanor, Hecate held a special place in his heart.

Shaking off his thoughts, he responded, "Just came to check on the shop and to let you know I'll be taking you on a date in the coming days."

When Hecate heard him, she smiled and nodded as she replied. "Just let me know whenever we go out, and I will get one of the girls to take over in the shop."

"I will, my Moon Witch," Archer replied.

He looked around the shop while continuing to speak. "How's the shop been doing?"

Hecate walked to a display and started tidying it up as she replied. "Well, business has been booming, to be honest. I'll have to close the shop for a few days to make even more."

Archer expressed concern when he asked, "Do you need any help?"

Hecate shook her head, assuring him, "No, thank you. I have Eione and Stella to help me make them."

She glanced at the half-elf, who was conversing with Stella and Thalia, and smiled. "I can see you're out with Ella. Enjoy your date, and I'm looking forward to ours."

Archer's smile widened at Hecate's words, and he leaned in, surprising her with a kiss. Hecate quickly reciprocated.

Their moment drew smiles from some of the customers who witnessed it. After the brief but heartfelt exchange, Hecate bid him goodbye, returning to her work.

He called for Ella, who walked over to him, waving at Stella. As they prepared to leave, the little girl rushed over to him excitedly, noticing their departure.

Stella hugged him again before telling him she had to return to work, which Archer didn't stop and watched her run off.

They turned to leave while the door was held for them by an older couple. Ella thanked them as they stepped outside.

Archer noticed snowflakes had begun to drift from the sky. The air carried a serene chill, and Archer extended his hand to Ella.

"Looks like it's starting to snow. Shall we head to the restaurant?" he suggested, his fingers intertwining with hers as they made their way through the snowy landscape.

They strolled down the snow-covered street, the soft crunch of snow beneath their boots creating a melodic backdrop to their evening.

As they approached the restaurant, the warm glow from within welcomed them. The "Paramount " sign announced the fancy establishment.

The exterior exuded an air of sophistication, with large glass windows revealing the elegant interior.

Archer held the door open for Ella, and as they stepped inside, the ambiance of Paramount enveloped them in a blend of soft lighting, muted conversations, and a lovely aroma.

When they entered Paramount, the luxurious atmosphere of the restaurant enveloped them.

The eyes of the patrons already inside turned toward the newcomers, their curious glances briefly pausing during their elegant conversations.

A waiter, clad in a sophisticated uniform, approached the couple with a welcoming smile.

"How can I help you two youngsters tonight?" he inquired politely.

Undeterred by the attention, Archer responded confidently, "We'd like to dine here tonight, if possible."

The man nodded, leading them to a finely set table in the heart of the restaurant, where they could enjoy their meal.

Seated at their chosen table, the waiter presented them with the menu. Archer looked at the food, but nothing caught his eye except for a dish featuring meat and noodles.

Deciding on that, he placed his order while Ella opted for a salad and meat dish. The waiter acknowledged their choices with a nod before vanishing to arrange their selected dishes.

While waiting, Ella looked at him with a smile before asking. "So, how do you like college Arch? I thought you wanted to be free and not tied down."

Archer looked at her with a smile before explaining. "You know, being in college doesn't restrict my freedom. If anything, it opens up new avenues for learning and understanding the world."

He looked out the window as the storm got worse before he continued. "The knowledge I gain there, the friendships I form, and the experiences I gain are all part of a journey."

Archer sipped the water on the table before continuing, "For example, Riverbend and Frosthalm. Those tales are not just stories; they're a part of history. I'm drawn to them not for the sake of conquest but for the wealth and riches. I will be the first to reclaim the cities and be rewarded with riches beyond imagination."

He leaned in, his eyes full of greed as he looked into Ella's. "All that wealth will be able to support our family for years to come. Our children's children will still be spending it."

When he finished speaking, Ella giggled before commenting. "I never thought a dragon would give up his gold."

Archer grinned. "Well, by the time we have children I will have so much wealth that it would cover Pluoria."

After speaking, he chuckled but stopped when the waiter returned and placed their food in front of them.

The waiter departed, leaving a moment for Ella to speak. "I was just messing with you, Arch. I know you don't care when it comes to us girls. Look at Hecate. She has a shop, and I'm sure you'd make it happen if one of us also wanted a shop."

"Absolutely. I love seeing you all happy," Archer replied before delving into his meal.

Archer and Ella continued to enjoy their meal, the restaurant's peaceful atmosphere providing a cozy backdrop to their conversation.

The couple chatted about various things, sharing laughter and stories as they savored the tasty food they loved.

As they finished their meal, Archer's gaze wandered toward the restaurant's window, where he noticed the onset of another snowstorm.

Turning to Ella, he asked with a curious expression, "Is Frostwinter always this bad?"

The question lingered in the air, and Ella took a moment to consider her response.

Ella glanced out the window, contemplating Archer's question about the severity of the Frostwinter storms.

With a thoughtful expression, she began, "Well, the storms during Frostwinter are always this intense. It's strange, isn't it?"

She tried some of her drink before continuing, "I've heard some scholars say that the mana levels in the world can influence the weather patterns. Maybe there's an increase in mana, or something else is causing these storms to be more severe than usual. It's hard to say."

Archer smiled, gently pushing his plate away and finishing his glass of water as Ella did the same thing.

As the waiter appeared, he politely inquired, "Are you finished?" Archer nodded and requested the bill.

The man swiftly informed him, "Six gold."

Archer handed over the coins before standing up and approaching the exit. Ella, grabbing his arm, held on as they left the restaurant together.

Stepping out onto the snowy street, Archer and Ella were embraced by the winter evening.

The cold air stung their faces as they walked side by side, the city adorned in a white blanket of snow beneath the soft glow of streetlights.

#### Chapter 485 Take Care

When Archer and Ella stepped outside, the snow hit their faces, but he held her closer and opened a portal to the domain.

They walked through the portal while brushing off the snow. When the couple appeared in the living room, only Halime was reading while curled up on the sofa reading a book.

A roaring fire blazed in the fireplace, heating the room, which the two felt instantly.

That's when the snake girl lifted her head, smiled upon spotting the two, and spoke to the half-elf who approached the fire to warm her hands. "How was the date, EI?"

Ella responded as she let out a happy sigh when the fire warmed her up. "It was delightful, but the snow began, preventing us from taking another stroll."

Halime nodded with a smile as she got up and approached the half-elf, then ushered her to the sofas, revealing the book she was engrossed in.



Archer looked at the two girls who started chatting about it, which caused him to smile and watch them for a little while.

