

A Journey 301

Chapter 301 My Husband (R18)

The two of them only found two more bandit groups and quickly dealt with them, Archer managed to gather six more chests and loads of hearts.

Once it got later Archer decided to return to the domain followed by Talila, when they did he scanned the treehouse and found all the girls asleep.

He said goodnight to the elf girl who was making her way to her bedroom. Once she was gone he sat down and closed his eyes to see how many hearts he collected.

Archer noticed he had 233 of them and began to eat. An hour later, he was done, feeling a mix of sickness and satisfaction.

As he lay on the sofa he checked his status.

'Status.'

[Experience: 500/20000]

[Level Up: 345>367]

[Sp: 0>277]

[Moon Magic Learned]

[Hp: 8700>8800]

[Mana: 42260>43000]

[Strength: 7700>8000]

[Constitution: 6700>7000]

[Stamina: 7000>7300]

[Intelligence: 7540>7700]

[Blink: 6>7]

[Eldritch Blast: 7>8]

[Dragon's Breath: 6>7]

[Crown Of Stars: 3>4]

[Solar Flare Barrage: 3>4]

[Azur Comet: 1>2]

[Flashpoint: 1>2]

[Anti-Magic: 2>3]

Content with his status upgrade, he began spending his Status Points. He invested a hundred points into HP, forty-seven into Mana, twenty into Strength and Charisma, and thirty into all other attributes.

After doing that he checked his status again and was pleased.

[Hp: 8800>9800]

[Mana: 43000>44410]

[Strength: 8000>8200]

[Constitution: 7000>7300]

[Stamina: 7300>7600]

[Charisma: 6050>6250]

[Intelligence: 7700>8000]

Once he was finished with that he got comfortable and fell asleep, the peaceful night quickly passed by.

Archer woke up to the smell of delicious food and sat up. He saw Nefertiti cooking something and wondered when she could cook.

The pink-haired girl turned around and smiled as she saw him. "Husband you're awake. Come eat I've cooked some Zenian breakfast. Father loves it when Mother cooks this."

He stood up and made his way over to the table, Archer took a seat as Nefertiti put a large plate in front of him.

The delicious aroma of freshly baked bread, spices, and a hint of sweet honey filled the air making his stomach rumble.

On the tray rested a selection of warm, pillowy breads—pita, flatbread, and even a unique spiral-shaped loaf that resembled the sun's rays.

The bread was accompanied by bowls of velvety hummus and vibrant, jewel-toned pickled vegetables that hinted at their exotic flavors.

Delicate cheeses, each with its own distinct texture and taste, adorned the tray alongside plump dates and figs that glistened like precious gems.

They seemed to beckon Archer to reach out and savor their sweetness. At the center of it all sat a pyramid of falafel, crisp and inviting.

The fragrance of chickpeas and spices wafted from the golden-brown spheres, and a small dish of aromatic yogurt sauce accompanied them, promising a cooling contrast.

But it was the tea that truly caught Archer's attention. Its deep crimson color seemed to hold the very essence of the sunrise.

The air was scented with a delicate blend of spices and floral notes, and Archer's stomach rumbled in response.

Nefertiti's pink eyes sparkled as she met his gaze, a playful smile tugging at her lips.

"May this feast grant you strength and nourishment, my husband," she spoke in a voice that was both melodious and comforting.

Archer took a deep breath, inhaling the tantalizing aromas that wafted from the tray of food Nefertiti had prepared.

His stomach growled in anticipation, echoing his eagerness to taste the Zenian breakfast she had so lovingly crafted.

The scene was set before him like a canvas of culinary art, and he was ready to dive in.

With a sense of anticipation, he reached for a warm piece of spiral-shaped bread, the morning light reflecting off its golden surface.

He dipped it into the bowl of hummus, the velvety spread clinging to the bread like a promise of flavor.

As he tasted the food, he felt a mix of textures and flavors on his tongue — the creamy hummus, the soft bread, and the touch of spices that made it even better.

He kept trying different dishes, moving from one to the next. The pickled vegetables were bursting with lively flavors, their tanginess contrasting nicely with the creamy cheeses.

The sweetness of the dates and figs provided a delightful contrast, a touch of nature's candy.

His attention turned to the falafel, its crisp exterior giving way to a flavorful interior that left him craving more.

Archer continued eating until he was full and leaned back in his chair while letting out a happy sigh.

Nefertiti laughed at his reaction, he looked at her and saw that she had her wild pink hair tied into a ponytail.

Her pink eyes were glowing and her brown skin looked smooth and blemish-free. She was wearing a loose-fitting white kaftan that suited her.

Smiling, he said, "Nefi, you're beautiful. I truly love your pink hair and unique pink eyes."

When she heard his compliment Nefertiti smiled and made her way over to him and sat in his lap.

The pink-haired princess leaned forward and kissed him. They shared a passionate kiss until they separated.

She looked at him and spoke. "You know I love you right?"

When Archer heard her words he smiled and was happy as he replied. "I love you too, my pink princess."

Nefertiti became excited and he saw love hearts in her eyes, he knew what she wanted and would give it to her.

Archer bent her over the table causing her to become even more excited. He lifted her dress and saw a pair of yellow panties that were already wet.

He pull them aside and saw her juicy pussy, Archer crouched down and started licking her but he wasn't gentle causing her to moan.

"Mmmmnggghhh!!~ Agggnhhh!!~"

Nefertiti grabbed hold of the table as her body shuddered. He kept licking her until he sucked her clit making her scream.

"Ahhhhh!!~"

Soon enough a wave of love juice shot out and covered his face which ignited his lust even more.

He stood up as he pulled his pants down a bit and took his younger brother out, Archer started rubbing against her wet pussy.

Her juices covered him, he was rock hard and shoved it deep inside her causing her to tighten up.

"Arghhh!!~ So good husband. Give me your seed." Nefertiti said in a breathless voice.

When he felt her it drove him mad with lust, he sped up causing her to blank out and let out erotic moans until he pushed deeper and shot his seed deep into her.

"Mmmmmghnnn!!~~"

Archer groaned as he grabbed her round ass and continued fucking her, he went crazy on her feeling causing her to orgasm not long after.

Nefertiti's body was shaking but she wanted more but couldn't stand up. She looked at Archer with hazy eyes and said one word. "More."

He continued until he released again, but he wanted more but the pink princess was a mess. Her tongue was hanging out as his seed dripped from her pussy.

Once he had pulled up his pants, Archer lifted her up and carried her to her bedroom so she could rest.

After he did that he made his way to the little dragon's woman to deal with his pent-up lust. When he entered the room Sera was still asleep.

He walked over to her and leaned over her, that's when he bit her ear making her shiver. Sera's eyes slowly opened to see him standing over her.

She looked down to see that his little brother was hard and she instantly knew what he wanted.

Sera smiled as she got up and stretched, after that, she sat on the side of the bed and tugged his pants down.

Before she could do anything he cast Cleanse on himself, once he was clean he didn't stop her from taking his member in her mouth.

She started sucking him as he moved her head back and forward, Archer felt her little tongue swirling around his little brother.

Her actions caused him to groan as he grabbed her head as she got faster. He saw her red ponytail bouncing around.

But her mouth felt so tight that he couldn't hold on anymore and released his seed down her throat.

Sera pulled her head back but made sure to swallow everything, she cast Cleanse on herself and took off Archer's pants before laying back.

She spread her legs with a grin on her face, when Archer saw this he got even more turned on.

Her pussy was dripping wet and was clean-shaven, it was delicate but was inviting him inside.

He jumped on her and slid inside her causing her to let out a moan as she clung onto him.

"Mmmmgnhhh!!~~ Archh."

Archer started thrusting in and out of her, she was getting wetter and wetter making it easier for him to go in and out without hurting the little dragon.

Sera grabbed his head and started to kiss him, he grabbed her thick hips and pushed deeper causing her to shudder as she exploded.

Her love juices covered him but it didn't affect him as he went crazy and soon shot his seed deep inside her womb.

The redhead's eyes rolled back as she fainted.

Chapter 302 Do I Have To Come

Archer looked down at the sleeping dragon girl and smiled. He pulled out of her as he cast Cleanse on the two of them.

He tucked her into bed and left the room to let her rest. As he walked out, he saw Ella emerging from her bedroom.

She looked at him and smiled as she spoke. "Morning Arch. How are you?"

Approaching her, Archer gave her a tight hug, and she melted into his arms. "I'm fine El. I'm going to explore the city until the girls wake up. Will you let me know when they are all awake?"

Ella nodded as she stepped back. "I'll start making breakfast while they sleep."

Suddenly, Archer kissed her, catching her off guard. She eagerly returned the kiss. They separated not long after and Ella made her way to the bath chambers to get cleaned up.

As she walked away he watched her perky ass and he got excited again. But he shook his head and pulled out some fresh clothes and put them on.

After doing that he cast Gate to Starfall City. When he passed through the portal, he stepped into a quiet alleyway.

Archer walked out of there and didn't see many people. There were some heading to work or going about their business.

But he started exploring the capital. The cobblestone streets were lined with charming shops, their colorful signs swinging in the gentle breeze.

Market stalls were laden with exotic fruits, vibrant fabrics, and intricate trinkets. As he walked, Archer's eyes widened at the sight of towering spires.

