

# **Witch Monastery #Chapter 121: The Purification of Theresa (Part 1) - Read Witch Monastery Chapter 121: The Purification of Theresa (Part 1)**

*Chapter 121: Chapter 121: The Purification of Theresa (Part 1)*

Theresa could distinctly feel the man's lips, tongue, and teeth ravaging her sensitive nipple with reckless abandon.

This was the first time she had ever been treated like this. Her untouched nipples, never before stimulated or caressed, hardened almost instantly under the assault.

She bit her lower lip, refusing to let any shameful sounds escape. But then, Hattie lowered her head as well, taking Theresa's other tender nipple into her mouth.

"Hattie, you—oh—ah—!"

Assaulted from both sides at once, Theresa's eyes flew wide open. A soft moan slipped past her lips before she could stop it. Horrified by the lewd sound, she clenched her teeth and looked down—only to see the man in priestly robes and the woman in a nun's habit, their saintly attire a stark contrast to their actions, each suckling at her breasts like infants.

The overwhelming visual and physical stimulation made her brow furrow deeper as she instinctively fought against the pleasure surging through her chest.

"Don't panic. This is a necessary part of the process."

Sophia had climbed onto the bed at some point, whispering soothing words into Theresa's ear. Sephera leaned over her shoulder from behind, watching with a smile as the two feasted on Theresa's breasts.

"That's right! Before you returned, Master, Hattie was the only one who got to enjoy this treatment. She's been dying to try it on someone else for ages. Won't you indulge her?"

Theresa gasped faintly, her body already responding to their ministrations. The crotch of her black cotton panties was visibly damp.

"I don't... have any milk to... oh—"

Unconsciously, her thighs clamped together, rubbing against the fabric of her panties as an unfamiliar itch spread through her body, demanding relief.

Below, Ruth hooked her thumbs under the band of Theresa's soaked panties, dragging them down in a deliberate show. Her lush thighs, generous hips, the small patch of soft

golden hair at her mound—all came uncovered, the slit at the center nearly hidden by trembling, clamped thighs.

The most revered and saintly nun now lay completely naked—the only one in the room stripped bare while the others remained fully clothed, their solemn garments heightening the tension in the air.

Ekta and Andny lifted Theresa's thighs, spreading them apart. Sophia supported her back, guiding her to lie down on the bed. Charles released her nipple from his mouth, only for Sephera to immediately take his place, ensuring the stimulation never ceased.

The brief interruption made Theresa glance down, but Sephera had coveted her breasts for far too long. Resigned, Theresa closed her eyes and let herself relax, surrendering to the witches' attentions—

"Oh—!"

A shock surged from her lower body. Theresa arched, legs clapping together but unable to close—and then realized someone's head was trapped between her trembling thighs. She looked down, past the crowns of Hattie and Sephera, to see the man burying his face between her legs, tongue swirling and toying with her hypersensitive clit.

"No, please—you can't, oh—"

Her words faded as Sophia swooped in, sealing Theresa's lips in a deep, hungry kiss, driving her own tongue between them, swallowing all protest.

Ekta and Andny each held one of Theresa's feet, pressing her thighs apart and baring her to Charles's skilled, devouring tongue. He wasted nothing, flicking and teasing her clit with expertise, the tip of his thick cock already oozing as he knelt between her legs.

"Mmm—mm!"

Helpless beneath Sophia's kiss, Theresa whimpered incoherently, her hips bucking as a sweet, sticky flow of arousal welled from her slit. She was slick, her entire body exposed in readiness, and the sight—sweet nun splayed and needy for the coven—was enough to make Charles's cock twitch and thicken even more. He focused his tongue, stoking spasms that rippled all the way up her trembling spine.

It was all part of the plan—the tongue's submission, not the fingertips, a show of humility and worship for Theresa, the night's living icon. The effect was immediate and complete.

It's time...

At Charles's unspoken command, Ruth, the only one still idle, moved forward. With a smooth motion, she undid his trousers, freeing his thick, veined cock. It leapt out, glistening and throbbing with urgent need.

Hattie, