

Witch Monastery

#Chapter 91: The Amazon's Seed-Taking Tradition - Read Witch Monastery Chapter 91: The Amazon's Seed-Taking Tradition

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Charles stood tense, but Anno merely offered a gentle smile. "Your caution is admirable, sir, but unnecessary. Since the battle began, I've maintained constant vigilance with my Divine Sense—monitoring every movement in this area."

Her expression grew firm, voice carrying absolute conviction. "I can state with certainty that twisted brain-shaped abomination has been utterly eradicated. Not a single trace remains."

Her demeanor suggested all his worries were unfounded. Yet Charles remained uneasy, nodding slowly with visible wariness. "That's... good."

"Then Sister Ekta is in your hands."

He gestured for Sephera to bring Ekta forward. The other witches, sensing Charles's apprehension, closed ranks around Anno with guarded stares.

Unaware of their suspicion, Anno placed her hands on Ekta's shoulders and whispered, "Lay on Hands."

Warm golden light blossomed as holy healing energy flowed into Ekta's body. Within moments, the witch who had been struck down by the Storm Warhammer began to stir, her eyes fluttering open in confusion. "I... what...?"

Charles finally released the breath he'd been holding. "Sister Ekta! you're safe!"

So the purification worked. The witches' corrupted nature had truly been altered—enough to evade a paladin's Divine Sense and accept healing magic without harm. And with Anno herself as witness to this transformation, he could finally relax.

As these thoughts crossed his mind, he noticed Anno's lips curving into a knowing smile. "A paladin's gifts cannot be replicated or falsified."

Charles blinked, then suddenly understood. She thinks I doubted her credentials!

By all the gods, if only that were my concern.

But her misunderstanding served him well. Forcing an awkward chuckle, he clumsily changed the subject: "Your... comrades are still unconscious. Shouldn't they receive treatment too?"

Anno's smile faded as she shook her head. "They merely succumbed to the fumes—no life-threatening injuries. Are there others who need aid? Those who fought hardest tonight should be prioritized."

Charles nodded: "Yes! There's also an Amazon female warrior officer—her name was... uh, I forgot. But she was also struck by that cultist leader and is in bad shape now."

"Lady Anno, please come here."

As he spoke, he led Anno over, stepping past Kendrz's blood-soaked corpse, and stopped beside Porter.

Anno crouched, reaching out as the light of Lay on Hands glowed. The severely wounded Porter slowly regained consciousness.

As if driven by some combat instinct, the moment her eyes opened, she snapped to full alertness. Her body jerked upright, falling into a wary posture as she scanned her surroundings—then let out a sharp cry: "Kendrz is dead?!"

Before Anno could even ask who Kendrz was, a flash of insight struck Charles's mind, and he quickly cut in: "Yes! That summoner of monsters, the one who conspired with the cultists, ambushed us, and caused tonight's bloodshed—Kendrz, the mastermind behind it all—has been slain by my own hand!"

Anno shot him a glance, thinking to herself how shamelessly this man was seeking credit. The battle had barely ended, and here he was, already claiming glory.

Though he had played a crucial role tonight, in her eyes, such eager self-promotion was far from noble.

A person ought to be humble, self-effacing, and free from the thirst for fame!

Meanwhile, Porter blinked in momentary confusion—then quickly caught on. "Thank the gods!" she declared loudly. "That swindler of commoners, that murderous, wicked, utterly depraved Xanathar's Guild higher-up Kendrz has finally met his well-deserved end!"

The two of them coordinated seamlessly, leaving Anno utterly baffled. Their enthusiasm seemed... excessive.

Ah, well. I heard that during the Twin Moons Night, the Amazons and the Xanathar's Guild were locked in a brutal clash with heavy casualties. Maybe this level of excitement is normal under the circumstances.

Charles, meanwhile, let out a quiet sigh of relief. This Amazon was playing along nicely. With their stories aligned, the tragically slain Kendrz and these cultists would shoulder all the blame—and the truth of tonight's events would remain buried.

Porter relaxed her fighting stance, standing tall. Both Charles and Anno now had to tilt their heads up to meet her gaze. Then, with a polished, businesslike smile, she said, "I'm Gale Porter, Director of the Intelligence Division at Amazon Fisheries Company. Here's my card."

She handed over two small cards. "After tonight's battle, might I have the honor of knowing the names of this Mage, my lord, and this Paladin, my lady?"

Anno introduced herself next, and then both women turned expectantly to Charles.

"I'm Nigel Charles," he said, offering a smile. Sephera had already forged him a new identity. "A newly arrived Priest at the Monastery of the Goddess of Life, still in training. Tonight, sensing monstrous disturbances here, I came with my sisters to purify the corruption."

