

A Journey 431

Chapter 431 Just This Once

Archer grinned as the goddess approached the bath, but his gaze briefly fixated on her body as her unnaturally large boobs jiggled at every step.

However, he quickly regained his composure, aware of her immense power, and relaxed as she entered the water.

She sat across from him, a knowing smile adorning her face. Archer, although tempted, shook his head and greeted her with a grin. "Hello, my goddess. How have you been?"

"I've been good, Arch," Tiamat responded.

She leaned back in the hot water, her expression serene as she continued, "I brought you here today to tell you that in five years, the Swarm will reappear."

Archer's laughter in response to her warning left the Dragon Goddess puzzled, though she was well aware of his unpredictable nature.

Observing his reaction, she narrowed her eyes and issued a stern caution, "You may have your monster army, but their numbers are beyond measure and resolute. What you faced before is a mere shadow of what they have since amassed."

Tiamat leaned forward slightly, her gaze fixing firmly on Archer. With a tone of solemnity, she delivered a dire warning, her voice heavy with concern.

"Archer, you must understand the gravity of the situation," she began. "The Swarm has grown more formidable, thanks to the unholy alliance they've formed with a dark god. They have access to powers beyond imagination."

She paused for emphasis, her words lingering in the humid air of the bath. "The remnants of the Swarm that remained on Thrylos have burrowed deep within the planet, hiding from prying eyes."

Her gaze bore into Archer's, conveying the urgency of her message. "You, as their nemesis, must prepare for a challenge greater than any you've faced before."

As Tiamat concluded her warning, Archer fixed his gaze on her as his violet eyes glowed and wore a grin before posing a question. "What's in it for me if I take on this fight?"

Tiamat held a glimmer of hope that he would request something specific, but she refrained from getting her hopes too high.

Nonetheless, she responded with a curious tone, "What would you desire?"

Archer rose from the hot water and confidently moved closer to Tiamat. He gazed down at her with a determined expression and a broad, charismatic smile.

"I want you," he declared with unwavering resolve.

The Goddess couldn't help but feel a rush of excitement inside, even though she kept her emotions in check.

His bold statement had stirred her, for he was the first white dragon to express such a deep interest in her, regardless of her being a goddess.

Tiamat maintained a smile, though her tone carried a sense of caution as she responded, "Why would I form a bond with a mortal?"

However, Archer responded with a voice full of confidence and charm, "We look alike. I'm the king of all dragons on Thrylos, and I can even become a dragon god if I want. And I've seen the way you look at me."

When the older woman heard him, she let out a light, playful giggle before sinking further into the warm water.

Archer observed her for a moment before resuming his seat. He retrieved a piece of bread and began to eat, patiently waiting for the Dragon Goddess to provide her response.

After a brief moment of contemplation, Tiamat spoke with a seductive tone, "You won't win me over by defeating the Swarm alone. But when the moment arrives for you to face the true adversary and emerge triumphant, then, and only then, can you claim me."

Archer couldn't help but chuckle when he heard her words. He then inquired, "Who are these adversaries? And how do you know all this?"

Tiamat responded candidly, "Other deities keep me informed about events transpiring across the world ever since I regained my powers. However, I've yet to discover the identity of the dark god supporting the Swarm. What I do know is that a race called the Eldraliths is orchestrating their actions, serving as their leaders. Interestingly, they originate from a different realm that has access to Thrylos."

Archer nodded in acknowledgment when he heard her explanation, accepting the fact that he would have to face these adversaries.

He didn't mind, as he relished the prospect of this challenge, especially knowing that it could lead to claiming a goddess.

With a joyful smile, Archer expressed his agreement but said with a mischievous grin, "Okay, but I want a kiss to seal our deal."

When Tiamat heard him she became flustered but quickly composed herself and answered. "You're taking advantage now."

Archer remained silent, wearing a contented smile. Tiamat let out a sigh and reluctantly consented, saying, "Okay, just this once."

His smile brightened as he approached. She extended her hand, which he took and used to draw her closer.

Their bodies pressed against each other, and before she could react, Archer claimed her lips in a kiss, causing her to momentarily stiffen in surprise.

They found themselves locked in a passionate kiss, the waters of the bath swirled around them.

The hot, steamy atmosphere only intensified their connection. Their lips moved together with fervor, the power of their attraction undeniable.

As the kiss deepened, Tiamat suddenly pushed Archer away gently. She held his gaze, her eyes filled with a mixture of desire and confusion.

Archer looked at her with longing in his eyes, wondering why she had stopped their embrace.

With a soft, sad smile, Tiamat spoke, "You have five years to prepare, my white dragon. When the time comes, you must be ready for the battle that awaits."

Tiamat used her divine power to send Archer back, and he abruptly woke up in the bath, disoriented and looking around the empty room.

He got out of the bath and used his mana to dry himself before leaving the room to see Talila, Teuila, and Leira sitting in the living room.

They all turned to him and smiled before Talila jumped up and challenged him. "Husband. I want to see how strong you are. Fight us three."

Archer was taken aback by their sudden excitement but shrugged. "Of course. Let me create a dry arena outside first."

The three girls nodded as he closed his eyes and created an arena outside the treehouse that would stay dry thanks to a Cosmic Shield he summoned around it.

He flashed a smile at them before teleporting outside, prompting the girls to hurry after him.

Archer stood in the arena as the moon hung high in the sky, casting aside his Cosmic Sword and summoning a greatsword, ready for the fight.

As the three girls appeared, they were ready to engage in combat, but Archer's words gave them pause. He announced, "I won't use my full strength. I'll use a limiter."

Closing his eyes, he modified his bracelet to include an option that allowed him to reduce his power to that of a Master Rank.

With the adjustment complete, Archer readied himself for the battle and signaled for them to start.

Teuila and Talila moved with remarkable coordination, their swords gleaming in the moonlight.

They advanced with calculated strikes, their blades whistling through the air as they aimed to hit Archer.

With swift and precise movements, he parried their attacks, his greatsword meeting their blades in a symphony of clashing steel.

Leira, the magician of the group, conjured her elemental magic. Fire and Lightning crackled around her as she unleashed her spells.

Flames licked the ground, and lightning arced through the air, creating a chaotic battlefield.

Archer's muscles tensed as he deftly maneuvered to counter the magical onslaught, his determination unwavering.

Teuila and Talila, unwavering despite their initial strikes being deflected, pressed on with renewed resolve.

Their swords sliced through the air with deadly precision, their eyes focused on any weakness in Archer's defense.

But he met each of their strikes with skill and precision, his greatsword serving as an impenetrable barrier.

As the girls continued their relentless assault, Leira's magic added a chaotic element to the battle.

Flames danced around Archer, and bolts of lightning crackled dangerously close. He navigated through the magical onslaught, ensuring his safety while fending off the attacks.

The battle unfolded beneath the ghostly light of the moon, each clash a testament to skill, strategy, and trust.

Archer's promise to protect the girls was upheld as he defended himself with remarkable expertise, all while ensuring their safety amid the chaos.

The girls, with their exceptional teamwork, pushed him to his limits but during the chaotic battle, Archer's greatsword found a rare opening.

With a powerful thrust, he managed to send Leira flying, her body propelled through the air.

She let out a surprised yelp as she soared briefly before crashing into the ground a few feet away, leaving a cloud of dust in her wake.

The other two who witnessed the unexpected turn of events, hesitated for a moment, allowing Archer a brief respite.

He seized the opportunity, quickly repositioning himself to engage them once more.

Chapter 432 Shadow Shroud

Archer, wielding his greatsword, stood ready to face Teuila and Talila, in a fierce sparring match.

Their swords gleamed in the moonlight as they advanced with coordinated precision. Teuila rushed towards him with a swift sword swing.

With a deft movement, Archer blocked her attack, the clash of their blades ringing through the air.

His strength and skill were on full display as he held his ground. Talila, not to be outdone, joined the assault, her sword aimed at Archer's flank.

Archer adeptly moved to intercept her strike, demonstrating his ability to match the girls' coordination and synchronization.

His training and the knowledge he had absorbed from souls he ate enabled him to keep pace with their formidable skills.

Leira saw an opportunity to intervene. With a spell ready, she approached the melee. As she extended her hand to cast her magic, Archer, always vigilant, sensed her presence.

In a swift and unexpected move, he used the handle of his greatsword to gently but decisively guide her hand away, disrupting her spellcasting.

Leira's magic dissipated harmlessly into the night air, and she paused, momentarily taken aback by Archer's agility and awareness.

A playful grin crept across his face, acknowledging her attempt. The battle continued under the moon's watchful gaze.

The four resumed their intense dance of blades and spells, their trust and camaraderie evident even in the heat of battle.

That's when Archer saw an opportunity to gain the upper hand. He focused his attention on Talila, who was engaged in a swordfight with him.

With a swift, powerful swing of his greatsword, he aimed directly at her, aiming to catch her off guard.

Talila, skilled and agile, managed to block his strike with her sword, but the sheer force of his blow sent her hurtling backward and out of the arena.

She landed just outside its boundaries, temporarily out of the fight. Archer's move had created an opening for him, but he remained ever vigilant.

In an instant, he shifted his attention to Teuila, who was pressing the attack. Her sword came slashing towards him, but Archer blocked her strike.

As this happened, Leira was prepared to support Teuila with her magic. She channeled a powerful spell, conjuring thunder magic to strike at Archer.

However, with remarkable agility, he sidestepped the incoming thunderous blast, narrowly evading its destructive force.

