

Witch Monastery

Chapter 6: Chapter 6: Night of the Witches

Charles lay limp on the bed. Just moments ago, he had truly felt death's breath on his neck. With Ruth's strength, snuffing out the life of his frail body would have been effortless. Even if Hattie had tried to protect him, it would have been nearly impossible.

Fortunately, she looked down on him enough not to risk a feud with another highborn witch over a mere "plaything." That was the only reason he'd scraped by with his life.

Close call. Too close.

Keep underestimating me, witches. That's the only way I'll steal enough time to grow... to uncover each of your weaknesses and make you pay for what you've done.

He silently chanted the words in his mind. Then, beside him, Hattie flung herself onto the bed, wrapping her arms around his with worry. "Master," she whispered, "these days will be hard on you. If I'm not by your side, you mustn't wander the monastery alone."

"My witch sisters... they're merciless devourers. If they see you, they won't hesitate—they'll drain your soul dry without a second thought."

The mere idea filled her with terror. She clutched his hand, trembling, unwilling to let go.

Charles squeezed her small hand in return, calming himself before speaking softly. "A little hardship means nothing to me. But Ruth... I can't shake the feeling that she—"

Recalling the Blade Witch's unrestrained rage and murderous intent, a headache pulsed behind his temples. "She genuinely wanted me dead."

And Ruth's strength? By the lore, she ranked second in the monastery, surpassed only by Theresa, the Fate Weaver—the one who toyed with the threads of destiny.

In a real fight, Hattie stood no chance against her. If Ruth hadn't cared about maintaining peace among the witches, he'd be a corpse right now.

Hearing him say this, Hattie's face also became gloomy: "With Ruth's keenness, she must have noticed that the Master and I have a deeper and closer relationship. That's why she, who is arrogant by nature, is so determined to kill the Master..."

The witches fed on souls, just as humans feed on bread. They might disguise themselves as humans to hunt, but in their hearts, humans would always be wretched, inferior things.

They didn't even have the concept of "cherishing food." If not for the few humans blessed by deities—those capable of wielding divine power to wound witches—these creatures would be far more brazen.

That was why Ruth had been so insulted, so enraged, upon discovering that Hattie, a fellow highborn witch, had entangled herself with a human.

"A shame," Hattie murmured, clinging to Charles's arm. "Unless she experiences the fulfillment and peace of your Purification, she'll never understand my choice."

Hattie clung to Charles' arm, murmuring to herself, her eyes brimming with regret. Hearing this, Charles chuckled softly and gave her small hand a reassuring squeeze. "It won't take long, Hattie. Trust me—I have a way to subdue her!"

At his words, Hattie's eyes lit up, but then worry clouded her expression. "Master, Ruth's combat style is all about striking lethally with precision. She's nothing like me, a witch who relies on Spells for combat."

"With Master's current physical condition, even if you use that purification energy to suppress Ruth's strength, she could still take your life in an instant..."

As she spoke, she leaned in, wrapping her arms around Charles's neck and pressing her cheek against his. "I'm sorry, Master. I have no confidence in restraining her. And... I can't bear the thought of you risking yourself. I don't even want to imagine what my life would mean if I lost you..."

Charles patted her back, moved by her pure, untainted attachment. It felt strange yet warm.

Just that afternoon, she had been ready to fight him to the death.

Witch, it's amazing.

"Alright, don't worry. I won't take any risks unless I'm absolutely certain." His voice was soft, but his mind was already weaving a plan.

He knew Ruth's weakness—or rather, he knew the weakness of all witches.

Night of the Witches.

When the twin moons hung high in the night sky, the barriers of the world grew fragile. Terrifying magic, carrying the schemes of the Evil God, would sweep through every city and wilderness.

The more mundane creatures—ordinary humans—were the least affected. At most, infants born on this day might develop odd physical traits, like a sixth finger or a stronger affinity for magic.

But the more magic-touched beings—ghosts, fiends, elemental creatures—suffered greatly. They would howl in agony, mutate, go mad, or even take their own lives. Only the most seasoned could suppress the madness and survive the night unscathed.

In short, the Night of the Witches was a major in-game event, recurring every six months to two years. On this night, evil monsters ran rampant, mutating, attacking each other, even assaulting cities—chaos erupted around the world.

And the witches, the player's most crucial assets, were hit hardest. They faced all sorts of troubles, making them exceptionally vulnerable.

