

A Journey 521

Chapter 521 Haunting City

Archer couldn't help but feel bad for the people who once frequented this place, whose lives were now reduced to forgotten artifacts.

In the corner, a pile of dust caught his attention. He saw what appeared to be a forgotten pile of shopping that's turned to dust.

Metal shelves were all over the floor, while others stood tall. Archer looked at them and wondered how they survived this long but shrugged.

He looked around and noticed he was standing among the checkout counters. That's when a weird feeling suddenly hit him.

The air around him changed as a ripple in time revealed a scene from the past. He felt the world's mana showed him what life was once like.

Archer stopped walking when he saw a scene of a family choosing food from an old dusty shelf.

The air shimmered before him, and he found himself momentarily confused. A lively store appeared before him, its shelves neatly stocked with long-forgotten items.

Turning around, he peeked outside the store and was surprised by the busy sight of people passing the shop.

He got close to the windows only to see rows of shops lining the street, and the citizens were immersed in shopping with smiles on their faces.

Archer could almost smell the nostalgia in the air. The sight reminded him of an Earth shopping center, where families once gathered to enjoy their days.

In this strange vision, a family strolled through the aisles. With a warm smile, the father led the way, while the mother, filled with joy, guided three excited children.

The kids looked around with big eyes, fascinated by the stuff on the shelves. Archer watched as the family checked out the shop.

They pointed at different things while the parents quietly laughed together as they watched over the three, who seemed to be choosing things out.

Other people, shadows of the past, joined the scene. Some were chatting animatedly while others browsed the shelves.

The vision stirred memories in Archer, returning him to his outings back on Earth with his mother and siblings when he was younger.

Archer could hear laughter, people talking, and merchants selling their wares from the stall while citizens walked past as they spoke.

He continued to watch the scene with amazement as he saw weird wagons getting dragged by unknown horse-looking beasts.

Archer peered through the shop window, observing the street. The once peaceful sky suddenly darkened in the vision, casting an ominous shadow over the bustling city.

Continuing to observe the scene, he heard the piercing sound of an alarm bell reverberating through the air. Its urgent clang cut through the usual hustle and bustle of the busy street.

The people below halted in their tracks, their joyful expressions giving way to a mix of concern and panic.

Abruptly, a tremor reverberated through the vision, shaking everything but Archer. He glanced at the family, the same one he had initially spotted.

Panic gripped them as the ground beneath the family quaked, a low rumble filling the air.

Horror flashed across the parent's faces as they hurriedly gathered their children, desperately attempting to make a swift exit.

The once-happy atmosphere turned chaotic in an instant. Archer stood frozen in the remnants of the ancient shop, the echoes of the vision still resonating in his mind.

The air felt heavy with the weight of the past as he tried to think about the abrupt shift from a bustling shop to the desolation before him.

As he pondered the vision, the surroundings grew darker, and the air seemed to constrict around him.

Without warning, the vision changed. The once lively scene of the family happily exploring the shop turned chaotic.

The ground shook violently, causing shelves to collapse and merchandise to scatter. He saw the expressions on the family's faces twisted into fear as they approached the shop's exit.

Archer wondered why they were panicking as the scene continued, and the whole city shook like an earthquake.

He could feel the despair and chaos seeping through the vision. Suddenly, the vision shifted once more.

Archer stood outside this shop and felt the city fall into the underground chamber while the citizens screamed.

The scene plunged into darkness as he tried to make sense of it. All he could hear was the family's screams that appeared next to him.

Lights lit up the streets and illuminated the scared family and other shoppers, but then he heard faint chittering sounds from all directions.

The noise got louder, a confusing mix of unsettling sounds closing in on him. Archer's instincts urged him to respond.

But he couldn't move as he saw dark shapes heading for the people while snatching others, which caused everyone to panic.lights

As Archer watched this, he felt sorry for the family but knew this had happened thousands of years ago.

The family, frozen in their panicked escape, stared back at him, their expressions etched with fear and desperation.

When they did this, it confused Archer as it felt like they could see him watching the last minutes of their life.

But that's when the vision suddenly changed, and in an instant, he found himself back in the abandoned shop.

The shelves were still in disarray, and the remnants of the vision lingered in his mind like a haunting echo.

Archer shook his head before walking out and continued looking for another tunnel, but the bad feeling grew.

Walking along the street, he stroked Zahara, who hissed as she spoke. "They are still close, master. They are watching you."

He searched for a tunnel entrance as he answered. "I know. They smell like humans mixed with something foul."

Zahara nodded her small head. "Yes. Yes. They are soaked in evil magic."

Archer stops talking and starts paying attention as he moves through the old city. The only thing he could hear was his footsteps.

The aged structures enclosed him as he journeyed through the desolate city. Amidst his travels, faint whispers seemed to brush against his senses.

Initially, he paid them little attention before dismissing them as they faded into the background, no longer reaching his ears.

After walking, Archer reached the city square, a once-grand hub now reduced to a ghostly space.

He stood in the center, surrounded by towering structures that loomed over him like a monster waiting to pounce on him.

The ground beneath his feet, worn with time, told stories of the countless lives that had traversed these streets.

Suddenly, an odd sensation enveloped Archer. The air around him shimmered, and the surroundings blurred as another vision unfolded.

Instantly, he found himself in the heart of a bustling market. It completely changed from a devoid square into one where hundreds of people shopped.

People strolled through the market, their faces adorned with smiles as they engaged in lively conversations.

Vendors sold their wares, and the air was filled with the enticing smell of various foods. The beautiful colors of fabrics and goods showed how busy it was.

Archer marveled at the liveliness of the scene, taken aback by the stark difference from the desolate city he had been exploring.

Families walked hand in hand, children giggled, and merchants cheerfully called out to attract customers.

As he wandered through the market, absorbing the sights and sounds, Archer couldn't shake the feeling that this was more than just a glimpse of the past.

It felt like a window into a world now buried beneath the weight of time. The vision held him captive until it dissipated just as abruptly as it began.

Archer found himself in the quiet city square, surrounded by the remnants of a forgotten civilization.

That's when he noticed skeletons all over the square covered in dust. Archer approached one and used wind magic to uncover it.

As the dust vanished, a human skeleton lay there with a rotten shield and a sword. He crouched down and tried to grab the sword, but it crumbled to dust.

The skeletal remains of market stalls hinted at a lively past, now lost to time. His attention was abruptly drawn away from the scene as he sensed a sudden rush of movement.

On instinct, Archer quickly turned around and used his tail to impale the creature charging him. A sharp gasp escaped him as he saw the writhing form on the end of his tail.

The sight was unsettling. The creature looked human, but its skin was as dark as obsidian, creating a creepy look.

Bright red eyes that gleamed unnaturally, and its teeth and claws were sharp. It looked like they could tear through metal with ease.

Archer took a step back, studying the creature with surprise. The whispers in the air seemed to converge around this creature as if it connected to the haunting city.

The creature struggled against his strong tail, but it was useless. Its red eyes fixated on Archer.

Despite the ominous appearance, those eyes had a strange emptiness devoid of humanity. The air crackled with tension as Archer contemplated the next move.

Chapter 522 Cheekiness

Arched studied the creepy-looking humanoid and asked in a curious voice. "Who or what are you?"

The creature hissed in response, a guttural sound that would scare anyone else, but it didn't bother him anymore.

Now that they couldn't communicate, he scanned it to see what it was.

[Nyxian(Mutated Human)]

[Rank: D]

When Archer saw this, he knew these creatures were the citizens of this city, but what confused him was how they were still living.

As he thought to himself, Zahara hissed before speaking. "It's the evil magic. It gives them life, but as a slave. The people are still in there but are trapped."

"How do you know that?" Archer asked as he looked at the little snake on his shoulder.

The little snake answered in her usual sweet voice. "I'm an Astral Sepernt master. My magic allows me to see all around me."

When he heard this, his greedy eyes shone as he asked in a curious voice. "Can you see any treasures?"

Zahara looked at him before nodding her head. "Yes. There are three buildings full of gold and gems master. Why?"

Archer's violet eyes glowed with greed before asking. "Can you show me the buildings?"

The little snake guided him towards the first building, which was worn and weathered. Archer didn't want to search for it, so he devised a brilliant idea.

He placed his hand on the building's exterior and tried to store the whole building in his Item Box.

To his astonishment, a surge of mana flowed through him. The ancient structure and the treasure inside began to shimmer and fade.

The entire building instantly vanished into Archer's Item Box. The abrupt success of this unorthodox approach left Archer momentarily stunned.

He stared at his hand, the realization of what he had just done sinking in. A grin slowly spread across his face as he looked at Zahara.

"Well, that's one way to do it," he chuckled, marveling at the newfound efficiency.

With that done, he traveled to the other buildings and did the same thing while using the Shadowspawn to fight the Nyxians.

He cast Shadowspawn dozens of times and ordered the creatures to hunt down any humanoids they found and butcher them.

After doing that, Archer continued his journey through the remains of the old city, and shadows seemed to stir around him.

From the hidden crevices and rooftops, even more, Nyxians lurked in the forsaken city and emerged with predatory hunger.

They lunged at Archer with eerie silence, their black forms blending seamlessly with the shadows around him.

But he was not caught off guard and dodged all their attacks. His keen dragon senses detected the subtle disturbances in the air.

Before the creatures could reach him, his Shadowspawn, loyal entities that appeared from the darkness, sprang into action.

The Nyxians, with their twisted features and malevolent intent, met a formidable enemy in the form of Archer's shadowy minions.

