

Witch Monastery

#Chapter 11: Two Enchanted Tomes - Read Witch Monastery Chapter 11: Two Enchanted Tomes

Chapter 11: Chapter 11: Two Enchanted Tomes

Charles could no longer restrain himself. In one swift motion, he flipped her beneath him, his skilled hands making quick work of the nun's habit. The fabric whispered against her skin as he bared her body, his fingertips immediately finding their way to her most sensitive places—the hardened peaks of her nipples, the quivering warmth between her thighs. His cock, already rigid with desire, pressed insistently against her stomach as he claimed her mouth in a searing kiss.

"Oh—!"

As his hips snapped forward, sheathing himself fully in her dripping heat, Hattie's back arched off the bed. A wanton moan spilled from her lips, the sound music to his ears as her tight walls fluttered around his length. Charles set a relentless pace, each thrust driving deeper, his balls slapping against her ass with every powerful surge. Her nails scored his back as she clung to him, her legs wrapping tightly around his waist to take him even deeper.

For thirty exquisite minutes, their bodies moved as one—a symphony of flesh meeting flesh, of breathless gasps and slick, obscene sounds filling the chamber. When Charles finally spilled his seed inside her with a guttural groan, Hattie's climax followed instantly.

Afterward, as he watched the witch diligently dress him, Charles' expression grew troubled. After a long hesitation, he spoke: "Hattie, starting today... perhaps you should stop teaching me magic."

"Go find me some spellbooks. I'd better learn it on my own."

Hattie's hands stilled abruptly. When she lifted her face, her eyes shimmered with unshed tears. "Why? Has Hattie displeased Master?"

Charles shook his head vehemently. "No, it's my fault entirely. Every time you instruct me..." His cheeks flushed as he gestured between them. "I can't control these... urges. It's becoming too distracting."

Hattie bit her plump lower lip, the gesture making her look heartbreakingly vulnerable. "I understand, Master. I'll keep my distance during your studies..."

Seeing her so dejected, Charles couldn't help but feel a pang of guilt. He pulled her into an embrace, murmuring reassurances.

Ah, damn my weak willpower... The moment she's close, everything falls apart. And once it does, nothing gets done for the entire morning...

Later, the two headed to the kitchen together, whipping up a lavish seafood breakfast with simple ingredients. Charles devoured every last bite—meat, greens, and bread—feeling warmth radiate through his body like a furnace. Energy surged through his marrow and muscles, and he could almost hear the sound of his flesh and bones growing stronger.

Excellent. At this rate, I'll fully recover soon. And when I do... my Constitution might even gain a point or two, no?

With that thought, he returned to his room to practice the spells he'd recently learned. Meanwhile, Hattie ventured out to procure some magic tomes.

In most places, such books wouldn't be easy to obtain. After all, magic—a power so formidable—was a treasure few would part with.

This was Liberl Port—the very place where the Goddess of Magic once manifested her divine miracle, the largest port city in the world.

Countless factions from every corner of the realm gathered here, and its markets buzzed with trade worth billions of gold daily. With enough coin, procuring anything related to magic was child's play.

And that wasn't even mentioning the renowned university within the city's academic quarter—one where the Goddess of Magic herself had once delivered lectures.

Strixhaven University.

Though officially a comprehensive institution teaching all subjects, its true claim to fame lay in its foundational promise: the ability to turn nearly anyone into a spellcaster.

Graduates of this university often sell their used teaching materials, which become popular not only among juniors seeking to save on textbook costs but also among ambitious individuals who see them as their only channel to learn magic.

Thus, in this city, acquiring a textbook for magical study isn't particularly difficult.

However, whether one can master it without a teacher's guidance... is another matter entirely.

Ahem!

In any case, Hattie only needed to step out, walk a short distance to the university district, and she could easily procure these tomes for Charles.

But as her master's loyal witch, Hattie would never settle for merely selecting ordinary textbooks...

...

Three hours later.

"Seventeen... eighteen... nineteen... twenty... pant..."

In the room, Charles suddenly went limp on the bed, arms trembling, gasping for breath.