He wasn't worried that Anno would suddenly shout "Heretic!" and draw her sword.

Times had changed.

After the Saintly Calamity, the Gods of Order had reached a consensus: the Material World's sovereignty would be returned to mortals. The old rules were rewritten, and new ironclad laws were established.

From then on, Paladins—a class once bound by divine approval to wield power—were freed from religious constraints.

No longer did a Paladin need to swear allegiance to a deity. Regardless of faith, race, or creed, so long as they sincerely took an oath—vowing to devote their life to saving the suffering, aiding the weak, or smiting evil, upholding order and justice—they would be recognized by the new Laws of Order and granted sacred power.

But if they broke that oath? Even if their actions served a deity of Order and Justice, the revised divine rules would strip them of all power until they atoned for their sins.

Thus, the Paladin class had become synonymous not just with strength, but with trustworthiness. Now that Charles had a legitimate cover, he could openly declare his faith in front of this Paladin—even if their beliefs differed.

Hearing this, Porter suddenly understood: "So that's why! No wonder every nun looked familiar—we're practically neighbors!"

Anno, too, had a moment of realization: "The Church of the Goddess of Life... No wonder..."

As she spoke, her eyes filled with unmistakable pity. The faint disdain she'd felt earlier over Charles's eagerness to claim credit vanished without a trace.

The Church of the Goddess of Life... How tragic.

Those who still clung to their faith within that church, refusing to abandon their beliefs, were truly steadfast—enduring endless suffering by choice.

The Goddess of Life's assassination and subsequent disappearance were common knowledge across Liberl Port. After years of the church's decline, such secrets were impossible to conceal.

Other churches—like Anno's own, the Church of the God of Justice—might endure austerity, but at least their deity remained. They could cling to hope, trusting in divine guidance to walk the righteous path and better the world.

Even if they faltered, they could seek redemption through penitence, their souls salvaged by their god's grace.

But the believers of the Goddess of Life? They had lost both guidance and the path to atonement. Every choice, every act of faith, rested solely on their shoulders. Their plight drew profound sympathy from even fellow churches of Order and Justice.

"It's an honor to meet you, Mr. Charles," Anno said, extending her hand for a second handshake. "Had you not arrived in time, all would have descended into irredeemable tragedy. Your deeds deserve to be remembered by Order and Justice."

Charles shook her hand. Then Anno turned to Porter: "And you, my lady—your valor in defending South Harbor District's order and justice commands respect. I'll report your contributions, and those of your warriors, truthfully. The Mithral District will ensure due recognition!"

That reward, Charles mused, will likely reach the Amazons intact—but the monastery's share? The South Harbor District Office's vermin will pocket eighty percent. Maybe even all of it, leaving us with just a commemorative banner.

Not that he cared. Safely purifying Sophia and pinning the night's chaos on the Xanathar's Guild was reward enough. He gave a slight nod and smiled. "Then we leave it to you, Lady Anno."

As he spoke, Andny's voice whispered in his ear: "Master, the Timber Yard's clear. No traces of Sophia remain. We may withdraw safely."

Good.

Charles inwardly cheered before announcing aloud: "With the monsters eradicated, my sisters and I shall take our leave. Investigations aren't our expertise—we'll leave that to Lady Anno and her comrades."

Anno offered no protest, nodding gently. "You've done enough tonight. We'll handle the rest."

After a pause, she added: "Should we require further cooperation from Priest Charles or your sisters, we'll visit your monastery directly."

Let's hope that never happens.

Charles kept his smile flawless. "You'll have my full cooperation!"

With that, he gestured farewell: "Ms. Porter, Lady Anno, until fate brings us together again. Sisters, let us depart!"

The nuns supported each other as they exchanged farewells before swiftly withdrawing. Watching their figures recede into the distance, Anno sighed admiringly, "Such selfless souls," before turning to rouse her unconscious teammates.

Meanwhile, Porter lingered at the timber yard's doorway, her gaze fixed on Charles's retreating form. Her eyes shimmered with unspoken thoughts as she discreetly swallowed.

A nearby Amazon warrior noticed and chuckled: "Director? In this stench, you can still work up an appetite?"

Porter smirked. "Must it be appetite that makes one swallow?"

The Amazon's eyebrows shot up. "Oh? Have you found quarry? Do share - I'm curious what manner of man could catch your eye!"

Since abandoning their primitive tribal isolation to establish a kingdom, the Amazons had gradually discarded polyandrous traditions. Modern Amazons now sought worthy mates abroad to "harvest seed" before returning home to bear children - still maintaining the custom of sending male offspring south while keeping daughters.

