

Witch Monastery

#Chapter 61: The Purification Insects Witch - Read Witch Monastery Chapter 61: The Purification Insects Witch

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Flame Witch Ekta and Insects Witch Andny were the two weakest witches in the monastery—not only was their magic power feeble, but their physical bodies were frail as well. In every aspect, they paled in comparison to the other five witches.

The Flame Witch was at least somewhat capable. Though unremarkable overall, her mastery over flames granted her terrifying destructive potential. When wielded strategically, she could unleash devastating area attacks.

The Insects Witch, however... was awkward.

Her true form was a massive, hive-like structure, riddled with countless holes, each teeming with squirming worms. Naturally, her abilities revolved around summoning and controlling insects, commanding them to fight on her behalf.

This combat style worked well enough against ordinary people. After all, sending swarms of fearless worms to gnaw and burrow into human flesh could inflict horrific damage.

But against anyone with even rudimentary magical abilities? Utterly ineffective. Take Charles, for example—a single Burning Hands spell would incinerate most of her summoned worms in an instant.

With a bit of luck, Charles might even defeat this witch in a one-on-one fight right now.

This alone demonstrated just how weak these two witches truly were. So long as no other witches interfered, purifying them would be no issue at all!

"Understood!" The two witches nodded in unison, their eyes blazing with ambition.

Now, all they had to do was wait—for Theresa to leave, for the other nuns to go foraging (though most importantly, for that troublesome Sephera to vacate the monastery)—until only the Flame Witch or the Insects Witch remained inside. Then, they would strike!

Such opportunities would be rare.

They could not afford to waste a single one.

...

Several days later.

"Hattie, my good sister, what exactly do you want to show me?"

"Oh, just come in and see! Spoiling it would ruin the surprise. Come on, hurry inside!"

At the doorway of Charles's room, Hattie eagerly pulled another nun dressed in a black habit—her face serene and lovely—urging her to enter.

This was the Insects Witch, Andny, whose pleasure was releasing the worms within her body, letting them burrow into the palms and soles of young girls, gnawing at their marrow as she drank in their agonized screams and drained their souls.

Yet, despite her cruelty, the witch now wore a mask of tranquility, her eyes innocent, like a pious nun untouched by the world's evils.

Trusting her fellow sister, Andny stopped questioning and stepped inside, pushing the door open.

Whoosh—

Suddenly, four thick ink-green tentacles lashed out, coiling around her wrists and ankles. Black mist coiled from them, sealing away all her magic in an instant.

The witch's face twisted in fury. "Hattie, you betray me?! You—ugh—!"

Her beautiful eyes split apart, multiplying into countless insect-like compound eyes that swarmed across her face, still spreading—

Before she could resist, a blade pierced her chest. Behind her, Ruth materialized, her purple-red eyes burning with murderous intent, as if ready to cut down her own sister!

Staggered by the blow, Andny gasped. "Ruth?! You... how could you—?"

Then, from the shadows, Charles—cloaked in protective spells—stepped forward. He placed a hand on her and chanted:

"Purified."

Bzzzt—

A milky radiance erupted.

Within the white light, the witch's eyes reverted—shrinking, reshaping—back into their original beauty.

Her expression shifted—from shock... to confusion...

Then her head lolled, her body went limp, and she collapsed into unconsciousness.

Success.

Hattie retracted her tentacles, and immediately the Insects Witch's body pitched forward. Charles swiftly extended his arms, catching her limp form against his chest.

Outside the door, Ruth sheathed her blade and entered, her face as expressionless as ever - this was simply her way. Meanwhile, Hattie beamed brightly, addressing Charles: "Congratulations, Master!"

Charles smiled, feeling the tension in his chest ease considerably. He exhaled deeply. "Yes, that went smoothly enough."

Since advancing to third level, his daily routine had gradually normalized. Each day found him in the scriptorium, studying alone with a witch's company, determined to master all remaining spells from the five primers.

Hattie and Ruth, meanwhile, busied themselves setting traps in their respective rooms while carefully monitoring the movements of other witches, patiently awaiting their opportunity to strike.

Such chances proved rare. Without compelling reason, the witches seldom left the monastery, let alone in pairs.

Charles and his companions could only wait, though his patience wore thin. The matter of Sophia weighed on him like a mountain, fueling unbearable agitation.

They needed to succeed quickly - who knew what complications might arise from further delays!

After eight agonizing days, their opportunity finally came when both Sephera and Ekta departed.

However, an easy victory yielded modest rewards. The Insects Witch provided only 350 Purification Points - far fewer than what Hattie and Ruth had offered.

No matter. During the Night of the Witches, those he'd purified would grant additional rewards. He simply needed to continue purifying and wait patiently!

Imagining this bright future, Charles produced his spellbook and cast "Cure Wounds" on Andny.

Milky healing light flared briefly before fading. Even this first-level spell sufficed for the frail witch.

Andny's eyes fluttered open, beautiful pupils clouded with confusion. Recognizing Charles, her expression brightened. "Master!"

She immediately sat up, wrapping her arms around his waist.

"Ah..." Charles stroked her hair, marveling at purification's miraculous power. Softly he added, "Andny, I'm sorry to ask this while you're injured, but Sophia's situation is urgent."

"Could you send your worms to gather intelligence in the slums?"

Andny nodded vigorously. "Of course, Master! These minor wounds won't hinder my abilities."

Purification had psychically attuned her to Charles - she understood his purpose before he finished speaking.

Her nun's wimple stirred without wind as several insects emerged, darting through the window toward the slums.

Charles brimmed with anticipation. Though weak in combat, the Insects Witch's unique ability to gather intelligence through her worms surpassed all others.

With her assistance, locating Sophia or assessing the slums' situation would prove far simpler.

Then Andny's eyes suddenly brightened. "Master! Ekta is returning to the monastery alone!"

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Chapter 62: Chapter 62: Exposure

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With heartfelt thanks,

The clock rewinds ten minutes.

The Flame Witch, Ekta, walked alone through the slum's alley, her fiery red long wavy hair hidden beneath a nun's wimple. Her face bore its usual expression of sorrow for life's suffering, yet her heart swelled with delight.

She had just glimpsed her prey—a plump widow in her twenties, freshly bereaved of her husband.

Her mouth watered. Tonight, she would seize her, scorch her body with blazing flames, and savor the exquisite transformation of her soul under the searing agony of the heat.

As she indulged in these thoughts, a familiar voice called from behind:

"Ekta, you seem well."

Instantly, the Flame Witch's mood soured. She turned, her crimson pupils flooding with disgust.

It was Sephera's voice. In the past, this viper had mocked her relentlessly. Naturally, she held no goodwill for her.

Sephera swayed forward, her slender waist undulating like a water snake. A smile played at the corners of her mouth.

"How's your harvest today?"

Ekta lowered her head.

"Passable. Barely enough for my needs."

"Then it's not good, is it?" Sephera's words were sharp but devoid of mockery this time. She sighed faintly.

"Be careful these next few days. Best not linger in the slums. See how clever Ruth is? She vowed to retrieve Sophia, yet she's holed up in the monastery, going nowhere!"

She spoke deliberately. Though venom-tongued and fond of scorn, she was no fool.

She knew well: if even three of the remaining five witches united against her, even Theresa's backing wouldn't spare her future misery.

So, after publicly ridiculing one witch, she'd privately cozy up to another—feigning concern while sowing discord among them.

Just as she did now.

True to form, the Flame Witch's brow arched. Her mind raced.

"Now that you mention it... yes. Hmm..."

She dared not speak ill of Ruth—her strength far eclipsed Ekta's. But Sephera read her face and knew her scheme had worked.

The corners of her lips curled. She pressed on:

"And Hattie—oh, she's busy. Heh. Have you met that white-haired human she keeps? Noticed their... peculiar scent?"

Ekta's eyes widened.

"You mean they've—?"

Over a month had passed, and the two had met more than once. Yet Ekta wielded Control over Fire, while Hattie was a deep-sea witch, drawn to water. With Hattie's Strength far surpassing her own, Ekta dared not draw too close. Each time, she offered only a distant greeting before tending to her own affairs.

She had caught whiffs of something odd but dismissed it—until Sephera spelled it out. Now she realized: Hattie and that man must have—!

"Oh yes!" Sephera covered her small mouth with a light chuckle. "A highborn witch, pinned beneath some lowly human, her pale backside raised as he took her from behind. Moaning 'Master, you're so mighty!' with her tongue lolling and eyes rolling..."

She exaggerated deliberately, and Ekta's face twisted in disgust. "How utterly revolting."

Sephera almost laughed out loud in her heart, but she just sighed softly: "It can't be helped, maybe she has lived too long, so she will be infected with some Quirks."

"You go back first, I still have some things to buy. Remember what I just said, don't enter the slums casually~"

She turned and left. In fact, she didn't have anything to buy. She just wanted to avoid other witches seeing her and Ekta together, and avoid people suspecting her of sowing discord.

She planned to turn around and return to the monastery immediately.

Ekta gave a slight nod, committing the two matters—"Ruth is irresponsible" and "Hattie is disgusting"—to memory before heading alone toward the monastery.

Meanwhile, inside the monastery, upon hearing the news, Charles felt his heart pound wildly. "A perfect opportunity!"

His patience had long worn thin. The crisis surrounding Sophia weighed on him like a mountain, pressing down on him until he could no longer bear to wait for another chance when Sephera was absent from the monastery. Now was the time to tame the Flame Witch as well!

With that thought, he turned to Hattie and Ruth. "My dears, are you ready for another fight?"

"Absolutely!" Ruth's expression turned stern at once. "I barely used any of my strength earlier. Taming Ekta will be no trouble at all!"

"Same here!" Hattie quickly nodded in agreement. "The Flame Witch is weak. The two of us can easily take her down!"

"Then we must seize this moment!" Charles said gravely. "Though this is rushed, we can't afford to wait any longer. We must purify Ekta immediately!"

"Master, I'll join you!" Andny hurriedly offered, but Charles pressed her back down. "No, you've only just been purified. Your strength hasn't recovered yet. Don't worry—Ruth and Hattie are more than enough to handle the Flame Witch!"

He patted her back reassuringly. "Rest easy. Finding Sophia's trail will still rely on your abilities! Leave the fighting to me."

With that, he stood and began issuing orders. "Hattie, you and I will lie in wait in the bath chamber. Ruth, you go and invite Ekta to your room!"

"Mhm!" The two witches nodded in unison before springing into action. Charles and Hattie hid inside the bath chamber, where they used Create Water to conjure a large volume of icy water as traps. Meanwhile, Ruth strode alone toward the monastery's main gate.

As fate would have it, she encountered the returning Flame Witch.

The two met, and just as Ekta was about to offer a greeting, Ruth blurted out impatiently, "Ekta, come to my room at once. There's something I need your help with!"

Instantly, the Flame Witch's smile faded. "What is it?"

"I've found something that might be a clue to Sophia's whereabouts," Ruth recited smoothly, repeating the lie Charles had taught her. "But I'm not certain, so I wanted your expertise—you're more familiar with fire."

The Flame Witch nearly agreed without hesitation, but at the last moment, a flicker of doubt arose in her mind: Wait, she hasn't left the monastery in days. Where would she have found a clue?

"What exactly is it?" she pressed. "Tell me, and I'll think it over."

Ruth faltered. She had no idea what to say. Never skilled with words, her anxiety only grew. In desperation, she reached out and seized Ekta's wrist. "Just come to my room and see for yourself!"

The Flame Witch's heart lurched. Her eyes flashed warily, but knowing her strength was no match, she feigned compliance and nodded lightly. "Fine. I'll go with you."

Ruth exhaled in relief, then turned and led her down the gravel path toward her room—which now served as the monastery's communal bath chamber.

Ekta allowed herself to be pulled along, a sense of foreboding thickening around her. Then, as Ruth pushed the door open, she declared, "See? This is what I found—"

Whoosh—

The moment the door swung wide, thick tentacles shot out, coiling around the Flame Witch's wrists and ankles!

Instincts screaming, Ekta's pupils contracted. Her nun's wimple disintegrated into ash as her fiery red, wavy hair erupted into towering flames. "Ruth, you betray me—AHHH!"

A jet of freezing water blasted from inside the room, striking her body head-on. The sudden, biting cold sent agony lancing through her, and a shrill scream tore from her throat. "AAAAHHHH—!"

Her face darkened as if charred, then glowed like burning embers. Intense heat radiated from her skin, turning the chilled water into a billowing cloud of steam—like the scalding vapor that bursts from a freshly opened kettle!

Under the blistering heat, Hattie's moisture-dependent tentacles withered and died in seconds, their grip slackening into lifeless husks.

With a fierce yank, Ekta broke free from the shriveled restraints and whirled to flee—but in that instant, steel flashed as Ruth, lying in wait, struck.

Schlik—!

"GAAH—!"

A blade pierced through her back, exiting her chest. Already weakened, the Flame Witch shrieked in pain, the grievous wound leaving her barely standing.

"Don't let her escape!"

Charles burst from the bath chamber, ignoring the scalding steam. His hand clamped onto her shoulder. "Purify!"

Bzzzt—

A milky glow enveloped her body entirely.

"NOOO—!"

Ekta's scream was raw with fury. She tried to retaliate with flames, but another icy torrent slammed into her, while four fresh tentacles pinned her limbs once more.

"You will PAY for this—!"

Her defiance meant nothing. As the purification's white light invaded her soul, consciousness abandoned her. Her body went limp, collapsing into unconsciousness.

Success.

Charles exhaled in quiet relief. It had been close, but they'd purified her in the end.

Yet before he could fully relax, an enraged shout rang out. "What in the hells are you doing?!"

All three turned to see Sephera standing amid the nearby trees, her beautiful eyes wide with shock and disbelief as she stared at the scene before her.

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Chapter 63: Chapter 63: The Purification of Sephera (Part 1)

Sephera could hardly believe her eyes.

What was she seeing?

Hattie and Ruth had joined forces to raid Ekta—and then that human, the one she'd always thought harmless and delightfully tempting, had used some eerie white light to make Ekta fall into a coma?

If it were just the former, she could've chalked it up to Ekta acting rashly after hearing her sowing discord, charging into a confrontation with two far stronger witches and getting thoroughly beaten for it.

But the human's involvement made her brain overheat. A thousand thoughts flooded her mind at once, leaving her utterly unable to think!

"You two... and this person—" Her voice trembled as she reflexively took a step back. "What in the world are you doing?!"

Her accusation rang out. Across from her, Charles—holding Ekta's unconscious form—faced Sephera directly, his heart pounding so hard it felt like his brain might short-circuit.

Why did she have to return now?!

No, I can't speak. Hattie needs to handle this...

Hattie, get over here now!

He mentally screamed her name, though he didn't actually need to.

Behind him, Hattie had already heard Sephera's demand. She rushed out from the bath chamber, hurrying toward Sephera with an awkward smile. "It's not what you think, Sephera! Let me explain—this was just an experiment. Ekta's perfectly fine—"

"Stay back!" Sephera snarled, retreating another half-step. "Don't move!"

