

Witch Monastery #Chapter 118:I Shall Join the Revels - Read Witch Monastery Chapter 118:I Shall Join the Revels

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Barkskin—a 2nd-level spell, much like Mage Armor, was a protective enchantment.

It served as a shield for wielders of nature magic—druids and rangers alike. The difference lay in its higher mana consumption and shorter duration—merely an hour—yet its defensive potency far surpassed Mage Armor!

But alas, in this moment, the spell that had cost Nidalee three spell slots offered no comfort. With Ruth nearly upon her, she barely managed to leap aside—

Slash—!

"Gah—!"

She avoided a fatal blow, yet Ruth's nails sliced effortlessly through the magically reinforced skin at her hip, carving into flesh!

Blood gushed instantly. The agony of torn muscle forced a grunt from Nidalee's throat, and she realized with stark clarity: the gap in their strength was insurmountable.

I must flee!

"Roar—!"

In a flash, her body contorted, reverting to leopard form before she spun and bolted into the darkness!

Ruth took two steps forward, poised to pursue and finish the hunt—when a man's voice halted her: "Let her go."

The speaker was none other than Charles. Now, he and Sephera had finally reached the battlefield.

His reasoning was simple: Nidalee, as a leopard, was swift, and these mountains were her domain. Chase her, and they'd risk scattering—or worse, stumbling into traps or an ambush. More complications were the last thing they needed.

As for letting a foe escape to seek vengeance later?

Preposterous. The Rubble District and South Harbor District lay worlds apart. Charles doubted she'd cross that distance for retaliation.

Ruth stilled, turning to bow her head as Charles approached. "Master, I've secured the Holy Sword Fragment."

Charles exhaled, eyeing Nidalee's retreating figure. Instead of asking about the Holy Sword Fragment, he pulled Ruth into an embrace. "Are you hurt?"

She nestled against his chest, her cheek pressed to him. "I'm unharmed, Master. Nidalee couldn't wound me—nor take the Holy Sword Fragment."

Sephera promptly clung to Charles's arm, vying for attention. Noticing the cuts on Ruth's skin and clothes, Charles frowned. "Good. This druid... she attacked first?"

Ruth nodded, recounting the skirmish. Charles's jaw tightened. "That wretched woman..."

Though Ruth bore no injuries, he'd already marked Nidalee—and her accursed Mountaineer tribe—for retribution.

Then Sephera interjected: "And the necromancer?"

En route, Charles had shared his battle's details, so now, she naturally sought updates on the enemy.

Ruth stiffened, whirling to find only a smeared trail of blood where the dark elf had lain. Their primary target had vanished.

Gritting her teeth, Ruth hissed, "I'll hunt him down. With a broken leg, he can't have gone far. A few steps, and I'll end him!"

Her tone dripped venom as she released Charles and strode forward—only to halt. The blood trail had vanished entirely.

Clearly, during her clash with Nidalee, the necromancer had teleported away, leaving no trace to follow.

Bitter frustration twisted Ruth's face. "Both... slipped through my fingers..."

Charles drew her back into his arms, murmuring, "It matters not. We've little reason to return to the Rubble District after tonight."

"The Mountaineer tribe, the Underdark passages—none of it concerns us in South Harbor. These trivialities pale next to our victory. The Holy Sword Fragment is what truly matters."

His words soothed her slightly. Patting her back, he added, "Come. Let's return to the monastery and deal with Theresa."

"Ah, but first..."

He turned toward the woods, where zombies limped forth, drawn by the scent of blood. A smirk curled his lips.

"Let's purify these undead."

Fifty Purification Points per zombie—what a tantalizing prize.

...

The next morning, within the monastery.

Hattie had just risen from bed and was preparing to begin her daily duties when she spotted Theresa standing in the garden, draped in an opulent white nun's robe trimmed with golden edges, seemingly waiting for her. "Hattie, come here."

With no choice, Hattie approached and stood beside her. "Eldest Sister, you wished to see me?"

"Indeed." Theresa extended an arm, pulling Hattie close until their bodies pressed together.

This was Theresa's customary tactic. If the witches were truly loyal to her, such intimate posture would strengthen their bond. But if any harbored treachery, their reflexive resistance would immediately reveal them—while simultaneously demonstrating how futile it was to oppose Theresa's overwhelming magical power!

Just as now, when the slightly guilty Hattie attempted to subtly pull away, she was shocked to find herself completely immobilized, forced to remain pressed against Theresa's side.

Maintaining this tight embrace, Theresa chuckled softly. "Let's... deepen our connection. Ah, I know you're busy, and I'm helping you too. Tell me, are you satisfied with that woman Malena I found for you?"

Hattie nodded eagerly. "Very satisfied. Her aesthetic sense is truly remarkable. I foresee our garment sales will flourish."

"Eldest Sister's discernment in people is something we could never hope to match!"

As Hattie offered this flattery, Theresa's lips curled slightly. "Good. Since I've pleased you, now it's your turn to please me."

"Otherwise... this Eldest Sister might become quite displeased at being taken advantage of."

