

Witch Monastery

#Chapter 51: Illusionist's Bracers(Revision) - Read Witch Monastery Chapter 51: Illusionist's Bracers(Revision)

Chapter 51: Chapter 51: Illusionist's Bracers(Revision)

This thing... is a warlock's artifact!

In every game, there are certain pieces of equipment that provide an insane power spike for specific classes. Having it or not might as well be playing two entirely different games.

And for warlocks, Illusionist's Bracers are that kind of god-tier item—absolutely perfect for them.

They're ridiculously rare, nearly impossible to farm in-game. And their effect? On paper, it doesn't even sound that strong:

When the wearer casts a cantrip, they can immediately cast it again for free.

Now, cantrips do scale with level and key spellcasting attributes, but since they don't consume any spell slots, their power is inherently limited.

Most cantrips can't even match the damage of a 1st-level damaging spell—and those usually come with additional effects on top.

So for most spellcasters, this item is... kind of meh.

But warlocks?

Warlocks are different.

Their unique class feature—Eldritch Invocations—includes options that specifically enhance the Eldritch Blast cantrip.

Like the one Charles had been obsessing over: Agonizing Blast.

With that invocation, Eldritch Blast's damage doubles.

And Eldritch Blast is already the hardest-hitting cantrip in the game—on top of dealing force damage (the least resisted type).

Now imagine doubling that.

The destructive potential is obscene.

Now add Illusionist's Bracers into the mix.

That means firing two Eldritch Blasts—each with doubled damage—for zero resource cost.

The damage output?

Absolutely explosive.

A warlock without Illusionist's Bracers is just a mid-game utility class—decent sustain from short-rest spell slots, but falls off hard in the late game.

A warlock with them?

A hyper-scaled, unstoppable carry—blasting through everything as the team's primary damage dealer!

Worth it.

No matter how brutal last night's fight was... this was an absolute win.

He let out a long breath, his spirits lifting so high he nearly burst into laughter.

Turning his head, he planted a soft kiss on Hattie's cheek. "You truly are my lucky charm, darling."

Hattie beamed with sweetness, while Ruth—on the other side—wore a faintly jealous expression.

Charles then asked, "Hattie, Ruth, do either of you know how one might learn or train to acquire the Agonizing Blast Eldritch Invocation?"

The two witches exchanged glances before Hattie shook her head slightly. "We do not, Master. Such knowledge is often the closely guarded secret of powerful entities—rarely shared with outsiders."

"Even warlocks bound to them may possess such knowledge, but they would never divulge it. So, we too are ignorant of the training methods for these invocations."

Hearing this, Charles couldn't help but feel a twinge of disappointment. Still, he understood—this wasn't a game. He couldn't just click a skill interface a few times and magically absorb esoteric knowledge.

Then, from his other side, Ruth suddenly added, "But Sophia, who has read countless memories... she might know how to obtain this invocation?"

Charles's eyes lit up. "Ah, right! Hah—between the two of you, you should be able to handle her now, yes?"

Though Ruth, once a formidable threat, had now sworn loyalty, that didn't mean they were safe. Sophia remained a festering problem.

After all, this witch knew his greatest secrets. Leaving her free to act would inevitably lead to disaster.

If, after her memory loss, some stray thought misfired and she started blabbing—especially to the other witches—his losses would be catastrophic.

For the sake of his safety and future, Sophia had to be purified—and soon.

Ruth nodded confidently. "Of course. Over the years, Sophia's strength has been waning. She hides it well, but we've all noticed."

"And after the Night of the Witches, she'll remain in a weakened, disoriented state for quite some time—dependent on others' care to recover."

"That will be our best opportunity."

Her eyes gleamed as she spoke. Though her expression remained cool, her tone carried a quiet eagerness as she looked at him.

"Before the Night of the Witches, Sophia even asked me to look after her. So if I make the move, she won't suspect a thing!"

Charles brightened further. Beside him, Hattie quickly added, "She asked me too! Ruth, when the time comes, we can take her down together!"

Ruth nodded in agreement. Relieved, Charles exhaled deeply. "Good. Then all that's left is to wait for Sophia's return."

His mind buzzed with possibilities. "Aside from Theresa, the remaining three witches—Hattie, Ruth, you're confident you can handle them without issue, yes?"

Hattie nodded. "Of course. The other three are weaker than me. With both of us working together, subduing them will be effortless."

Charles grinned. "Perfect. Then now, we wait."

Based on past experience, the witches would likely remain in hiding for two or three more days—perhaps even eight or nine—until they'd completely erased their traces, purged the lingering effects of the Night of the Witches, and restored themselves to peak condition. Only then would they return to the monastery.

This meant things couldn't be rushed. Charles wouldn't be seeing a sudden influx of evolution points anytime soon.

"And then there's... Theresa."

At the mention of that name, Hattie's expression turned troubled. "Unless Sophia regains her former strength, I doubt even all of us combined could subdue Theresa..."

Ruth's face darkened as well. "True. Theresa exists on an entirely different level of power."

"Even if we somehow defeated her, we couldn't contain her. She'd escape if she wished—and likely leave devastation in her wake..."

Her concern was palpable. Charles nodded grimly in agreement.

As a former player, he understood Theresa's capabilities all too well. Not only was she an immensely powerful 11th-level spellcaster—capable of wielding 6th-level spells that could reshape terrain and unleash catastrophic elemental forces—but she also possessed limited precognitive abilities.

The difference between spell tiers wasn't incremental—it was exponential. The gap between 3rd and 2nd-level spells was vast enough, but 6th-level magic existed on an entirely different plane compared to 5th-tier incantations.

Yet her true danger lay in that uncanny foresight. If she sensed impending danger, she'd vanish before threats materialized. Conversely, if she chose to stand her ground, it meant she'd already foreseen victory.

Under normal circumstances, their current forces stood no chance against her.

"Fortunately, Theresa rarely returns to the monastery unless circumstances demand it," he murmured. "If we remain cautious and avoid arousing her suspicion, we should be safe... for now."

Each witch had her own... preferences when harvesting souls. Theresa, with her gift of foresight, delighted in toying with fate itself.

She particularly favored those born into hardship yet determined to rise above it. She'd let them believe fortune had finally smiled upon them—helping them pass coveted

exams, secure dream jobs, gain patronage from powerful figures, or win the heart of some beloved.

Then, just as they basked in newfound hope, convinced their diligence was being rewarded... she'd shatter everything.

A terminal diagnosis for cherished parents. A career-ending accident. Their academic spot given to some official's spoiled heir. The crushing revelation that their lover's affection was merely an assigned task.

She relished breaking her chosen victims, twisting them into despair-fueled wrecks before finally claiming their souls at their most deliciously desolate moment.

Naturally, such elaborate schemes required years to unfold. Thus, she seldom returned to the monastery—buying Charles precious time to grow stronger.

"Given six months... perhaps a year at most..." His eyes gleamed as he recalled Theresa's vulnerabilities, a rough plan taking shape. "Then, we'll take her down in one fell swoop!"

Chapter 52: Chapter 52: Eldritch Mind

Deep within the slums of South Harbor District, amidst a cluster of abandoned construction sites.

This place was once a grand Timber Yard under the Empire of Sein. Since its withdrawal, the area gradually fell into disuse, eventually becoming a haven for lawless elements.

Today, a group of figures in filthy gray cloaks—each embroidered with black-threaded brain sigils—gathered here. They stretched their arms toward a derelict building, chanting in unison:

"Ah—O Great Master! After six long months, You have finally forgiven Your unworthy servants! You grant us this chance to atone!"

As one, they dropped to their knees, pressing their foreheads hard against the dirt. Some struck the ground with such force that blood seeped from their brows, mixing with the soil—yet none seemed to notice.

Beyond the cracked window of the building they worshipped, a monstrous shape loomed: a massive, pulsating brain, its base writhing with grotesque pedipalps. It twisted restlessly, radiating agitation.

Who... am I?

Where is this place?

Fragments of knowledge swirled in its awareness—yet it remembered nothing of itself.

The humans outside... they called it "Master."

Ah. So I am their Master. Their faith.