Hattie froze, her face etched with anxiety. Charles's mind raced, scrambling for a plausible excuse.

But how? Over the past week, he'd tried drafting contingency plans for exactly this scenario—being caught red-handed by Sephera. Yet after countless revisions, he'd realized with despair that unless Sephera's brain spontaneously malfunctioned, there was no way to talk his way out of this.

Now, he had no choice but to try the desperate last resort...

Gritting his teeth, he pulled out his spellbook, channeled magic into it, and cast Cure Wounds on Ekta, hoping to rouse her as quickly as possible.

Behind him, Ruth had already concocted a cover story. "Please believe us, Sephera. Ekta's unharmed. You can ask her yourself—she'll wake up any moment now..."

The moment she finished speaking, Ekta stirred within the white glow of the healing spell, her eyes fluttering open in confusion.

When she saw Charles's face, her expression brightened instantly. Like the other witches, she parted her lips to call him Master—

Charles clamped a hand over her mouth, shooting her a sharp look that screamed Emergency. Play along. Only then did he release her, letting her speak.

Understanding flashed in Ekta's eyes. She clung to his arm, weakly pulling herself upright, then turned to Sephera with crimson eyes full of sincerity. "Sister, I'm fine. There might've been a small misunderstanding—even about what you told me earlier regarding Hattie and Ruth."

"But I promise, none of what you feared has happened..."

She was trying to salvage the situation. Yet at this very moment, every detail burned into Sephera's vision: Ekta's intimate grip on Charles's arm, the way he'd just silenced her, the way all three witches now subtly positioned themselves around him as if he were their center.

Her vertical pupils flickered with unreadable light. Then, burying every suspicion, she suddenly smiled—sweet, effortless. "Oh? Is that so? Then I must've misunderstood..."

She took a graceful step back, turning as if to leave. "I just remembered—there's a small matter I forgot to handle earlier. You all carry on. I'll be back soon..."

Charles's eyes narrowed. His heart plummeted.

She's seen through us.

Of course. There was no way any excuse would've worked here.

She'd recognized his lie. Now, she was surely heading out to contact Theresa—to purge the monastery clean!

If that happened, he was finished.

So—

"Now!"

A silent snarl tore through his mind. Releasing Ekta, he lunged forward, charging straight at Sephera!

Behind him, Hattie and Ruth wasted no more time, abandoning all hesitation. Hattie raised her hand, her incantation near-instantaneous:

"Evard's Black Tentacles!"

In an instant, inky black mist erupted at Sephera's feet. Thick, writhing tendrils coiled around her ankles, locking her in place.

Meanwhile, Ruth extended a steel blade from her palm, then leaped lightly, accelerating to her top speed—straight toward Sephera's neck!

Just as expected!

Sephera cursed under her breath. Hattie and Ruth had truly betrayed them!

Damn you all! You wretched traitors will pay for this!

Though her mind burned with fury, her hands moved swiftly. She raised them, weaving an intricate gesture as she recited an arcane incantation:

"Cloudkill!"

In an instant, thick, ink-green toxic mist gushed from her hands, filling half the monastery in the blink of an eye—obscuring the vision of Charles and the three witches!

Cloudkill—a 5th-level spell—conjured a deadly fog so potent that a single breath would slay an ordinary person instantly.

This was high-tier magic even Hattie hadn't mastered, yet Sephera wielded it effortlessly.

And why not? Her spellcasting prowess surpassed even Hattie's. The only reason her rank within the monastery remained low was her reliance on venoms—substances to which most witches held near-immunity.

Charles, however, as a human with no innate resistance to toxins, might have been helpless against her other poisons—but this spell?

He had the perfect counter.

His hand shot up, and an obscure incantation rumbled from his throat:

"Gust of Wind!"

Gust of Wind!

A 2nd-level spell granted by the system when he reached Level 2. Useless in most situations—but against fog?

The perfect counter.

Whoosh—

A gale erupted, scattering the ink-green mist in seconds. It thinned rapidly, dispersing through the monastery until, within moments, its toxicity dwindled to near-harmlessness.

Charles held his breath. Though he'd inhaled traces of the toxin while chanting, the 2nd-level False Life spell shielded him from harm.

"Cough! Cough!"

As the obscuring mist finally cleared, he doubled over, hacking violently—his throat burning.

Meanwhile, Ruth lunged through the thinning haze, her blade slashing where Sephera had stood—

Sshink!

A brilliant arc of steel flashed—then vanished. But all it severed were a few inky black tentacles summoned by Hattie.

The remaining toxic mist swirled away, revealing the truth: Sephera was gone.

Only a single, slender pale-pink vine lay coiled on the ground.

It was part of her body—one of many. In moments of peril, she could sever such a vine, unleashing terrifying energy to propel herself to impossible speeds and escape.

This was her emergency survival tactic.

And the very reason Charles had always hesitated to confront her without absolute certainty.

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Chapter 64: Chapter 64: The Purification of Sephera (Part 2)

At the sight of the vine, Hattie's face turned pale. She knew it was too late for words now.

"She's gone... fled to Goddess-knows-where..."

A flicker of despair rose in her heart. All hope was lost. Sephera had escaped far beyond their reach—with her powers, how could they ever find her in the vast world outside?

And when Theresa learned of this...

The archwitch would return to the monastery in wrath.

Then, surely, their doom would come.

Ruth gritted her teeth but remained calm.

"Tracking her is impossible now. We must abandon this place—Transfer immediately!"

It was the safest decision she could make.

Yet Charles looked up at the scorching sun overhead, and a doubt stirred in his mind.

No.

It was high noon, the streets bustling with crowds.

Would Sephera truly dare to reveal her monstrous true form and sprint at full speed down Main Street?

Unlikely.

She must have hidden somewhere nearby.

Hiss...

If so, the perfect hiding spot—the one place they'd overlook—was...

His thoughts raced. He summoned the system, activated the map function, and scanned the aerial view.

There it was.

Amid the white dot marking his position and the four green dots for Hattie, Ruth, Ekta, and Andny...

A glaring red dot pulsed—the marker of a hostile presence.

The corners of Charles' mouth curled into a smile.

Sephera...

Sephera, you are still hiding in the monastery!

...

In the scriptorium, Sephera huddled in the corner, retracting the green, pale-pink, and yellow vines protruding from her body. Within moments, she regained the alluring appearance of a nun.

Yet now, her face bore no trace of its usual composure or taunting smirk—only raw rage and gnashing teeth toward the traitors!

Those two bastards..... and that human. Unforgivable. They will pay.

But why had they turned out like this? What happened in the monastery? Even Theresa's foresight hadn't predicted this?

Her heart trembled. Had she not spotted the dense mist rising over the monastery—Ekta's unmistakable power—and hurried back, she'd have been doomed.

A mere two seconds slower, and Hattie and Ruth would've hidden Ekta's corpse. She'd have trusted them blindly... and walked into their ambush.

Gasping softly, she steadied herself, gathering strength while biding her time.

No one ever came to the scriptorium. If she waited patiently till sunset, until darkness swallowed the land, she could escape the monastery—to true safety and freedom...

Then, through the window, footsteps approached. Hattie's frantic voice followed:

"Master, what do we do? Archwitch Theresa's power is too great. Even combined, we're no match for her!"

Master?!

Hattie, that bastard, actually sincerely called that human "Master"!

Sephera seethed inwardly: You're the most shameless witch ever spawned by the material world! Bowing to a human as Master? I bet he's explored every inch of you by now!

Disgusting. Vile.

