

A Journey 711

Chapter 711 Dragonfire Company

Archer stood outside his tent, surveying the makeshift camp the crash survivors had erected once he had built the wall that protected them. He felt the mana he had spent on it returning to him, prompting a sigh to escape his lips.

Before entering his tent, he marveled at the crash survivor's resourcefulness. The camp stretched before him, a patchwork of tents and shelters nestled within the protective embrace of the stone wall.

'They are more resilient than people on Earth would be. It shocks me that they just act like its another day. Makes sense when there's Demi-Gods running around,' Archer thought.

People bustled about, purposeful in their movements as they went about their tasks. Some tended to the wounded, while others gathered firewood or prepared meals over crackling campfires.

Despite their chaotic circumstances, the survivors felt a sense of unity, a shared resolve to weather whatever challenges lay ahead. Archer started walking among them, passing by families calming their panicked children.

"It's as if they're unfazed by the creatures' attempted attack. That's odd," he pondered.

He noticed the Magic Knights patrolling the camp, watching everyone. As he got further, two girls appeared beside him. Hemera and Ella smiled at him before the sun elf spoke, "Can we join you on your camp exploration?"

Archer nodded, prompting the two girls to grab onto his arms. Once comfortable, the trio walked through the camp, observing people doing their business. When they approached the wall, Hemera commented, "Is there no way out?"

"No, " he replied. "I will take it down once the ships arrive in the morning. But more importantly, who did these creatures belong to?"

"The Swarm Arch. Only they would experiment on any humanoid they can get their filthy claws on," Ella replied.

He turned to the half-elf with a loving smile and said, "You're right. I keep forgetting about them."

Just as he said that his Dragon Senses picked up something beyond the wall; he turned to the two girls and said, "Gather everyone and help defend the camp. Something's coming."

Ella and Hemera exchanged nods before swiftly darting away, employing Blink to materialize onto the wall. As soon as he caught sight of the approaching threat, he swallowed hard. A horde of grotesque creatures surged toward them from the north.

Some creatures were tall, gangly humanoids with pale grey skin, sharp claws, and fangs, giving them a vaguely humanoid appearance. Scuttling behind them were rat-sized figures, their presence unnerving and disturbing.

However, the Ghoul unsettled Archer the most. It was once human, and its jet-black skin, glowing red eyes, and twisted forms exuded a sinister aura. Despite its appearance of strength, it emanated an unmistakeable malevolent energy.

Archer sent a message to the girls, alerting them to the impending danger. Although he considered using his shadow creatures, he ultimately opted against it. They were his secret weapon, and he wanted to save them for another time.

With a chuckle, he decided to use some of his magic to thin out the Ratlings, Ghouls, Mutants, and numerous other creatures. First, he took a deep breath before letting out an earth-shattering roar as a stream of vicious violet flames washed over the battlefield.

The flames roared to life, sweeping across the battlefield in a blazing inferno that engulfed everything in its path. The creatures shrieked in agony as the relentless onslaught of fire consumed them, their twisted forms writhing and convulsing in the flames.

Archer noticed the air was filled with the stench of burning flesh and the sounds of screams and cries of pain. But he wasn't done as he started casting Azur Cannon. As the first wave drew near, he unleashed the spell, a beam of intense mana erupting from his palms.

The spell struck the horde with devastating force, causing a massive explosion that sent bodies flying in all directions. But they kept coming, undeterred by the destruction wrought upon their ranks.

Archer cast Azur Cannon again without hesitation, the crackling energy tearing through the enemy lines ferociously. He unleashed the spell repeatedly, each blast accompanied by a deafening roar.

With each explosion, more creatures fell, their twisted forms reduced to charred remnants by the overwhelming power of the Azur Cannon. The air filled with the acrid scent of burning flesh and the sounds of even more creatures charging forward.

He continued to cast as many spells as possible, but too many creatures continued to charge toward the wall. That's when he jumped off the wall and landed with a crash before opening a portal to summon the First Legion again.

Elara appeared looking disheveled but quickly heard the roaring and horrifying screams of the creatures beyond the wall. She organized the Dragon Legionnaires, Dragonblood Knights, Dragon Paladins, and Drakeguard to create a ring around the center where the queens were.

Archer felt a sense of relief as Lucian and his cavalry rushed through on foot to aid the infantry. However, his attention quickly shifted as he dashed toward the girls who were assisting the soldiers and Magic Knights, guiding them in escorting people to safety.

He soared into the air with a powerful leap, his wings beating fiercely to carry him above the chaos below. With a commanding voice that echoed across the battlefield, Archer addressed his soldiers.

"Hold the line! Let not a single one of these abominations pass! Slaughter them without mercy, for they are but a glimpse of the horrors we shall face when our true enemies rise against us! Remember, tomorrow is a hope, never a promise! Fight with all you have my soldiers!"

As Archer's command resounded, the Draconian soldiers swiftly locked their shields together, forming a protective barrier around the gathered people. At that moment, a resounding crash reverberated through the air, prompting all to turn their attention toward the source of the noise.

He noticed the wall shaking due to the creatures climbing it and quickly ordered, "Spellfire Battalion, get ready to fire as they reach the top of the wall!"

After that, he flew toward Elara, who was stationed near the girls and encircled by a row of White Dragon Knights trained by the Black Dragon Eldric. Archer dismissed his wings and cast Blink to appear in the center.

When he reappeared, the girls greeted him with relieved smiles as they greeted him with kisses. He returned the gesture before turning to Elara and asking, "Does the Wyrmguard Corps or the Dragonfire Company have any weapons yet?"

The Dragon Marshal nodded, "Yes, the Dragonfire Company has basic Mana Cannons. Should I summon them?"

Archer smiled before opening another portal. The Spellfire Battalion started casting their attack magic, which slammed into the Ghouls and Ratlings climbing over the wall. The wave of mana slammed into the enemy, causing them to disintegrate into nothingness.

That's when Talila and Teuila pointed at the portal as twenty mana cannons, their imposing forms gleaming in the moonlight. The soldiers scrambled to set them up along the shieldwall, their movements precise and efficient.

Meanwhile, standing at the forefront with fear etched on her features, Elara raised her hand and ordered the mana cannons to fire. The guns roared to life at her command, unleashing their devastating power upon the oncoming horde.

With each blast, they unleashed torrents of magical energy, sending forth beams of destruction that tore through the creatures' ranks. The cannons' deafening booms reverberated in the air, shaking the ground beneath them with their concussive force.

As the mana projectiles soared over the wall, they struck their targets with unerring accuracy, causing explosions amidst the enemy ranks. The creatures shrieked in agony as they were engulfed in magical energy, their twisted forms crumbling under the onslaught.

Just as they fired, the wall exploded inward, and large mutated giants slammed into it, allowing the smaller creatures to rush in and chase the fleeing people. However, a group of Magic Knights rushed out and clashed with the monsters.

But a giant swipe soon wiped them out. When Archer saw this, he turned to the girls and said, "You girls help out the soldiers. Cover each other if you need to rush out of the shieldwall."

They all agreed with determined smiles before getting ready to fight. Afterward, Archer rushed toward the giants that were rushing toward them. The Dragonfire Company targeted the large monstrosities.

With a unified roar, the mana cannons unleashed their devastating power. Arcs of energy lanced through the air, striking the giants with explosive force. The ground trembled as the giants staggered, their hideous forms reeling from the onslaught.

Yet, despite the barrage, the giants remained steadfast, shrugging off the attacks with startling resilience. Sensing the situation's urgency, Archer stepped forward and let out a primal roar that echoed across the battlefield.

He rushed toward the shieldwall before jumping over it, transforming into his dragon form. Everyone saw a blinding flash as Archer's form began to change. His body elongated, and his limbs stretched and contorted as scales erupted from his skin.

With a mighty beat of his wings, he ascended into the sky, his transformation complete. Now, in his massive white dragon form, Archer descended upon the giants like a force of nature unleashed.

He collided with the towering beasts, his sheer momentum driving them back with irresistible force. The ground shook beneath the weight of the impact as Archer's claws and teeth tore into the giants with primal fury.

With each strike, Archer unleashed a torrent of raw power, his draconic form a whirlwind of destruction amidst the chaos. His claws and teeth turned them into meatpaste and fell with their bodies.

When they slammed to the ground, he let out his dragon's breath, which washed over the broken wall and burned many creatures. It stemmed the tide of the monsters, but the soldiers were still holding firm as the Spellfire Battalion and Dragonfire Company covered them.

Chapter 712 Tomorrow's A Hope, Never A Promise

Archer used his claws to tear apart the last giants before returning to his army's circle and transforming into his human form. He started watching the ongoing battle and soon spotted some of his girls unleashing waves of magic over the soldier's heads.

The spells slammed into the Mutants and Ghouls, instantly taking them out in a wave of chaotic Mana. But the remaining creatures slammed into the Legionnaire's shieldwall, pushing them back.

That's when the Drakeguards behind started using large beast spears to shoot between the shields and skewer them before pulling back and attacking again, but the Ghouls behind did something that shocked them.

Archer watched as they started moving on all fours, which creeped out everyone. The sight of the Ghouls on all fours disturbed him deeply, and their newfound agility was unsettling. They scuttled like grotesque humanoid spiders, their movements jagged and accompanied by eerie growls.

Their sickly skin and lifeless eyes intensified the unnatural horror of the scene, alarming even Archer, 'Creepy as hell. Why do these creatures resemble something from a horror movie?' He thought.

Everyone noticed the creature's appearance, which sent chills down the soldier's spines. However, when they heard their commanders scream words of encouragement, they steeled their hearts as more shields appeared above them.

The creatures jumped over the wall, only to slam into a wall of the Dragonblood spears and swords, which quickly killed them with a few swipes and stabs. Archer was proud as he noticed the soldiers weren't panicking but holding firm against the incoming horde.

Archer continued to watch over the battlefield but soon spotted his girls unleashing torrents of magic over the soldier's heads, effectively thinning the monstrous horde's ranks. He witnessed Leira's thunder magic raining down chaos as the dark sky lit up.

Thunderbolts struck a large troll-looking mutant and instantly burned it before she sent a dozen Fireballs into the horde. Her luscious purple hair floated behind her as she continued casting magic.

With a wave of her hand and a quick chant, a lightning surge radiated from her body, wiping out some mutants pushing against the shieldwall. Archer was amazed by her power and magic, which was aiding his soldiers.