Then I shall lead them... to claim more souls.

...

In the scriptorium of the monastery, Charles sat upright in his chair, eyes closed, his back rigid as a blade.

Behind him, the slightly petite Ruth raised her arms, middle fingers pressed against his temples, her own eyes shut as she channeled steady streams of magic power into his mind.

Nearly a week had passed since the Night of the Witches, and in that time, Charles and Ruth had engaged in deep, meticulous discussion.

Then, he became conscious of something even Ruth herself might not have known—she possessed an Eldritch Invocation.

Its name: Eldritch Mind.

In short, it was a magical technique to train one's willpower, forging a protective layer around the soul to resist mental domination and shield against the disruption of certain sustained spells.

It was precisely because Ruth unknowingly wielded this power that, on the Night of the Witches, she had managed to retain some semblance of reason even after willingly surrendering to madness—and then being purified a third time by Charles—before turning to flee.

Due to its resistance against mind-altering spells, Eldritch Mind was an essential ability for warlocks in their mid-to-late stages. However, its priority was far lower than, say, the damage-boosting Agonizing Blast.

Still, it was better than nothing. As for whether Sophia knew the training methods for Agonizing Blast—that remained uncertain.

Thus, adhering to the principle of "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," Charles drafted a new, albeit crude, pact with Ruth. Binding her in a magical covenant, he tasked her with guiding him in mastering this Eldritch Invocation.

Hence, the current scene: Ruth focused on the peculiar shape within her own mind, then used her magic to construct a model directly within Charles's consciousness, allowing him to perceive and learn through sensation.

It was akin to teaching a child born deaf to speak—placing their hands upon the teacher's throat to feel the vibrations, then imitating. The method was, by nature, woefully inefficient.

But there was no alternative. Ruth had no idea how to instruct others. Many of her abilities were innate; she understood neither their principles nor how to teach a human—whose very essence differed from hers—to replicate them.

Fortunately, though laborious, the process bore fruit under the scriptorium's amplifying effects. Charles's mind, honed to razor keenness, made steady progress.

"Whew..."

Gradually, Ruth exhaled, her magic wavering. Without delay, she withdrew her power, careful not to harm her Master.

Helping Charles find that "feeling" required extremely precise control over her magic power, which was also a tremendous consumption of energy for her. So before long, she was completely drained.

Sensing her exhaustion, Charles slowly opened his eyes, then stood and pulled her into an embrace. "You've worked hard."

Ruth nestled against his chest, breathing lightly, and whispered, "How does Master feel today?"

Charles chuckled softly. "I feel good. At this rate... well, if all goes smoothly, another week should be enough for me to master this."

"Ruth, you've been a tremendous help."

Hearing this, even Ruth—whose expression was usually as cold and unreadable as still water—couldn't stop the corners of her mouth from curling into an angelic smile.

After pressing a light kiss to her lips, Charles released her and said, "Go rest. I'll head to the kitchen to make dinner."

Then, arm in arm, the two stepped out of the scriptorium. Charles went straight to the kitchen, while Ruth returned to her dorm to rest.

Yet she had barely taken two steps when a mean female voice, dripping with mocking, sneered at her: "Oh, you've done a fine thing, Ruth!"

Ruth turned to see a nun roughly Hattie's height, her face twisted in a jeering smirk, staring at her with ill intent.

Her pink long hair was mostly hidden beneath her wimple, save for a few stray locks. Her small mouth was cherry-like, with thin lips that curled ever so slightly at the corners—a smile that held no warmth, only a perpetual, razor-edged mockery etched onto her delicate features.

Her pupils were those of a viper: golden irises split by thin, ink-black vertical slits, gleaming with venomous malice.

Though she, too, wore a black nun's habit, the fabric clung far more thinly to her frame. And though her chest and hips lacked Hattie's fullness, the curves of her body were still accentuated, stoking the hunger of any who dared look.

But the most striking thing was her waist—slender and sinuous as a water snake. With her hands clasped in prayer and her body slightly tilted forward, every step sent her narrow waist and the teasing curve of her hips swaying like a willow in the wind, hypnotic enough to dizzy the senses.

Here stood a woman as dazzling and deadly as a viper, her beauty a mask for a cruelty even witches would flinch from.

This is a woman as colorful and charming as a Viper, and similarly, hidden under her delicate face is a viciousness that even witches can sense: "You must be really full after killing more than two hundred people. Let me see, is your belly swollen like a watermelon like a female knight who was gang-raped by an orc?"

Support me at patreon.com/TransFic and read upto 20 Advanced Chapters and Exclusive R-18 Content!

Update schedule: 7 Chapters/week

Every 100 power stones = 1 Extra Chapter

By voting with [power stones], you can easily get double the number of Chapters.

Chapter 53: Chapter 53: The Toxic Witch, Sephera

The moment Ruth recognized her, her mood plummeted. And upon hearing those words, she glared at the nun with barely contained fury.

"Sephera, what exactly are you trying to say?"

Sephera, the Toxic Witch—another member of the monastery. She was the first to follow Theresa, her loyalty absolute, and thus enjoyed her absolute trust.

When Theresa was absent, it was Sephera who managed the monastery's daily affairs, constrained the other witches' behavior, and mediated their conflicts—ensuring none of them went out of control or acted recklessly enough to endanger the entire monastery.

Normally, the witches hunted independently, coexisting peacefully. But if one made a mistake or embarrassed herself, she could expect no mercy from Sephera's sharp tongue—only relentless mocking, taunting, and scorn.

Like now.

Though Ruth burned with rage, she couldn't muster much conviction.

Her conscience had been purified, and every time she recalled that night, guilt and remorse overwhelmed her.

Beyond that, over a hundred deaths had shaken Liberl Port to its core. The other witches might indeed face repercussions because of her loss of control.

"Oh, nothing. I just think you've brought so much trouble to the monastery that my lord Theresa, will be very displeased. And that... irritates me."

Sephera flicked out a slender, forked tongue, like a serpent's. "Normally, your wastefulness—killing a person just to nibble at their soul—could be overlooked. But that night? You couldn't even restrain your hunger. Tsk. Are you truly one of the highborn witches? Tell me, how were you any better than a sow in heat?"

"But I'll stop mocking you... if you admit you're just a pig. Go on, Ruth. Oink for me."

Her laughter was a razor's edge.

Deep within Ruth's striking purple-red eyes, fury ignited—then crystallized into something far colder.

"Push me further, Sephera, and I will kill you."

...

Charles stood in the kitchen, browsing the system interface as he decided on lunch. Just then, Hattie's voice called from outside the window:

"Master, are you in there?"

He tapped the interface a few times, setting the kitchen knives and ingredients into motion on their own before responding. "I'm here."

Creak—

The door opened, and Hattie, bundled in her thick nun's habit, stepped inside. She shut the door softly, then murmured, "Master, there's something I'd like to discuss."

Charles slid an arm around her shoulders, silent, urging her to continue. Hattie nestled against him before speaking. "By tradition, the monastery should hold another porridge offering soon."

As she spoke, the hem of her nun's habit lifted slightly. A large, warm hand pressed against the lush curve of her hips, kneading with slow, possessive strokes.

A flush of excitement bloomed across Hattie's face. Hearing her words, Charles arched a brow, then nodded. "Ah, right. It is time for a porridge offering."

The Porridge Offering Hall was one of the monastery's essential constructions. Each offering boosted the monastery's prestige—essentially experience points needed for its growth. In short, it was a place to trade gold for progress.

After disasters, when the slums were riddled with broken homes and panicked souls, relief porridge offerings yielded even greater prestige.

Charles agreed the timing was perfect. With over a hundred dead in the slums just days prior, the scale of the tragedy demanded action. Fearful residents needed comfort—and the rewards for aiding the poor now would far outweigh usual returns.

"Then let's proceed as usual," Charles said, even as his other hand moved forward to claim her chest. His palms engulfed her full breasts, kneading the soft flesh with practiced strokes while his fingertips pinched the hardening peaks, rolling those tender grapes between his fingers until they stood taut beneath her dress.

"Mmm... I'll... make preparations tomorrow," Hattie gasped, her cheeks flushing as his exploration grew bolder. She could already feel his fingertip sliding beneath her skirts, probing the dampening cleft between her thighs before pushing insistently into her tight heat. The intrusion made her hips jerk forward, her body betraying its arousal even as she maintained their conversation. "If all goes well... ah!... we can erect the tents by tomorrow... and use the opportunity to gather information..."

Traditionally, the witches had used porridge relief as a cover for selecting those unwanted souls who could disappear without notice—perfect playthings and meals. Though Hattie no longer needed to feed on human souls, she kept up the practice both to maintain the monastery's image and to monitor the slums' unrest, collecting intelligence should trouble arise.

"No need for tents this time." Charles' voice roughened as he withdrew his glistening finger, admiring the slick evidence of her desire before unfastening his trousers. His thick erection sprang free, the swollen head already glistening with precum. "I'll construct a permanent Offering Porridge Room later."

The monastery currently had no dedicated "Offering Porridge Room." During previous almsgivings, Hattie and the others would simply set up a makeshift tent near the monastery's doorway, attracting the poor to line up for gruel.

This method was far less efficient than constructing a permanent monastery addition, but over time, their persistent efforts had earned them considerable prestige—not just locally, but across the entire South Harbor District.

Truthfully, the monastery's Experience Points were already sufficient for an upgrade. However, reaching Level Two required not only one thousand Purification Points but also a physical expansion of the grounds to ten thousand square meters. Charles glanced at the requirements and dismissed the idea for now.

Still, prestige could always be accumulated further, and he saw no harm in spending a hundred Purification Points to build the structure sooner rather than later.

"Hmm? Understood." Hattie's reply was breathy, her eyes glazing over. "Ah, Master... though, the Kitchen will likely be occupied all day. It might... inconvenience you..."

Her arousal was unmistakable. Charles's fingertips traced the slick evidence of her desire, the warm, sticky fluid coating his palm as it dripped from her twitching cunt.

Truly, a witch of the deep sea...

With a low groan, he withdrew his fingers and began undoing his clothes. "No matter. I'll manage." His voice roughened as he added, "While you're out purchasing supplies, keep an eye on Sophia's movements. She remains our greatest threat."

The moment the words left his lips, he gripped her hips and sheathed himself inside her in one brutal thrust.

"Ah—! M-Master...!"

Hattie's throat spilled a seductive moan, her back arching as Charles's hands clamped over her full breasts, kneading the soft flesh. His waist pistoned relentlessly, each snap of his hips making her plump ass ripple under the force of their coupling. The sharp, wet slaps of skin on skin echoed through the Kitchen, mingling with her whimpers and his ragged breaths.

Beneath him, Hattie writhed, her inner walls fluttering around his thick cock, the friction drawing ragged moans from both. He could feel her tightening, her body coiling like a spring—she was close.

"Come for me," he growled, biting her shoulder as his pace turned erratic.

With a broken cry, she obeyed, her cunt clamping down as pleasure ripped through her. The sensation dragged him over the edge moments later; he buried himself to the hilt, spilling his seed deep inside her with a guttural groan.

For a long moment, they stayed locked together, sweat-slicked and trembling. Finally, Charles pulled out, watching his cum drip from her well-used pussy onto the floor.

"Clean yourself up," he ordered, straightening his robes. "Then prepare for the construction. And don't forget my earlier instructions."

Hattie, still panting, nodded weakly. "Y-Yes... Master."

Support me at patreon.com/TransFic and read upto 20 Advanced Chapters and Exclusive R-18 Content!

Update schedule: 7 Chapters/week

Every 100 power stones = 1 Extra Chapter

By voting with [power stones], you can easily get double the number of Chapters.

Chapter 54: Chapter 54:Offering Porridge Room

Long after the kitchen's automated feast had finished cooking, Charles spent himself inside Hattie once more, this time with her bent over the dining table, her ass raised high as he took her from behind. Her body went limp afterward, her breath shallow, eyes glazed—still lost in the aftershocks of pleasure.

Charles, ever composed, retrieved his utensils and began his meal, while Hattie, having mustered just enough strength, crawled beneath the table. There, with her small mouth and eager tongue, she dutifully cleaned the remnants of their encounter from his half-hard cock, licking away every trace of their coupling until he was spotless.

Once lunch concluded, the pair retired to their dorm, where they rested briefly before resuming their studies.

Yet when they arrived, they found Ruth—usually composed and aloof—curled up on the bed, knees drawn to her chest, her expression one of deep sorrow, as if grievously wronged.

Charles was taken aback. He quickly lay beside her, wrapping his arms around her soft form, and murmured, "What's wrong? What happened?"

Ruth buried her face against his chest, trembling like a wounded bird. "I... I ran into Sephera."

"She already knows about the slums. She wouldn't stop mocking me. I couldn't even argue back—because it's true. I caused so much trouble for you, Master..."

"So... I had to promise her. I'll handle the slums incident myself. No repercussions for the other sisters..."

Charles suddenly understood.

Meanwhile, Hattie clenched her teeth. "That bitch came back early this time..."

Sephera, the Toxic Witch. Her true form was a monstrous amalgamation of countless venomous vines—crimson, emerald, ivory, and a few other hues—twisted together into a thirty-meter-long abomination, resembling a colossal, mottled viper.

Her heart was as vile as her toxins. She delighted in injecting different poisons into every inch of her captives' bodies, reveling in their agonized screams as she watched their flesh fester and rot. Only when they clung to the barest shred of life would she devour them whole—body and soul.

As cruel as her feeding habits were, her tongue was just as venomous. As the de facto ruler of the monastery in Theresa's absence, she nitpicked every flaw in the other witches.

The slightest breach of "protocol" would earn the offender a torrent of filthy, degrading mockery, leaving them seething with rage yet powerless to retort.

On the Night of the Witches, Ruth's power spiraled out of control, slaughtering so many and drawing too much attention. It was no surprise, then, how mercilessly Sephera had torn into her with words.

Realizing this, Charles quickly cradled Ruth's head and murmured, "It's alright. We'll be fine. And as for Sephera..."

His blue eyes gleamed. "Just endure it a little longer, Ruth... Sooner or later, we'll make her pay."

In theory, Sephera's strength was immense—surpassing even Hattie's, and potentially rivaling Ruth's.

Yet, her rank within the monastery was far from lofty. The reason was simple: her combat style.

Poisons.

In a world teeming with demons and monsters, toxins were the lowest form of damage. Immunity wasn't some rare trait—it was commonplace. The undead, constructs, elemental spirits, fiends, celestial beings...

Even witches, as supernatural magical beings, weren't fully immune, but their resistance was well over ninety-nine percent. Sephera's toxins were potent, true—enough to torment ordinary folk. But against her own kind? A fool's hope.

She knew this. So when taunting her fellow witches, she'd often invoke Theresa's name, implying she acted with the strongest backing in the monastery. Most nuns could only seethe in silent fury.

And if it came to blows? Sephera feared little. Beyond poison, her greatest skill was escape.

Hattie and Ruth could easily defeat her. But capturing her, restraining her, and ensuring Charles could safely purify her? That was another matter entirely.

For now, Charles decided to start with the more manageable witches. Once his strength grew, then—and only then—would he deal with Sephera.

That night, inside the western wall of the monastery's main gate.

Charles and Hattie spent a long time estimating the area and distance before finally settling on a spot. Then, a hazy white light descended, and a brand-new stone hut with a pointed roof slowly materialized, replacing a small section of the monastery's outer wall.

This was the "Offering Porridge Room"—a new construction he had unlocked by spending a 100 Purification Points.

He had deliberately placed it closer to the slums, ensuring that the poor coming for gruel could form a long queue within the slums rather than crowding the clean, orderly streets near the District Office.

The lords of the District Office were tender-hearted souls who couldn't bear to see suffering. So if these ragged, emaciated poor gathered in the streets, they would

"pollute the cityscape" and offend the lords' delicate sensibilities. Then, the guards would violently evict them—and the monastery might face trouble as well.

Charles wanted to keep a low profile for now, avoiding unnecessary attention. Though, conjuring a new building out of thin air was already somewhat conspicuous.

Normally, such unauthorized construction would be a blatant breach of regulations. Liberl Port had an exhaustive list of convoluted laws to prevent anyone from exploiting loopholes for profit.

But the most meticulous laws meant nothing if no one enforced them.

The monastery was already on the slums' edge, and this new building was even deeper into that territory. The District Office lords wouldn't bother checking construction there, leaving the poor to their fate.

Well aware of this, Charles had no concerns. He boldly summoned the structure without hesitation.

As for the church—how would they explain this sudden new building on the streets?

For any other church, it might have been tricky. But for the Goddess of Life and Healing...

Tch. Good people never lived long.

Ever since the kind but weak goddess fell victim to a treacherous raid, she had remained in an unending slumber. Many mortals speculated she had perished, with only her most devout believers clinging to faith that she still lived.

But without a true deity's blessings and guidance, the church—relying only on dwindling divine power—couldn't sustain its former scale. Over time, its top-tier spellcasters and capable enforcers dwindled, leaving many of its former assets neglected.

This was precisely why the witches had chosen this small monastery. The Goddess of Life Church's branch in Liberl Port lacked the manpower to monitor them.

And since the witches maintained a pristine image—staying inside to study and meditate, occasionally venturing out to offer porridge and aid the poor—they appeared as model believers, dutifully upholding the church's teachings.

Naturally, the overburdened pastors and bishops had even less reason to scrutinize them.

Support me at patreon.com/TransFic and read upto 30 Advanced Chapters and Exclusive R-18 Content!

Update schedule: 7 Chapters/week

Every 100 power stones = 1 Extra Chapter

By voting with [power stones], you can easily get double the number of Chapters.

Chapter 55: Chapter 55: Confrontation with Sephera

"Mission accomplished."

Charles closed the system interface and stepped inside to inspect the newly constructed space. The room was fully equipped - tables and chairs for resting, four large barrels for storing hot porridge, a small cart for transporting supplies between the Offering Porridge Room and kitchen, along with stacks of clean wooden bowls.

He picked up one bowl and tossed it onto the muddy streets of the slums. A soft thud echoed as it hit the ground before vanishing in a flash of white light - instantly reappearing among the stack behind him.

Charles exhaled in relief. At least they wouldn't need to worry about the porridge seekers stealing the bowls.

"Let's head back," he continued. "Remember Hattie, if the other witches ask, tell them this was your and Ruth's project."

Hattie smiled gently. "I'll remember, Master."

While an unexplained construction might raise suspicions among some witches, having the two most powerful witches under Theresa vouch for it would eliminate any doubts.

With that settled, they left the Offering Porridge Room and walked toward the dormitory.

Though modest in size, the monastery courtyard featured two decorative pine trees. Moonlight filtered through their branches, casting intricate shadows across the ground.

Charles and Hattie strolled along the central gravel path, breathing in the delicate fragrance of surrounding plants. Suddenly, Charles stopped and turned to gaze at his companion.

Hattie halted as well, sensing his intense stare. She lifted her face slightly, cheeks tinged pink with shyness, her gentle eyes reflecting the tranquil moonlight like still water.

"You've been looking rather... content lately."

A discordant voice sliced through the moment. They turned to see Sephera approaching, her lips twisted in that familiar taunting smirk.

Charles' pulse spiked, though his expression remained neutral as he subtly retreated half a step. Hattie swiftly suppressed her swirling emotions, stepping forward to shield him while forcing calm into her voice. "What exactly do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" Sephera's laugh was icy. "That precious pet of yours - such a pretty thing. Just looking at him makes me want to drag him away and inject a full kilogram of aphrodisiacs into his veins. Imagine how beautifully he'd scream..."

"Sephera!" Hattie's voice turned razor-sharp. "I've broken no rules, nor have I provoked you. Stay away from what's mine."

Seeing Hattie's sudden outburst, Sephera arched an eyebrow and let out another cold laugh. "No rules broken? The porridge offering is in two days. Having a man roam freely in the monastery—what if those slum rats coming for gruel see him? Wouldn't that tarnish our reputation? Make people suspect us?"

Hattie glared icily. "If anyone were spying on the monastery, they'd already be suspicious. A man staying here under my care changes nothing."

"Don't try to threaten me. I manage what's mine just fine—without your meddling!"

She saw through it—Sephera, too, had fallen under her Master's charisma. This was just a ploy to blackmail him away, to drag him into her room as her personal plaything.

But Hattie, equally sharp-tongued, wasn't having any of it.

After a pause, she suddenly smiled. "Though you're right about one thing. His voice is exquisite. Every night, holding him close, breathing in the scent of his soul—it fills me with absolute contentment..."

Her expression dripped with smug superiority. Sephera gritted her teeth and sneered, "Oh, how impressive. Hattie, don't think I haven't noticed—you reek of him!"

Hattie's brow furrowed as Sephera continued mockingly, "You actually bedded a human? Is this the same proud, untouchable Deep-Sea Witch? Ah, but I suppose it's true—the nobler the witch, the deeper the fall. To think you'd debase yourself beneath a human!"

"Tell me, in a few days, will I see you taking turns with the mangy mutts of the slums too?"

Sephera's golden vertical pupils gleamed with excitement, her voice trembling slightly. "Why stop there, Hattie? Why not just bring one of those strays into the monastery? Let it satisfy your cravings!"

"That way, if outsiders see, they'll think you're just being charitable. No suspicion would fall on the rest of us. Perfect, isn't it?"

Flames roared in Hattie's eyes. Her breath came quick and heavy, her ample chest rising and falling sharply.

She couldn't care less about Sephera's insults to herself—but to compare her Master to some filthy stray?

Unthinkable.

Her Master—more exalted than the gods themselves, the supreme existence of this world!

Her rage burned fiercely. Yet, she knew all too well—now was far from the time to turn against her.

She gritted her teeth in silence. Seeing Hattie's seething fury, Charles muttered under his breath: "Mock her Strength... and her figure!"

Witches could freely shift to human form, but they couldn't take just any shape. There was an optimal form—one that best channeled their true bodies' Strength.

Take Hattie, for instance. She could've made her chest smaller. But then, her human form's Strength would've dwindled to a pitiful fraction.

Sephera was no exception.

Though now wasn't the time to settle things with this Toxic Witch, the knowledge from his past life let him strike a verbal blow—small but satisfying.

Hattie drew a deep breath, then plastered on a look of pity. "How tragic, Sephera. Have you honed that poisonous tongue to compensate for your utterly harmless attacks?"

"I'll admit, your wit is sharp. But alas, the moment I glimpse your... barren figure, all my fury simply vanishes."

With that, she patted her own ample chest and burst into laughter. "Next time, try stuffing rocks down your Chest first. Oh, and I've heard—a liter of warm milk daily does wonders for its growth!"

"Hahahaha—!"

Still laughing, she turned, took Charles' hand, and strode away. Only Sephera remained, eyes blazing, breath ragged.

"Hattie, you bitch—!"

Support me at patreon.com/TransFic and read upto 30 Advanced Chapters and Exclusive R-18 Content!

Update schedule: 7 Chapters/week

Every 100 power stones = 1 Extra Chapter

By voting with [power stones], you can easily get double the number of Chapters.

Chapter 56: Chapter 56: Theresa

Several more days passed. The other two witches—Flame Witch Ekta and Insects Witch Andny—returned to the monastery.

Now, aside from Theresa, who rarely returned, only Sophia remained absent.

Yet the witches could wait no longer. Who knew how long it would take for Sophia, afflicted by memory losses, to find her way back? The window for the alms gruel was fleeting, so the two newly returned witches were promptly put to work by Hattie.

As preparations unfolded, word spread. That day, the poor arrived with their families, lined up in front of the Offering Porridge Room in the new construct.

Clad in heavy nun's habits, their bodies fully concealed, the witches wore solemn yet compassionate expressions. They ladled steaming bowls of barley porridge from the great cauldrons, handing them to the needy while softly urging patience: "Mind the heat. There's plenty to go around—no need to rush. Everyone will be fed."

The gruel was flecked with bits of salted fish and diced radish, lending it an odd flavor—one that deterred those with even meager means from partaking in the charity.

Yet despite its peculiar taste, it was wholesome and nourishing. Those truly threatened by hunger accepted it gratefully, draining their bowls in earnest.

This, too, was a small wisdom the witches had gleaned from years of almsgiving: a way to sift out the opportunistic middling folk and filter for the genuinely poor and vulnerable.

All to ensure their hunts proceeded without complications.

As the sun dipped southward, the noonday rays—though autumn neared—still bore a harsh sting. The nuns, already swathed in thick garments, toiled beside the seething pots, their brows glistening with sweat.

To those who had come for gruel, the sight stirred something deeper. A quiet awe. Some, whose faith in their old beliefs had wavered, found themselves forsaking their deities in silence, turning instead to the Goddess of Life...

With all the nuns occupied outside during the almsgiving, the monastery stood hollow, its halls empty.

And so Charles hid in the kitchen. Officially, he was there under Hattie's command, tasked with aiding the cooks. In truth, a mere flick of the System spared him the labor—completing the cooking in an instant.

Thus, he found himself with ample time to wander the monastery unchained.

And wander he did. Pressed against a wall, he eavesdropped on the murmurs of the poor who had received their gruel—proving the old adage: "Walls have ears."

"That investigation team from Mithral Hall's been the death of us these past days. Questioning everyone they meet, eyeing folk like they're all cultists. Gods, why can't they just haunt some timber yard and do real work?"

"Mark my words—this ain't about cultists. It's about scapegoats! Hundreds dead in a single night, and they're too scared to face Xanathar's Guild. So instead, they spin tales of monsters, devils, cultists—bah!"

"This place is cursed. I'm leaving. Every dawn, I step outside and swear some severed head's glaring from across the street. At night, I hear weeping at my doorway in my dreams!"

"You'd flee now? They'll brand you a cultist on the run! Wait till they're gone—we'll all leave together."

...

The murmurs of discussion rose and fell. For the most part, Charles remained silent, listening quietly as he pieced together the information in his mind, gradually sketching out the current state of the slums.

Then, a sudden cry erupted from beyond the wall: "It's Theresa! Sister Theresa has returned!"

Instantly, Charles' pupils contracted mid-eavesdrop.

She actually came back?

Hiss... No helping it. Sooner or later, he'd have to face this.

Fortunately, he'd never held any delusions. He'd long prepared for Theresa's arrival...

Gritting his teeth, he forced himself to abandon his listening post—resisting the urge to sneak a glimpse of Theresa's real-world appearance. Based on his experiences with Hattie and Ruth, she likely looked much the same as in the game. Suppressing his curiosity, he retreated to the kitchen and hid.

Meanwhile, outside the monastery's gates, along the eastern street, a tall, voluptuous figure clad in an opulent nun's robe—pure white trimmed with gold—approached slowly from the direction of the District Office, her silhouette backlit by the morning sun.

Theresa had arrived.

Under the awed and reverent gazes of the crowd, she glided toward the monastery, moving through the throngs of the poor who had come for gruel.

She wore black sheer silk gloves that extended to her upper arms, her hands clasped together in front of her chest, fingers intertwined, her head slightly bowed in a pious prayer. Her flawless, jade-like face bore an expression of compassion, and beneath her pale golden lashes, her aqua-blue pupils brimmed with sorrow.

Draped in a delicate, gold-embroidered white nun's robe, she walked bathed in sunlight, her aura radiating sanctity. Yet her body was a sinful contrast: the opulent nun's robe could scarcely conceal her ample, towering bosom—even larger than Hattie's—and despite her slight forward lean, her silhouette remained voluptuous.

And because of that slight forward tilt, her prayerful posture accentuated the full curve of her hips, the sheer fabric of the nun's robe outlining them unmistakably. With every step, they trembled visibly, a sight potent enough to ignite the deepest lust in any who beheld them!

Her figure was utterly bewitching, like a perfectly ripened peach—gleaming in hue, lush in contour, exuding an intoxicating scent—without a trace of overripeness or decay. Every inch of her promised unparalleled indulgence.

By all reason, such a sinfully alluring form, displayed before the poorly educated poor, should have tempted at least a few brazen souls to reach out with their filthy, covetous hands.

Yet none dared. As Theresa moved among the impoverished, every man who lifted his gaze to her enchanting body would swiftly lower his head, guilt-ridden and remorseful, chastising himself for such vile, blasphemous desires toward the holy Big Nun Theresa.

This was the magic effect, the innate psychic influence of the Archwitch Theresa. It was why she commanded such reverence among the destitute, revered as the South Harbor District slums' undisputed "Symbol of Goodness and Beauty."

Support me at patreon.com/TransFic and read upto 30 Advanced Chapters and Exclusive R-18 Content!

Update schedule: 7 Chapters/week

Every 100 power stones = 1 Extra Chapter

By voting with [power stones], you can easily get double the number of Chapters.

Chapter 57: Chapter 57: Fate Witch

At last, Theresa made her way through the crowd and stopped before a mother and daughter. They were the very picture of poverty—both with sallow faces and brittle hair. Though their features and clothes were scrubbed clean, nothing could hide their wretchedness.

The young mother, though once fair, was now little more than skin and bones, her forehead shadowed, her cheeks hollow. It was clear she had given every scrap of nourishment to her child.

The little girl's eyes still sparkled, but her face was bloodless, and she coughed intermittently—already gripped by illness. Their family had no means to afford a physician.

As Theresa approached, the young mother fell to her knees with a thud, pressing her forehead to the ground. "Sister Theresa, I beg you, show mercy! Save my daughter! She's coughed for seven nights—no sleep, no food. She's only eight, innocent of any sin! She doesn't deserve this suffering!"

Her pleas were desperate, her voice thick with tears. Yet Theresa did not spare her a glance.

Instead, she knelt, heedless of the dirt staining her immaculate opulent nun's robe. Her aqua-blue eyes softened as they met the girl's. "Child," she murmured, "tell me... what is your dream?"

The girl lifted her face. Though sickness clung to her, there was a quiet grace in her features. "I... I want to become a great big shot! So no one in the slums goes hungry or sick again! I—cough!"

A fit of itching seized her lungs, and she hacked violently, flecks of blood appearing at the corners of her mouth.

Theresa nodded gently. "A noble dream. May you succeed."

Then she gathered the frail child into her arms, pressing her forehead to the girl's.

A soft white light emanated from Theresa's body, flowing into the girl. In moments, color returned to the child's cheeks. She gasped—but the coughing had ceased.

Realizing her daughter was healed, the young mother wept openly, kowtowing again and again. "Thank you, Sister Theresa! Bless you, bless you—!"

Theresa still did not answer. She rose, the girl cradled against her. Not a speck of dust marred her opulent robe.

Bathed in golden sunlight, holding that child, she stood before the slums' poor as nothing less than an Our Lady of Redemption.

At once, the gruel-line crowd dropped to their knees, foreheads to the ground, voices choked with fervor as they cried out Theresa's name and that of the Goddess of Life. Some sobbed too hard to speak.

Inside the Offering Porridge Room, the witches observed this farce with grim amusement. Those who knew Theresa understood: this witch, who so loved to toy with the threads of destiny, had just marked that poor girl.

In the years to come, the child would endure unimaginable highs and lows. "Fate" would dangle hope before her—only to snatch it all away, grind her into despair, and finally break her into an extreme anti-human terrorist hellbent on revenge against society...

The grateful mother and daughter would never know it, but today's seeming blessing was their first step into an abyss—with no path back.

...

The sun dipped westward, and as the last person in line for gruel trudged away with their bowl, the day's offering porridge finally came to an end. The witches retreated into the monastery—yet despite their exhaustion, rest would not come.

The moment the monastery gates shut, Theresa gathered them all without delay. Her first question struck like a blade:

"Where is Sophia? Does anyone know her whereabouts?"

The witches exchanged glances, then shook their heads in unison. "No. We've seen no trace of her, nor heard any clues these past days."