Creatures clashed in a dance of darkness, the air crackling with suppressed energy. Shadowspawn moved with eerie grace, countering the Nyxians' every move.

Initially confident, the humanoid creatures were outmatched by the supernatural entities conjured by Archer's magic.

The Shadowspawn worked seamlessly as a team, encircling the Nyxians and attacking from multiple directions.

They fought fiercely, but the ethereal nature of the Shadowspawn made them elusive targets.

Tails struck like coiled springs, impaling Nyxians with swift precision. Talons tore through shadowy flesh, leaving trails of darkness in their wake.

Each deadly swipe sent razor-sharp claws slicing through the creatures' forms, rendering the humanoid figures lifeless on the ground.

As the Shadowspawn fought with the Nyxians, Archer noticed many more creatures charging toward him with hunger radiating in their red eyes.

Grinning when he saw this, his hands glowed with celestial energy as he cast Celestial Beams.

The beams streaked through the air, illuminating the surroundings with their violet glow. As they struck the Nyxians, the creatures recoiled, screaming in pain.

Archer kept casting the spell, and the violet light burned many creatures to ash as they came close, but just for safety, he cast Crown of Stars.

The motes appeared and floated around him and only activated when a Nyxian came close, which was instantly killed.lights

Their lifeless bodies dropped to the ground with thuds. Zahara coiled around his neck and hid herself.

The humanoid creatures were finished quickly between Archer's spells and the Shadowspawn.

He didn't bother collecting their hearts; the idea of eating something experimented on by the Swarm was disgusting to him.

After that, Archer resumed his search for a tunnel and soon found one.

[On an Island east of the central continent]

An older man sat outside a beautiful house atop a hill overlooking the island. Short silver hair framed his face, and silver eyes reflected the wisdom and experience of his long life.

Silver scales ran down his body, reminiscent of Archer's white ones. The man looked out to the sea, observing dozens of high-elf ships passing by.

As he absorbed the maritime scenery, a woman of the same age appeared and spoke, "Aslan, have you heard the news Harold brought?"

Aslan turned to see his wife, appreciating the timeless beauty of her silver hair and the captivating glow of her violet eyes, reminiscent of stars in the night sky.

He shook his head. "No, Tiamara my love. What has the silly human told you now?"

Tiamara approached Aslan, her expression carrying a mixture of concern and urgency. "Aslan, there's news from the Pluoria continent to the west. A new white dragon has appeared, causing quite a stir, and the boy seems to be entangled in some trouble with the Church of Light."

His silver eyes widened with interest and concern. "A white dragon, you say? This could complicate matters. What trouble has it gotten into with the Church?"

The older woman relayed the details of the events, explaining the encounters, misunderstandings, and escalating tensions involving Archer and the Church of Light.

As the narrative unfolded, Aslan's thoughts deepened, thinking about the potential ramifications of such a situation.

The balcony fell into a silence as the two started thinking to themselves. But soon, the air around them changed, and a powerful aura washed over them.

That's when Aslan exchanged a knowing glance with Tiamara, and together, they gracefully knelt.

A gentle breeze swept through the air, carrying with it the aura of a goddess. The silence deepened.

Aslan could feel the subtle shift in the mana around him that he knew all too well, a sign that the Dragon Queen was about to make her presence known.

Tiamat appeared on the balcony, adorned in a beautiful white dress that shimmered in the sunlight.

She stood on the balcony, her long, flowing white hair cascading like a snowy waterfall. The radiant strands gleamed as they caught the sunlight, creating an ethereal aura around her.

Her glimmering white scales reflected the light, giving her an otherworldly beauty. The scales seemed to dance with a soft luminescence, emphasizing her divine presence.

Like radiant stars against the canvas of her white features, Tiamat's violet eyes shone with a wisdom that surpassed mortal understanding.

Her eyes held a timeless depth, echoing the eons of her existence. With a benevolent smile, Tiamat stepped forward.

"Aslan, Tiamara," she greeted them with a melodic voice, "rise, my faithful ones."

The couple stood, their eyes expressing both respect and devotion. He asked with reverence, "Great Tiamat, what guidance can you offer us in these uncertain times?"

Tiamat spoke to the couple gently yet commandingly, "Both of your devotion has not gone unnoticed. You are my greatest supporters, and your prayers have resonated through the ages."

The couple listened as Tiamat continued, "However, a matter requires your attention. The white dragon needs guidance. He shies away from training and always finds himself in troublesome situations."

When she thought about Archer, a smile appeared as she remembered their kiss, which caused her to laugh.

Tiamara smiled before asking in a respectful voice. "What and who is the white dragon, my goddess?"

"Ah, Archer," she began, her eyes twinkling affectionately. "He may not be a king yet, but he is certainly a force to be reckoned with."

She continued to speak of Archer, and her expressions shifted from regality to a more personal warmth. "His cheekiness knows no bounds, and his antics have a certain charm. I find myself amused by his adventures and misadventures alike."

As Tiamat spoke, Aslan and Tiamara exchanged knowing glances. Tiamara couldn't help but smile at the evident fondness in her words.

Playfully, she teased, "Is there a white dragon king now?"

Tiamat locked eyes with the older woman while sporting a sly grin. She answered. "Not quite yet, my dear Tiamara. Brace yourself for the cheeky boy. You might want to hide away your daughter and granddaughter—before you know it, he'll swoop in, sprinkle a bit of his charm, and you'll have little dragon's running amok on the island."

Chapter 523 A Lewd Bandit

They burst into laughter, enjoying the light-hearted banter. Tiamara chuckled, "Corrupt them? I thought he was supposed to be a hero."

Tiamat's eyes twinkled with mischief as she continued her tale, the balcony filled with her enchanting voice. "Archer, my dear, is not your typical hero. Oh no, he's a lewd bandit with an insatiable love for gold and his girls. He has an uncanny ability to collect princesses without even meaning to."

The couple shared curious glances, uncertain whether to treat the goddess's words seriously or as part of her playful banter. The redhead raised an eyebrow.

Yet, Tiamat persisted, "You see, he unwittingly manages to annoy everyone he encounters, be it a powerful mage, a fearsome beast, or a king. But in his defense, he does it with such charm that most end up forgiving him."

Tiamara couldn't help but chuckle at the image of a mischievous Archer unintentionally causing trouble wherever he went. Aslan listened with a bemused smile, eager to hear more.

The dragon goddess leaned forward, her eyes glinting with amusement. "Aside from indulging in making love to his girls, his favorite hobby is bandit hunting. Yes, you heard it right. The white dragon finds great joy in tracking down bandits and taking their treasure for himself."

She continued with a sly grin, "He may not be the hero you imagine, but he's a character with a heart of gold hidden beneath layers of mischief and roguish charm. Remember, every tale has unexpected twists, and Archer's story is no exception."

With a respectful nod, Aslan inquired, "Great Tiamat, so what do you need us to do?"

Her eyes sparkled with gratitude as she responded with a warm smile. "My faithful ones, I have a task for you. Please guide and train Archer. He is a unique soul, and his potential is vast. However, he must face challenges, and your guidance will be invaluable."

The two dragons nodded, ready to undertake the responsibility bestowed upon them by the ancient dragon.

Tiamara spoke earnestly, "We'll do everything in our power to help and guide him. What do you need us to focus on?"

Her gaze held a mix of wisdom and foresight. "Archer will soon face a formidable opponent, a Demi-god from the Swarm. This encounter is inevitable, and he will need your help or perish. After that, train him in the arts of being a dragon and ensure he emerges stronger."

Aslan and Tiamara accepted the task with determination. "Consider it done, Great Tiamat. We shall train him to the best of our abilities and ensure his safety in the face of this looming threat," Aslan pledged.

Tiamat's smile deepened. "You have my gratitude, dear ones. Your support is invaluable, and together, we shall navigate the threads of fate that weave around the hooligan."

That's when Aslan spoke up before Tiamat would leave. "Goddess. Where is the boy now? And why is a Demi-god going to attack him?"

The white-haired goddess smiled, but a hint of concern lingered in her eyes before she spoke with a more serious tone. "He's trapped in the Swarm's underground tunnels in a place called the Western Wilds in the Avalon Empire. The boy stumbled upon an ancient city in the forest, and because the boy is greedy he entered. However, the Swarm's Warlocks set an ancient trap, capturing him and eight of his girls. Now, go and find him, my silver dragons."

As Tiamat finished giving them instructions, a smile graced her as she shimmered with a nod of gratitude, slowly dissipating into nothing as she faded away.

The balcony, once graced by her divine presence, was now empty, the couple standing alone in the wake of her departure.

Tiamara turned to Aslan, and they shared a knowing look in unison. Without uttering a word, the couple leaped off the balcony.

They transformed mid-air into two magnificent silver western dragons. Their scales glistened in the sunlight.

With powerful wingbeats, they soared into the sky, their silhouettes blending seamlessly with the clouds as they embraced the ancient dragon queen's responsibility.

The sky became their canvas, and with a sense of purpose, they embarked on their journey to train and guide Archer through the challenges that awaited him.

[Ella, Halime and Leira's POV]

Ella was worried because she couldn't get hold of Archer or any of the girls. So, once classes were over, she went to find Leira and Halime.

She found the two of them and asked if they had heard from anyone, but they shook their heads, which caused Ella to sigh.

Once she asked that, she handed over a bracelet to Halime, who asked. "What's this?"

Ella explained. "Arch told me to give it to you. He can explain all the benefits to it when he gets back."

The snake nodded, but then Leira suggested. "Why don't we check the domain, and if they aren't there, we can wait a couple of days and go to the headmistress?"

Ella and Halime agreed. The half-elf activated the bracelet, teleporting them to the domain with hopeful smiles.

They expected warm greetings from Archer, but reality had a different plan. The domain lay silent and seemingly deserted.

The usual hustle and bustle of Archer's energetic presence, Nala's melodious tunes, and Hemera's discussions over books were absent.

The girls exchanged puzzled glances, their excitement giving way to concern. Ella tried reaching out through the tattoo but didn't feel anything.

Her attempts to contact the others met with eerie silence. Halime's brows furrowed as she surveyed the surroundings. "Where could they be? Did something happen while we were away?"

Leira, the pragmatic one, suggested, "Let's not jump to conclusions just yet. Maybe they're trapped in the city. We should go about our business and see if they return in a day or two but if not we can go to the headmistress like I suggested."

The three girls reached a unanimous decision, and Ella took charge, heading to the kitchen to prepare dinner.

Halime and Leira settled themselves at the dining table, chatting as they eagerly awaited the meal that was soon to come.

As the sun dipped below the horizon, casting hues of orange and purple across the sky, the girls reconvened for dinner.

Ella laid out a feast of various foods, each giving a delicious smell wafting through the air, attracting the other two's attention.

Leira, her purple cat tail swaying behind her, leaned back in her chair and spoke with a voice that carried a certain weight. "He's gotten into trouble again."

The snake girl looked at her and asked in a curious voice. "What do you mean?"

"Arch said he found an ancient city, and most places like that are really dangerous and tend to have traps everywhere," Leira answered as she started eating.

Ella stood up abruptly, worry flashing in her eyes. "I can't just sit here and wait. Tomorrow morning, we'll see Ophelia. She might know something or be able to help us. I can't shake this feeling that something is wrong, and I won't rest until we find out what it is."

Halime nodded, the gravity of the situation settling in. "I agree. Waiting won't solve anything. Let's see the headmistress first thing in the morning. Maybe she can help us locate them."

Leira, though initially hesitant, saw the urgency in their eyes and nodded in agreement. "Fine. Tomorrow morning, we'll see her. But until then, let's try not to panic. There might be a reasonable explanation for all this."

The trio exchanged silent nods, resuming their quiet dinner as the night unfolded. Eventually, each retreated to her respective bedroom, seeking solace in the embrace of sleep.

Despite their attempts to send messages, communication proved elusive. As the night wore on, exhaustion took over, and one by one, they succumbed to the embrace of slumber.

With the arrival of morning, all three were up at the break of dawn. The three left the domain and made their way to the college.

As they approached the entrance, the imposing figure of Headmistress Ophelia emerged from the shadows, a serene smile gracing her lips.

Her sharp violet eyes met theirs, and she beckoned them forward as she greeted them in a calm tone. "Good morning, girls."

"Headmistress Ophelia," Ella began, her voice carrying a blend of concern and determination, "we need your help. Something's happened to Archer and the others, and we can't reach them."

Ophelia's smile remained, but her eyes betrayed a knowing glint. "Please, follow me to my office. We have much to discuss."

The three girls exchanged curious glances but followed the headmistress without hesitation. When the group reached her office, she gestured for them to take a seat as they entered.

She settled into her chair, her gaze steady as she regarded them. "I know that stupid dragon has wandered into the Western Wilds in the south with the others. My grandmother says our world's jungles and wilderness places are full of ancient cities and traps that could do anything."

When Ophelia stopped speaking, she looked at the three girls and asked. "I assume it's all the others except Sia?"

Chapter 524 Between The Living And The Dead

Archer soon found a new tunnel to explore, and with Zahara watching his back, he walked down it.

He felt the weight of the three buildings in his Item Box, but it didn't bother him. Soon, he came to a small chamber with egg sacks.

When Archer saw this, he shook his head and cast Eldritch Blast into the things, causing them to explode.

After completing the task, he surveyed his surroundings and discovered he was in the den of a mysterious beast that the Swarm had collected.

However, he dismissed the situation with a nonchalant shrug and took a deep breath. Archer unleashed a burst of dragon fire that engulfed everything in the room.

Once doing that, he walked down the opposite tunnel and used Aura Detector to scan it, but it didn't show him anything.

Archer continued walking down it until he heard a banging noise. It was an unsettling noise, repetitive and rhythmic, like a distant drumbeat.

Curious, he stopped walking and tried to identify the source of the eerie sound. The air grew heavy with tension.

Archer resumed his journey, his curiosity overpowering caution, following the haunting rhythm that echoed through the tunnel.

Turning a corner, he entered a new chamber, and his eyes widened in shock at the nightmarish scene before him.

The walls were embellished with macabre decorations—forms twisted and contorted, remnants of what had once been humans.

Their bodies dangled from the ceiling, suspended by black grimy chains, and their moans filled the air with a haunting symphony of suffering.

The sight sent a shiver down Archer's spine, and his breath caught in his throat. These were not the humans he expected to encounter.

Even after everything he'd seen, the sight spooked him, and he now realized how evil the swarm was.

The people's faces looked frozen in everlasting pain, showing that something evil had changed them into empty shells of who they used to be.

Limbs twisted at unnatural angles, eyes vacant and haunted. They seemed like creepy sculptures suspended in the grim gallery of despair.

He thought to himself as he looked around. 'What the fuck is this shit. Its straight out of a horror movie. It gives me the creeps.'

As he looked around, a cold realization gripped Archer—he had stumbled upon a chamber of horrors where the boundaries between the living and the dead had blurred.

The air seemed tainted with those unfortunate soul's despair, and a sense of dread coiled around his heart.

The chamber echoed with the moans of the twisted figures suspended by chains, their vacant eyes pleading for release from their nightmarish existence.

Archer gazed upon the pitiful humans still clinging to a semblance of life in their tortured state and felt sorry for them.

He decided to free them from this torture and took a deep breath before unleashing a torrent of dragon fire, an inferno that consumed the horror-filled chamber.

The intense heat roared through the air and burned everything to dust, releasing the people from their tortured lives.

After burning that whole chamber, he spotted another tunnel near him. It was hidden behind some bloody cloth hung from hooks.

He entered it and ventured deeper into the dimly lit tunnel. A subtle shift in the air caught his attention.

The delicate and familiar scent wafted towards him like a gentle whisper. Instinctively, he stilled his steps, his heightened dragon senses honing in on the fragrance.

Turning a corner, he found himself facing a branching path. The scent lingered in the air, and Archer's brows furrowed in concentration.

It was a fragrance he knew well, a unique blend of floral notes and the subtle essence of earth.

The distinctive scent belonged to one of the girls, Nala or Llyniel. Hurrying ahead, he summoned his claws and found himself in front of a sturdy wooden door.

With a quick stop, he cast Azur Cannon at the door, a vivid purple beam shot from his outstretched arm.

The spell caused the door to vanish with a loud boom, startling the creatures on the other side.

[Nala & Llyniel's POV]

After fighting the red-skinned goblins, the two girls continued down the tunnels. Nala was walking in front as Llyniel followed behind.

The lion girl turned to the elf and spoke. "Are you always this quiet, Llyn?"

Llyniel looked at her and nodded, which caused Nala to sigh, but she continued until they came to a chamber.

When they entered, the two girls were completely shocked. They stumbled upon the remnants of an old, abandoned village lost to the ravages of time.

The air carried a sense of history, and nature had woven its way into the ruins, claiming what was once a bustling community.

As they approached, the two girls exchanged curious glances, their eyes reflecting a blend of wonder and uncertainty.

The buildings in front of them were aged and worn. Dilapidated structures whose original purpose remained a mystery due to the passage of time.

With her adventurous spirit, Nala took a cautious step forward, her gaze sweeping across the timeworn structures.

"Llyniel, have you ever seen anything like this before?" She asked.

The wood elf shook her head with a confused look on her face. "No. It seems like a place forgotten by time itself. I cannot recognize the style of these buildings."

Together, they approached the heart of the abandoned village, their footsteps echoing through the silence that enveloped the crumbling structures.

Nature had claimed its share, with vines clinging to the walls and flora pushing through the cracks in the cobblestone streets.

The air seemed to carry whispers, leaving the girls scared as they moved deeper into the village.

Shadows danced on the remnants of what might have been a town square, and memories of life once vibrant now lay dormant in the stillness of decay.

The ground beneath their feet was littered with debris. As they ventured deeper, a mist appeared over the village, hiding the buildings in its embrace.

The air was heavy with an otherworldly stillness, broken only by the soft crunch of their footsteps on the litter-strewn ground.

Nala stopped walking and turned to the wood elf. "Why does it feel like we're being watched? Can you use your nature magic here?"

Llyniel shook her head. "No. Despite the presence of nature here, it's corrupted and refuses to heed my commands. I hear it screaming incessantly as if trapped in constant agony."

The lion girl looked concerned when she heard that, but soon, the silence was shattered when the two heard footsteps echoing around them.

They exchanged glances, their senses heightened in the disquieting atmosphere. Suddenly, the air was pierced by chilling cackles and eerie laughter.

Creepy laughter echoed all around them, coming from every direction. The sound bounced off the wall, filling the empty village with an eerie chorus.

Nala's hand instinctively tightened around the hilt of her weapon, and Llyniel's brown eyes darted nervously from side to side.

The mist moved strangely as the creepy sounds got louder. The girls felt like someone was watching them, and the laughter kept echoing in the village.

Shadows flickered in the periphery of their vision, adding to the surreal and unsettling surroundings.