His gaze found Llynnei mumbling something as a wave of earth shot out of nowhere and killed a dozen Ghouls. She stepped toward the soldiers and sent hundreds of Earth Blasts, piercing the Ratling's bodies.

The wood elf used her natural magic to produce vines that snaked up from the ground and entangled the mutated trolls before dragging them to the ground, allowing the Dragon Legionnaires to swarm over it.

Next, he noticed Halime was sending out Poison Blasts that burned through the Ratlings' shoddy armor, melting their bones into sludge. Her yellow snake eyes glowed as she hissed before swinging her arm.

Nothing happened at first, but then a wave of poison mana appeared out of nowhere and washed over the Ghouls. Their pain-filled howls were heard all over the battlefield, but even with that attack, more creatures took their place.

As the three were doing this, the soldiers took advantage of their help and rushed to rescue as many people as possible. When survivors got closer, they opened holes in the shieldwall, allowing them through, but some of the Ratlings managed to sneak in when that happened.

Fights broke out as the Dragonblood Knights stepped forward and crushed the sneaky creatures as they intercepted them. Archer nodded as he saw them dealing with the enemy while the shieldwall held.

That's when his gaze found Ella shooting explosive arrows into the packed ranks of Mutants. Her arrows shook the ground and sent the creatures flying as she repeatedly fired without stopping.

When Ella would stop, she sent waves of Earth Blasts into the horde, thinning the ranks using sharp stones that pierced their bodies with ease. Archer noticed her hair was tied into a ponytail while her leather armor clung to her slender frame.

Archer's gaze swept over the battlefield, looking for the last three girls. He found them covering the fleeing people pouring out from one of the crashed mana ships. They rushed through the opened holes in the shield wall.

While they were running, Nefertiti rained down arcane magic that washed away the creature with pink fire. Her flames only burned the Ghouls that closed in on the scared people, but they soon reached the shieldwall and were ushered through by the Dragon Legionnaires.

As the succubus saw this, she sent a wave of Arcane Arrows shooting toward a swarm of Ratlings, trying to cast dark magic. When the spells connected, a massive explosion wiped the creatures out.

He shifted his focus to Hemera, who was darting around the battlefield, wielding her sun magic precisely. Sun Bombs erupted from her hands, detonating upon her command as she swiftly maneuvered through the horde.

Hemera strategically dropped the Sun Bombs and swiftly distanced herself before triggering them. The explosions effectively thinned the enemy ranks as she moved. 'She's using her flames to fly, which speeds her up and enables her to evade the creatures' attacks,' Archer noted, impressed by her agility and skill in battle.

After watching the sun elf, he noticed cones of spinning water slamming into ambushing flying mutants. The water quickly tore the creatures apart, causing them to plummet to the ground while taking out dozens of Ghouls.

Archer spotted Aurelia casting her water magic. She sent homing missile-like magic projectiles that chased the bat- or human-looking creatures, burrowed into their bodies and caused them to explode.

Her spells effectively killed the fast creatures, as her magic chased after them until they were dead. Archer watched the mermaid cast spell after spell that thinned the horde until the monsters slammed into the shieldwall.

After seeing the mermaid magic, he spotted Teuila, Nala, Talila, Sera, Cassandra, Maeve, and Eveline dashing out to confront a pack of Ratlings closing in on a cluster of fleeing students lagging behind the others as they headed toward the Dragon Legionnaires.

Eveline crouched low, a surge of Mana coursing into her legs before propelling her forward with explosive speed. Racing faster than anyone else, she swiftly closed the distance, finally catching up to the people ahead.

As she passed them, she began to spin with incredible agility. She started kicking the creatures, which caused their bodies to explode with the impact. The rabbit girl managed to halt their advance just as Maeve sent a Mana Slash toward them, cutting them in half.

The orange-haired girl rushed forward while deflecting a Ghoul swipe and stabbed it through the head before sending a Thunder Blast into the body of a Mutated Troll, causing it to explode.

Witnessing this display, Archer was taken aback by the two girls' remarkable power and impressed by their ability to stand firm among the chaos. After watching them, he decided to scan the creatures and assess their strength.

[Mutated Ratlings]

[Rank: D]

[Ghouls]

[Rank: C]

[Mutated Trolls]

[Rank: B]

After scanning the creatures on the ground, Archer turned to the airborne creatures Aurelia was fighting and examined them alongside the others. One was a strong bat with tough claws and razor-sharp fangs capable of tearing through the strongest armor.

The Skywings, on the other hand, resembled deformed eagles. Their feathers were tinted in black and dark green hues and bore visible marks of the torment inflicted upon them by the Swarm's dark mages.

[Mutated Shadowfangs]

[Rank: D]

[Mutated Skywings]

[Rank: A]

'They ain't too strong, and we should be able to eradicate them with some work,' Archer mused.

At that moment, his attention was drawn to Teuila and Nala, who surged into the midst of the creature horde like a whirlwind. Their blades cleaved through the monsters, working in tandem to dispatch dozens of foes and aid a group of Magic Knights.

Teuila seamlessly melded her honed swordsmanship with her Aquarian magic, uttering incantations that fueled her strikes. With a swift flurry of spells, she unleashed formidable slashes, cleaving through the advancing creatures with devastating force.

The monsters howled in agony as her blades effortlessly sliced through their ranks. She also easily deflected many attacks. After watching the blue-haired girl's prowess, Archer turned to his lioness, who was covering Teuila.

Nala appeared behind her and sent several Mana slashes at a group of Skywings that swooped down on them. She dodged the creature's talons before cutting one in half as she targeted another.

Archer's relief at the girl's strength was short-lived. He noticed a part of his army's defensive circle faltering. Without hesitation, he dashed towards the weakened section, rallying the soldiers who were dying to the relentless onslaught of the creatures' claws and fangs.

"Listen to me, warriors of Draconia!" he shouted, his words carrying across the chaos. "Embrace death as you would life! The only true death is to never live!"

His eyes blazed with zeal as he continued, "We are the bulwark against the evil that threatens our world. We stand as guardians against the Swarm's darkness!"

He paced before them, his voice resonating with conviction. "Those who run from death find only stagnation in life. They seek to evade the unavoidable, only to meet it sooner than they expect."

Archer's gaze swept over his soldiers, his tone unwavering. "Death will come for us all, but to live—to truly live—is a beautiful defiance against the darkness that surrounds us. Tomorrow's a hope, never a promise. So fight for that life so your children can live free and happy!"

The weary but resolute soldiers nodded in agreement, Archer's words bolstering their spirits. They tightened their grip on their weapons with renewed determination and fought back against the creatures.

Chapter 713 We Were Waiting

After Archer's speech, the soldiers were reinvigorated and held firm against the Ghouls and Ratlings pushing against the shieldwall. As that happened, he saw a red blur as Sera leaped over the soldiers.

Sera barreled into the creatures and went wild as she tore into them with her claws. With a thud, the Headless Ghouls dropped to the muddy ground. After that, she let out a stream of dragon fire that washed over the Ratlings.

Archer watched Sera quickly bounce across the battlefield while slashing at the enemy with razor-sharp claws and unleashing torrents of fire that turned them to ash. With relentless ferocity, she surged forward, annihilating the monsters and alleviating the strain on the shieldwall.

While watching her, Archer saw arrows streak past him, finding their mark in the heads of two Ghouls. They fell limp just as he noticed Talila covering Sera, her mana arrows sailing precisely over the soldier's heads and finding their marks in the enemy's skulls.

Her arrows descended from the sky, hitting their targets with deadly precision. They pierced the heads of numerous Ghouls and Ratlings, killing them instantly. After firing a wave of projectiles, Talila drew her shortwords and plunged into the melee.

With finely honed skill and agility, Talila danced between the swinging weapons, effortlessly dodging a shoddy spear aimed her way. Her movements were blurry as she darted through the crowd, her blades flashing in the dim light.

Archer admired her power as she carved a path through the enemy ranks. Her sword strokes were skilled. Her blades severed heads from necks ruthlessly, causing them to fly in the air, shocking everyone who saw her.

When Talila passed by, a trail of decapitated creatures lay in her wake, their lifeless bodies crumpling to the ground. She moved like a silver streak, her actions a blur of lethal precision amidst the chaos of battle.

Talila succeeded in diverting attention away from the shieldwall, but shortly afterward, a fresh wave of creatures emerged, prompting her to charge forward once again. As Archer watched, he felt excited to see his girls fighting.

Archer was about to get involved in the fighting but heard a booming laugh. He looked around to see the Kraken Princess soaring over the soldiers, landing with a resounding crash onto a troll.

He watched as Cassandra moved like a tempest as she was crushing monsters beneath her before shifting her focus to another enemy. The black-haired girl surged forward while unleashing a flurry of devastating punches that sent shockwaves rippling through the air.

With each impact, the creature's bodies exploded into pieces, scattering debris in all directions. The impact of her strikes reverberated throughout the battlefield, resonating with power.

Even though the enemies attacked with weapons and claws, they couldn't harm her tough skin. Cassandra smiled as she easily deflected their attacks. Feeling the large number of enemies approaching, she summoned a huge tentacle.

It crashed down on the creatures, crushing them, and then swept away the remains with force. During the chaos, a surge of volatile mana surged overhead, crackling with raw power as it was aimed for the horde of monsters.

With a roar, it crashed into a group of mutant trolls, engulfing them in flames that licked hungrily at their twisted forms, reducing them to ash in moments giving the soldiers time to fight back.

Archer watched the battle unfold as a group of Drakeguards rushed to the east side of the circle to reinforce the Legionnaires, who were being overwhelmed by the relentless tide of Ghouls.

The soldiers slammed against the creatures, sending them sprawling back as their allies regrouped. Without hesitation Archer rushed to their aid when he noticed his soldiers were dying to the creatures, he crashed into the monsters, tearing them apart with his claws.

He threw a few bodies to the side before unleashing a dragon's breath that incinerated a group of Ratlings, reducing them to ash. After attacking the creatures, he stopped something that made his heart drop as Teuila and Nala flew across the battlefield.

They were about to crash into a group of soldiers, but Cassandra quickly swooped in and caught them. She landed behind the shieldwall, and Archer hurried toward them. When he reached them, Cassandra gently placed them on the ground.