But after doing this for a while, he decided to see Nala for their date and knew she was with Teuila and Talila outside training.

He looked at the two girls chatting while the fire crackled and walked over to him. He approached the two girls, looking at a book, and caught their attention.

They glanced up as he leaned down, kissing each girl on the forehead, which surprised the two, but they were happy.

Especially Halime, who loved the attention Archer gave her as she hadn't been touched since she was five until meeting him.

"Take care," he whispered to them, his voice soothingly.

After bidding farewell to the two girls while they smiled, he stepped onto the balcony and saw it covered in snow.

He sighed, closed his eyes, and surveyed the domain for the three warrior girls. He soon located them outside while training, but their pace slowed due to the snow.

At that moment, he imagined the domain being shielded from the outside weather, causing the snowfall to cease.

Once Archer did that, he teleported outside and suddenly felt the cold air embrace him as he appeared not far from the training field.

However, he noticed the three girls, each catching their breath. Teuila sported her standard training gear, which perfectly hugged her toned body, providing her unrestricted movement.

Despite the practicality, Archer couldn't help but notice her cleavage spilling out. He shook off the distraction and shifted his gaze to Talila.

The mixed elf wore an outfit similar to Teuila's, but it offered more coverage with additional layers underneath.

Despite the attempt at modesty, Archer could not avert his eyes from her chest, where the armor struggled to contain her massive mountains.

That's when he decided to visit the naught elf later, but he refocused his attention on the lion girl who was hopping up and down.

She shocked him with a loose skirt and a vest top. Archer noticed that she was very muscular with defined muscles.

Nala was stretching her body causing her wild blonde hair to go everywhere. She looked into the sky with her blue eyes and asked in a curious voice. "Why is the snow getting stuck in the air?"

Archer chuckled and wanted to eavesdrop on the three to see if they gossiped about him, so he cast Blink and appeared far from them.

Teuila gave her an answer as she put her sword away. "It's Archer's domain, and he controls everything."

The lion girl looked at Teuila and spoke with amazement in her voice. "How, though? It's not a spell as it's always active."

She pondered until Talila chimed in, "Mana. He's a white dragon, and they're said to embody living mana. So, it's not surprising that he has this kind of thing. Archer is a mystery bag."

Upon hearing the mixed elf's remark, he burst into laughter, startling all three girls, who jumped like frightened cats.

His laughter only intensified at their reaction. The trio turned to him with narrowed eyes, and Teuila spoke with a mischievous grin, "You made us jump. Now fight us?"

Archer's laughter stopped, and a mischievous grin appeared as he replied to the ocean princess's challenge. "Sure thing."

The three girls grew eager and began gearing up, but Nala asked, "Can we only use melee combat?"

He nodded because he wanted to use hand-to-hand combat when fighting against them, but he quickly activated the limiter in his bracelet so they could fight fairly.

That's when the air crackled with anticipation as the four started to fight in a whirlwind of punches and kicks.

Archer's movements were a blur, his fists a deadly dance of precision and power. Teuila, agile and swift, dodged his strikes with acrobatic finesse.

Talila countered with strategic punches, exploiting any opening she could find. Nala, with her unique lion-inspired techniques, was very unpredictable.

The fight escalated, each one showcasing their martial prowess. Archer's fists clashed with the girls' skilled defenses.

Despite Archer's abilities, the trio's coordinated efforts began to gain the upper hand. Teuila and Talila's teamwork disrupted his movements.

While Nala's swift strikes kept him on the defensive, in a dramatic turn, the three girls executed a synchronized assault that left Archer vulnerable.

They exploited the opening, overwhelming him with a barrage of strikes. As Archer found himself on the ground, Nala, with a victorious grin, landed on top of him.

Her tail swayed in excitement, a tangible symbol of her well-earned victory, while her deep blue eyes locked onto his, a smile playing on her face.

She leaned forward and stole his lips, which took him by surprise, but he returned the kiss while holding her hips.

The kiss conveyed unspoken emotions, a fusion of longing and understanding. The cold air contrasted with the warmth shared between their lips, creating a lingering sensation leaving an indelible mark on both hearts.

A shared breath escaped into the winter night as they finally pulled away. That's when Archer heard laughing.

He turned to the other two girls, who were looking at them while laughing. That's when Talila commented. "She's been dying to do that since they first met. I bet she's a happy lion."

Teuila nodded in agreement as the two giggled, causing Archer to stand up with Nala, who was smiling like an idiot.

The snow had settled on the training ground, a serene white blanket covering the landscape as they made their way to the training hall.

When they entered the hall, all four gathered near the fireplace. The warm crackling of the fire provided a stark contrast to the cold beauty outside.

While feeling the exhilaration from their fight, Archer couldn't help but grin as he addressed the three warriors. "That was quite a fight. You girls are really good."

Nala, her blue eyes sparkling with enthusiasm, nodded. "It was amazing! I didn't expect you to be so nimble, especially with those kicks. We really got you this time, huh?"

He spoke with a hint of pride in his voice. "You did. I have to admit, you caught me off guard."

Teuila, with a confident smirk, chimed in, "Well, get used to it. We're not holding back. And it's not just about sparring for fun. It's training, Archer."

Archer raised an eyebrow, curious about the subtle change in Teuila's tone. "Training? I thought that's what we were doing."

Talila, her expression more serious, explained, "It was, but it's also the beginning of a new phase. We've been discussing this, and we believe you need more intensive training because you're a dragon."

Archer looked at them with an excited look on his face. "More intensive training? What do you have in mind?"

Teuila leaned forward, her eyes locking onto Archer's. "We're going to push you harder, make you face challenges you haven't encountered before. You're very strong, but there's always room for improvement. Consider this the beginning of a journey to turn you into a fighting dragon."

He grinned, ready for the challenge. "Sure, let's do it. I'm up for anything."

Teuila's smile grew, and she patted Archer's shoulder. "Great! That's the spirit. We'll help you get even better. Today was just the beginning."

After the ocean princess spoke, Talila said, "Well, you better take Nala on her date; she hasn't shut up about it."

Archer smiled upon hearing this and nodded, saying, "Don't worry, girls. I'll be taking all of you out."

The two girls smiled before returning to their training. Talila resumed practicing with her bow while Teuila focused on honing her magic skills.

After watching them for a bit, Archer approached the lion girl in a daze and stroked her ear, causing her to shiver.

Nala came to and looked at him with a smile as she spoke. "Are we going on our date?"

Archer nodded as he replied. "Yes. It's evening so we can eat somewhere. I'm hungry again."