The mist moved strangely, forming weird shapes that echoed the creepy sounds in the haunted village.

Nala and Llyniel cautiously approached the heart of the abandoned village, where the remains of what once might have been a village square.

As they stepped into what used to be a bustling marketplace, Nala's eyes scanned the scene.

The skeletal frames of market stalls stood like ghostly sentinels, their wooden structures weathered by time.

Curiosity etched across Nala's face, she took a cautious step forward, her eyes tracing the faded outlines of what were once bustling stalls. "Llyniel, can you sense anything unusual here with your magic?"

The wood elf furrowed her brow, her elven senses on high alert. She shook her head. "I sense a strange energy, but as I said before, it's corrupted. I can't grasp its nature."

A disturbing sound broke the silence, halting their exploration of the mystery. The distant scraping of claws against stone echoed in the air, triggering Nala's instincts.

Swiftly turning, sword drawn, she deflected a sudden claw swipe just in time as she skidded backward due to the force.

The surprise attacker emerged from the shadows, unveiling humanoid figures with jet-black skin, blood-red eyes, and menacing claws.

They were snarling, their sharp teeth glinting in the dim light. Nala leaped back, creating distance between them.

As she looked at the creatures, her eyes narrowed with shock, horror, and caution. Llyniel, too, readied herself.

Seemingly unfazed by the sudden retaliation, the creatures emitted guttural growls as they circled the girls, eyes fixated on their prey.

Nala's voice cut through the tense air. "Llyniel, be ready. These things don't look friendly."

The black humanoid creatures closed in on the two girls with their blood-red eyes and menacing claws.

Nala turned to Llyniel, a silent understanding passing between them. The wood elf raised her hands without hesitation, invoking her earth magic.

Chapter 525 A Devil Of The Deep

The ground beneath the creatures trembled as Llyniel summoned sharp spikes of rock and debris, sending them hurtling toward the approaching threat.

As she cast her earth blasts, Nala became a blur of motion. With a burst of speed, she shot forward like a bullet, her sword gleaming in the light.

Unaware of the impending danger, the closest creature fell victim to Nala's lightning-fast assault. She sliced through the creature, cutting it in half.

Black tar-like blood spilled onto the litter-strewn ground as the defeated foe crumpled with a thud.

However, the triumph was short-lived. In the blink of an eye, another creature emerged from the shadows, taking the fallen one's place.

Its red eyes glowed with an otherworldly malevolence, and its claws flexed eagerly. Nala, undeterred by them, focused on the new threat.

Nala paid more attention to the creatures and examined them. Its skin clung tightly to its skeletal frame, revealing every bone beneath.

She then turned to Llyniel, who continued to channel her earth magic. The wood elf's efforts had bought them a moment.

But that wasn't enough, as even more creatures seemed to materialize from the darkness and pounced on them.

As Nala skillfully wielded her sword, each stroke displaying her strength, she danced through the chaotic battlefield.

The creatures, momentarily thrown off balance by her prowess, struggled to anticipate her swift movements.

With each swing, she cut through the dark adversaries, their black blood staining the ground.

However, the creatures were relentless, and their numbers began to take their toll, and soon overwhelmed by their sheer force, Nala found herself surrounded.

Despite her speed and skill, one creature managed to land a decisive blow, sending her crashing to the ground.

The world blurred as darkness enveloped the lion girl's consciousness. Witnessing the lion girl's fall, Llynriel's eyes widened in panic, and she cried out. "Nala!"

For a moment, time seemed to slow as she saw her friend succumb to the overwhelming assault.

In that instant, the chaotic battlefield blurred, and all Llynriel could focus on was Nala lying defenseless on the ground.

She quickly shook her head and channeled the raw mana without hesitation, summoning sharp spikes and boulders to attack the creatures.

Her earth blasts collided with them, creating a brief reprieve. But in the chaos, one of the creatures, cunning and elusive, slinked through the barrage of rocks and debris.

Silently, it approached Llynriel from behind, its red eyes gleaming. Before she could react, the creature struck a swift blow, rendering the wood elf unconscious.

Once the two were out cold, the creatures went to finish them off, but a being in a black robe appeared and stopped them. "Do not kill them. Bring them to the lab."

All the weird humanoids stopped but listened and picked up the two girls before following the robed figure.

[Teuila & Sera's POV]

Teuila was swimming fast through the dark water. She propelled herself through the water with the grace of a living torpedo.

Sera clung to her back, the rush of water whooshing past them. Teuila's sleek form cut through the currents, and the underwater world unfolded before the two girls.

As they descended deeper, the light gradually dimmed, casting a glow upon the surrounding water.

Teuila's keen eyes scanned the mysterious depths, searching for any signs of danger. The seabed approached, revealing vast skeletons of ancient sea beasts.

Large ribs reached out like skeletal fingers, creating an eerie underwater graveyard. Looking at the colossal remains, Sera couldn't suppress a shiver of fear.

Her voice echoed through the water as she clung tighter to the ocean princess. "Ugh, Teuila, are you seeing this? Those skeletons are huge! What kind of place did you bring me to? This is like a sea monster cemetery or something."

Teuila responded by patting the redheaded dragon girl on the head, which earned her a dirty look.

"I signed up for an adventure, but this is a bit much. Are we sure nothing is lurking down here? No sea monsters waiting to add our bones to the collection?" Sera continued, her voice slightly muffled by the water.

Teuila swirled gracefully through the water, trying to navigate the path while keeping Sera calm.

The underwater world, though haunting, held a strange beauty, but for Sera, the skeletal remnants painted a vivid picture of the mysteries lurking in the depths below.

A hushed silence enveloped the underwater realm as they ventured deeper into the cavernous expanse.

The only sounds were the subtle echoes of their movements and the gentle murmur of the distant currents.

Suddenly, a low, ominous rumble echoed through the water, resonating with a power that sent ripples across the sea. lights

Sensitive to the underwater vibrations, Teuila stopped swimming. The water stilled around them as the echo of a monstrous roar reverberated through the cavern.

Sera tightened her grip on the blue-haired girl, her eyes widening in awe and fear. The source of the roar remained unseen in the murky depths.

Teuila's gaze darted in all directions, scanning the dark expanse for any signs of movement.

The underwater world seemed to hold its breath, and the only sound that lingered was the fading echo of the mysterious roar.

Teuila, ever alert, listened intently, her instincts on high alert. A subtle movement caught her attention, and she turned to face the direction from which the roar had originated.

But Sera's panicked voice broke in before she could pinpoint its source, "What was that? That was a roar. Let's get out of here, Teuila before we become fish food."

"Relax, Sera. It won't catch us," Teuila reassured, scanning the surroundings keenly.

She was on the verge of giving up when another roar echoed, this time ominously close. Sera clung to her even tighter.

Teuila surveyed the area and identified the source of the disturbance. It was a massive shark, a creature she knew all too well.

"A Devil of the Deep. They're real," she remarked aloud, escalating Sera's panic even further.

Suddenly, another roar reverberated through the ocean, causing Teuila to tense and look all around, wondering what was doing it.

But that's when she spotted a massive black shark's eyes burning a menacing red, surging towards them with incredible speed.

Fear gripped Teuila as she kicked into high gear, pushing her body through the water. The shark pursued them relentlessly, its jaws snapping menacingly.

She glanced over her shoulder, dread flooding her senses as the creature closed in. The chase became a deadly dance of survival.

Teuila's movements were blurry as she swerved, twisted, and darted to evade the starving predator.

The dark waters were now a battleground, and every twist and turn was a gamble with death.

Sera clung to Teuila's back, her eyes wide with terror as the monstrous shark bore down on them, which caused her to let out a scream.

The ocean princess could feel the vibrations of its pursuit, a relentless force that threatened to consume them.

In a heart-stopping moment, the shark closed the distance, its jaws poised for a deadly strike.

Teuila let out a scream of fear as she dodged swiftly, narrowly evading the lethal jaws and their untimely deaths. Frustrated, the shark circled back, preparing for another attack.

The Aquarian princess, fueled by a surge of adrenaline, continued her desperate escape from the relentless predator.

The underwater chase unfolded like a nightmare, the black shark persistently hunting the two girls, and it was keeping up.

Teuila's agile movements were the only barrier between them and the jaws of the ocean terror, each twist and turn a gamble with survival in the dark depths.

As they darted through the water, seeking refuge from the black shark, they entered a narrow tunnel.

Panic gripped Teuila as the tunnel's confines left them with no way to dodge. The monstrous shark followed closely behind and was happy that they trapped themselves.

Sera, feeling the walls closing in and frustration building, couldn't take it any longer. "Enough of this!" she roared.

Sera's body instantly changed and grew in size. Her beautiful red scales and horns emerged, and her wings unfurled as she transformed into her dragon form.

Teuila, taken aback by the appearance of a red dragon, watched in awe as the Sera's powerful presence filled the tunnel.

Recognizing the impending danger, Teuila swiftly concentrated her magic, creating a pocket of air within the tunnel.

Now in full dragon form, Sera released a torrent of scorching flames directly at the incoming shark. Sera's eyes glowed fiery as she took a deep breath.

Her red flames engulfed the tunnel, creating a blazing inferno that clashed with the surrounding water.

The black shark, caught in the fiery onslaught, writhed and thrashed, unable to withstand the intense heat.

In a triumphant moment, Sera's flames reduced the pursuing threat to nothingness, leaving only smoky remnants in the confined space.

The tunnel, once a death trap, now bore the scorched evidence of Sera's fiery wrath as the water washed back in as Teuila dismissed her spell.