At least they knew their limits. Heh. Once Theresa returns, you'll all pay.

Ruth's voice chimed in: "Sephera's fast—she's surely far gone by now. Tracking her's impossible. Our only choice is to flee before Theresa arrives."

Sephera frowned. Even Ruth had fallen so low?

Damn it. If those two ambushed her together, escape might be impossible.

Fortunately, they thought I had left the monastery. So, as long as they don't rush into the scriptorium, I'm safe.

Outside, the white-haired man spoke last: "We can't oppose Theresa. Gather only the essentials in your rooms. We leave at once—for the East Harbor District."

"Understood!" The witches replied in unison before their footsteps faded.

Hearing this, Sephera finally allowed herself to relax, her tension dissolving—only for her teeth to clench in quiet fury.

The East Harbor District, hm? Heh. Just wait until I bring Theresa back. I'll drag every last one of you out and make you suffer beyond imagination!

Especially that human. How dare you make highborn witches call you 'Master'? Just you wait—I'll show you true torment!

I'll drive a wasp's sting into every fingertip of yours until you beg for death!

I'll sink a viper's fangs into your palms, letting its venom sear through your bones!

And then I'll set jellyfish upon your feet, their toxins eating away at your soles...

Hah—

Suddenly, a swirl of black mist erupted at her feet. Thick, ink-green tentacles surged forth, coiling around her curled body in an instant. Corrosive energies gnawed at her flesh, and within seconds, her nun's habit was reduced to tattered rags!

"Ghk—!"

A choked groan of agony tore from Sephera's throat. She struggled against the bindings—but Hattie's spell was only the beginning. The true horror was yet to come.

Screech—!

The scriptorium's window burst open. A petite silhouette vaulted inside, a blade flashing in her hand.

Shhk—!

The slash split Sephera's shoulder, spraying toxic green-laced purple blood across the floor. A shrill, piercing shriek followed—the Toxic Witch's voice, raw with pain.

"Aaaagh—!"

Agony—from the wound, from her draining power—flooded her senses. And with it came a crushing realization:

I'm going to die.

Terror, primal and suffocating, clawed up her spine, shaking her very soul.

No. I have to escape. At any cost.

"roar--"

A bestial snarl rumbled in her throat. Her body convulsed—swelling, stretching, twisting. Delicate skin split apart, replaced by gnarled vines in grotesque shades of green, purple, and pale-pink, coiling like a monstrous, multicolored serpent.

And then—her own vines lashed out, ensnaring Hattie's tentacles in a vicious counterattack!

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Chapter 65: Chapter 65: The Purification of Sephera (Part 3)

However, it was clear Sephera had no intention of testing her spells against Hattie's. In the next instant, the vines she had used to entangle Hattie's tentacles snapped apart—while her own true form, slippery as an eel, wriggled free from the countless grasping limbs and shot toward the scriptorium's door!

She would escape today, no matter the cost—even if it meant tearing herself apart.

Inside the room, Ruth raised her small hand and slashed the air once more. Another ghastly wound split open across Sephera's true body. Vines that formed her torso splintered away, splattering the scriptorium's floor with venomous blood, like petals of some grotesque flower.

Yet none of it slowed her down.

Her body accelerated to its fullest speed mid-air, hurtling toward the scriptorium's locked door—

BANG—!

The reinforced wood shattered under the impact. Sephera's head throbbed as if she had rammed straight into steel.

No time to curse the door's absurd durability—she immediately veered toward the monastery's main entrance.

There were no choices left now. Since they had discovered her, her only path was forward—out, out, out!

Blind with panic, she didn't notice the figure waiting just beyond the doorway.

At the threshold, Charles saw her charging straight for the exit and lunged. His arms locked around her elongated, serpentine body.

The Longstrider spell enhanced his body, granting him leaps that would shame an Olympic champion from his past life. With effortless grace, he wrapped his arms around the massive, multicolored viper's writhing form and snarled:

"Purified—!"

BUZZ—

A milky radiance erupted, enveloping her monstrous body in an instant. Sephera's true form thrashed violently, her coils twisting in a desperate attempt to throw him off—but her struggles grew weaker by the second as her body shrank rapidly. Within moments, she had reverted to her nun's guise.

BANG—!

They crashed to the ground together, the soft earth sparing them the worst of the impact—but doing nothing to lessen Sephera's humiliation.

"You—die!"

Her face twisted with rage as she glared at the filthy man still clutching her body, his accursed white energy leeching away her power. Fury burned through her veins, scorching away reason.

This man—he must be the mastermind!

Kill him. Kill him, and the others might yet be saved!

Baring her fangs—disguised until now as mere canine teeth—she struck at Charles' neck with viperous speed.

"Woo——"

A sharp sting pierced his flesh—then faded almost instantly, replaced by a creeping numbness that seeped into his muscles. His tension melted away against his will.

No.

Dread spiked through him. The venom was taking effect.

Damn it—none of the spells I've learned counter toxins!

He'd prepared for this. Before the fight, he'd upcast False Life to second level, fortifying his body against lethal damage—but it wouldn't hold forever.

After all, Sephera was, at her core, a far more potent spellcaster than Hattie!

"Stop—!"

Charles' eyes blazed with fury as he seized Sephera's throat, trying to wrench her fangs from his neck—only to recoil in shock. Despite her slender frame, her strength dwarfed his own. His fingers strained uselessly against her unyielding flesh.

His heart hammered wildly, the frantic pulse only hastening the toxins' spread through his veins.

"Sephera—release him!"

Hattie's enraged shout came from behind. In a blur, she closed the distance, her arms elongating unnaturally. Fingers thickened into ten grotesque, ink-green tentacles that coiled around Sephera's limbs—and throat.

"Well--!"

A choked groan tore from Sephera's throat, yet her jaw remained locked, pumping thick venom relentlessly into Charles' carotid artery.

"You wretched—!"

Ruth arrived in a flash, her purple-red nails glinting like daggers. With a vicious thrust—

SHINK—!

—her nail pierced Sephera's cheek, severing the tendons of her jaw. Ruth twisted her finger inside the witch's mouth like a steel blade, carving a bloody circle. Teeth shattered. Crimson gushed.

"Woo..."

Charles finally wrenched free—but felt nothing. No pain. No wound. The borrowed vitality of False Life had been utterly consumed.

His body turned leaden, muscles slack as if steeped in warm water. His thoughts blurred, drifting like drunken fog.

The venom... it's taking me.

Even wounded, even weakened by his Purification, Sephera's sheer power remained. More than enough to deliver a lethal counterstrike to a toxin-helpless human.

No... this venom... too potent...

I must... purify it...

With Sephera pinned by Hattie, her Purification was assured. But the venom wouldn't wait. Fighting fading consciousness, he raised a trembling finger and summoned the System. The Construction interface flickered to life.

Andny. Ekta. Sephera. Their rooms now stood empty—ready for new Constructions.

And now, the most urgent choice:

A clinic. One that could purge afflictions.

This... this will cleanse the venom... heal me...

Location? Anywhere. Here would do.

As if death itself hesitated, a final surge of strength returned to his numb limbs. He tapped the interface—twice.

BUZZ—

In another room, a gentle white light began to glow as construction remodeling commenced. Meanwhile here, the purified white light faded, marking the completion of Sephera's Purification.

"Take me... to Andny's... room—!" Charles' tongue had gone rigid, completely numbed by the venom. Summoning his last ounce of strength to deliver this final command, his entire body stiffened before he collapsed into deep unconsciousness - alongside the now-Purified Sephera!

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Chapter 66: Chapter 66: Witch Essence

"Master!"