She agreed while grabbing his arm, but Archer stopped her with a grin as he pulled out something.

Chapter 486 Meatropolis

Archer retrieved a thick winter cloak and wrapped it around Nala, who looked puzzled and asked, "Why are you dressing me?"

"It's cold outside, and you might feel it, but this will keep you warm. Also, we can't have people seeing you in your training gear. Only I can see that." He remarked with a grin.

He looked at the lion girl who was checking out the cloak. Archer couldn't help but notice how adorable she looked.

The cloak enveloped her figure, emphasizing the delicate features of her face. Her wild blonde hair cascaded in disarray, creating a captivating frame around her visage.

The cold air teased her hair, causing it to dance in the wintry breeze. Amused by the sight, Archer observed as her lion ears twitched in response to the ambient sounds around them.

The contrast between the softness of the cloak and the untamed beauty of her hair and ears struck him as endearing.

"You look adorable," He complimented her with a charming smile.

Nala's cheek went red, but she looked up at him with a playful glint in her blue eyes as she responded, with a hint of mischief in her voice. "Really?"

Her lion ears twitched once more, adding an extra layer of charm to her demeanor. Archer nodded with a grin. "Absolutely. The cloak suits you, but your ears make the whole look irresistible."

Nala laughed, a joyful sound that resonated in the crisp winter air. "Well, I'm glad you think so. Maybe I should wear stuff like this more often."

Archer smiled when he heard her and agreed. "Yeah, it suits you. Let's get something to eat."

She nodded and grabbed his arm before he cast Gate to return to Starfall City and walked through it.

As they emerged onto the bustling street, a flurry of people hurriedly traversing the area caught their attention as snow cascaded from the sky.

While they observed the scene, a man turned a corner at an alarming speed, only to slip and slide comically.

The couple burst into laughter, earning a disapproving glance from the unfortunate passerby.

Their laughter persisted, and Archer, still chuckling, guided her toward a nearby restaurant he had heard about before.

Archer and Nala strolled through streets covered by snow, the chilly air carrying the hushed whispers of winter.

The snowflakes danced around them like ethereal companions, and the streets were adorned with the serene, white glow of the mana lamps.

Archer said as they walked side by side, his breath created little clouds in the crisp air. "So, tell me more about your homeland, Nala. The Lionheart Kingdom sounds like a place of wonder,"

She smiled warmly, her eyes reflecting the memories of her home. "Ah, the Lionheart Kingdom, a vast savannah in the west. Picture endless plains stretching beneath the open sky, dotted with acacia trees and bathed in the warm colors of the setting sun."

Nala gestured with her hands, painting an imaginary canvas of her homeland. "Beyond the savannah lies a dense forest, a natural barrier that separates us from the Empire. The trees are ancient, their branches forming a protective canopy that shields our kingdom from the outside world."

Archer listened with genuine interest as Nala continued. "My home is a realm teeming with majestic beasts, and many other creatures call it home. Our people have learned to coexist with them, respecting the delicate balance of nature. It's a place where the rhythm of the land is as important as the heartbeat of our people."

Nala's eyes sparkled as she recounted tales of her homeland. "Our capital, Naravo, stands proud in the center of our kingdom, a city of golden hues and really pretty buildings. My family's castle overlooks the city, Father sits on the balcony to watch the city when his relaxing."

He smiled and spoke. "I will visit one day. I thought you had to be my guide because your homeland sounds good."

Upon hearing this, a radiant smile adorned the face of the lioness. "Count me in. The other girls can join too; they'll adore the fashion there. My mother and auntie are particularly fond of it."

After speaking they continued walking as the snow crunched beneath their boots as Archer and Nala continued their leisurely walk down the enchanting street.

The air was crisp, and the soft glow of street lamps painted a picturesque scene around them.

As they strolled, exchanging anecdotes and laughter, the sounds of the bustling town surrounded them.

Nala glanced around, her lion ears perking up with curiosity. "Archer, why have we come to the docks?" she inquired, her golden hair catching the glint of the lamplight.

Archer grinned, a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. "Just wait," he replied, nodding toward the direction of the docks.



They reached the edge of the snowy path, and Archer pointed to a charming restaurant nestled near the water's edge.

"There," he exclaimed, a gleam of excitement evident in his expression. "They're renowned for offering the tastiest meat dishes in the whole city."

Nala's eyes widened with anticipation, her feline instincts tingling at the prospect of such a feast.

"Rare meat?" she exclaimed, a delighted smile spreading. "Lead the way, Archie! I'm eager to eat."

With that, they made their way to the restaurant, the scent of adventure and rare meats hanging in the air.

The couple entered, finding the place bustling with a crowd. A middle-aged woman greeted them with a warm smile. "Welcome to the Meatropolis Grill, younglings. Table for two?"

Archer nodded, and as Nala surveyed the surroundings, the enticing aroma of food made her tail wag even more.

That's when the older woman spoke. "Wait here for a second. I'll go sort your table out now."

"Okay no problem." Archer replied.

That's when he decided to tease Nala by using his tail. He gently touched hers, eliciting a shiver that caused Nala to turn her head toward him.

She had a playful grin on her face before speaking. "Don't tease me like that. I can barely hold myself back; don't make it worse."

He chuckled at her candid remark, appreciating her openness about what she wanted.

Sporting a grin, he slid his arm under her cloak, drawing the lioness closer to him. The gesture prompted an even brighter smile from Nala.

She gripped onto him as his hand explored her well-defined physique, tracing every muscle he loved.

His touches drew her even nearer, eliciting laughter from Archer as the woman returned, watching the two and coughing before speaking. "Well, I'm glad you lovebirds are happy, but your tables are ready."

Upon hearing this, Nala nodded in agreement, taking hold of Archer's hand before heading toward their table.

As they walked, the murmurs and gossip of onlookers reached Archer's ears, his keen hearing picking up every word.

"They make a striking couple," remarked a man to his wife.

"But it's uncommon to see a Dragon-kin and Lion Demi-human together," she replied, acknowledging the unique pairing.

As they made their way, Archer overheard another man addressing the couple. "He's the white prince engaged to the third princess, Leira Avalon. But why is he with another girl?"

Archer chuckled at the comment, and curious Nala inquired, "What's so amusing?"

"Gossip, my lioness," he replied with a smirk as they took their seats.

The waitress asked with a friendly. "Hello there! Ready to order? What can I get for you two?"

Archer and Nala exchanged glances, a silent understanding passing between them. With synchronized grins, they turned to the waitress.

"We'll take two of everything," Archer declared with a playful twinkle in his eye.