Instantly, Hattie's body stiffened again.

Pleasing her?

What... does she want me to do?

Her heart trembled. She was no longer the cruel, merciless witch of old. If Theresa demanded some heinous deed...

Yet to protect Master and maintain their facade, she might have no choice but to comply.

Fortunately, Theresa's request wasn't anything of that nature.

Unfortunately, what she asked was far more perilous.

"Hattie..." Theresa blinked, her long lashes catching the sunlight. "Have you and the others been keeping something from me lately?"

Instantly, Hattie felt her heart clench. Yet she forced an awkward smile. "Huh? What does the Eldest Sister mean?"

Theresa looked down at her—her figure taller, allowing a commanding gaze. "The truth, now."

Hattie lowered her head, her mind racing for an excuse while stalling. "Well... since we started earning coin, we formed a company to expand the monastery. But we know little of commerce, so we didn't trouble you with the details—"

Theresa pressed a fingertip to Hattie's lips, silencing her. Hattie's heart pounded, near bursting—

"Not that." Theresa's voice softened. "I meant... this."

She formed a circle with her left thumb and forefinger, then thrust her right index finger through it. "You've done this, haven't you?"

Hattie's face flushed crimson, shock melting into feigned shame. "Y-You... noticed?"

Thank the gods, she thought, relieved. She only just realized I've been with the Master. I thought she'd seen through us like Ruth and Sephera—that she simply didn't care.

Who knew the High Nun could be so slow?

Her eyes flicked upward. Theresa, struggling to appear composed, wore a charming blush.

Then Theresa smiled, masking her fluster with confidence. "Of course I noticed. Did you think such a thing could escape me?" A pause. "Was it a human? Or another race?"

Hattie nodded meekly. "A human."

Instantly, Theresa's expression grew subtly complex. "Since when have you all developed such... interests? I can scarcely believe this is something you would do."

Hattie averted her gaze, deftly weaving her excuse. "Because... it truly is delightful. We feared you, Eldest Sister, would scorn us for it... That's why we dared not speak of it to you..."

Recalling how all six witches had concealed this from her—even Sephera—Theresa let out a soft sigh. "How could I scorn you? It's just... just..."

The image of a filthy, lowly human rutting atop her sisters' bare, delicate forms twisted her expression. "...It's simply difficult to fathom what manner of pleasure could drive you to willingly... submit to a human..."

"Oh, merciful heavens..."

She lowered her head slightly, pressing a hand to her brow as if still unable to accept it.

Hattie fell silent, already crafting fresh lies in her mind.

"Who started it?" Theresa lifted her gaze once more.

"I did." Hattie hung her head, feigning shame with practiced ease while frantically spinning her next deception.

"Did desire simply seize you? Or did you play with fire and burn yourself?"

"Well... We captured a human, intending to suck his soul dry as usual. But for some reason, from that day onward, I found his body... unnaturally pure. Unlike any other. And he exuded a deep, irresistible charisma."

"So I... pushed him onto the bed."

"And then you lay with him?"

"Yes."

"And then you shared your... experience with the others, so they sought out humans of their own?"

"No. They happened upon the human I'd taken, and the same strange allure gripped them. So I... let nature take its course."

"Wait—so all six of you have been with the same human?"

Theresa's eyes widened in disbelief.

"Yes. Only him." Hattie nodded earnestly.

"I assumed each of you would summon different... pets."

"Oh, no. The others are too vile. Only he was pure enough for us to... make do."

"With just one, surely you'd struggle to share?"

"Ah, no. We usually take him together."

"By the gods..."

Theresa's face twisted as her mind conjured the depraved scene. "All six of you at once? That's... Even Sophia didn't object?"

Sophia, the eldest witch, had witnessed humanity's vilest depths. If anyone would scorn such filth, it was her. How could she debase herself—

Hattie shook her head rapidly. "Sophia didn't refuse. Though she was the last to join the revels..."

"Wait. If you were first, who was second?"

"Ruth. After the Night of the Witches, she was wracked with guilt over her mistakes. When she came to me, I... shared my secret with her."

"No wonder my foresight showed such visions. You'd already grown so... intimate."

"You could say that, yes."

"And Sephera? When did she join?"

"She was... third."

"So soon? When?"

"After you left. She discovered what Ruth and I were doing and mocked me. Then she took the human from me, citing monastery security..."

Hattie strained to recall Sephera's exact words, stitching together a plausible tale. "I thought I'd lost my plaything forever. Yet somehow, Sephera too fell under his spell..."

"After that, the three of us grew... quite close."

Theresa could vividly picture it. "That does sound like Sephera."

After a pause, she added wryly, "Had I questioned her first, she'd have claimed you and Ruth ambushed her—forced her into the man's arms."

Hattie recalled the actual events and nodded earnestly: "Oh absolutely, she'd spin it exactly that way for you, Eldest sister."