Chapter 526 Let's Keep Going

[Nefertiti & Hecate's POV]

The two girls pressed on through the forest, surrounded by the ominous roars of unseen beasts.

Nefertiti took the lead, and after a while, she spotted a clearing in the distance. She turned to Hecate and suggested, "There's a clearing nearby. Let's check it out."

The moon elf nodded in agreement and trailed after the succubus. Upon entering the clearing, they found it devoid of life.

As they cautiously explored the clearing, a sudden rustle of leaves and a gentle breeze announced the arrival of an unexpected visitor.

Before they could react, a mysterious woman appeared from the forest, causing the two girls to jump.

The woman regarded them with a calm voice as she spoke. "Fear not, travelers. I mean you no harm."

Despite the initial scare, Nefertiti and Hecate sensed no immediate danger. The woman continued, "I've been watching, and it's unsafe here. Monsters lurk in these woods. Follow me, and I'll guide you to safety."

Intrigued, the two girls exchanged glances before nodding in agreement and followed her as the woman didn't get any dangerous feelings from her.

The woman guided Nefertiti and Hecate through the dense forest, their footsteps echoing on the soft bed of fallen leaves.

As they ventured deeper, the trees gradually gave way to the sight of an old, weathered town emerging in the clearing.

The town seemed frozen, with ancient buildings as silent witnesses. Cobblestone streets lined with moss and ivy crisscrossed through the quaint settlement.

A sense of eerie nostalgia hung as if the town held untold stories and secrets. The woman, without pausing, continued to lead the way through the quiet streets.

The occasional creak of a rusty sign swinging in the wind and the distant howl of the forest created a haunting ambiance.

Nefertiti and Hecate exchanged glances, silently acknowledging the peculiar nature of their surroundings.

As the woman guided them deeper into the town, they soon entered a busier part of the settlement.

The old cobblestone streets widened, and they saw shacks built everywhere as the buildings looked run down.

All the villagers stopped what they were doing and stared at the two girls, which caused the Nefertiti to comment. "What are they looking at? Do they want to burn?"

"Don't do that, Nefi. We need to get out of here to reunite with our husband. We can't afford to mess around." Hecate spoke.

The mysterious woman continued to lead them through the busy streets, her steps unwavering.

It was as if the townspeople were oblivious to the peculiar atmosphere but couldn't shake the feeling that something was amiss.

As they passed the various stalls and shops, the noise faded, replaced by an unsettling quiet that hung like an invisible veil.

The townspeople's expressions remained fixed, their actions almost mechanical. Hecate whispered. "Do you feel that? Something's not right. They're going through the motions, but there's no real life here."

Nefertiti nodded in agreement, her senses heightened as they followed the enigmatic woman through the strangely busy yet lifeless town.

The mystery deepened with every step, leaving them on edge and questioning the world's authenticity.

She guided them toward a fire pit positioned beside a house near the town's outskirts, taking a seat herself and leaving Nefertiti and Hecate standing.

The woman directed her gaze at Hecate, curiosity evident in her eyes. "I know you're an elf, but what kind? I've never seen someone with grey skin like yours."

Hecate met the woman's inquisitive gaze but didn't respond. It was Nefertiti who answered. "It doesn't matter what she is, but what is this place?"

After she spoke, the woman nodded. "You're right, and this place is a lost town. We were once on the Avidia, but that was many years ago."

"How did you end up here then? And why is everyone acting like everything is normal?" Nefertiti asked while sitting next to Hecate, who was on guard.

The woman looked at her and answered honestly. "They are broken. They pretend to live as normal as possible, trying to pretend what's happening is just a bad dream. That isn't important, but we must be inside when the light goes out."

Nefertiti wore a perplexed expression, and Hecate's concern was evident, yet the woman pressed on. "The Swarm sent creatures here to hunt us, but the last mage created barriers around certain areas to repel them."

"Alright, where's the closest safe place?" Nefertiti inquired.

[Hemera & Talila's POV]

The two elves walked down the same tunnel but saw nothing apart from darkness. However, thanks to being elves, they had no issues with their sight.

Hemera suddenly felt a chill as they passed by an intersection. She stopped walking as she spoke. "Tali. Do you feel that?"

Talila looked around and shook her head before replying. "I feel nothing, Auntie. It's just cold."lights

"Okay. Let's keep going." Hemera spoke after not sensing anything.

They continued walking for a while before emerging into another large chamber, which was different.

It wasn't just a passageway but a battlefield frozen in time. The scene before them was haunting—a scene of a fierce conflict that had been abruptly halted.

Hemera turned to Talila, her expression mirroring the astonishment in the mixed elf's wide eyes.

The chamber was a frozen picture of a fierce struggle. Human and Elven warriors, clad in armor, were mixed in with deformed humanoids all over the battlefield.

Talila beheld a frozen tableau, a disturbing stillness permeating the scene as though time had been arrested at the height of the conflict.

Arrows were mid-flight, spells were frozen while cast, and the warrior's expressions conveyed determination and surprise.

The mixed elf whispered, her voice barely audible in the spectral silence, "What... what happened here?"

Hemera shook her head, unable to provide an answer. The warriors seemed trapped in a struggle, and the chamber held the weight of their unfinished battle.

The duo ventured cautiously onto the battlefield, the air heavy with dread. Talila looked around nervously.

She wondered what was out there and commented. "Auntie. Why is it so quiet?"

The field lay strewn with the aftermath of a brutal clash, the ground a testament to the fierce battle unfolding.

Fallen soldiers lay scattered across the terrain, their lifeless bodies showing the fierce conflict they had been drawn into.

She turned to Talila with a worried look as she answered. "I don't know Tali. Just be on guard and keep your eyes on our surroundings."

Hemera looked at the scene, her eyes moving over the frozen scene of warriors caught in the struggle.

A group of mages stood frozen, their hands outstretched as they cast spells that hung suspended in the air.

She noticed soldiers mounted on beasts, charging headlong into humanoid creatures with a strange appearance.

As they moved further, the scenes of battle unfolded before them. Some soldiers charged forward with weapons raised, frozen during their final assault.

Others lay dying, their expressions eternally fixed in pain and despair. Talila couldn't help but gasp at the eerie spectacle.

The sight of so much death and suffering overwhelmed her, and her eyes widened in terror.

Sensing her niece's distress, Hemera touched her shoulder reassuringly. Just as they were about to press forward, an abrupt and total darkness enveloped them.

The world plunged into blackness, and even Hemera, with her elven vision, couldn't see a thing.

Talila's panicked voice cut through the void. "Auntie Hemera, what's happening? I can't see anything!"

Hemera got ready to cast her sun magic, her senses on high alert. "Stay close, Talila. We're not alone, and something is not right. Prepare yourself."

As the lights abruptly flickered back to life, the once-frozen battlefield underwent a chilling transformation.

Once, a silent battlefield was now covered in black-skinned humanoids swarmed it. Their bodies were grotesque, their skin a dark abyss that seemed to absorb the light around them.

In a macabre scene, the creatures moved with a sinister purpose. They dragged the fallen soldiers, their lifeless forms limp, toward an unknown destination.

Hemera noticed the air was filled with an ominous silence as the creatures, with their red eyes gleaming and sharp teeth and claws exposed, got to work on the soldiers.

However, the moment the lights returned, the attention of the black-skinned humanoids shifted abruptly.

As though sharing a single consciousness, they all turned simultaneously, their collective gaze locking onto the two girls on the battlefield.

Talila, caught off guard by the movement, couldn't help but jump in response. The piercing red eyes of the creatures bore into her.

Hemera's eyes widened with urgency as she turned to Talila. "Run, Tali! Now!" she exclaimed, her voice carrying a tone of both command and concern.

Without hesitation, her hands ignited with a radiant glow as she unleashed a powerful Sun Blast into the midst of the black-skinned creatures.

The intense light momentarily blinded them, creating a window of opportunity for the two girls.

Seizing the moment, she grabbed Talila's hand and sprinted through the now-empty battlefield.

Chapter 527 Vanished

[Ella's, Halime and Leira's POV]

All three girls nodded when they heard her question, which caused Ophelia to nod as she took out a device.

Ophelia spoke into it with a hurried voice. "Girls, can you come to my office please?"

After a few seconds of silence, three voices agreed with her request. Once that was done, she put it away.

Ella noticed that she looked concerned and asked in a curious voice, "What is troubling you, headmistress?"

Ophelia looked at the half-elf, who had a caring look on her face, which caused her to smile before answering. "To tell you the truth, girls, I was thinking of heading back to The Arcadia Kingdom because the dragons are making things hard for my family."

When Leira heard this, she got a confused look, but she shook her head and asked. "Dragons?"

Ophelia hesitated momentarily, her eyes revealing the weight of the secrets she was about to unveil.

"My mother," she began, "is the Queen of the Witches. We've been locked in a long-standing war with the dragons dominating the Aetheria continent's other half. It's a war that has spanned generations."

Her gaze drifted, recalling the struggles her people faced. "Recently, there's been a change. We've found an unexpected ally in the form of the Phoenix Empress, Bella Flameheart. She rules a strong empire not far of the coast of Aetheria."

Ophelia continued, "But that's not all. There's another force on our side – a kingdom of giants. They've joined our cause, bringing their strength and might to the battlefield. The balance of power is delicate, but with these newfound allies, we fight for the future of our land and its people but recently something changed."

As the older woman spoke, Ella found herself lost in her thoughts. 'Why is she telling us this?'

Unbeknownst to her, the two other girls, too, were quietly pondering the same question, though none of them voiced their curiosity, choosing to listen to Ophelia's words.

