

Witch Monastery

#Chapter 44: Devil's Apostle(Revised) - Read Witch Monastery Chapter 44: Devil's Apostle(Revised)

Chapter 44: Chapter 44: Devil's Apostle(Revised)

Ruth had regained her senses. Only a fool wouldn't flee now.

She clearly understood—that white-haired human possessed the power to alter a witch's very consciousness. Hattie must have fallen victim to him by careless mistake!

Now weakened beyond combat capability, her only option was escape.

Find a hiding place. Wait out the Night of the Witches. Regain full strength. Then make him pay.

Ruth swore upon her soul—when that time came, she'd make him experience the most agonizing, most terrifying death imaginable!

With this vow, her massive form barreled through the slums. Behind her, Charles stood momentarily dumbstruck before lurching into pursuit.

One step.

White-hot pain shot through his wounded leg, nearly toppling him. A silent curse burned in his mind: Damn it!

Gritting his teeth, he fumbled for his spellbook. Cure Wounds—that's what he needed to run again.

But no—his spell slots hadn't replenished!

Three attempts yielded nothing but frustration. Another muttered oath escaped as he slumped back, minimizing movement to prevent further injury while waiting for his magic to return.

Two minutes. She can't get far in two minutes...

Above, the two trench-coated observers exchanged stunned glances.

"Could I have misjudged?" murmured the first. "Is he actually a high-level spellcaster who simply never learned second-circle magic?"

By his count, the youth had already cast seven or eight first-level spells tonight. Even with magical artifacts, his reserves should be exhausted.

"How does he still have mana for so many protective spells?"

"Incredible," the other murmured. "What is that power? To think he not only kept both legs but actually drove the monster away!"

Their original script had been simple:

tripping Charles with subtle magic

Let the monster sever his legs

Watch him bleed into unconsciousness

Step in, immobilize the monster

Offer their contract to the desperate human

Even when Charles blocked the first attack, the cambions remained unconcerned. The wounded boy couldn't run. The next strike would finish him.

Yet against all expectations, that strange milky energy had enabled an extreme counterattack!

Now the prey chased the hunter!

Truly... unbelievable!

As they watched the recovered Charles pursue the fleeing monster, the leaner figure asked quietly: "Well, Regolas? Do we proceed?"

The other cambion pondered briefly before nodding. "Proceed. You immobilize the monster. I'll persuade him to sign. Even if he refuses, Lord Mephistopheles will appreciate capturing such a specimen..."

"Agreed!"

The two figures soared after Ruth's distant form.

On the ground, Charles' two-minute wait ended. A whispered "Cure Wounds" mended his injuries, and the chase began anew.

Though faster than the weakened Ruth, he had to carefully follow her chaotic trail—twisting through alleys, terrified of losing her.

Close now. She's exhausted. Can't have gone far...

Rounding a corner, his heart leapt. There—Ruth's massive form wriggled weakly ahead, her strength nearly spent!

Yes! Finally, you're mine!

He surged forward—

—just as an incantation boomed from above:

"Hold Monster!"

Ruth's massive form froze instantly.

Charles blinked in shock as a lean figure in a black trench coat descended beside him. "Whew—just in time!"

The stranger turned with a benevolent smile. "Well done, young man! To hold off such a creature for so long..."

"You've protected Liberl Port's citizens! A true hero of the city! Such righteousness is rare. Tell me, young man, what's your name?"

The sudden praise left Charles stunned.

This tone... this demeanor... Could he be one of the port's high-ranking officials?

Since when did Liberl's peacekeepers respond so quickly? They usually arrived only after the dust settled.

Had tonight's chaos been severe enough to rouse even their kind?

Hiss... Then how can I tame Ruth now?

A thousand suspicions raced through his mind as he maintained wary courtesy, bowing slightly. "Nigel Charles. And you are...?"

The lean figure's smile never wavered. "Regolas, a mage from Blackstaff Tower. Fear not—I'm here to resolve this matter."

He gestured to the emblem embroidered on his coat, the movement meant to reassure.

Blackstaff Tower—the mage organization safeguarding Liberl Port. They intervened only during major crises or foreign invasions.

Their exact numbers were unknown. Some said five hundred, each a master of at least third-level spells and multiple metamagic feats—truly elite mages!

Ordinary citizens rarely glimpsed them, but none doubted their honorable standing.

Most young apprentices would be awestruck. Yet hearing "Regolas," Charles' pupils contracted sharply.

Damn it! An imposter! I knew Liberl's response teams weren't this efficient!

Regolas—an Archdevil from Cania's Eighth Layer, Mephistopheles' very apostle in the Material Plane. A cambion of formidable strength and utterly repulsive methods!

This guy likes to use some small actions to interfere with the player's tasks. When the situation deteriorates to an irreversible level, he suddenly comes out to help you out and blackmail you for a large sum of money. At the same time, the new players who don't know the truth have to thank him!

So, my tripping just now must not be an accident, it must be him!

What bad luck, how could I meet this guy!

Chapter 45: Chapter 45: The Bluff

Charles' face instantly became wary, as he silently took a step back while carefully choosing his words to brush him off: "I appreciate your rescue, Mage my lord. It's an honor to have earned your favor..."

Regolas' eyes flickered. His seasoned nature accurately caught the vigilance on Charles' face.

Immediately, he couldn't help but feel slightly confused: What's going on? Why is this little guy growing wary right after my introduction?

My name couldn't have been exposed, so...

This man must also have secrets—some past misdeeds—which is why he's reacting this way?

Hah, seems I miscalculated.

But... this might actually work out better.

Though it means I can't secure him tonight, in the long run, he might be an even more suitable candidate...

The corners of his mouth curled into a smile as he continued playing his original role, speaking kindly: "You seem injured. Come, let me take a look. I happen to know some healing spells."

With that, he stepped forward, reaching for Charles' wrist.

Charles reflexively retreated again, his brain racing. He didn't understand what this cambion wanted, but he knew one thing—whatever this guy planned, he was no match for him!

He couldn't let him touch him!

But fighting wasn't an option either—he'd lose instantly. So...

Bluff him!

The moment the thought struck, Charles quickly steadied himself, then suddenly roared: "Does the Eighth Layer have no standards anymore?!"

Instantly, Regolas stiffened, his gaze turning uncertain: "What did you say?!"

Never had he imagined that his top-secret true identity would be exposed so bluntly!

Who was he? How did he know?!

Charles stared intently at Regolas. Seeing the ever-smiling cambion so shaken, he knew his first move had succeeded.

Now, he had to press the advantage—scare him off for good!

"You... understand exactly what I mean," he deliberately drawled, speaking slowly to the fiend camouflaged as a human. "Stand down, Regolas. If you don't want your Master scolded and humiliated before the other seven Archdukes..."

"Then leave. Tonight. Fulfill your proper duties. I'll pretend none of this ever happened..."

He coaxed carefully, his forehead slick with nervous sweat. Opposite him, Regolas was equally drenched.

Who was he?

How did he know all this?

Could he be an agent sent by Lord Asmodeus... or one of the Archdukes to the Material World?

No, impossible—

His gaze locked onto Charles' face, swiftly dismissing the thought.

What kind of agent would be sent in the form of someone so strikingly handsome, someone who'd stand out as the center of attention anywhere?

Not just that, but...

His overheated brain gradually cooled, analyzing the situation with meticulous precision.

No, this guy...

He's bluffing!

Since when would an agent dispatched by an Archduke to the Material World possess such pitiful strength?

He'd just been trading blows with some lowly human warrior earlier, then nearly got himself killed by a rampaging monster!

This guy is definitely bluffing!

A suspicion took root in his mind, though he wasn't yet certain. His eyes gleamed with arcane light as he studied Charles, then spoke slowly, "So that's it. Thank you for the reminder, my lord. I'll take my leave at once."

"Though... why would my lord find himself alone in such peril tonight? The roads remain unsafe. Perhaps I could serve as your guard—"

Charles' brows snapped together. "Is that a question you're entitled to ask?!"

Even as he spoke, his brain raced. He knew these scraps of information alone wouldn't be enough to intimidate him. Frantically, he dredged up every scrap of the Archdevils' secrets he could recall, searching for anything usable to drive him off.

"I bear no ill will toward your Master, Regolas. But heed my warning—curb your curiosity. Don't meddle in affairs beyond your station." He paused, then delivered the blow: "After all, you wouldn't want Zariel learning every detail of your Master's plan to dam the River Styx in the First Layer, would you?"

The words struck like thunder. Regolas' mind went blank. He staggered back, lips parting, yet no sound emerged—as if an invisible hand had seized his throat. "You—!"

How could he possibly know about the Styx dam project?!

The River Styx, the primordial flow that had coursed through all realms since creation. The souls of the dead, if unclaimed by divine envoys, were carried along its currents, their memories purged before rebirth or damnation.

And within its depths—an immeasurable hoard of souls. Naturally, for devils hungering for soul-energy, it was the richest mine imaginable. Damming the Styx meant stealing the core interests of every Archdevil across the Hells. The operation demanded absolute secrecy; even he had only recently been informed!

So how... how did he know?!

Was he truly some big shot after all?

But why was his Strength so feeble? And why was there not a single bodyguard by his side?

No, impossible—just who was he? Initially thought to be just an ordinary mortal, yet unexpectedly entangled in matters of such magnitude...

His mind was in turmoil, his expression flickering between shock and suspicion. As a direct agent of the Archdevil of Cania, the Eighth Hell, Regolas was undoubtedly intelligent—and the smarter the guy, the more paranoid he became. Especially after hearing Charles' explosive revelations, his keen brain couldn't stop racing, with all sorts of bizarre conjectures erupting in his mind!

Given his words, he couldn't be a colleague... yet he knew the Master's secret plans. Could it be... was he an agent of the Queen of the Erinyes?

Or perhaps her newest consort?

He couldn't be sure, his thoughts in chaos—when suddenly, a voice rang out in his mind: "Regolas, why hesitate?"

"Never mind his words! Since your identity is exposed, just seize him, interrogate the truth, then purge his memory! Simple as that!"

Regolas' heart lurched—the suggestion was audacious in the extreme. Yet, staring at Charles standing alone and pitifully weak, this audacious idea took root in his mind, growing uncontrollably!

I'm protecting classified intelligence. Even if I make a mistake, my intentions are good—the Archduke won't blame me!

In that case...

Trembling, he raised a hand, preparing to cast a spell at Charles.

Opposite him, seeing Regolas still refusing to back down, Charles' heart leaped into his throat. The moment that hand lifted, his pupils constricted to pinpricks—

And in that instant, countless tendrils of black mist erupted from the ground. Thick, slimy, grotesquely enormous ink-green tentacles burst forth from the darkness, coiling around Regolas' body in an instant!

"Ghk—"

Dark energy surged through the tentacles, sucking at the cambion's magic and vitality, forcing an agonized snarl from his throat: "Hngh—hngh—HRRAAAAAGH—!"

Chapter 46: Chapter 46: Hattie Arrives

Seeing this scene, Charles couldn't suppress his astonishment.

What's happening? Who could possibly come to my aid at such a time?

Wait... could it be...?

Just as this speculation surfaced in his mind, a cheerful female voice suddenly echoed in his thoughts: "Master, are you alright?!"

He jerked his head up—and there, hovering in the air, was a massive, grotesque tentacled monstrosity, radiating an aura of darkness and ill omen, gazing down upon the battlefield.

Its horrifying visage was enough to haunt anyone's nightmares. Yet, at this moment, Charles felt no terror—only overwhelming warmth, his eyes nearly brimming with tears.

Because floating above him was none other than Hattie's true form!

The witch he trusted most, the one closest to him, had come to save him!

Thank goodness...

His tension eased—but ahead, Regolas, his life force being drained, abruptly chanted an incantation:

"Thunderwave!"

BOOM—!

A surge of energy erupted, the deafening blast shaking the entire South Harbor District and leaving Charles' ears ringing.

Naturally, this was the Thunderwave spell. And with it, the countless tentacles Hattie had summoned were severed, freeing Regolas from their grasp.

The explosion also tore through Regolas' clothing. A violent shockwave ripped his trench coat apart, revealing dark blue skin beneath—and a pair of bat-like wings sprouting from his back!

Whoosh—

Meanwhile, a sudden gale swept through. Then, a crimson-skinned cambion, wielding a spear, materialized mid-air, locking eyes with Hattie in a tense standoff.

Yet, even outnumbered two to one, Hattie showed no fear.

"Come at me if you dare!"

Charles, meanwhile, steadied his breathing. Knowing the danger wasn't over, he straightened his posture, his expression grave, and clasped his hands behind his back.

"I gave you two chances," he said coldly to the two cambions. "There won't be a third."

"Regolas, do you truly wish to see this through?"

Despite his bold words, his palms were slick with sweat.

Damn it all—why are there two of them?!

His mind raced. The fact that this guy could cast Hold Monster meant he was at least a ninth-level spellcaster. In a real fight, Hattie might not hold the advantage.

And with two opponents... The pressure coiled tighter in his chest. But there was no choice—he had to keep bluffing, to scare them off!

Fortunately, by this point, Regolas' suspicions had whittled down to one final question: Why does this man lack any self-protection?

Hattie's sudden appearance shattered even that last doubt.

Regolas hastily retreated a step, then bowed deeply, his head lowered in submission.

"This lowly Regolas has offended you, my lord!" he pleaded. "I beg your forgiveness—let tonight's events be as if they never occurred!"

At last—!

At last—!

They bought it!

Charles' heart finally settled, relief nearly bringing tears to his eyes.

But he couldn't let his guard down yet. With a dismissive wave, he muttered, "Begone."

Without hesitation, Regolas grabbed his still-stunned colleague and chanted:

"Dimension Door!"

Dimension Door—a fourth-level spell allowing instant teleportation up to five hundred meters away. A supremely useful escape tool.

As the glow of the spell faded, both cambions vanished.

Charles finally exhaled, his legs buckling as he nearly collapsed.

Above, Hattie's form descended rapidly, her body transforming mid-fall. In moments, she had shifted back into her youthful, radiant nun appearance, clad in a thick black habit.

Without a care for the filth on the ground, Hattie immediately knelt and helped him up, her voice thick with guilt.

"Master, are you alright? Forgive me... I came too late..."

Charles shook his head, reassuring her. "I'm fine. Thank the gods you're here, Hattie. But... how did you regain your senses?"

Hattie frowned slightly, equally puzzled. "I don't know. The excess chaotic magic infused into me just... vanished. I never lost control—only felt my magic reserves brimming, my condition perfectly stable."

"And when I sensed you were in danger, I rushed over immediately, without even taking the time to assume human form."

Hearing this, Charles blinked in surprise. Then, recalling how Ruth had shifted from frenzy to rationality—even retreating strategically—it suddenly clicked.

Ah. So the purification process also resolved the deepest agony in the witches' hearts.

Perfect.

His relief was cut short as Hattie's voice turned remorseful again. "I'm so sorry, Master. I didn't even realize my flaw had been mended... and still arrived so slowly, so late—"

Charles reached out, gently stroking her hair. "It's not your fault. The slums are crawling with gangs—clashes here are inevitable. I anticipated this much."

"Honestly, even with all these thugs brawling, everything was still under control. I could've handled it."

This was true. He'd already devised a plan to sustain combat while purifying Ruth—proven viable in practice.

Had Regolas not appeared, another hour of maneuvering would've been enough to fully purify Ruth.

Glaring at where Regolas had vanished, he gritted his teeth. "The only thing I didn't foresee... was an envoy of the Nine Hells showing up, targeting Ruth."

Those two were overwhelmingly powerful. Either alone could crush him utterly. That wildcard had derailed everything—without Hattie's timely arrival, he dreaded to imagine the outcome...

Shaking off the thought, he turned decisively. "Enough. Let's go purify Ruth now."

Behind them, with the cambions gone, the Hold Monster spell had dissipated. Ruth's hulking form had vanished, but Charles knew this weakened witch couldn't have gone far.

And with Hattie's aid? No chance she escapes.

Confident, he nodded. Hattie embraced him, softly chanting the Fly incantation. They rose steadily, scanning the terrain below for any trace of Ruth.

Yet—nothing.

Charles's brow furrowed. After a beat, he deduced: "She must've shrunk herself, hiding in one of these buildings."

"Which means she's close. Hattie, we'll split up and search!"

Chapter 47: Chapter 47: Purification, Complete!

Charles' prediction was absolutely correct. At this very moment, Ruth had shed the massive and terrifying form of her true body, reverting to the petite figure of a nun.

Now, she huddled in the corner of a dilapidated wooden shack in the slums, trembling.

The shack was cluttered with rotten wooden tables and chairs, the floor thick with dust. These things soiled her skirt, yet she paid them no mind. Using the debris as cover, she

silently prayed that the white-haired human and Hattie would not find her here—that she might survive the Night of the Witches unscathed.

She wanted to flee farther, to find a cleaner place to hide. But in her current weakened state, she had no strength left.

She couldn't run any further. So, she had no choice but to take refuge in this filthy little shack, hoping the two outside would pass her by.

Footsteps echoed outside, and Ruth's heart leapt into her throat. Then, she heard the white-haired human's voice:

"I've searched this area—nothing. Hattie, any luck on your end?"

Hattie's voice followed:

"I found a few boxes that might be linked to devils, but no sign of Ruth."

The man's tone turned disappointed: "Ah, I see. Then she must have fled far. No chance of finding her tonight. Let's give up for now."

Hattie agreed: "Right. Back to the monastery we go."

Success!

Ruth's heart swelled with triumph as the footsteps faded. She exhaled sharply—only for hatred to surge within her, her teeth grinding in silent fury.

Human... Hattie... Just you wait.

Once dawn came, once the Night of the Witches ended and her strength returned, she would ensure they both suffered the most agonizing deaths imaginable. She would flay them piece by piece, strip their flesh slice by slice—and make sure they remained conscious for every excruciating moment.

"Good evening, Ruth!"

A familiar voice rang out.

Ruth's head snapped up—and there they were.

Charles and Hattie hovered in midair, having slipped into the room unnoticed. They gazed down at her with faint smiles.

Her purple-red pupils shrank to pinpricks.

They never left?!

She understood now. They had known her location all along. Their earlier conversation? A lie—meant to lull her into lowering her guard.

"NO—!" Her eyes flared with fury, but her petite frame shrank back against the grimy wall, making her look almost pitiful. "Get away, lowly humans! Do not dare sully me with your filthy hands!"

Hattie drifted down beside her, her expression softening with something like regret.

"Don't be afraid, Ruth," she coaxed. "It will hurt at first, yes—but only for a moment. Once the pain passes, you'll understand. The way Master fills your soul, the way your life finally finds meaning... it's indescribably beautiful."

Her words were gentle, but her actions were not.

Even as she spoke, black mist coiled from her fingertips. Ink-green tentacles erupted from the shadows, wrapping around Ruth's slender form, pinning her in place.

Hattie continued, her voice soothing. "And the Night of the Witches—the terror that has haunted us for so long—will trouble you no more. Look at me. Am I not unharmed? More than that..."

She pressed a hand to her chest. "The magic within me is richer than ever. I've grown stronger. This is a blessing, Ruth. For all of us."

She spoke earnestly, hoping Ruth would embrace purification willingly.

But it was impossible.

Ruth thrashed in the tentacles' grip, her resolve unshaken. "I don't want this, Hattie! Can't you see? Your soul has been rewritten!"

Her voice trembled with rage. "I felt it—that twisted change! The joy of severing a human's head, of savoring their terror, their confusion, their despair—it was pure ecstasy! But under that human's control, I was made to believe it was a sin. That I must spend the rest of my life atoning!"

Her teeth clenched. "Worse, sister—I can't even think freely anymore! The moment I recalled my plans—slaughtering a child's family before their eyes, or a mother's children before hers—I was flooded with guilt. Such unbearable guilt that I wanted to tear my own heart out!"

Her gaze burned into Hattie. "How can you stand this? Remember who you were! You reveled in tormenting mortals! And now? Look at you—weak, docile, leashed to a pitiful mortal like a tamed beast!"

A desperate plea laced her words. "Don't you miss it? The thrill of breaking minds? The sweetness of draining souls? How can you bear this humiliation?"

She was fighting—not just against the tentacles, but for Hattie's allegiance. It was her only hope.

But Hattie's eyes held only pity.

"Not at all," she said softly. "That hollow, meaningless pleasure—I never wish to taste it again."

With a sigh, she added, "It seems I cannot convince you. Very well, my dear sister. But it matters not. Soon, you will thank me for the choice I've made on your behalf."

Turning, she bowed slightly to Charles, who still hovered midair. "She is completely subdued, Master. Please grant my sister true freedom... and happiness."

Charles nodded, descending beside Ruth. He reached out, his hand poised above her head.

Realizing all hope was lost, Ruth erupted into frenzied curses.

"You wretched, vile insect of a human! Theresa will uncover your secrets! And when she does, she will torment your soul in ways beyond cruelty—!"

Her voice cut off abruptly as a milky Purifying Light erupted, engulfing her entirely.

Her face twisted in agony. A wounded, animalistic whimper escaped her throat—but soon, even that faded. Her beautiful purple-red eyes glazed over, clouded with confusion, as if her very self had been erased.

At last, her head lolled to the side, and she sank into slumber.

Purification—complete.

Charles opened his System, watching his Purification Points skyrocket from 550 to 2000. He nearly laughed aloud.

1,450 points in a single night!

Every moment of this had been worth it.

Beside him, Hattie beamed with joy. "Congratulations, Master, on purifying Ruth!"

"It's too early to celebrate," Charles said, forcing down his exhilaration. He shook his head. "The danger isn't over. Blackstaff Tower's agents are surely already on their way. We must return to the monastery—only then will we be truly safe."

"Understood!" Hattie nodded. Her hands shifted back into tentacles, binding Ruth's limp form.

Then, under the cover of night—before Blackstaff Tower could arrive—they vanished into the shadows.

Chapter 48: Chapter 48: My Ruth (Part 1)

Just as Charles had remembered, it was only after he had left the slums and everything had settled that the investigators from Blackstaff Tower finally arrived, making their belated entrance into the South Harbor District's slums.

And the moment they stepped in, they were met with a sight that shook them to their core.

Nearly every street bore at least one corpse—heads severed from bodies, eyes wide with terror, scattered on either side of the roads. Blood painted the walls crimson, turning the scene into something straight out of the Abyss.

Near the port, where the worst of the conflict had taken place, lay close to a hundred bodies from all factions—innocent laborers, dockworkers, unmistakable gang members, and even the rare sight of Amazon warriors...

A grotesque harvest of heads littered the docks. The stench of blood still hung thick in the air, so overpowering it drowned out the port's usual reek of salt and fish. More than one Blackstaff investigator doubled over, retching.

This was undoubtedly one of the bloodiest massacres in Liberl Port's history. The higher-ups would be furious. Every major faction would dispatch their own agents to uncover the truth.

That much was clear to every Blackstaff investigator present. Swallowing their revulsion, they forced themselves to stay, scrambling to gather whatever traces remained—clues, evidence pointing to the monsters and the true culprits behind this slaughter.

And then, to their shock, they realized this was no accident.

Peeling back the layers of meticulous camouflage, they uncovered something far more sinister: Devils had a hand in tonight's events.

Soon, critical intelligence was classified as top-secret and rushed to the current Master of Blackstaff, awaiting her wisdom to unravel the deeper truth...

As the twin moons dipped below the western horizon, a pale dawn light crept across the eastern sky. The turbulent magic that had raged through the night finally settled, marking the end of the blood-soaked Night of the Witches.

Charles stirred awake, blinking as sunlight streamed through the curtains, casting golden stripes across his large bed. To his left and right, the witches Hattie and Ruth clung to his arms, their breathing slow and peaceful in deep slumber.

Exhausted beyond measure after their return to the monastery last night, he had succumbed to sleep the moment Hattie's Create Water spell began washing the grime from his body—remembering nothing of what followed.

Now, gazing at this improbable scene, he could scarcely believe it. The horrors of the previous night already felt like some fading nightmare, their terrors dissolved by daylight.

Yet the weight against his arm—Ruth's serene face pressed close—was no illusion. He had truly done it.

The realization tugged a smile to the corners of his mouth.

Seeing both girls still deep in slumber, he carefully extricated his arms without disturbing them. With a mental command, he summoned the System interface, calling up his status panel.

It was time to tally the Purification Points gained from Ruth's purification.

The System didn't disappoint. In the bottom-right corner of the panel, the bold numerals "2230" glared back at him.

His eyebrows shot up in surprise.

Wait, I distinctly remember it was exactly 2000 points last night. Where did these extra 230 come from?

Could there be another, unknown channel for acquiring Purification Points?

Pondering this, he tapped lightly on the words "Purification Points." Immediately, a detailed breakdown of all transactions appeared before his eyes:

Purified Ruth: +1450

Purified Hattie: +230

Charles's gaze fixed on the last entry, his eyes filled with confusion.

When did I purify Hattie again?

Unless... Could it be that the chaotic magic of the Night of the Witches had partially re-corrupted Hattie, and that secondary corruption was purified when we...

Holy shit. So not only does the Night of Witches grant unlimited mana regeneration for me and my witches, but it also provides bonus Purification Points?

Realizing this, his lips stretched into a wide grin as he peered through the curtains at the sky beyond.

Oh moons, if you could just move a little faster... How wonderful it would be if this came around every six months...

He was nearly beside himself with glee when suddenly, Ruth's eyelashes fluttered. Slowly, her eyes opened, their purple-red hues still clouded with confusion.

When her gaze focused on his face, she instinctively murmured:

"Master...?"

But then, as if remembering something, her pupils contracted. Her body slid sideways, tumbling to the floor, where she knelt deeply before Charles, pressing her forehead against the ground. "Forgive me, Master!"

"Last night... I dared to raise my hand against you, Master, and spewed such vile words—so arrogant, so ignorant, foolish as a worm!"

Her voice trembled with genuine remorse, even carrying a hint of tears. "I do not know how I can ever atone for my sins. I can only offer the rest of my life to you, in service and devotion..."

Charles rubbed his eyes, only now noticing that Ruth was still clad in her heavy nun's habit. She had slept in his bed fully dressed the entire night.

Seeing her now, wracked with agony and self-loathing, he couldn't help but recall the times she had terrified him—the searing pain in his eyes when she glared at him. A sigh escaped him. How fickle fate is.

Yet, he bore no hatred for her now. Watching her drown in guilt, he spoke softly, "Stand up. It's alright. This wasn't entirely your fault."

Ruth then raised her head, her eyes filled with tears. Her cold little face looked so pitiful that people couldn't help but want to love her, or bully her.

As luck would have it, after a full night's slumber, the dorm's magical construction had purged all fatigue from his body and mind. He felt invigorated, brimming with energy, his condition excellent.

So, looking at Ruth's exquisite features, the fire in his body was rising. Then he stretched out his fingers and gently pinched her delicate little nose: "Why did you sleep in your clothes? That can't be comfortable. Take off the habit."

The witch's cheeks flushed a tantalizing shade of crimson. "Master, I..."

She lowered her head, her shy demeanor unbearably cute. "I wished... to offer myself to you, Master... when Hattie wasn't present."

Charles suddenly understood. But before he could respond, Hattie's voice chimed in from behind. "Oh no, Ruth. That's far too sneaky of you."

Both turned to see that Hattie had awoken at some point. Naturally unclothed, her lithe figure was hidden beneath the sheets, save for her head peeking out—though she still clung to Charles' arm, nestled between her soft peaks. "Don't forget," she said, "for the longest time, I was the only one serving Master, all while keeping you lot from harming him."

"And now, after finally bringing you to your senses, you want to offer yourself to him without me watching? Unacceptable!"

She hugged Charles' arm tighter, pouting. "Master agrees, doesn't he? We can't let her get away with such audacity!"

Ruth paled, then bowed her head submissively. "Master may punish me as he sees fit. Ruth will accept it wholly, without reservation!"

Charles opened his mouth to decline, but a mischievous impulse took hold. "Hmm. Then... if you endure a little punishment obediently, I'll be very pleased."

Hattie glanced at his expression and swallowed whatever she'd been about to say.

After a month of sharing his bed—of deep nightly exchanges—she knew her Master's tastes well. That look meant he already had something fun in mind.

So she stayed quiet, content to watch the show.

Meanwhile, poor, naive Ruth—still innocent as a lily—gazed up with hopeful eyes. "Then, Master... what must I do?"

"It's actually very simple." Charles said softly, "Stand at the end of the bed and lift up your nun's habit. Oh, don't wear anything underneath."

Ruth's face was already red, but the next step was the most crucial part of Charles' punishment game: "Then use your fingers to make yourself sexually excited."

Chapter 49: Chapter 49: My Ruth (Part 2)

Instantly, Ruth's beautiful eyes widened, her shame unbearable: "Huh?! Th-this, I..."

Her face flushed so deeply it seemed blood might drip from it, looking utterly adorable.

After all, she was a terrifying witch born from a nation's shared suffering, a generation's collective agony, confusion, and suspicion toward royalty and the very concept of "nobility."

Naturally, she couldn't escape absorbing some of that era's fantasies about the "royal class"—such as an overwhelming sense of disgrace, an extreme susceptibility to "shame spurring action," and the like.

And Charles' current demand, to her, was nothing short of humiliating, utterly unacceptable!

Watching her flustered expression, Charles' lips curled slightly. Beside her, Hattie's eyes gleamed, gazing at her with keen interest before adding, "Well, Ruth? On the very first day, as one bearing sin, you'd defy your Master's command?"

Ruth immediately stammered, "I... of course not..."

"Then what are you waiting for?" Hattie pressed her advantage, the smile at the corners of her mouth growing more pronounced. "Begin already, dear Ruth. I can hardly wait!"

When it came to verbal sparring, few in the entire monastery could rival Hattie—Ruth stood no chance. Wronged to the point of tears, she stole a glance at Charles, only to find him smiling, with no intention of retracting his order.

Left with no choice, trembling, she slowly rose from the bed, stepped to the foot of it, and faced Charles and Hattie—though her head hung so low it nearly touched her chest. Her hands clutched the hem of her nun's habit, then began lifting it, inch by inch—

First revealed before them were a pair of petite, porcelain feet, so exquisite they could drive any foot enthusiast to madness. Each of Ruth's toes resembled a glistening pearl, plump and translucent, while her nails shimmered in a deep purple-red, dotted with starlight.

Higher up, emerging gradually from beneath the heavy black nun's habit, were her flawless calves, the delicate curve of her knees, the smooth, tender flesh of her thighs, and beyond—

It was a modest white cotton undergarment—after all, unlike Hattie, Ruth would never dare wear nothing beneath her nun's habit.

Charles spoke then: "Hattie, help her hold up the nun's habit."

"Gladly!" Hattie responded eagerly. She slipped under the covers and emerged moments later, now properly clad in her own heavy nun's habit, her expression solemn, her steps measured. Radiating an air of sanctity, she moved behind Ruth, raised both hands, and lifted the hem of the habit.

Freed of the burden, Ruth bit her lower lip, her fingertips gripping the sides of her undergarment before slowly pulling it down.

And so, everything was laid bare before them.

She lifted one leg, peeling away one side of her panties, then repeated the motion with the other. The movement's natural amplitude allowed Charles an unobstructed view of her exquisite form.

Ruth bit her lower lip, trembling as her left hand ventured downward. The pad of her middle finger tentatively covered her most sensitive flesh, beginning slow, unskilled circles. "Ngh..."

A soft moan escaped her lips at first contact - this being her maiden exploration of her own body.

Hattie considerably lifted the nun's habit higher, revealing more ivory skin: the delicate curve of her waist, the tantalizing dip of her navel...

Ruth's right hand rose shakily to cup her breast, fingers kneading the tender flesh. "Ahh..."

Since becoming human, these sensitive areas had remained untouched - even by herself. Now this first stimulation, performed before Charles' watchful gaze, sent electric shocks of pleasure through her body. Her muscles tensed violently, thighs pressing together.

Yet she knew this wasn't enough. After several circling motions, her slender middle finger descended toward her moistening entrance. "Nn—ah!"

A melodic cry burst from her throat before being forcibly suppressed, her face flushing crimson with mingled arousal and embarrassment.

"No need to restrain yourself, Ruth," Charles murmured. "Let me hear you."

As if his words broke some invisible seal, Ruth's breathing grew heavier with each movement of her hands. "Mmm... Master..."

Finding her rhythm, her motions gained confidence despite her burning shame. "Master... like this... I..."

Her back arched involuntarily, waist lifting from the bed until Hattie's supporting hands prevented her from tumbling backward. Then her legs gave out entirely, knees buckling as she collapsed onto the mattress. "Master... I can't... it's too much..."

Now supine, she gazed up at Charles with desperate eyes. Internal fire consumed her - every nerve ending alight, muscles twitching with unbearable need. Her inexperienced fingers could never satisfy this overwhelming emptiness!

Charles needed no further invitation. Replacing her trembling hand with his own skilled fingers, he stroked her dripping folds.

Ruth's abdomen contracted violently. "Aah! Master, I'm—!"

Her first climax crashed over her with shocking intensity, vaginal walls pulsating around his fingers as warm nectar gushed forth. Charles brought his glistening digits to her lips, watching her pink tongue clean them obediently while her clitoris remained swollen with unmet desire.

"Woo..."

Ruth's tongue swirled unconsciously around his fingertip, the salty taste of her own arousal reigniting the fire within. The digital stimulation provided only temporary relief, utterly inadequate for quelling the inferno she'd unwittingly kindled: "Master, I need..."

Seeing genuine tears welling in her eyes, Charles relented. Withdrawing his slick fingers, he pressed his erection against her thigh before lowering his body to capture her lips in a searing kiss. At precisely the right moment, he sheathed himself fully within her trembling heat.

"Master, ugh—!"

Chapter 50: Chapter 50: My Ruth (Part 3)

"Master, ugh—!"

Ruth's throat released an involuntary cry as twin tears traced her cheeks - whether from accumulated shame or the sudden stretch of her virgin vagina remained unclear. Charles marveled at how her petite frame accommodated his thickness, the exquisite pressure sending electric pleasure up his spine as every nerve ending came alive: "Ah, Ruth..."