Between ragged breaths, he couldn't help but lament inwardly: This body is pathetically weak. Even after days of careful recuperation, he could barely manage twenty pushups before collapsing.

How could such a frail physique ever hope to conquer more witches?

He'd need more rest and training.

Just as he pondered his future exercise program, the door swung open. He turned his head to see Hattie stepping inside, clutching a small package wrapped in black cloth.

"Master." She shut the door, then approached with a hint of guilt. "Forgive me, Master. Hattie has been too indulgent in pleasures and didn't save enough coin. So this time, I could only afford two teaching materials from around the university..."

Placing the package on the nightstand, she unfolded the cloth, revealing two hefty spellbooks—one bound in blue, the other in purple. Their covers bore the titles Quandrix Primer and Witherbloom Primer.

"Quandrix" and "Witherbloom" were names of colleges within Strixhaven University. Clearly, these were the first tomes freshmen of the College of Quandrix and College of Witherbloom had to study.

They appeared to be ordinary textbooks. Yet Charles, now sharing Hattie's spellcasting abilities, frowned slightly.

Then his expression shifted. "These books... are magical items?"

He could sense the magic pulsing from them. By sharing her magic power, Hattie had also granted him perception magic—allowing him to instantly recognize these as enchanted tomes.

This meant anyone holding these books, even an illiterate with no magical training, could cast the spells recorded within!

"This..." He gaped. "Hattie, these must've been incredibly expensive, right?"

Magical items like these started at three hundred gold at minimum. And in Liberl Port, even a skilled blacksmith capable of crafting plate armor earned only about two gold per day on average.

A single book like this would cost such a blacksmith five months of wages.

Spellbooks this valuable—and Hattie had brought back two at once.

At his question, Hattie smiled softly, settling onto the bed beside him. "I wanted Master to grow stronger as quickly as possible. With these, your learning will far outpace what ordinary primers could offer."

Charles was deeply moved—but also felt a twinge of shame.

Damn it, I'm being treated like a toy boy she's financially supporting!

No, he had to find a way to earn his own coin.

After all, Hattie had just admitted her savings were nearly depleted.

But... how could he make money?

Chapter 12: Chapter 12:The Memory Witch, Sophia(Revised)

Just thinking about it made Charles frown.

In the game, there were primarily two ways to make money early on. The first was through gold-generating constructions in the monastery—like the tailor's shop—where you could craft items such as clothing to sell for gold.

However, this method alone not only required a nun to work there full-time but also generated money painfully slowly. It simply didn't solve the problem.

They'd have to reach Level 2 and construct buildings like the Blacksmith Shop and the Trading Post—which could secure large orders—before things would start looking up.

But that was still a distant prospect, completely unreliable for their immediate needs.

The other method was accepting bounty missions at the Government Affairs Halls in various districts, then leveling up by hunting monsters.

But that path...

Charles knew plenty of early-game shortcuts and guides, but they were all designed for the player's character. For example, sacrificing certain attribute points to start as a Level 3 Warlock with 2nd-level spells like Aganazzar's Scorcher, then taking goblin-clearing quests before heading to the mountains in the northwest Rubble District. There, you could exploit terrain advantages to wipe out entire goblin camps with a single fire spell.

And afterward, you could storm their hideout, not only claiming a heap of treasure but also rescuing an exceptionally strong, beautiful female knight—who just happened to have fallen into the goblins' traps today and would've been insulted if the protagonist hadn't arrived in time...

Ahem!

But that was a path only the original protagonist could take. He couldn't do it. His current attributes—though slightly higher in Charisma—were collectively worse than even the player character's minimum starting stats.

And at Level 1, with only a single non-combat 1st-level spell (Create/Destroy Water), he was practically defenseless. Even with Hattie's help, charging into the Rubble District now was too risky: this was the real world, where enemies didn't just stand around waiting for you. If they ran into goblin traps or encountered roaming centaurs and minotaurs plundering the area, there'd be no respawns.

With only one life, Charles wasn't about to take that gamble without proper preparation.