Though recently, these traditions faced challenges. Some career-driven Amazons embraced "childfree doctrines," while others like that one-eyed Amazon guild leader (now one-eyed and lame) formed monogamous bonds with foreign men.

Fortunately, such cases remained rare. Porter and her subordinates at Amazon Fisheries Company still honored the "seed taking" tradition.

At her subordinate's inquiry, Porter nodded toward Charles's distant figure. "That boy. Your thoughts?"

The warrior's smile faded. "His looks are fair... but isn't he rather... frail?" She hesitated before adding diplomatically, "Any daughter of his might struggle to survive the Ordeal... perhaps?"

"True, he appears undernourished," Porter conceded. "But our kingdom's progress proves that with proper meat, eggs and milk from childhood, even poor constitution can be remedied."

"What I covet..." Her throat moved as another hungry swallow escaped, "...is his spellcasting potential."

A trickle of saliva escaped her lips as she continued: "Did you notice? That raw talent... By the gods, he can't be more than sixteen, yet wields such power! Imagine that bloodline..."

Her subordinate tilted her head skeptically: "Director... are you truly lusting after his magic... or just lusting?"

"Scram!"

"As you command..."

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Chapter 92: Chapter 92: Sophia's Morning

Meanwhile, completely unaware that a strong and thirsty Amazon woman had set her sights on him, an utterly exhausted Charles bid farewell to Porter and Anno alongside

the nuns. With the unconscious Sophia in tow, they returned to the monastery. After a quick wash, he collapsed into bed without another thought.

The next morning.

By the time the eastern sun rose high, bathing the land in bright light, the thoroughly drained Charles finally stirred awake.

The moment he opened his eyes, he saw Sophia—her black smooth long hair fanned out—lying peacefully in the same bed, her face serene, still lost in sweet dreams.

The spacious dorm was empty save for her; the other witches had long since vanished. Sensing their intention, Charles couldn't help but smirk.

Clearly, this was Hattie and the others' deliberate arrangement, ensuring he could claim Sophia's body and heart the moment he woke.

Ah, they've worked hard.

Though tempted, he hesitated to disturb her rest. Adjusting his position, he instead opened the System to review last night's gains.

Remaining Purification Points: 4,829

His eyebrows shot up.

Good grief, Sophia gave this much?

He'd had just over 3,600 points before. After spending 1,800 to level up, the current tally was 4,829—meaning she'd contributed...

2,950 Purification Points?!

Nearly 3,000—more than purified Ruth and Sephera combined!

Hiss... Just how powerful was she at her peak?

A chill ran down his spine.

Thankfully, Sophia had already been half-mad by then. Instead of honing her own spellcasting abilities, she'd squandered her strength on cult-building, handing out spellcasting abilities to every follower. In just half a month, she'd mass-produced forty or fifty spellcasters...

Scattered power was easily broken.

Even so, last night's victory had hinged on exploiting Sophia's faint recognition of Hattie and Ruth, tricking her into letting him purify her almost cost-free. That first strike stripped most of her strength, leaving her so enraged she slaughtered eight of her own elite guards with spells.

Without that advantage? The outcome might've been very different...

But no matter—through all the chaos, he had triumphed in the end!

Charles allowed himself a quiet sigh of relief before delighting in his spoils.

Ah, over 4,000 Purification Points! Enough to... wait, no—

The monastery's upgrade to Level 2 required 1,000 points. Level 4 to 5 demanded 3,800...

...Well. That's not nearly enough.

The mental calculation doused his excitement like cold water, his face falling.

Level 5 was a threshold; the leap from 4 to 5 cost more Purification Points than all prior upgrades combined.

Only at Level 5 would spellcasters truly master formidable spells, setting them apart from ordinary people: fireballs with 25-meter blast radii capable of obliterating mansions, Haste quadrupling movement speed, or Slow reducing it to a crawl...

Non-spellcaster classes would also unlock their core abilities, more than doubling their combat strength.

Guess Level 5 won't come easy.

He exhaled deeply, temporarily abandoning that line of thought. After upgrading the monastery to Level 2, he'd obviously need to prioritize unlocking all the Level 2 monastery constructions first. Doing the math, his Purification Points would be drained immediately.

Tsk. Purifying a powerful witch like Sophia doesn't even net me three thousand Purification Points? How am I supposed to get by like this!

Enough complaining. He'd just have to wait patiently. When the next Night of the Witches came, all six purified witches should provide him with a substantial amount of Purification Points, right?

Hiss... Though this means I'll be playing the long game...

As these thoughts crossed his mind, he stared at his current Purification Points without immediate spending. Just then, a slight movement beside him caught his attention. Charles turned his head to see Sophia's jet-black eyes fluttering open, filled with confusion as they focused on the ceiling.

Charles smiled gently. "Good morning, Sophia."