Ophelia took a deep breath, her eyes solemn as she shared the unsettling news. "I must warn you," she began, "the dragons we face are not ordinary. They have enlisted the aid of three formidable dragon empires: Draconith, Stormwing, and Plaguewyrms. Each of these empires has unique abilities, making them a force to be reckoned with."

She gestured solemnly and continued, "The Chaos dragons wield the powerful chaos magic. They can manipulate mana to devastating effect, creating unpredictable and destructive forces on the battlefield."

"Stormwing dragons, from the Thunder empire, harness the power of storms. Their control over lightning and thunder is unmatched, making them formidable adversaries in the skies and on the ground."

"Lastly, the Plague dragons, belonging to the Poison empire, are masters of toxic forces. Their breath can unleash deadly poisons that not only harm physically but corrode the very essence of life."

After Ophelia finished her explanation, the three girls exchanged glances, their eyes fixed on her expectantly.

It was Halime who voiced the question that lingered in the air. She inquired, her tone filled with genuine curiosity. "Why are you telling us this?"

Ophelia took a moment before responding, her expression sincere as she pleaded. "Because Archer will get involved when he hears how wealthy all the kingdoms are. He will steal from us all, and I want you girls to talk him out of it."

The unexpected request left Ella and Halime momentarily silent, processing the unusual proposition.

Leira broke the silence with a sigh, her voice revealing resignation. "Headmistress, he's a greedy dragon. We can't tell him anything. He does what he wants when he wants, and he's a free spirit. Maybe you need to bribe him."

When Ophelia heard this, she sighed before nodding her head. She was about to reply, but there was a knock on the door.

"Come in!" She shouted out.

Ella observed as three young women entered the room, though her skepticism made her doubt their true age.

The first among them caught her attention, a brown-skinned woman with long, flowing blonde hair and radiant violet eyes.

The woman's large boobs didn't escape Ella's notice, eliciting a subtle hint of jealousy. Leira, the cat girl, seemed to sense her thoughts and playfully poked her.

Ella turned to Leira, who whispered, "Witches are always beautiful. It's a trait of their race."

Nodding in understanding, Ella redirected her attention to the second woman.

The second arrival had pearl-white skin and vibrant pink hair, and it reminded the three girls of Nefertiti's distinctive appearance.

She possessed a slimmer figure than the first woman, and a big smile appeared as Ella shifted her focus to the final newcomer.

This woman bore a striking resemblance to Ophelia but sported short black hair that went past her ears.

Ella noticed the woman was muscular and looked serious. All three wore battle-witch armor, which gave them the perfect protection.

However, a hush enveloped the room as the door closed behind them. Breaking the silence, the blonde witch gazed at Ella and the others before redirecting her attention to Ophelia.

She spoke with a grin. "Cousin. It's finally nice to see you, but what do you need from us?"

Ophelia smiled before answering. "Amaryllis, can you search for someone for me? He's gone missing and needs to be located before it causes chaos again."

Amaryllis couldn't contain her laughter as she playfully poked fun at the older woman. "Ophelia, darling, is there a secret love affair we're unaware of? Or are you thinking about a romantic kidnapping for marriage? Weren't you all about the 'all-natural birth' concept, doing your best to avoid the egg methods our moms applied to some of us?"

Upon hearing this, Ella and the other two burst into giggles, but their laughter was short-lived as a sudden weight settled over them.

Glancing at the source, they found the headmistress looking at them sternly before shifting her attention to Amaryllis.

With a grave tone, Ophelia clarified, "He's not my love, and we're certainly not getting married. It's about Archer Wyldheart. According to these three young ladies, the silly dragon decided to explore the Western Wilds and, well, vanished."

Upon hearing this, Amaryllis's expression shifted to one of concern, but at that moment, the somber-looking woman took a step forward.

Her voice carried a gravitas as she inquired, "Where exactly is that? And what additional details can you provide, Ophelia?"

"Don't call me princess, Valencia. We're family," Ophelia replied, sounding a bit annoyed.

Ignoring the comment, the short-haired woman pressed on. "Tell us where to go, princess, and we'll leave to rescue the boy."

Ophelia sighed, retrieving a map. She pointed to the massive jungle in the Summerfield Duchy. "He's here. Grandmother once told me it's full of abandoned cities from the past, so he may have stumbled upon one of them. She's studying some on the southern continent, so I'll contact her and ask for her opinion."

That's when Ella noticed the pink-haired girl speaking up. "Cousin, you must take this seriously if you're sending us out there."

"Yes, Scarlett. He's important to the empire, even if he doesn't care, but he needs to return as the tournaments are approaching fast, and the Church of Light has been making moves."

The three women nodded, and Amaryllis was the one to speak. "Okay, Ophie, we will rescue your companion, but we must return to the kingdom after that. Auntie needs our help."

Ophelia agreed. "Mother told me the fire dragons have become bolder and attacked Witchgate Stronghold on the western border but were held at bay when Atunie's Pandora and Eulalia paid them a visit."

Ella watched this and was glad that the battle witches would be helping. Amaryllis turned to them and spoke. "Did the handsome dragon say anything before he vanished?"

The half-elf was about to reply, but Leira spoke up. "Arch said he'd found an old city, but that's all. It's been quiet since then."

"Okay, we can start by looking for any cities in the jungle. We have the perfect team to tackle it, so we'll be off." Amaryllis commented.

Ophelia nodded with a smile. "Thank you, girls. I'm sure Archer will be happy to see you three."

That's when Valencia asked in her usual serious voice. "Why would he be happy? He should be thankful."

When Ella, Leira, and Halime heard this, they started laughing, which caught everyone's attention.

Ophelia asked with a curious voice. "Why are you three laughing?"

Halime stopped laughing as she answered. "He will thank you and owe you a favor, but don't take advantage of him."

The others agreed with the snake girl, but Amaryllis spoke. "We will see when we bring him back."

After speaking, the battle witches left Ophelia and the three in the room. She turned to them with a smile. "They will find him."

"Thank you, headmistress. We will go to classes now." Ella spoke as they stood up.

Ophelia smiled at them and waved her hand to open the door. She spoke as they left. "Be careful girls. Someone will make a move when he's not here."

Chapter 528 Terravians

Everything in the chamber turned to face him, but he saw a sight that angered him. Nala was chained to the wall, unconscious.

Archer turned his head and saw Llynriel lying on a table with a weird hooded figure standing over her while looking at him.

Without pausing, he cast Blink, appearing behind each Nyxian and swiftly ending them with his tail.

That's when Archer got a good look at the thing, and it was another humanoid with dark grey skin and black eyes, so he used Analyze to find out more.

[Name: ----]

[Race: Terravian]

[Rank: High Mage]

[Level: 336]

'Terravian? What is that?' He pondered silently, his grip firm on the humanoid.

Archer noticed the thing was smaller than him, but he stopped examining it because he got all the information he needed and cast Soul Sunder on it.

Upon casting his spell on the Cosmarian, a piercing scream echoed through the air as Archer devoured his soul to extract any information it held.

Once he did that, he threw the body at a group of creatures. But he didn't stop there; he continuously cast Blink, appeared behind each Nyxian, and ended them using his tail.

Archer's strong yet slender tail pierced their hearts while his claws slashed at the nearest creatures who couldn't react in time.

He fought for a while, and before long, every Nyxian lay dead on the chamber floor. Archer looked around and made his way over to Llynriel.

When he arrived next to the wood elf, he cast Aurora Healing on her and ensured she was okay.

Having examined Llynriel first, he proceeded to Nala, who lay unconscious. Swiftly cutting her restraints, he cradled her form and invoked Aurora Healing to mend her wounds.

Having done that, Archer lifted both unconscious girls and gently put them over his shoulders before attempting to open a portal to the domain.

To his surprise, it remained sealed. Undeterred, he invoked Gate, yet the portal stubbornly refused to open.

It was at this juncture that Zahara's voice broke the silence. "Teleportation is blocked in this place, master. I can sense it."

Archer glanced at the little white snake and gently stroked it before carefully placing the two girls on the table.

As he settled into a seat, he needed to unravel all the new memories he had gained. Once Archer was comfortable, he started to shift through them.

His eyes widened in realization as he delved into them, discovering the vast network of tunnels that sprawled beneath.

The memories appeared before him, revealing the details of the labyrinthine tunnels that harbored hundreds of cities, towns, and villages, all concealed in the subterranean depths.

Arching an eyebrow, he cast aside the useless memories, focusing on the crucial information: there were exits from this Swarm tunnel network.

However, the previous owners of these memories seemed to confine themselves to the section he found him in, never venturing beyond its boundaries.

He rose from his seat before gently lifting the two girls again and went to the tunnel entrance on the opposite side of the chamber.

Archer navigated the labyrinthine tunnels effortlessly, the weight of the two girls not affecting him.

The passageways stretched ahead, unveiling cold, unyielding stone walls and floors. Archer carried the two girls through the tunnels, his footsteps echoing in the quiet.

Like someone running, strange sounds added an eerie note to the stillness. The dim light around Archer cast moving shadows, giving the tunnels an otherworldly feel.

As he walked, the stone walls and floors blended, creating a continuous and seemingly endless path of corridors.

The air in the tunnels was still, and an eerie quietness enveloped them. Archer felt a sense of isolation, heightened by the barrenness of the surroundings.

He wondered about the mysteries that lay beyond the stone walls, hidden in the depths of this subterranean realm.

With each step, the journey became a silent exploration, the monotony broken only by the soft echoes of his footsteps.

