

Witch Monastery

#Chapter 41: Level 4 Warrior - Read Witch Monastery Chapter 41: Level 4 Warrior

Chapter 41: Chapter 41: Level 4 Warrior

Charles followed the trail of blood, walking at a steady pace. Not that he wanted to walk—his stamina was spent, leaving him incapable of running another step.

So, he trudged forward, using the time to recover what little strength he could.

Soon, however, he realized haste wasn't necessary. The night was so still that the screams of Ruth's victims carried far. All he had to do was follow the sound to locate her.

Assured of this, he relaxed, moving at a deliberate pace while closing in on the battlefield.

Yet as he advanced toward the port, the clashing forces were also shifting—straight toward him.

BANG—

"Agh—!"

A woman's shriek erupted from the intersection ahead. A tall silhouette staggered backward.

Charles froze, sharpening his gaze—then blinked in surprise.

Amazons?

Were Amazon Fisheries Company the ones fighting Xanathar's Guild?

Uncertain, he watched as a burly man swung a heavy hammer, lunging forward. The weapon crashed into the woman's skull with a sickening—

THUD—!

Her head burst like a melon. The body crumpled, lifeless.

Witnessing the kill firsthand sent Charles's blood roaring, his pulse spiking.

This... this was real murder.

Too brutal...

His heart hammered. Then, the brute slowly turned—and locked eyes with him.

Only then did Charles notice the man's one-eyed visage, twisted with battle fury. Instinctively, he retreated half a step, dropping into a fighting stance, gaze wary.

Across from him, One-Eyed tightened his grip on the heavy hammer, muscles coiling. His lone eye scrutinized the newcomer.

White hair. Young. Handsome. Cheap clothes. Clutching a spellbook...

The description matched. This was the mage hired by the Zhentarim!

Damn those Zhentarim—always causing trouble at the worst possible moment!

He already knew tonight's chaos had been primed by the Zhentarim as revenge against Xanathar's Guild. So clearly, this mage was here to attack them!

Better eliminate him first!

With that thought, he growled low: "Stay back! Go support the commander—this one's beyond you lot!"

As a Level 4 Warrior, he'd fought in large-scale guild wars across other districts alongside the guild's elite. He'd seen mages in action before—hell, he'd even crushed a few beneath his heavy hammer!

Sure, those were large battles with plenty of backup, but that experience had stripped away any mystique around the mage class. At the very least, he wouldn't cower just because of some fancy title!

More importantly, he knew ordinary people were useless against a mage. They'd only get in the way. This fight was his alone.

Across from him, Charles heard distant screams—Ruth was close. Retreat wasn't an option.

His brow furrowed. Trouble. But he didn't hesitate. Raising his hand, a circular magic ring materialized midair as an invisible surge of energy lanced out—

One-Eyed twisted aside, dodging the Eldritch Blast with a jerk of his head. Then his leg muscles coiled, propelling him forward like an enraged bear!

Charles backpedaled two steps and fired another Eldritch Blast, but One-Eyed bounded sideways, evading effortlessly before charging again—heavy hammer aimed straight for his chest—

No time to think. Charles crossed his arms defensively and spat the incantation: "Shield!"

BANG—!

Both spells consumed two spell slots, yet while Mage Armor provided protection equivalent to chainmail for eight hours, Shield compressed all that energy into a mere six seconds!

One could only imagine how formidable its defensive power became in that instant!

An invisible barrier materialized, blocking the Heavy Hammer's impact. The Blade Ward sigil shattered, and Armor of Agathys retaliated—a surge of biting cold traveled up the heavy hammer, frosting One-Eyed's arms white as a corpse's!

Yet despite this, the sheer force of the blow still sent Charles stumbling back several steps before he regained his footing.

Still too weak... Even as a spellcaster, his frail physique remained a crippling disadvantage.

Catching his breath, Charles wasted no time. Clutching his spellbook, he drained its remaining charge and unleashed Thunderwave—

BOOM—!

The deafening detonation echoed across the entire port district. The concussive blast hurled One-Eyed backward, sending him tumbling across the ground before he finally skidded to a stop.

Safe... for now.