The waitress blinked in surprise, her pen hovering over the notepad. "Uh, two of everything? Did I hear that right?"

Nala chuckled, confirming, "Yes, you did. Two of everything on the menu. Surprise us!"

The older woman, recovering from her initial shock, grinned. "Alright then, two of everything it is! You two must be hungry or adventurous!"

Archer winked at her, and Nala added, "A bit of both, perhaps. We're up for a feast!"

The waitress laughed and headed back to the kitchen, shaking her head with a smile at the unexpected order.

Observing the lioness as she continued to survey her surroundings, he inquired, "Didn't realize you had such a hearty appetite."

Nala turned sharply toward him and replied, "Yes, of course. Father and the General always said I should eat, so that's what I do now."

Archer laughed, and the two continued to chat before the waitress reappeared with more waiters pushing trolleys of food.

The older woman started placing plates on the table until there was no room left, but four trolleys of food remained.

When Archer saw this, he told them to leave it be, and they moved them themselves, which the staff agreed and left.

Once they were gone, Archer and Nala exchanged a brief, hungry glance. Without uttering a word, they started devouring the delicious food before them.

The clinking of cutlery against plates and the occasional satisfied hums were the only sounds between them.

Hunger spoke louder than words, and the delectable flavors commanded their full attention.

Chapter 487 Joining The Pride

They kept eating like they were starving, and everyone noticed. Sometimes, they looked at each other happily, knowing they enjoyed the tasty food.

They took more than an hour to finish eating. The plates piled up, drawing the attention of the other patrons.

Archer looked at the lioness and chuckled when he saw her leaning back on her chair while holding her stomach with a happy look.

She was leaning back with her hair spilling out all over the place as her eyes were closed. That's when the older waitress appeared.

"Are you two finished?" She asked with a smile.

Archer nodded before piling the plates back onto the trolleys as the woman called for help, and a few younger men came.

Nala woke up and helped out a little as she was sluggish due to all the food she ate, which caused Archer to laugh.

After doing that, the waiters pushed the trolleys away, and once they vanished, the older woman appeared with the bill and placed it on the table.

He picked it up, saw the price of eighty gold coins, and handed them over before standing up.

The two exited the restaurant and started to stroll along the docks. They heard the rhythmic sounds of waves lapping against the ships, and the distant chatter of sailors filled the air.

As they walked, they observed the bustling activity of ships being loaded and unloaded with cargo.

Nala's keen eyes spotted a particular vessel amidst the maritime hustle. She pointed towards it. "Look, Archer, that ship over there is from the Lionheart Kingdom. I recognize the emblem on its sails."

Archer followed her gaze and nodded. "You have a sharp eye, Nala. It's always fascinating to see the different ships and cargoes coming and going from all different places."

They continued their walk along the docks, absorbing the sights and sounds of the busy harbor.

Nala was holding onto his arm, and he felt her shivering, so he cast Cosmic Shield around them.

Seeing the violet sphere surprised her, but Archer kept going. He used Mana Manipulation to make a flame and warm up the insides.

After a few minutes, Nala felt warm and shivered a bit, making Archer happy as they reached a hill overlooking the harbor.

Archer stopped walking and just watched the scene. The harbor was a symphony of activity, with ships navigating in and out, their sails illuminated by the soft glow of mana lamps.

The waterfront, usually a hive of daytime commerce, retained its vitality even under the stars.

Mana lamps lining the docks cast a warm and ethereal light, revealing the intricate dance of sailors loading and unloading cargo.

Shadows played on the water's surface as lantern-lit ships set sail or docked, creating a mesmerizing scene.

Archer marveled at the harmony of tranquility where the mana-infused lamps illuminated the bustling harbor.

As the moon cast a soft glow over the tranquil harbor, Archer and Nala found a quiet spot along the docks.

The ambient sounds of the night, a symphony of gentle waves and distant ship creaks, surrounded them.

A silent understanding passed between them. He cupped Nala's face in his hands, and with a tender smile, he leaned in.

Their lips met in a sweet and passionate kiss. The world around them seemed to fade away as they lost themselves in the moment.

Archer reveled in the feeling of Nala's plump lips against his, savoring the warmth of their connection.

The kiss spoke volumes, a language of shared emotions and unspoken affection. As they pulled away, a shared grin lingered on their faces.

After their kiss, he spotted a bench and decided to sit. Nala playfully leaped onto his lap as he did, facing him with a smile.

Locking eyes with him, she grinned and teased. "Am I part of your pride now? Will I become the wife of the infamous white dragon?"

Archer gazed at the girl, sensing a genuine intention beneath her smile. He momentarily fell silent before asking. "If you choose this path Nala, there's no going back. I'm a greedy dragon and will never let you go?"

"I don't care. I don't want to go back, and I won't let you go!" she responded swiftly and excitedly.

Upon hearing her immediate answer, he pulled her forward and kissed her again, a moment Nala thoroughly enjoyed.

She wrapped her arms around his shoulders and reciprocated the kiss as the snow hit the shield, shielding them from the Frostwinter storm and keeping them warm.

Afterward, the two parted. She gazed into his eyes before saying. "Now you're mine, and no one can say different."

Archer smiled, kissing her nose before suggesting. "Do you want to return to the domain? It's late, and we have classes tomorrow."

She agreed, hopping off him and starting to stretch. Archer opened a portal, and the two stepped through, finding themselves in the living room.

The only illumination came from the soft glow of magical orbs scattered throughout the living area.

Archer decided to scan the treehouse to find the other girls who should be asleep in their rooms.

Closing his eyes, he extended his senses, reaching out with his mana to create a vision of the surroundings.

As his mana perception unfolded, the details of the treehouse became clear to him.

He could see the intricate design of the wooden walls, the furniture, and the winding staircase leading to the upper levels.

The magical orbs emitted a gentle, otherworldly glow. Archer's focus shifted towards the bedrooms, and he sensed the presence of the girls.

Each girl had added personal touches to their shared space, creating a room that reflected her individuality.

The mana signatures of the sleeping forms were like soft, glowing auras in the otherwise dark environment.

Moving through the treehouse with this augmented sight, Archer observed each girl in her bedroom.

They were sound asleep, calm and peaceful. Some seemed to stir slightly, perhaps caught in the delicate realms of dreams.

He noticed the subtle rise and fall of blankets as they breathed in the quiet of the night.

Satisfied with his silent survey, Archer opened his eyes, returning to the natural darkness of the living area.

Feeling the fatigue of the day, Nala stretched her arms overhead, a yawn escaping her. She glanced at Archer, who was engrossed in a book near the fireplace.