As she did that a group of White Dragon Knights rushed to help, surrounding them with large shields. Archer crouched beside them, beginning the casting of Aurora Healing. The soothing violet light enveloped them, mending any wounds they had sustained.

lightsNovel Yet Nala remained unconscious, her breathing shallow and labored. Seconds later, Teuila stirred and murmured weakly, "Don't fight them, Arch! They're too powerful."

Just as her warning hung in the air, a figure soared overhead. It unleashed a torrent of black fire that crashed into the ground before sweeping across the battlefield. The fire decimated the creatures and freed up his soldiers, allowing him to come up with a good idea.

Archer sighed and flew toward the frightened people as they gathered together. He opened a Gate leading to the College Of Magic and started ushering them through it. Once he had done that, he turned to his soldiers and ordered, "Surround the portal and make sure everyone escapes before leaving for Draconia!"lightsnovel

After speaking, he opened another Gate to his kingdom but didn't allow anyone to enter until the time was right. The Dragon Legionnaires, Drakesguard, Dragonblood Knights, and every other soldier rushed toward him.

As the people hurried through the portals, paying no heed to their surroundings as they sought safety, the figure above launched several orbs of the same blackfire at a humanoid creature getting close to them.

Despite the person's efforts, the new foe skillfully deflected the flames and retaliated with a powerful blast of dark magic. To Archer's dismay, the figure they targeted was Ophelia, who crashed to the ground nearby.

He was about to rush toward the headmistress but soon noticed Cassandra colliding with her, further complicating the situation as she appeared unconscious. Acting quickly, he activated the bracelets and infused them with mana before transferring the girls to the domain.

After ensuring that all eleven were safe, Archer scanned the chaotic battlefield for Maeve, Eveline, and Aurelia. Spotting them fighting nearby, he activated Blink and instantly appeared behind them.

Silently, he quickly transported the three to the domain. Just after that, Archer had to deflect a blast of dark magic. Straining against the force, he felt it slam against the violet shield flaring around him, attempting to breach his Anti-Magic skill.

Ignoring the attack, Archer rushed toward Ophelia, who was recovering from the sudden attack. As he cast Aurora Healing on her, he asked, "Where have you been?" He continued, "I thought you would have shown up during the battle."

The older witch coughed as her violet eyes glowed before replying, "We were waiting until the stronger enemies appeared," she spotted something behind them, "It looks like they're here now."

As she spoke, Archer's senses kicked in, prompting him to cast Cosmic Shield just as a creepy-looking humanoid punched the protective barrier. He grabbed hold of Ophelia as they collided with one of the mana ships, triggering an explosion when the mana engine ignited.

The engine's explosion sent the two flying until Ophelia managed to stop them mid-air. The sudden turn of events rattled the two, but that's when the creature sent several Dark Magic Blasts at them.

His shield blocked most of the attacks, but it started to crack. Archer quickly embraced the headmistress as it broke and the beam slammed into him, but thanks to Anti-Magic, he only received physical damage when they crashed into the ground.

While recovering, Archer's eyes narrowed as he witnessed a group of Dragon Legionnaires rushing toward the menacing humanoid. The Dragon Captain's sharp and commanding voice echoed across the battlefield as he shouted, 'Protect the king!'

The enemy swiftly and terrifyingly dispatched the soldiers one by one as they attempted to attack the creature approaching Archer and Ophelia, who were downed. Their valiant efforts were futile against the unstoppable force before them.

Archer's heart sank with each fallen soldier, and his rage surged. He was about to rush at the creature but halted when a mana surge erupted from the nearby ridge and slammed into their new enemy, to no avail.

Spotting Professor Jade Ashguard unleashing a powerful blast of mana at the humanoid, Archer seized the opportunity. The momentary stagger gave Samara and Gianna, the fiercest warriors in the College Of Magic, a chance to lunge forward with swords drawn.

Despite the strength of their strikes, the unyielding enemy effortlessly parried their assaults with a mere flick of its hand. Undeterred, Samara gritted her teeth and channeled all her strength into her strikes.

The blonde swordwoman aimed her attacks at the creature's neck, but it easily dodged with ease. As she was shocked at its reaction, it countered with a powerful blow, sending her backward.

Seeing her friend in danger, Gianna redoubled her efforts, unleashing a flurry of strikes in rapid succession. Despite their power and skill, the humanoid creature gracefully dodged every attack before it moved for the last time and counterattacked, catching them off guard.

The creepy-looking humanoid punched the two women, sending them flying across the battlefield with crushing blows. As they struggled to regain their footing, the witch's fury ignited.

Ophelia charged forward, her magic crackling around her like black lightning. But another sinister figure emerged from the shadows before she could reach the creature, disrupting her attack and deflecting to the side.

He watched as the new enemy started attacking the headmistress, who tried to attack the original creature, but the stronger one wanted to fight her. So the two started battling while the one that hurt Cassandra approached him.

Chapter 714 The Mutant Demi-God

Archer smiled, anticipating a thrilling fight with this creature. He sensed that its strength matched his own, making it even better for him as he grew when fighting strong enemies. Before fighting, he examined the creepy-looking humanoid as he hadn't had the chance.

He noticed the thing stood eerily tall and resembled a human at first glance, which spooked him because it twitched. Yet when Archer looked closer, its forms were grotesquely mutated. The creature's elongated and twisted arms bore scars that spoke of a dark and unnatural origin.

The creature had been subjected to experimentation and mutation. Archer couldn't help but see that it had pointed ears that twitched whenever a noise was heard. They protruded from the monster's misshapen skulls, adding to its unsettling appearance.

He looked into the creature's fiery crimson eyes that burned with a fierce intelligence that belied their feral nature. Behind the hatred that flickered in those depths lay a cunning and cruel intellect.

When the creature saw him studying it, the Mutant gave him a creepy smile, allowing him to see the rows of razor-sharp teeth that lined its mouth. This didn't bother him, as he summoned his Draconic features and smirked back while scanning the beast to see what he was up against.

[Mutated High Elf]

[Level: 750]

[Rank: Sovereign Mage]

As Archer's draconic teeth manifested, he swiftly disappeared from his original position, leaving the creature startled. He reappeared behind it using Blink, launching a punch charged with Eldritch Blast.

The attack's impact against the creature's back triggered an explosion. The Mutated High Elf was sent flying, but Archer didn't stop. He started casting Plasma Missiles at it. After doing that, a dozen violet projectiles rushed forward from him and chased after the creature.

When their opponent witnessed the spells, it effortlessly blocked them, giving Archer enough time to Blink closer and deliver several punches aimed at the creature. Each strike caused miniature explosions to erupt, sending the Mutated High Elf crashing into the wall it had created.

Archer started casting Eldritch Blast, Plasma Missile, and Azur Cannons at the spot where the creature stood. As each spell hit its mark, the ground shook, and a large dust cloud billowed into the air, temporarily blocking his vision.

This gave him a brief window to glance at the nearby explosions. That's when he saw Ophelia and Jade working together to keep the stronger creature back as Samara and Gianna rushed in to attack it with their swords.

The Jaguar woman ducked under the creature's swipe before lashing out with several skilled slashes, but the blade bounced off the monster's tough skin, causing Gianna to quickly back off as it went to bite her with its gore-covered teeth.

Samara stepped forward and sent a powerful mana slash that hit it, causing the Mutant to smile while ignoring the women's attacks before casting a dark magic spell at them. When Archer saw this, he scanned the creature.

[Mutated Light Elf]

[Level: 850]

[Rank: Demi-God]

Archer saw Gianna begin casting a spell. Her sword lit up brightly as she attacked the Mutated Light Elf, making her attack even stronger. Moving quickly, she charged forward and swung her sword so hard that it boomed loudly and cut into the creature's skin.

Samara appeared behind it and plunged her sword through its chest. Nothing happened when this happened, which shocked everyone until the Mutant started laughing and sent out a wave of dark magic that sent the two women flying.

They came crashing down in the distance as more Ratlings appeared, causing Archer to Blink over to them before throwing the two women into the domain. Just as he did that, Professor Jade came crashing down when she was struck by a blast of magic that started burning her.

Archer rushed toward Jade but was intercepted by the Mutant he was fighting. The Mutant started throwing several powerful spells at him. Archer tried to dodge the attacks, but it was too late. His Anti-Magic activated and deflected them, sending him skidding to the side.

Without hesitation, he cast Blink and materialized next to the bear woman, hurling her into the domain. Reacting instinctively, he blocked a slash from the creature's claws, the impact sending sparks flying as it met his scaled defenses.

He grunted as the attack struck him but maintained his composure. He flashed a confident smile before inhaling deeply as he unleashed a torrent of dragon fire directly at the Mutant's face, causing it to stagger backward.

Seizing the opportunity, he cast Azur Cannon and directed it at the creature's chest, sending it crashing forcefully into the ground. After doing that, he got a message informing him of his soldier's retreat back to Draconia.

Upon hearing this, he turned his gaze towards the portal where the last hundred soldiers were entering. Their departure eased his situation, prompting him to unleash a barrage of spells—lightsnovel

Eldritch Blasts, Plasma Missiles, Azure Cannons, and Call Lightning.

The mana in the air surged wildly as his attacks homed in on the two mutants, bombarding them with relentless blasts. When the weaker Mutant was struck, it emitted a piercing scream, compelling Archer to approach and sink his teeth into its shoulders.

As Archer did that, the creature howled in pain, but that's when another one appeared and struck in the ribs. However, this attack was different as some caused him to spasm. He let go of the one he was biting before Blinking out of range.

When he got some space, he touched his head and yelped as the pain radiated, and he felt like he was being stabbed. While checking his injuries, he started hearing laughing as the Demi-

God Mutant threw an injured Ophelia at his feet.

Her violet eyes looked into his before she spoke, "Flee Archer! They are two strong."

Archer was going to listen, but his dragon instincts kicked in and forced him to attack as he Blinked near the three creatures. He cast several Azur Cannons into the middle while punching at the Demi-God, who quickly blocked his attack.

With a grin, the Mutant delivered a powerful kick, causing Archer to feel his bones snap when it impacted. He was sent flying backward, crashing to the ground near Ophelia, who struggled to rise due to her injuries.

Blinking over to her side, Archer spoke urgently, "Tell the others I'll manage. Take care of them, Ophie," he said, reassuringly touching her shoulder before sending her to the domain.

As Ophelia vanished, Archer chuckled softly to himself, his confidence undeterred. The weaker of the two mutants leaped into the air, aiming a punch that thundered against his shield with a resounding boom. In response, Archer countered with an Eldritch Blast directed at the creature.