"Good morning, Master," Sophia responded reflexively, her voice carrying a soft, sleepy quality. Then, as memories of last night's events came flooding back, her expression turned panicked. "Master, I..."

As she spoke, she began to rise, preparing to kowtow in apology just as Ruth had done before. This movement slightly disturbed the neatly arranged bedding covering her delicate form, revealing generous expanses of flawless bare skin beneath - pale, swaying peaks, a flat stomach completely exposed, and even glimpses of more intimate areas faintly visible in Charles' vision.

Charles placed a fingertip lightly on her lips and whispered, "It's alright. That's all in the past now. You've been reborn, completely different from who you were before. Your nature has changed, and you needn't inherit past sins."

Sophia gazed up at him with pitiful eyes glistening with unshed tears. After a long moment, she nodded slightly and replied tearfully, "Mm."

But as she lowered her head, she suddenly became aware of her current state - completely unclothed and sharing a bed with Charles, who was similarly uncovered. Moreover, due to typical morning physiology made plainly visible when she'd thrown back the quilt...

"Ah—!"

The maiden's embarrassed cry was surprisingly melodious. Sophia immediately curled up, wrapping the quilt tightly around herself, her face burning crimson as she avoided his gaze. "Master..."

Compared to Hattie's voluptuousness, Ruth's petite frame, or Sephera's bewitching curves, Sophia's figure seemed less distinctive. While her body maintained clear feminine contours, her chest, waist, rounded hips and legs all fell precisely at the median between voluptuous and athletic, making her appear somewhat unremarkable in comparison.

Yet her jet-black silken hair and serene, gentle features naturally carried an aristocratic elegance - a beauty that captivated not through raw sensuality, but through pure aesthetic refinement.

Now watching her cocoon herself in bedding with schoolgirl embarrassment, Charles couldn't help but chuckle.

He reached out and lightly tweaked her little nose, grinning. "The sun's high already. Time to rise."

With that, he climbed out of bed first, moving with complete comfort in his nakedness as he dressed right before Sophia's eyes.

As the saying goes, "Well-fed and warm, desires turn lustful." But after last night's battles and sleeping so late, his stomach growled insistently - any carnal thoughts completely overridden by the immediate need for a proper meal!

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Chapter 93: Chapter 93: Sophia in the Void

Outside the dorm window, the three witches Hattie, Ruth, and Sephera lurked in hiding, eavesdropping intently. Yet not a single sound came from within.

Their anxiety grew, though they dared not make any sudden movements that might disturb those inside.

"Why hasn't anything started yet?" the most impatient Sephera couldn't help but whisper. "At this hour, both Master and Sophia should be awake by now."

"Given Master's temperament, he should have already flipped over, pinned Sophia beneath him, and begun pounding into her fiercely."

As she spoke, memories surfaced of their previous orgies—the crisp sounds of splashing fluids and slapping flesh that should have been clearly audible even through a closed window!

Ruth frowned slightly and ventured an explanation: "Master must be awake by now, but Sophia... she did expend considerable energy last night. She's probably still asleep."

Last night, after destroying those two statues and cultists, Ruth—still suffering from the Slow debuff—had managed to stab Sophia multiple times, leaving her severely wounded.

Without that, Charles wouldn't have been able to purify Sophia so easily afterward.

Nearby, Hattie couldn't help but smile. "Sneaking around eavesdropping is silly enough as it is. Let's not complain on top of that."

She remained remarkably patient, her expression calm. Sephera, however, grew increasingly agitated, barely able to wait for the show to begin.

"Hey, you two," she suddenly perked up with renewed interest, "what position do you think Master and Sophia will use for their first time?" She proposed eagerly: "Want to make a bet and guess?"

Ruth immediately looked hesitant. Recalling all the positions she'd been arranged in before her sisters, she felt her cheeks burn. "Why would we speculate about such things...?"

"It shows how well we understand Master's preferences!" Sephera countered, then jumped right in: "I'll go first. Knowing Master, I think he'll hold Sophia by her rounded hips and thighs facing him, then have her slowly lower herself onto him..."

As she described it, her face flushed slightly, remembering her own first night with Charles.

That night, she had been in that exact position—facing him, slowly sinking down onto him until they became one.

Seeing this, Ruth stopped resisting. After a moment's thought, she whispered: "I think... he'll probably have Sophia use her fingertips to... prepare herself first... then Master will pounce on her, taking her from the front..."

Her voice grew softer until it faded entirely, her face now so red it seemed about to drip blood.

Her first time had been like that. The more she spoke, the more she recalled that scene. Her thighs clenched slightly, and her body grew damp.