Gargoyles peered down from rooftops, and ornate fountains graced the city squares.

The air was filled with the sounds of merchants hawking their wares, children laughing, and the distant melodies of street performers.

He wandered through the heart of the city, passing by a grand cathedral with stained-glass windows that depicted legendary heroes and mythical creatures.

The aroma of freshly baked bread wafted from a nearby bakery, and he couldn't resist indulging in a warm loaf.

His exploration led him to a bustling market square, where a skilled blacksmith pounded away at a glowing metal, creating intricate weapons and armor.

Nearby, a fortune-teller with a colorful tent offered to read the fates of passers-by. A magnificent clock tower, known as the Timekeeper's Spire, loomed over the city.

The resonant tones of the clock's chimes echoed through the streets, serving as a melodic reminder of the passage of time.

With the eastern entrance in sight, Archer headed in that direction. Approaching the gate, he couldn't help but be struck by its imposing presence.

It stood tall and sturdy, built with the perfect craftsmanship. Massive stone walls rose on either side.

The gate itself was a masterpiece of defensive architecture. Enormous wooden doors were reinforced with iron bands.

As Archer got closer, he saw the gate's big chains and pulleys. They were ready to lift or lower the gate quickly.

The wall on each side of the gate looked strong. The stones fit perfectly, making a barrier that could stop anything.

Shaking his head, he continued walking until a delicious smell hit his nose, he instantly started following it,

After a brief walk, he reached a bakery with a selection of bread. Inside, he saw two elderly women.

Enticed by the delicious smell, he walked into the shop. The two women at the counter saw him, and one greeted him kindly. "Young man, how can I help you?"

"I want to buy some bread, a lot of it," Archer answered the lady who spoke to him first.

The old baker smiled as she picked up a piece of bread and handed it to him as she spoke in a joyful voice. "Try some young man. It's lovely bread."

He grabbed the bread and began eating. When he was done, he asked the woman, "Could I buy all you have, please?"

She nodded her head and went to grab a bigger bag to put the stuff in. The old lady threw all the freshest bread in and handed it over to him as she spoke. "Three gold please."

That's when he saw even more bread being sold and went on a buying spree, he bought one hundred gold worth of the stuff which shocked the bakers.

Archer took out the coins and handed them over before leaving the shop. He stored the bread in his Item Box, he kept some to eat as he continued exploring.

When he walked out of the shop, Ella sent him a message saying she had gathered everyone and was waiting for him.

He quickly found an alleyway, Archer opened a portal to the domain and stepped through it. As he entered, he saw all the girls waiting for him.

They all smiled as Hemera was the first to speak. "Hello Arch, how was the city?"

When he heard her Archer looked at the sun elf and blew her a kiss causing the girl to blush causing him to grin as he gave them some bread to try.

Ella curiously asked in a curious voice. "Why do you always buy crazy amounts of bread?"

Archer laughed when he heard her but answered. "I can't help it but I love food, to be honest."

She nodded as the moon elf Hecate surprisingly. "So why have you gathered us?"

He looked at her and quickly brought up the reason everyone was there. "Okay, so the emperor has offered me a spot at the College of Magic. Who wants to join me?"

When they heard him, they all looked thoughtful. Hecate spoke first, saying in a sweet and melodic voice. "I won't be attending; I prefer to study in my lab as you know my love."

Archer smiled at her and replied. "Okay, that's not an issue, it's not like we won't see each other every day."

Nefertiti was the next to speak. "I'm already at the Arcane Academy at home so I'll stick to that and visit every day husband."

He nodded at her, while the rest of the girls wanted to join him. After talking about who's joining him once he told them about the Ball and they got excited.

As they continued talking Nefertiti interrupted as she spoke to the girls with jealousy in her voice. "You lot better keep an eye on him and keep the girls in the college away from him."

Each girl nodded, making Archer laugh. The pink-haired girl's possessiveness excited him, but he controlled his impulses to jump her.

They decided to go shopping for dresses, Archer gave them a pouch full of gold but Talila interrupted. "Do I have to come? I've never worn a dress before."

Ella smiled as she reassured the girl. "We will find a good one for you, there are plenty of shops in Starfall City."

Talila nodded her head and didn't complain anymore, as they spoke he opened a portal to the same alleyway he left.

The seven entered the portal because Archer dragged Hecate along after she tried to refuse but couldn't say no to him.

They walked onto the main street, and the group began searching for a store that sold dresses.

It didn't take them too long to find one, they approached it and all entered the shop. When they piled in the shopkeeper saw them.

The older woman walked over to the group and spoke with a smile. "How can I help you, young ladies?"

Elle answered. "We all need dresses for the College Ball tonight."

The shopkeeper smiled as she nodded but quickly joked. "Does the young man also need one? We have just the style for him."

All the girls giggled and Archer laughed before speaking to them. "While you lot are looking I'll go find my clothes."

They all said goodbye to him as he left the shop and went in search of a clothes shop for men.

Archer started walking down the street and soon found a shop at the end of it, he walked into it and looked around.

A warm smile illuminated the face of an elder gentleman as he approached, extending a heartfelt greeting in a jovial tone. "Good morning, young man. How may I be of assistance to you?"

Meeting the kindly shopkeeper's gaze he spoke. "I've received an invitation to the College Ball this evening and require clothes fitting for the occasion."

The shopkeeper's smile deepened, his seasoned eyes appraising Archer with a knowing glance before responding. "I believe I have just the clothes you're seeking, my lad."

With a nod, Archer fell into step behind the shopkeeper as the latter indicated his intention.

Progressing through the shop, they eventually reached a more secluded backroom. Here, the shopkeeper started to shift a few boxes to reveal a hidden trunk.

Opening the trunk, he revealed a sleek black tunic adorned with tasteful violet accents.

Alongside it were expertly crafted pants and boots, carefully chosen to perfectly complement the tunic.

Chapter 303 The Hungry Hobbit

The shopkeeper looked at him while holding out some clothes and spoke. "Try it on lad."

Archer nodded as he took them and walked to the room the older man pointed at. He entered and started to try them on.

Slipping into the tunic, he felt the fabric's soft touch against his skin. It was smooth and caressed him like a gentle breeze.

As he adjusted the tunic over his shoulders, he couldn't help but notice how well it fit, hugging his frame without restricting his movements.

His fingers traced the tasteful violet decorations, the intricate patterns a testament to the craftsmanship that went into creating the attire.

They seemed to dance beneath his touch, each swirl and curve blending seamlessly with the rich black material.

Archer turned to the side, admiring himself in the mirror. The tunic flowed elegantly, its lines following his form with precision.

The sleeves draped just right, and the hemline fell at a perfect length. His white hair contrasted against the dark fabric, creating a striking visual.

He moved around, swaying gently to test the tunic's comfort. The fabric reacted effortlessly, moving with him as if it were an extension of his own skin.

Archer's violet eyes met his reflection's gaze, a spark of approval and satisfaction flickering in their depths.

His scales glimmered on his neck and hands. The attire felt comfortable, fitting well with his white hair, and the decorations complemented his violet eyes.

Once he was done Archer stepped out of the backroom, his attire draped elegantly over his form.

The sleek black tunic is adorned with tasteful violet decorations. His tailored pants and boots completed the ensemble, forming a charming and refined look.

The old man, who had helped him select the outfit, was standing by the entrance with a pleased expression.

As Archer approached, the shopkeeper's eyes widened slightly, a glint of surprise and admiration in them.

"Well, young man, I must say you look quite remarkable," the old man commented with genuine approval, his voice filled with satisfaction.

"It's as if the attire was meant just for you." He mumbled under his breath in amazement.

Archer gave a grateful smile, running a hand through his white hair. "Thank you. I must admit, it does feel like a perfect fit."

The shopkeeper's brows furrowed slightly in thought. "It's curious, isn't it? It's as if fate guided me to this outfit for you. It's not often that something seems to match a person so perfectly."

Archer chuckled softly, appreciating the old man's sentiment. "Perhaps there's a touch of magic in it, making sure I look my best for the occasion."

The shopkeeper laughed, his eyes crinkling at the corners. "Magic or not, you certainly have a knack for wearing it well. Now, you'll be the talk of the ball, mark my words, boy."

Archer's smile widened, and he gave a nod of gratitude. "I'll keep that in mind. Thank you for your help. I'll be sure to return if I need anything else in the future."

He went back into the room and got changed back into the clothes he was wearing before, after he was done with that he stored the new clothes in his Item Box.

Archer walked out and spotted The old man waiting for him, they made their way out to the front so he could pay for them.

When they got to the counter the old man introduced himself. "I'm Oscar Thornwood, Owner of the Thornwood Clothing stores. We are based all over the empire."

"I'm Archer Wyldheart. How much for the clothes?" He replied in a friendly voice.

Upon hearing Archer's question, Oscar's face lit up with a smile. "Just four gold for it. And feel free to visit my shops in the future. I have a feeling I'll be seeing you more often now that you're attending the College."

Archer nodded his head and was curious so he asked. "What's the college like?"

The old man pondered the question for a moment, his fingers gently stroking his chin. After a brief pause, he responded, "Well, they hold plenty of festivals and tournaments throughout the year. But next year is particularly special, as the Celestial Magic Tournament will take place on the central continent."