Yet, this was also the perfect opportunity for the player to conquer unsubdued witches.

To avoid exposure or exploitation in their weakened state, witches would often hide away, waiting out the night.

And if one could find their hiding place... subduing them would be easy.

Ruth, in particular, lost her power during the Night of the Witches, becoming extremely weak—a perfect target for an early-game player to ambush and force into submission!

So, all he had to do was wait patiently until the Night of the Witches arrived.

Now, it was just a matter of luck—how long until the next Night of the Witches...?

Charles silently plotted, only for his stomach to let out a hungry growl: "Grrr—"

Snapped out of his triumphant daydreams, his expression turned slightly awkward. He hadn't eaten much at noon—too focused on purifying Hattie. And afterward, they'd engaged in such... strenuous activity for so long...

Though he felt refreshed and energized, none of that could fill his empty stomach. Now, his stomach was the first to protest.

Hattie chuckled softly. She rose, preparing to leave. "Master, I'll make you something to eat. Rest here, and whatever you do, don't leave this room. As long as you stay inside, the other witches won't bother you."

Charles nodded, ready to accept her arrangement—until, just as the nun turned toward the doorway, he suddenly sat up. "Wait!"

Hattie paused, glancing back in confusion. Charles swung his legs off the bed, slipped on his shoes, and strode over, taking her hand. "Your kitchen... it's rarely used, right?"

Hattie nodded, "Well, aside from offering porridge and occasionally feeding the caught food, it's not usually used."

Witches fed on souls—they had no need for meals. The offering porridge was merely a lure: among the poor who came for food, the witches would pick the loneliest, most neglected individuals to abduct and drag back to the monastery—just like they had with Charles.

After all, who would miss someone like that?

Those captured in this manner would typically be drained within a day or two.

The witches found it troublesome, so they usually didn't bother feeding them.

Only someone like Charles—with exceptionally high Charisma—would be spared from being played to death so quickly.

For such rare cases, they might reluctantly cook simple meals.

Thus, the monastery's kitchen was rarely ever used.

"Then... if I were to remodel the kitchen, could you cover for me?" Charles pressed.

"Absolutely," Hattie replied. "The others hardly step inside once a year. No matter what changes you make, they won't notice—or care."

"Good."

Charles grew eager.

His fingers swiped through the air, scrolling across the system screen invisible to Hattie.

"Then let me remodel this place..."

"...and make the kitchen my first monastery building!"

Chapter 7: Chapter 7:Monastery Building

Charles' room was practically adjacent to the kitchen. After all, this monastery that the witches used as a hiding place wasn't particularly spacious.

According to the system's data, the entire compound covered only 2,200 square meters. After allocating space for essential activities like prayer, reading, exercise, greenery,

rest, cooking, and offering porridge, there wasn't much room left for the nuns to hide people.

Even the monastery's kitchen wasn't very large. The less-than-fifty-square-meter space contained only a stone stove capable of boiling large pots of barley porridge, with a stack of firewood piled behind it.

On the other side of the stove lay vegetables like turnips and potatoes that appeared somewhat wilted from prolonged storage.

The earthen walls held a few kitchen knives, ladles, several salted fish, and a massive chopping board. Beneath the kitchenware sat a jar of salt beside stacked plates - nothing more occupied the space.

The crude setup made Charles scratch his head: "There really isn't much here..."

Hattie was also a little embarrassed, after all, witches themselves had no need for food. Whether offering porridge to the poor people or feeding the people they captured, they only needed to have a bite to eat, so they didn't care about the taste.

"I could go buy some ingredients and seasonings now," she offered. "The fishermen should be returning with their catch about now - perfect timing for fresh seafood. And the general store likely remains open..."

After the armistice with the Amazons, South Harbor District's port gradually reverted to a fishing harbor. Liberl Port's strictly free-market economic strategy meant local residents received no support, surviving only through daily fishing to sustain their impoverished lives.

Though witches didn't require food, they understood local customs - essential for quietly abducting townsfolk as provisions - so Hattie knew this was prime time for purchasing fresh seafood.

Charles shook his head slightly, raising a hand to stop her. "No need. I've got a better solution."

As he spoke, under Hattie's confused gaze, he extended his finger and lightly swiped across the system screen visible only to him, reading the instructions.

The purification of Hattie had truly been fruitful—not only had he gained a witch utterly obedient to him, but he'd also earned 1,150 Purification Points.