However, their confrontation was interrupted by the sudden appearance of the Demi-God outside the protective shield. It shattered the violet dome with a dark magic spell before advancing menacingly toward him, intent on delivering a fatal blow.

Reacting swiftly, he cast Blink and reappeared a safe distance away. He summoned a Void Rift above the two creatures in a decisive move, which halted their movements with its overwhelming power.

In reality, a rift tore open, and the weaker Mutant was swiftly drawn into its depths, torn apart by the chaotic forces unleashed. When witnessing its companion's demise, the Demi-

God mutant unleashed a furious roar and lashed out at him with a powerful strike.

Archer barely raised his arms in defense before being forcefully propelled across the battlefield, crashing into a cluster of rocks with a resounding impact. Gasping for breath, he struggled to his feet, only to see dozens of mutants gathering around the enraged Demi-God.

As the Demi-God pointed at him, a horde of mutants surged forward, prompting Archer to sigh in resignation. He leaped into action, preparing to face the impending onslaught as he got ready to start casting magic.

However, as he braced for the battle, a piercing screech echoed through the air, confusing everyone present. That didn't stop four mutants from lunging at him. Archer and the creatures traded slashes, bites, punches, and many other attacks.

In a twist of fate, he lost the battle. His enemies wielded a secret weapon that disrupted his mana and thwarted his regeneration abilities as the attacks built up. Despite his best efforts, he struggled to avoid their relentless assaults, narrowly dodging deadly swipes.

Archer countered with a fierce onslaught of dragon fire, hoping to turn the tide in his favor. Yet, even as flames engulfed his foes, the odds seemed stacked against him as the battle raged when more creatures joined the fight.

The air was tense as he fought valiantly against a swarm of mutants. Suddenly, a chilling presence descended. A Dark Wraith materialized from the shadows, its form shrouded in darkness and its eyes glowing with an evil energy.

He watched as the Wraith attacked the mutants with creepy claws and menacing teeth, sending them to reel with each devastating blast. This unexpected enemy caught the mutants off guard, and they scrambled to defend themselves against the onslaught.

The Demi-God mutant's fury ignited when witnessing the Dark Wraith's intervention. With a thunderous roar, it charged forward, its massive form pulsating with rage. However, the newcomer moved with uncanny speed, effortlessly evading the creature's attacks.

In a swift and calculated maneuver, the Dark Wraith enveloped the Demi-God in a shroud of shadow, temporarily immobilizing it. With a sinister gleam, the Wraith turned its attention to Archer, who was locked in a fierce battle against multiple mutants.

With a menacing hiss, it unleashed torrents of powerful dark magic at the mutants, cutting through their ranks with terrifying efficiency. Archer watched in awe and horror as the creatures fell one by one, their screams echoing through the chaos.

Chapter 715 He's A Girl

As the last mutant fell, the Wraith turned its attention to Archer, its gaze piercing through the darkness. Without a word, it enveloped him in its shadows, shielding him from the lingering threat of the Demi-God.

Archer's heart pounded as he stood in the Dark Wraith's embrace, unsure what to expect next. Before he could utter a word, the creature spoke, its voice a sinister whisper in the darkness.

"Do not try to flee," it commanded, resonating in his mind. "The Swarm has branded you. Any effort to use transport magic will guide them to our location. I must get you to safety."

Escaping from the shadows, the Mutant Demi-God locked eyes with his savior. With a hiss, the Wraith unleashed a barrage of dark magic blasts, each aimed at the creature. The magic surged forward like a tsunami and slammed into the enemy.

Despite the Demi-God's attempts to block the onslaught, Archer sensed the Wraith's true intention—to create a diversion before disappearing into the night, leaving the creature bewildered in its wake.

As the Dark Wraith protected him in its embrace and fled from the Mutants who started to chase it, Archer sensed the entity moving quickly across the landscape, using the shadows as conduits to accelerate its flight.

'The Mutants stopped chasing us, but this creature keeps moving,' Archer mused.

Before long, the distant expanse of the sea, shimmering under the moonlight, came into view. Suddenly, the darkness surrounding them dispersed, gradually revealing their surrounding's outlines.

With a jolt, Archer felt himself hurtling downward, crashing unceremoniously onto the sandy shore below. He tumbled across the ground, his momentum carrying him until he finally came to a halt, sprawled upon the soft, yielding sand.

The crash left him momentarily disoriented, and the echoes of their escape still rang in his ears as he struggled to regain his bearings. Archer looked around for his savior but heard a soft voice, "Go to sleep, Arch. I will watch over you."

As he heard that, he became aware of the injuries all over his body that weren't healing, which worried him. Nevertheless, he succumbed to sleep as the person covered him in shadows.

While sleeping, Archer was whisked away to a distant realm and awoke amid a grassy expanse that looked like it had come straight from a dream. Disoriented, he still managed to scan his surroundings until a faint giggle caught his attention.

Archer turned to see Tiamat seated in a chair, her gaze fixed upon a sprawling battlefield. The white-haired woman smiled and spoke caringly, "Sit down, Arch. We need to talk."

He nodded before taking a seat. With a sultry smile, she asked a random question, "Do you want to live safe or free, my dragon?"

She leaned forward and looked into his eyes, "Do you want Draconia to rise?"

"Of course. It will be the one place our kind can live free and safe," he said, looking over at the armies facing each other. "What's this about?"

Tiamat sat back as she answered, "It's a game between the gods, but that isn't important right now."

Her violet eyes glowed as she surveyed his body, and a sigh escaped her lips. "It seems they've discovered a vulnerability in you," she remarked, taking a cup and sipping from it before continuing, "Us gods call it Mana Poisoning, but its creators have dubbed it the Dragon's Kiss. It was devised by a certain god who harbors hatred towards me and, by extension, towards you."

Now it made sense to him as to why his wounds weren't healing, "So I'm poisoned? How can I heal from it?" He questioned with a raised eyebrow.

"Lucrezia Bloodthorne will do it for a price. She lives in the Shadowpeak Mountains, about four days from where you are. Your little friend can take you there, but be warned. The Swarms Demi-Gods are searching for you, and you, my little dragon, are far too weak to fight them now. So don't use transport magic or access your domain, as they will find you," Tiamat informed him.

Archer nodded in understanding before asking one last thing as he felt he was being sent back to his body, "Why are they attacking now? You said they would start their invasion in five years."

He watched Tiamat frown as she answered, "That was our best estimate, my dear, but it looks like the Swarm found something to boost their strength, so just be careful as they may attack at any time like they just have."

The dragon goddess went quiet while drinking tea as the two armies below started fighting. Archer sighed before speaking, "Okay. It was good to see you, Tiamat," he gave her a charming smile as he began to fade. "We should spend more time together as I've missed you,"

The white-haired goddess smiled before saying, "We shall meet when you become a Demi-God. Now find the evil witch Lucrezia and get yourself healed."

Archer was transported back, feeling himself descend through a tunnel of swirling energy resembling a wormhole. With a gentle descent, he settled back into his body, feeling the weight of exhaustion wash over him.lightsnovel

Drifting into a peaceful slumber, he welcomed sleep's soothing embrace. The following morning, he awoke to the brilliant sun casting its golden rays across the sky, accompanied by the soothing sound of water splashing nearby.

As Archer opened his eyes, he was greeted by a breathtaking sight. Above him stretched a clear blue sky. That's when he saw a flock of flying creatures soaring overhead. Suddenly, a distant roar shattered the peace.

Archer jolted him upright, which ignited a throbbing headache that elicited a pained yelp as it hit him. Once the pain subsided, his gaze shifted towards the source of the splashing, where he spotted Aeris standing just out of reach of the seawater.

He watched the friend he respected shed the battered armor he was wearing, revealing a feminine hourglass figure and flawless complexion. Speechless at the sight of Aeris's top half, realization dawned upon him with widening eyes.

'He's a girl!' he thought incredulously.

Mesmerized, Archer could not tear his eyes away as Aeris entered the water. Her slender waist and curvaceous hips swayed with each step, and her perky bum's subtle sway held him in a trance, captivated by her irresistible charm.

His gaze remained fixed on Aeris as she began to remove her tattered shirt, revealing a pair of modestly sized breasts that moved gently with her motions. However, they weren't as large as most of his girls, which didn't bother him.

Just as he thought that, the pain radiated from the wounds all over his body. 'How could I not know she was a girl? Am I dense?' he wondered inwardly. 'No, she just concealed it well.' Despite his surprise, Archer couldn't deny that she was beautiful.

Archer found himself perplexed; he had always believed Aeris to be a boy, dismissing any mentions of her being a girl as a joke. Their friendship had been built on this assumption, but now, faced with the truth, everything seemed to shift.

As he watched her delicate features, noticing the perky cherry-

red lips and perfect button nose, Archer couldn't help but value her feminine allure. Her short black hair beautifully complemented her appearance.

The returning headache elicited a groan from him, catching Aeris's attention. Startled, she spun around, revealing her topless form. The black-haired girl blushed bright red as he opened his eyes, embarrassed by his unexpected gaze.

Archer quickly noticed her perky light brown nipples at the same moment she realized she was naked, but before either could react, she swiftly dove under the water, prompting laughter from him as he called out, "You hid it well, Aeris. But why didn't you tell me? Scared I'd come after you?"

As he spoke, the water exploded, and the Dark Wraith emerged. Standing about seven feet tall, it was composed of swirling, gaseous darkness. Rage-filled red eyes locked onto him, piercing through the shadows.

The creature's arms materialized before it surged forward, seizing Archer by the neck and lifting him. In a menacing tone, she demanded, "Why are you gazing at me in such a lewd manner?"

Coughing slightly, Archer replied, "I couldn't resist, Aeris. You know my weakness for beautiful women, and you happen to be stunning."

When he said that, Aeris transformed into her human form while still holding him by the throat but covering her chest. She was still red but warned with a hiss, "Don't think I'd let you try anything. We may be friends, but that's it, Arch."

Archer smiled before nodding, causing her to pull away as he slumped to the ground, and his injuries took their toll on him. Aeris panicked, but he waved her away before casting Cleanse on himself as he spoke, "Do you know where the Shadowpeak Mountains are?"

"Yes, it's a few days north of here. Why?" Aeris replied, putting on some clothes and closely watching him.