After a pause, Sephera spoke up. "Master, has something happened to Sophia?"

In the past, Sophia had often vanished for weeks, even a month, before returning.

Now, barely a week had passed since the Night of the Witches. To them, her absence was hardly unusual.

"I have foreseen it. Sophia is currently in the South Harbor District. But in the near future, she will face a significant crisis," Theresa explained, her voice heavy with concern. "Only we can help her now. That's why I rushed back to inform you all."

The establishment of this monastery had been Theresa's idea from the beginning. She envisioned every witch living as sisters, supporting each other, surviving the Night of the Witches together, and enjoying peaceful, joyful lives - never lacking for human souls to consume or torment for amusement.

That's why, having foreseen what would befall Sophia, she had returned with such urgency.

"If she's in the South Harbor District but still in danger, then..." Sephera murmured to herself before suddenly turning her gaze toward Ruth. "Hmm?"

Immediately, Ruth's expression darkened. "I..."

Theresa's aqua-blue pupils fixed on her, her calm face the precursor to anger. "Ruth, tell me. What exactly happened in the slums on the Night of the Witches?"

The mental pressure and the authority accumulated over years as an archwitch made Theresa's interrogation brutally effective against the other witches of the monastery. No one dared lie to Theresa.

Unfortunately, Ruth now had new Belief. And her will had become unshakable through piety.

She lowered her head meekly, speaking like someone making a confession: "The Xanathar's Guild and the Amazons were fighting, with Devils involved behind the scenes. Of course, I didn't know this at first. I only felt my condition being interfered with, then lost control and went berserk."

"I'm sorry, Theresa, and all my sisters. This matter has escalated too far, and I bear undeniable responsibility..."

Sephera gave a cold laugh. "At least you recognize that! Because of your little episode, the Blackstaff Tower has sent investigators! Hah! The South Harbor District would have been perfectly safe otherwise - Sophia could have wandered there for days without danger. But now? One wrong move and we might all pay with our lives!"

Ruth remained silent, only clenching her fists slightly. The other witches didn't dare speak up either - not even Hattie would defend her now.

Only Theresa could restrain Sephera at this moment.

Fortunately, she didn't deliver any reprimand: "We can't blame Ruth entirely for this. She fell victim to someone else's scheme. Besides, even without this incident, the clash between those two major factions with Devils interfering would have thrown the South Harbor District into chaos anyway. It would have drawn the Blackstaff Tower's attention regardless."

"I'm just relieved you all returned safely. However, Ruth - next Night of the Witches, you must prepare thoroughly in advance!"

Support me at patreon.com/TransFic and read upto 30 Advanced Chapters and Exclusive R-18 Content!

Update schedule: 7 Chapters/week

Every 100 power stones = 1 Extra Chapter

By voting with [power stones], you can easily get double the number of Chapters.

Chapter 58: Chapter 58 Theresa's Hobby

This was the usual tactic employed by the master-servant pair, Theresa and Sephera, within the monastery: First, Sephera would unleash a torrent of scorn, ridiculing the offending witch until she was utterly humiliated. Then, Theresa would step in with comfort, making the witches feel warmth and reassurance.

It was skill.

It was routine.

The atmosphere in the room eased slightly. After a pause, Theresa continued, "This time, retrieving Sophia must be left to Ruth. Only she can handle it properly."

Ruth immediately lifted her head, nodding firmly. "You have my word. I'll resolve the trouble I caused—I'll bring Sophia back safely, and no one will suspect the monastery's involvement!"

Sephera's eyebrow arched sharply, resuming her role as the "venomous hound." She snapped at Ruth, "Her? Really? Won't she just mess it up again? Master, I believe this task should be mine. I could handle it far more discreetly and reliably—"

Yet Theresa only shook her head gently. "No, Sephera. I have foreseen it. This matter must be entrusted to Ruth. If any of us interfere—even I—it will bring grave danger."

"Were it not so, I would have already gone myself to scour the slums for Sophia's trail and brought her back."

Hearing this, Sephera finally relented, though her small mouth kept chattering. "Fine, let's trust this one again. But if she fails this time and draws the Blackstaff Tower's suspicion to the monastery... hmph!"

She piled on the psychological pressure, and Ruth bowed her head once more, casting a pall over the room.

Seeing this, Hattie quickly interjected, "Ah, Elder Sister Theresa, you must have had quite the fruitful trip this time, yes?"

"How are those pets you've been raising? Truth be told, I've been keeping one myself lately, and I'd love to learn a thing or two from you about training him."

She beamed, knowing Theresa loved boasting about her pets. By bringing it up, she deflected attention from Ruth.

Hearing this, Sephera whipped her head around, shooting Hattie a glare of bitter envy.

But even this toxic witch, for all her love of mockery, wasn't foolish enough to pick a verbal fight with two witches at once—especially since, in her view, she'd lost the last spat with Hattie.

So, in the end, she swallowed back the torrent of curses bubbling inside her.

At the front, Theresa chuckled. "Oh? So you've taken an interest in that as well? Then you must expose him to the wider world. Though, with your skills, I doubt anything will go wrong."

After a beat, she added, "Ah, Hattie—perhaps you could assist Ruth. The foresight suggests that while there is some risk, something unexpectedly favorable may come of it."

Hattie and Ruth exchanged glances, surprise flickering across their faces.

In that moment, they suddenly realized: The key to safely retrieving Sophia might not lie with either of them, but with the bond they shared—their great Master!

With that, Theresa cast a spell, conjuring a series of youthful faces in the air. "Gather around. Let me show you the little pets I've raised these past two years."

The witches drew closer, curiosity in their eyes. Hattie exhaled slightly in relief—it seemed her diversion had worked.

Theresa gestured to the floating images, narrating languidly:

"This girl came from a poor fisher family—an alcoholic, abusive, gambling father, clinging to life with only her mother. So, I let her father win a fortune, then drunkenly fall to his death. She used that money to study... and even topped her class."

"Then, heh, half a year before graduation, I had a man steal her heart and swindle all her savings. Next, her mother fell ill, and without coin, it festered into something incurable. Oh, you should've seen her face—it was priceless!"

"And this one—a young dockworker, strong and full of vigor. I had him noticed by a Mithral District guard captain, given the finest training and education... only to let him stumble into addiction. Now? Well, look at him. Barely human anymore."

"And her... just as her guitar skills earned her steady work in the Muse District, just as she found love, her stepfather came home drunk, raped her, ruined her face, snapped her fingertips, got her with child, and left her rotting with disease..."

...

The images flickered one after another. Theresa wore a saintly smile as she recounted the tragedies she'd crafted—each tale of promising youths ground into despair, her voice dripping with pride.

The watching witches gazed at the faces twisted in agony, remorse, and self-loathing, as if they could hear their screams and sobs. Their own expressions melted into rapture, savoring the scent of souls withering in despair.

Hattie and Ruth forced smiles, mimicking the others' delight. Yet inside, their reshaped morals—now aligned with Charles'—left them drowning in grief and anguish.

And they knew full well: unless Theresa was purified, such tragedies would only multiply!

...

Meanwhile, elsewhere in the monastery's bath chamber.

Though called a bath chamber, this space had originally been Ruth's room. Every witch in the monastery maintained a private room for keeping their captured... sustenance.

Now that Ruth had been purified by him, she naturally spent every night in the dorm - that is, Hattie's room - sharing both bed and blankets. Her former room, thus rendered useless, had been repurposed by Charles after spending one hundred Purification Points to remodel it into a bathing facility.

The primary function of this construction was to allow characters to quickly alleviate fatigue by spending some gold, enabling them to return refreshed to the battlefield. In current terms, this naturally translated to spending a few Purification Points.

However, since the construction was already established here, the bath could still be used without spending Purification Points - though it would lack the additional "rapid fatigue removal" magical effect.

Oh, and the secondary function of this bath was to unlock certain... special CGs featuring the nuns.

Ahem!

Having busied himself all day - though his primary activities amounted to just clicking a few system interfaces and eavesdropping from behind walls - Charles found himself exhausted nonetheless. His constitution remained poor, still far from normal human standards, so fatigue came naturally.