Theresa forced a smile—then another, each more strained than the last—until her expression finally collapsed. "What in the Nine Hells was Sophia thinking? Did anyone bother asking her? Did she show any signs of objection?" Her voice sharpened. "Sephera's antics I can fathom, but Sophia? Since when does she tolerate such... debauchery?"

Though Theresa now wielded power surpassing even Sophia's prime—surpassing, in fact, the combined might of Sophia and every other witch—she still regarded the eldest and most erudite sorceress with profound reverence.

For Theresa knew the bitter truth: witches were aberrations, unintended lifeforms born from flaws in the Material Plane's fabric, twisted further by seeping Chaos Energy.

From birth, they endured endless Agony, hunger, and curses. The gods offered no salvation—wouldn't even acknowledge their existence. To do so would admit imperfection in their grand design, that the glorious Material Realm harbored... flaws.

Thus reviled by all, witches could only save themselves.

Theresa clung to this purpose. While lacking any altruistic delusions of "saving all witchkind," her own survival demanded understanding their nature—to escape the flaws' torment, to withstand the Night of the Witches' uncontrollable frenzy.

And Sophia, having survived more Witches' Nights than any other, remained the fount of wisdom.

Which made her apparent descent into... depravity all the more horrifying.

It felt like discovering your stern, tradition-bound schoolmaster—the one who lectured endlessly on propriety—secretly penned lurid fantasy romances under a pseudonym. The cognitive dissonance left Theresa nauseated.

Hattie nearly blurted "Because she's been Purified!" but swallowed the words. She had no right explaining for her superior. Instead, she deflected: "Perhaps... you should summon her? Ask directly?"

"...Very well. In fact, gather everyone." Theresa's expression darkened. She needed answers—Sophia's survival strategies were vital. What if this... behavior was somehow part of enduring the Night?

A Sending spell later, the coven assembled. Ekta and Andny arrived first, bewildered.

"Come." Theresa beckoned. Behind her, golden magic swirled into translucent butterfly-wing hands that draped over the junior witches' shoulders—a gesture meant as camaraderie, though the trembling duo more resembled plucked chicks.

Theresa repeated her intimidation tactics until the pair shook like leaves, only saved from contradiction by Hattie's frantic eyebrow signals.

Finally, Sophia glided in, serene as always. "You summoned me, Eldest Sister?"

Theresa opened her mouth—then flushed crimson and jabbed Hattie. "You explain!"

As Hattie summarized events (with excessive blinking toward Sophia), Ekta and Andny practically folded into their own chests with shame. Sophia, however, remained the picture of calm: "This is perfectly natural. Had my memories not been restored, I might've objected too."

Seeing Theresa's skepticism, Sophia continued smoothly: "Consider dragons—the Material Plane's supreme beings. Do they not couple freely with lesser species?"

She arched an eyebrow. "Why, the Common Tongue word 'orgy' originates from silver dragons' shapeshifted revels among humans. The entire Silver Kin lineage of the Sein Empire traces to such... festivities."

Theresa couldn't refute the historical accuracy.

Sophia pressed on, the very image of worldly wisdom: "Humans bed lizardfolk. Elves allow goblin captures. Pleasure knows no hierarchy of species." She tsked. "Eldest sister, you're centuries my junior. Must you be so... provincial?"

That last barb stung. Theresa's chest heaved—the idea of some lowborn human mounting her still revolted. Yet...

Sophia's unflappable gaze. Hattie's resolve. The witches' frantic nodding. Even Ruth and Sephera's participation...

Surely not all my sisters could be corrupted simultaneously?

A cold fear struck: What if they exclude me? And when the next Night came...

"...Fine," Theresa conceded through gritted teeth. "I... accept this outcome."

The witches' tension eased—until Theresa added, "Then... might I also join your revels? The kind the silver dragons so adore, the wild gatherings you speak of?"

"With that... The one even a witch would not find disgusting."

The garden's air turned to ice. The witches' faces stiffened, their relief shattered by this unforeseen demand.

Noticing the shift, Theresa's confusion resurged. "What? Am I unwelcome?"

Unwelcome?

By the abyss, of course you are!

No one knows the peril you pose to the Master better than we!

Every witch snarled inwardly, yet in perfect unison, they clapped and beamed. "Oh, yes! Absolutely welcome!"

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Chapter 119: Chapter 119: Theresa Wants to Sleep with Me?!(Part 1)

The next morning, outside Zenith's abandoned castle, two silhouettes—one tall, one short—walked slowly through the withered grass.

The taller figure appeared to be an ancient yet mighty druid. Despite being human, a pair of antlers had sprouted from his head, crowned with a circlet woven from willow leaves. His only garment was a great cloak of gray bird feathers, leaving his calves bare and his feet unshod as they trod the earthen slope, heedless of cuts or scrapes.

The shorter figure was Nidalee. At that moment, her expression was grim, and her slender waist was still bandaged with medicinal herbs. Clearly, the wounds Ruth had inflicted were not so easily healed—she would need more time for full restoration.

"Ah, what thunderous efficiency," the elder druid suddenly remarked with a sigh. "Not only were the robbers and zombies here slaughtered to the last by him and his followers, but even the necrotic aura that clung to these hills has been purified without a trace remaining."