"Hattie, what do you think?" Sephera finally turned to the deep-sea witch, challenging her with a look. "If you lose, it means that even after all this time with Master, you still don't understand him as well as I do."

Her gaze burned intensely. Clearly, beneath this wager lay more than just amusement—it was a challenge to Hattie's position as the leader!

She wanted to prove that she was the one most spiritually attuned to Charles!

To this, Hattie merely smiled. "I think... it'll be from behind."

Memories surfaced—countless times in the dorm, scriptorium, or kitchen—Charles gripping her plump rounded hips from behind, slamming into her fiercely. Her body trembled slightly, growing damp at the thought.

"Well then, I've noted all your guesses!" Sephera's eyes sparkled with excitement. "Soon, we'll see who's right. Whoever guesses correctly understands Master best—"

Creak—

The dorm room door opened quietly. There stood Charles, fully dressed, arm-in-arm with Sophia—now dressed as a nun—as they headed toward the kitchen.

The three witches gaped in shock: "Huh?"

"They... didn't do it?"

"Master... actually let Sophia go?"

"No way?!"

Overwhelming disappointment washed over them. Sephera sighed deeply: "It seems... none of us truly understood Master after all!"

...

Meanwhile, Charles wore a faint smile as he escorted Sophia - now properly dressed in her nun's habit, with neatly combed hair and slightly flushed cheeks - toward the kitchen. As they walked, his peripheral gaze kept tracing her adorable reactions, finding them increasingly amusing.

Sophia minced along with tiny, measured steps, refusing any broader movement as if terrified of something. The reason was simple: at Charles's request, she wore nothing beneath her nun's habit, leaving her completely bare underneath as they moved through the monastery.

Without undergarments as buffer, the rough fabric of the nun's habit chafed against her delicate skin. Worse still, with each swaying step, the coarse material rubbed against her tender peaks, stimulating them until the twin buds grew stiff and swollen...

For one so innocent, this torment proved nearly unbearable. Burning shame made her wish to vanish into the floorboards. Yet since this was Charles's command, she endured the humiliation, praying none of the other sisters would appear.

Little did she know three pairs of eyes secretly observed their every move from the shadows.

Regardless, Charles guided Sophia into the kitchen and seated her. Activating his System, he set cooking utensils to work automatically before inquiring: "Sophia, if I recall correctly, you've mastered vast Knowledge? Would you happen to know how to learn the Eldritch Invocation 'Agonizing Blast'?"

Sophia nodded slightly at first, but upon understanding his true request, her brow furrowed. Just as Charles assumed she might not know, the girl closed her eyes, raised both hands, and pressed her fingertips against her temples, rotating them gently. "Please wait, Master. My memories are... vast. I must search carefully to uncover those buried fragments..."

Charles' heart leaped into his throat, but he knew rushing wouldn't help. He forced himself to stay patient and wait. "Alright, take your time. No hurry. Uh, as for the other Eldritch Invocations—like Fiendish Vigor, Thirsting Blade, Improved Pact Weapon, and Lifedrinker—you can search for those slowly too."

Sophia didn't respond, still lost in the vast ocean of her memories. Meanwhile, the simple breakfast of meat porridge, fried eggs, and ham was ready. A round bowl and spoon floated to his table, so Charles ate while quietly waiting for Sophia to finish recalling.

Finally, just as he was nearly done eating, Sophia slowly opened her eyes. Meeting his expectant yet nervous gaze, she nodded softly. "I have them all."

At once, Charles exhaled in relief. "Perfect! Then let's not waste time—after breakfast, we'll go practice Agonizing Blast!"

He'd been waiting for this Eldritch Invocation for far too long. If not for its absence, last night's fight with Kendrz wouldn't have been so perilous. He could've ended it easily!

Hearing this, Sophia's face—which had just settled into calm—flushed deep red again. "You mean... we're going back to the dorm to study?"

Charles paused, taking in her black silken hair cascading like a waterfall, her long dark lashes fluttering as her gaze darted away. Instantly, he understood what she was thinking.

The corners of his mouth curled into a teasing smirk. "No, we're definitely heading to the scriptorium. Studying there is far more efficient."

He knew Sophia still struggled with certain... inhibitions. And the more reserved she acted, the more he wanted to toy with her—just a little.

Unfortunately, the innocent Sophia remained blissfully unaware of Charles' wicked intentions. Hearing they weren't returning to the dorm, she exhaled in relief—though a flicker of disappointment followed.

Is it because... compared to the other sisters, my figure isn't enticing enough?

Lost in thought, she watched as Charles wolfed down the last bites of his breakfast, then stood and took her hand. "Come on, let's go to the scriptorium."

Sophia rose and followed, anxiety prickling as they stepped outside. She prayed none of the other sisters would notice her... current state of undress beneath her robes.