"Alright, I think it's time for me to hit the hay," Nala announced with a contented smile. She made her way to him, pausing to tousle his hair affectionately.

"Goodnight, Archie," she murmured, the fatigue evident in her voice as she made her way towards the bedrooms.

"Sleep well, Nala," he replied, his eyes following her until she disappeared into the hallway's darkness.

As the sound of a bedroom door softly closed, he decided to make himself comfortable. Dragging a chair over to the fireplace, he positioned it before the crackling flames.

The warmth embraced him, and he settled into the chair, enjoying the soothing firelight dance as he pulled out some blankets from his Item Box.



As he settled into his makeshift bed, the Frostwinter storm outside intensified, the wind howling and the snow tapping against the treehouse windows like a thousand tiny dancers.

The creaks and groans of the wooden structure echoed the weather's protest. Wrapped in the warmth of his blankets.

Archer closed his eyes, letting the sounds of the storm become a lullaby. The rhythmic percussion of the snow hitting the windows.

The magical orbs' glow dimly illuminated the treehouse's interior, casting shadows that danced on the walls.

Archer felt the treehouse respond to the storm, each shudder and creak echoing the elements.

Lying there, the storm's sounds gradually calmed him. The cozy chair embraced him, and the distant Frostwinter storm created a soothing background.

The chaotic beauty of the weather turned into a distant melody, accompanying his journey into dreams.

Amid the tempest, Archer succumbed to the calming sounds. The Frostwinter symphony transformed into a gentle serenade, guiding him into a peaceful sleep.

[Unknown group]

In the shadows of the moonlit night, a clandestine gathering unfolded outside Starfall City.

A group of individuals, their faces hidden beneath hoods and obscured by darkness, convened in a secluded area.

Their hushed voices carried a tone of secrecy and malice as they devised a sinister plan.

One man, the apparent leader, spoke with a venomous determination. "We strike when he's vulnerable, on the streets. The boy won't see it coming. And as for his women, we take them hostage. That should teach him a lesson."

Nods of agreement rippled through the group, their sinister intentions shrouded in the secrecy of the night.

The conspirators discussed details of their plan, orchestrating a calculated assault to catch Archer off guard.

One figure, more ruthless than the rest, added, "Use the women against him. Make him feel the weight of his choices. It'll break him."

As the malevolent plot unfolded, the conspirators dispersed into the shadows, leaving a chilling atmosphere of ill intent.

The night seemed to hold its breath, unaware of the impending danger over Archer and his girls.

[Not fully edited because I don't feel well and need to sleep but I'll do it when I'm better]

#### Chapter 488 Tea

The following day, Archer awoke and scanned his surroundings, rubbing his eyes to dispel sleep. It dawned on him that he had spent the night in the living room.

Rising to his feet, he stretched, glancing outside to find the storm still happening. He let out a sigh and made his way to the bath chambers.

Archer entered the dimly lit bath chambers, the soft glow of candles casting dancing shadows across the room.

The air was thick with the scent of soothing oils and warm steam. The tiled floor felt cool beneath his feet as he approached the inviting embrace of the large, ornate bathtub.

With deliberate movements, Archer began to peel off his clothes, the fabric whispering against his skin.

He let each piece fall to the floor, revealing the subtle tension in his muscles. Naked, he stood for a moment, the ambient warmth of the room enveloping him.

As he sank into the hot water, a sigh escaped his lips. The heat caressed his body, melting away the stresses of the day.

Archer reclined in the tub, closing his eyes and letting the moment's tranquility wash over him.

The gentle flicker of candlelight danced on the water's surface, creating a serene atmosphere that seemed to suspend time.

In the cocoon of warmth and solitude, Archer found solace, a brief respite from the outside world.

Closing his eyes, Archer let the tension seep away, surrendering to the sensation of the hot water soothing his muscles.

He stretched out, allowing the buoyancy to support him, and laid back. The heat seeped into every inch of his being, and a contented sigh escaped his lips.

The room was hushed, save for the occasional crackle of the flickering candles. Archer basked in the tranquility, his mind drifting away from the day's hustle.

The rhythmic sound of his breath mingled with the distant echo of water droplets, creating a calming symphony.

In that serene moment, Archer found himself lost in the simple pleasure of relaxation, a blissful escape from the outside world's demands.

That's when he heard the door open, so he looked over and saw Teuila walk in with a smile as she spoke. "Morning Darling. You're always up early."

Archer acknowledged with a nod before responding, "I fail to see the purpose of sleeping in late, it feels like a waste of time."

Teuila, in agreement, nodded and proceeded to get undressed before entering the water, settling beside him and leaning against him with her head on his shoulder.

He wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her closer, pleasing the blue-haired princess as Archer asked. "How are you finding classes?"

Teuila turned to Archer with a smile. "You know. I never thought I'd say this, but I enjoy them. I always assumed it would be annoying and would hate every moment."

Archer raised an eyebrow, curious. "What changed your mind?"

Teuila smiled as she thought about it. "I enjoy learning new things. It's exciting to broaden your mind, you know?"

He nodded and said, "That's surprising. I didn't think you would be into it."

Teuila laughed, sat up, and turned to him with a grin. "Hey, can you wash my back, darling?"

Archer gently lathered the soap between his hands before applying it to Teuila's back, his touch careful yet firm.

The warm water ran down as Archer's hands moved in rhythmic circles. Teuila sighed in contentment. "You're surprisingly good at this, darling."

He chuckled before answering. "I've read many books."

The two laughed before Archer continued and cleaned Teuila from head to toe. He fondled her, which caused the girl to swat his hand away.

Teuila told him she was not in the mood, which he respected, and waited for her to return the favor as Teuila grabbed the soap.

The warm water poured over his shoulders as Teuila took the soap from his hands. With a subtle smile, she began to lather his back, her hands moving with a comforting rhythm.

As she worked, Teuila said, "Archer, when you head to Frostholm, consider taking us girls with you. We can help, you know?"

Archer turned to look at her, the water droplets clinging to his hair. He met her gaze, appreciating the offer. "You want to join the mission?"

Teuila nodded, her hands never pausing in their task. "Absolutely. We've trained together, fought together. We can handle ourselves, and having more hands on deck can make a difference. Plus, I'm curious about Frostholm. It sounds like a challenge."

Archer considered her words for a moment, then smiled. "I appreciate the offer, Teuila. And you're right. You and the others are more than capable. If you're up for it, I'd be glad to have you with me."

Teuila grinned, her eyes reflecting determination. "Great! We make a formidable team. Frostholm won't know what hit it."