Oscar stopped speaking sat down to get comfortable and continued. "Of course, the colleges and academies also organize smaller competitions to determine who they'll send to the tournament."

When Archer heard this he got excited but thanked the man and left the shop. He returned to the dress shop and sat down on a bench to wait for the girls.

As he sat there he pulled out some bread and ate, he saw staff running backward and forward carrying all different dresses.

He waited there for another couple of hours, Archer got comfortable and fell asleep causing the people working at the shop to giggle.

When he was sleeping he felt something jump on him, Archer opened his eyes to see Sera smiling down at him.

She spoke in a happy tone as her tail swayed behind her. "We are done, Arch. The dresses are lovely. But you don't get to see them until tonight."

Sera giggled when she was done talking. Archer sat up and rubbed his eyes and saw the girls joining one by one.

Teuila spoke as she arrived. "Did you get your clothes, Arch?"

He nodded as he stood up and spoke. "Yeah, the shopkeepers helped out a lot with that. Let's go get something to eat and explore the city together."

They all agreed and followed him out of the shop, the group made their way down the street.

Ella and Nefertiti beat the other five to hold his arm or hand, their antics caused him to laugh.

Archer led the group down the road as they were talking between them, he noticed people were looking at them.

He ignored them and saw a restaurant and entered. When he walked in the place was quiet and peaceful.

A man walked up to them with a smile as he spoke. "Good afternoon young man and ladies. I'm Jarvis and I will be your server for your visit. Welcome to The Hungry Hobbit, we serve traditional Avalonian food."

The girls giggled when they heard the name and Archer replied to the man. "A large table please."

Jarvis nodded and led them to the biggest table in the place, once they all were seated the girls started ordering their own food.

Archer ordered one of everything while the girls got single meals. They all looked at him and laughed.

Hemera was the first to speak. "You're going to become a fat dragon soon Arch."

Sera started laughing as Ella spoke. "Soon we will have to put you on a diet."

When he heard that he looked at the half-elf but the attacks weren't done as Talila waded in. "You wouldn't look as handsome if you become fat Archer."

He looked at her as Nefertiti commented with a voice full of love. "You will be fine. Your eating doesn't seem to affect your weight husband."

Archer smiled at her and they started to wait for their food to be brought to them. After a short wait, the aroma of mouthwatering dishes began to fill the air, accompanied by the bustling sounds of the restaurant's staff.

One by one, servers emerged from the kitchen, their arms laden with trays of mouthwatering food.

Platters of steaming roasted meats, baskets of fresh-baked bread, bowls of colorful salads, and pots of savory stews were carried with practiced precision.

Archer and the girls watched in amazement as the servers orchestrated a culinary symphony, placing each dish meticulously on the large table before them.

The plates and bowls seemed to multiply, forming a tantalizing mosaic of flavors and textures. The table transformed into a feast fit for kings and queens.

Javis, their cheerful server, led the procession with a wide grin, his eyes twinkling with anticipation.

"Dear guests," he proclaimed with a touch of theatricality, "behold the exquisite delights brought forth from The Hungry Hobbit!"

As the final dish found its place, Archer's violet eyes widened in awe.

The table had transformed into a masterpiece, adorned with culinary creations gathered from realms far and wide.

Plates held succulent roasted dragon meat, tender unicorn steaks glazed with enchanting sauces, and platters of buttery mermaid-farmed seaweed.

Bowls overflowed with shimmering celestial fruits, each bite offering a taste of the heavens.

Roast meats glistened, salads sparkled with vibrant colors, and the air was infused with the fragrant scents of herbs and spices.

The variety was astounding, from hearty stews to delicate pastries. Sera clapped her hands in delight, her eyes gleaming. "Oh, this is incredible!"

Teuila's mouth watered as she surveyed the spread. "I didn't expect so much!"

Archer chuckled, his excitement mirroring theirs. "Well, I did say one of everything!"

Ella's laughter rang out as she gazed at the abundance. "You certainly weren't kidding!"

Everyone, including Archer, shared the same excited smiles, even Hecate displayed a small grin.

Once everyone sat down, they eagerly started eating the food. The sounds of forks and knives clinking and their happy voices filled the air.

Chapter 304 What's The Reason

The group was eating and chatting, the servers brought over goblets of some fruit juice that tasted like strawberries.

Archer turned to Nefertiti and asked. "How's your classes coming along Nefi?"

The pink-haired girl stopped eating before she answered. "It's going good husband, we have our tests in a few months and the teachers are saying I'm doing really good."

When she finished talking she smiled at him, Archer replied. "That's good, I'm really proud of you."

She got excited as she heard his words and went back to eating as she started to think to herself.

Archer turned to Talila and spoke. "How are the Sparrows doing?"

The brown-skinned elf looked at him and replied. "They love the accommodation you gave them. Novius and Cecelia have been there a lot lately taking a break."

She took a sip of her drink before continuing. "They understood why you don't let them wander around and I now understand. Sorry for doubting you, Archer."

He nodded his head. "Don't worry about it, Tali. You're mine now, so the past doesn't matter."

The older girl smiled at him. That's when the redhead Sera spoke as she held in a laugh. "So you got the two aunts and now the niece? You lewd dragon."

Archer started laughing followed by the rest, Teuila commented. "I'm going to go back to tell Mother and Father about joining the College of Magic once we are done eating."

Ella spoke up when Teuila finished talking. "I will go see Mother and inform her as well. Do you want to come to Sera?"

Sera nodded with a big smile on her face as Hemera joined in the conversation. "Well if everyone is going to tell her parents about the college I'll do the same and see how they react."

"I will return to the lab to continue my studies," Hecate commented when everyone was done.

All the girls nodded and smiled at her but continued talking among themselves. Archer glanced at the moon elf and nodded.

In response, she offered a faint smile. He was delighted to see her slowly overcoming her shyness and becoming more sociable.

The group continued eating, and after an hour of eating they were all done. Archer paid for the meal before they left.

They made their way to the alleyway, while the afternoon sunlight shone from overhead. He opened a portal to the domain.

Archer stepped through followed by the girls, when they all passed through Hecate made her way to the lab after saying bye to him.

The rest looked at him as he cast Gate to the Aquaria Kingdom's palace. Teuila kissed him before stepping through it.

Archer did the same for the other girls apart from Ella and Sera who left the treehouse on foot going to find Sheira.

Hemera set off for the Solari Empire, and Nefertiti retired to her room to rest for a bit. That's when Archer noticed Talila standing alone, looking a bit lost.

He approached her and asked, "Want to hang out with me, Tali?"

She responded with a slight nod and then inquired, "Has Teuila been teaching you how to fight?"

Archer nodded back, replying, "Yep, she has. Why? Are you interested in training me too?"

Talila's face lit up with a smile as she nodded and said, "Absolutely. Can we start now?"

"Sure thing. Let's head outside for an hour or two," Archer agreed, leading the way to the front door.

Archer and Talila ventured to a peaceful clearing near the treehouse. The sunlight filtered through the leaves, creating a dappled pattern on the ground.

Flying beasts chirped in the trees nearby, adding to the peace of the place. Archer wore an excited yet curious expression as he looked at the skilled warrior.

Talila stretched her arms, her toned figure moving gracefully. "Alright, Archer. Let's start with some basic moves."

He nodded, eager to learn from her. "Sure. I'm ready."

They began with footwork and stance, Talila demonstrating precise and controlled movements.

Archer followed her lead, mirroring her actions. As they moved through the motions, her guidance was patient and encouraging.

"Good," she praised, her eyes focused on his form. "Remember, the key is balance and precision. It's not always about strength."

He listened closely, taking in her advice. He knew he was strong, but he understood that being skilled was just as crucial.

They moved on to practicing strikes and blocks. Her movements were fluid and efficient, her every action purposeful.

He tried to match her, his movements were a lot worse than hers but he was getting better as time went on.

After a series of exercises, following that she took a step back, wiping sweat from her forehead. "You're catching on quickly, Archer. You learn quickly."

Archer smiled appreciatively. "Thanks, Tali. Your guidance is really helping."

Talila's lips curved into a small grin. "Let's work on parrying now."

As they continued, he could feel the improvement in his style. He focused on timing and precision, imitating Talila's moves as closely as he could.

She took a step back and nodded with a smile. "You're learning quickly. Your hard work is showing."

His chest swelled with pride. "I'm lucky to have you as a teacher."

Talila's eyes softened. "It's my pleasure to share what I know."

As the training continued, he soon realized he wasn't just learning combat techniques. He was learning from Talila's discipline and her appreciation for the art of combat.

They practiced until he became all sweaty and started to feel tired. Talila finally suggested that they stop for the day.

He sat on a fallen log, taking a moment to catch his breath. She sat beside him, a smile on her face.

"You did really well today," she said sincerely.

Archer chuckled, wiping his forehead. "Thanks. I still have a long way to go, but I'm ready to get better."

The two of them sat there for a little while before he jumped up and cast Cleanse on himself before speaking to her. "I'm going to check out the College of Magic so I can get a place for us to teleport there tonight."

Talila nodded her head and told him she wanted to continue training as she jumped up and walked to the center of the clearing.

When she arrived Archer cast Blink and appeared in front of her, she jumped back but was grabbed by him.