And so, the money problem loomed over him like a mountain, weighing heavily on his shoulders.

Sigh... No matter the world, poverty remains the ultimate nemesis.

Technically, as a lewd game, there was a third way to make money—arguably the intended path, given how many CGs it unlocked.

But Charles, who had studied guides and pulled all-nighters specifically to achieve the pure love route, would never choose that option.

Enough. Money can wait—I need to focus on these books first.

Shaking his head to clear away the financial worries, Charles opened Quandrix Primer, eager to see what the actual contents of a spellbook looked like.

Hattie leaned in, seemingly intending to read alongside him. With the witch pressed so close, the faint maidenly fragrance drifting into his nostrils sent a surge of heat through his body.

But this time, he summoned his willpower and forcefully resisted the urge to pin Hattie beneath him. With a pained expression, he added, "Thank you, Hattie, but... could you leave me alone while I study?"

"I have a feeling if you stay, I'll lose control again and end up spending all my time on, uh... our little pleasures..."

He felt slightly embarrassed and ashamed—she had just brought him the books, and now he was shooing her away. Reflecting on it, this behavior felt a bit like that of a scumbag...

Fortunately, Hattie didn't seem to mind. She lowered her head, pressing a soft kiss to Charles's lips, then said, "Of course. I'll be waiting right outside the door. Whenever you need me, just call, and I'll come in at once to... service you."

With that, she turned and glided out. Charles watched her go, a mix of awe and amusement rising in his chest. So this is the high-society life—having a dedicated maid at your beck and call?

Just as Hattie reached the door, Charles had already turned his attention back to the spellbook—until she suddenly dropped to her knees, crawling back to him with a sultry smile. Before he could react, her delicate fingers unbuckled his belt, freeing his hardened length.

Her lips parted, taking him deep with practiced ease. A moan escaped Charles as her tongue swirled expertly, her mouth working him with lewd, wet sounds. Every flick, every suck, drove him closer to the edge—until with a guttural groan, he spilled into her throat.

Hattie didn't waste a drop. She swallowed greedily, then licked him clean with kittenish precision, her eyes gleaming with satisfaction. Only then did she rise, smoothing her skirts before finally leaving—this time for good.

For a commoner like him, it was truly hard to get used to...

Shaking off these thoughts, Charles refocused on the spellbooks, then allowed himself a faint smirk.

Among the five colleges of Strixhaven University, the College of Quandrix specialized in mathematics, using mathematical knowledge and computational prowess to cast spells.

And as everyone knew, the average Eurian's math level...

Pfft.

Just mentioning math makes me laugh.jpg

Charles wasn't some theoretical mathematician, but in his previous life, he'd been a small-town overachiever, a king of Eurian academic grind. He couldn't boast about much, but those math problems the Eurians struggled with? To him, they were child's play!

Heh. Well then, let's get started.

Filled with ambition, he opened Quandrix Primer and began his deep study...

Meanwhile, after stepping outside, Hattie strolled through the monastery grounds lined with sycamore trees, her expression troubled.

Master was learning magic—which meant he'd soon need a lot of money. So, how could she get funds quickly?

Before this, she'd never had any real experience earning money. Her life had never required it: she fed on human souls, so whenever hunger struck, she'd just snatch some unlucky soul from the slums. That kept her going for a long time—no need to spend on food.

As for this monastery, the most powerful Fate Weaver, Theresa, had arranged it. Hattie hadn't contributed much financially.

The money she'd used to buy Charles' spellbooks was just scraps she'd accumulated over the years—occasional windfalls, like cash carried by her victims. She'd saved it, thinking it might be useful someday.

This was how she'd always lived. Now, suddenly needing to procure money, she was at a loss.

What was the fastest way to get it?

Hmm... The South Harbor District's slums had recently seen several new gangs—thugs from other areas banding together.

Those gangs must have some money, right?

Maybe she could go slaughter them all, take their cash, and disguise it as gang warfare?

Ugh, but if too many died at once, it'd draw too much attention. Getting scolded by the sisters was manageable—she could talk her way out of that—but if it actually alerted Blackstaff Tower, Master could be in real danger...