"Nidalee, you never stood a chance against such a man."

Beside him, Nidalee lowered her head, her heart brimming with resentment.

Though the previous night's massacre had seemed excessively brutal to her, now, in the cold light of day, she realized the castle had been filled with irredeemable scoundrels. Wiping them out entirely aligned with the simplest demands of justice—even if the methods had been underhanded, unbefitting a warrior's honor.

The thought only deepened her bitterness. Not only had she gained nothing, but she had also clashed with the very embodiment of justice. A complete and utter defeat, leaving her with neither pride nor profit...

"However, Nidalee," the elder druid spoke again, his tone measured, "we need not obsess over the Holy Sword Fragment. Its power may counter our foes, but it is not indispensable."

"There are other paths to strength. For instance... securing the support of other adversaries. Is that not so?"

Nidalee's heart clenched. She already knew what he would say next.

"Torun admires you. Surely you've noticed?" the elder continued. "You've known each other since childhood, and he is exceptional—the mightiest warrior among their kind, wise, responsible... in every way, a worthy match."

Nidalee silently agreed—but no matter what, she could never bring herself to wed a minotaur.

"Moreover, this was your vow: to retrieve the Holy Sword Fragment and free our people from reliance on external forces." The elder pressed on, watching her conflicted expression. "Yet you failed, Nidalee. If you stood in my place, what would you choose?"

"To sacrifice your daughter's happiness... or the lives of our entire kin?"

Nidalee gritted her teeth, then abruptly lifted her head, resolve hardening in her eyes.

"Worry not, Father!" Her voice was steel. "I have memorized their scent. No matter where he hides in Liberl Port, no matter how perilous his stronghold—I will bring the Holy Sword Fragment back to you!"

...

After toiling through most of the night, Charles had finally cleansed the abandoned castle grounds of Zenith, purging every last zombie and reaping a substantial haul of Purification Points.

Exhaustion weighed heavily on him, and though frustration simmered in his chest, he understood the ways of necromancers all too well. It was their habit to litter their territories with mindless undead—zombies, skeletons, and other lowly fiends—to ward off unwelcome outsiders.

After all, most common folk knew little of magic or the walking dead. The sight of a few shambling corpses was enough to send them fleeing in terror, never daring to venture closer.

And as for attracting the attention of righteous adventurers?

Please. Nestled deep in these untamed mountains, where the paths were treacherous, who would bother making the journey just to clear out a handful of zombies? The effort far outweighed the reward.

So, in most cases, the strategy worked in the necromancers' favor.

Zenith had been no exception. Had it not been for the irresistible lure of the Dark Elf's Holy Sword Fragment, it might have been years before someone like Charles came to dismantle their operations.

Regardless, the previous night had been spent scouring the surrounding hills, methodically purifying every last zombie. By the time they finished cataloging the spoils inside the castle, the eastern sky was already hinting at dawn.

Too drained to return to the adventurer camp, Charles settled for the nearest sheltered spot, pitching his tent and collapsing into his bedroll. He slept like the dead until midday, only then feeling somewhat restored.

Now, sprawled across the soft padding of his tent, he tallied his gains.

The foremost prize, of course, was the Holy Sword Fragment—no explanation needed. Next came the gold, silver, and jewels looted from Zenith's treasury, totaling roughly 1,100 gold in assorted coins.

Add in the less easily appraised gemstones, and the haul conservatively reached 1,500 gold—enough, perhaps, to buy a modest home in South Harbor District.

At least, at standard market rates.

However, seeing that last night's spoils consisted only of gold, Charles couldn't help but feel disappointed. He had hoped to find one or two pieces of equipment like Kendrz always seemed to acquire...

But he knew well how rare magic equipment was in these remote outposts. Perhaps that Dark Elf might have carried an item or two, but he had escaped after all.

Best to put such thoughts aside.

Suppressing his disappointment, Charles turned to his final reward:

Purification Points!

After last night's relentless efforts, his Purification Points had skyrocketed to four thousand eight hundred. Checking the details showed five hundred fifty points from Agatha, eleven hundred from the Abomination, with the remainder coming from zombies...

Charles' pupils contracted slightly as he read the entries.

Wait. Why did that Abomination yield so many points?

This was nearly equivalent to what he'd gained from purifying Hattie!

Yet that Abomination's strength hadn't seemed particularly remarkable - by his estimation, it was worlds apart from Hattie's overwhelming power...

It was just an artificial monster created from stitched-together corpses by some necromancer, fundamentally inferior to a true witch - those magical creatures born from flaws in the world's fabric and fusion with Chaos Energy.

Hiss... Could it be...?

Recalling last night's purification of the massive stitched horror, Charles formed a hypothesis.

Because the Abomination had been utterly annihilated during purification, leaving no trace behind, it provided exceptionally high Purification Points?

Whereas Hattie, Agatha and others retained their souls, bodies and even full powers after purification, thus yielding fewer points?

Hiss...