At times like these, a hot bath was naturally the most appropriate remedy.

Support me at patreon.com/TransFic and read upto 30 Advanced Chapters and Exclusive R-18 Content!

Update schedule: 7 Chapters/week

Every 100 power stones = 1 Extra Chapter

By voting with [power stones], you can easily get double the number of Chapters.

Chapter 59: Chapter 59:Construction: Bath Chamber

The eastern wall of the bath chamber held a row of showerheads. By channeling magic power or casting the "Create Water" spell, one could summon an endless flow of hot water. In the southwestern corner stood a wooden sauna.

The northwestern corner featured an enormous bath large enough to accommodate ten people. Since Charles disliked saunas, he currently lounged alone in the spacious bath, letting hot water envelop his body while clearing his mind in quiet repose.

He was organizing the day's rumors, attempting to extract useful information from them. At the same time, he waited - waited for the two witches Theresa had summoned to return and report what had transpired.

Until then, he needed to avoid pointless speculation that would only drain his energy needlessly.

The wait proved brief. Soon after, the sound of the door opening reached his ears. Charles tilted his head slightly to see Hattie and Ruth entering the bath chamber one after another.

Truthfully, he hardly needed to look - no one else would visit this room besides these two.

He withdrew his gaze, soaking in the water as he waited for the two witches. When Ruth closed the bath chamber door behind them, Hattie had already shed her nun's habit, hanging it on the coat rack before letting her light green silken hair cascade down her bare shoulders. She approached the bath with unashamed grace, her nude form moving with natural confidence.

Her full breasts stood proudly, soft abdomen taut without trace of imperfection. That dramatic waist-to-hip ratio sculpted lush curves that swayed hypnotically as she walked - milky thighs brushing together with virginal tightness despite their voluptuous fullness. Between them lay that neatly trimmed triangle guarding paradise's entrance, its glistening secrets promising exquisite exploration.

She settled into the bath beside Charles without pretense, pressing her curves against his arm. In contrast, Ruth fumbled with nervous hesitation, finally removing her undergarments after prolonged delay.

Ruth covered her modest chest and petite mound with crimson cheeks before finally slipping into the water, flanking Charles opposite Hattie.

Charles embraced both women, feeling their contrasting textures against his skin. "What did Theresa say when she returned?"

Hattie rotated slightly, letting her heavy breasts compress against his bicep as she answered. "She foresaw Sophia's delayed return stems from turmoil in the slums." Her hand drifted downward through the water with purpose, slender fingers finding and encircling his thickening cock with practiced ease. "So she tasked us with retrieving her." Her grip began working his shaft with underwater precision, palm creating delicious friction against his swelling flesh.

"Just the two of you?" Charles arched an eyebrow, his breath hitching as Hattie's rhythm became more insistent. "Was... was that part of her foresight?"

"Indeed," Ruth interjected from his other side, watching with mixed jealousy and fascination as Hattie claimed dominance. Determined not to be outdone, she rose from the water, droplets cascading down her slender form. Positioning herself on the bath's edge, she guided Charles's head onto her thighs, her delicate sex mere inches from his face - the scent of her arousal mixing with the steam.

Charles could see every detail if he turned: the glistening pink folds peeking through her blonde curls, already damp with more than bathwater. Instead, he looked upward, admiring Ruth's flat stomach and small, pert breasts, their pink peaks hardened with desire.

Ruth's blush deepened, but she held his head firmly, her thighs tensing beneath him. "We believe," she continued breathlessly, "the key to rescuing Sophia lies not with us, but with you, Master."

As she spoke, Hattie increased her pace beneath the water, her fingers dancing along Charles's rigid length with expert motions. The bath's heat made every sensation more intense - the slick glide of her hand, the way her thumb pressed just beneath the swollen head, the occasional brush of her nails that made his hips jerk forward.

Charles groaned, torn between the twin temptations - Ruth's vulnerable display above him, her petite body offered so willingly, and Hattie's relentless strokes below the water's surface. Ruth's breathing grew ragged as she watched her Master's reactions, her own neglected heat throbbing with need.

"I see..." Charles managed, though coherent thought became difficult as Hattie's grip tightened. He could feel his climax building, the tension coiling low in his abdomen. "Then perhaps we should—"

His words cut off with a sharp gasp as Hattie twisted her wrist just right, her other hand cupping his balls with gentle pressure. Ruth leaned forward, her small breasts brushing his face as the first pulses of his release began, his thick cock jerking in Hattie's grasp as hot streaks painted the bathwater.

Hattie milked him through every shudder, her fingers coaxing out the last drops before finally stilling. Ruth, emboldened by the display, shifted until her delicate folds hovered just above his lips, her arousal now unmistakable. The bath chamber filled with the sounds of their heavy breathing, the water's gentle lapping, and the unspoken promise of more to come.

Charles lay between them, spent but already feeling the embers of renewed desire as both witches attended to him - Hattie's knowing smirk and Ruth's shy but determined gaze speaking of pleasures yet to be explored.

Ruth's face grew increasingly flushed, yet she compelled herself to complete the action, hoping to please her Master.

"I see... yes, that makes sense..." Charles murmured, searching his memories for any relevant clues but finding none.

"Then our next step is retrieving Sophia," he continued. "As for now..."

He turned slightly to gaze at Ruth's exquisite face. "Ruth, once more please. I think I'm close to grasping it. With another attempt, I might finally master 'Eldritch Mind'."

Ruth nodded gently, then placed her middle fingers against his temples. Closing her own eyes, she channeled a steady flow of magic power into his mind.

Charles shut his eyes, perceiving that peculiar state where his soul felt simultaneously isolated by magic yet more keenly connected to his body than ever. He focused entirely on comprehending this sensation through his own understanding...

Knowing her Master was at a critical juncture, even Hattie ceased her ministrations, watching him with bated breath.

The bathwater continued steaming, countless vapors rising lazily to condense into cool droplets on the ceiling before falling once more.

After what felt like an eternity, Charles finally reopened his eyes. Deep within those blue orbs, a faint azure light flickered.

"Hattie," he called softly. "Try casting an illusion on me now!"

Without hesitation, Hattie cast the 1st-level spell "Sleep," attempting to lure him into a dream of absolute power.

Yet Charles merely blinked several times, effortlessly resisting the magical influence and remaining completely awake.

Success!

"Congratulations, Master!" Ruth whispered as she slowly opened her eyes.

"Mmm." Charles acknowledged, brimming with satisfaction. If Hattie's spells no longer affected him, it meant most mages in Liberl Port—Sophia included—could no longer compromise his free will!

"This significantly improves our odds against Sophia..." He smiled, then summoned his system interface. Sure enough, "Eldritch Mind" now appeared under "Eldritch Invocations." Relieved, he hovered his fingertip over his class selection.

Should he advance to level three now?

Reaching 3rd level required six hundred Purification Points—a sum he'd long since accumulated. The upgrade was immediately available.

Achieving 3rd level would bring substantial power growth: not just expanded Spell Slots, but access to 2nd-level spells!

Yet after all his experiences, he knew better than to trust the system's whims. Even at 3rd level, it would likely grant only some impractical combat spell. Truly valuable magic would still require personal study.

However, 2nd-level spellbooks weren't commonplace items found in market stalls or magic university primers. Those appeared only in advanced textbooks used by upperclassmen.

None of the five primers in his possession contained 2nd-level spells.

Advanced textbooks were scarce, nearly impossible to purchase commercially. This wasn't a matter of price—most people never progressed beyond basic magical theory, so demand for advanced materials was nonexistent.

At best, amateurs bought primers, dreaming "what if I could learn magic?" Without market demand, naturally no one supplied such texts.

This frustrated him immensely. How he missed the game interface where clicking a button and spending gold could effortlessly grant even 9th-level spells!

Ah well. For now, he'd continue studying his current primers.

Shaking his head slightly, Charles refocused. Beyond spell access, reaching 3rd level as a warlock presented another crucial decision.

"Hattie, Ruth," he said quietly. "Advise me—for my Pact Boon at third level, should I choose Pact of the Blade, Pact of the Chain, or Pact of the Tome?"