He passionately kissed her as he pulled her toward him, they shared a kiss before he let her go and leaned in to whisper into her ear. "I can't wait to claim you Talila."

Talila grinned as he walked off, she got back to training as Archer opened a portal to the same alleyway.

Archer entered the portal and saw the bustling streets ahead. He walked forward, heading west.

While walking he heard a voice called out to him, "Archer!"

He turned and saw Rowana, the blonde witch he had met years ago. Archer instantly became wary as he saw her.

She stopped in front of him but had to look up at him this time, the older woman took her hat off and spoke. "It's good to see you, boy! You are even more handsome than the last time we meet. What are you doing in the capital?"

Archer looked at the woman with raised eyebrows but stopped bothering about it before answering the woman. "I've been offered a place in the College of Magic, so me and the girls are attending the ball tonight."

He then looked at her and paid more attention, when he did he couldn't help but pay attention to her violet eyes.

They reminded him of his own but hers sparkled as she looked at him, she looked the same as before.

Purple robes, a purple witch's hat, and wild blonde hair, Archer didn't see the two men she was with before.

Rowana smiled as she spoke. "Oh great, I know some people who go there. I'm very close with the headmistress."

Archer looked at her skeptically which caused her to laugh as she continued. "You don't believe me? One of these days I will prove you wrong little Archer."

He laughed at the witch as they walked toward the college, they passed by merchants setting up their stalls to sell to the travelers.

When they were walking he turned to the witch and asked. "Where are you going?"

Rowana smiled as she turned to him and hooked his arm, "Well I got to go to the college as well to visit my friend."

Archer agreed with a nod, and they conversed while making their way toward the western entrance.

Soon after, they both went through the gate. When they got outside the city he could see the college in the distance.

He turned to her and asked. "So how have you been since we last met?"

The witch smiled as she replied with a cheerful voice. "Been busy with quests and relaxing in my spare time. But lately, my boss has made me do extra paperwork for an interesting reason."

Archer got curious and inquired. "What's the reason?"

Chapter 305 A Mysterious Witch

Rowana smiled when she heard him. She stopped walking and leaned close to his ear, speaking in a seductive voice.

"Don't worry, Archer Wyldheart. We will be spending a lot of time together in the future, my little dragon."

He looked at the woman with raised eyebrows when he heard her but wondered what she meant.

After thinking about it, he gave up and couldn't be bothered to figure it out and decided to wait until she was ready.

As they were walking again he thought to himself 'I wonder why she's so interested in me. We have only met a few times.'

But then he got curious about what she meant but shrugged before commenting. "Okay, I look forward to it Rowana."

The mysterious witch looked at him and wondered why he was so casual about everything but stopped thinking about it.

She grabbed his arm again as they traveled down the road, making their way to the College of Magic.

As they were walking Archer spotted sprawling farmlands. Tended by hardworking hands, the fields were a tapestry of colors.

Golden wheat was swaying in the breeze, rows of hearty vegetables, and orchards laden with ripe fruits.

The sight was a testament to the fruits of labor and the harmony between nature and those who tended it.

As he admired the sight he thought to himself. 'This world is so beautiful, it's completely different from Earth.'

But what truly captured his attention was something even more enchanting in the distance – the College of Magic.

Its towers rose like crystalline spires against the horizon, a beacon of wisdom and arcane mastery.

The sun, now descending towards the horizon, cast a warm, golden hue upon the college's walls, making them seem almost ethereal.

Archer felt the late afternoon breeze on his face, it blew his short messy hair all over the place.

After walking for a little while they arrived at the college. They stopped before the towering gates of the College of Magic.

They stood as guardians to a world of magical knowledge and endless possibilities. Before him stretched an imposing building, its grandeur almost taking his breath away.

As he gazed at the intricately carved spires and majestic arches, a sense of familiarity washed over him.

He couldn't help but be reminded of a particular magic school from a beloved book he had read back on Earth.

Archer couldn't help but smile as he recognized the parallels. The nostalgia mingled with his current reality, creating a unique blend of wonder and surrealism.

He half-expected to see young wizards racing on broomsticks or magical creatures peeking from hidden corners.

Yet, this massive building in front of him is no story. The College of Magic was real, and he was about to become a part of its story.

After admiring the college she stopped walking. He turned to her as she let go of his arm and was typing something on an artifact, he thought she wasn't paying attention to him.

That's when an idea came to him. As he grew even more curious about this mysterious woman, Archer decided to use his Analyze skill on her.

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He was puzzled, but the older woman looked at him and spoke with a seductive grin in a captivating tone. "You shouldn't try to pry into a lady's secret Archer, It would be seen as rude if it was someone else."

Rowana looked into his eyes as she continued speaking. "One day you will know everything about me my dragon, but today's not the time for such stuff."

When he heard her speak a shiver went down his spine, she gave him a big smile when she was done speaking.

She then started to drag him further into the college, they made their way up the pathway that led to the main entrance.

The path was peaceful and there wasn't anyone around but he could see people rushing around in the distance.

Archer thought to himself as she watched her. 'I wonder why it didn't work on her, I think it didn't work because she is high-ranked but it's exciting that she must be really strong, I must fight her one day.'

As they continued walking through the college's enchanting garden, a symphony of delightful scents enveloped him.

Every step revealed a new scent, filling the air with a variety of delightful aromas. He heard birds chirping all over giving off a melodic tune.

He inhaled deeply, savoring the sweet perfume of blooming flowers that mingled with the earthy undertones of herbs and the subtle hint of magic in the air. I think you should take a look at

The breeze carried whispers of lavender and rosemary, a soothing melody that danced around him.

Archer closed his eyes for a moment, letting the fragrant breeze awaken his senses and he started to feel calm.

Rowana turned to him with a smile and spoke. "Archer, I have to go and meet my friend for an important meeting, but don't worry my dragon we will see each other again."

He nodded his head and replied. "No worries Rowana, I will see you soon."

The older woman grinned up at him. "You sure will."

She turned on her heels and made her way to the college entrance while waving to him after she bid farewell to him.

He watched with curiosity in his eyes wondering why she was so mysterious, he kept looking at her until she disappeared from sight.

He thought to himself. 'What a strange woman, I wonder who she actually is and why she left so suddenly.'

When Rowana was gone he started to look for a place that he could transport him and the girls to, he soon found a place that was not far from where he was.

He made his way over to it and found it to be really quiet and peaceful so he opened a portal to the domain.

Archer stepped through to see all the girls talking in the living room.

They all turned to him with smiles, he was about to greet them but before he could speak Sera jumped up and rushed over to him.

She started sniffing him before she spoke in a jealous voice. "Who is she?"

Archer looked at the redhead with a smile but soon noticed all the girls were looking at him. "I ran into a witch called Rowana who I met years ago, but there's something about her I can't put my finger on."

All the girls looked curious, Ella had a small smile on her face, and Hemera giggled when she saw Sera's reaction.

Teuila just chuckled and started relaxing while motioning toward Archer to join her with a grin.

Talila was just watching the scene with curious eyes. but she quickly asked a question. "What do you mean Arch?"

"I'm not sure, she's strong for sure but I think she's hiding something but I don't know." He answered the elf's question as he sat down.

Ella was the next to change the subject and talk about it another time. "Did you find a place for us to transport to?"

Archer nodded as he pulled Hemera and Teuila into a hug, the two of them leaned on him earning dirty looks from the others.

He laughed when he saw this but answered Ella's question. "Yeah, I found a quiet place inside the college's garden."

She nodded as he turned to the pink princess who was watching him with narrowed eyes which caused him to smile at her.

But instead of smiling back, she spoke in a jealous tone. "Who's this witch you met? Did you flirt with her husband?"

Archer began to explain when and where they met and how he didn't flirt with her and how she told him she had a friend in the college.

Once he was done talking it was Hemera who spoke up in a cheerful voice. "When do we leave for the ball?"

He thought for a second then answered. "Two hours, it's not long now."

Teuila put her head on his shoulder and quickly fell asleep causing the group to laugh, Hemera pulled out a book and started reading.

She swung her legs on his lap and started to relax while the other started talking to pass the time.

The girls asked him questions about his life on Earth, before he started he decided to tell Talila who was sitting there with her head in her hands looking at him.

When Archer finished telling her there was no change in her expression so he grew curious and asked her. "Tali, why do you not seem bothered about my past life?"

She smiled as she started talking. "Well the girls tell me you seem to like shocking people, so I'm ready for your revelations. Even so, your past life does interest me."

He nodded as he heard Sera speak. "What were your parents like on this Earth?"

As he heard her memories flooded back to him as he remembered a lot about his Mother on Earth and wondered how she was doing.

Archer shook his head and tried his best not to be bothered by the swirling emotions that were happening inside him.

Chapter 306 Dressed Up

They sat in the comfortable living room of the treehouse, relaxing in the warm and golden glow of the late afternoon sun that flowed through the many windows.

Archer decorated the room to be a peaceful one where they could relax and even fall asleep whenever they wanted.

He could hear a gentle rustling of leaves outside, accompanied by the faraway chirping of birds, creating a calming background.

Archer started explaining about his family life on Earth. He told them about his caring Mother even though she had nine children, she loved all of them equally.

When he finished telling them part of the story Archer started to think to himself. 'One day I will go back to see her.'