The girls remained unconscious in his arms, oblivious to the surreal landscape surrounding them.

As he continued through the twisting tunnels, he suddenly entered a chamber that struck him as entirely different. lights

Archer proceeded through the labyrinthine tunnels until he entered an empty. The cold stone walls framed a space devoid of anything apart from a mysterious pool of dark water.

The air in the chamber seemed to grow heavier, and an uneasy feeling settled over Archer as he took in the scene.

The pool reflected no light, casting an unsettling darkness that seemed to absorb everything around it.

Archer couldn't see what lay beneath the surface, which creeped him out. A sense of caution gripped him as he observed the silent chamber.

The empty chamber and the creepy pool gave Archer the chills. He paused, thinking about the dark water, unsure if there was something more to the chamber.

With caution, he moved on, leaving the water behind, but as he approached another tunnel, a splash was heard, which caused him to stop walking.

Archer turned around and saw a puddle of water close to the edge. He didn't want to go over there due to carrying the two unconscious girls.

But in no time, he heard one of them groaning, causing him to jump out of his scales. To his relief (and a bit of embarrassment), he realized it was just Nala waking up.

He put the lion girl down while the Zahara hissed, which caused him to cast a Cosmic Shield that circled him and Nala instantly.

A creepy creature slammed against the shield, resembling a Siren at first glance, according to Archer.

But its graceful features turned creepy, and a spooky vibe surrounded it. Its scales, once lively and shiny, now looked sickly.

Its eyes glowed strangely, lacking the usual charm of sirens. Instead of their typical melodious songs, a creepy hum came from the creature.

Archer was surprised by the disturbing change in the creatures. It was obvious they had turned dark and twisted.

The realization gave him chills as he dealt with the unsettling sight. As the corrupted Siren noticed Archer, its evil gaze fixated on him.

Instead of the expected enchanting melodies, it made a low, guttural sound, adding an unexpected layer of creepiness to the encounter.

That's when more twisted figures emerged from the water, their forms resembling those of Sirens but warped into something dark and evil.

The eerie creatures surrounded him, their presence sending a shiver down his spine. Just waking up, Nala let out a startled yelp as she caught sight of the twisted sirens.

The creatures, once enchanting, now felt creepy, their appearance clashing with their former beauty. As the creatures surrounded Archer, he got uneasy.

A weird hum filled the air, and the distorted sirens glowed eerily in the dim tunnels. Nala turned her eyes toward him, a sense of relief in her voice. "Archie! What's happening?"

Archer nodded, his gaze fixed on the circling sirens before speaking. "Well, I was walking down a tunnel and caught your scent. When I got to the room, a weird humanoid was preparing an experiment. I took care of him, grabbed you two, and now we are in this situation."

The lion girl nodded and rose, dusting off the dirt. Archer, in response, began casting Element Bolts, harnessing the power of fire and light.

Radiant red and white bolts materialized around him. With a big smile, he directed the bolts toward the Sirens, sending them flying with precision.

Archer's fire and light bolts soared forward with blazing speed, colliding with the twisted Sirens, causing them to let out horrifying screeches.

An intense burst of heat enveloped the creatures upon impact, and radiant flames consumed them instantly.

The once-horrifying figures were reduced to ashes, dissolving into the air. The air crackled as Archer's spell turned the threat into nothing more than ash.

Afterward, he dropped the shield, went to Nala, and hugged her. She returned the gesture, careful of Llyniel, who was still unconscious.

The two separated and used Aura Detector, which didn't find anything. Archer cast Mana Manipulation to craft a bed and chairs for them.

Once that was done, he laid Llyniel down before taking a seat. He pulled some meat wraps from his item box and handed a couple to Nala, who happily took them.

The two started eating while sitting in the creepy chamber. While they were doing that, he stood up and walked over to the water's edge.

Archer focused on the water, and what he saw shocked him again. The dim glow of the underwater realm revealed a mesmerizing sight: countless sea beasts.

Watching from the surface, Archer marveled at the aquatic beasts. Their colorful scales shimmered, creating a mesmerizing show in the water.

His fascination soon turned into a desire to collect them. Each one's distinct features ignited his curiosity and collector's instincts.

The idea of gathering these creatures and placing them in a sea he would create in the domain.

Chapter 529 Bonding With A Lioness (R18)

Yet, whatever prevented him from entering his domain annoyed him, but he tried thinking about solutions, his mind buzzing with ideas.

But his mind drew a blank, and irritation crept in as he concluded his meal wrap. He observed a giant shark devouring smaller creatures.

Archer saw many different types of sea beasts, from sharks to large fish, and wanted to collect them, but it was impossible.

Exhaling, he redirected his attention to Nala, who had finished her meal, and approached him with a wide grin.

She stopped before him and remarked about the white snake, who was sleeping. "That snake seems incredibly comfortable."

Archer nodded. "Indeed, she is. Zahara has proven valuable during our time here, as she can detect things that I can't due to being an Astral Serpent."

Nala smiled and was about to reply, but Archer pushed her back when the water erupted. A giant shark lunged at them.

But he chuckled as he cast Cosmic Shield to protect the girls while sidestepping the shark and quickly punched the beast in the head.

The shark soared through the air, colliding forcefully with the chamber wall, the impact resonating with a deafening crash.

Nala stood mesmerized, her jaw dropping in sheer awe at the colossal size of the creature.

Nevertheless, Archer handled the situation with a casual punch, treating the beast as if it were an inconsequential challenge.

Approaching the floundering shark, he calmly closed the distance. Despite the beast's panicked thrashing, he swiftly ended its struggles by driving his tail into its head.

The shark stopped moving and flopped down while he studied it. Archer decided to scan it to find out what it was.

[Nightshade Shark]

[Rank: S]

A grin crossed Archer's face as he looked at the aftermath, realizing how strong she was.

However, he shook his head, dismissing any thoughts of self-praise, and stored the Nightshade Shark in his Item Box.

Archer grew curious and looked forward to eating the meat later. Once that was done, he turned to Nala, who was staring at him.

Nala's tail swayed behind her, and her lustful blue eyes hinted at her desires. Archer grinned as he neared the lioness.

She suddenly rushed towards him, jumping into his embrace. Archer caught her, and they shared a passionate kiss.

He struggled to keep up with her, so he firmly held onto her toned ass, keeping her close as she ended the kiss.

Archer couldn't help but wonder what she had in mind, but his thoughts were interrupted as she planted soft kisses on his neck, sending tingles down his spine.

It dawned on him that she was currently in heat. A knowing grin spread across his face as he employed Mana Manipulation.

He created a makeshift bed for both of them. He was mindful of their surroundings and sealed the chamber entrances and the water pool with Cosmic Shield.

With the chamber now secured, Archer gently guided Nala onto the bed, allowing himself to fall on top of her.

Archer felt a surge of wild desire as her plump lips met his own. He adored how soft they were and continued kissing her.

The lioness became increasingly excited and aroused as she felt his hands exploring every inch of her, igniting an even stronger desire within them.

He caressed her muscular body, eventually reaching for her breasts, which were neither large nor small in size.

Archer sat up and admired her from head to toe. He couldn't help but notice the blissful expression on her beautiful face.

Her lion-like ears twitched as his gaze traveled down her body. She was wearing a white kaftan paired with leather armor.

But what caught his attention was the black stockings that went up to her thighs. Archer left them on before moving to her leather armor.

After removing her armor, Archer got a pleased response from Nala, who willingly wiggled out of it until she remained clad only in her kaftan.

The way her body curved in the tight kaftan stirred Archer's desire, making his lust intensify as he took it off her.

Nala was clad only in her black bra, panties, and stockings. The sight ignited a primal instinct within Archer, causing him to remove his shirt.

When the lioness caught sight of this, her desire surged, and she snatched him. She pulled him onto her, and they resumed their passionate kisses.

But Archer's member pressed against her cave, igniting a frenzy within the lioness. Nala playfully bit his lip as she began to grind against him. lights

Sensing her arousal, he stripped her until she was only in her stocking, and everything was on show, which excited him.

Nala flashed him a mischievous smile, allowing him to admire her. It was at that moment that he began to trail kisses down her body.

Archer playfully nibbled on her delicate, light brown nipples, eliciting a delightful moan from the lioness.

Before long, he found himself mesmerized by her shaved, glistening, wet pussy, which was perfect in his eyes.

Without hesitation, he eagerly dove in, skillfully pleasuring her sensitive clit. Nala couldn't help but release a passionate moan of pleasure.

Archer licked her all over, causing Nala to grab his white hair as he dismissed his horns and pushed his head inwards.

He complied and slipped his tongue into her tight hole, which caused the lioness to scream out in pure pleasure, but he wasn't done.

Continuing with his attack, Archer started licking her clit and slipped a finger inside her pussy, and started to finger her gently.

Nala's legs began to tremble, and suddenly, she screamed even louder as she climaxed and squirted all over his hand.

Archer began gulping it down. As he did so, a delightful flavor filled his mouth, and he didn't stop until her body stopped shaking.

After that was done, he sat up and noticed Nala lying down, her arm covering her face as she was breathing heavily.

When she glanced up, he noticed a dazed expression on her face, causing him to smile as he positioned himself between her legs.

Smirking, Archer inquired, "Are you completely sure about this?"

"Yes. Mark me as yours, my dragon. I want the same tattoo as the other girls," Nala replied, shaking her head with a smile.

He nodded and leaned down, capturing her plump lips again, which caught her off guard, but soon she was moaning as Archer rubbed his raging member on her soaking pussy.