Archer found himself locked in fierce combat with Teuila, who proved to be exceptionally skilled.

Their blades clashed with lightning speed as they exchanged blows, and Teuila's defenses were impeccable, blocking every one of his attacks.

However, Teuila was not just a formidable swordswoman; she also had a keen eye for opportunity.

In a split-second decision, she deftly deflected one of Archer's powerful strikes, using her superior technique and timing to her advantage.

Seizing the moment, Teuila swiftly delivered a powerful kick to Archer's chest, channeling her strength and precision into the move.

The impact sent Archer hurtling backward, and he soared through the air before landing with a thud just beyond the arena's boundaries.

He lay there on the ground, catching his breath, while Talila approached with a content smile on her face.

She spoke gently, her words filled with a sense of encouragement, "Teuila has taught you well, but remember, there's always more to learn. Starting tomorrow evening, we'll take turns teaching you everything we know, my dear husband."

Archer acknowledged Talila's offer with a nod and rose to his feet. The rain continued to pour down, but it was repelled by the protective Cosmic Shield.

He stood there, watching the rainy scene, Teuila approached him and wrapped her arms around him from behind.

She spoke with a hint of remorse, "Sorry for hitting you like that, Darling. I got carried away."

Smiling as he turned to face her, capturing her lips in a sudden kiss. Teuila was taken by surprise but gladly reciprocated the affectionate gesture.

After they separated, Archer responded, "No need to apologize. I had a great time, and your skills are truly impressive."

Teuila's smile remained as she and Archer began to make their way toward the walkway leading to the treehouse.

Leira, however, couldn't resist some light-hearted complaints about Archer deflecting her attacks, which brought about laughter from the group.

As they entered the treehouse, they found the other girls except for Sia, gathered in the living room.

Stella was engrossed in her book in front of the fire. Once they all took their seats, their attention turned to Archer, waiting to hear what he had to say or share.

Archer let out a sigh and then began to share the story of how he had encountered the little dog girl who attempted to pickpocket him.

His tale prompted laughter from the girls as they found the situation amusing. He went on to reveal his plan to offer the girl a job at the potion shop, which was set to open the following day after their lessons.

The girl's curiosity was piqued by the mention of the potion shop, and Archer proceeded to explain that he intended to open it for Hecate so she wouldn't be bored.

He added the bonus of earning coins, which resulted in a collective eye-roll from the girls, who were accustomed to his greed.

Following their conversation, the group continued to chat well into the night until, with playful insistence, they all coaxed Archer into his bedroom and piled up on the bed.

The combined presence of so many bodies on the bed made the covers snug and warm. Each girl found her comfortable spot beside Archer before drifting off to sleep.

As the night progressed, a chill seeped into the room, but Archer, sensing the change, cast a spell using Mana Manipulation.

He created a ball of fire and sent it toward the fireplace, which blazed to life, dispelling the cold air.

With that, he settled back into a peaceful slumber alongside his beloved girls. The next morning he woke up and shivered as he felt the cold.

Feeling the combined weight of everyone on the bed, Archer cast the Blink spell and found himself outside the crowded bed.

He stretched his limbs and, with a wave of his hand, cast the Cleanse spell on himself to refresh.

Archer then changed into a fresh set of clothes and exited the bedroom. As he made his way to the living room, he noticed Ella in the kitchen, busy with cooking.

She turned around with a bright smile before speaking. "Arch. Breakfast is nearly done and we have a few hours until classes start."

He nodded before sitting down and started eating as Ella placed a plate of food in front of him.

Once Archer was done eating he decided to explore the city before classes began. He looked at Ella and spoke. "I'm going to wander around the city for a little while."

Ella smiled and nodded her head before going to wake the others up so they could start getting ready.

Archer opened a portal and entered it to appear in an alleyway and made his way to the main street.

He wandered through the bustling streets of Starfall City, a place teeming with life and diversity even at this time in the morning.

People from all walks of life hurried about their business as the sun started rising. As he meandered through the streets, his curiosity led him down a narrow, less-traveled path.

Amid the urban chaos, he stumbled upon a somewhat rundown, yet intriguing, establishment called "Cursed Chronicles."

The shop's exterior bore the marks of time, with peeling paint and faded signage, but it held an undeniable aura of mystery.

The name itself piqued his interest, and he couldn't resist the urge to explore its contents.

With a quiet creak, he pushed the door open, revealing a dimly lit interior filled with dusty tomes and ancient manuscripts.

The smell of aged parchment and ink filled the air. Shelves lined the walls, filled with books that seemed to beckon him with untold stories and secrets.

As Archer ventured deeper into the shop, he couldn't shake the sensation that he had chanced upon a concealed treasure trove.

He carefully perused the dusty shelves, his curiosity deepening with each title he read. The books bore names that seemed ancient, their contents veiled in the mists of history.

Archer found himself immersed in their pages, captivated by them as he came across a spellbook named "Shadow Shroud".

When he heard the aged voice, Archer turned around, his violet eyes meeting those of an elderly figure who seemed as timeless as the books themselves.

Without wasting time on pleasantries, Archer got straight to the point. "I'm looking to buy spells, and I'm interested in this one. How much?"

The elderly man, his eyes crinkling with age and wisdom, moved closer to examine the book that had caught Archer's attention.

After a brief examination, he responded, "That one will cost you eight gold coins. It's a rare tome; the mage who created it passed away not too long ago."

Chapter 433 First Day Of Classes

Archer nodded and retrieved eight gold coins from his Item Box before handing them to the old shopkeeper in exchange for the book.

After carefully storing the spellbook, he was free to browse the rest of the shop for more. He spent some time searching and ended up buying over two dozen spells.

With his new spells, he exited Cursed Chronicles and strolled down the street. Finding a nearby bench, he decided to take a break.

He pulled out some sweet bread as he pulled out Spectral Shroud and started reading it. It only took him a little while to learn it which shocked him.

[Shadow Shroud Learned]

Without wasting time, he triggered the spell, and his entire form seemed to disintegrate into shadows.

In the dim light of the morning, the only discernible features were a set of intense violet eyes and his menacing, gleaming teeth, sharply contrasting against the shadows.

The effect was striking, and those who happened to witness it couldn't contain their panic and fear.

People around him screamed and scattered, frantically fleeing the area, unsure of what malevolent presence they had encountered.

Archer remained calm, watching the chaos with a mischievous grin. The spell was indeed a powerful tool for intimidation.

Just as the distant clamor of approaching guards reached his ears, he seamlessly melded into the shadows, vanishing from sight.

A little while later, he reappeared across the street. With a quick wave of his hand, he got rid of the shadowy magic, revealing his handsome face once more, which pleased him.

Archer then continued on his way as he casually strolled away, leaving a trail of confusion and turmoil in his wake, seemingly indifferent to the chaos he left behind.

That's when he decided to pay a visit to Hecate's new shop and check on the progress of the decorating and to see if the Dragon-Kin was finished.

Ten minutes of walking brought him to a closed and locked shop. Archer stood outside the newly acquired shops, gazing at the exterior with pride.

His work had paid off. It had been meticulously transformed into a place of enchantment, in perfect harmony with the surrounding Starfall City.

Archer noticed the colors of blue and white dominated the facade, reflecting the essence of the Dragon's Rest and Hecate's magical touch.

He admired the intricate details, from the elegantly painted signboard to the enchanting designs adorning the windows.

At that moment, he pushed the door open and stepped inside, discovering a beautifully decorated and well-organized shop.

The scent of fresh paint lingered in the air, mingling with the fragrant aroma of herbs and alchemical reagents.

He couldn't help but feel a surge of excitement as he walked through the shop, running his fingers over the empty shelved

While exploring the nooks and crannies, he couldn't help but imagine the countless adventurers, scholars, and curious souls who would visit his establishment.

After looking around for a while he got a message from Ella saying the girls are ready to go to the college when he's back.

Archer opened a portal back to his domain but made a quick stop to visit Hecate and Stella before he had to attend his classes.

Upon entering the lab, he found the Moon Elf diligently brewing potions, with the little dog girl observing her closely.

Hecate was engrossed in her work until Stella's sudden joyful reaction startled her. The little girl's face lit up with a big smile before rushing towards Archer.

When she rushed off it caused Hecate to turn her attention to the scene. Stella was hugging Archer tightly, thanking him for allowing her to study with Hecate.

The Moon Elf chuckled and dismissed the gratitude as she thought Stella deserved it and would be happy to teach her.

After hugging Stella back, Archer moved over to Hecate, gently cupping her cheeks before sharing a tender kiss with her.

The couple stood in her well-organized lab, surrounded by the enchanting scents of herbs and alchemical reagents.

Their connection deepened in that heartfelt exchange, conveying the depth of their bond and the unspoken emotions between them.

As they separated, Archer whispered into Hecate's ear, his voice filled with warmth and promise. "I will give you those little angels from our dreams soon, my Moon Witch."

Hecate's eyes shimmered with happiness as she heard those heartfelt words, and she couldn't contain her excitement.

She embraced Archer tightly, her joy evident in her radiant smile and the eager anticipation of her dream becoming a reality.

Just as they were lost in their affectionate moment, they heard the soft patter of little footsteps.

Turning their heads, they found Stella watching them with a beaming smile. Archer ruffled her blonde hair causing her to giggle.

As he turned to leave, he felt a gentle tug on his heart when he heard the little dog girl's innocent voice.