To put it into perspective, upgrading the monastery's core building—the prayer hall—from Level 1 to Level 2 only required 1,000 Purification Points. Meanwhile, constructing ordinary Level 1 buildings—such as the kitchen, dormitory, or warehouse—cost merely 100 Purification Points each.

Thus, this windfall of over a thousand points was more than enough to significantly improve his situation.

For instance, his own attributes—despite being fifteen years old, his Strength was only 8, and his Constitution a pitiful 7. Even many children, let alone malnourished goblins, surpassed him. He had to fix that!

However, instead of spending Purification Points to directly boost his stats, he chose to unlock the Kitchen first.

The reason was simple: he'd already tested it and found that, just like in the game, directly enhancing attributes was outrageously expensive!

When attributes are below 13, increasing a single point costs 100 Purification Points. At 13 or higher, each point requires 200. Beyond 15, the cost rises to 300 per point—and even more beyond that.

The Purification Points he currently has wouldn't even cover a few upgrades!

After all, attributes are just one aspect of Strength. Even if he maxed them all beyond eighteen now, he wouldn't see an immediate boost in Strength: he still needed to acquire a class, Training Feats, and learn magic. These were the true components of combat strength—and the real Purification Points sinks!

So, he couldn't afford to waste points on enhancing attributes directly. Better to spend a hundred points first, build the Kitchen, then gradually improve his Constitution through diet and care. Maximum efficiency, minimum cost.

His body was only fifteen years old, with plenty of room left to grow. As long as he started nurturing it now, everything was still within reach!

Staring at the system window that popped up before him—"Spend 100 Purification Points to construct a Level 1 Kitchen?"—Charles didn't hesitate to click "Yes."

Then, his consciousness abruptly pulled away, as if rising high into the air, looking down upon the entire South Harbor District below.

Yet, at this moment, everything else in his vision was shrouded in darkness. Only the monastery remained bright, indistinguishable from the building interface in the game.

Clearly, according to the system's judgment, this place belonged to him. He could do whatever he wished here.

Tch, but there are still six inside, any one of them could crush me like an ant—those powerful witches. Without Hattie by my side, I wouldn't dare go anywhere...

A self-mocking laugh echoed in Charles's mind before he pushed those thoughts away, focusing on the task at hand. His fingers slide across the screen, and with each movement, a phantom image of a Kitchen constructing shifted accordingly.

This was where he chose the constructing location—exactly like in the game. He positioned the Kitchen right where he stood, overlapping perfectly with the monastery's current one, then double-tapped.

Immediately, a dialog box popped up before him:

"The selected location for the new Kitchen already contains another constructing. Identified as a standard Kitchen. Merge?"

Charles tapped "Yes" without hesitation.

The next moment, his consciousness snapped back into his body, and the scene before him returned to the interior of the Kitchen.

Then, under Hattie's stunned gaze, the entire Kitchen began glowing with a hazy white light—identical to the radiance during her Purification.

Within that glow, everything in the Kitchen transformed at blinding speed:

The crude stone stove vanished, replaced by a row of metal stoves of varying sizes.

The single kitchen knife hanging on the wall multiplied—cleavers, fillet knives, an array of kitchenware now lined up neatly by type and size.

Beneath them, containers of refined salt, oyster sauce, soy sauce, chili, hoisin, and other seasonings materialized in perfect order, ready for him to work his magic...

Charles savored Hattie's astonishment, his heart swelling with satisfaction. True, it wasn't his power but the system's—but still, he'd made an adorable witch gape in awe. That counted for something, didn't it?

Finally, the white remodel light faded.

The Kitchen was now more than twice its original size, filled with kitchenware and tableware Hattie had never seen. She stood utterly speechless.

"T-this... Master, how did you...?"

Mid-sentence, a realization struck her. She whirled around, rushing outside—only to freeze in shock.

From the exterior, the Kitchen looked unchanged. Yet inside, it had become its own separate space!

Demiplane Creation!

This was something only an 8th-level spell could achieve. Yet, the Master possessed no magic power, nor did he unleash any magic...

How did he do it?

Watching Hattie slowly walk back in shock, Charles felt equally astonished—after all, he had never seen the detailed interior of the Kitchen in the game either. But that didn't stop him from curling his lips slightly and whispering, "This... is the secret of how I can bring you happiness and a sense of security, Hattie."

Instantly, the girl's shock melted away, her smile blooming like spring itself.