Finally inside the scriptorium, she hurriedly shut the door and leaned against the frame, exhaling as if she'd narrowly escaped danger.

Meanwhile, Charles dropped into the room's sole chair and grinned. "Alright, Sophia, come here. Sit down—let's begin."

"O-Okay." She turned—then froze, staring at the lone chair. "Where... should I sit?"

"Right here." He patted his thighs, smirk widening. "Unless you see another chair?"

Sophia's face burned scarlet, the flush creeping all the way to the tips of her ears.

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Chapter 94: Chapter 94: Sophia's First Experience(Two-in-One)

Beneath the scriptorium window, Hattie and the other two concealed their presence, eavesdropping intently. Soon, they heard Sophia's serious, composed voice from inside:

"The training method for Agonizing Blast isn't particularly difficult. However, if I recall correctly, Master has chosen the Pact of the Blade?"

"In that case, why doesn't Master directly train the Pact of the Blade's exclusive Eldritch Invocation, 'Thirsting Blade', instead of prioritizing this one first?"

Then came Charles' faint reply:

"Because I don't have a decent weapon, Sophia. Look—right now, the only magical weapon I have is that Storm Warhammer we seized last night. And this thing's too short for me to wield properly. Don't you agree?"

"So, for now, we'll focus on learning Agonizing Blast. As for melee combat methods... we can consider those later."

"Mm, understood..." Sophia's voice was softer now.

Outside the window, the three women deflated in disappointment. Ruth sighed.

"Master's clearly entered his learning state. When he's like this, his mind won't wander, and he won't stop until he's exhausted."

She knew this better than anyone—after all, for the past week, she'd spent every morning with Charles in the kitchen, him learning magic, her crunching statistical tables, working nonstop without pause.

But there was one thing she didn't mention:

That once Charles did tire, he'd unceremoniously push her head down and make her kneel before him...

The memory made her mouth water and her pulse quicken.

Hattie sighed too.

"I thought Master wanted to claim Sophia in the kitchen or scriptorium—to give her a completely different kind of first experience."

"Turns out, what Master cares about most is his own strength and growth, not comfort or pleasure..."

"And that's precisely what makes him extraordinary!" Sephera marveled. "It seems none of us truly understood Master's priorities."

"Let's call this bet a draw, then?"

Hattie nodded. "Fine. We've wasted enough time already. Let's get back to work."

"Agreed." Sephera straightened. "We'll visit the nearby residents. After last night's events, panic must be spreading—this is the perfect time to buy up the surrounding land at the lowest possible price..."

With that settled, the three departed, gathering the other witches to attend to their respective tasks.

However, they who had not dared to look into the scriptorium from the window from beginning to end had no idea that Sophia was now sitting on Charles' thighs, her face flushed as blood, allowing his big hands to reach under her nun's habit and plaything with her delicate body at will!

Charles' hands showed no restraint, his thick fingers kneading the delicate slope of her shoulders, tracing the elegant arch of her spine before cupping the full swell of her breasts. His palms reveled in the intoxicating warmth of her skin, the way her flesh yielded beneath his touch like the finest silk. The contrast between her cool composure and the heat radiating from her body drove him wild with desire.

Ah, Sophia - this woman was like crystalline spring water given human form, her sweetness intoxicating in its purity.

Where Hattie embodied the tempestuous ocean's untamed fury, Sophia flowed like a mountain stream - clear, refreshing, and infinitely precious. Their flavors differed as night from day, yet both intoxicated him beyond reason.

"Oh... Master..."

Sophia's words dissolved into breathless gasps as Charles' rough fingertips found the hardened peaks of her breasts. His thick cock pressed insistently against her thigh through the fabric of his trousers, its substantial length and girth promising both pleasure and challenge for her untouched body.

Her breasts fitted perfectly in his palms - neither overwhelmingly large like Hattie's nor petite like Ruth's. They were crafted by the gods themselves for his hands alone, the rosy nipples stiffening beautifully beneath his expert manipulation.

"Ah...!"

When his fingers pinched the engorged peaks, Sophia collapsed against his chest with a shuddering cry. The unfamiliar sensations overwhelmed her, her virgin body responding with instinctive urgency despite her nervousness. Charles smirked as her hips gave an involuntary jerk, grinding against the rigid outline of his arousal.

Between teasing her sensitive nipples and tracing circles along her quivering abdomen, Charles continued his questioning: "By the way, Sophia, how much do you know about the advancement methods for a warlock's Improved Class? Tell me everything."

A warlock's Improved Class is determined by their patron's nature, granted as early as level one: such as The Archfey Patron Warlock, The Fiend Patron Warlock, The Great Old One Patron, The Elemental Lord Patron, and so forth...