Talila was the first to speak. "So you came from a loving family and woke up to one that hated you?"

He nodded his head and let out a sad laugh but that vanished as he looked at the half-elf who had her blonde short hair in a ponytail and was wearing a loose-fitting white dress.

Archer shook his head and answered. "Yeah that's how it was but I had Ella before I left and started my adventure."

After saying that he remembered each meeting with the seven girls and a small smile appeared on his face. "But that's when I met you girls which I have loved having each one in my life."

All the girls smiled as the talking died down but Sera asked, "Do you miss your other parents?"

When he heard this he nodded but didn't speak as he started thinking about them again.

The girls could see it affected him by talking about so they changed the subject to the ball which they needed to get ready for.

They finished off their chat and rushed to the bath chambers. When they did that he summoned Hecate who jumped when she appeared.

She looked around and spotted him standing there, a smile appeared on her face as she spoke in a surprised voice. "Is it time for the ball?"

Archer nodded his head as he answered. "Yes, my moon witch. Do you not want to come?"

Hecate glanced up at him, her face showing uneasiness. He reached out and softly touched her cheek, continuing to talk in a gentle tone. "If it makes you nervous, you don't have to come."

The moon elf smiled as she gathered her courage and expressed. "I will come for a little while Arch."

When he heard her a big smile crept on his face, Archer then told her that the rest of the girls were taking a bath to get ready and she should join them.

Hecate agreed and made her way to the baths, he decided to take one as well and entered.

As he walked in the girls all stopped talking and Talila panicked causing everyone to laugh, but he didn't miss the chance to perv on the girl's naked bodies.

That was when a sponge flew at him and he grabbed it, he looked at the culprit and saw Talila covering herself.

He grinned when he realized her attempt to hide herself made it worse, her large boobs were spilling over her arms.

Her muscular body which was like a work of art was on show and he loved every second of it.

As he stared at her a spell slammed into him, but it dissipated before it could do anything causing the caster to be shocked.

Archer looked at Nefertiti who was standing out of the water, when he saw this his lust soared.

Her bubblegum pink hair was tied up into a bun and her bright pink eyes were shining. But it wasn't that drove him mad it was her massive boobs that sat on her chest without any sag.

His eyes traced her perfect curvy body and loved every inch of it. When the pink princess saw this she gave him a seductive grin.

Nefertiti was happy she drew his attention but the way he was looking at her sent shivers down her body.

Archer's eyes were full of lust but Teuila quickly dealt with it before he jumped them by spraying water in his face.

He shook his head and started laughing before speaking. "Nefi don't do that unless you're prepared for the consequences."

The Zenian princess giggled before speaking in a sultry voice. "Oh, I will happily accept them anytime, husband."

As Neferiti finished speaking a sponge hit her in the face shocking her. Everyone started laughing as she stared at Hemera with an angry look.

But Ella declared. "Nefi we don't have time for this, let's get ready."

The succubus relaxed and began washing herself, while Archer joined the water and did the same.

But he was stopped when he heard Teuila's voice come from behind him. "Can I wash your back, Arch?" I think you should take a look at

When she saw him nod, she started cleaning his back. After a little while they finished cleaning themselves and got out of the water.

The girls left for a room to get ready followed by Xanthe and Thalia who was going to help them.

After he was finished he dried himself off and started putting on the clothes he bought.

Once he was dressed he looked in the mirror. He slicked his white hair to the side and sorted out his collar before scrutinizing the rest of his outfit.

Archer looked in the mirror, wearing a fancy black tunic with delicate violet designs that made it look even better.

The tunic flowed smoothly down his frame, the fabric caressing his skin as he moved.

Paired with fitted black pants and boots that also featured violet accents, the outfit oozed a sense of kingly charm.

He couldn't help but admire himself in the mirror, a faint smile tugging at the corners of his lips.

The combination of black and violet gave him a refined yet mysterious air, and he couldn't deny the pridefulness he felt from looking so handsome.

Turning from side to side, he took in every angle, appreciating how the tunic and pants hugged his form in all the right places.

The boots added a polished finish to the look, enhancing his overall presence.

As the soft light from the room's chandeliers cast a gentle glow on him, Archer's violet eyes sparkled with a mix of self-assuredness and a hint of playfulness.

He ran a hand through his hair, ensuring it was neatly styled. After he finished getting ready he walked out of the bath chambers.

When he did the seven were standing there all done up, his jaw dropped to the floor as he looked at each one.

Archer looked at Ella first and his heart skipped a beat as his eyes met the sight before him.

She was adorned in a stunning white ballroom gown that hugged her curves, emphasizing her thick thighs and waist.

The gown's intricate lace patterns added an air of refinement to her dress. Her short blonde hair was tied into a ponytail, showcasing the delicate features of her face.

Ella's shining blue eyes sparked with a combination of excitement and a hint of shyness. Archer caught his breath as he took in her beauty.

Her presence radiated an aura of enchantment as if she had stepped out of a fairytale. He then looked at Teuila.

Teuila's dress was a beautiful shade of blue that matched her hair, its flowing fabric emphasizing her warrior's body.

The color mirrored the intensity of her blue eyes, and the gown's intricate patterns seemed to dance as she moved.

Sera's dress was the same color red as her hair. The dress's elegant design highlighted her happy and joyful moods, and her radiant smile was as beautiful as the dress itself.

Nefertiti's pink dress was a perfect match for her pink hair and eyes. The gown clung to her curvy body and barely held her chest in place.

The shade of pink seemed to reflect her joyful and loving personality. It really suited her and Archer loved it.

When she saw his reaction she got happy and love hearts appeared in her eyes causing him to chuckle and blow her a kiss.

Hemera's dress was emerald-green in color, reminiscent of the gemstone. The gown's simplicity spoke to her natural beauty, and her calm expression added a touch of coolness to it.

That's when his attention was drawn to Hecate who had her silver hair braided and her red eyes were shining as she looked at him.

Hecate's dress is a rich shade of purple. The intricate details of the gown reflected her mysterious presence and her composed behaviour only added to her charm.

Talila wore a bright yellow dress that exuded warmth and positivity. The cheerful color matched her friendly personality, and her confident posture revealed her inner strength.

Archer's stare swept over each of them, his heart swelling with gratefulness for having such extraordinary ladies in his life.

"Wow," he breathed, his voice full of surprise and admiration. "You all look stunning and each one of you is beautiful."

When they heard his compliment they all got happy and wore smiles on their faces as each one kissed.

Talila even joined the queue even though she was embarrassed. Once they all kissed him he cast Gate to the place he found in the College of Magics garden.

Chapter 307 How Do You Know

The eight of them stepped out and saw loads of people walking past, as they walked the girls were careful not to fall over.

Nefertiti seized Hemera, Teuila clasped onto Talila, and Sera securely held Ella. When Archer saw this he chuckled to himself.

He held his hand out to Hecate who gently took it and fell in next to him, when he looked at her he was amazed.

Her braided silver hair looked beautiful and it glowed when the light hit it, her elf ears kept twitching showing she was nervous.

Archer looked down and showed her deep cleavage and got excited but stopped that before it could grow.

After shaking his head he commented. "You look amazing Hecate. I'm glad you agreed to come."

She smiled and got happy when he complimented her. Hecate felt like she was in a dream and not real life.

The group made their way to the entrance. When they stepped onto the main path the people who were walking passed just stopped and stared at them.

He smiled when he saw their reactions, the girls giggled behind him. Archer led the group to the entrance.

As they walked Talila spoke to the group. "I feel uncomfortable. I hate wearing dresses."

Archer turned around to see her fussing around causing him to laugh, he told Hecate to wait a second as he approached the warrior.

He came to a stop in front of her and leaned forward. "You look absolutely beautiful Tali. I want to pin you down and rip that dress off."

When she heard this, embarrassment flooded over her, leaving her momentarily unsure of how to react. However, as time passed, embarrassment gave way to simmering anger.

Talila went to speak but Archer quickly kissed her. His actions caught her off guard, he stepped back and heard people speaking not far from them.

"Is he with all those ladies?" One older man said in a curious voice.

"Who is he and why is he here? He isn't from a noble family." A young lady stated.

"He is clearly a student alongside the girls." Another man commented.

Archer heard all of this but ignored it, his group was gaining attention but that didn't bother him.

At that moment, Teuila's voice cut through in frustration. "We're drawing way too much attention. It's getting irritating."

"I agree. They keep looking at us like we are rare beasts." Sera spoke as she gave a dirty look to a group of girls who were looking at them.

Talila quickly expressed in a voice full of disdain. "Even the old men are looking at us with lust in their eyes, it's disgusting."

The group continued to walk, as they did the other girls could walk normally so they rushed to take Archer's other arm.

Hecate was on his right as the others fought for the left and Hemera won. They approached the entrance and saw two women and a man.

As they approached the woman in the middle stepped forward with a big smile as she spoke. "Archer Wyldheart. It's good to finally meet you. I'm headmistress Ophelia Blackfire."

Ophelia's deep violet eyes held a spark of arcane power that resonated with Archer's instincts.

She had black and purple hair that cascaded elegantly, and her presence exuded confidence and mystique, befitting her status as a headmistress.

Her witch's robes swirled around her, hinting at the magical prowess she commanded. There was another woman with her who had brown hair and bright green eyes.