The two carried on washing, conversing before stepping out, drying themselves off, and preparing for the next steps.

Leaving the bath chamber, Archer admired the kitchen he had created when he stepped into it.

Its polished surfaces gleamed under the soft glow of pendant lights, and a subtle fragrance of herbs lingered in the air.

The countertops were adorned with neatly arranged utensils and a row of potted herbs basked in the sunlight streaming through the window.

Hanging plants added a touch of greenery, creating a harmonious blend of nature and craftsmanship.

In the center of it all, a sturdy wooden table held the heart of the scene, a vase of fresh flowers and a steaming teapot, inviting and comforting.

Ella and Halime sat at the table, drinking tea as they chatted. With her hair pulled into a ponytail, the half-elf seemed like she had just woken up as she rubbed her sky-blue eyes.

Meanwhile, Halime appeared more alert and vibrant with her hair in a bun. As Teuila joined them, the three girls engaged in lively conversation.

Archer took in the sight, appreciating the camaraderie around the table amid the beautiful kitchen.

With a warm smile, Ella poured tea into a cup for the ocean princess. Archer's gaze lingered for a moment as he watched them.

A smile played on his lips as he observed the scene, the bond between the three evident in their shared laughter and animated gestures.

In that moment, he quietly reflected, 'I'm fortunate to have stumbled into this life. I could have ended up on a barren world as a slave, but instead, I find myself here, surrounded by people who genuinely care for me.'

Halime's voice reached him, accompanied by a warm smile. "Join us, Arch! Ella's tea is delightful."

That's when he grinned before walking over to join the three ladies and gave each one a morning kiss that pleased them.

He sat down and got comfortable as Ella poured him a cup, and he took it while thanking her. "Thanks, El. It smells wonderful."

Archer brought the cup of tea to his lips. The first sip enveloped his senses. A subtle symphony of flavors danced on his tongue, leaving a lingering impression.

His eyes met Ella's, and a genuine smile spread across his face as he remarked. "This is amazing."

The warmth of the tea seemed to beat away the cold air that seemed to take over the treehouse as the fireplaces couldn't stand a chance.

It dawned on him that the girls were wrapped in blankets, prompting him to warm up the entire treehouse.

After finishing his tea, Archer stood up, capturing the girl's attention. Ella spoke first, "What are you up to, Arch?"

He didn't respond but walked towards the fireplace. Kneeling before it, he took a deep breath before exhaling a stream of violet flames.

When the flames splashed on the wood, it roared to life, and a wave of heat swept throughout the treehouse.

The three girls sighed in relief as the cold air was beaten back, and Teuila commented with a happy smile. "That's much better. I could feel the cold before, but now it's gone."

Just as that happened, Hecate, Eione, and Stella walked down the stairs, and the moon elf smiled when she saw him while Stella was yawning.

Eione was as professional as usual as they sat down at the table. Archer walked over to Hecate and kissed her on the forehead.

Hecate, Eione, and Stella settled comfortably, cups of tea in hand, engaging in relaxed conversation. Meanwhile, Archer filled his cup, expressing his desire for fresh air.

"I'm heading out to the balcony for a bit," he informed the girls with a nod, the steam from the freshly poured tea rising.

They acknowledged him with understanding smiles as he went to the balcony. Once outside, the cool breeze greeted him.

Archer took a deep breath, savoring the tranquility, and let the warmth of the tea and the crisp air embrace him.

He cradled the warm teacup, the steam rising to meet the cool air. He settled into a comfortable chair on the balcony, gazing out at the snow-covered expanse.

The first light of the morning sun began to paint the landscape with soft pink and gold hues.

Sipping the tea, Archer felt the comforting warmth seep into him. The serene quiet of the snowy domain was only interrupted by the occasional call of a bird.

Chapter 489 Unmistakable

Seated, he savored his tea, his gaze fixed on the sunrise. It marked the arrival of a clear and sunny day, surprising him with its radiant beauty.

After finishing his drink, he spent the status points he had saved.

Archer allocated 500 points each to HP, Mana, Constitution, Stamina, and Charisma. Additionally, he invested 600 points in Strength and 635 points in Intelligence.

Once he did that, he checked his new status as he felt his body more robust.

[Hp: 28320>33320]

[Mana: 660690>685690]



[Strength: 20700>26700]

[Constitution: 20200>25200]

[Stamina: 20700>25700]

[Charisma: 15100>20100]

[Intelligence: 19800>25950]

Upon reviewing and tweaking his status, Archer headed indoors, wrapping himself in a cloak for warmth.

Stepping into the room, he discovered ten girls sitting around the table, immersed in animated conversation.

The atmosphere crackled with lively energy and camaraderie. Each girl, except for Halime, rose from their seats to greet Archer with a sweet kiss.

That's when he remembered Nefertiti and summoned her, which shocked the succubus, who smiled when she saw him and went to sit down.

It was a moment of warmth and affection that he loved. Ella, with a smile, informed him, "Breakfast is ready."

Ella approached with a breakfast plate, placing it in front of Archer as he sat at the table. The aroma of freshly cooked food filled the air, and delectable dishes adorned the table.

With a warm smile, he began to eat, joining in the communal breakfast with the other girls.

The room echoed with conversation and the clinking of utensils, creating a comforting symphony of shared moments and shared meals.

As Archer dug into his plate, he discovered there was meat, tender and succulent, burst with flavorful juices, complemented perfectly by the medley of crisp and seasoned vegetables.

A satisfied grin adorned his face as he savored each mouthful. The girls around him exchanged knowing glances, pleased to see Archer relishing their prepared meal.

Once he was done eating, Nefertiti approached him before anyone else could and kissed him again before leaning in to whisper. "I want you soon, husband."

The succubus then bit his ear, causing a shiver to run down his body. When the other girls saw this, they watched the pink-haired girl with narrow eyes.

But each one did the same thing before getting ready for classes. Hecate approached him with a smile before speaking. "My Love. I'm out of ingredients. Could we visit some shops to buy more?"

Archer nodded before replying. "Of course. We can visit all different cities and buy all their stock so you can use the storerooms below the shop."

The moon elf smiled before kissing his cheek as she went to the bath chamber. But she spoke. "After bathing, I will head to the shop with Stella and Eione. The twins have the day off."

"Okay, my moon witch. Enjoy your bath." He replied while going to make himself some tea.

Archer looked around the kitchen and started boiling the water before making tea and teleporting to his lair.

That's when he focused on the vast gold mountain that overwhelmingly occupied his lair, leaving no more space.