Hattie's cry pierced the air as one of her tentacles slithered over Charles' body, frantically searching. Within seconds, it retrieved his Witherbloom Primer and channeled magic into the tome, unleashing Cure Wounds after Cure Wounds without restraint.

Yet poison was a status—one that would continue draining his life until either dissolved or death claimed him.

In truth, at this very moment, his internal organs, including his heart, kidneys, and lungs, already showed clear signs of failure from Sephera's lethal toxin. And this damage was permanent!

"Master's orders—to Andny's room!" Ruth said. Her petite frame erupted with monstrous strength as she hoisted Charles and Sephera, one in each hand, slinging them over her shoulders like they were mere feathers. With a light push off the ground, her body shot forward like a loosed arrow, racing toward Andny's room.

Hattie hastily retracted her tentacles and followed. The monastery wasn't large, and within seconds, Ruth kicked open Andny's door, revealing its current state.

Before, this room had always been dark, damp, and filthy, every crevice in the walls crawling with worms of all kinds.

Even those without trypophobia would feel their scalp prickle upon entering, and anyone with even slight mysophobia would retch violently!

But now, all of it had been purged by purifying white light. The room was spotless—an utterly sterile environment.

At each of the room's four corners and the center of the ceiling stood a high-power lamp, ensuring not a single shadow remained.

The center of the room held an operating table—evidently, only one patient could be treated at a time. Beside it stood a small tray bearing tweezers, scalpels, hemostats, surgical scissors, and other medical tools. The lower shelf was stocked with iodine, alcohol, cotton balls, and gauze for immediate use.

Against the far wall loomed a massive cabinet filled with rarely used medical supplies, ready to meet a doctor's every need.

Ruth tossed the unconscious Sephera onto the floor, then carefully laid Charles onto the operating table. She turned, scanning the unfamiliar medical equipment, her face twisted with panic. "How do these work? How do we treat Master?"

Hattie stared, equally helpless. She knew no medicine—these constructions of Charles' had always been under his control alone. She could only watch.

But with Charles unconscious... how could they make him regain consciousness...

"I've got an idea!" she suddenly declared. Grabbing the spellbook, she strode to Sephera's side, pressed a hand against her head, and cast Cure Wounds!

Within the healing white light, Sephera's dazed eyes fluttered open. But before she could even register where she was, Hattie's sharp demand struck her like a whip:

"Sephera, how do we cure your poison?"

Sephera jolted awake. Now fully purified, her mind and body belonged entirely to Charles. The moment she realized what she had done, her face paled in horror.

"Master—!"

With a desperate cry, ignoring the dirt clinging to her, she scrambled to her feet and staggered toward the operating table. Her heartache was palpable as she gazed at Charles, speechless.

"Stay calm, Sephera!" Hattie hissed. "Master isn't dead yet, but he's poisoned and unconscious!"

"This construction can help dissolve the toxins—but the problem is, how do we wake Master up?"

"Sephera, do you have a way?"

Sephera froze, then shook her head in agony. Hattie was grasping at straws—what use was asking Sephera, an evil witch who reveled in tormenting humans with toxins, about antidotes and healing?

Yet... if it came down to it, if saving someone from her lethal poison no matter the cost was the only option... she did have one method.

"This is all my fault," she suddenly declared, her voice resolute, her eyes filled with self-sacrificial determination. "Therefore, I must give everything of myself to make this right!"

By the operating table, Ruth suddenly looked up, shocked. "Sephera, you're going to-"

"Yes!" Sephera nodded firmly. "I intend to offer part of my 'Essence' to Master!"

"Master would never allow this!" Ruth immediately objected, her head snapping up. "I made this same suggestion before, but Master refused! He couldn't bear to see your foundation damaged!"

"Sephera, think carefully - isn't there another way to detoxify?"

Sephera shook her head with a bitter smile. "Perhaps... but do we have that kind of time?"

Ruth fell silent. Turning, Sephera looked at Hattie, whose expression had also turned solemn. "When I make my offering," Sephera instructed, "you must continuously heal Master with Cure Wounds. This might buy him a moment of consciousness."

Hattie nodded gravely. "Understood!"

At this point, she too realized that without sacrifice, they might never reclaim what they believed in - their Master!

Sephera gave a small nod, then without further delay turned back to gaze lovingly at Charles lying on the operating table. Taking a deep breath, her slender hands formed a complex series of seals before she suddenly bent down, closed her eyes, and pressed her lips to his.

Tiny emerald-green motes of light drifted from between her lips into Charles' body.

This was a witch's "Essence" - the primordial substance they obtained from the material world's primordial energies at birth. The total amount was always minuscule, and once damaged, might not recover for many years!

To witches, "Essence" was as vital as marrow to humans - their most fundamental energy, the foundation of all their abilities.

Yet now, Sephera didn't hesitate to offer up her most precious possession!

Torrential energies flooded through Charles' body, repairing his internal organs ravaged by the deadly poison. But more importantly, they merged with his soul, mending the wounds left by transmigration that still hadn't fully healed.

Behind her, Hattie hurriedly opened the spellbook, channeling magic power as she spammed Cure Wounds on Charles without restraint.

Thus, healing light combined with primordial substance to restore both body and soul. Under this extravagant treatment, at last his paralyzed brain gradually regained sensation, his consciousness restored to momentary clarity.

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Chapter 67: Chapter 67:Detoxification

Charles slowly opened his eyes, his gaze immediately meeting the clinic's ceiling and the massive chandelier above. The unfamiliar sight confused him—he had never seen this place before.

Where... am I?

He tried to move his hand, but his entire body was paralyzed, completely immobile. With great effort, he shifted his eyes slightly and saw Sephera, her face streaked with tears, pressing her lips against his in a deep kiss.

Ah, right. I was purifying Sephera... then got poisoned. Before losing consciousness, I told the witches to take me to Andny's room...

Wait, no. This place wasn't a room anymore—it was now a "clinic."

So then...

"Detoxify."

He silently chanted the word in his mind. A wave of overwhelming exhaustion washed over him, and he closed his eyes again, sinking back into deep slumber.

But his command had been issued. The clinic obeyed, smoothly activating its functions.

A small panel on the back cabinet slid open, and a disc with two large needles emerged, hovering over Charles' chest. The device extended two probes, spraying medical alcohol onto his arms to sterilize them.

Ruth quickly tapped Sephera's shoulder. "That's enough—stop now!"

Sephera didn't hesitate. She broke the kiss, attempting to stand, only for her legs to buckle beneath her.

Ruth moved swiftly, catching her by the waist and guiding her to a nearby chair. "Are you alright?" she asked, concern lacing her voice.

"I'll... manage," Sephera whispered, her face and lips deathly pale. Yet as she watched the medical equipment spring to life, she managed a weak smile. "I'll need Master and all my sisters to look after me from now on."

Ruth nodded solemnly. "Naturally."

With that promise made, the two witches fell silent, their anxious gazes fixed on the disc as they waited for the detoxification to complete.

They watched as the needles pierced Charles' veins, drawing dark blood into the device. A soft, purified white glow emanated from the disc before the blood—seemingly unchanged—was slowly returned through his right arm.

Hattie continued casting Cure Wounds relentlessly, draining every last drop of her magic power before weakly handing the spellbook to Ruth. "I can't... cast anymore. You take over."

Ruth accepted it without protest. Though she was no skilled spellcaster—preferring melee combat—she still possessed a deep mana pool. With the spellbook in hand, casting a few spells posed no difficulty.

She took up the task, channeling every ounce of her mana into spamming Cure Wounds on Charles.