"Big Brother, can I get what Aunty Hecate got, please?" She asked with an innocent tone.

When Archer heard Stella's request, he stumbled slightly, and Hecate couldn't help but giggle at his reaction.

Stella, on the other hand, gazed at him with her wide, blue eyes, full of anticipation. He felt a bit awkward but touched by her request.

Archer bent down and placed a gentle peck on Stella's forehead. Her happy giggle filled the air as she hurried off to continue her studies.

Hecate, with a warm smile, approached Archer as he stood there. She spoke softly, "She always wanted a big brother and is thrilled to have found you. She's been talking about you non-stop, so don't disappoint her, my love."

Archer gave her a nod with a smile and replied, "I won't. But I've got to go; the girls are waiting for me."

"Okay, Arch. Enjoy your classes, and make sure to meet me at the shop and think of a good name while you're at it," Hecate said in a cheerful tone.

Exiting the lab, he descended the stairs, and a brilliant idea struck him. Without a word, he cast Shadow Shroud.

Instantly, his body turned into a formless shadow, his presence concealed in the darkness. He moved with all the subtlety of a wraith and wasn't heard at all.

As he neared the group of girls who were sitting around the living room gossiping about nothing important, his heart raced with excitement.

With impeccable timing, he reached out from the shadows and gave their thighs a playful, unexpected squeeze.

Startled gasps and yelps echoed through the room as they leaped from their seats. Archer reveled in the laughter and surprise that followed.

His shadowy figure reemerged, and he stood before them, grinning from ear to ear. "I couldn't resist a little sneak attack," he chuckled, "and it looks like I got you all this time."

In response, all the girls playfully punched his arm, and their laughter echoed through the room. Archer observed them, their contagious laughter making him shake his head in amusement as they giggled like a pack of hyenas.

"Are you all ready to go to college?" he asked, his gaze sweeping over each of them.

They all nodded, but Leira chimed in, "We have to report to the front desk and get our schedules for classes."

Archer nodded in acknowledgment and, with a flick of his hand he cast Gate leading to the road that would take them to the college.

Archer stepped through the portal, and the girls followed in tow. As they emerged onto the bustling road, their surroundings transformed into a sea of people.

All around them, heads turned in curiosity, and eyes widened at the sight of Archer, who led a group of girls trailing behind him like a procession of ducklings.

Nefertiti claimed his left arm while Hemera secured his right, standing out with their possessive gestures, but the others simply followed as they chatted amongst themselves.

Archer paid little heed to the gazes and hushed whispers of the onlookers who were staring at them with judging looks.

He leaned over and planted gentle kisses on the cheeks of both Nefertiti and Hemera, their excitement soaring at his affectionate gesture.

Complaints and playful grumbles echoed from behind, prompting Archer to repeat the affectionate gesture with the other six girls.

The audience's expressions changed between astonishment, intrigue, and jealousy as the unconventional group made their way through the crowd.

Among the onlookers were college-bound students, and at that moment, the majority of them didn't recognize Archer.

However, the whispers and stories about him would soon spread. Some would believe the rumors while most dismissed them as embellished tales.

After walking for a little while, they reached the college gates, guarded by mercenaries hired by the institution.

The mercenaries allowed them to pass through without issues. As they stepped through the gates.

As they stepped through the gates, they were welcomed by a smiling headmistress, Ophelia, who had been watching him with a keen interest.

Her blackish-purple hair radiated a surreal glow in the sunlight, and her typical witch robes clung to her seductive curves in a way that Archer couldn't help but notice.

It was impossible to deny that Ophelia was a woman of remarkable beauty, a figure that could topple kingdoms and spark desire in anyone.

Chapter 434 You Rascal

Her presence had a magnetic power that stirred Archer's emotions, and he couldn't deny his attraction to this captivating woman.

However, he retained a firm grip on his emotions and wants, swiftly regaining his composure before she initiated the conversation.

"Archer, your assistance was invaluable to the empire. Your support greatly benefited the college during the siege."

Ophelia expressed her gratitude with a warm smile, though her gaze carried a knowing look that seemed to penetrate his thoughts.

Archer smiled and replied, "Well, I didn't do it for free. Osoric owes me a lot of gold. I do wonder how that old man will pay me."

Hearing this, the girls started giggling, except for Leira, who huffed and snapped, "Father will pay you! He already knows how greedy you are and doesn't want you near the treasury."

Archer chuckled and responded, "Well, I'll take half if he doesn't pay, and I'll make life difficult for him, so it's truly up to him if he wants to take the risk."

After he spoke, Ophelia and Leira's eyes widened, and the headmistress said, "I know you're serious, but the emperor will pay you."

He chuckled and then nodded in agreement. "Sure, I won't trouble the old man. I've probably already given him a headache with my little show."

Ophelia merely shook her head, ignoring Archer as she continued, "Well, all of you can follow me to get your schedules and find out which homerooms you'll be in."

With smiles, everyone concurred, and Archer, along with the girls, trailed behind the headmistress as she led them into the college's entrance hall.

As they walked, numerous students stopped to glance at the newcomers, but Archer did not mind the hushed conversations surrounding them.

After a short walk, they arrived at a counter where a man was seated. He glanced up and offered a greeting to Ophelia.

But the headmistress wasted no time and said, "Rodrick, get these kids their class schedules. They missed the start of the term."

The man noted their names, quickly delved into some paperwork, and retrieved nine sheets of paper.

He handed them to Archer and the girls, who eagerly began to peruse their schedules. As Archer read over the paper, a look of confusion washed over his face.

Observing their reactions, Ophelia smiled and explained, "Well, since you're first years, you have the option to take the five core subjects along with four additional classes. Those could be more magic courses or knight classes, depending on your interests."

Archer nodded in understanding, but Teuila asked, "What do these knight classes teach you?"

The witch smiled as she swiftly elaborated, "You see, the College of Magic doesn't only teach magic; it also trains magic knights, individuals who blend magic with their weapons to gain an edge. Many aspire to become magic knights, but not everyone has enough mana or skill to succeed."

Upon hearing Ophelia's explanation, Teuila wanted to try out the knight classes, while Archer grew curious and examined his class schedule:

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

His curiosity piqued, and he turned to Ophelia, asking, "How do we choose our other subjects, and what are they?"

Listening to the conversation, Rodrick promptly handed Archer another paper he had read.

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

[Enchanting] [Blacksmithing] [Legends and Mysteries Exploration] [Necromancy] [Economy] [Witchcraft]
[Magic Theory]

Archer was at a loss when confronted with the array of additional subjects, uncertain about his choices.

However, his dilemma was swiftly resolved as Ophelia offered guidance, saying, "Select your three additional subjects, and inform your Homeroom Professor at the end of the day."

They all nodded in consensus, and the headmistress further remarked, "Some of you will attend the same classes, while others will follow distinct paths. However, I've permitted you to be together in a dorm as you already know, so please do not give me a reason to regret it."

Archer and the girls agreed with Ophelia's instructions, and she beckoned over three senior students who promptly approached her as she addressed them.

"Thorne, Araluen, and Linnea, please escort these nine to their respective classes. Ensure you cross-check their schedules to prevent any mix-up."

The three older students nodded before turning to Archer and the girls, while Ophelia smiled at them before vanishing.

Archer looked at the three students, noting that the young man had a demeanor that somewhat irritated him, resembling the young master type.

In contrast, the two girls appeared welcoming. One of the girls was a tiger Demi-human, while the other was a human and seemed to take on a leadership role among the three.

The male student, Thorne was the first to speak, wearing an unsettling, lecherous smile. "Ladies, may I have the honor of accompanying you to your classes? I must admit, I've never encountered such exquisite beauties before."

Archer's immediate response was a stern warning, "Wipe that look off your face when you're looking at my girls, or I'll make sure you regret it."

He raised his left hand, summoning sharp, white claws that startled the three older students.

Archer took hold of Thorne, leaning in to whisper a menacing message in his ear, "If you ever attempt anything with them, I'll kill your family while leaving you blind. Do you understand?"

The human nodded vigorously, his face beaded with sweat, and Archer pushed him away before addressing the two girls, "My name is Archer Wyldheart, and these are my fiancées."

When the two older girls heard him, they greeted them before the one named Araluen, who was the tiger demi-human, asked. "Can we see your schedules, please?"

Thorne, now subdued, took a step back while looking down, allowing the two girls to handle the situation as they examined the group's class schedules.

After a brief thought, they nodded and said, "None of you will be alone, except for Archer, who is in S class, while the rest of you are in the other S class. However, you'll all will be in the same Homeroom, which begins in twenty minutes."

The information clarified their classes and explained that they would sometimes have separate lessons but remain together in others.

Archer smiled, and the two girls then guided them to their Homeroom. They followed the two through the ornate corridors of the magic college.

They couldn't help but be captivated by the enchanting surroundings. The college's interior was a masterpiece of magical architecture.

Towering stone pillars that seemed to reach for the heavens and archways adorned with intricate runes that pulsed with arcane energy.

As they walked, their footsteps reverberated on the gleaming marble floors.

Along the walls, lavishly adorned tapestries depicted legendary wizards casting potent spells, mythical creatures, and scenes from epic battles.

Each tapestry seemed to weave a story of enchantment and wonder. Soon, Archer and the girls arrived at the classroom and stepped inside.

Upon entering, they noticed a few students already seated around the spacious Homeroom, but Archer didn't recognize any of them.

He proceeded to the back of the room and sat, with the girls settling around him, engaged in conversation.