He closed his eyes, picturing the lair doubling, yearning for more space to accommodate his expanding wealth.

A subtle tremor traversed the surroundings, and to his delight, the lair responded, expanding and offering additional room for even more treasures.

Once he finished that, he sipped the tea and let out a happy sigh before closing his eyes and emptying his Item Box.

Archer wanted to organize his Item Box and clear out most of the treasure he collected apart from a chest's worth.

With a focused gesture, he summoned a wave of gold coins as if from thin air. The riches poured onto the already sizable mountain of gold.

Creating a mesmerizing sight as the coins blended with the existing wealth, showcasing his growing fortune.

As he looked at the colossal mountain of gold coins, a realization struck him: the silver coins.

Closing his eyes again, he imagined a pathway leading to another lair that delved deeper for the silver coins.

Archer felt another shake, and the new path was made alongside the new lair that was the same as the first one.

After completing that task, he strolled down the pathway, taking in the sight of his handiwork.

The tunnel was adorned with numerous mana lights, illuminating the way until he reached a chamber similar to the first one, albeit without the additional rooms.

Upon arriving, he closed his eyes and released all the silver coins he had looted up until now, creating a mountain just as big as the one made of gold.

Archer's grin widened as he saw the scene. Swiftly, he teleported to the gem room and stashed away the remaining ones he had gathered.

Returning instantly, he materialized back in the treehouse, only to find a group of girls seated in the living room, waiting for the others. Ella, Teuila, Halime, and Nala were eagerly waiting.

Upon spotting Archer, the girls lit up with smiles. He reciprocated with warmth, greeting each one with a kiss.

When he planted a kiss on Halime, the snake girl's excitement became evident, causing the rest of them to laugh.

Ella invited him to join them in the living room, suggesting that it would be more comfortable to wait for the others there.

He nodded and went over with Halime and Teuila while Ella and Nala brought over some hot chocolate that he had before.

The half-elf graciously served tea for everyone, and as she did so, Archer muttered to himself, "Frostfire cocoa."

Ella's smile widened upon hearing him, and she said, "Yeah, it is. We have loads of it, and it's the perfect drink for a cold morning like this."

Archer sank into the cushions, sipping the comforting beverage. The warmth of the drink spread through his body, bringing a sense of comfort.

He enjoyed the cozy atmosphere. The fireplace flickered, casting a gentle glow across the room.

While waiting, Archer glanced towards the stairs, expecting the arrival of the rest. Just as he was lost in his thoughts, someone descended the stairs.

Hecate, with her enigmatic aura, led the way, while Eione followed with a composed demeanor.

Stella, the youngest of the three, yawned and stretched, her eyes sparkling with innocence and mischief when she saw Archer.

Sensing the moon elf's arrival, he stood up, a smile playing on his lips. With a few strides, he closed the distance between them.

As Hecate stepped into the room, Archer reached out, gently guiding her towards him. With a tender affection that needed no words, he pressed his lips to hers in a morning kiss.

The room seemed to hold its breath momentarily as the two shared a quiet exchange, the simple gesture carrying a world of warmth.

Her eyes sparkling with contentment, Hecate returned the kiss with a soft and appreciative sigh.

They stood together in the living room as Stella said hello to him with a big smile, causing Archer to ruffle her hair.

That's when a request from Hecate interrupted the quiet ambiance. She gently pulled away, looking up at him with a soft expression.

"Archer, could you open a portal to the shop for me? I'm running low on mana," she requested, her red eyes reflecting a touch of fatigue.

Concern flashed across his face, and without hesitation, he reached for Hecate's dainty grey hands, his grip firm and reassuring.

He channeled a generous amount of mana into her. The unexpected influx of power startled Hecate, and a gasp escaped her lips as the energy coursed through her.

Archer maintained the connection for a moment longer, ensuring she absorbed all the mana and noticed the happy look on her face.

When he finally let go, he looked at her with care and relief and with a hint of a grin on his face and asked. "Better?"

Hecate closed her eyes and realized her mana was back to normal. She looked at Archer with narrowed eyes before commenting. "Oh yeah, you're a white dragon."

Archer nodded with a smile before casting Gate to the potion shop. Hecate kissed him again before stepping through the portal.

Stella dashed toward him, wrapping her arms around his legs, prompting laughter from Archer.

He gently scooped her up, enveloping her in a warm embrace that elicited pure joy from the little girl.

"How's it going at the shop?" Archer inquired.

"It's fun. Hecate helps me a lot and teaches me how to make potions, which is cool," Stella replied with an infectious grin.

After Stella spoke, she entered the portal. That's when Archer turned his attention to Eione, who bowed respectfully toward him.

With black hair, dark blue eyes, and a fairy-like build, Eione was unmistakable. Her large chest added to her distinct appearance.

Like Hecate, she shared the common grey skin of moon elves, but her hair and eyes set her apart, differing from Hecate's rare silver hair and red eyes.

The maid gracefully stepped through the portal before it closed, leaving Archer alone while the other girls chatted.

Shortly after, the rest of the girls strolled out of the bath chambers, exchanging kisses with Archer as they passed.

#### Chapter 490 You Love Us All The Same

Once they were all settled, sipping on cocoa, Archer addressed the group. "Okay, ladies, I took Ella and Nala on a date first, but today, I will take Hecate and Nefertiti."

A wave of reactions erupted; some girls looked angry, and others appeared jealous. Tensions escalated, nearly reaching a breaking point, causing Archer to step in and defuse the impending argument.

Nefertiti was smiling and excited, but Hemera spoke up. "Darling! Why can't you take me instead of Nefi?"

Most girls were bickering among themselves, but others were quiet, like Halime and Llynriel.

Llynriel left the living room after feeling uncomfortable, while the snake girl was quiet while just sitting there.

The air in the room grew tense as the nine girls bickered over the upcoming dates. Sensing the escalating discord, Archer raised his hand, signaling for silence.

"Alright, ladies, let's settle down," He spoke firmly.

As the room hushed, he continued. "I understand you're all excited, and I appreciate that. But we need to work together here."

Archer took a deep breath before explaining, "I'm doing my best to be fair to each of you. I don't want to favor one over the others. With my classes, I can manage two dates a day, and I'll make sure everyone gets their chance. It's the best I can do right now."

The room fell silent as the girls absorbed his words. With a genuine smile, Archer hoped his explanation would foster understanding among them.

Archer summoned Llyniel, who slipped out to the balcony before Hemera commented. "So you're not picking Nefi out of favoritism?"