Meanwhile, Hattie wasn't idle either. She left the room to fetch Ekta and Andny, and soon, all the witches had exhausted their mana reserves. Weak and drained, they slumped around the operating table, restless yet helpless as they awaited the final outcome.

Six agonizing hours later, as the sun dipped below the horizon, the purification finally concluded.

The disc retracted its needles and flew back into its cabinet. And Charles—his eyes fluttering open once more—stared up in confusion.

His consciousness was still hazy, struggling to grasp his current state. But the moment his gaze focused, all five witches forced themselves upright despite their exhaustion, crowding around him.

"Master! How are you feeling?"

"Can you move? Does anything hurt?"

"Are you dizzy? Do you need food?"

...

They bombarded him with questions, one after another, pelting him until his head spun. Finally, he raised a hand, his voice hoarse as he commanded, "Stop—all of you!"

Immediately, the five witches fell silent. Charles took a deep gasp, steadying himself as his consciousness sharpened. He carefully pieced together what had happened—and then, a wave of dread crashed over him.

Too close. That was far too close.

But at least now, he'd been saved. The crisis was over.

"What time is it?" he asked. "How long was I out? Did anything else happen?"

"The sun just set. You were unconscious for about six hours," Hattie answered quickly, her voice trembling, tears glistening in her eyes.

She wiped her cheeks with her sleeve before forcing a smile. "Nothing else happened at the monastery. Everything went smoothly."

The other witches nodded eagerly, their emotions plain. Even Ruth, usually so stoic, had reddened eyes, as if she might burst into tears at any moment.

Hearing this, Charles relaxed.

Good. I thought I might've been out for days... Six hours? That's nothing.

"Help me up," he said. Hattie and Ruth, the most senior of the witches, immediately stepped forward, supporting him as he slowly sat up on the operating table.

He stretched slightly, testing his condition, then declared, "I'm fine. Everything seems normal—just a bit hungry."

Hattie's eyes lit up. "That's wonderful! I'll prepare a meal for you at once!"

"No need!" he cut in. "Just take me to the kitchen. I'll cook for myself."

Hattie didn't argue. So, with exaggerated care, the witches guided him as if he were made of glass—even though he was clearly recovered.

The short distance to the kitchen felt endless. But eventually, they made it without incident. Once inside, he ordered a proper feast.

He'd missed lunch entirely—spending the morning purifying witches, only to collapse from Sephera's poison by noon. All told, he hadn't eaten in nearly eleven hours.

Time to fix that.

He summoned the system, issuing a command. Instantly, pots, pans, and utensils sprang to life, preparing ingredients with practiced efficiency.

Still, even the most skilled kitchenware needed time. As the meal cooked, Charles sat back to wait—while the five witches stood rigidly around him like a set of particularly attentive fence posts.

With a sigh, he chuckled dryly, "Really, I'm fine. Go do something useful."

Then, glancing up at the Insects Witch, he added, "That means you, Andny. Stop standing around and go gather intel!"

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Chapter 68: Chapter 68: Toxin Immunity

Andny thought to herself that even standing still, she could hear everything her worms perceived. But now was not the time to defy her Master's will. With a slight bow, she acknowledged the order and departed.

Charles surveyed the remaining four witches, considering what tasks to assign them—until his gaze landed on Sephera. His expression stiffened.

He could clearly see the weakness in her face and eyes. Even her magic power had noticeably diminished.

A memory surfaced—her lips pressed against his as she poured something primordial into him during his unconsciousness. Her sacrifice had saved his life, granting him that crucial moment of clarity to command the clinic for treatment.

Now, understanding dawned. That had been a witch's Essence—their most fundamental being.

A surge of gratitude welled within him.

"Thank you," he said softly.

The once-malicious, selfish witch merely smiled. "This was my atonement. Master nearly died purifying me. Had I not been so arrogant, you'd never have been endangered. Giving my Essence was the least I could do."

Her remorse moved him deeply. He knew Hattie, Ruth, and the others would have done the same without hesitation. In fact, long ago, when his constitution was frail, Hattie and Ruth had offered to share their Essence to strengthen him.

He'd refused outright.

To a mundane being like him, Essence was merely a potent tonic. But for witches, it was their very foundation. Even a slight loss could cripple them for years without proper treatment.

His constitution could recover naturally. He'd never let them harm themselves for his sake.

This made Sephera's sacrifice all the more touching.

"There's no need for guilt, Sephera," he said softly. "Every witch held the same beliefs before being purified."

As he spoke, Hattie pressed her lips together to suppress a smile, while Ruth's expression turned slightly awkward. Only Ekta remained impassive—after all, she'd been too weak to pose any threat to Charles before her purification.

"And I've never blamed any of you," Charles continued, his gaze sweeping across the witches before settling back on Sephera. "Every witch I've purified stands equal in my favor—you're all my most trusted companions!"

Tears glistened in Sephera's eyes. "Master..."

Charles opened his arms, and she immediately threw herself against him, clinging tightly. "Master, I swear—even with my diminished strength, I'll serve you until my last breath!"

With a gentle smile, Charles removed her nun's wimple, running his fingers through her pink long hair. "Then I promise you this—soon, I'll find a way to restore your Essence and return you to your full strength."

Though a witch's Essence was difficult to replenish, as a veteran player, he knew of one method to help them recover.

For now, however, he wasn't strong enough to obtain it.

Sephera nestled against him contentedly. Charles settled her on his lap, arms wrapped around her slender frame, then raised a fingertip to summon his system interface:

Host: Charles

Gender: Male

Race: Human Subspecies (Silver Kin)

Age: 15

Height: 1.7m

Weight: 57kg

Attributes:

Strength: 8

Agility: 9

Constitution: 9

Intelligence: 13

Perception: 12

Charisma: 20

Class: Warlock (Level 3)

Supernatural Gift: Toxin Immunity

Class Abilities: Pact Magic, Eldritch Invocations, Pact of the Blade

Remaining Spell Slots: 14/14

Highest Spell Slot Level: 2nd

Eldritch Invocations:

Eyes of the Rune Keeper

Eldritch Mind

Pact Weapon: None

Feats: None

Spells:

Cantrips: Blade Ward, Eldritch Blast, Light, Shocking Grasp

1st-Level: Create/Destroy Water, Mage Armor, Shield, Absorb Elements, False Life, Sleep

2nd-Level: Gust of Wind

Spellbooks:

Lorehold Primer · Burning Hands

Prismari Primer · Armor of Agathys

Quandrix Primer · Thunderwave

Silverquill Primer · Longstrider

Witherbloom Primer · Cure Wounds

Remaining Purification Points: 3,679

Seeing his Constitution attribute, he let out a quiet sigh of relief.

Good, good. Though the poisoning had been severe, the purification had been timely enough. His body still felt weak, but his Constitution attribute remained unharmed.

Since his last attribute improvement, nearly a month of careful recuperation had brought noticeable growth—his height and weight had increased, and his Constitution had risen to 9, saving him another 100 Purification Points in expenses.

The number filled Charles with quiet delight. At this rate, in two more months, his Constitution should reach 10—the average for a healthy adult in this world.

As for that Supernatural Gift... there was no doubt. Sephera had poured her very Essence into granting him this boon.

Its effect? Near-total immunity—over ninety percent resistance to toxin damage and their debilitating effects.

For someone like Charles, who'd had zero natural resistance to poisons before, this was an invaluable advantage.

Yet, looking at Sephera's weakened state, he couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

This trade was absolutely not worth it!!

Toxin immunity, while tricky to obtain early on, became commonplace later—spells like Feast, anti-venom amulets, high-level class abilities...

To sacrifice precious Essence for this...