As he settled into the chair, a seductive and teasing voice entered his mind. "My mischievous white dragon. You played quite the trick by coaxing a goddess's kiss. Well, here's my payback, you rascal. This was meant for you years ago, but I held onto it just for an occasion like this. Enjoy your lessons."

The voice fell silent, but he could almost hear her giggle, prompting him to promise to return the favor when the opportunity arose.

[Draconic Synergy Learned]

Archer was confused, but all of a sudden, he got super horny and knew it was to do with the new skill Tiamat gave him.

Before he did anything, he pulled up the description of it.

[Draconic Synergy: Through passionate love, this profound bond allows a white dragon and their chosen to cultivate mana, granting them enhanced power and strength.]

That's when his lust overtook him, causing him to grab the closest girl, which was the unsuspecting Teuila.

He dragged her out of the Homeroom to the confusion of everyone else. She quickly saw the change in Archer's expression and got excited about the situation.

In response, he swiftly conjured a portal to his lair and forcefully pushed Teuila through it, causing her to land on the bed.

Archer stepped through and pulled up her dress to expose her white panties. He moved to the side and started pleasuring her using his tongue.

Teuila didn't know what was happening with him, but she just went along with it and grabbed a hold of his horns.

She pushed his head further into her wet honeypot, which his tongue was licking all over, causing her to let out erotic moans.

"Mmmmgghh."

Chapter 435 Heroes (R18)

Archer was lost to lust as he stopped licking Teuila's soaking wet honeypot before flipping her over and putting her on all fours.

When he did that, she arched her back and poked her bubble butt out, which drove him mad.

He grabbed her by the waist while lining up his raging member against her slit and pushed it deep inside her, causing Teuila to grip the bedsheets while screaming.

"Ahhhhhhhh!!~~"

Archer started thrusting into Teuila and felt her tighten around him, which caused him to groan.

Teuila was experiencing immense pleasure, causing her body to quiver, when she felt Archer's member deep inside her knocking on her womb.

The intense thrusting caused her eyes to roll back, and she let out a symphony of sensual moans as she was face down on the bed.

Archer firmly held onto her waist and slowed down, which both loved. He leaned over and started kissing her neck.

After doing that, he pulled out and put Teuila on her back while getting in between her legs as he slipped his member back inside her.

He continued with his slow lovemaking, causing pleasure to wash over the two of them before Archer felt that he was close.

Archer pushed deeper inside her as he released his essence inside her womb. Teuila screamed out as she clung to him as her whole body was trembling.

When that happened, he felt Teuila orgasm and felt the bed under them become soaked. She felt something flowing into her body, gradually strengthening her.

Although the change was subtle, it was perceptible, but the overwhelming pleasure engulfed her, momentarily causing her to disregard it.

Archer's love was pacified as they both climaxed, but he was taken aback by the energy he felt within her.

He employed the Cleanse spell on both before gently pulling out of her and lying beside Teuila.

The ocean princess's breathing, still labored, whispered, "My love, it's time to return."

Archer sat up, checking the dazed girl, and inquired with a snicker, "Are you certain you can?"

With a playful smile, she nodded, and as she tried to sit up, her blissful expression made him laugh, prompting a light, playful slap in return.

Archer helped Teuila to her feet, but she remained somewhat dazed, wearing a contented smile.

He shook his head and made sure they looked normal and not like they had just had sex before opening a portal to the college, stepping through while holding Teuila's hand.

They arrived in the hallway and proceeded into the homeroom while more students poured in.

As they entered, Archer noticed the orange-haired girl named Maeve engaged in conversation with Talila and Ella.

When he approached with Teuila in tow, all the girls turned toward him and shared a knowing giggle.

Archer placed Teuila next to Nefertiti and Leira. He asked them if they could keep an eye on her, a request to which they readily agreed while giggling.

He took his seat, aware of the curious gazes directed at him, which prompted a chuckle, but he realized the Professor should be here soon.

As the two boys drew closer and eventually stopped, the one resembling Maeve stepped forward and addressed him.

The boy introduced himself, "Hello, Archer. I'm Maeve's older brother, Ciaran Avaloch, the first prince of the Avaloch Kingdom, and this is my friend, Magnus. He hails from the Riverland Duchy and is the son of a count."

Archer listened to the introduction, then responded, "Nice to meet you, Ciaran. What brings you here?"

The ginger prince smiled as he settled on the desk before Archer and replied, "Well, to be honest, I just wanted to introduce myself."

As he was about to reply, Maeve interrupted, asking, "I heard you destroyed many kingdoms during the war. Is that true?"

Archer's attention shifted to the girl with striking gray eyes as she came closer. He observed her more closely, noticing her perfect body, built like a warrior, and wild ginger hair.

A mischievous grin played on her face, and he had a hunch about what was on her mind.

So, he responded with a sly tone, "Yeah, it was quite enjoyable, claiming all their wealth and leaving them in ruins."

This statement prompted puzzled expressions from the two boys, but Maeve burst into laughter.

Archer inquired, "You don't consider me a villain, do you?"

Maeve shook her head, her reply confident, "No, it was war. What else could be expected? The strong make the rules, and the weak have to follow them."

Archer joined in her laughter, but Nefertiti and Teuila decided to share their thoughts, chiming in with teasing voices. "This greedy dragon leaves kingdoms bankrupt and loves it."

"Many kingdoms in the Southlands lay in ruin, and our families had to step up and help the people earn their loyalty."

Maeve continued questioning, "Rumors say you turned armies to ash and brought down once mighty kingdoms in another?"

Archer confirmed, "Yes, hundreds of thousands of soldiers turned to ash all across the continent. They exploited the situation and faced the consequences. That's just how life goes."

Everyone agreed as Magnus just stared at him, catching his attention. Archer turned his violet eyes to him and asked. "What's your problem, human?"

The boy shook his head and asked in an offended tone. "Why not use your power to help people and be their hero instead of only doing something that benefits you or the girls around you?"

His piercing violet eyes locked onto the brown-haired boy, and a deep chuckle escaped his lips. "You want me to be a hero?"

He couldn't contain his amusement, but after a brief moment, his tone shifted to a more serious note.

Archer began to explain his perspective. "You see, heroes are often seen as paragons of good, defenders of justice, and symbols of hope. But in reality, the world doesn't operate in such clear-cut terms. There's no definitive 'good' or 'bad.' It's all just shades of gray."

He continued, "Heroes, they're often idealistic and driven by a sense of righteousness. But sometimes, that idealism can blind them to the complexities of the world. They become rigid in their beliefs, thinking they're always right and everyone else is wrong."

His gaze grew distant as he reflected on the nature of heroes. "They can be arrogant, self-righteous, and unwilling to consider alternative perspectives. And that, Magnus, can lead to unintended consequences and even more suffering."

Archer stopped speaking to think for a second. "I don't care about being a hero. Why should I? Nothing ever comes of helping others because, in the end, you can't save either others or yourself. That life is an illusion."

Magnus fell silent and turned away, not uttering a word. This prompted Ciaran to lean in and clarify, "He idolizes heroes and aspires to become one."

Archer shook his head upon hearing this and chose not to respond. Instead, he glanced at Ella, who nudged him and gestured toward the front of the class.

He turned around and saw a middle-aged man gazing at him, who spoke, "Mr. Wyldheart, the world relies on heroes in times of crisis; they instill hope in the hearts of the people."

Archer sighed deeply, his gaze heavy with the weight of his experiences, as he decided to share a story with the Professor.

"You know, Professor, once there was a hero, someone who had done great deeds to save a kingdom. He faced countless dangers, made sacrifices beyond measure, and gave his all to protect the people."

The Professor leaned in, eager to hear the tale.

"But," Archer continued, "once that hero's task was completed, once the kingdom was safe and the danger passed, the very kingdom he had saved turned on him. They dismissed him, treated him as a burden, and threw him away like an old relic. It was as if they had no memory of the heroics he had performed."

The older man looked puzzled and asked, "But why would they do that? It makes no sense."

Archer nodded. "That's precisely the point. People can be ungrateful for heroes. They may cheer for them in the moment, but once the dust settles and their purpose is fulfilled, they often forget the sacrifices made and the struggles endured and that's why I've come to accept that I can never be a hero."

The middle-aged man regarded Archer skeptically before questioning, "So, why did you save the empire? Mediterra or Southlands? What did you gain from it?"

He chuckled, pointing towards the girls, "For them and the wealth of our enemies. I don't act without gaining anything. The empire owes a debt."

Upon hearing his response, the girls, including Maeve, nodded in agreement, sharing his sentiment.

The Professor shook his head before speaking to the class. "Anyway, enough of the chit-chat. We have nine new students who joined us late."

That's when he looked at him and the girls before introducing himself. " I'm Professor Krado Brachan. I teach Magic Fundamentals. Can you introduce yourselves to the class?"

Archer nodded before standing up and introducing himself with a grin. "I'm Archer Wyldheart, also known as the White Prince."

After speaking, he sat down while Ella stood up. "I'm Ella Wyldheart."

Chapter 436 Battle Witches

Archer attentively observed each girl as they introduced themselves, a subtle smile playing on his lips when he observed Teuila's dreamy expression and her trembling legs.

Sera's face lit up with joy as she greeted the students with a warm smile, while Nefertiti remained composed, displaying a neutral demeanor.

In contrast, Hemera, Talila, Leira, and Llynriel opted for straightforward and conventional introductions, presenting themselves with confidence.

"Teuila Wyldheart."