Archer smiled as he replied. "Nice to meet you, Ophelia. Have we met before?"

He got curious as the woman reminded her of someone but couldn't figure it out. But she just smiled as she greeted the girls.

"Hello ladies, I hope you enjoy the ball tonight it will be good and I hope to see you in classes," Ophelia spoke as she left.

But Archer noticed a brown-haired woman with cute bear ears that moved around on her head was looking at him.

He thought he recognized her but he didn't, so he went to walk toward the entrance. As he got close he suddenly got a bad feeling.

Archer stopped walking and looked in the direction the headmistress walked off in but he didn't see her anymore.

At that moment that's when the bad feeling intensified and he turned to the girls. "Somethings going to happen."

All their eyes widened when they heard him but they nodded. All six girls took out some boots and swapped them for their party shoes.

They got their weapons out which caused the people around them to get worried and backed away.

That's when Archer whispered. "Draconis."

His draconic features appeared and spoke again. "You girls stay here and help the college. Sera you come with me."

Ella and the rest nodded with a wide range of emotions on their faces from excitement to worry but he knew they would be fine.

She summoned her wings and nodded. But before they could do anything a massive storm appeared overhead.

Just then, the distant toll of a bell began to chime from the west.

The sound triggered a memory in Archer, drawing a connection to a certain tale he had heard about the Doom of Frostholm.

He turned to the girls and spoke in a serious voice. "Go warn the professors about an attack. It will happen soon."

Just as he was about to fly off he heard a voice. "What do you think you're doing dragon?"

Archer stopped flying and turned around to see Ophelia standing there with a smile.

He descended to the ground as he thought to himself. 'This headmistress looks so hot standing there like that.'

When his feet touched the floor he spoke. "Creatures will be attacking from the west. Get the college guards to lock down and guard the gate and send a warning to the city."

The headmistress looked at him with a cocked eyebrow and replied. "How do you know all this?"

He didn't even look at her as he spoke. "The Doom Of Frostholm. The same bells rang before the city was destroyed.

Ophelia gazed at the older man, his eyes wide with a mix of agreement and confusion.

He shook his head briefly and then nodded in rapid succession. "He's right," he affirmed. "The bells chimed before the downfall. But what's the reason for the attack in this place?"

Archer answered. "They have no reason, the creatures attack wherever and whenever they are brutal and evil, that's all."

When he finished the bells chimed again, he flapped his wings and soared high into the sky.

The girls started to prepare as the headmistress and other professors herded the people into the college.

As he was flying he gave General Mohamet a warning to prepare. Archer was now hovering above the college's massive grounds.

In the distance immense holes in the ground appeared as a swarm of creatures poured out of them and rushed toward the college.

Sera joined him not long after and looked at him with curiosity in her eyes which caused him to smile.

He looked at her and spoke in a serious voice. "Seraphina. We will have a tough fight and can't let them reach the college. Do you think we can do it?"

She looked at him with a big smile. "If we're together of course we can."

Archer nodded and descended to the ground and opened a portal to the domain. When the large portal appeared he summoned the dragon-kin.

The first soldiers emerged. Their imposing figures, adorned in beautifully crafted armor, marched forward in disciplined formation.

The thud of their boots on the ground resonated like a heartbeat, mirroring the pulse of the impending battle.

Their fiery breath was mirrored in the determination etched across their faces, each warrior prepared to defend their home with unflinching resolve.

As they took their positions, the dragon-kin seamlessly formed an unbreakable shield wall.

Shields of all different sizes locked together, creating an imposing barrier that would stand firm against the onslaught to come.

The dying sunlight danced on the polished surfaces of their armor, reflecting a glint of hope amidst the grim circumstances.

Then emerged the tribe Archer had taken in. They moved with the grace of hunters honed by the wilds.

Their bows, masterfully crafted, were raised and ready, arrows nocked and aimed towards the encroaching horde.

When he saw them there were all sorts of creatures, Archer noticed all the familiar ones he'd fought before and dozens of new ones that spooked him.

Hundreds of dragon-kin were ready to fight with their long spears pointing at the incoming creatures.

Mohamet was shouting out orders to them as the archers behind them prepared to let their arrows loose at his orders.

All of a sudden, a massive spell appeared from behind the horde, Archer rushed forward as he whispered. "Draco."

He turned into his dragon form to block the attack, his massive form appeared shocking everyone and everything around him.

The spell collided with him but vanished. Archer returned the attack with one of his own as he landed in front of the soldiers.

His transformation was a blaze of pure white light, his human form melting away as he embraced his majestic white dragon form.

Archer's scales glistened akin to newly fallen snow in the waning light, exuding an aura of command and might.

His wings, vast and formidable, stretched out with a graceful sweep that defied the chaos below.

Chapter 308 The Swarm Appears

Archer stood in front of the soldiers as he took a deep breath. The air crackled with energy as his chest glowed with an array of beautiful colors.

With a deep breath, he unleashed a flood of power that resonated with the elements themselves.

An ear-shattering roar erupted from his throat, shaking the very ground beneath him. From his open mouth burst forth a torrent of pure magic—a swirling vortex of fire, water, earth, and more.

As the multi-colored blast tore through the swarm of creatures, devastation followed in its wake.

Flames licked at the air, consuming any foe caught within their grasp. Waters surged forth, freezing everything in their path, encasing creatures in ice.

The earth quaked, sending shockwaves that shattered the ground beneath, swallowing creatures whole.

The elements converged and clashed, a symphony of chaos and power.

His dragon's breath rushed through the swarm like a tempest, leaving behind a wake of twisted and charred remains.

Creatures squirmed and shrieked as the onslaught consumed them, their twisted forms unable to withstand the raw force of his attack.

Amidst the destruction, the elements melded and merged, creating a maelstrom of devastation that seemed to rewrite the very fabric of reality.

And as quickly as it had begun, the torrent subsided, leaving a scorched and altered battlefield in its wake.

The grassland in front of the bridge was now changed. Bodies lay everywhere and the ground was charred black.

Smoke hung in the air, the scent of burnt magic mingling with the acrid smell of charred earth.

Archer's dragon breath had torn through the swarm, leaving behind a scene of havoc. Sera quickly joined him.

She turned into her dragon form and let out her own fiery breath which burned every creature in its path.

Once they were done with their attacks and charged at the swarm. Archer's large body crashed into the swarm.

He used his claws and tail to deal damage to as many creatures as he could.

[Ophelia's POV]

When she heard the boys warning she rushed to get all the guests into the college and put up the building's defensive barrier.

While she was doing this the college's guard captain rallied the defenders helped by some of the professors.

They rushed out the front gate and were shocked at what they saw. An army appeared out of nowhere.

She saw over one hundred women with powerful-looking bows firing volleys of arrows into the incoming swarm.

But what shocked her the most was the professional small army that she spotted over a thousand dragon-kin warriors.

Their armor was plain-looking but Ophelia knew better as she could sense the mana coming from them.

They had large shields that interlocked together and spears that sat in grooves. It allowed the soldiers to attack using them.

On the wings of the dragon-king were dozens of large Stone Men standing there like silent sentinels.

That's when Ophelia heard footsteps from behind her and saw the six girls who came with Archer.

She was curious so asked the blonde-haired girl who was standing with a bow. "Why is he attacking them? We could easily hide inside the college's defensive dome."

When she asked her question a blue-haired girl answered as the blonde started firing mana arrows. "He hates them. Archer has been fighting them for a while now. We first met them in Mediterra."

Ophelia's gaze shifted between the girls and Archer. "So, what is your relationship with him?"

Stepping forward, the blonde archer, Ella, answered. "We're his fiances. I'm Ella. The one with blue hair is Teuila Aquaria and the girl in pink is Nefertiti Sharifi."

With a graceful gesture, she introduced the remaining trio of elven girls. "And these three are Hemera Helios, Talila Ashmoon, and the moon elf is Hecate Lunarides."

The headmistress smiled at each girl but then explosions drew their attention and they all turned back to the battle.

That's when they saw the swarm that slammed into the dragon-kin's shieldwall. The soldiers held firm as the ones behind pierced dozens of creatures.

Beyond that, Ophelia saw the battleground was a maelstrom of chaos and magic, with Archer at its center.

His scales shimmered in the sunlight, a magnificent blend of iridescent shades that mirrored the colors of the elements he wielded.

The swarm of creatures, once menacing and overwhelming, now seemed to quiver in the presence of the enraged dragon.

The air crackled with energy as Archer unleashed his powers, a torrent of magic that roared forth like a tempest.

Flames danced from his jaws, water surged around him in a swirling vortex, and the earth quaked beneath his massive claws.

Ophelia looked at the girls and saw each one was contributing to the attacks, Nefertiti was casting arcane magic that took out loads of creatures that nearly swamped the wall.

Teuila stood guard in case any of the things got close to the other girls. Talila and Ella were firing arrows over the wall.

Hemera and Hecate were casting sun and moon magic that took out loads of Ratlings with precision.

The creatures dropped to the ground with a loud thud. That's when Ophelia got into it and started casting her magic.

She started casting a mysterious spell as black symbols appeared around her and shot off toward the creatures.

They started shooting at dark bolts that struck the swarm with precision. Her intervention took the pressure off the shieldwall.