When she voiced her concerns, Archer nodded and explained, "No, my sun elf. I don't favor any of you over the others. Each of you adds something to my life, and I love that. But we can't argue over dates because I'll take each of you on one, and each experience will be unique, so there's no need to worry."

Nala then questioned, "So no one will be left out?"

Archer agreed with a smile before answering. "You're correct. Everyone will get their turn. To ensure fairness, I'll put each of your names, excluding Nefertiti's, and the two I pick will be going on a date tomorrow."

That's when Sera excitedly commented, "So you love us all the same?"

Archer chuckled at her enthusiasm before responding, "Well, no. I love all of you, apart from Halime, Llyniel, and Nala. You seem to forget we've been together for a couple of years now, so we've had time to bond."

He then turned his gaze to the new girls and continued, "I don't mean it in a horrible way, ladies. It's just that we haven't spent much time together, and I want to change that. I also know I'll come to love you three, it just takes time."

The three girls nodded in understanding, acknowledging that developing a deep bond like the others would take time, and they weren't in a rush.

After explaining and settling the matter with the group, Archer closed his eyes. In his mind, he imagined a box containing the names of the eight girls owed a date, each written on paper.

As the image materialized, it surprised the group, and Archer addressed them, saying, "There are eight names in here. I will pick out tomorrow's dates and so on. Is that fair?"



Everyone agreed, and he drew two pieces of paper from the imaginary box, reading the names aloud.

"Llyniel and Hemera." He declared, eliciting smiles from the chosen girls.

"For the second pair, we have Halime and Talila." He continued as the girls exchanged glances and slight smiles between the two.

Moving on, he said the third set of names. "Next in line are Sera and Teuila."

The two girls nodded in acknowledgment, their excitement palpable. Lastly, he drew the final two pieces of paper and read, "Sia and Leira."

With smiles, the girls agreed on the order of the dates. That's when the atmosphere lightened as they started chatting again while Archer sat down and relaxed.

Sera and Llyniel decided to head out of the treehouse. Before leaving, they informed Archer, "We're going to check on the garden."

The morning sun casts a warm glow on their path as the two exited. Watching them go, Archer felt a sense of satisfaction at the cooperative spirit within the group.

Once the two were gone, Hemera approached him with Ella, Leira, and Halime. Smiling, she spoke, "Darling, we're heading into the city to check on some shops before classes start. Do you mind opening a portal?"

He nodded before casting Gate to the alleyway he used to enter Starfall. Archer stood up and kissed the four girls before they left.

Teuila, Nefertiti, Talila, and Nala engaged in conversation, while the succubus immersed herself in a book. Suddenly, the three warrior girls sprang to their feet and exited the room.

The blue-haired girl stopped in front of him with a grin. "We are going to train. There's an hour until class begins, so we have time."

Archer responded, his gaze tracing over the Aquarian before leaning into her ear and whispering, "I want you soon, Teuila."

He pressed a lingering kiss on Teuila before gracefully stepping back just as Nala and Talila approached.

Archer gave each girl kisses, and they departed from the treehouse. Only he and Nefertiti were left, who was engrossed in her reading.

Glancing up from her book, she appeared momentarily confused but soon smiled. She stood up and approached him, wrapping her arms around his shoulders.

Nefertiti then gave him a passionate kiss, one that Archer wholeheartedly returned, and the air around them filled with a shared intensity as they found a moment alone.

When they finally separated, Archer, his eyes still warm, couldn't help but be curious about what she was doing.

"What are you reading?" he inquired, a genuine interest in his voice.

Nefertiti smiled, holding up the book she had been immersed in. "It's about Zenian legends. Quite fascinating."

Archer's eyes lit up with intrigue. "Zenian legends? That sounds interesting. Mind if I take a look?"

Upon hearing about the legends, Archer's mind instantly veered toward the idea of treasure, and a keen interest sparked within him.

Eager to learn more, he expressed his curiosity with a big smile. Nefertiti, sharing his enthusiasm, nodded her head and guided him to a sofa.

Seated on the sofa, Nefertiti began to narrate a captivating story about her ancestor, a formidable leader who commanded a massive army of one hundred thousand men.

The tale unfolded as they emerged victorious in a war, bringing back the spoils of their conquest, hundreds of carts filled to the brim with treasures.

Archer's violet eyes glowed with greed and excitement as she painted a vivid picture of the spoils' triumph and grandeur.

Driven by a fervent desire, he set his sights on uncovering the elusive Zenian treasure, intending to make it his own.

As Nefertiti observed the greed etched on his face, she couldn't help but giggle before sharing her perspective. "It's all yours if you manage to discover it. Father would undoubtedly rejoice, but there's a condition: you must return our ancestor's belongings."

Archer gave her a nod before speaking with a grin. "Of course. If it's for you, I'd do it, not your Father."

Hearing his reply, she laughed, and the succubus continued telling him about all the different legends he wanted to investigate.

As the captivating tales of Zenian legends wound down, Archer and Nefertiti found themselves lost in the allure of the stories, oblivious to the passage of time.

The soft morning light filtered through the leaves of the treehouse, casting a warm glow on the couple entwined on the sofa.

Archer's violet eyes, still glinting with curiosity, finally tore his gaze away from the captivating world of legends and glanced at the enchanted timepiece on the wall.

His eyes widened in realization, and he gently nudged Nefertiti, who was leaning against him.

"Nefi," he murmured, "we might have gotten a bit carried away. Classes are starting soon."

Nefertiti blinked, her attention returning from the realms of ancient tales to the present moment. A soft gasp escaped her lips as she also noticed the time. "Oh, Archer, you're right! We need to get going."

The two lovers untangled themselves, reluctantly pulling away from the cozy cocoon of stories and warmth.

Archer stood up and stretched, his muscles protesting the sudden movement after the long period of sitting.

Nefertiti gracefully rose, her eyes still shining with the remnants of excitement from the legends.

With a mischievous grin, Archer extended his hand towards Nefertiti with a glint in his eyes. "Shall we?"

She took his hand, returning the smile. "Indeed, we shall."

The shimmering portal opened, revealing the bustling streets beyond. Archer turned to Nefertiti, gesturing for her to go first.

"Ladies first," he teased, and she gracefully stepped through the portal.

As Nefertiti disappeared into the magical gateway, Archer followed suit, the portal closing behind him.

When they stepped through the magical portal onto the cobblestone road leading to the college, the vibrant sounds of life surrounded them.

The air was filled with the lively chatter of students, the distant hum of activity, and the rhythmic clatter of hooves against the road.

It stretched ahead, lined with ancient trees whose leaves whispered secrets to the breeze.