He chuckled at her reaction while pulling out some fresh clothes and putting them on before answering, "Tiamat told me a witch lives there that can help me. The Dragon's Kiss has poisoned me."

A confused expression appeared on Aeris's face as she asked, "What is that?"

lightsNovel com "It's a weapon created by the Swarm to fight me. Since I'm composed of mana, it disrupts everything in my body, rendering my Regeneration or healing spells ineffective as they directly attack me," Archer explained after getting changed.

Once the two were ready, they made their way to the closest road that Aeris had spotted while she was fleeing. While they were walking, Archer sent a message to the girls, letting them know he was okay but couldn't teleport as the Demi-Gods would find him.

Chapter 716 Years Ago

Archer and Aeris found a road to travel on, but it looked overgrown. When they stepped onto it, the black-haired girl spoke, "We're a few days from the Avalonian border, but if we travel to the Shadowpeak Mountains, it will take us a week or so to walk back."

He smiled before answering, "I can fly us once healed. I've tried to use my wings, but it puts too much pressure on my injuries, and they start bleeding again."

"Don't strain yourself. I didn't rescue you only for you to hurt yourself even more," Aeris responded as they came across a large abandoned building.

When the two got closer, Archer smelled the scent of death lingering in the air, prompting him to prepare a spell as they approached the building. He stepped into it and stopped a puddle of dried blood.

Upon entering, the interior bore the marks of a fierce battle, evident from the numerous bloodstains. Inside, Archer employed Mana Manipulation to conjure a ball of light, illuminating the expansive hall and revealing overturned tables and shattered furniture.

"This was a Waystation used by the Avalon Empire and Oakheart Kingdom. The two realms protected it, but if this fell, it must be getting bad," Aeris spoke as she looked at the counter covered in a layer of blood.

Archer nodded before replying, "Yes, it is. Sia keeps getting attacked by bandits in the Summerfield Duchy. I don't know how it is in the other Duchies, but I'm guessing it's just as bad."

Just as he said that the two heard a creak nearby; Aeris instantly reacted as she transformed into her Wraith form and lunged at the noise. After a short struggle, a grunt was heard as she threw a dirt-covered man.

The man landed with a thud at his feet and tried to scramble back but was stopped when Aeris used her dark magic to pin him to the floor. When Archer saw this, he asked in a curious tone, "Tell us what happened here?"

With a trembling voice, he recounted the horrors he had witnessed. "It was days ago," he started, his voice strained with panic. "Creatures...they looked like humans, but twisted...unnatural. They descended upon the Waystation, slaughtering everyone in their path."

lightsNovel The human looked around with terror in his eyes before continuing. "I...I hid," the man continued, his voice barely above a whisper, "in a storage room. They...they were everywhere, tearing through the halls, their screams echoing in the night. I could hear...hear the sounds of...of death."

Archer reassured the man that nothing was there and that he would be safe if he headed south, causing him to finish telling his tale.

"After what felt like an eternity, they...they headed north," the man stammered, his voice filled with dread. "I don't know why or...or where they came from, but...but they left nothing but...but death in their wake."

He nodded when the man stopped speaking before ushering him out of the destroyed Waystation and told him to head south. After he was gone, Aeris commented, "There are usually three hundred soldiers here, but the mutants must have taken their bodies somewhere."

"Yes. Let's continue and try to reach the Nightmare Mountains in a reasonable time," Archer commented before leaving the horror-filled building behind.

As the two continued their journey, the weight of Archer's injuries began to take its toll. He winced with each step, his breaths coming in ragged gasps as he struggled to keep pace with Aeris.

Sweat beaded on his brow, his shirt sticking to his skin, and he knew he couldn't push himself further. "We need to stop," Archer finally gasped, his voice strained with pain as the poison ate at his skin.

'It hurts so bad!' He thought to himself.

He leaned against a nearby tree, his hand clutching his side where the mutant attacks had left deep, festering wounds. Aeris turned to him, her eyes widening with concern as she noticed the severity of his injuries.

"Arch, we can't stay out in the open like this," she urged, her voice tinged with panic. "We need to find shelter."

He nodded weakly, his vision swimming with dizziness as the Mana Poison overtook his body. With trembling hands, he lifted his shirt to inspect the damage. Horror filled Aeris's eyes as she saw the extent of the mutant attacks.

The flesh around the wounds was eaten away, revealing raw, bloody tissue beneath. "We need to hide," she said urgently, scanning their surroundings for any sign of shelter. "Quickly."

Before Archer could respond, Aeris grabbed his hand and pulled him into the shadows, her Wraith form enveloping them both in darkness. They pressed themselves against the tree trunk, holding their breath as they waited.

Moments later, a large group of mutants emerged from the nearby forest. Their twisted forms moved with unnatural speed and agility, and their creepy black eyes glowed with malice as they sniffed the air, searching for any sign of prey.

Aeris held her breath, her heart pounding as the mutants approached. She tightened her grip on Archer's hand and urged him to stay still. The mutants passed by, their guttural snarls fading into the distance.lightsnovel

Aeris waited until she was sure they were gone before releasing a shaky breath. "We need to keep moving," she whispered, her voice barely above a whisper. "We can't stay here."

Archer nodded, his complexion drained of color as he fought the pain to rise to his feet. Despite his discomfort, they pressed on along the road until they reached a dilapidated fort on the riverbank.

As they approached, Aeris spoke, "It's a wood elf fort." She gestured towards the structure, "You can tell by the quality of the timber and its lack of decay. We should make camp here so you can recuperate."

When the duo reached the stronghold entrance, they stepped through the crumbling stone archway of the old wood elf fortress. A chill swept over them, sending shivers down their spines.

The air was thick with dust, and the silence was oppressive, broken only by the faint rustle of leaves outside. The dimly lit interior, the dying sunlight filtering through gaps in the decaying walls.

Cobwebs decorated every corner, and the musty scent of decay hung heavy in the air. Walking deeper into the fort, their footsteps echoed off the ancient stone floors. Old weapons lay scattered across the ground, their metal tarnished and blades dulled with age.

Archer grimly picked up a rusted sword and turned it over in his hands. Aeris glanced around, scanning the eerie surroundings.

"There's no one here," she murmured, her voice barely audible above their footsteps. "It's as if the fort has been abandoned for decades."

Archer nodded in agreement, his gaze lingering on the empty battlements and crumbling towers. "It's unsettling," he admitted, his voice tinged with unease. "But it might provide us with shelter for the night."

Aeris nodded, her eyes narrowing as she spotted a guardhouse perched above the other gate. "There," she said, pointing towards the structure. "We should head there. It might offer a better vantage point and some protection."

With a nod of agreement, Archer followed Aeris as they approached the guardhouse. The worn and crumbling stairs were firm under their weight as they ascended to the top. They slowly walked up until entering the old room.

As they entered, Archer noticed bunk beds lining one wall and a kitchen on the other. Windows were spaced out across the walls, allowing anyone inside to look down. Surveying the room, he guessed it was the city guard's barracks.

Numerous tables and chairs lay overturned within the expansive room. Archer observed plates strewn across the floor. As he surveyed the chaotic scene, he realized they had been caught off guard. 'Looks like they rushed out,' he mused silently.

Then, he hobbled over to one of the doors and heard something fall to the floor above. Archer opened the door to find dozens of bodies lying all over the walkway, some missing limbs while others were leaning up against the wall.

'It looked like something attacked the soldiers years ago. But why would the Oakheart kingdom abandon them?' Archer mused.

After searching the barracks, he decided to walk outside and look over the grassland. There, he saw a scene that made him feel sorry for the wood elf people. Skeletons littered the ground, but most were missing limbs as they tried to flee.

Archer felt sorry but heard footsteps approaching him before he walked back inside only to see Aeris, who spoke, "Upstairs is secure. There is a stone room with no windows we can barricade for the night."

He nodded and followed Aeris, who led the way. Soon, they found themselves in the commander's office, where a large chair sat behind a desk. Archer searched the room only to find a small pouch of gold and silver that he had stored in his Item Box.

While doing that, Aeris cast a few spells that covered the door and outside that reminded him of camping alarms before she sat down and spoke, "So me lying to you doesn't bother you?"

Archer chuckled softly before casting Mana Manipulation to create a chair. Settling into it, he addressed her calmly.

"You had your reasons. I realize my reputation might unsettle you," he said, meeting her gaze, her red eyes reflecting his own. "If you don't feel that way about me, I won't pursue anything. Just let me know."

Aeris nodded appreciatively. "Okay. Thank you for respecting my decision. But we must cook something for you; it'll help your healing."

Archer smiled, acknowledging her change of subject. With a flick of his hand, he conjured a stone bowl that would be perfect for a fire. Meanwhile, he reached into his Item Box and retrieved a meat wrap. Handing one to Aeris, he noticed that she smiled while taking the offering.

Chapter 717 Courting A Dark Wraith

Archer and Aeris got comfortable in the commander's office, but she handed him a sandwich stuffed with more meat and vegetables as he finished eating his meat wrap.

He was smiling as he took the sandwich before biting into it, loving every flavor that exploded in his mouth. As he took the first bite of her sandwich, his eyes widened in surprise.

The explosion of flavors tantalized his taste buds. She watched him closely, smiling small as she waited for his reaction.

He saw the happy expression on her pretty face as he started eating. "Mmm," Archer murmured appreciatively, savoring every mouthful. "This is incredible. Seriously, you sure you're not a sandwich wizard?"

She chuckled at his enthusiasm as she leaned against the desk, "Glad you like it, Arch. I can make another one for you if you want."

His face lit up with excitement, "Seriously? That would be amazing! I don't think I've ever tasted anything this good."

Aeris nodded, pleased by his reaction. "Coming right up," she said, walking over to where she had previously made the food.

Archer couldn't help but admire her skill and thoughtfulness as she worked. He never realized how caring she truly was. Even though her peers bullied and shunned her, she still treated him well.

When she returned with a freshly made sandwich, he eagerly took it from her with a charming smile, which caused the girl to go bright red as he stared into her crimson-red eyes.

"Thanks. You're the best," he said, taking a bite and savoring the familiar flavors again.

While eating, the two started talking. Aeris began the conversation by asking a random question that had bothered her for a while, "How come you got with Cassandra so quickly? You haven't known her for that long."

Archer raised an eyebrow when she heard her question but decided to be honest: "Well, I see love differently from others, I guess."