Pistoning his hips with deliberate rhythm, he watched her transformation. Ruth's small mouth fell open in silent ecstasy, brain short-circuiting as melodic pants escaped her throat: "Ah...ahh..." Her arms wound around his sweat-slicked back, their movements growing increasingly synchronized.

"Master, I—"

She arched her neck, glazed eyes and parted lips begging for relief. Charles answered by plunging his tongue into her mouth while his pelvis ground against her throbbing clitoris. The prolonged kiss carried Ruth through her second shattering orgasm, vaginal muscles milking his erection desperately.

Yet Charles remained far from completion.

Later, Hattie joined not as fellow pleasure-seeker but as co-conspirator, her nimble fingers teasing Ruth's rear entrance while Charles dominated her vagina. The dual assault proved too much - Ruth climaxed repeatedly until her hoarse pleas finally triggered Charles' release. Hot cum flooded her depths as he sealed their union with another possessive kiss.

After allowing Hattie to dress him, Charles left the dazed Ruth sprawled naked on damp sheets while he attended to breakfast. Returning hours later, he found her still sunlit and spread-eagled, staring blankly at the ceiling in post-coital exhaustion.

Deeming this indolence unacceptable, Charles enlisted Hattie's help in demonstrating several inventive new positions until both women lay boneless beneath him. Cradling their nude forms against his chest, he sighed contentedly.

Ah, such days... truly wonderful.

Alas, they would last only today. This fleeting peace could never endure...

He remained keenly aware that the witches would return soon. When they did, his life would once again be fraught with peril—he must stay wary, ever ready to engage in their battle of wits.

Not only that, but he also knew his petty deceptions wouldn't fool Regolas for long. That cunning cambion would soon see through his lies, and then... Well, having spilled so many of the Nine Hells' lords' secrets, who knew what horrors awaited?

As these thoughts weighed on him, his expression darkened with worry. Sensing his shift in mood, Hattie slowly lifted her head.

"Master," she murmured, "what troubles you?"

"Nothing," Charles shook his head. "It's just... I can't understand how we ended up crossing paths with a devil last night..."

Hattie, however, didn't seem surprised. "The slums are lawless. It's only natural that devils would slink in, secretly cultivating their vile cults."

As she spoke, her expression shifted slightly. "Speaking of which, Master... since they're subordinates of the Nine Hells' devils, I suspect this might be what they were after."

With that, she extended her bare arm from the blankets, reaching into the tangled heap of her discarded nun's habit beside the bed. From it, she produced a small box.

The box appeared to be made of iron, its eight corners adorned with bone-carved figurines.

It had no visible opening. Each of its six faces was etched with intricate, arcane patterns—some resembling script, others like esoteric symbols.

"I found this on a corpse while searching Ruth yesterday," she murmured. "It felt important, so I brought it back."

At the sight of the object, Charles's eyebrows shot up.

An Infernal Puzzle Box!

He recognized it—a container completely impervious to magic, nearly impossible to force open by physical means. To unlock it, one had to solve the intricate puzzle etched upon its surface.

Moreover, this was the kind of thing devils only used when making deals with mortals.

And not just any deal. The craftsmanship of an Infernal Puzzle Box was so complex that whatever lay inside was never cheap. Either it held treasures of immense value... or a secret pact between a devil and their partners.

Tch. So Xanathar, that beholder, has grown bold enough to strike deals with devils now...

As he pondered this, Ruth—still weak from exhaustion—opened her eyes and murmured defiantly, "An Infernal Puzzle Box... Not an easy thing to open. Solving its riddle requires exceptional intelligence. Unless you already know the answer, almost no one can unlock it."

Hearing this, the corners of Charles's mouth curled into a smirk.

"No worries," he said. "I can open it."

Both witches stared at him in disbelief, but Charles's confidence never wavered.

He had already examined the box. Though he couldn't recognize a single symbol on it, he had one advantage—his Eldritch Invocation: Eyes of the Rune Keeper.

He could decipher every inscription. And as a seasoned player, he vividly remembered every type of Infernal Puzzle Box in the game—their riddles, their solutions.

For most people in this world, cracking one would be a nightmare. But for Charles? It was an open-book test.

Hmm. Model number thirteen. That means I need to erase this pattern, then place a drop of blood on this bone figurine...

"Ruth," he said softly, raising his left index finger. "Make a small cut on my fingertip."

Ruth hesitated. "But, Master..."

"Do it," he urged. "It's necessary to open the box."

Reluctantly, she extended a nail and lightly traced it across the pad of his thumb.

Hiss— Damn, that stings!

Charles gritted his teeth as a bead of crimson welled up. Without delay, he pressed his bleeding fingertip against one of the box's corner figurines.

Click.

The box sprang open. As he withdrew his finger, Hattie quickly grabbed one of his spellbooks, channeled magic into it, and cast Cure Wounds to seal the cut.

Charles barely noticed the minor injury. His gaze locked onto what lay inside—a neatly folded armguard, delicate as spun silk, resting at the box's center.

Instantly, his pupils constricted.

Illusionist's Bracers!