She threw herself into Charles' arms, clinging to his arm, her eyes crinkling, her lips curving upward, her voice brimming with endless admiration and joy: "I get it now—the Master is omnipotent!"

Filled with deep satisfaction, Charles then turned his gaze to the stove before him, his ambition igniting: "Next, Hattie, the Master will show you what real Cooking is!"

Chapter 8: Chapter 8: Path of Magic

To be honest, Charles wasn't much of a cook. Though his family had urged him to learn in his previous life, even until transmigration, he could only manage simple dishes like soup or scrambled eggs. Anything slightly more complex would leave him sighing in defeat.

But his crude cooking skills didn't matter when the Kitchen could cook by itself!

All he needed to do was stand here, click a few options on the system panel to select ingredients and dishes, then give the Kitchen its orders.

With the Kitchen's own magical power, chef's knives flew through the air automatically, skillfully preparing ingredients like onions, dried shrimp, carrots, and potatoes.

The stove before him ignited on its own, frying onions in olive oil until fragrant, then adding clean spring water to boil all the vegetables before finally adding prawns, refined salt, pepper and other seasonings.

Thus, a seafood vegetable stew far surpassing Hattie's previous culinary efforts was completed.

Though Charles' only contribution had been clicking the system interface twice at the beginning, that didn't stop him from feeling utterly pleased and accomplished.

He ladled the stew into bowls, then stood in the Kitchen holding a spoonful of the golden oil-slicked broth, unable to resist sharing when the tantalizing aroma hit his nose. Bringing the spoon to Hattie's lips, he said shamelessly: "Here, Hattie, try my cooking!"

Hattie's eyes shimmered with admiration as she obediently parted her rosebud lips to accept the spoonful. After swallowing the hot broth, she gazed solemnly into his eyes and said: "Delicious. Master's cooking is wonderful!"

Charles had been studying her expression carefully and noticed no obvious "sparkling eyes" reaction. Disappointed, he asked: "Hattie... do you actually not like human food very much?"

Hattie's expression immediately turned apologetic: "Forgive me, Master. We witches feed on souls, so when I camouflaged as human before, I didn't program myself with the 'taste' function."

Well, it seemed she genuinely couldn't taste this pot of stew.

Perhaps that briny aftertaste in her previous seafood soup wasn't entirely due to this era's seasonings either...

With this realization, he stopped forcing Hattie to eat. Testing the temperature with his lower lip first, he tilted his head back to drink a small spoonful himself.

Instantly, the aroma of oils, sweetness of shrimp, savoriness of vegetables, and pure saltiness of unadulterated refined salt exploded across his taste buds, nearly bringing tears to his eyes.

Ah, my cooking is amazing!

Shamelessly claiming full credit for the system Kitchen's work, he swallowed the broth, feeling warmth flow down his esophagus into his stomach before radiating throughout his body.

His energy-deprived chilled body suddenly flooded with this warmth, goosebumps rising across his skin. Every nutrient-starved cell sang with joy.

This was absolute bliss. Who knew the second benefit I'd experience in this different world would be gourmet food...

As he marveled at this, Hattie thoughtfully retrieved a basket of pre-sliced white bread from another corner of the Kitchen.

Undoubtedly, the bread was cold and dry - unpleasant to eat plain. But now with this exquisite stew, Charles tore the bread to soak in the broth until fully saturated, then ate it with spoonfuls of vegetables and shrimp.

Thus, the shrimp's dense proteins, vegetables' vitamins, and bread/potatoes' energy-rich starches all entered his belly. Broken down by stomach acids and transported via bloodstream, his long-starved cells sighed in satisfaction.

He proceeded to finish the entire pot of stew along with fifteen slices of dry bread, leaving his body thoroughly warmed and belly slightly distended before finally stopping.

Neither of them bothered with washing the dishes—the system's Kitchen had its own cleaning function. After they left, a Purification's white light automatically restored everything to its proper place. Apart from the consumed ingredients, everything looked exactly as it had before.

With a contented heart, Charles returned to his room and half-reclined on the bed to let his meal settle. Hattie stayed by his side the entire time, her eyes filled with affection, unwilling to leave him for even a moment.

Yet now, with his hunger fully satisfied, he frowned slightly as he took in the simplicity of the room.

Hmm... too plain. Not very comfortable to live in.

If he wanted to properly recuperate, a good resting environment was essential. So...

Pulling up the system, he fiddled with the construction interface for a while before merging another structure—the "Dorm"—with his current room.