But Charles' patron was Hattie - who neither possessed the Master's extensive Knowledge nor understood proper Training methods. Thus, he only received the warlock's basic Class Features.

While Charles initially felt pity about this, he later realized these traits simply corresponded to specialized Training Methods. With the proper Knowledge, he could still train himself into an Improved Class.

That's why he now eagerly anticipated whether Sophia's vast repository of Knowledge might contain these methods.

"I...I'll try to recall..."

Beads of sweat glistened on Sophia's forehead as she struggled to concentrate. Charles intensified his ministrations, rolling both nipples between thumb and forefinger while his other hand slipped lower to trace the delicate folds hidden beneath her habit. Her small mouth formed perfect 'O's with each surprised gasp.

After thoroughly exploring her breasts, Charles nuzzled aside her hair to nip at her earlobe, grinning when she jerked in his arms. His hands journeyed downward, kneading the plush curves of her backside before slipping between her thighs to discover her slick heat. Sophia's breath came in ragged bursts, but she persevered through her arousal.

"There are many methods..." she panted. "The Elder Ones... elemental lords... fiendish pacts... and the Hexblade... ahhhh—!"

Her explanation shattered into a scream as Charles' wicked fingers found her swollen clit. The sudden assault made her back arch violently, her inner walls clenching around the two fingers he'd slid inside her dripping passage. He crooked them mercilessly against that secret spot that made witches lose their minds, his thumb maintaining relentless pressure on her throbbing bud.

"Master—!"

Sophia's entire body convulsed as her orgasm ripped through her, her silken walls milking his invading digits. Charles watched in fascination as her juices gushed over his hand - the more powerful the witch, it seemed, the more intensely her body responded. What a delightful discovery.

Withdrawing his glistening fingers, Charles flipped Sophia onto the desk. Her wimple tumbled free, releasing a cascade of ebony hair that spilled across the polished wood in

stark contrast to her pale skin. Face down and trembling, she felt her skirts being shoved up to her waist, exposing her plump rear and glistening sex to Charles' hungry gaze.

Understanding what came next, the obedient Sophia arched her back, raising her hips in shameless invitation. Her slick folds glistened, already preparing for his thick cock's invasion.

Charles groaned at the sight, his heavy length springing free from its confines. The broad head nudged against her entrance, stretching her virgin passage impossibly wide as he pushed inside.

"Nnngh—!"

Sophia's nails scraped the desk as her body was breached, tears spilling down her cheeks from the overwhelming stretch. Charles paused, allowing her tight channel to adjust to his girth before beginning a slow, deep rhythm.

The slap of flesh against flesh filled the scriptorium as Charles gripped Sophia's hips, driving into her with increasing force. Each thrust buried him to the hilt, her inner walls fluttering around his shaft in helpless pleasure. Sophia's cries grew louder, her body yielding beautifully to his possession.

When her second climax approached, Charles wrapped one arm around her waist, his other hand finding her clit again. Three firm circles against the sensitive nub had her shattering around him, her convulsions pulling him over the edge.

With a guttural groan, Charles emptied himself deep inside her, his thick cock pulsing as he marked her as his. They collapsed together, Sophia's well-used body still twitching with aftershocks as his seed trickled from her well-fucked passage.

They returned to their seated posture, with Charles holding the limp, boneless Sophia against him. One hand continued kneading and toying with her soft breasts as he returned to the main topic:

"Sophia, what do you think about me advancing into the 'Hexblade' class?"

The Hexblade - a class only attainable by warlocks who contract with mysterious entities from the Shadowfell. They wield shadowy power bestowed by their patron, forging magical dark blades for offense or Armor of Hexes for defense, making them versatile in both ranged and melee combat.

When Sophia listed the warlock Improved Classes she knew, Charles had immediately set his sights on "Hexblade" and begun planning his class progression.

Sophia lay weakly against his chest, enduring his blasphemous hands as she considered the question carefully:

"Hexblade is indeed an excellent Improved Class... but why wouldn't Master choose 'The Great Old One Patron' training methods instead?"

With naive innocence, she explained her reasoning: "As Master surely knows, we witches are born from cracks in the material world's rules, blended with chaotic magic from beyond. Fundamentally, we're closer to those incomprehensible Great Old Ones and better suited to harness their methods to enhance Master's power..."

Charles deadpanned: "Because it's trash."

Sophia blinked in shock: "Trash? What does that mean?"

"No, that's not what I meant," Charles sighed, rephrasing for witch comprehension. "When I say 'trash,' I mean this Improved Class... well, has significant room for optimization..."

Sophia looked even more bewildered: "What?"

Having read countless warlock memories, she'd never encountered this perspective.