But then again, in that desperate moment, what choice had there been?

Ah... fate could be cruel indeed.

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Chapter 69: Chapter 69:Sephera's First Experience (Part 1)

Charles couldn't help but sigh inwardly, then pushed aside all traces of pity as his gaze fell upon the final line.

Thankfully, though the cost had been brutal, his gains were at least substantial.

He tapped open the Purification Points details, scrutinizing them. Purified Andny yielded 400 points, Ekta 550, while Sephera granted the most—a full 1,400, a tier above Hattie and only 50 short of Ruth.

As for why the final tally read 3,679...

The construct clinic had consumed a sliver, then charged him a few Purification Points for purifying his toxins.

The thought ignited a surge of resentment. He pulled up the construction interface, eyes locking onto the clinic's description—and a torrent of curses erupted in his mind.

Damn this system and its asinine design! Poisoned and unconscious, dragged into the clinic, yet no immediate treatment? Instead, the witches had to exhaust themselves rousing him, only for him to verbally order his own detox...

What a farce!

Why couldn't the construction just heal patients the moment they were admitted, deducting Purification Points automatically?

As he fumed, the system's interface flickered. A new button appeared on the clinic's page:

Auto-Treatment: OFF.

Charles froze. A whirl of questions arose—could this system actually develop new functions based on his thoughts?

Then... could it generate specialized constructions if he wished?

Custom constructions?

His mind raced. Shutting the clinic's interface, he focused on the main construction screen, envisioning an Aircraft Carrier Assembly Yard.

The interface flickered again. A new construction appeared, adorned with a spaceship icon. Heart pounding, he tapped it—only to see bold text: Plastic Toy Workshop.

Well... Guess a Level 1 Monastery had its limits.

He sighed, abandoning any hope of cutting corners, and reopened the clinic's interface. His fingertip hovered over the Auto-Treatment toggle. A tooltip popped up:

When enabled, the clinic will treat all individuals entering the construction. Force may be applied. Enemies mistakenly admitted will also receive treatment, consuming significant Purification Points.

Charles didn't hesitate. He clicked it ON.

After facing death once, these minor risks meant nothing. Survival came first.

With the settings adjusted, he shut the system's interface and glanced at the witches beside him. A rare sense of security washed over him.

From today onward, as long as Theresa stayed away, the monastery was firmly his.

Sophia remained missing, still unpurified—but at least now, he no longer had to skulk in shadows. He could stride freely through the monastery, his safety assured.

Better yet, he could have Sephera forge him a new identity—a Priest, perhaps—granting him unimpeded access to the monastery from now on...

No more restrictions.

This feeling...

Was glorious.

He exhaled, recalling the frustrations of the past month and a half. For a moment, his eyes even stung with the threat of tears.

But it was over now.

All of it.

...

After dinner, the four witches fussed over Charles as if he were an infant, supporting him despite his full recovery, escorting him to the bath chamber for a quick wash before finally guiding him back to his dorm to rest.

Their expressions were so grave, so tense, that Charles couldn't help but smile wryly—though he didn't stop them. Only after they had safely deposited him onto his bed did the four girls collectively exhale in relief.

Watching their exaggerated caution, Charles waved a hand dismissively.

"Go on, all of you. A night's rest is all I need."

The four witches immediately turned to leave—

Then, abruptly, he added, "Ah, right. Sephera, stay."

At once, Sephera's body stiffened slightly. As if suddenly conscious of something, a delicate rose-pink bloomed across her fair cheeks.

Hattie, too, turned back, her eyes flickering with concern.

"Master... are you sure you're well enough?"

For a brief moment, Charles' expression turned awkward. Then, clearing his throat, he replied, "No need to worry. I've mostly recovered."

"Go on, now. All of you."

Hattie and Ruth exchanged a glance—the former stifling a giggle, the latter blushing as she tugged along a still-oblivious Ekta, the three quickly taking their leave.

Soon, the room held only Sephera.

The Sephera's cheeks burned darker, her breath hitching. "Master, I... I've never learned these... techniques. I don't even know how to—"

Unlike Ekta's delayed comprehension, Sephera's sharp mind had already grasped what awaited her. Yet awareness did nothing to quell her trembling.

"It's alright," Charles murmured, voice low. "Come here. I'll teach you."

Sephera's steps were hesitant, her gaze locked on the floor as if she could vanish into her own chest. For all her venomous wit, for all the monastery's witches she'd mocked with razor-edged words, she was still young. Untouched.

Now, confusion and shyness coiled tight in her stomach.

Charles watched, amused.

In fact, at the beginning, he was still thinking that Sephera was such a vicious person, and all the witches in the monastery had been mocked by her. It can be said that everyone had been offended by her.

Then, for her first night, all the witches should follow him to take revenge, to take revenge, to plaything with her body from top to bottom, inside and outside, and to vent all the resentment from her in the past along with the desire.

But in the end, considering that Sephera had lost so much Essence, her Strength had dropped significantly, and she was in the weakest state, Charles gave up this idea because of his heartache for her.

Forget it, let's give her a perfect First Experience.

Sephera finally reached the bed, her fingers clutching the sheets before she leaned down, arms sliding over his shoulders. Charles cupped her jaw, thumb brushing her lower lip. Then he pulled her into a kiss.

Her lips parted in a gasp—just enough for his tongue to slip inside. He explored her mouth with practiced ease, his thick cock already straining against his clothes as he tangled his tongue with hers. Hers was forked, delicate as a viper's, and it fluttered nervously against his invasion.

"Mmph—!"

A whimper escaped her throat. Her body sagged against his, all strength gone.

Charles smirked against her mouth. Sephera were light—easy to maneuver. His hands slid down, deftly unlacing her corset until the heavy nun's habit pooled at her feet.

Bare skin greeted him.

Her breasts were petite, nipples already peaked. Her waist—gods, that waist—narrowed into sinful curves, her hips swaying with every shaky breath. Lower still, a thatch of Emerald green pubic hair glistened, already damp.

Charles didn't hesitate.

One hand braced her spine; the other slid between her thighs. His fingertips found her entrance, slick and hot, and he pushed inside.

"M-Master—!"

Sephera jerked, her back arching. Her waist writhed like a trapped serpent, her skin scorching where it rubbed against him. Every twist of her hips sent fire licking up his spine.

He added a second finger, curling them just so.

"Ah—! Nngh—!"

Her moans pitched higher, her body clamping around him. Then—

A sharp cry.

Her cunt convulsed, gushing around his fingers as she collapsed against him, boneless and gasping.

Charles withdrew his glistening fingers and pressed them to her lips. "Taste," he ordered.

Tears welled as she obeyed, her tongue flicking weakly at her own arousal.

Then he lifted her.

Sephera's legs instinctively wrapped around him, her breath hitching when the thick head of his cock nudged her soaked folds.

"P-Please—"

He didn't wait.

In one smooth thrust, he sheathed himself to the hilt.

"A-AHHH—!"

Sephera's scream shattered into sobs. Her nails dug into his shoulders, her cunt clenching like a vice around his cock.

Charles groaned, gripping her hips. "Look at you," he growled. "Taking me so well."

Her tears streaked her cheeks, her body trembling as he began to move.

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Chapter 70: Chapter 70:Sephera's First Experience (Part 2)

"Master..."

Sephera's mournful cry was muffled against his chest as Charles cradled her head. "Shhh," he murmured, though his hips never stilled. "The pain will pass." Even as he spoke, he marveled at how her tight channel pulsed around him, the velvety walls clinging to his shaft with each thrust.