If this theory proved correct, then the fastest path to power would be hunting down undead for purification.

Coincidentally, he happened to know exactly where to find concentrations of undead...

This approach could potentially earn bounties, prestige, and Purification Points simultaneously...

With this future plan taking shape, the corners of Charles' mouth curled into a smile.

A vast, reliable source of Purification Points awaited.

No need to conserve them now.

Surveying his substantial remaining Purification Points, he nearly initiated an upgrade before hesitating mid-gesture. Instead, he first summoned his Pact Weapon, tapped the upgrade option on his system panel, then quickly grasped the longsword with both hands!

Buzz—

A misty white purification light enveloped his body as new knowledge and magical power flooded his mind. Closing his eyes, Charles focused on unifying his soul, magic and Pact Weapon. Within the radiant glow, sudden understandings crystallized.

Channeling spellcasting abilities to empower weapon strikes required far more nuanced techniques than relying on physical strength alone...

When the light dissipated, his heart pounding, Charles opened his system to review the upgrades.

Displayed on the system interface were not only the increased Spell Slots cap of 27 upon reaching 5th level and the newly acquired 3rd-level spell Elemental Weapon, but also a brand-new Eldritch Invocation: Thirsting Blade.

At the sight of this final entry, Charles's expression bordered on ecstatic.

Success!

His experimentation had borne fruit. At this critical 5th-level threshold, so long as his conviction burned fiercely enough, the system would fulfill his desires!

It was as though it wove new functional constructs based on his very thoughts. When he needed fresh Eldritch Invocations, it delivered!

Thirsting Blade was an Eldritch Invocation that every warlock who had chosen the Pact of the Blade was compelled to learn.

The reason? In this game, options for boosting damage were plentiful. Among Eldritch Invocations, there were Improved Pact Weapon, Eldritch Smite, and Lifedrinker. Spells offered Elemental Weapon, Holy Weapon, and a slew of slashing-oriented spells. Feats included Blade Mastery, Power Attack, Savage Attacker, and more...

But when it came to increasing attack speed for a warlock, Thirsting Blade stood alone—one-of-a-kind!

Without it, the only alternative was to rely on a mage or warlock ally casting Haste—a concentration spell with severe drawbacks.

Thus, this ability was non-negotiable. The further one progressed, the more invaluable it became.

As for why he hadn't chosen the long-coveted Agonizing Blast, the answer was simple: He could learn that later with Sophia's guidance. He'd already grasped part of it and expected to master it soon. There was no rush.

But Thirsting Blade? He'd had no leads on it before. Gaining it now through leveling filled him with profound relief.

He rose from his bedroll, stepped outside the tent, and summoned his longsword. Following the newfound knowledge in his mind, he gave it a few experimental swings. The weapon responded with unparalleled fluidity—where before he could strike once, now he could strike twice in the same span!

Dismissing the longsword, he then channeled Shadowfell energies, reforming them before him into a two-handed greatsword nearly two meters long.

Gripping it with both hands, he swung. The blade whistled through the air, its massive weight—normally rendering such weapons impractical—now handled with the finesse of a rapier!

After a few more swings, his satisfaction grew.

Excellent. This feels even better than in the game!

Still, he dismissed the greatsword. Without mastering the Power Attack feat, its damage output fell short. For now, sacrificing the defensive utility of a shield for raw power wasn't worth it.

Next, he surveyed his surroundings, selecting a nearby boulder. Raising a hand, he incanted Eldritch Blast. The Illusionist's Bracers activated, conjuring four circular magic arrays before him. Four searing beams of energy lanced forth, striking the rock—

BANG—BANG—BANG—BANG!

The stone split with a series of sharp cracks. Charles nodded, pleased.

Good. From this day forth, I've stepped into the realm of 5th level, mastered 3rd-level spells, and left ordinary adventurers far behind. My strength has ascended to a new tier as a Hexblade!

For starters, he could now cast 3rd-level spells like False Life and Armor of Agathys...

...Though the efficiency might be questionable?

The thought of certain spells doused his excitement like cold water, bringing swift clarity.

3rd-level spells consumed 5 Spell Slots, and their power underwent a qualitative leap—but only for spells designed for 3rd level. Upcast spells paled in comparison.

Take the classic 1st-level damaging spell Burning Hands. Even cast as a 3rd-level spell, its power barely matched half of a true 3rd-level Fireball, and its area of effect was less than a tenth. There was no contest.

But what choice did he have? His repertoire of higher-level protective spells remained lacking.

Make do. My combat strength has undeniably improved—across the board, a qualitative leap!

Now, even without Agatha's aid, he was confident he could face Zenith alone—and win.

Charles brimmed with ambition. Though only 5th level against Zenith's recommended challenge rating of 6, his confidence never wavered.

Truth be told, the game system's "recommended levels" for bosses were notoriously unreliable.

Take the most infamous example: the Tarrasque, a world-ending monstrosity said to awaken once every millennium, boasting the highest non-mythic challenge rating of 30.

And the method to solo it?