Charles exhaled, wiping fresh sweat from his brow. Truthfully, despite the Heavy Hammer's devastating momentum, the layered protections had left him unscathed.

He quickly renewed Blade Ward, False Life, and Armor of Agathys, depleting his remaining spell slots—but he remained calm. A few minutes of stalling would let his spell slots replenish naturally.

Ahead, One-Eyed rose again, gripping his heavy hammer. Though his arms were frostbitten and the Thunderwave had flung him brutally, the Level 4 Warrior shrugged it off like nothing, flashing a taunting grin: "Running low on Mana already?"

Charles smirked. "More than enough to handle you."

He maintained his guarded stance, mentally tracking the time and his recovering Spell Slots.

"Let's test that," One-Eyed growled, crouching like a stalking tiger while pressing the psychological assault. "Mages aren't invincible. I've crushed a dozen like you—snapped their bones, squeezed out the marrow—"

Then—a distant scream cut through the night:

"LOOK OUT! THAT MONSTER'S HEADING YOUR WAY!"

One-Eyed whirled, face draining of color. "WHAT?!"

There it was—the hulking monster, its grotesque form studded with Agony-twisted faces, charging straight at him like a waking nightmare.

Pure terror seized him.

How?! It was supposed to be lured toward the Amazons! Why is it coming for ME?!

Chapter 42: Chapter 42: The Dawn of Counterattack

At the edge of the port, Kendrz, the Guild Commander of Xanathar's Guild, had been cautiously watching the monster's movements, worried its attention might shift back to him.

Yet, to his utter surprise, the creature abruptly abandoned all its current targets and charged in another direction.

What had happened?

He squinted into the distance, spotting only his most capable lieutenant—the one-eyed—who seemed to have been trampled by the monster. His fate remained unknown.

Further away, a white-haired, slender silhouette—slender by his own standards—was fleeing for its life.

Was the monster chasing that White-haired person?

Who was he?

Kendrz didn't know. But for now, the greatest threat had vanished. Suppressing his bewilderment, he signaled his men to retreat, putting distance between themselves and the Amazon women as they warily faced off.

Then, as he looked down at the decapitated corpses littering the ground, his heart bled.

Such heavy losses!

Not only were the goods gone, but so many of his subordinates had fallen. How could he possibly explain this to his superiors?

He longed to break through the Amazons' blockade, storm the port, and search the cargo for his missing shipment.

But...

A glance at his gangsters told him everything. Their faces bore the relief of survivors, their morale shattered. There would be no rallying them for another assault.

He couldn't defy their will. Losing the shipment meant financial penalties, but losing his men—or their loyalty—would cripple his influence for years.

Yes, he was a formidable warrior, but a mere enforcer for the guild would never command the same privileges as a leader.

With a final glare at the sky, he snarled, "Retreat!"

Meanwhile, Porter, the Amazon female executive, noticed with astonishment that the colossal monster's attention had been drawn away by a white-haired youth.

She remained wary of Kendrz's forces, but soon realized—they were retreating?

Good. This was acceptable. Though Kendrz himself escaped, he had been dealt a heavy blow. Tonight's losses were manageable. It was time to cut their losses.

Amazon Fisheries was a legitimate company. Unlike Xanathar's Guild, they couldn't slaughter indiscriminately—at least not without a plausible excuse.

Now, with this monster, all the deaths and the losses of so many female warriors could be pinned on her. No one would hold them accountable.

Thinking this, she raised her left hand and shouted, "We're pulling back too!"

The female warriors withdrew immediately. The bodies of their fallen comrades would be handled by the company's corpse collectors. Soon, not a single living soul remained in the area—only hundreds of severed heads, congealed blood, and countless corpses.

But no one was left to witness this gruesome scene. The only living person still present, Charles, was currently fleeing for his life, utterly terrified, as Ruth chased him down!

Damn it! Wasn't she far away just a moment ago? How did she spot me so fast?!

He didn't know. But right now, his spell slots weren't fully restored, so his only option was to run!

Yet he knew this couldn't last. His stamina was draining fast, and if this dragged on, he was dead. So...

He had to fight back!

Stay calm, Charles. Hadn't you already planned for this?

Don't panic. Hold on a little longer. Once your spell slots recharge, you can find an opening and purified her!