That's when he remembered a quote from Earth and repeated it, "Love is not about how long you've known someone; it's about how well you understand and connect with them."

She nodded before he spoke. "Aeris," he began, his voice tinged with passion. "Do you ever feel like life is slipping through your fingers? Like every moment is a precious gem, shimmering in the palm of your hand, begging to be cherished?"

Aeris nods thoughtfully as she listens intently. "That's how I live," he continues, his words carrying the weight of his convictions. "Every day, I wake up with the knowledge that it could be my last. And I refuse to waste a single second."

He pauses, his eyes ablaze with resolve. "I don't know where life will take me," he admits, his voice growing softer yet resolute. "But I refuse to give up on the things that matter to me—the people who make my heart beat a little faster, who make me feel alive."

Archer finished off the sandwich before something caught his attention. His Dragon Senses kicked in and informed him that unknown creatures were swarming over the fort, which annoyed him.

Without wasting a second, he darted forward and embraced Aeris as he spoke, "Hide us now! Somethings comething."

When hearing that, Aeris reacted instantly, morphing into her Dark Wraith form and wrapping around his body before sinking into the shadows, where Archer notched that she was still in his arms.

"Don't worry, I can manifest myself here while maintaining the spell," Aeris reassured, just as something burst through the shadows she had conjured, eliciting a startled yelp from her. Archer instinctively tightened his grip around her, offering comfort and protection.

As Archer saw the creature, it sent a shiver down his spine. It had dark grey skin and glowing red eyes that seemed to pierce the veil of darkness while looking around. But what creeped him out the most was the unnatural movements and jerky limbs.

Aeris started panicking as it looked straight at them. He knew it couldn't spot them because they were completely hidden from the creatures, but its aura was seeping into their bodies.

He quickly scanned the monster as it approached their hiding place.

[Mutant Human]

[Level: 750]

[Rank: Sovereign Mage]

'Oh shit its stronger than me!' Archer panicked to himself but controlled it as Aeris started shaking.

lightsnovel She was only getting worse, and soon the creature would hear her. Unable to bear seeing her in such distress, Archer acted on impulse. Gently cupping her face in his hands, he leaned down, pressing his lips softly against hers.

At first, Aeris stiffened in surprise, her shock evident in the way her body tensed beneath his touch. But as his kiss enveloped her, a wave of calmness washed over her, easing the frantic beating of her heart.

Gradually, she melted into the kiss, her trembling subsiding as she found solace in the embrace of his lips. For Archer, the moment was surreal. As he felt Aeris's fear gradually ebb away.lightsnovel

He became aware of the softness of her lips beneath his, the gentle warmth that radiated from her as their breaths mingled in the stillness of the night. In that fleeting moment, amidst the chaos and uncertainty that surrounded them.

Archer found himself lost in the sensation of her kiss, the world around them fading into insignificance as he savored the sweetness of their connection.

But even as he reveled in the moment's tenderness, he realized that this kiss, born out of desperation to calm her fears, had stirred something much deeper within him.

Something that he couldn't ignore nor deny. As they pulled away, their eyes met in silent understanding, the unspoken emotions between them hanging heavy in the air.

However, the creature unleashed an ear-splitting scream, sending Aeris another jolt of fear. Reacting instinctively, Archer hugged her even closer as the monsters searched the commander's office, unable to locate them.

Soon, the monsters left the office, causing them to release breaths of relief as they waited ten more minutes before the creatures left the old fort behind when they couldn't find their prey.

As the last echoes of the creature's footsteps faded into the distance, Aeris felt a rush of relief. Yet as the adrenaline subsided, embarrassment followed.

She couldn't believe she had allowed fear to overtake her in his presence. Though he noticed her embarrassment, Aeris gently but firmly pushed him out of the shadows, her cheeks burning with shame.

"Sorry," she muttered, avoiding his gaze as she tried to calm down.

Archer smiled at her reaction, his eyes softening with understanding. He reached out to gently grasp her hand, offering silent reassurance.

"No need to apologize," he said softly, his voice gentle. "We all have moments of vulnerability. You don't have to face them alone."

With a grateful smile, Aeris looked up at him and gently squeezed his hand before releasing it. As they settled back into the dimly lit commander's office, Archer felt the need to assess the situation outside.

Exiting the office, he scanned the surroundings to ensure their safety. His eyes widened as he noticed the door to the wide-

open walkways. Archer guessed that the mutants entered through there.

Frowning with concern, he glanced around cautiously before returning to Aeris, happy as he knew they wouldn't return unless they gave away their positions.

When Archer entered, he spotted Aeris setting up two makeshift beds before spotting him. She quickly avoided eye contact, causing him to laugh as he spoke, "Good idea. I'm tired and need to rest as these injuries haven't stopped hurting."

After sorting that out, the two settled down and started relaxing; while doing that, Aeris's concern for his well-being couldn't be ignored any longer. Despite his attempts to downplay it,

She knew he must be hiding wounds from their recent encounter with the creatures. "Aeris," he began, a hint of pain in his voice that she sensed, "I'm fine. You don't need to worry about me."

But Aeris wasn't convinced as she gently urged, "Archer, show me your wounds. I need to make sure you're okay."

Reluctantly, he nodded, slowly unbuttoning his shirt to reveal his toned torso. As the fabric fell away, Aeris's breath hitched in her throat, and she gasped in shock at the sight before her.

Several gruesome wounds decorated his skin, oozing with blood and pus, a stark contrast to his normally pristine appearance. The injuries were far worse than she had imagined, each one eating at the skin around it, causing it to flare up.

Aeris couldn't tear her eyes away from the sight, a mixture of horror and concern washing over her. She felt a wave of nausea rising in her throat, but she forced it down, steeling herself to tend to his wounds.

With trembling hands, she reached out to touch the injuries, her fingers hovering over the torn flesh. He watched as she recoiled from seeing the wounds, but he could see she wanted to help.

Archer winced at her touch, his jaw clenched in discomfort, but he didn't protest. Instead, he watched her with gratitude and trust, his eyes softening with affection.

As Aeris tended to his wounds, she realized just how much he meant to her. Despite the gruesome sight before her, her feelings for him grew stronger as she tended to him.

As she tended to his wounds, her hands paused their gentle movements, hovering uncertainly over the torn flesh. The severity of his injuries weighed heavily on her mind, but another question, one she had been wrestling with for some time, demanded her attention.

Her voice trembled slightly as she asked, her eyes searching his face for any hint of his reaction. "Archer," she spoke nervously, "would you ever consider courting a Dark Wraith?"

Chapter 718 What's Got Into You

Archer gazed at the black-haired girl and was met with the hopeful gleam in her glowing red eyes. "Yes," he smiled gently, his voice calm yet resolute, "I hold no concern for one's race. It holds no weight with me."

Aeris smiled when she heard his answer, her expression softening with relief as she nodded in understanding. However, her joy was short-lived. Archer groaned in discomfort, the pain flaring up as he tried to get comfortable.

With a weary sigh, Archer slumped onto the makeshift mattress Aeris had prepared. Despite his attempts to hide it, the relentless pain coursing through his body couldn't be ignored.

His regenerative abilities seemed futile in the face of the intense pain that continued to gnaw at him. Sensing his distress, Aeris's concern deepened, but he waved her away reassuringly before closing his eyes.

As the minutes passed, the pain gradually subsided, allowing Archer to drift into an uneasy slumber. However, his respite was short-lived as a sudden stirring jolted him awake.

Blinking groggily, he found Aeris hovering over him, her gaze filled with worry and care. "What are you doing?" he questioned, a faint smirk tugging at the corners of his lips despite his fatigue.

She remained silent, leaning in to kiss him unexpectedly, catching Archer off guard. He instinctively cupped her face as they shared a passionate moment as he felt her body against his.

Nevertheless, Aeris persisted, mounting him, deepening their bond. Taken aback, "What's got into you?" Archer mustered. "Werent you all shy before."

Blushing brightly, Aeris smiled at him, "I'm just seizing the moment, Arch." She continued, "With danger approaching and chaos looming, I found courage when you spoke of indifference towards race."

As she was straddling him, they continued to kiss, which ignited a spark of warmth between them. Archer's hands instinctively began to explore her curves, his touch gentle yet filled with longing.

But before he could explore further, Aeris pulled back slightly, her breath coming in soft, uncertain gasps. "Archer," she whispered, barely above a murmur, "I'm not ready for that yet. I like you, but it's not love yet."

Archer's gaze softened as he understood. With a gentle smile, he nodded, respecting her boundaries without hesitation as he removed his hands, "It's okay," he murmured, his voice a soothing whisper against her lips. "We'll take things at your pace."

The two continued kissing until Aeris broke away when it was too much for her, and she lay down beside him while taking a blanket out of her storage ring. She covered both of them while being careful of his injuries.

Aeris sent some of her mana into his body, causing the pain to subside and allowing him to relax as he did. Soon, the two fell asleep within a few minutes as a storm started outside.

Rain and wind battered the old fort, which hid the two, and swarms of creatures roamed the land between the Avalon and Oakheart realms. The following morning, a flying beast's loud screech awakened him.

Archer opened his eyes and activated his Mana Detector. He stretched out for a few miles, and when he felt nothing, he was relieved. After checking out their surroundings, Archer climbed out of bed while groaning.

He felt the wounds growing in size and leaking a foul-smelling stench, prompting him to cast Aurora Healing on himself in a vain attempt to heal, but all it achieved was dulling the pain and irritating him further.

After that, Archer cast Cleanse on himself, erasing the stench. Then, he pulled a meat wrap from his Item Box and started eating before gazing at Aeris. Despite their situation, she appeared to be soundly sleeping, which perplexed him as he observed her curled into a ball under the blanket.

While doing so, Archer scanned the office and sensed the dark magic barrier hiding them. He smiled, but that's when his Mana Detector picked up a large group passing the fort.

Sensing this, he made his way out of the office and approached one of the windows. Looking out, Archer saw a column of mercenaries heading in the direction the mutants were going.

Later, he returned to the office, only to discover Aeris stretching as she roused from sleep. Upon spotting him, the Dark Wraith girl smiled kindly before she said, "Good morning, Arch. Where did you wander off to?"

"To check something out. I sensed a large group of people," Archer said as he sat down. "It seems the Frostwyn Duke sent mercenaries after the mutants, which should make our journey easier."

lightsNovel com Aeris nodded and rose, allowing him to see her slender figure and wide hips reminiscent of a slender pear. After that, the two got ready to leave the fort behind after eating some breakfast.