In the game, this was where the witches rested. It significantly boosted their mood and stamina recovery while also automatically healing minor injuries.

This, too, was a magical construct ing like the "Kitchen."

And so, amid the Purification's white light and Hattie's adorable, wide-eyed surprise, the plain little room began to transform, gradually taking on the appearance of his previous life's bedroom: its size nearly doubled, the narrow bed by the window replaced by a plush two-meter-wide one, his desk at the bedside, a wardrobe opposite, and even a chandelier now hanging from the ceiling!

Of course, that chandelier wouldn't actually light up. Though this world had begun harnessing Electricity, it had no Tesla, no alternating current—meaning it lacked the cheap, accessible power of his previous life's 20th century.

Here, Electricity was stored in slabs of "powerstone," like massive batteries, then slotted into appliances for use.

Naturally, this method was prohibitively expensive. Outside a sliver of high society, almost no one could afford it.

Liberl Port, as one of the world's few major harbors, was wealthy—but its wealth gap was equally vast. The Upper Class lived in what might as well have been Modern Society, while the Lower Class scraped by in conditions closer to primitive tribes.

And the monastery? Located in the South Harbor District, an area barely a step above the slums, and keen on avoiding attention, the witches could never afford such luxuries.

But these were minor concerns. Lighting? While the witches had little need for it, magic could easily suffice if required.

Hattie pointed a fingertip at the ceiling's chandelier, silently chanting an incantation, and completed the cantrip Light. The magic coiled around the fixture, and a soft glow bloomed, instantly illuminating the entire room.

Charles watched enviously. Sadly, the System didn't grant spellcasting abilities outright. For that, he'd first need to acquire and learn them himself—then he could turn to the System to level up.

But gaining spellcasting abilities? Far easier said than done.

By the setting's lore, Liberl Port had roughly a million residents. Yet even counting pseudo-spellcasters—those who relied on magical items to cast without innate power—the city's true spellcasting population barely topped 30,000.

But those who truly possessed spellcasting abilities, capable of casting even a single 1st-level spell through their own power? Likely no more than ten thousand in total!

Yes, tally them all: Mages and Bards who learned through study; Pastors and Paladins who drew power from deities and oaths; Druids and Rangers who channeled nature's will; Sorcerers with awakened bloodlines; Warlocks bound to powerful creatures by sign a contract—and even those who gained their abilities through other means, be it path choices, Ancient Blessings, class advancements, or feat training. Combine every last one of them, and you'd still barely break ten thousand!

Thus, genuine Spellcasters were one-in-a-hundred elite talents—no exceptions.

The core reason? Casting spells was ruthlessly demanding. Without obvious aptitude, better to resign yourself to being a warrior or wanderer than dream of bending the heavens or summoning storms.

Charles's first three attributes were pitifully low, but his latter three sat above average. At just fifteen, he still had room to grow—so in terms of raw potential, he did possess talent.

Yet his impoverished upbringing had confined him to the church school's rudimentary education, leaving no path to formal magic training.

Thus, the Mage route was closed. Sorcerer? Even less plausible—he hardly resembled some noble heir, likely to awaken power spontaneously.

As for swearing fealty to a deity or oath? For a man whose soul was fundamentally modern Eurasian, the idea felt... untenable.

And embracing nature as a Druid or Ranger?

A noble thought. Aside from being laughably weak, those classes had no glaring flaws.

Ahem.

Still, despite the obstacles, Charles—a hardcore player devoted to the pure love route—knew exactly what this world's fastest path to power was.

Better yet, this path would let him exploit his 20 Charisma to its absolute limit.

"Hattie!" he whispered to the witch beside him, "Can you sign a contract with me, become my patron, and share your spellcasting abilities with me?"

Chapter 9: Chapter 9 The Warlock's Pact

This is the path of a warlock!

Mortals with extraordinary Charisma often attract the attention of powerful supernatural beings and all manner of strange magical creatures.

In most cases, such attention brings disaster upon these mortals—just as Charles had drawn Hattie's notice.

But on rare occasions, they may seize the opportunity to sign a contract with these mighty entities, becoming their representatives in the material world's mundane society, and sharing in their patron's formidable magical power.

Those of this class are commonly referred to as "warlocks" by the outside world.

Without a doubt, this is a shortcut for ordinary people to grow stronger—and it is almost the most suitable path for Charles at this moment. The higher one's Charisma, the

greater their Affinity for external supernatural energies, the smoother the process of receiving their patron's power, and the easier it becomes to grow stronger in the future!