With this thought, he kept running, taking sharp turns to widen the distance between himself and Ruth, buying time while layering defensive spells over himself.

Soon, his body was fully warded, his spell slots gradually refilling—but his stamina was nearly gone, his lungs burning as if about to explode.

Success or failure hinged on this moment!

Dashing around another corner, Charles leaned against a blood-smeared wall, listening to the growls and metallic clashing behind him. He took a deep breath, steeled his courage, and silently chanted, "Shield." Then, encased in protection, he whirled around—

And in a daze, he saw what looked like a guillotine before him, its massive, razor-sharp blade suspended high above—with his neck positioned right beneath it!

This was Ruth's attack pattern. She meant to take his head!

Now!

Though his vision swam with illusions, his consciousness remained clear. He thrust out a hand, pressed it against the base of the guillotine, and growled, "Purification!"

Buzz—

A milky light flared, instantly enveloping Ruth's entire body. Surging power flooded through the white radiance, and in an instant, Charles felt all his exhaustion vanish.

Ah...

What a wondrous sensation. Just like the first time he'd used purified on Hattie.

"Aaaah—!"

Ruth let out a piercing shriek—and the guillotine's blade came crashing down!

Clang—!

BANG—!

In an instant, all his layered protections - Shield, Blade Ward, False Life, and Armor of Agathys - shattered completely. The blade struck the back of his neck, sending waves of excruciating pain through his body!

"Ugh—!"

He couldn't help but groan as he watched the milky light of purified envelop Ruth, though it was still far from complete. The guillotine blade rose high again, ready to fall a second time!

No time to wait. If he stayed here any longer, he'd lose his head!

With this thought, he immediately released his grip and turned to continue fleeing.

His current state felt excellent - no panic in his heart, no pain in his lungs, all muscle soreness completely gone. He felt like he could easily run another five kilometers without difficulty!

Meanwhile, Ruth, while still fearsome in demeanor, had clearly slowed down compared to before!

So this so-called purified was actually stealing her power, wasn't it?

Thinking this, he pulled out another spellbook while running, casting Cure Wounds on himself. The terrible pain in his neck disappeared as the wound healed, and in moments he was back at peak condition.

This realization made his spirits soar.

Excellent, the effects were remarkable. At this rate, a few more purified and he'd have Ruth firmly tamed!

Fortunately, the Night of the Witches lasted a full thirteen hours - plenty of time remained, and the slums were large enough to allow for prolonged cat-and-mouse games.

Don't be fooled by my current embarrassing appearance - in truth, the advantage is mine!

He kept running, maintaining distance from Ruth, trying to wear down her strength through attrition.

Chapter 43: Chapter 43: The Tables Turn

Charles fled desperately through alleys and corridors.

Meanwhile, high above the rooftops of the area he'd just escaped, two lean figures clad in black trench coats hovered in midair. Each held a book, murmuring to themselves as they recorded their observations:

"Confirmed: The Cassalanter Family's operatives have significant conflict with the Amazons. Anticipate major obstacles to their future operations in the South Harbor District..."

"The Cassalanter Family's incompetence is evident. The Illusionist's Bracers were confirmed lost before reaching port."

"We must reassess the Cassalanter Family's capabilities and their potential future value to us..."

Though phrased differently, their rapidly scribbled notes conveyed identical conclusions.

With their work complete, they finally turned their attention back to the battle below—to Ruth and Charles.

When they saw him risk everything to purify Ruth with that milky radiance, both were stunned. One even gasped aloud: "What manner of power is that?"

"Unknown. Let me see." The other raised a hand, performed a few simple gestures, and uttered brief incantations. Suddenly, vivid blue light erupted from his eyes.

Had he taken more time with complex hand signs and lengthy incantations, he could have significantly reduced the spell slot consumption.

But just as Charles enjoyed endless spell slot replenishment tonight, these two had no need to conserve their resources either.

The blue gaze swept over Charles. After a moment, the observer made a surprised sound: "It seems to be... an utterly unique energy. Beyond my comprehension—likely an innate bloodline power!"

His companion was astonished. "Even you can't decipher it? Then this human truly possesses an exceptional bloodline..."