Support me at patreon.com/TransFic and read upto 30 Advanced Chapters and Exclusive R-18 Content!

Update schedule: 7 Chapters/week

Every 100 power stones = 1 Extra Chapter

By voting with [power stones], you can easily get double the number of Chapters.

Chapter 60: Chapter 60:Level 3 Warlock(Revision)

Upon reaching third level, a warlock must choose one of three Pact Boons - each representing a distinct path of development:

Pact of the Blade is to pick up a weapon, mainly physical output, supplemented by magic;

Pact of the Chain is to Summon powerful familiar, cooperate with familiar, and cast different abilities.

Pact of the Tome unlocks the path of augmented spellcasting. With it, Charles would no longer need to spend endless hours memorizing spells. Instead, he could transcribe them into his spellbook and cast them freely—though still expending spell slots.

Moreover, the mind has its limits. Even the most exceptional talents cannot retain countless spells indefinitely. Eventually, they must deliberately forget some to make room for new ones.

A Pact Tome's ability to expand the total number of spells a spellcaster can master is, therefore, self-evident.

There is, technically, a fourth option: Pact of the Talisman. But this path revolves around protecting allies—so Charles dismissed it outright.

With my cheat, why would I play the damn support?

This is a choice the warlock must make at third level. He must select one of these paths to unlock greater Eldritch Invocations and further strengthen his power at higher levels.

Hattie's small hands wandered back to his lower body, her deft fingers gently toying with his thick cock as she murmured, "I think both the Pact of the Chain and the Pact of the Tome are viable? If you choose the former, Master could bind us as familiars,

deepening our synergy. If you choose the latter, Master could focus on spellcasting while we hold the frontlines."

Charles gave a slight nod—he'd already been leaning that way. For a Pact of the Chain warlock, the greatest agony was the lack of a worthy familiar. But he had a coven of powerful witches; that problem was solved from the start.

As for the Pact of the Tome—most warlocks suffered from painfully limited spell slots. Even if they learned countless spells, they could barely cast a fraction in battle.

But Charles's reserves were vast, refilling completely within an hour. Choosing the Pact of the Tome would let him unleash power far beyond an ordinary warlock's limits.

That was his reasoning. Meanwhile, Ruth pondered briefly before speaking. "I'd recommend the Pact of the Blade—for two reasons."

"First, I am good at using blades in combat. If the Master chooses Pact of the Blade, I can share all my experience with the Master."

Charles acknowledged the point. It was true—he could draft a new pact, binding Ruth as his patron just like Hattie, allowing her to share her strength with him. Such an arrangement was entirely possible, just as both witches now served him together.

Normally, multiple patron were unheard of. After all, the patron was the master, the warlock merely the servant—one master commanded many underlings, never the reverse.

But since both witches were willing, they could freely defy convention.

"Second, while those two pacts would boost Master's power immediately... what of the long term?" Ruth continued. "What if we encounter an Antimagic Field?"

Charles paused, then nodded slowly. "A fair point."

Antimagic Field—an 8th-level spell, the bane of all magic, the most loathed incantation among spellcasters.

Without it, every grand spellcaster could rain down cataclysms unchallenged. But with it, even the most arrogant archmages are reduced to warriors, forced to roll up their sleeves and brawl like common brutes.

True, 8th-level spells require a 15th-level spellcaster, and few ever master Antimagic Field. But it exists.

The realization made Charles want to slap himself.

Damn it, you're a player! You've barely transmigrated a month, seen a handful of spells in action, and already forgot how pure spellcasters get crippled late-game?!

Silently cursing his oversight, he turned to Hattie. "At this rate of channeling magic power to me—without compromising your own combat strength—how far could you sustain me?"

Hearing this, Hattie's face twisted with guilt. "Under these conditions... Forgive me, Master. My magic power is limited. I could only support you as a 5th-level spellcaster, capable of casting third-tier spells."

As expected.

Charles sighed inwardly. In the game's lore, a warlock's patron was always a world-shaping entity, effortlessly propelling them to 20th level and 9th-level spells.

But Hattie? She was just a witch who hadn't even mastered 5th-level spells. Strong by Liberl Port's standards, yet insignificant on the global stage.

"Then the Pact of the Tome isn't as rewarding as it seems," he concluded. "For balanced growth, we'll take the Pact of the Blade!"

With that, he tapped the "Level" option on his system interface.

Buzz——

The hazy white light shimmered to life, new Knowledge and power flooding his mind. Hattie perceived her own power being drawn away, then obediently submerged herself in the water. Her small mouth parted, engulfing his already erect thickness in one smooth motion, power their connection as energy flowed between them.

"Ah..."

Charles' eyelids fluttered shut, savoring the wet heat of Hattie's delicate tongue as it swirled around the swollen head of his cock. Each flick sent jolts of pleasure up his spine, her lips tightening rhythmically as she hollowed her cheeks. Beneath the water's surface, her fingers traced the throbbing veins along his shaft, coaxing precum to bead at his tip. His mind burned with four graphics: the Pact of the Blade, the Chain, the Tome, and the Talisman.

Without hesitation, he seized the Pact of the Blade. Through their mental tether, he summoned Ruth's consciousness.

In the physical world, Ruth—her thighs pillowing his head—let out a shuddering gasp. A flush spread from her neck to her breasts, her nipples pebbling beneath her robes. Yet she yielded, bending low to capture his lips. Her tongue delved deep, tangling with his

as her hips ground against his face, the damp heat of her arousal seeping through the fabric.

Amidst this ecstasy, enlightenment dawned upon him, and his level rose to three.

Lost in the dual sensations—Hattie's relentless suction below, Ruth's molten kisses above—Charles felt his climax surge. With a guttural groan, he emptied himself down Hattie's throat, her throat working to swallow every pulse as her fingers milked the last drops from his twitching length.

Pact of the Blade: At any time, you can magically summon a pact weapon. This weapon is psychically attuned to you, responding as naturally as your own fingertips. Should you remain separated from it by more than one meter for over a minute, the pact dissolves and the weapon vanishes. You may also dismiss it with but a thought.

Alternatively, you may spend one hour binding a magical weapon you possess into your pact weapon. Doing so allows you to merge the weapon with your physical form. The pact may be dissolved at will—if dismissed while internalized, the weapon will eject from your body.

You may only maintain one pact weapon at a time.

These are the complete parameters of the Pact of the Blade.

Charles raised his hand, and instantly, accompanied by shimmering starlight, an ordinary longsword materialized in his grasp. With but a thought, the blade fragmented into motes of light before reforming into a warhammer.

He nodded slightly before dismissing the weapon. The Pact of the Blade functioned nearly identically to its game counterpart. However, at this early stage, the pact weapon offered minimal immediate combat enhancement. To maximize its potential, he would need to master more Eldritch Invocations and acquire mightier arms.

The true power spike from reaching third level lay elsewhere—in Spell Slots!

Remaining Spell Slots: 14/14

Previously capped at six slots at second level, this single advancement had nearly doubled his magical reserves!

Moreover, a mere hour of meditation would restore them completely!

This—this was the real combat upgrade!

Beyond this, reaching third level granted him the ability to cast 2nd-level spells and automatically bestowed mastery of one such spell: Gust of Wind.

This spell could, well... blow people back, disperse toxic fumes, or extinguish flames...

So while not entirely useless, its utility remained... limited.

Charles couldn't suppress a quiet sigh before consoling himself: Well, more spells can be learned later. A standard warlock only gets six Spell Slots at this level—I'm already ahead.

Having self-soothed, he gazed at his abundant Spell Slots, ambition flaring.

"Hattie, Ruth," he declared, "monitor the other witches' movements. The moment Theresa departs, we begin our campaign to purify the Flame Witch and Insects Witch!"

Support me at **[patreon.com/TransFic](https://www.patreon.com/TransFic)** and read upto 30 Advanced Chapters and Exclusive R-18 Content!

Update schedule: 7 Chapters/week

Every 50 power stones = 1 Extra Chapter

By voting with [power stones], you can easily get double the number of Chapters.