The two were back on the road, but Archer felt something was off with the landscape as they walked. He looked at Aeris and questioned, "Do you feel that strange atmosphere?"

"Yes. I can feel it," she said, scanning their surroundings. "It's like something has poisoned the land."

Archer agreed before they continued traversing the rugged terrain between the Avalon Empire and Oakheart Kingdom. They found themselves amidst a lonely landscape dotted with snow-covered grasslands and forests.lightsnovel

The sky above them was an ominous shade of gray, heavy with the promise of an impending storm. As they pressed on, a town emerged on the horizon, its towering walls standing as a barrier against the harsh wilderness.

Dozens of town guards patrolled the ramparts, their vigilant eyes scanning the horizon for any signs of trouble. Approaching the town, Archer's steps faltered, and he doubled over, coughing violently.

Blood trickled from his lips, staining the ground beneath him. Aeris's eyes widened in concern, and she rushed to his side, "Are you okay! Your injuries are getting worse. We need to find that witch."

"Let's pass by the town, as they will question us," he said, looking at the guards, who were already staring at them. Then he asked, "Can you travel in your Wraith form if I supply you with mana?"

Aeris nodded before she started transforming into her real form and embraced him in her shadows while speaking, "Why do you not fear me?" He sensed her nervousness as she continued. "People hate Wraiths, especially my race."

"Why would I fear you?" he chuckled. "You intrigue me, Aeris. I want to get to know you even better, even if you're a Wraith."

Upon hearing that, a surge of happiness flooded through her, propelling her across the landscape as she swiftly moved through the shadows. It took them a few days to reach their destination.

At the foot of the Shadowpeak Mountains, they stood before a looming, ominous forest. As Archer peered into the dense canopy, an unsettling sensation washed over him as if unseen eyes were fixed upon him from within the trees.

But his injuries drove him forward to find the witch Tiamat had guided him to. As they entered the dark forest, Aeris grabbed his arm and asked, "Do you know this witch's name?"

"Lucrezia Bloodthorne," he answered. "She knows about the poison and will be able to heal me."

Aeris nodded, tightening her grip on Archer's arm as she scanned the trees warily. Sensing her apprehension, Archer reassured her, "I sense nothing, but they might be able to hide from me."

As Archer and Aeris ventured deeper into the dense forest at the base of the Shadowpeak Mountains, a sense of unease hung heavy in the air. The towering trees seemed to loom over them, their gnarled branches reaching out like skeletal fingers.

A thick fog rolled in as they pressed on, obscuring their path and enveloping them in an eerie gray mist. Archer squinted through the fog, trying to make out their surroundings, but the dense mist seemed to swallow everything in its grasp.

Suddenly, eerie moans and guttural growls echoed through the mist, sending a shiver down their spines. Before they could react, shadows began to stir among the trees, and figures emerged from the fog.

Zombies and ghouls, their rotting flesh barely clinging to their bones, lurched toward them with menacing intent. Aeris instinctively summoned dark energy to her fingertips, ready to defend herself and Archer.

With nowhere to run and the creatures closing in, Archer and Aeris stood back-to-back, their hearts pounding with fear. They started casting spells to whittle down the creatures.

Archer took a deep breath and fired a stream of violet dragon fire that wiped out dozens of them. Aeris let out a deafening scream, causing some ghouls to sneak up on them and fly.

The creatures crashed into a cluster of trees, their eerie moans echoing through the forest. After her attack, Aeris quickly moved ahead, her red eyes fixating on Archer.

Aeris saw his complexion growing paler with each spell he cast, even as more ghouls and zombies surged toward them. Despite her efforts to thin their numbers, the horde seemed endless.

She realized Archer was faltering in his movements, his strength waning with each magical incantation. With urgency in her voice, she cried out, "Stop casting spells, Arch! The poison is consuming you from within every time you do!"

When hearing Aeris's warning, Archer halted his spellcasting, but it was too late. With a heavy thud, he collapsed to the forest floor, sending a jolt of panic through her.

Ignoring the encroaching horde of creatures, she dashed toward him, her heart pounding with fear as the situation grew increasingly dire. But as the undead drew closer, a powerful pulse washed over the forest, causing Aeris to yelp in fright.

However, the danger wasn't over. A woman's laughter echoed around them, sending chills down Aeris's spine. Despite the eerie laughter, she pushed aside her fear and rushed over to Archer, who lay unconscious on the forest floor.

Chapter 719 Finding The Death Witch

[Aeris's POV]

Aeris, she reached Archer; he was already on the ground groaning. She had more pressing matters after sensing the creatures closing in on them as she prepared a spell to protect the two of them.

She looked around to spot all kinds of zombies, from humans to demi-humans, which baffled her as some of the races were natives of Pluoria. Aeris continued to scan the area and was about to transform a wave of greenish mana that washed from behind the undead horde.

When it hit her, she couldn't transform, as something had messed with her mana. Aeris started panicking, but something appeared as she waited to fight, instantly causing her to fire her Dark Magic Blast.

'I couldn't sense them until the last moment! How strong are they,' she thought to herself.

The newcomer laughed before batting it away, causing the spell to slam into nearby trees. A powerful aura washed over her, and Aeris felt helpless when it hit her, but just as dread started to set in, she heard an amused voice. "A Dark Wraith and a dragon in my forest?"

Aeris narrowed her gaze as her head spun around but saw nothing. Then suddenly, a blonde woman appeared beside them. As Aeris fixed her gaze on the newcomer, she noticed the stranger's blood-red eyes glowing and pointed ears similar to Archer's.

lightsnovel The woman appeared slender and athletic, her hair tied back into a ponytail, 'She's beautiful, but there's something evil about her,' Aeris thought as a shiver ran down her spine.

Despite her appearance, she had an undeniable air—a subtle essence of death and darkness—that resonated with her magic. Aeris looked at the woman and pleaded, "Can you please deal with these creatures? Archer is dying and needs help!"

The blonde woman grinned before waving her hand at the approaching undead, who all dropped to the ground with a thud. Her death magic washed over them like a dark tidal wave, engulfing the approaching undead with eerie efficiency.

After that, the stranger turned back to Aeris with a serious look and said, "Now who are you and why are you..."

The stranger spotted Archer and his rare features, causing her eyes to widen in shock, and when Aeris saw this, she became worried but was asked, "Is that the white dragon I've been hearing about by chance, girl?"

She nodded before pleading, "Yes, but he's dying from a poison called Dragon's Kiss. His goddess Tiamat told him to find you, claiming you can cure him for a price."

When the woman heard this, she beamed, "Yes, yes. I can heal him, but it will cost him dearly," she watched the woman stare at him and cast an unknown spell. "Now, let's return to my home so I can start the process."

Aeris agreed and quickly picked Archer up. When the woman saw this, she smiled before taking hold of him and sending a mana pulse through his body, informing her of his current condition.

As the woman shifted her red eyes toward Aeris, she said, "The poison is eating away at his organs." She watched intently as their savior cast a spell on Archer that spread out all over him. "We must remove it before it reaches his heart."

"Why?" Aeris inquired, her voice cutting through the eerie silence of the forest, which seemed to intensify the unsettling sensation creeping into her body.

The stranger chuckled softly, her voice hinting at amusement. "Little Wraith, if the poison reaches his heart, it will swiftly consume his entire being, leaving behind a very powerful undead or evaporating his whole existence," she explained.

Aeris observed as the woman gently trailed her hand along Archer's face. She continued, "You see, a White Dragon is mana in the flesh which is fascinating to me as they aren't like me or you. The poison directly targets mana, causing him to shutdown and eventually succumb to it."

After speaking, she felt a strange magic wrap around the woman, "We must rush. He has an hour at most."

When Aeris heard this, she nodded and let the woman drag her along as they darted through the forest, dodging even more zombies and ghouls, which confused her.

Before Aeris could utter a word, the woman began speaking, and she noticed her voice was tinged with barely contained anger. "A necromancer group has encroached upon my forest, sucking the life from it. Yet, I cannot locate them. Perhaps he can help."

Aeris nodded, recalling information she had gleaned from conversations with students and nobles. "Archer has a peculiar knack for inadvertently aiding those around him. He also serves as the guardian of the Avalon Empire and numerous kingdoms in the Southlands."

"Interesting. What is your name, girl?" The woman asked her.

"Aeris Redcliff and you are?"

"Lucrezia Bloodthorne at your service," she said as the duo arrived at a large clearing. "The infamous Death Witch of the north, as I'm referred to by the locals, which I find endearing."lightsnovel

Aeris saw a well-decorated mansion in the middle of the large clearing. At the same time, a constant flow of dark magic Elementals patrolled the outside, occasionally killing a beast that wandered too close.

When Lucrezia saw her reaction, she laughed before reassuring her, "Tiamat and my goddess Izanami are best friends. They both asked me to heal a handsome boy who would appear in my forest accompanied by a Dark Wraith," she smirked, looking down at Archer as she continued. "But the dragon goddess suggested I ask for something from him for my treatment; otherwise, I would have done it for free."

Aeris looked at Lucrezia, who opened the door with a thought before motioning for her to sit down as she spoke, "Get yourself comfortable, girl." She looked into her eyes. "I will bring my tools out here so you can witness and support him, as it will hurt."

Lucrezia turned to her with a smirk as she walked out of the room, "I know you think I'm evil, and by most people's standards, I am. But the boy greatly interests me, so I will not harm him or you, little Wraith."

Aeris nodded understanding before questioning, "What will you ask from him?"

Minutes passed, and Aeris asked the same question until the blonde woman giggled, "Adventures." She said, "I have been lonely for centuries, and my goddess said the boy can provide me with exciting encounters, which I crave."

She rolled her eyes. "Oh, great. Another one. This boy is a magnet for women!"

"Oh shut up, little Wraith. All dragons are greedy." Lucrezia smiled. "But the white and gold ones are extremely greedy and will always take care of his treasures, including his women. So there's no need to worry, little Wraith."

Aeris sighed before replying, "Okay, heal him now. If you remember, he is suffering."

Lucrezia agreed with a chuckle as she walked over to Archer and started stripping him, causing Aeris to become bright red. The blonde woman teased her as she removed his pants, "Oh wow. His manhood is very impressive, especially his age. Has he claimed you yet?"