"Seraphina Wyldheart."

"Nefertiti Wyldheart."

"Hemera Wyldheart."

"Talila Wyldheart."

"Leira Wyldheart."

"Llyniel Wyldheart."

When the girls finished speaking the other forty students and even left the Professor momentarily awestruck.

Some of the students began whispering among themselves, gossiping about Archer having all eight girls to himself and speculating on the challenge of pleasing them.

He couldn't help but chuckle at their assumptions. Turning his attention to Sera, who was practically bouncing with excitement in her seat, he asked, "Sera, what's making you so happy?"

The redhead turned to him with a radiant smile and replied, "I can't help it. I love introducing myself as your wife."

Archer was momentarily dumbstruck by her response, overwhelmed with a sense of gratitude for having such an incredible girl in his life.

That's when Maeve spoke up with an amused voice. "It seems that you can easily please the girls. Just look at her, she's in her own little world."

Archer shifted his gaze from the ginger girl to Teuila, who continued to smile with a distant, dreamy look in her eyes as she rested against her desk.

He smiled and nodded as he looked at the chatting girls, saying, "I can do that. It's not an issue for me, and with more free time, I can take each of them on a date."

Maeve's unexpected request caught Archer off guard. "Will you take me on a date?"

Before he could respond, Nefertiti playfully poked his back, causing him to turn and face her with a grin.

She expressed her feelings with a hint of jealousy, saying, "Don't let these girls take advantage of you, husband, or I will be forced to act."

lightsNovel.com Archer chuckled and gently bopped her on the nose as he replied, "Remember, Nefi, you always have a special place in my heart, my darling."

Nefertiti's response brought a big smile to her face as she assumed an expression similar to Teuila's, which caused giggles to ripple through the group of girls, including Maeve.

It seemed like her jest had lightened the mood and added some laughter to the conversation.

He turned to the warrior girl and asked, "Why do you want me to take you on a date?"

Before she could reply her brother spoke up. "She has taken a liken to you when she saw you destroying the enemy armies."

Archer looked at the Avaloch Prince and gave him a nod as he turned to Maeve and answered her question. "We will in the future, but only after we fight."

When she heard this a big smile appeared on her face. She was just about to reply until Teuila spoke, "We'll be training together every day, and you're more than welcome to join us."

She agreed with a nod, and shortly after, two girls who bore a resemblance to Maeve and Ciaran made their way over.

Once the girls saw them the two smiled as Maeve introduced her sisters. "These two pretty princesses are Caoimhe and Siobhan Avaloch. My two elder sisters."

Archer couldn't help but notice the delicate appearance of the two girls, Ella and Hemera, who resembled more delicate versions of Maeve.

One had short strawberry blonde hair and grey eyes, while the other had long, curly ginger hair and the same colored eyes.

They exuded an air of fragility compared to Maeve, who had a more warrior-like presence. As Ella, Hemera, and the others greeted the two princesses and started a conversation,

Archer observed that the professor had given them some space to chat while he focused on organizing something.

Amid the relaxed atmosphere, Archer relished the pleasant camaraderie among the students. It was a delightful and welcoming environment to be a part of.

Teuila, Talila, and Leira shared their recent fight with Archer, sparking Maeve's excitement as she listened to their dramatic storytelling.

Ciaran, with his curious tone, turned to him and asked, "So, what weapon do you use, Archer?"

When he looked at the boy, he couldn't help but notice the family resemblance and the shared grey eyes, making it evident that Ciaran was a male version of Maeve's elder sisters.

Archer responded, "I don't typically use weapons, but I'm partial to a greatsword and my claws."

Ciaran nodded and inquired further, "Can I see them? Your claws, I mean."

He smiled and raised his hand, causing his razor-sharp white claws to materialize. The unexpected appearance startled Ciaran and Magnus, drawing their attention.

After speaking Archer turned his attention to the professor who was a middle-aged man with brown hair, a slender frame, and the appearance of the quintessential teacher.

As the students were engaged in their discussions, the professor completed his task and redirected their attention, saying, "Alright, everyone, please pay attention."

Every student in the Homeroom turned to him when he spoke and started to listen.

Professor Brachan proceeded with his instructions, saying, "Please select your three additional subjects and submit your choices by the end of the day, so that I can forward them to the college for processing. Each morning, you will participate in our Homeroom session, which will involve announcements, academic planning, and fostering connections with your peers. Keep in mind that this group will be your company for any external excursions, excluding, of course, any dungeon diving or tournaments."

Upon hearing this, all the students nodded their heads as they looked at their schedules while Archer eagerly raised his hand.

He caught the Professor's attention, who then gestured for him to proceed with a wave of his hand.

"When can we start exploring the dungeons?" Archer asked with curiosity in his voice.

The professor responded with a nod and a faint smile, "Not just yet, young man. The headmistress typically provides notice and announcements for dungeon exploration."

Archer nodded but as he was about to talk a bell rang out which caused all the students to jump up and head outside.

That's when he heard Ella's voice from beside him. "What's your first lesson, Arch? And what class are you in?"

He looked at his timetable and saw that he had Magic Fundamentals with S class.

"Seems like I'm in S class," Archer answered Ella with a smile.

When everyone heard this they all looked at their timetables before telling him what classes they had.

Ella, Sera, Teuila, Nefertiti, and Llyniel have Elemental Affinities and Mana Control. While Talila, Leira, Maeve, and Hemera had History and Geopolitics.

Before the students could depart, the Professor offered a crucial piece of information with a note of caution.

"Oh, and do keep in mind, students, that the Battle Witches are still present on the college grounds, patrolling the area, even though the Headmistress has dismissed the mercenaries."

As the professor explained the presence of the Battle Witches sent by the witch queen, a sense of unease washed over the students. They exchanged grimaces upon hearing this news.

After his explanation, the students rose to their feet and began to make their way out of the Homeroom.

Before parting ways, all the girls kissed Archer, sharing their farewells before forming into their respective groups to head to class.

Maeve, Ciaran, and their sisters bid him goodbye as they departed from the group.

Now, on his own, he navigated the school corridors, searching for the Magic Fundamentals class.

Archer wandered down the school corridor, feeling excitement and curiosity as he explored his new surroundings.

He was trying to find the Magic Fundamentals class, following the signs that indicated its location. The school's layout was unfamiliar, and it was easy to get lost.

Archer collided with two girls as he turned a corner, sending a jolt through him. The first girl had striking features: long, wild blonde hair, rich brown skin, and captivating violet eyes.

The first girl's striking presence couldn't be ignored, her well-fitted witch dress accentuating her seductive curves.

As she moved, her large boobs swayed with every step. The second girl sported a contrasting appearance with her pale skin, pink hair, and matching pink eyes.

Despite her more delicate build and smaller proportions, her vibrant demeanor made her stand out in her lively way.

She was smiling as her pink eyes shone, and when she did that, he felt the mana pouring off them and wondered how powerful the women were.

Both girls appeared to be in their twenties and were wearing dresses, but Archer noticed a steady flow of mana radiating from their garments.

It dawned on him that these were the legendary battle dresses he had read about in various magical texts.

That's when the realization struck him. Archer couldn't help but think to himself, 'These are the Battle Witches.'

Chapter 437 Apollonia Nordvania

The two ladies regarded him with enchanting smiles, their pretty faces illuminated by the expressions.

Archer shook his head in a gesture of awe, conceding that aside from his girls, these two ladies were truly otherworldly beauties.

That's when the brown-skinned witch spoke in an exotic accent piquing Archer's curiosity. "Well, look at what we have here, cousin. A handsome dragon, I wonder if this is the boy Ophie mentioned to us."

The pink-haired girl chimed in quickly. "Yes, Amaryllis. You're right. He is very handsome, just as Ophie said."

Archer was somewhat taken aback by being the subject of their discussion, but he quickly regained his composure.

The brown-skinned witch stepped forward, offering a small bow and giving him a glimpse of her cleavage.

Once she did that she greeted him with a warm smile. "Hello, Archer. I've heard a lot about you. I am Amaryllis Blackfire, commander of the Shadowflame Sisters."

Archer warmly returned her smile and shifted his attention to the pink-haired girl as she introduced herself.

With a smile, she revealed, "I am Scarlett Blackfire."

Archer quipped with a touch of humor in his tone, "I hope she hasn't been telling any unflattering stories about me. If she has, you can trust that I'm completely innocent of any accusations."

After observing them, he couldn't help but grin and comment in a cheeky voice. "I must admit, you both are incredibly beautiful just like Ophelia."

lightsNovel.com Between his charming smile and compliment, he had a noticeable impact on both women which made him inwardly laugh to himself.

Amaryllis found herself slightly charmed by his warm smile and natural charisma. She couldn't help but keep her gaze on his eyes, which were the same captivating color as hers.

She cleared her throat and decided to comment on the weather, which broke the momentary silence.

Soon after, she said they needed to return to their patrol. As they departed they bid him farewell, but Archer noticed Scarlett's cheeks were flushed bright red.

When they were walking off he couldn't help but notice that the two women kept looking back at him.

Scarlett turned around one last time, and when she did he blew her a playful kiss, which caught her by surprise and left her momentarily stunned.

The pink-haired girl, Scarlett, swiftly composed herself and, after casting one last, curious look in Archer's direction, promptly followed Amaryllis.

They vanished around the corner. Archer couldn't help but smile at the playful exchange.

His encounter with the Battle Witches had turned out to be an unexpected and charming interaction.