A thought occurred to him: "Should we assist him? Given his current state, his spell slots must be nearly exhausted."

A reasonable assumption. They'd monitored the battle closely, yet Charles hadn't cast a single 2nd-level spell.

This suggested an extremely low spellcaster level. Combined with the night's relentless combat, his spell slots had to be depleted.

This was a reasonable assumption. They had been observing the battle below, yet Charles hadn't cast a single 2nd-level spell.

This indicated his spellcaster level must be extremely low. After such intense combat, his spell slots were surely depleted.

After a pause, the first observer added, "I believe this talent and bloodline alone make him an excellent candidate as our new contact in the Material Plane. Don't you agree?"

They were envoys from Cania, the Eighth Hell—two cambions of noble bloodline. Their mission was to assess their current partners' capabilities while scouting for a new advocate.

That brief encounter in the slums days ago had drawn their attention to Charles' remarkable Charisma. They'd noted his potential talent, thinking with proper cultivation, he might become a valuable ally.

Back then, they'd been preoccupied evaluating their existing contacts. Yet fate had brought them here today.

"I think he's perfect," the other grinned. "And capturing such a powerful monster as a bonus would greatly please Lord Mephistopheles."

"He's about to break. Let's move!"

"The usual method?"

"Yes, the usual method! Quickly now—delay any longer and the Blackstaff's agents will arrive!"

With their decision made, they sprang into action. One began an elaborate series of gestures, chanting lengthy, arcane incantations.

The other positioned himself directly above Charles and uttered a brief incantation—

On the ground, Charles had just finished recasting False Life when his foot suddenly caught on something invisible. His body lurched forward uncontrollably.

Thud!

He hit the dirt hard, thankful at least for the soft earth cushioning his fall.

But the consequences were dire—Ruth was now right behind him!

Damn it all! Of all times to trip!

Regret flooded him, but it was too late. Ruth loomed over him as the guillotine illusion materialized overhead, its massive blade descending!

Charles' heart leapt to his throat as he scrambled back, desperately chanting: "Shield!"

Buzz—

BANG—!

The protective barrier formed just as the blade struck. All his defensive magic shattered instantly. White-hot pain shot through his thighs, forcing a grunt through clenched teeth: "Ugh—!"

Thank the gods he'd bought enough time—without that Shield, his legs would have been severed clean off!

Yet even so, the agony burning through his legs made one thing painfully clear: he couldn't run anymore.

That single stumble had ruined everything. Now he'd lost any chance of prolonging this fight.

Was this how it ended? Killed by Ruth?

No. Never. He refused to accept that!

Time for a final stand!

"Purification!"

With a roar, he grabbed the transmogrified guillotine. Blinding milky radiance erupted, engulfing Ruth completely.

Buzz—————

"Roooooar—!"

The purifying white light penetrated the monstrous flesh, searing into her very soul. Ruth's massive form convulsed violently.

The chaotic magic from beyond the world that had corrupted her was being rapidly purged. Her polluted, maddened soul began regaining consciousness—like waking from a deep coma, confused and disoriented.

I... why am I here?

Why... did I kill so many...?

So empty... I just want to return to my Master's embrace...

Ah... there he is... right before me...

Wait—no!

As the last traces of chaotic magic were cleansed, Ruth's muddled consciousness suddenly snapped into sharp focus.

How could I think such things?!

It's him—this man!

He's altering my very mind! Trying to turn me into some pathetic, sniveling fool!

Die! Just DIE!

The guillotine's blade rose again—but to her horror, Ruth found her strength draining rapidly. What remained was barely a tenth of her full power!

He's not just rewriting my mind... he's stealing my strength?!

Whoosh—!

She swung the guillotine blade with all her might, but now even the injured Charles could easily dodge with a simple backward roll!

"Haa—!" Charles exhaled sharply as he steadied himself. Ignoring his bleeding legs, he stared ahead in astonishment.

Ruth... has weakened this much?

This is my chance! One final Purification should finish this!

Gritting his teeth against the pain, he forced himself upright, preparing to charge—

—only to see the witch take a sudden step back...

Then turn...

And sprint away at full speed!

Charles stood frozen, dumbfounded.

No way.

She's... running away?!