Ophelia's spell continued to rain down destruction alongside the girls. That's when she looked up to see a boulder flying at them.

[Back to Archer]

As the girls were fighting their own battles Archer's large body decimated the swarm as he jumped around the battlefield.

His claws turned many Ratlings and Rat Orges into blood mist and his tail sent the bigger beasts flying.

They crashed down and took out many in their rolled to a stop. Archer was happy with the outcome and continued his attacks while getting excited.

He continued to butcher hundreds of the creatures when he saw a large boulder flying toward the bridge and girls.

That's when he saw Sera darting in and out of the swarm but soon came to a stop when she saw creepy-looking humanoids.

She pounced at one and tore it to shred but it didn't utter a single sound as she did which shocked everyone who witnessed it.

They looked like tall mutated humans that were twisted into something straight from a? nightmare.

Their skin was white and hairless, the things were acting wild and rushed at the dragon-kins shieldwall with reckless abandonment.

The things had long claws and skinny bodies that showed the creature's ribs. He decided to scan the things she was fighting.

[Blightborn]

[Rank C]

With a swift leap, Archer intercepted the hurtling boulder, its impact jolting through his body like lightning. Agonizing pain surged as the boulder exploded upon impact.

When the girls and soldiers saw this they panicked as they were worrying about him until Teuila said he was fine. "He will be okay. The attack would have hurt but he has that absurd healing."

Ophelia was going to cast a spell but she stopped as she was too late as she watched the scene unfold.

She saw the boulder slam into his body. It sent him flying as he crashed to the ground with a loud crash.

As he lay there with his head spinning Archer thought to himself. 'Ouch that hurt but my body is already healing.'

When everything went silent dust blinded everyone and caused the girls to worry when they couldn't see Archer anymore.

The group could only the chittering of the Ratling and other creatures could be heard. The creatures poured into the hole and swarmed over him.

When Sera saw this she was enraged and rushed forward. She stood at the edge of the crater and let out her fiery breath that swept over the creatures.

Archer shook his head and nodded at her as he climbed out of the hole. He looked in the direction that the boulder came from.

When he did he saw a group of giants approaching them with Ratling Warlocks close by. He quickly cast Stone Warden.

He summoned hundreds of Stone Men using loads of his mana, Archer ordered them to take out the remaining swarm alongside the dragon-kin.

But he returned to his humanoid form and grinned as he held his hand out and cast Azur Comet multiple times at the incoming threat.

'Take this you giant fucks!' Archer thought to himself.

The air crackled with energy as his power surged within him, resonating with the very elements themselves.

He raised his arms to the sky, his eyes narrowing in focus. As the giants and warlocks drew closer, Archer's excitement grew.

The sky above him darkened as swirling clouds gathered, charged with magic. With a sweeping motion of his arms, he directed his power towards the oncoming foes.

Suddenly, from the heavens above, loads of dazzling violet comets streaked down, leaving a trail of brilliance in its wake.

Chapter 309 There's Always Something Stronger

The Azur Comet, a manifestation of his unbelievable power, raced toward the core of the incoming giants.

As it crashed into them, the ground shook, setting off a massive blast of mana and debris.

Violet flames consumed the giants and warlocks, their enraged roars muffled by the elemental fury.

When the dust died down he saw the remaining creatures sprinting toward him.

The dragon-kin tried to call him back. But Archer ignored them as he cast Cosmic Sword and his dragonslayer sword appeared in his hands.

Just as he was preparing to charge, the sound of approaching footsteps reached his ears. To his surprise, a girl suddenly appeared by his side, causing a jolt of shock within Archer.

His gaze fell upon her. Her untamed, lengthy blonde hair was accompanied by a set of lion ears adorning her head.

Amusingly, what sparked an internal chuckle was the fact that she sported a warrior's physique revealed by her blue maxi dress.

While he observed her, the unfamiliar girl began to speak. "So you're the white dragon I've heard so much about?"

A smile curved his lips as he responded, "Indeed, I am Archer Wylldheart. May I know your name and why are you out here?"

The girl introduced herself, her tail swaying with a hint of excitement. "I'm Nala Lionheart. As for my reasons, I was originally at the ball with my siblings. But when all of this unfolded, I couldn't resist joining the fray for some excitement."

When he heard her he started laughing, Archer then calmed down and nodded. "Well, it will be fun to fight alongside you Nala."

The lion girl grinned and took out a sword from the storage ring. Archer got ready to charge but a lot of spells flew over them and hit the incoming swarm.

With the sun now gone the moon hung low in the night sky, casting an eerie glow over the desolate battleground.

The Blightborns continued to charge forward making creepy-sounding noises and got ready to slice the two apart.

Archer stood tall, his grip firm on the hilt of his massive dragonslayer sword. The blade shimmered in the moonlight, its edge gleaming as if hungry for battle.

His eyes blazed as they locked onto the advancing Blightborns. With a deep breath, he exhaled slowly.

Beside him, Nala's stance was no less resolute. Her own weapon, a sleek and elegant blade with intricate runes etched along its surface, seemed to hum with energy.

Her blue eyes glowed with a fierce resolve matching Archer's. As the Blightborns drew nearer, their malevolent presence seemed to choke the very air.

His muscles tensed, and with a primal roar, he charged forward, his dragonslayer sword held high.

The ground trembled beneath his feet, echoing his determination. Nala followed suit, her lithe form a blur of motion as she darted alongside him.

The clash was thunderous as Archer's blade met the first Blightborn's body. Sparks erupted upon impact, illuminating the grim faces of the enemies.

His strength was unmatched, and each swing of his sword cleaved through the tainted armor as if it were paper.

Nala danced around her foes, her blade a blur of calculated strikes, finding gaps in their defenses and exploiting them with deadly precision.

Archer's strikes were powerful but calculated, his experience evident in every movement.

His sword whistled through the air, meeting the Blightborns with an unstoppable force and cleaving right through their twisted bodies.

Nala's agility was her greatest asset; she weaved between enemies, her blade leaving arcs of silver light in its wake.

Her strikes were cleaving through creature after creature, but that's when Archer's dragon senses warned him of an incoming attack but it was too late.

He pushed the lion girl out the way as a mutated fist collided with his chest sending him flying back like a bullet as he crashed into the ground.

Archer's head felt muddled as he shook it. He saw the creature and his eyes widened as he gazed at it.

Before him stood a creepy-looking humanoid creature, its skin as pale as freshly fallen snow, devoid of any hair.

Its body showcased immense power, the things muscles visible under its skin, radiating strength. Every detail of its form highlighted its might.

Yet, it was the creature's eyes that drew the most attention. Deep pools of crimson, like smoldering embers, gazed fixedly at Archer.

The intensity within those red eyes seemed to pierce through the air. He felt the things malice leaking from it.

That's when he used Analyzed it.

[Blightbeast (Mutated Orc)]

[Rank S]

After scanning the creature Archer came to the conclusion that thing must be the swarms commander.

That's when he felt a wave of evil magic flow over the battlefield and wouldn't let him transform, he spotted Sera close by revert back to her humanoid form.

He quickly summoned her to him thanks to the tattoo. Once she was with him he spoke. "Go to the other girls. Stronger people will arrive soon."

Sera hesitated briefly but followed his advice. She began to run toward the bridge, and Nala joined him at his side.

The lion girl was covered in blood but still had a big smile on her face. Archer saw her and grinned as he spoke. "Retreat to the bridge Nala. This creature is beyond both of us."

She raised her eyebrow. "Why? What will you be doing?"

Archer laughed as he replied. "I will hold the creature back to wait for someone who can kill it."

Nala looked at him but nodded and made her way back across the bridge. Now the girls were gone he looked at the Blightbeast.

It seemed like it was waiting for him, Once it saw the girls run off the creature charged forward.

Archer whispered to himself. "Draconis."

His wings, claws, and teeth appeared as he braced for the attack. Once it got closer it jumped to the side and slashed at him.

He raised a wing to block the attack. The clash between the two erupted with raw intensity.

Archer, now in his draconic form, lunged at the thing, his white scales shimmering in the moonlight.

Yet, despite his imposing figure, the Blightbeast moved with an uncanny grace, dodging Archer's initial strikes effortlessly.

His claws swung, but the creature's twisted form slipped through the attack's course, responding with a swift counter-blow that sent Archer reeling.

Archer's body crashed into the rocky terrain, the impact jolting his bones. He shook off the disorientation and got back to his feet, hatred burning in his eyes.

The Blightbeast's red eyes gleamed with malevolent glee, its grotesque features twisted into an unsettling grin.

It advanced, its movements fluid yet unpredictable, as if it were a nightmarish dance. Archer met its charge, his claws slashing through the air, but the creature's reflexes were uncanny.

Its unnatural limbs deflected his attacks and retaliated with powerful strikes of its own.

His draconic form should have been a match for most foes, but this thing's strength was staggering.

Blow after blow landed with brutal force, battering Archer's defenses and exploiting any opening.

Despite his resolve, Archer found himself struggling to keep up, his muscles protesting against the merciless attack.

Gritting his teeth as he took a deep breath and unleashed a torrent of fire, aiming to engulf the Blightbeast in searing heat.

Yet, even the flames seemed to bend away from the creature, leaving it unscathed. The things assault intensified.