He continued to walk through the bustling corridors, students hurried past him, all engaged in their own conversations and activities.

The college was abuzz with energy, and he couldn't help but feel a sense of excitement as he made his way to the Magic Fundamentals classroom.

Upon entering the room, his eyes widened in amazement. The classroom had a fantasy-like quality, with intricate magical symbols etched into the floor, glowing softly.

Enchanted orbs of light floated around the room, casting an ethereal illumination. It was a captivating and immersive environment that left Archer in awe.

As he entered the classroom and took notice of the numerous students who regarded him with intense curiosity, it began to wear on his patience.

However, he soon shifted his attention to the professor, a man with blonde hair and green eyes who seemed unusually young for an educator.

That's when the professor inquired without looking away from the papers he held, "I assume you're Archer Wyldheart?"

Archer answered. "Yes. Is this S class Magic Fundamentals?"

"Yes, boy. My name is Gareth Torr I teach half the S-class." The man answered.

Gareth ceased reading and directed his attention toward Archer and got a look of shock on his face but quickly shook his head.

"Welcome, welcome to my class," he greeted with enthusiasm. "Now that you're here, we can get started. Please, take a seat next to Apollonia."

As Professor Torr pointed to a table on the right side of the classroom where a girl was already seated, Archer made his way to the indicated table and took a seat.

He greeted the girl with a warm smile, but she responded with a somewhat irritated and blank expression.

Archer shrugged and sat down as the professor stood up and walked to the front of the class.

The professor began the class with a brief but comprehensive explanation of the fundamentals of magic.

"Today, we will delve into the core principles that govern the use of magic. Magic is an extraordinary force that has shaped the world we live in. It is the manipulation of mana, the life force that flows through everything in our realm. Magic can be harnessed and controlled, but to do so effectively, one must understand the basic principles that underpin it."

He continued to explain the essential elements of mana, the various magical disciplines, and the importance of proper incantations and gestures.

Professor Torr continued with his lecture, providing an overview of the versatility of mana. He paced in front of the students, each word laden with the depth of his knowledge.

"Mana is not just a mystical force used for spellcasting," he explained. "It permeates every aspect of our lives. It can be harnessed for various applications, from the enchantment of objects to the art of spellcasting to the delicate work of healing, and even cooking. Mana is the essence that fuels our world's magic, and it is an essential part of our daily existence."

He went on to describe how mana was used in enchanting everyday objects, in the creation of magical wards, and even in the preparation of food through the use of magical recipes.

Upon hearing about magical recipes, Archer raised his hand and inquired, "Professor, what are these magical recipes?"

As Archer posed his question about the recipes, the entire class seemed to turn their attention toward him, their expressions ranging from mild amusement to mild bewilderment.

He felt somewhat like a country bumpkin in the presence of city folk. Nevertheless, Professor Torr maintained his composure and proceeded to address his question.

"Ah, magical recipes, a valid question, Archer," he began. "These are unique sets of instructions and incantations that imbue certain ingredients with magical properties. It's a fascinating branch of practical magic that blends culinary arts with spellcasting."

The professor walked to his desk and retrieved a book, which he then placed in front of Archer who was watching the man.

"This is a book containing various dishes commonly used within the empire. These can have various effects, from providing sustenance to enhancing one's magical abilities or even bestowing temporary abilities on the one who consumes them."

Professor Torr continued as he walked back to the front of the class, "They are an intriguing aspect of our magical world, and I'm sure you'll find them quite captivating as you delve deeper into your studies."

As Archer began to leaf through the thick book of recipes, he couldn't help but feel the sensation of being watched.

It prompted him to turn his gaze toward the girl who had been observing him with a curious expression. He examined her closely, taking in her striking appearance.

She had a head of wild pink hair that stood out against her pale, white skin, and her eyes were a beautiful and captivating shade of glowing blue.

Her figure was slim but boasted curves in all the right places, and she was dressed in a lovely blue winter dress paired with a thick white cloak.

Archer thought she was beautiful and wanted to get to know her but he felt that she didn't want to talk so he shook his head.

That's when their eyes met, and a brief moment of curiosity passed between them as they exchanged silent gazes.

He offered the girl a warm smile as he introduced himself, saying, "I'm Archer. What's your name?"

However, as he focused on her, he felt a peculiar chill wash over him causing him to shiver.

His attention honed in on her, and he focused on her before realizing that her body was made up of mana but also of something else.

"Apollonia Nordvania." She answered but looked away and didn't say anything else.

Archer didn't pry anymore and turned back to the book as he thought to himself. 'Defiantly an ice princess but she's gorgeous.'

He put the book in the Item Box and continued listening to the professor talk about how to effectively control mana by concentrating on the spell they wanted to cast.

"Mana, as you've learned, is the very life force that enables us to practice magic," Professor Torr elaborated. "And the amount of mana one possesses plays a pivotal role in determining their magical potential."

He paused briefly, his gaze shifting to Archer with a hint of curiosity before he resumed. "You see, the quantity of mana within your reach determines your ability to cast more potent spells. There are even legends that suggest that someone with enough mana, one could theoretically harness and control the very mana of the world itself. However, I must stress that such notions are usually confined to the realm of myths and folklore."

Chapter 438 Stop Teasing Her

The class continued for another hour, but Archer found himself growing bored. As he was already well-versed in mana control, the basics being taught felt uninteresting.

He let out a sigh of frustration as the bell rang, indicating the end of the first lesson and the second was beginning.

Archer swiftly checked his timetable and realized that his next class was about to commence - Spellcraft. He couldn't help but hope that he'd have a chance to see Jade again.

Turning to Apollonia, he flashed a charming smile and inquired, "What's your next class, ice princess?"

She turned to him with her icy blue eyes and neutral expression. "History."

Without saying another word, she exited the classroom, leaving Archer feeling perplexed.

Just then, two boys and a girl approached him, with the boy at the forefront introducing himself, "Greetings, Archer. I'm Fraser Snowfang, the son of the Frostwyn Duke. I wanted to extend my family's gratitude for your assistance. They'll be attending the Frostwinter festival and would love to meet you if it's convenient."

lightsNovel.com His gaze fell upon the boy with blonde hair and blue eyes. While not exactly short, he was slightly shorter than Archer.

Beside him, the other boy stood, his distinctive appearance marked by light green hair and distinct elven features.

Archer nodded in agreement, saying, "Alright, I'll meet them, but it will have to wait until after the festivities, as the emperor and empress asked me to join the festival."

Fraser smiled in response and remarked, "As you should. I've heard the rumors and seen the scorch marks along the roads in the north."

The boy proceeded to introduce the two individuals, indicating the green-haired boy. "This is Elladan Silverleaf, the son of a count in my father's realm, and this young lady is my fiancée, Isabeau Thornvale."

Archer took a moment to assess Isabeau's appearance, noting that she wasn't a stunning beauty like his girls, but neither was she unattractive.

Nevertheless, he greeted them with a nod and continued his conversation with the two boys, appearing uninterested in Fraser's fiancée, who attempted to join in.

As they conversed, Isabeau couldn't help but join in, her eyes sparkling with curiosity as she asked Archer, "What's your next class?"

He cast a brief glance at the girl and responded to her question in a neutral tone, "It's Spellcraft."

After speaking, Fraser extended an offer to guide him to the classroom, which Archer accepted, and the four of them began walking.

As they walked through one of the hallways, a familiar voice called out to Archer. He turned to see Hemera and Leira approaching him.

Both girls greeted him with a cheerful kiss, and Hemera inquired, "You've got Spellcraft?"

Archer nodded in affirmation, and Hemera added, "Me and Leira have it too."

He then directed his attention to the cat girl, who was beaming at him, and gently reached for her ear, stroking it, which elicited a happy sigh from her.

The Sun Elf noticed this and attempted to reach for Leira's other ear, but the cat girl skillfully dodged her hand, causing Archer to chuckle.

Hemera was confused as she looked at Leira who explained that only her mate was allowed to touch her ears or tail.

As Fraser, Elladan, and Isabeau observed the interactions, they couldn't help but be fascinated by the way the infamous white dragon pampered the two girls, who were thoroughly enjoying his attention.

Once he was done greeting them he took a moment to introduce them. "Fraser, these two beautiful ladies are my fiancées, Princesses Leira Avalon and Hemera Helios."

The blonde boy, Fraser, appeared somewhat perplexed by the introduction, but Elladan offered a polite greeting, and Isabeau simply nodded her head.

After he exchanged greetings with the two girls, they continued walking until they reached a class and entered.

However, once they were inside, Leira leaned in and whispered into Archer's ear, "That girl has been watching you, but I can't figure out whether it's out of hate or curiosity."

Upon hearing Leira's whispered observation, Archer nodded and activated his Anti-Magic, a unique ability that drained his mana and rapidly replenished it.

He had come to accept his extraordinary abilities, embracing the idea that he was something of an anomaly so that he could fully enjoy his second life.

Archer took notice that the classroom was unoccupied and decided to sit down at the back, which allowed four people to sit at a single desk.

The group sat down with Leira on his right and Hemera on his left while Fraser and the others sat at the front.

Hemera turned to him and spoke. "Darling didn't you find Magic Fundamentals useless?"

When Leira made her comment, he nodded in agreement before responding, "I'll talk to the Professor after we submit our choices for other subjects."

The Sun Elf smiled and nodded in response, before Leira asked with a smile, "Isn't Hecate's shop opening today?"