Indeed, for a witch of Sephera's slender frame - tall yet delicate - taking his full length had been overwhelming. Yet now her body was adjusting, the initial sting fading as natural lubrication eased their joining. Charles bit back a groan as her inner muscles fluttered, as if drawing him deeper.

Ah, the pleasures of witch flesh.

As Sephera's sobs quieted to shaky breaths, Charles increased his pace. Her small mouth fell open in silent wonder, her mind blank except for the overwhelming sensations. Sweet, hitching moans escaped her lips with each thrust: "Ah...ah...ah..."

Gradually, her arms regained strength around his neck. To Charles' surprise, her slender hips began moving in tentative counterrhythm, her watery core actively squeezing his cock as she learned to ride his movements.

"Ah, Sephera..." Charles' soul burned with primal satisfaction. He crushed her closer, his thrusts growing urgent. The wet slap of flesh meeting flesh echoed through the chamber, punctuated by Sephera's gasps and Charles' guttural groans.

When her pert breasts began bouncing with their rhythm, Charles couldn't resist capturing one peaked nipple between his teeth. He suckled greedily, tongue swirling around the stiff bud before giving it a sharp nip.

"Ah, Master—!"

Sephera's back arched violently as fresh pleasure detonated through her. Charles felt her walls clamp down in rhythmic spasms, hot liquid gushing around his buried cock as her thighs locked around him in helpless ecstasy.

As her climax subsided, she collapsed against him, whispering weakly: "Master...I can't..."

Charles' lips curved in dark amusement. "This is only the beginning," he breathed against her ear before flipping her onto hands and knees. Her slender back dipped beautifully as he positioned her, the plump globes of her ass raised in offering. Her glistening pink entrance pulsed visibly, swollen from their coupling.

Kneeling behind her, Charles gripped her hips and sheathed himself in one powerful stroke.

"Ah—Master!"

The chamber filled anew with the lewd symphony of flesh slapping flesh, Sephera's cries rising in pitch as Charles pistoned into her dripping core, each thrust more demanding than the last. Her tight heat milked his cock relentlessly, drawing him toward his own climax...

...

A full day and night passed.

At dawn the next morning, when the first rays of eastern sunlight streamed through the window to illuminate the large bed in the dorm, Charles gradually awoke from pleasant dreams.

Upon opening his eyes, he saw Sephera's slender, graceful body curled up against him, clinging to his arm in peaceful slumber.

Unwilling to disturb her, Charles shifted slightly to find a more comfortable position. Letting his mind go blank, he simply admired her beautiful features, savoring this moment of tranquility.

How strange it was, he mused, that someone with such pink long hair and innocent features could utter so many venomous mocking words.

Yet even in her weakened state, a Sephera's senses remained keen. Feeling the subtle movement of the bed, Sephera's long lashes fluttered before she slowly opened her eyes, her gaze clouded with sleep-induced confusion.

When her vision cleared enough to recognize Charles' face, an angelic smile blossomed across her features. "Good morning, Master!"

"Good morning, Sephera." Charles returned her smile with a nod. Seeing she was awake, he made no attempt to hide his affection, reaching out to gently stroke her Pink long hair. "Does it still hurt?" he asked softly.

Their passionate activities had continued late into the night, leaving their bed in complete disarray. Sephera had been reduced to tearful pleas by the end, yet Charles hadn't released her until fully satisfied.

At his question, two adorable spots of pink appeared on her cheeks. "It doesn't hurt anymore, I... oh! Master?!"

She startled as Charles suddenly slid his arms under hers, pulling her into a full embrace.

Thinking he meant to resume last night's activities, she tensed - but he went no further. Amused by her reaction, Charles gave her bottom a playful pinch, his thick cock already

hardening against her thigh. "Why are you panicking? I know you're still in pain, so I don't plan to do it now."

Sephera's flushed face disappeared beneath the covers, her naked body acutely aware of her Master's erect length pressing insistently against her soft thighs. The heat radiating from his swollen shaft made her squirm, her own body responding despite her soreness.

But leaving her Master in such discomfort seemed wrong...

After a hesitant moment, she whispered in Charles's ear, her warm breath tickling his skin: "If... if Master wouldn't mind... I could use my mouth..."

Charles turned his head, surprised, watching as her blush deepened under his gaze. Without refusing, he smiled and stroked her hair. "Then begin."

Like a serpent returning to its nest, Sephera slipped beneath the sheets. Charles gasped as a forked, delicate tongue first circled the swollen head of his cock, teasing the sensitive ridge before flicking across the slit. Her small lips parted, taking him inch by inch into the wet heat of her mouth.

"Mmm..." His groan of pleasure filled the room as she worked, her inexperienced but eager movements sending waves of pleasure through him. The tight suction of her mouth combined with the unique sensation of her forked tongue caressing his shaft made his hips twitch involuntarily.

Sephera hollowed her cheeks, bobbing her head rhythmically as saliva dripped down his length. One small hand cupped his heavy balls while the other stroked what her mouth couldn't contain. Charles threaded his fingers through her hair, not guiding but simply enjoying the sight of her earnest service.

Outside the window, a mosquito landed on Charles's ear. He raised his hand to swat it when a familiar voice spoke: "Master, I have good news and bad news!" His hand froze just as the unexpected interruption sent a surge through him, his thick cock pulsing as he came suddenly down Sephera's throat.

The mosquito was Apostle of the Insects Witch Andny - and it bore news.

"Good news first," he managed, still catching his breath.

"The good news is—thanks to the panic from the Night of the Witches, slum residents near our monastery are willing to sell their properties and move to other districts. Land prices are dirt cheap right now! If we act fast, expanding the monastery won't be a problem!"

Charles brightened immediately.

He had already discussed the need for expansion with the witches last night during his bath.

After all, upgrading the monastery to Level 2 required 1,000 Purification Points, sufficient prestige, and 10,000 square meters of land.

The first two were already secured—only the last had been a headache.

And now, just like that, a solution had fallen into his lap.

"What's the bad news?" he asked.

"The bad news is... Blackstaff Tower has sent an investigation team. They're searching for a white-haired, handsome young man who can cast spells."

Hearing this, Charles' scalp prickled. His mind raced.

What? They—

Wait. They don't suspect the monastery, do they?

White hair wasn't particularly rare in Liberl Port. The Silver Kin, the dominant race of the Empire of Sein, typically had pale blue, silver, or white hair. Light-haired people were everywhere here.

But add young age, good looks, and spellcasting ability to the mix?

In the poor, backwater South Harbor District, that combination would stand out like a torch in the dark.

Charles couldn't help but worry—would his presence drag the monastery, previously untouched by trouble, into some new disaster?

A month ago, he had appeared at the Foggy Fisherman Tavern... and left with Hattie.

True, by the time Hattie retrieved him after the brawl, few patrons remained. And he trusted Alan, the tavern owner, to keep his mouth shut.

But what about others?

Like that half-ogre bouncer—what if he'd let something slip?

Fortunately, his worst fears hadn't materialized.

"Not yet. A few surviving Xanathar's Guild thugs reported spotting you that night, but they don't know your name or connections."

"So Blackstaff Tower's investigation team is casting a wide net. Their main targets are students from Strixhaven University..."

Charles exhaled in relief.

Thank the gods. Alan's lips really are sealed.

But then, his jaw tightened.

"Xanathar's Guild..."

Those bastards. Always causing problems for me.

"Gather the others. We'll meet in my dorm to discuss how to handle this."

Andny acknowledged the order.

The mosquito remained perched on his ear, ready to relay messages—though it behaved impeccably, staying perfectly still.

Not a single thought of taking a bite out of Charles's tender earlobe crossed its tiny mind.

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