This was Charles' reasoning. But upon hearing it, Hattie's expression grew troubled: "Master, it's not that Hattie doesn't wish to share her power with you."

"But although my Strength is decent enough within the South Harbor District, compared to the truly formidable beings of the wider world... I am far too weak."

Her concern was not unfounded. While Hattie's Strength ranked within the monastery's TOP3—though her position wasn't exactly secure—compared to the many mighty beings of this world, such as the Supreme Fairy Queen of the Wild Fey, the Archdevils of the Nine Hells, or the eldritch abominations from distant starry voids... she was simply insignificant.

Thus, Hattie worried that if they signed a contract, she wouldn't be able to share much power with her Master, severely limiting his potential growth.

To this, Charles smiled gently and took her hand: "But I believe in you, Hattie. Rather than those powerful beings of immense Strength but dubious intentions, I would rather trust your sincerity."

Besides, it's not like I can encounter those mighty entities right now, so you're my only choice, aren't you?

That was his true thought—but such words would be far too cruel, so he would never voice them.

Gently gazing into Hattie's eyes, he added, "Strength doesn't matter. In the future, we can cultivate together and grow stronger, can't we?"

Instantly, Hattie was moved nearly to tears: "Master—"

Unable to restrain her surging emotions any longer, she lunged forward, pressing her lips to his, then began pulling at his clothes—actively seeking sex—

""Woo...!"

Caught off guard, Charles found his mouth sealed by those warm, soft lips. Then, he felt a delicate tongue slip between his lips, teasing his own with playful insistence.

At once, a fire ignited in his belly. With such a beautiful woman in his arms, fragrant and supple as jade, all thoughts of contracts fled his mind. He flipped her beneath him.

Leveling up and growing stronger could wait!

"Ah...!"

With a soft moan from Hattie, Hattie gasped softly as Charles flipped up the hem of her nun's habit, exposing milky flesh untouched by sunlight. His calloused palms - roughened by years of manual labor - scraped possessively down her trembling belly, each ridge of his fingerprints leaving invisible brands. When those work-hardened fingers closed around her rosebud nipples, the witch arched with a choked whimper, her pale breasts jiggling as he rolled the stiffening peaks between thumb and forefinger.

Beneath him, the novice witch squirmed with delicious shame, yet her slender fingers worked urgently at the waistband of his sleep pants. The fabric tented obscenely around his erect cock, the swollen head already leaking beads of precum onto the linen. Her small hands guided that thick length against her slit, gasping at the heat radiating from his veined shaft as it kissed her dripping entrance.

"Ohhh—"

"Ah! Master...!"

The chamber echoed with wet slaps of flesh meeting flesh, Hattie's high-pitched moans harmonizing with Charles' guttural groans. The chandelier's glow painted their writhing shadows across the walls - his muscular hips pistoning between her spread thighs, her plump breasts bouncing with every brutal thrust. Juices trickled down her inner thighs as his balls slapped against her ass, the lewd squelch of her cunt taking his girth growing louder with each plunge.

When Charles' thrusts turned erratic, Hattie locked her ankles behind his back, milking his cock with tight vaginal spasms. Her inner walls fluttered like a hungry mouth as he bottomed out with a roar, pumping thick ropes of cum deep into her womb. The witch mewled through her own climax, her clit throbbing against his pubic bone as her juices mixed with his seed.

Exhausted, Charles collapsed onto the sweat-slick sheets, his softening cock glistening atop his thigh. Yet Hattie remained kneeling between his legs, pink tongue darting out to collect every drop from his still-twitching member. Her lips stretched obscenely around his semi-hard length, hollowing her cheeks as she sucked him clean despite his oversensitivity.

Only when not a drop remained did she curl against him, her heavy breasts pressing into his arm. With eyelashes fluttering over deceptively innocent eyes, she whispered:

"Master,,I've drafted a simple Pact. Would you review it and see if it meets your approval?"

Charles snapped back to attention. Before him, the power of magic coalesced in the air, swiftly forming an ink-green parchment. Upon it, written in pale blue Common Tongue, were the terms of the Pact:

From this day forth, Party A and Party B shall enter into a binding contract. Both parties must strictly adhere to every obligation outlined herein. Should either party breach the terms, the violator shall forfeit their soul to the other.

Rights of Party A:

None.