Lost in thought, she suddenly heard a gentle female voice behind her: "What's got you so troubled, Hattie?"

Hattie turned and saw a nun in black robes, slender and poised, with delicate features, raven hair, and dark eyes, smiling at her.

It was Sophia, another powerful witch of the monastery—the Memory Witch.

Chapter 13: Chapter 13:The Amazon Female Warriors(Revised)

When it came to Strength, aside from Fate Weaver Theresa, who firmly held the top spot in the monastery, the second and third positions—occupied by Ruth and Hattie—were far from secure.

The reason lay before her: the Memory Witch, Sophia.

This witch was even shorter than Hattie, her straight, jet-black long hair hidden beneath a nun's wimple, with only a few strands escaping. Her slender brows arched like willow leaves, and beneath long lashes lay eyes as dark and beautiful as black pearls.

Compared to Hattie, her face carried a more youthful softness, and the curve of her chest was only a slight swell—like the unripe fruit of a sixteen- or seventeen-year-old maiden, showing clear signs of growth but far from reaching full, sweet maturity.

Yet in truth, her real age exceeded two thousand years. She was the oldest, most experienced, and most knowledgeable witch in the monastery.

As a witch, her nature was to feed on human souls. However, while draining a soul, she also delighted in stealing their memories, savoring their past like a film reel as she basked in post-feast satisfaction.

This made her knowledge vast. She understood the methods and weaknesses of every class and could weave countless spells effortlessly—if she lacked the power to cast one, it was only because of limitations, not ignorance.

The sole regret was that during each Night of the Witches, her loss of control also cost her fragments of memory. This made her strength fluctuate unpredictably—some years, she rivaled Theresa; others, she fell far below even Hattie...

Witches seldom fought among themselves, and duels were rare. Thus, no one knew just how strong Sophia was now.

Hattie felt a flicker of tension. Sophia seemed to have noticed something: "You haven't been out hunting lately. Is there trouble?"

"If so, you can tell me. My experience might help."

Hattie's heart leapt to her throat. Since Charles's Purification, her daily... exchanges with him had satisfied her needs entirely.

So for days, she hadn't hunted outsiders or drained a single soul.

She'd assumed the other witches were too busy to notice. Yet Sophia had picked up on it!

Not yet—it's too soon. I need an excuse.

Forcing a smile, she replied: "There is something troubling me, yes. It's killed my mood to hunt..."

Before Sophia could press, she hurried on: "I've been wondering how to get large sums of money quickly."

She met Sophia's gaze, steering the conversation: "Dear Sophia, my good sister, you're the most experienced. In all your memories, is there a way to make fast coin?"

Sophia's smile faded as she stepped beside her, brows knitting slightly. "What do you need money for?"

"A minor trouble. Enough coin would solve it easily." Hattie straightened her back, chin lifted, clinging to her commanding air. "So, Sophia—can you help me?"

Sophia parted her lips, then chose silence. Centuries of life had taught her to pry less and keep every witch an ally.

After a pause, she said: "The fastest way is robbery. Our South Harbor District isn't wealthy—even the Golden Dragon Bank avoids it. But that doesn't mean there aren't rich targets..."

Her eyes suddenly gleamed. A soft swallow. "The easiest mark? Amazon Fisheries Company. And we could grab a few female warriors too..."

Hunger twisted in her gut. The monastery's "low-profile" strategy had denied her the wild, iron-willed souls of Amazon female warriors for decades.

Now, the craving made her nun's habit wriggle—as if her legs trembled.

But Hattie knew: those weren't legs. They were tentacles, squirming free as Sophia's lust slipped its leash.

Frowning, Hattie chided: "That's madness. I hesitated to rob slum thugs, fearing corpses might draw attention. And you suggest provoking those she-pirates?"

Amazon Fisheries Company—nominally a fishing enterprise, actually a large-scale operation run by Amazon female warriors.

Fifty years ago, the Empire of Sein's colonial fleet anchored at South Harbor District's port, waging a brutal colonial war against the Amazon Isles' natives.