Each strike felt like a hammer blow, pushing Archer back, his breath ragged. He roared a primal sound that echoed through the night.

He wouldn't yield, with a surge of draconic power, he lunged once more, claws extended, aiming to finally break through the Blightbeast's defenses.

But the creature's grin widened, and its strength seemed to swell further. It met Archer head-on, a storm of fury and darkness.

The fight between Archer and the beast escalated to its peak intensity. His breath came in labored gasps, his scaled form battered and bruised from the relentless assault.

The creature's vicious red eyes seemed to gleam with anticipation as it prepared for its final, devastating move.

With an eerie, almost fluid grace, the Blightbeast lunged at him but he cast Eldritch Blast at it but the spell bounced off it.

Its movements were a blur, and before Archer could react, the creature's claws raked across his flank, leaving deep gashes that seeped ichor.

He staggered, momentarily off balance, and that was all the opening it needed. In a blink, the Blightbeast was behind him, its grotesque form coiling like a serpent.

Its limbs seemed to elongate, and with blinding speed, a series of strikes pummeled Archer from all sides.

The force of the onslaught was overwhelming, a relentless barrage that left him unable to protect himself.

His defenses crumbled as the Blightbeast's combo attack continued, a merciless dance of brutality.

Blow after blow landed with bone-crushing force, each hit finding its mark. The pain was searing, his scales offering little protection against the creature's non-stop attacks.

Archer's vision swam, his strength withering. Desperation fueled his efforts as he summoned the last traces of energy, attempting to cast another spell.

But his attempt was stopped as the Blightbeast appeared in front of him and unleashed a flurry of punches that took him off his feet.

Chapter 310 I Can't Always Come To Your Aid

The punches he felt sent him crashing to the ground, the pain was washing over him in waves.

When the Blightbeast finished punching him it sank its jagged teeth into his shoulder but it couldn't do as much damage due to his scales blocking some of its teeth.

But he still felt the creature crush his already damaged bones, causing him to cry out in pain but that wasn't the end of it.

The beast punched him again and the impact reverberated through his whole body.

As he lay dazed, the creature's relentless assault continued. Its powerful jaws tore into his flesh, ripping away chunks of his skin.

Each bite was like a vice grip of agony, and Archer's fearless resistance began to waver.

Bloodied and battered, his vision blurred as he struggled to fend off the Blightbeast's onslaught.

His strength was fading, and the excruciating pain made it difficult to concentrate. Despite his best efforts, he found himself overwhelmed by the creature.

The creature's bites left a trail of destruction across his body, a grim testimony to its dominance in the battle.

Archer was flung closer to the bridge and landed in a heap of broken blood and bones. He tried to get up a foot slammed him into the ground.

[The girl's POV]

When they saw Archer fighting the new creature they were worried but that turned to pure horror.

In just a few minutes, they saw the beast defeat him and brutally attack without mercy.

All seven girls were shocked, Ella, Hemera, and Hecate wore horrified expressions. They saw pools of his blood soaking the dirt.

The three couldn't move. But? Talila, Teuila, and Nefertiti were enraged and only had Sera to stop them rushing to him until Hemera helped her.

But Teuila slipped by them and rushed toward the creature. Her anger flamed into action as she lunged at the Blightbeast, her sword slashing with an unrelenting fury.

Her strikes were wild and powerful, a storm of rage directed at the monstrous foe. Nefertiti swiftly joined the fray, her fingers aglow with Arcane magic.

Bolts of energy shot forth, hitting the Blightbeast with precise accuracy. Each arcane blast seared its flesh, making it roar in pain.

Talila's short swords became a blur, calculated strikes. She danced around the Blightbeast, landing hits with precision and skill.

Hecate stood strong, her hands raised to the moonlit sky. Moonlight gathered around her, weaving into a potent force that she aimed at the Blightbeast.

The creature shrank back as if the very moonlight was its bane. In unity, the girls fought, each contributing their individual strength.

Ella's arrows flew true, finding their targets in the body of the creature. Sera's fierce rush brought her close, her claws leaving deep marks.

Hemera's brilliant sun magic streaked forth, its brilliance contrasting the creature's darkness. The Blightbeast recoiled from the searing light.

Even though they worked together, the creature was really strong. It fought back, forcing the girls to defend themselves.

During the fight, Archer, who was hurt badly, was saved. The girls gathered around him, feeling determined.

They managed to break free from the Blightbeast's pursuit, yet its relentless chase left them feeling unsettled.

The girls' gazes turned towards a new presence on the battlefield – Thorin and Ophelia. A rush of hope surged through them as they watched the two of them step into the fray.

Ophelia's aura seemed to shimmer with mysterious energy as she unleashed a unique magic attack.

The air around her crackled with arcane power, and a surge of enigmatic energy shot toward the Blightbeast.

The creature recoiled as if struck by an unseen force, its movements disrupted.

Thorin, his form imposing, advanced with his sword held high. The blade gleamed in the dim light as he brought it down with precision and strength.

Each swing carried a weight of determination, and his strikes found their mark on the Blightbeast's body.

The girls saw a renewed vigor in their rescue team's efforts. Ophelia's mysterious magic kept the Blightbeast off balance, while Thorin's swordplay chipped away at its defenses.

As the girls watched, a flicker of relief crossed their faces. The battle's dynamics shifted with the arrival of Thorin and Ophelia.

The two newcomers fought with a synergy that indicated their experience and unity, and it gave the girls a moment to catch their breath and gather their strength.

Teuila and Talila dragged Archer across the bridge and toward the college in the distance. The girls sent the dragon-kin and tribe members back to the domain.

Ophelia and Thorin's battle was coming to an end as the two butchered the Blightbeast and the remaining swarm.

Thorin was going crazy as he swung his sword and took out many creatures while Ophelia cast her attack spells that washed over them.

When they got to the entrance of the college the girls all sat around Archer and watched him heal.

Nala approached the group and spoke. "Will he be okay? That beast was something else, it was so strong."

None of them answered as they watched Archer so she joined and sat next to Teuila and Sera who just looked at her with curious looks.

Teuila spoke up first. "Who are you, girl? And why are you here?"

Nala smiled at them as she answered. "My name is Nala Lionheart the second princess of the Lionheart Kingdom in the West."

They all nodded but Nefertiti and Sera both commented at the same time. "Another princess."

The group started laughing but instantly stopped as they heard Archer let out a groan. They all saw his horrible wounds healing but it soon stopped.

As Nala saw this her blue eyes widened as she mumbled to no one in particular. "How is that possible? Only a few races can heal themselves."

Ella turned to her and answered. "He's a white dragon, they are living mana but have a body. Archer can get hurt but it always heals."

Nefertiti looked at the lion girl and felt her interest, she decided to join the College of Magic to keep an eye on him.

Archer soon stopped groaning but was still unconscious. That's when Thorin and Ophelia appeared with shocked looks on their faces.

Thorin quickly spoke. "What is wrong with the boy?"

The girls shrugged because they didn't know themselves but they noticed the headmistress was staring at him.

Suddenly her eyes glowed and her face went white as she spoke with panic in her voice. "He has been poisoned. Follow me."

She turned on her heels and started walking. Thorin grabbed Archer and followed behind the witch.

The girls did the same and rushed after them. After walking for five minutes they arrived at the infirmary.

It was a vast chamber, with high, vaulted ceilings adorned with intricate, glowing runes that cast a soft, soothing light over the room.

The walls were lined with tall, slender windows that revealed a mesmerizing view of the college's sprawling gardens, where mystical creatures roamed freely.

Flowers of every hue and size bloomed in abundance, their petals emitting a gentle, calming fragrance.

The floor was made of polished marble that seemed to ripple like a tranquil pond, and as they walked, it created a harmonious melody of soft chimes.

Tall, slender columns of white marble adorned with golden vines reached up to support the ceiling, giving the room an ethereal quality.

Rows of beds, each draped in flowing, silk-like canopies, lined the sides of the infirmary.

Crystals of various colors and sizes floated above the beds, emitting a soothing, healing energy that enveloped the room.

Ophelia told Thorin to place him on the bed, which he did instantly. She quickly checked him off and spoke. "We need to get help from the imperial families mages. They will be able to help him."

When the girls heard the woman they all started worrying even more but before anyone could say anything the two adults rushed out of the room.

They looked at each other and shrugged. Nefertiti was the first to speak. "He will be fine right?"

No one answered apart from Nala who commented in an anxious voice. "I'm sure he will be fine."

The girls turned to her making her wonder what she said wrong. Ella was about to speak until a portal appeared in the middle of the room.

Everyone jumped back but soon was shocked yet again. An elf woman stepped out wearing priestess robes.

She had long flowing platinum blonde hair and violet eyes just like Archers. When Nala saw she mumbled. "A high elf. Why is she here?"

"To save him. He is very important to me but the time for us to meet isn't now but in the future." The elf answered her question.

Nefertiti quickly reacted and started casting a spell but the elf noticed and snapped her fingers.

The spell was quickly blocked as the woman spoke again. "Princess of the Zenians, be careful who you go to attack. We don't have time for this he is dying from the inside."

When everyone heard her they all looked at him and saw his skin turning pale and was leaking some sort of puss.

She walked over to Archer and looked down at him with a small smile as she continued speaking. "Why are you always getting in trouble husband? I can't always come to your aid."