Was The Great Old One Patron... actually weak?

She didn't know - she'd never compiled statistics on this. Charles nodded earnestly: "Yes. In any case, I would never choose it."

The Great Old One Patron warlock stood alongside Trickery Clerics, Land Druids, Four Elements Monks, Mastermind Rogues, Graviturgy Wizards, and Artillerists as legendary classes known to swiftly enhance new players' game comprehension, technical skills, mental fortitude and pressure resistance - while simultaneously being experts' preferred choice to showcase their mastery.

This spoke volumes about what kind of class The Great Old One Patron warlock truly was.

While this Different World surely differed from games, the witches weren't actual Great Old Ones either - how much power could they really grant?

Thus, Charles refused to consider this Improved Class.

With clearly superior options available, why gamble on this one?

Naturally, Sophia remained mostly oblivious to these nuances. Seeing her Master's resolve, she could only sigh pityingly before acquiescing:

"Very well... Then I shall begin teaching Master how to advance as a Hexblade..."

Her voice was steady, but as Charles studied her focused demeanor, the embers of desire flared anew.

Gods, she's exquisite.

Without warning, he seized her chin and crushed his lips against hers. Sophia gasped into his mouth, her body stiffening as a muffled whimper escaped her throat—"Wuh—!"

Yet she yielded almost instantly, her arms winding around his shoulders as she reciprocated. Charles dominated the kiss, his tongue plunging deep to savor the honeyed warmth of her mouth. Beneath the loose fabric of her nun's habit, his hands roamed freely, tracing the dip of her waist, the swell of her bare breasts, the trembling heat between her thighs.

Sophia shuddered, her lips parting wider in submission. Her tongue met his with clumsy eagerness, only to be overwhelmed—every flicker of resistance devoured, every drop of sweetness stolen. A silver strand of saliva bridged their mouths when he finally pulled away, leaving her breathless and dazed.

"Master..."

Her plea dissolved into a moan as his thumb found her clit, circling the swollen nub with deliberate pressure.

Charles smirked. After surviving the battle and reaping such...rewarding spoils, his cock throbbed with relentless need. If he didn't bury himself inside her now, focus would be impossible.

"Your stamina has recovered, hasn't it?" he murmured, though her heaving chest and flushed skin betrayed her exhaustion.

Sophia bit her lip but nodded. "Y-Yes. Do you wish to...?"

"Mm." He reclined in the chair, spreading his thighs. "Ride me."

Her breath hitched. "E-Eh? You mean—?"

His palm cradled her cheek, thumb brushing the damp corner of her mouth. "You can do it."

A scarlet blush burned to the roots of her hair, yet obedience won out. With a trembling whisper—"As you command."—her fingers crept beneath the habit's folds. The fabric draped like a curtain over their joined laps, shielding her modesty but obscuring her movements.

Her touch against his thick cock sent her jerking back with a startled gasp. But under Charles' expectant gaze, she steeled herself. One hand guided his rigid length upright while the other parted her own slick folds, positioning him at her entrance.

A sharp inhale—then she sank down.

"Nnh—! Hah...!" Her back arched as he stretched her, inch by relentless inch. Even after their earlier coupling, her body resisted, clenching around him in tight, fluttering pulses. Her toes curled against the floor, thighs quaking as she took him to the hilt.

Charles groaned, kneading her breasts through the habit, pinching her nipples until they pebbled. "Move."

Teeth buried in her lower lip, Sophia obeyed. Her hips rocked tentatively at first, each shallow thrust wringing a whimper from her throat. "Ah... Ahhn...!"

But soon, the rhythm deepened. Her inner walls gripped him like a velvet vise, milking his cock with every rise and fall. Charles watched, enthralled, as her saintly facade fractured—eyelids fluttering, lips glistening, the habit's fabric clinging to her sweat-sheened skin.

"Faster."

A sob escaped her, but she complied, bouncing harder now, her ass slapping against his thighs. The scriptorium filled with the lewd chorus of their joining—skin on skin, her choked cries, the wet squelch of his shaft pistoning into her dripping cunt.

Charles gripped her hips, driving upward to meet her. "You're mine, Sophia. Mine."

"Y-Yes! Master, I'm—! Ah—!" Her scream shattered as her climax ripped through her, her pussy convulsing around him in erratic spasms.

The sight undid him. With a growl, he slammed her down one final time, his cock pulsing as he emptied himself inside her. Hot seed flooded her depths, Sophia mewling weakly at the scalding rush.

Spent, she collapsed against his chest, her habit rumpled, her body trembling. Charles stroked her hair, pressing a kiss to her forehead as his softening length slipped free, trailing streaks of their mingled release down her thighs.

"Great."