Be a 1st-level Aarakocra or Owlin, scrape together enough gold for a Quiver of Endless Arrows, and voilà—you could slay it effortlessly.

The creature couldn't fly, lacked ranged attacks, and was utterly helpless against airborne foes...

Ahem!

Granted, this example was extreme, but it clearly demonstrated how many oversights the designers had made when creating this fantasy world. Combined with the severe imbalance between classes, even minor combat optimizations made defeating higher-level opponents commonplace.

Take Anno, for instance - an invincible paladin who could face Zenith head-on, smashing through his shield and plate armor with sheer Divine Smite power. Meanwhile, someone like Nidalee, a constantly mocked Circle of the Land druid, would need to carefully manage spell rotations and might even be forced into tactical retreat...

As for Charles' Hexblade class, while not among the absolute top-tier classes, it was still considered one of the better options - a well-balanced damage dealer capable in both melee and ranged combat. A level five Hexblade taking on a challenge rating six opponent like Zenith? Naturally, it wouldn't be a problem!

From this moment on, I've become one of the rare powerful individuals in mundane society.

His mind brimmed with ambition, filled with visions of an even brighter future.

Yet little did he know, a far greater crisis was rapidly approaching...

After basking in the satisfaction of last night's rapid growth, the growling of his stomach finally brought him back to reality. The commotion from his earlier Eldritch Blast had drawn Ruth and Sephera back, and under the two witch's care, he quickly ate some rations for lunch before applying magical buffs and beginning the return journey.

Without their guide, the return trip proved difficult. Charles had to dispatch numerous aggressive beasts along the way before finally reaching Rockseeker's Outpost just before midnight.

At least tonight he could get a proper bath and good night's sleep.

After spending the night at the dwarven aunt's inn, he settled his bill at dawn and brought Zenith's head to the Adventurer's Guild's reward counter to claim approximately 500 gold in bounty.

After causing a minor sensation, without delay and before the growing crowd could surround them, Charles and his two witch quickly found a coach to take them back to the Rubble District.

This time, their driver was a satyr uncle - sporting goat horns, a humanoid upper body, but with the cloven legs of a goat below. His yak-drawn carriage cost 3 gold again, but appeared far more reliable than their previous ride.

Charles tipped an 1 gold, asking the uncle to pick up speed and take them directly to the tram stop. Indeed, this trip went smoothly without further incidents, and by noon they had safely arrived at the streetcar station in Rubble District.

After a simple lunch, the entire afternoon was spent in the tedious cycle of waiting for, boarding, transferring between trams. The three of them rode until evening before finally completing their journey and returning to South Harbor District.

Ah, home at last.

Though the familiar South Harbor District remained as dilapidated as ever, after a week's absence, setting foot on these streets again, seeing the bustling crowds and familiar figures of Amazon women gave Charles a warm sense of homecoming, his nerves unwinding slightly.

Upon exiting the tram station, Andny's mosquito were already waiting. Seeing the trio, the insects immediately swarmed to their ears, and the Insect Witch's voice buzzed: "Master, I have... well, I'm not sure if this is good news or bad news."

"Theresa has discovered the secrets we've all shared with you. Now she demands to join our... orgies!"

"Master, what should we do?"

Hearing this, Charles' steps froze instantly. "What?!"

Never could he have imagined such thunderous news would greet his return to South Harbor District!

Beside him, Sephera stood equally frozen, her mosquito no doubt delivering the same message. Andny proceeded to recount Theresa's recent conversation with the coven. When the tale concluded, Charles's face twisted with conflicting emotions. "You all... should I commend your acting or... damn it all!"

He couldn't deny their united front had successfully allayed Theresa's suspicions of betrayal. But the price for their deception...!

He truly didn't know how to describe it. Thanks to the united front of the witches, Theresa hadn't grown suspicious—at least not about any betrayal.

But the demand she made afterward... ah!

Sephera sighed. "Though Theresa is far stronger than us, ever since meeting Sophia, she's been haunted by a fear—that once she reaches a thousand years of age, her body will begin to fail, and she'll need the help of those she trusts."

"That's why she founded this monastery and worked tirelessly to build strong bonds with everyone. She's preparing for an uncertain future."

Charles nodded slightly. He was aware of this reasoning. What shocked him was the extent Theresa was willing to go—even to the point of sharing intimacy with him...

But...

At that moment, he had mostly regained his composure. Analyzing the situation, his eyes gleamed as he swallowed hard. "This might just be an opportunity."

"Sephera, when we return, tell Theresa that since this will be her first experience of carnal pleasure, it must be grand—all the sisters must be present to witness and ensure her first time is perfect, unforgettable."

"Ruth, keep the Holy Sword Fragment ready. Can you merge it with your body? Be prepared. When her mind is most clouded, we'll strike together—I will purify her while you drive the Holy Sword Fragment into her heart!"

"Andny, relay this plan to the other sisters. Have Hattie start preparations immediately. By tomorrow night, we will have purified Theresa and taken full control of the monastery!"