Archer acknowledged with a slight smile, "Yeah, I need to go see your Father then head to the shop while thinking of a good name for the place. Will you lovely ladies help me?"

Both girls nodded eagerly, happy to offer their help. The three of them continued their conversation as more students entered the room.

Curious about the school's organization, Archer turned to Leira and asked, "Why are the S-class students mixed and not in one class?"

She giggled before explaining, "Well, the classes are split between S and E with S having two classes between them. All the girls are in the other S-class but are separated. There are just too many students to accommodate in a single room, so the staff divided it and taught different subjects. For example, me and you have History & Geopolitics, and Hemera has Magic Fundamentals with the others."

He nodded, now having a better understanding of the class structure, and was about to respond when he heard Hemera's protest.

"I don't need to take it. I already know the basics. I've been studying them for thirty years," she huffed.

He and Leira burst into laughter at Hemera's exasperation. Their laughter filled the room just as the door opened, revealing their professor, Jade Ashguard.

Upon seeing her Archer couldn't help but smile. She was adorned in a green winter dress with a thick cloak, her chocolate brown hair cut to shoulder length.

Her bear ears twitched as she removed her cloak and directed her piercing green eyes toward the class.

An initial frown formed on her face, but it quickly transformed into a stiff smile as she spotted Archer.

Jade settled at her desk as more students continued to enter the room, and it was during this time that Archer noticed Lioran.

The Lion Demi-Human, upon spotting Archer, broke into a warm smile and approached him, with an excited Nala bouncing energetically behind him.

Archer shifted his attention to Nala, who had bright blue eyes and a wide, toothy grin that revealed some of her sharp teeth.

When the siblings drew nearer, Lioran spoke with genuine happiness, "It's good to see you, my friend. You've certainly got into a lot of trouble."

Archer smiled in response to Lioran's comment and nodded, saying, "Yeah, trouble seems to find me, but whatever. It's not like I didn't benefit from it."

Lioran acknowledged with a nod before Nala excitedly chimed in, "Archie! Father wants to see you. I want to be in your pride so he wants to see if you're worthy by fighting you."

Archer was taken aback by this unexpected development, and a perplexed expression washed over his face, prompting the siblings to burst into laughter.

Lioran proceeded to explain, "You see, in our culture, women are attracted to the strongest males, and you're certainly the strongest in our generation so she has chosen you and hasn't shut up about you since you both met."

Archer nodded with understanding and then grinned, "Well, in that case, I'll fight your Father during the Frostwinter Festival."

"Oi I told you not tell him that. Why would you betray me, brother!." Nala didn't waste any time and punched Lioran's arm which caused everyone to laugh.

After that Nala sat next to Leira and looked at Archer with a bright smile and her blue eyes were glowing.

Archer knew what she wanted and grinned at the lion girl before speaking. "We will fight soon Nala. Let me get used to the college then we will arrange something."

The girl's amusement only grew as they observed Nala's excitement, and Archer couldn't help but smile at the playful exchange.

Hemera chimed in with a teasing tone, "Stop teasing her, Darling. Can't you see that's exactly what's getting her excited?"

Archer was just about to reply when he noticed Professor Ashguard standing at the front of the classroom, her piercing green eyes scanning the eager faces of her new students.

With a welcoming smile, she began her lecture on the basics of spellcasting.

"Good morning, everyone. I see some fresh faces among us, and I'm delighted to introduce you to the fascinating world of spellcasting. Whether you're a novice or a seasoned mage, grasping the fundamentals is essential."

She raised her hand, conjuring a softly glowing orb of light above her palm. "Magic and Mana are the lifeblood of our world, connecting all living things. To cast a spell, you must tap into this magical energy and shape it according to your intentions."

Chapter 439 That Was Brilliant Arch

Archer watched Jade turn to the chalkboard behind her, where she began writing a basic spell which he recognized to be Mana Blast.

"The essence of every spell lies in the quality of your incantations and the amount of mana at your disposal. We employ chanting, runes, glyphs, and wards as means to harness and direct our mana."

She gestured toward the board, explaining, "Allow me to provide an example: the fundamental Mana Blast spell. When you chant and channel your intent, you can conjure and unleash a burst of mana."

Jade's voice brimmed with enthusiasm as she continued, "Keep in mind, the core of effective spellcasting lies in unwavering concentration, understanding of the spell, and your connection to the world's mana. With practice, your spells will grow in potency and so will your mana capacity."

She continued her lecture, explaining the intricacies of spellcasting. After a thorough explanation of the Mana Blast spell on the chalkboard, she set a challenge for the class.

"Now, to apply what you've learned, I want each of you to practice the spell. The first one to successfully cast the spell when we go to the training ground will be rewarded with a prize."

The students promptly began their attempts to cast Mana Blast. They chanted the incantation, sketched the required glyphs, and channeled their mana to generate a focused blast of magical energy.

As the class worked on the task, he raised his hand. Jade, with her characteristic sweet smile, turned her attention to him. "Yes, Archer?"

"May I learn a different spell, Professor? I'm already familiar with the Mana Blast, and I have many difficult spells with me." He asked with a smile.

Jade, impressed by his enthusiasm for learning, nodded in agreement. "Of course. Your passion for magic is commendable. Feel free to choose another spell to study."

When she walked off he pulled out one of the spellbooks he got from the shop he bought Shadow Shroud from.

He looked at it and read the title. "Shadowspawn."

This caught his attention and wanted to learn the spell to see what it could do so he started reading as the other students went quiet.

Archer turned his head to the girls and saw them engrossed in their spellbooks like he was doing.

After a little while he still wasn't done learning it but was close when Jade spoke, her voice carrying a sense of anticipation.

"You've had ample time to acquaint yourselves with the Mana Blast spell. Now, it's time to put your newfound knowledge to the test. We will head to the spellcasting training field where you will demonstrate your abilities."

A wave of excitement washed over the students, and a collective buzz of anticipation filled the room.

With a smile, Jade gestured toward the door. "Follow me to the training field, and remember to focus and control your mana with precision when casting the spell."

The students promptly rose from their seats, the spellbooks in hand, and began to file out of the classroom.

Each one was eager to display their magical prowess under the guidance of their skilled professor and try to gain her favor.

Bringing up the rear, Archer, Hemera, Leira, Nala, and Lioran followed the group as they moved through the college corridors.

Archer couldn't help but admire the grandeur of the College of Magic, taking in the impressive architecture and well-kept surroundings.

There were tapestries all over the place and paintings of famous students or professors who once studied or taught her.

When he was looking around some of the other students couldn't help but notice his wide-eyed wonder at the college's impressive features.

This perception cast him in the eyes of some as a newcomer or, in their view, a "country bumpkin" who had not yet fully acclimated to the college.

Amid the sidelong glances and whispered comments, he couldn't help but chuckle at the amusing reactions of those around him.

Archer knew he was about to deliver a captivating performance that would leave everyone in shock.

The judgment of others, for their opinions, held little significance to him. The only ones that truly mattered were those of Hemera and Leira.

As for the lion siblings he liked them especially Nala who caught his interest and wanted to fight her again.

What he loved was that she wasn't a delicate princess but a fierce warrior, and he was eager to take her on a bandit-hunting expedition with him.

He knew she wouldn't have a problem killing them just like him. As they got closer to the training field he grinned as he spotted Jade ushering students through the door.

At that very moment, when his gaze fell upon the beautiful bear woman, he resolved to initiate the second part of his plan for revenge against his Father and his stupid wives. I think you should take a look at lightsnovel.com

Jade smiled warmly as she held the door for them, blissfully unaware of the greedy dragon that had already laid claim to her.

Hemera and Leira, still observing the way Archer's gaze seemed to lay a possessive claim on their professor, exchanged knowing glances.

It was a look they recognized all too well, one that echoed the behavior of a dragon securing a new treasure.

As Archer walked ahead with Lioran and Nala, engrossed in conversation, Leira and Hemera couldn't help but slow down and indulge in a bit of playful wagering.

The anticipation of how long it would take Archer to claim the Professor added an extra layer of excitement to the day.

lightsnovel.com Leira looked at the elf with a mischievous grin and confidently stated, "I bet it will take him three years."

Not one to back down from a wager, Hemera eagerly countered, "I'm doubling the stakes, two hundred gold, and boldly predicting it will be five years until she's screaming and moaning his name in our treehouse."

When Leira heard her lewd words she felt her cheeks turn bright red before Hemera spotted it and grinned before teasing the cat girl. "Oh, you're still waiting. Well, that horny dragon will lay his claws on you before long."

With a sly grin, Hemera leaned in and whispered teasingly in Leira's ear. "You know, at that time, it'll be you who's screaming and moaning his name, and in the future, you'll be having little kittens with him."

After speaking the cat girl turned beet red and rushed off to walk beside Archer causing Hemera to chuckle as she caught up.

He noticed Leira's red face and wondered what happened but shook his head as the group arrived at the spellcasting training field, where students had already gathered.

They watched as their fellow students cast Mana Blasts at the target dummies, their spells manifesting in bursts of energy and impacting the practice targets.

The display drew the attention of a growing crowd, with onlookers eager to witness the students' magical prowess.

However, as they observed the Mana Blasts striking the dummies, Archer couldn't help but let out a hearty laugh.

The Mana Blasts on display appeared feeble and lacked the necessary power, prompting Archer to shake his head in disappointment.

His reaction didn't go unnoticed, and the nearby students turned their attention toward him.