Obligations of Party A:

Party A shall unconditionally share all acquired knowledge—including but not limited to magic, history, religion, and nature—with Party B. No concealment, tampering, or procrastination shall be permitted under any circumstances.

Party A shall unconditionally share all magical power with Party B. In instances where both parties require the consumption of magical energy, Party B's needs shall take precedence.

Party A shall prioritize their own life's safety at all times, yet must willingly sacrifice themselves if necessary to ensure Party B's survival.

Party A shall be responsible for fulfilling all of Party B's daily needs, including but not limited to diet, lodging, entertainment, and nightlife...

...

Rights of Party B:

Party B reserves the right to declare Party A in breach of contract at any time.

Party B may issue any command to Party A at will, regardless of its reasonableness or feasibility...

...

Obligations of Party B:

None.

At the bottom lay the signatures—Party A already bore Hattie's name in elegant script, while Party B's space remained blank, awaiting Charles' hand.

A single glance at the terms sent a chill down his spine. "Hattie," he said carefully, "don't you think this Pact is... excessively unfair to you?"

If anything, that was an understatement. This wasn't merely unfair—it was harsher than any slave contract he'd ever heard of. Signing such a one-sided agreement, even with a witch as fearsome as Hattie, left him uneasy.

Yet she only smiled, her voice soft as silk. "I fear my loyalty to you may waver in the future, Master. Thus, I wish to bind myself with the strictest terms possible."

Charles reached up, gently cupping her cheek. "But I trust you. And I cannot bear to exploit my most loyal follower so cruelly."

With that, he turned back to the Pact. "Come, Hattie. If you truly see me as your Master, then heed my words. Let us amend these terms."

"First, remove the first clause under Party B's rights..."

One by one, he revised the obligations and privileges, crafting a far fairer agreement. At the very least, Hattie would now only need to share knowledge and a portion of her power—no longer could Charles drain her magic or control her life without consequence.

Truthfully, the new terms still leaned heavily in his favor. Party A remained the sole giver, while Party B's returns were scant, reliant solely on goodwill.

But this way, his conscience rested easier. And silently, he swore an oath to himself:

I will never betray a witch who pledges herself to me in earnest.

Guided by Hattie's hand, he signed his name upon the Pact. The parchment shattered instantly, dissolving into emerald motes that seeped into their flesh.

At once, Charles felt it—torrents of knowledge flooding his mind, vast reserves of power surging into his veins. He offered no resistance, surrendering to the warmth of Hattie's magic.

Ah... So this is what true magic feels like...

He raised his left hand. A sphere of pristine water materialized above his palm.

1st-level spell: Create/Destroy Water.

A flawless success.

The corners of Charles' mouth curled up slightly. He knew that at this moment, he had fully acquired spellcasting abilities and became an outstanding existence among the entire Liberl Port.

Chapter 10: Chapter 10: Pact Spellcasting

Dispelling the water sphere in his hand, Charles immediately opened his system and pulled up his attributes panel. As expected, significant changes were now displayed.

Host: Charles

Gender: Male

Race: Human Subspecies (Silver Kin)

Age: 15

Height: 1.69m

Weight: 49.8kg

Strength: 8

Agility: 9

Constitution: 7

Intelligence: 13

Perception: 12

Charisma: 20

Class: Warlock (Level 1)

Warlock Class Ability:

Pact Magic: After signing a contract with the witch "Hattie," you gain access to her magic power, allowing you to cast spells. Your spellcasting key attribute is Charisma. After at least one hour of rest and meditation, you regain all expended spell slots.

Current Spell Slots: 4/4.

Highest Spell Slot Level: 1st.

Feats: None.

Spells:None.

Cantrip: Eldritch Blast.

1st-level Spells: Create Water/Destroy Water.

Spellbook: None.

Staring at his panel, Charles froze for a moment before exclaiming in disbelief, "Hattie, this..."

The greatest hallmark of the warlock class lies in its unique "Pact Magic" ability. With this feature, warlocks can swiftly restore their magic power through just one hour of rest and meditation—which, in essence, is simply petitioning their patron for more magic—before casting spells again.

Every other spellcasting class, whether mage, warlock, or even pastor paladins, requires a full eight hours of rest and meditation to recover their consumed mana.

Only the warlock is an exception.

Of course, rapid recovery comes at a price. Patron rarely grant their warlocks too much magic power at once.

A first-level mage typically has four spell slots, while a warlock usually only has two.