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Chapter 120: Chapter 120: Theresa Wants to Sleep with Me?!(Part 2)

Once the command was given, Charles and the witches sprang into action, preparing for the grand revelry. Their tasks included notifying Theresa, procuring necessary tools, and—most crucially—arranging the prelude, contingency plans, and the precise strategies and techniques required to purify the Archwitch.

Even back in the South Harbor District, neither Charles nor the witches had a moment's rest. This was the night of their fateful battle—though the battle itself might prove... unconventionally pleasurable.

The Next Night.

Seated on the massive eight-person bed in Hattie's room, Theresa, clad in an opulent white nun's robe, fidgeted nervously. Beside her, Sephera, dressed in a black nun's habit, looked every bit the eager handmaiden, her arm linked with Theresa's, a radiant smile on her face.

Noticing Theresa's unease, Sephera leaned in and whispered teasingly, "So, even the invincible Eldest Sister has something that frightens her?"

Theresa forced a smile. "Not fear... just nerves."

Though her power likely surpassed that of all six witches combined, this was still her first time—how could she not be tense?

Yet beneath the anxiety, a flicker of anticipation stirred. What kind of man could inspire such fervent praise from Hattie, Sophia, and even Sephera?

The night before, when Ruth and Sephera had returned to the monastery, Theresa had questioned them. Ruth admitted the man was "too delicious to kill" and had been kept as a pet, while Sephera claimed she had been "seduced by Hattie and Ruth's schemes to escape my sharp tongue—and in a moment of weakness, I succumbed."

Amid the bickering, Theresa had pieced together the truth. She didn't blame her sisters—if anything, their stories had only sharpened her curiosity.

What kind of man could ensnare an entire monastery of witches, making them abandon restraint?

She didn't know. The mere thought of what was to come sent her heart racing.

After a pause, she suddenly wavered. "Sephera... maybe we should postpone this until tomorrow?"

Sephera blinked, her long lashes fluttering. "Huh? Why? Everything's already prepared!"

"Tonight, I arranged for a gang to kidnap Malena's daughter and... violate her in front of her," Theresa admitted, her breath quickening, cheeks flushing. "I wanted to observe how humans couple. I know the basics, but not the... details."

"So, I thought I'd study first... then participate, to avoid mistakes..."

Sephera's face fell, but dissuading Theresa was child's play for her. "But Malena's ordeal won't be anything like yours! She'll suffer multiple men, violence, humiliation—

while here, we and that man will serve you with devotion, ensuring only pleasure. How could the two compare?"

Seeing Theresa's hesitation, she pressed further. "That filthy spectacle of human sin would only pollute your eyes, Eldest Sister. Why not indulge in true ecstasy tonight, then tomorrow... savor the bitter fruit of their suffering?"

With a coaxing smile, she added, "Don't worry—we were all nervous our first time too. It's simpler than you think!"

Those words shattered Theresa's last resistance. "...Very well. Proceed as planned."

Sephera let out a quiet breath of relief—but then, her heart clenched with worry for the slum widow and her daughter.

Please, let tonight go smoothly. There might still be time to prevent a tragedy.

As she steeled herself, Theresa, now fully resolved, suddenly chuckled. "Sephera, you little rogue. Since when did you learn to keep secrets from me? Something like this, and you didn't tell me immediately?"

Sephera laughed softly, looping her arm around Theresa's with practiced ease. "Well... I was embarrassed too! Since you didn't ask, I couldn't bring myself to say it."

She swayed Theresa's arm playfully, pleading. "Master, forgive me? I promise I won't hide anything next time."

It was her usual tactic. Whenever she made a mistake—like accidentally poisoning Theresa's summoned feast in a fit of temper—this was how she defused the witch's anger. And as always, Theresa's reprimand stayed verbal. This time, the matter was trivial anyway.

"See that you don't," Theresa said, though her tone held no real reproach. "If anything like this happens again, you must tell me at once."

Sephera nodded eagerly, her demeanor obedient. As she spoke, the door slowly creaked open, revealing Charles clad in black priest's robes, flanked on either side by Hattie and Ruth as they stepped into the room.

Behind them, Sophia, Ekta, and Andny followed closely, their heads bowed and cheeks faintly flushed—as if already envisioning what was to come that night.

Theresa's eyes gleamed the moment she caught sight of his delicate features and snow-white hair.

He truly is beautiful... and his aura is utterly captivating. I want to tear open his flesh and devour his soul right now...

Yet, the moment she remembered he was merely a lowly human—and that she would have to do such things with him—a flicker of revulsion twisted within her.

Her thoughts churned until the man stepped forward, his voice laced with unmistakable unease: "It's an honor to meet you. I am Theresa, Abbess of the Monastery of Life."

"I am Charles, a priest recently assigned here upon Sister Hattie's recommendation..."

He recited his fabricated identity with practiced ease, hands clasped tightly before his chest, his tension palpable. Theresa couldn't help but smirk. "You seem nervous. Why? Haven't you done this countless times before?"

Her cheeks warmed slightly, but she forced herself to voice the first indecent remark of the evening: "Besides, you've already had your way with their bodies—turned them into your playthings over and over, haven't you?"