When Nala felt this, her body stiffened but soon relaxed as pleasure overwhelmed her as his member slipped inside.

Archer continued to thrust until he reached a barrier and came to a halt. He gazed into her mesmerizing blue eyes, noticing a hint of confusion.

With a reassuring smile, he spoke softly, "It might sting a bit, but don't worry, I'll use a healing spell to make it better."

Nala nodded in understanding, and Archer resumed his movements, gently taking her virginity.

A trickle of blood followed, but he swiftly cast the Aurora Healing spell, relieving her of the pain.

Once he did that, the pleasure took over, and Nala started moaning as Archer was slowly thrusting in and out, causing her to get wetter.

She quickly hugged him tight as he went deep. Archer was in heaven as her cave clamped down on his and wasn't letting go as she kept moaning.

But he continued to thrust as he leaned over the lioness whose eyes were rolling, but she managed to look at him and smiled.

Archer leaned down and kissed her neck as he pushed deeper into her pussy which was already soaking wet.

Nala felt him hitting every single one of her weak spots, causing her to climax again, and when he felt her love juices hitting him, he was ready.

He pushed deeper and touched her womb as he released his essence deep inside. When the lioness felt this, her whole body trembled, and she passed out due to the pleasure.

Archer pulled out as he leaned down and kissed the dazed girl who had a silly smile on her face.

He looked down and saw his essence flowing out of her with bits of blood. Archer cast Cleanse on the two of them as he stood up.

Nala curled up on the makeshift bed and slept. He looked over to the wood elf and saw she was still sleeping. But that's when he heard banging and looked at the entrances.

What he saw annoyed him as there were Nyxians, Ratlings, and other creatures lurking on the other side of the shield.

When Archer saw this, he sighed as he wore a new shirt and stood before the Ratlings. They resembled creatures out of a nightmare, rat men with fur-covered bodies.

Their glowing red eyes were fixed on him with an eerie hunger. A silent and unsettling standoff unfolded in the gloomy cavern.

But then, a grin spread across his face. Taking a deep breath, he unleashed a roar, sending forth a stream of violet fire that struck the horde of creatures.

Chapter 530 Beating

Archer burned the creatures to ash and did the same at the other entrances before going over to the makeshift bed Nala was sleeping on.

He walked over to Llynriel and picked her up before placing her on the same bed as the lion girl.

After doing that, he took out two blankets and put them over the girls, but when he did it to Nala, he noticed the new dragon tattoo on her lower stomach.

Archer smiled but tucked the two girls in and went to sit down and eat some more meat wraps as he petted Zahara.

He didn't have to wait long when he heard a cute groan, causing him to look over to the bed to see Llynriel sitting up as she rubbed her head.

When Archer saw this, he got up after putting the little white snake on the chair and walked over to her. As he got closer, Llynriel looked up and smiled.

"Hello Arch. It's nice seeing you." The wood elf spoke in her sweet voice.

Archer stopped before her, gently reaching out to caress Llynriel's cheek. A warm smile appeared on her face as he began speaking. "It's nice to see you too, my little wood elf."

Llynriel leaned into his head while closing her eyes before replying. "I'm glad you found us. The creatures scared me."

He grabbed the little elf and hugged her tight, which made the girl melt. Llynriel sunk into his arms and got comfortable.

Archer picked her up, walked to a chair, and sat down after picking up Zahara. The little white snake saw the wood elf and slithered onto her lap as she petted it.

The duo got comfortable on the chair while waiting for Nala to wake up. Archer closed his eyes as he played with Llynriel's silky brown hair.

A sudden splash reverberated, and a powerful impact destroyed the cosmic shield. As the shield shattered, Archer's eyes widened in astonishment.

Before him stood massive, muscular ghouls, their imposing figures casting an ominous presence.

When Archer saw this, he put Llynriel on the chair and cast multiple shields around the girls so they would be safe.

But to make it even safer, he cast Stone Wardens and ordered the Stone Men to circle the shield for extra protection.

The ghouls rushed forward with a creepy run, but he chuckled as he charged. Archer swiftly danced through the creature's attacks, his movements a seamless blend of agility.

With a series of dodges, he avoided the sweeping strikes of their formidable claws. Closing in with remarkable speed, Archer unleashed a barrage of powerful punches.

The impact of his blows sent the creatures flying through the air, their massive bodies crashing into the surroundings with thunderous thuds.

Archer maintained his focus, an excited expression on his face as he danced around the battlefield, countering the relentless assault of the ghouls.

As he did that, his senses warned him about a ghoul lunging at him, but he sidestepped as the creature got close.

His tail shot out and pierced the ghoul's neck. Archer, with a grin on his face, continued his ballet of combat.

The ghouls, though formidable, were no match for a dragon. As they attempted to regroup, Archer seized the opportunity to strike.

He darted between them with lightning-fast movements, delivering precise punches that sent shockwaves through their monstrous bodies.

The force behind each blow was enough to stagger them, leaving them vulnerable to his next move.

Using their momentary disorientation, Archer unleashed his tail with a swift thrust like a spear, aiming directly for the heads and hearts of the ghouls.

One by one, the ghouls fell, their agonized groans echoing through the cavern.

Archer's movements were a mesmerizing blend of grace and power, a deadly dance that ended in the defeat of creatures.

With the ghouls vanquished, he stopped moving while looking around, and Llynriel observed from the safety of the Cosmic Shield.

Her gaze widened in astonishment as she witnessed Archer effortlessly dispatching the monsters with powerful punches and his tail, a display that impressed her.

However, their moment was abruptly interrupted by Nala, who sprang to her feet just as a loose boulder cascaded into the water.

A foreboding sensation gripped Archer just as he addressed the lion girl. A wave of pure dread washed over him, and an instinctual alarm rang in his mind, signaling imminent danger.

With urgency, he turned to the girls and urgently spoke, "Run now!"

Simultaneously, under his breath, he whispered the word "Draconis." His wings materialized and stretched out behind him while more white scales manifested across his body.

Archer's heightened instincts sensed a threat. Swiftly, he used his wings to shield himself, creating a defensive barrier.

However, before he could fully figure out the danger, a powerful force struck him with tremendous impact.

The force sent Archer hurtling through the chamber, crashing into the stone walls. The impact echoed through the cavern, reverberating with a menacing tone.

Llyniel and Nala, alarmed by the sudden assault on him, immediately sprinted towards him. Fear etched across their faces, they reached his side, their eyes wide with concern.

"Archer! Are you okay?" Llyniel exclaimed, her voice filled with worry as they helped him rise from the ground.

Stunned and disoriented, he found himself lodged in the wall after the impact. Groaning, he gathered his strength and crawled out from the cavity he had created.

The girl's concerned voice reached his ears, urging him to press on. With a final burst of energy, he freed himself from the wall.

The moment his body hit the ground, a thud echoed through the chamber. Lying on the cavern floor, Archer wearily pushed himself up.

His eyes scanned the surroundings as he sought to identify the mysterious attacker. As he looked around, his gaze locked onto a towering figure emerging from the shadows.

Archer looked at the figure and realized it was one of the Terravians he had met earlier, but this one looked menacing.

He quickly scanned it and got a shock that he wasn't expecting but made him gulp.

[Name: ----]

[Race: Terravian]

[Rank: Sovereign Mage]

[Level: 700]

After doing that, he looked at the girls and spoke strained as he stood up. "Run down the tunnel. I will be right behind you."

Nala and Llyniel didn't want to run, but they heard the concern in his voice. Before they could answer, the humanoid appeared next to him.

He tried to react, but it punched him, sending him crumbling to the ground. When it did that, it turned to the girls.

But as Archer saw this, he cast Blink to appear in front of the Sovereign Mage and cast Eldritch Blast.

The Terravian deflected the spell, giving the girls enough time to run down the tunnel while Archer got thrown into another wall.

Rising defiantly, Archer faced the oncoming threat. It was an imposing figure shrouded in an ominous cloak, advanced mercilessly, initiating a savage beating on him.

The cavern echoed with the sounds of ferocious blows and clashes. Archer attempted to fight back but was overwhelmed by the sheer strength and speed of the enemy.

Each blow forced him to focus on his defense as his foe unleashed a devastating punch that shook him to the core.

The impact shattered his scales as the punch landed and broke two of his horns, leaving them jagged and splintered.

He flew across the chamber like a ragdoll, crashed hard into the opposite wall, and fell to the ground with a thud.

Relentless in its assault, the Terravian pursued him like a game. The chamber echoed with the sounds of brutal clashes and the grunts of the struggling dragon.

Despite Archer's valiant attempts to resist, the overpowering force of the enemy's attacks continued to wreak havoc on him.

The very foundations of the chamber seemed to tremble because of the one-sided battle.

He seized Archer by the neck with a vice-like grip. He struggled against the crushing force, desperately trying to break free.

The undeterred Terravian lifted him off the ground, easily holding him like it was nothing, and started punching him.

Archer felt his ribs breaking and his eyes swelling up as blood poured for slices all over his face and body.

After the beating, it looked at him with a menacing glint in its glowing eyes and hurled him down the tunnel with a powerful toss.

He flew through the darkness and crashed into the tunnel's ground with a thunderous impact.

Dust billowed around him, momentarily obscuring the two girl's view, who stopped when they heard the impact.

As the debris settled, Archer lay badly injured on the tunnel floor, and the ominous figure of the Terravian advanced.

But he wasn't idle as he tried to stand up and used his battered wings and tail to hold himself up.

He turned to the two girls, looking at him with panic as he raised his hand and cast Azur Cannon at it.