As levels increase, the gap widens further: a third-level mage boasts 14 spell slots, while a warlock of the same level has a pitiful 6; a fifth-level mage commands 27 spell slots, whereas the warlock is left with only 10...

Yet, this sole drawback seems utterly insignificant in the face of Hattie's overwhelming affection for him. Thanks to their rather outrageous pact, Hattie has shared nearly all of her power with him, granting him—a mere first-level warlock—the same number of spell slots as a mage of equal level!

And unlike mages, who need eight hours of rest to recover their spell slots, he only requires a single hour to restore all his spellcasting abilities!

This is...

Outrageously powerful!

Ignoring the freebie cantrip Eldritch Blast and the complimentary 1st-level spells Create Water/Destroy Water, an exhilarated Charles flipped over, pinning Hattie beneath him under her tender, adoring gaze, and captured her soft lips in a kiss.

"Woo..."

The room once again brimmed with vivid passion.

...

Four days later.

"This diary is meant to record my daily conduct, to discipline my studies and training, and to avoid indulging in pleasure at the expense of improving my Strength and knowledge."

"Day One: Make love with Hatti."

"Day Two: Make love with Hattie."

"Day Three: Charles, oh Charles, you must not let yourself fall any deeper into this depravity. As the sage said: 'I examine myself thrice daily.' You have so much to learn, so much training to complete—you cannot keep drowning in carnal indulgence!"

"Day Four: Hattie makes love to Charles in the kitchen."

...

"Sigh..."

Lying in bed, Charles let out a long exhale after reading the final entry, closing the diary as he reflected on his actions these past few days.

Why... why couldn't he control himself?!

His peripheral glance caught Hattie beside him, now fast asleep. Her light-green long hair sprawled messily across the pillow like a pond overgrown with duckweed, her lips curled into a sweet smile as if lost in a pleasant dream.

But Charles knew the truth—she was simply exhausted.

During the day, she had to transfer knowledge and magic power to him, help him control his spells, and teach him arcane principles. Yet, truth be told, Hattie wasn't the best instructor—at least, not for a human.

Many of her spellcasting abilities were innate; she didn't fully grasp their underlying mechanics herself. Thus, she struggled to explain how a spell-ignorant mortal could wield them with effortless mastery.

In the end, she resorted to the most primitive teaching method: relentlessly demonstrating the spellcasting process, letting him observe, mimic, and gradually deduce the patterns himself.

However, this "observation" phase required him to press intimately against Hattie...

Thanks to his system-provided kitchen and dorm, he consumed vast amounts of nutrients daily, and no matter how exhausted he was, a single night's rest left him fully revitalized, bursting with energy.

The consequence of such peak physical condition? The moment he and Hattie shared even slight contact, his body reacted with overwhelming intensity within seconds.

This witch, now utterly devoted, never refused any of his requests. Sensing his unrestrained desire, she would immediately halt lessons and gently "assist" him through various means, after which...

After which, he'd spent four days writing that diary.

"No—this has to stop!"

As mentioned earlier, Hattie was a creature of frequent desires yet quick to succumb to satisfaction, leaving her drained and in need of rest afterward.

While their passionate exchanges did facilitate energy transfer, deepening their bond—harmless, even beneficial—the efficiency of such "training" paled in comparison to actual study and discipline. It was downright outrageous!

Stewing in self-reproach, he swore inwardly: "At this rate, I'll accomplish nothing. Tomorrow, I must change tactics!"

"I have to be ruthless with myself—how else will I survive in this perilous world?!"

Fueled by resolve, he lay back and sank into slumber.

The next dawn, as the first rays of sunlight crept over the horizon, Charles stirred awake—not from the light, but from an indescribable pleasure pulsing through his lower body, his cock throbbing with each wet, eager suck.

Looking down, he saw Hattie, now clad in a nun's habit, kneeling on the bed with pious diligence. Her small mouth worked his length with sinful expertise, her lips stretched tight around his girth as she hollowed her cheeks, sucking hard. A lewd, wet noise filled the room as she bobbed her head, her tongue swirling around the swollen head of his cock before plunging back down, taking him deep into her throat.

Noticing his movement, she lifted her head with a lecherous pop, his glistening shaft slipping from her lips. A thin strand of saliva still connected her mouth to his tip as she smiled with angelic gentleness, her eyes dark with lust.

"Good morning, Master," she purred, her fingers stroking his length lazily, smearing precum down his shaft. "Did you sleep well?"