When hearing this, she flushed red but managed to shake her head. Lucrezia began laughing before touching his chest and sending her mana into him. Archer started groaning, but she heard Lucrezia whisper to him in an unknown language, which caused him to calm down.

As she watched, her heart pounded with fear and anticipation while the blonde woman stood over Archer's prone form, her slender fingers dancing through the air in intricate patterns.

Dark energy crackled around her, twisting and pulsating with an ominous glow. At first, Aeris couldn't discern what the woman was doing. The magic she wielded seemed ancient and forbidden, swirling around Archer like a tempest of shadows.

Then, Aeris noticed a swirling mass of darkness, like a thick, tar-

like substance, oozing from his body. She gasped, her eyes widening in horror as she realized the true nature of the dark matter.

It had its own aura, just like sapient beings, but it was a cruel energy radiating malice that sent shivers down her spine. Whatever this was, it was not of this world, and it sought to consume Archer from within.

Archer's screams of agony pierced the air, echoing through the mansion as Lucrezia's magic worked. His body contorted in pain, muscles tensing and spasming uncontrollably as the dark matter fought to maintain its hold.

She felt helpless, torn between wanting to rush to his side and fearing the dark magic that enveloped him. She could only stand and watch, her breath catching in her throat with each tortured cry that escaped Archer's lips.

Lucrezia's expression was one of intense focus. Her crimson eyes glowed as she battled against the dark forces within him. Sweat beaded her brow, and her hands trembled ever so slightly with the strain of her magic.

With a final surge of power, the blonde woman unleashed a blinding light, forcing the dark matter to retreat. She shielded her eyes from the brightness, squinting through the glow to see Archer lying still on the ground, his breath coming in ragged gasps.

The echoes of Archer's screams fade. Aeris rushed to his side, her hands trembling as she checked his pulse, relieved to find it steady beneath her touch. But as she looked up at Lucrezia, she couldn't shake the unease lingering in the air.

What had she just witnessed? And what price had Archer paid to rid himself of the darkness that had threatened to consume him? As if sensing her thoughts, Lucrezia met her gaze, a knowing smile playing at the corners of her lips.

"Dark magic is a double-edged sword, little Wraith," she murmured, her voice carrying a weight of centuries-old wisdom. "But sometimes, it's the only weapon we have against the shadows that lurk within."

Chapter 720 Yes, I May Be Greedy

"Wake up, little dragon. Do you wish to live or die?" Archer heard a girl's voice, causing him to stir, but a different voice spoke before he could open his eyes.

"Sister, the Death Witch we have been watching is healing him, but she needs assistance. Should we send her our mana?" A second voice questioned.

"No," the first voice answered. "We need to find out his truth and if he deserves to learn of our warning. Remember, sister, our people died fighting to the last to allow us this opportunity."

lightsNovel Archer's eyes fluttered open, revealing a torn, blood-red sky and a desolate landscape around him. He observed the scene, taking in the broken landscape, where molten lava flowed like a river, consuming everything in its wake.

In the distance, a ruined city lay, its once grand buildings reduced to rubble, battered by a relentless shower of rocks from above. He was bewildered by the devastation around him, which was more than he had ever seen.

As he surveyed his surroundings, an intense burning odor assaulted his nostrils, emanating from the city ahead. It carried with it the unmistakable stench of death and devastation.

Shortly after, Archer spotted meteors raining down on the city. 'It's like my Meteor Shower spell,' he mused, trying to make sense of the surreal sight before him.

That's when he spotted two ghostly girls perched upon a nearby tree trunk, their translucent forms stark against the eerie backdrop. One had red hair and blue eyes, mirroring the opposite traits of her companion, who also had blue hair and red eyes.

Their spectral appearance befuddled Archer, leaving him to shake his head in confusion as he addressed them. "What is this?" he inquired.

"He speaks sister," the first voice expressed. "Go on, answer the questions, dragon."

Archer shook his head and looked at the first voice, who was the redhead, before replying in a determined voice, "Of course, I want to live."

The two voices started giggling before the first uttered. "They all said the same thing," the second girl frowned. "But it never worked out."

"I don't care," Archer said, looking at the two with narrowed eyes, "I'm not like them."

The first voice erupted into giggles, soon joined by the second, which grated on his nerves. He felt like they were mocking him, fueling his growing annoyance and prompting him to search for an escape.

However, the second voice commented, "No, you're not like them, little dragon. You're weaker, younger, and more hot-headed."

"What?" A look of confusion crossed his face as he heard their insult.

The second voice answered with a smirk, "Many have come before you, but their greed led to their demise."

"So you're saying my greed will be my death?" Archer started laughing before continuing. "Yes, I may be greedy, but I'm a dragon, and it's acceptable."

"Death doesn't care about wealth or power," the first voice expressed.

When he heard this, Archer grew frustrated and said, "What am I doing here? It seems like you two dislike me, so send me away."

The twins started laughing, but the second said, "We are death, dear dragon. We dislike no one and like everyone."

"Life is ours to end," the first voice conveyed.

The second voice expressed, "None can hide, but many have tried."

"How one dies in life shows how one lives," the first articulated.

The second voice stated, "We have been watching you, Archer Wyldheart."

"Your life is intriguing but filled with danger." Second remarked.

"Treasure your life as we will be there when the time is right," first warned.

"We will embrace you just like our goddess did for us." The second giggled as she spoke.

Archer was confused, and it showed. The twins laughed as the second continued speaking, "Sister, what is it like to lose everything?"

"Empty, A void that cannot be filled." The first answered.

"Explain to him how it feels to see all your loved ones perish, sister," Second said.

First explained, "Mother and Father perished to bring us here, but we still died, sister."

"Now show him our pain, so he finally understands the threat he faces." The second voice spoke before the redhead moved toward him.

As First extended her hand towards him, Archer felt a sudden touch, sending a jolt through his senses. In that moment of contact, a vision unfolded before him, leaving him stunned by what he witnessed.

Archer stood frozen amidst the chaos he witnessed the battle unfolding before him. He saw a man with fiery red hair wielding a gleaming sword with unparalleled skill through the haze of dust and debris.
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The man fought like a skilled warrior, showing strength and resolve with every attack. Beside the red-haired warrior stood a woman with flowing blue hair. Her hands were weaving complex patterns in the air as she unleashed torrents of scorching mana upon the horde of mutants.

Her spells crackled and fizzled as they collided with the creatures, momentarily halting their advance. But even as the duo fought valiantly against the onslaught, Archer's heart sank as he saw a towering figure emerge from the chaos.

It was the same Demi-God who had attacked him, his imposing presence striking fear into the hearts of all who saw him. With a roar that shook the ground beneath their feet, the creature charged forward, barreling toward the couple in his massive form.

Despite their best efforts, they were no match for the overwhelming might of their foe. Archer watched helplessly as the Demi-God unleashed a devastating blow, sending the red-

haired warrior crashing to the ground with a sickening thud.

The blue-haired woman cried out in anguish as she desperately tried to fend off the Demi-God's relentless assault, but it was clear that their fate had been sealed. But to Archer's shock, another man appeared and landed a solid punch on the creature's jaw.

It flew back as the man turned to the woman and declared, "Go to the girls, Amarante. Please make sure they are safe in the time vault and can warn future generations of the Swarms' threat. We are the last of the Arailians, and our deaths will mean something if the future can cast the darkness aside with our warning."

Archer watched the woman nod before rushing into the palace, and that's when the scene changed to a long, wide corridor. He watched in astonishment as the two ghost girls were alive and surrounded by guards emanating auras like his own.

They moved with haste as they navigated the crowd of guards and approaching mutant creatures. Archer realized that these guards were Sovereign Mages, just like him. Their presence amidst the chaos spoke volumes about the severity of their situation.

The guards formed a protective barrier around the girls. Together, they hurried towards a looming metal door guarded by more soldiers. Suddenly, the peace was shattered as mutant creatures surged forward, their forms a terrifying onslaught against the defenders.

Archer witnessed how the soldiers fought bravely, their auras blazing with power as they clashed with the relentless horde. But despite their best efforts, the mutants overwhelmed them, their sheer numbers proving too much to bear.

In a desperate bid to save the girls, the guards pushed forward, clearing a path towards the metal door. Finally, they reached the door, its formidable frame a barrier between safety and the encroaching chaos.

With a final, tear-filled goodbye, Archer watched the blue-

haired woman look at the two girls. Her voice was filled with emotion as she spoke words of comfort and hope, "Make sure to warn whoever opens the vault, girls."

"Me and your Father love you both with all our heart," she hugged them before concluding. "Never forget that ***** and *****."

Once the woman spoke, she ushered the two girls through the door, which closed behind them just as the mutants crashed against the wall of shields. Archer witnessed the creatures butcher everyone in the corridor before dragging their lifeless bodies away.

After that, he returned to where he met the two ghost girls. Archer glanced around and spotted them sitting on the same tree trunk. He looked at the two and apologized, "Sorry for your loss. I understand the feeling of losing caring parents and dying myself."

"It's okay, dragon," the first voice responded. "No need to pity us."

The second voice commented. "Yes, we died thanks to the Swarm, but we are something greater now, as our Goddess Nyx has given us a new purpose."

Archer nodded before questioning. "So why am I here? You mentioned a warning?"

"Yes," the first voice said. "We are here to warn you that the swarm attacks will increase all over Pluoria and Draconia."

"Many will die. We will busy." The second voice declared.

His eyes widened in shock before he quickly questioned, "When will it happen?"

"When the snow melts, and the flowers bloom," the first voice answered. "They are coming, and you will be at the forefront of the chaos."

"Now go, but be aware that we shall meet again one day, dragon." The second voice spoke as she waved her hand.

Archer woke up in a panic and felt a strange mana rushing through his body. Soon, it attacked the poison and destroyed it, allowing his mana to heal him. He looked around to see Aeris sleeping on a nearby chair and a woman staring into his eyes with a big smile.

"Finally, you're awake, White Dragon. The poison is gone, but now I'm owed my payment and want it," the woman demanded.

He was baffled but shook his head and spoke in a strained voice, "Who are you?"

The woman mockingly bowed as she introduced herself, "I'm the Death Witch Lucrezia Bloodthorne, and you owe me a debt for saving your life."

"Okay," Archer laughed before speaking. "What do you want?"

"I'd like to travel with you," Lucrezia replied.

"I'd be glad to have you join our journey," Archer replied with a smile, confirming her proposal.