Thus, these matriarchal tribes—once content with crude wooden boats, plundering gold, grain, and men—united for the first time in a fierce resistance war.

The conflict raged for years. Eventually, the empire's internal strife forced a peace treaty: the Female warriors suffered heavy losses, but the empire returned all occupied islands.

The war cost the empire immeasurable resources. Their sole "gain"? Uniting the once-divided Amazon tribes.

Worse, the Female warriors now eyed the wider world. They formed the Amazon Kingdom, crowned their war-heroine as queen, and embraced global trade.

Amazon Fisheries Company was their pivot from piracy. The queen deemed plunder unsustainable, so she state-funded this venture—ostensibly fishing, but in truth, a comprehensive business spanning robbery, salvage, escort, transport, and more.

Now, they traded actively via Liberl Port. Though no rival to giants like Golden Dragon Bank, they dominated South Harbor District.

Hattie, a deep-sea witch, had often clashed with these pirates in her youth—her true form all tentacles and jagged fangs.

Decades ago, scattered matriarchal tribes were easy prey. But now, united as a kingdom?

Raiding their flagship enterprise wasn't bold—it was suicide.

She vetoed firmly: "No. Attacking Amazons wouldn't just doom us. It'd drown the whole monastery."

Chapter 14: Chapter 14: Sophia's Generosity(Revised)

Sophia swallowed again. The nun's habit stopped wriggling, leaving only a face full of regret. "Alright."

Seeing Hattie's slightly stern expression, she added, "Truthfully, I don't know how to get money quickly. You know me, Hattie. I have no interest in money. So, I never paid much attention to memories about ways to earn it."

But then, after a pause, her tone suddenly shifted. "However, if you're truly in urgent need right now, I can lend you some."

As she spoke, she pulled out a deep green, translucent gem from a nearby pocket.

It was a flawless alexandrite—worth at least five hundred gold on the market!

Hattie's eyes instantly lit up, and Sophia smiled softly. "Is this enough? If not, I have more..."

She then produced a pristine black pearl, pressing it into Hattie's hand. "While draining people's memories in the past, I'd occasionally discover where they'd hidden their treasures. Since they'd never need them again, I... graciously accepted them on their behalf."

"If you need them, take them, dear Hattie. Sell them for a good price. Don't hold back."

Hattie's face brightened with joy. She rushed forward, arms outstretched, and hugged Sophia tightly. "Ah, my dear sister! You're absolutely wonderful!"

Yet, beneath the nun's habit, her arms rapidly elongated. Her fingers twisted into ink-green tentacles, slithering into Sophia's clothes to entwine with hers.

After living together in the monastery for so long, she knew exactly how to bring Sophia pleasure.

Sophia maintained her gentle smile, returning the embrace as her eyes half-lidded. "Ah, my good sister, it's nothing at all."

"As long as you help me after the next Night of the Witches... I'll be more than satisfied."

...

In the room, Charles carefully studied the table of contents in Quandrix Primer.

The book was divided into two main sections. The first covered the foundational mathematics and arcane knowledge required for initiates of the College of Quandrix. The second, however, held the true value of this expensive magical item.

The latter half contained esoteric text, sigils, diagrams, and color-blocked magic arrays—so complex they made Charles's head spin. These enabled the book to accumulate one charge of magical power daily. Its wielder could then consume this charge to cast the 1st-level spell Thunderwave by uttering a command word, with no prior study or training required.

Once the charge was expended, a spellcaster—even one who hadn't learned the spell—could recite another command phrase, channeling their own magic into the book to cast it.

The cryptic magic circles baffled Charles, but the instructions were clear. He itched to test the spell's might.

But alas, Thunderwave produced a thunderous boom audible for hundreds of meters—certain to draw the witches' attention. Forced to stifle his excitement, he redirected his focus to the book.

And so, an hour slipped away unnoticed.

"Whew..."

Sitting on the bed, Charles—his head throbbing—slumped as he set the hefty tome aside with a sigh. He closed his eyes, pressing his fingertips against his temples in slow circles.