A confident young man, who appeared to carry the air of a noble, stepped forward with a smug grin and addressed Archer. "You find our attempts amusing, yet you haven't even demonstrated your own skills."

He heard a few chuckles from the surrounding students, but Archer simply grinned. In response, he conjured an Element Bolt, weaving together the elements of Fire, Water, Earth, and Thunder into a dazzling display of magical prowess.

The bolt crackled with energy, illuminating the field and drawing the astonished gaze of both the young master and the surrounding students.

Archer sent the Element Bolt hurtling toward the target with incredible speed as it left a streak of red, blue, brown, and yellow behind.

The bolt blazed with fiery intensity, crackling with the essence of Water, Earth, and the raw power of Thunder as it soared through the air.

When the Element Bolt struck the dummy, it erupted into a dazzling display of elemental energy and caused a massive explosion that shook the ground.

The fire consumed the wooden frame, water doused the flames, earth crumbled beneath the impact, and thunder resounded in a deafening crescendo.

The target dummy lay in ruins, completely obliterated, leaving everyone shocked by the sheer power of Archer's spell.

Recognizing the need to clear the dust and debris, Jade cast wind magic, dispersing the particles and revealing the aftermath.

With the area now clear, Jade turned her attention to him, her expression adorned with an impressed smile. She inquired, "Was that the spell you were learning, Archer?"

He shook his head, his determination evident in his eyes. "I was nearly done with that one. I can finish it and show you. It's going to be quite the show."

Jade smiled before nodding her head and getting the students back to their spellcasting which forced them to get back to work.

Hemera and Leira walked over to him with massive smiles on their face as the cat girl spoke. "That was brilliant Arch!"

Chapter 440 A Dragon Vs The Shadowflame Sisters

Archer beamed at Hemera and Leira and planted gentle kisses on their foreheads before they hurriedly dashed off to cast spells.

He then took out the spellbook Shadowspawn from his Item Box and continued reading it as he sat down.

After half an hour he had finished reading it and learned it just as a notification appeared.

[Shadowspawn Learned]

When Archer saw that he checked the description of the new spell.

[Shadowspawn is a mysterious spell that allows the user to summon shadowy and ephemeral creatures]

With a satisfied smile, he rose to his feet and stretched his arms, putting the book away before approaching Professor Jade, who turned to him with a quizzical expression.

In a gentle, melodious voice, she inquired, "Have you already learned the spell?"

Archer nodded with a sly grin as he responded, "Certainly. Would you be interested in seeing it, even though it's rather unsettling?"

Intrigued, she regarded him with growing curiosity and gave a nod. The professor then turned to address the other students. "Everyone, please step back and observe."

The students obediently created some distance as Archer made his way to the center of the expansive training field.

It was surrounded by a small, tall hedge that separated it from the rest of the college. There, he began to cast the "Shadowspawn" spell.

That was when Dark, sinuous shadows coiled around him, slowly materializing into frightening, monstrous forms.

Ghostly creatures, with glowing crimson eyes and elongated, menacing limbs, materialized with an unsettling presence.

The students stared in amazement as the eerie shadows enveloped Archer. Their fear increased as they saw the creatures staring back at them.

Hemera, Leira, Nala, and Lioran looked on in amazement as the shadow monsters circled Archer like they were protecting him.

Nonetheless, a few of the startled students, unable to endure the intense, eerie aura that had enveloped the field, hastily retreated in a state of panic.

The commotion had attracted even more onlookers to the Spellcraft's training field, as they gathered to see the spectacle unfolding before them.

The onlookers observed the creatures in fascination, impressed by their disciplined response when Archer gave the command for them to sit, which they immediately obeyed.

Despite the curiosity of the audience, Archer's attention remained on the Shadowspawn he had summoned.

However, the moment his Aura Detector registered three pings heading in his direction, he knew something significant was about to happen.

Just as tension filled the air, a potent spell materialized out of nowhere and struck one of the shadowspawn with tremendous force.

The impact sent the students nearby jumping back in surprise, their eyes widened as they witnessed the explosion.

The shadowspawn vanished with an eerie hiss, their dark forms vanishing into thin air, but additional spells materialized and dispelled more of Archer's conjured creatures.

Suddenly, a girl with a striking resemblance to Ophelia but with shorter hair and a more warrior-like appearance materialized directly in front of him, catching him off guard.

With a grin she threw a mana-charged punch, leaving Archer astounded by her sudden presence and action.

With a confident smile, he cast Shadow Shroud. His body morphed into a fluid mass of shadow, revealing only his piercing violet eyes and a sinister, sharp-toothed grin, illuminated by the eerie violet light.

The punch passed right through him, causing a shocked look to appear on her face which caused him to chuckle.

Seizing the opportunity, Archer retaliated with a powerful punch of his own which shocked the witch.

She tried to block it, but the sheer force behind his strike sent her hurtling backward, crashing into the ground.

As the dust settled, the atmosphere grew tense, but then the Battle Witch Scarlett whom he met earlier appeared before him.

With a swift incantation, she conjured a brilliant blast made from the Light element and sent it hurtling toward him as her long pink hair flowed all over the place.

Archer, still shrouded in shadows, braced for the incoming attack with a smile. As the attack drew nearer, his spell dissipated, causing him to chuckle softly before casting Blink

In the blink of an eye, he reappeared behind Scarlett, but his sharp instincts warned him of an imminent attack coming from behind him.

He swiftly stepped to the side and narrowly avoided a massive blast that struck the spot he had occupied just moments ago.

Scarlett, however, had disappeared in the process. Archer turned around, only to see the brown-skinned witch he met earlier standing there. I think you should take a look at lightsnovel.com

Amaryllis regarded him with a seductive smile and spoke in her exotic, melodious voice. "My dear dragon, the queen wishes to put your abilities to the test to see if you can help us in the future, and the Shadowflame Sisters are here for precisely that purpose. I hope you don't hold it against us."

Archer's grin widened, and in a hushed tone, he whispered to himself, "Draconis."

With those words, his transformation into his draconic form commenced. Two magnificent, white wings sprouted from his back, and his hands morphed into razor-sharp talons.

Scales covered his body, and his tail grew in size and bulk. The onlooker's eyes widened in awe and amazement.

Hemera, Leira, and Nala couldn't contain their excitement, their faces lit up with wonder, while Lioran watched the unfolding spectacle with a sense of amazement.

Archer's smile grew even more as he spoke to the three girls. "Don't hold back, because I certainly won't and I'd be happy to help the queen if the price is right."

Amaryllis's face lit up with enthusiasm upon hearing his words, and she proceeded to introduce the new girl.

"This is Valencia Blackfire, my cousin, and Scarlett's older sister."

When he heard her, he responded with a nod and a charming smile. He took a moment to observe her more closely, noting Valencia's features.

She had short black and purple hair, along with her muscular physique and glowing violet eyes that looked like two stars.

Archer's gaze descended, he also observed the alluring curves of her body and her large boobs that were jiggling.

He turned toward the blonde witch and saw her wearing a tight black witch dress that clung to her body. Amaryllis observed his gaze and couldn't help but grin.

She playfully teased him, saying, "You're quite the cheeky dragon, aren't you? Two of your women are standing right there, and here you are, looking at little old me, a much older woman."

Archer chuckled, his charm unyielding. "Can't help it if I admire strong, beautiful women, especially if they look like you three."

The three girls smiled at his compliment, and Scarlett blushed while looking away, once again taken by surprise.

Amaryllis, on the other hand, disappeared from her spot, while the pink-haired witch began to chant a spell.

Valencia continued to press forward and started fighting with him while smiling, displaying her remarkable combat skills in the melee battle with Archer as the two started fighting.

Her attacks were relentless, and although he managed to block most of them, he couldn't ignore the incredible power behind each strike.

It became obvious to him that Valencia was very strong, and as the battle unfolded, he realized that she was indeed close to his rank and skill.

That's when Amaryllis turned to Scarlett and spoke in an excited voice. "Cousin keep him away from us while I try to help out Valencia."

The two girls nodded and went to work as Archer struck out with his tail and hit the black-haired girl which sent her skidding backward just as a spell slammed into his body.

But it dissipated thanks to having Anti-Magic activated. Archer grinned and cast Blink to reappear behind a shocked Amaryllis.

Archer cast Plasma Missiles at her. She reacted swiftly, erecting a protective barrier to defend herself, but the sheer force of the spell sent her hurtling through the air.

She crashed down onto the ground with a thud causing her to let out a huff as she watched him go for her cousin.

He quickly turned his attention to Scarlett, charging towards her while launching a barrage of fiery Element Bolts made from fire.

Scarlett exerted herself to defend against the attack, conjuring a magical shield to block the incoming barrage.

The fiery bolts collided with the barrier, producing a spectacular display of magic amidst the intense battle.

Archer charged at the pink-haired witch but was stopped by Valencia who used mana to cover her fists and attacked.

Valencia unleashed a flurry of punches at him, her strikes coming relentlessly. However, he skillfully deflected and blocked each of her attacks, his defenses holding strong.

As she continued her assault, Archer anticipated her movements with excitement and expertly sidestepped one of her punches.

Seizing the opportunity, he cast Eldritch Blas directly into her stomach, sending her stumbling back from the powerful impact.

With renewed energy, he darted forward, engaging in a frenetic exchange of punches with Valencia while simultaneously launching Element Bolts at the other two witches.

The battlefield crackled with magical energy as the intense battle raged on. Archer was casting spells to keep Amaryllis and Scarlett at bay.