Behind her, Hattie stifled a giggle behind her small hand. Ruth turned away, her face burning with embarrassment. Sephera buried her face in Theresa's shoulder as if too ashamed to look. Sophia maintained a composed smile, though her own cheeks were flushed. Ekta and Andny hid behind the others, unwilling to face reality.

Charles, meanwhile, cursed inwardly. Yes, I've done this before—but you could crush us all with your strength. Of course I'm nervous!

"But... I've heard tales of your deeds," he said, lowering his head, voice trembling. "You've saved countless lives in the South Harbor District from suffering and disease. I've always admired you—worshipped you, even. And now, to think I would be the one to..."

He played the role of the awestruck supplicant perfectly—a calculated part of the plan.

Theresa chuckled. "No need for such reverence. Strip away the titles, and I'm just an ordinary woman."

Then, as she inhaled Charles' scent up close, her gaze grew rigid with hunger. "Now, come closer. Let me feel what makes your body so... captivating."

Obediently, Charles sat beside her. The unfamiliar masculine presence sent an odd thrill through Theresa—one she didn't entirely dislike.

If I don't think about him being human... maybe this won't be so unbearable.

Recalling Sephera's advice, she closed her pale green eyes, yielding completely—an unspoken invitation.

Sephera gave Charles a subtle nod. Steeling himself, he took Theresa's hand and slipped an arm around her shoulders.

Theresa stiffened briefly before relaxing. Then, leaning in, Charles exhaled softly against her ear.

A visible shiver ran through her. Her posture melted, and she sagged against him.

Success.

The witches exhaled in silent relief. Their original plan had called for Charles to whisper sweet nothings—"I love you" and the like—words that always sent them into a frenzy, ready to pounce on him.

But Charles had vetoed the idea. Theresa and I share no emotional bond. Any false sentiment might backfire. Physical stimulation alone will be more effective.

Enter her body, not her heart.

With Theresa responding as hoped, Charles proceeded. He turned her face toward his, brushing his cheek against hers in slow, teasing friction—"whispering against her ear, skin against skin"—to heighten her senses.

With Theresa responding as hoped, Charles proceeded. He turned her face toward his, brushing his cheek against hers in slow, teasing friction—"whispering against her ear, skin against skin"—to heighten her senses.

Theresa stood taller than him, over six feet, so when she leaned into him, their heights aligned perfectly.

The High Nun isn't just powerful—she's built like a goddess. Voluptuous, overwhelming... impossible to resist.

As his ministrations continued, Theresa's arms slid around his waist. Seizing the moment, Charles finally pressed his lips to hers.

"Mmm?"

Theresa's beautiful brows furrowed as Charles's lips met hers. The memory of his human identity flickered in her mind, stirring a flicker of disgust—but then she recalled the undeniable purity in his aura. Suppressing her distaste, she allowed him to continue.

Yet, like most experiencing their first kiss, she kept her silver teeth tightly sealed, refusing him even an inch of entry.

Noticing this, Sephera exchanged a glance with the other witches. After a silent confirmation, she slithered onto the bed like a little snake, circling behind Theresa. Her hands slipped beneath the nun's habit and seized Theresa's ample breasts—fuller even than Hattie's!

"Mmmph—!"

Theresa's eyes flew open in shock, her gasp giving Charles the opening he needed. His tongue slipped past her defenses, brushing against her delicate one.

"Mmm?!"

Like a bolt of lightning, Theresa recoiled, breaking the kiss. She twisted to glare at the venomous witch still kneading her breasts, her voice trembling. "Sephera! What are you doing?"

"Only what must be done, Master," Sephera purred. "Tonight is your first time. That makes you the sole protagonist."

"And we, your supporting cast, must ensure you're properly attended to. Isn't that right?"

Theresa's breath hitched. Every fiber of her being rebelled against such intimacy, yet she had no rebuttal.

Then Hattie and Sophia closed in from either side, offering encouraging smiles before reaching to peel away her nun's habit.

Ekta and Andny joined in, stripping off her boots and stockings. Theresa tensed, resisting instinctively—but remembering the night's purpose, she stifled the urge to flee. The witches' hands worked deftly, shedding her outer garments.

Soon, the pristine white habit—symbol of her holy station—lay discarded. Beneath, her skin glowed like fresh milk under the chandelier's light. Her boots and stockings followed, revealing slender, rosy feet so delicate they dazzled the eye.

Now, the Nun wore only a black lace demi-cup bra and matching panties, the fabric sheer and sinfully alluring. Sephera's hands still roamed beneath the bra's cups, her fingertips toying mercilessly with the soft flesh within—heightening the scene's raw sensuality.

Nearly bare before the coven, Theresa instinctively clamped her thighs together and crossed her arms over her chest. But Hattie and Sophia remained relentless. They tugged the bra's slender straps down her smooth shoulders, letting the entire garment

slither lower, catching on her forearms. Half-concealed, half-revealed—she was more tempting than ever.

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