Too abstract. What the hell kind of teaching material is this? Even worse than university textbooks in my previous life...

Damn it, is this thing actually meant to educate? Did they write it like this on purpose to keep students from learning?!

Resentment festered in his chest.

Truthfully, the mathematical content wasn't incomprehensible to him—not after over a decade as a small-town exam grinder.

But the sections on structuring spell models in the mind, akin to mathematical frameworks, were written as if...

I don't get it. I genuinely don't get a single word!

"First, visualize a regular icosahedron in your mind, connect each pair of geometric vertices, color every edge red or blue, then calculate all permutations..."

How?! How am I supposed to imagine something I've never seen—something this abstract?!

Agony. It was obvious that, with enough trial and error, he'd eventually grope his way toward understanding and master the examples provided.

But gods, the inefficiency!

And the sheer torment of the process!

After massaging his temples—granting his weary brain a brief reprieve—Charles reopened his eyes, resolve crystallizing.

I must find a way to improve my magic-learning efficiency.

Without a teacher to guide him, self-study yielded meager results. Fortunately, he already had a method to accelerate progress at his fingertips.

He summoned the system, navigating to the Construction tab. His gaze locked onto the Scriptorium blueprint as he scanned its details.

The system's description matched his memory of the game: this structure boosted occupants' learning speed for anything—magic, history, theology, natural philosophy...

And this was just a Tier 1 Scriptorium. As the monastery leveled up, it could evolve into an Archive or even a Grand Library, accommodating multiple learners simultaneously.

It was also the prerequisite for the troop-training structure Chamber of Contemplation—without it, players couldn't train recruited nuns into formidable Knowledge Domain pastors.

In short, a must-build. Charles yearned to construct it immediately, but doing so would force him to confront one glaring issue...

"Hattie?" he whispered softly to the space beyond, "are you still there?"

Whoosh—

A sudden breeze swept through the open window, and then, from the doorway, came Hattie's voice: "I'm here."

Creak—

The door swung open as she stepped inside, her tone lively, her beautiful eyes shimmering with unrestrained desire. "Is Master tired from studying? Would Hattie help you... relax?"

Her words alone sent a surge of heat straight to Charles' groin. His cock stiffened instantly, straining against his robes as her gaze lingered on the growing bulge. He fought to steady his breath, his voice tight with barely restrained need. "N-no, I—I actually wanted to ask... does the monastery have a scriptorium?"

Hattie's lips curled into a knowing smile as she closed the distance between them, her fingers trailing along the edge of his desk. "Mmm, it does," she murmured, her other hand already drifting toward his thigh. "But surely Master has more pressing needs first..."

Before he could protest, her delicate fingers found the hard length of his cock through the fabric, squeezing gently. Charles groaned, his resolve crumbling as she sank to her

knees before him. With practiced ease, she freed his throbbing erection, her hot breath teasing the swollen head before her tongue flicked out, lapping at the bead of precum already glistening there.

"H-Hattie—!" he choked out, but she ignored him, taking him deep into her mouth with a hungry moan. Her lips stretched around his girth as she bobbed her head, her tongue swirling along his shaft with every sinful pull. Wet, lewd sounds filled the room as she sucked him ruthlessly, her fingers kneading his balls, coaxing him closer to the edge.

When he could take no more, Charles gripped her hair, pulling her off with a gasp. "Enough—I need to fuck you. Now."

Hattie's answering grin was wicked as she rose, hiking up her skirts to reveal her glistening cunt, already dripping for him. "Then take what's yours, Master."

With a growl, he bent her over the desk, her ass pressed against his hips as he guided his cock to her soaked entrance. One sharp thrust buried him to the hilt, her tight walls clamping around him with a velvety heat that made his vision blur. He set a brutal pace immediately, fucking into her with deep, relentless strokes, each one drawing a wanton cry from her lips.

"Y-yes! Harder—ah! Use me, Master!" Hattie begged, her back arching as he pounded into her, the desk creaking beneath them.

Charles could feel his release building, his balls tightening as her cunt squeezed him like a vice. With a final, savage thrust, he came hard, his cock pulsing as he emptied himself inside her, her name a ragged groan on his lips.

Hattie shuddered beneath him, milking every last drop until he was spent. As he pulled out, his cum spilled from her well-used pussy, dripping onto the floor between them. She turned, licking her lips as she admired the mess. "Mmm... Master's taste is divine."

Charles exhaled shakily, his body still thrumming with satisfaction. "You're... insatiable."

Her laughter was light, even as her fingers dipped between her thighs, gathering his seed to bring to her mouth. "Only for you."

Chapter 15: Chapter 15: New Construction – Scriptorium

Though these witches gathered to cover for each other while preying on humans, they still maintained appearances. At the very least, this monastery had a scriptorium—a place meant for nuns to study scriptures and train.

So, Hattie nodded. "There is one, but... I've never been there. No one goes there, really. I doubt it's even been cleaned..."

She hesitated, embarrassed. "Does the Master wish to visit? Please allow me to clean it first before guiding you—"

Charles brightened at once. "No need. Take me there directly."

Hattie didn't refuse. After helping him dress, they stepped out, crossed a corridor, and soon arrived at the monastery's lone small scriptorium.

The door clearly hadn't been opened in ages. As soon as it creaked ajar, dust cascaded from the frame. Charles reflexively covered his nose and stepped back, waiting for the cloud to settle before peering inside.

On the sunlit side of the room stood two spacious desks, each with a pen holder holding a few quills and an inkwell—all buried under thick dust. Clearly, no one had used this place in years.

The opposite side held two massive bookshelves packed with religious tomes and hymns dedicated to the Goddess of Life. Yet most books were pristine, never once opened.

Looking at this dirty scriptorium, Hattie's expression suddenly became more ashamed and she couldn't help but lower her head, but Charles' expression became more satisfied.

Good. Very good.

The witches were too busy playing with their captured humans or hunting new prey to come here. Perfect for his secret growth!

"Let's go in," he said, stepping forward despite the grime. Hattie followed, suppressing disgust—as a deep-sea witch, she loathed dust and adored clean, damp spaces.

But she wouldn't suffer long. Charles opened his system, selected [Scriptorium Construction], and merged it with the room—

Buzz——

Purifying white light flared, instantly scouring away the filth. Within seconds, the room was spotless.

Now, he could feel it—this room was an extension of himself. A mere thought would send any book flying to his hand, opening to the exact page he desired.

Perfect.

He approached a desk. A fresh notebook leapt from the shelf to his right. The quill on the desk dipped itself in ink, then floated into his grip, ready for notes.

Such seamless automation lifted his spirits, washing away fatigue and irritation.

Hattie watched him with adoration, then suddenly stepped back. "If the Master plans to study here, shall I take my leave?"

"Yes." Charles nodded, eager to begin. "Go ahead. I'll learn alone."

Hattie bowed, gently shutting the now-silent, dust-free door behind her, and hurried off.

She planned to trade the translucent gem and alexandrite for coin, then spend it all on spellbooks for her Master.

As her footsteps faded, Charles sat in the sunlit scriptorium, spellbook in hand. His mind was razor-sharp, every convoluted description, every intricate formula, every abstract magical model unfolding with effortless clarity.

Oh... So that's it. That's what the author meant—

Marvelous. He was beginning to understand everything!

With his strong mathematical foundation, Charles didn't need to study like an ordinary College of Quandrix student. All he lacked was mana—and the ability to weave math into spells.

And at his core, he was a warlock. His magic power flowed from Hattie, leaving him no shortage of energy. Now, with the scriptorium's aid, mastering true spellcasting was only a matter of time.

The sun passed its zenith, tilting westward. Time slipped by unnoticed—even mealtime came and went. Yet Charles, lost in the world of magic, remained oblivious. He devoured the Knowledge of magic voraciously, like parched earth soaking up a sudden downpour.

Finally, after two hours, he constructed his first self-taught spell within his mind.

"Mage Armor..."

With the incantation on his lips, Charles held the spellbook in his left hand and gently touched his body with his right. Instantly, a protective magical force field enveloped him, shielding his form.

Success!

Everything had fallen into place. Feeling the stable, resilient barrier around him, Charles could hardly suppress the urge to burst into laughter.

Though the moment he formed the magical pact with Hattie, he had automatically learned the 1st-level spells Create Water and Destroy Water due to their shared connection. Yet back then, he hadn't felt nearly as exhilarated as he did now.

The reason was simple—those spells had been gifted by Hattie, not earned through his own diligent study, leaving him with no sense of accomplishment. Moreover, those spells were merely utilitarian magic, offering him no protection whatsoever.

Learning Create Water and Destroy Water had done nothing to enhance his combat prowess. Thus, he still felt no real security, and naturally, his excitement had been muted.

But now, with Mage Armor mastered, one thing was certain—ordinary cold weapons could hardly harm him!

The protective strength of Mage Armor was comparable to a well-crafted suit of chainmail. Once cast, ordinary slashes, blunt strikes, and the like would no longer pose a threat.

Yet it was far lighter and more transparent, perfectly covering every inch of his body—even his eyes—leaving no gaps or weaknesses exposed!

From this day forward, the weapons of ordinary folk would scarcely touch him.

Ah, from today onward, I too am truly one of the elite, one in a hundred.

He reveled in the thought, but his joy was short-lived. His stomach betrayed him with an unruly growl—Gurrrgle—

Hunger struck abruptly, and only then did he realize how late it had gotten—he hadn't even eaten lunch.

Ah, perhaps this was what Tao Yuanming meant by "When comprehension dawns, joy makes one forget to eat."

Who would've thought I'd ever experience such a thing...

With a self-deprecating chuckle, he turned toward the door and called softly, "Hattie?"

But there was no response.

Frowning slightly, he remembered—Oh right, Hattie went out. She still hasn't returned.

Should he wait for her?

For safety's sake, he truly didn't want to leave the scriptorium without the witch accompanying him. Yet the moment he sat back down, hunger pangs surged through him relentlessly, pounding at his temples, making it impossible to stay still.

Hiss... No good. The toll of learning magic was too heavy—he couldn't endure this.

At this moment, he almost missed his previous life—the days of overtime and erratic schedules that left him with poor digestion, never feeling hungry on time.

Turns out, having too strong a digestive capacity isn't always a good thing...

Charles mused wryly, but there was no helping it. This was the price of efficiency.

Over the past few hours, his entire body had been operating at peak performance—his stomach writhing and digesting, his heart pumping blood, transporting vast amounts of oxygen and nutrients straight to his brain, enabling him to learn his first spell so quickly.

Now, the bill had come due. Hunger gnawed at him fiercely, leaving him lightheaded and frantic.

Finally, unable to bear it any longer, he gazed out the window at the monastery's serene surroundings—and a bold idea took shape in his mind.

The witches seemed absent. It was just a short distance—sneaking to the kitchen to cook a meal couldn't be that risky, right?

Besides, the kitchen would be empty. Once there, he'd be safe. The chances of running into a witch were slim...

The lingering thrill of mastering Mage Armor had left him brimming with confidence. After triple-checking that the coast was clear, he took a deep breath, steeled himself, pushed open the door, slipped out, closed it behind him—and felt his heart hammering wildly.

Gotta move fast!

Without another thought, he turned on his heel, tiptoed as quietly as possible, and sprinted toward the kitchen—

Huff—

The monastery wasn't large, and the scriptorium wasn't far from the kitchen. His frantic dash took less than half a minute—naturally, no one noticed him.

Perfect!

He exhaled slowly, his heart settling back into place as he wiped the nervous sweat from his brow. Then, he pushed open the kitchen door—

And there she was.

A petite figure draped in a nun's robe stood in the kitchen, curiously examining her surroundings.

At the sound of the creaking door, she turned—her striking purple-red eyes locking onto his with icy precision.

It was none other than the Blade Witch who harbored a murderous intent toward him—
Ruth!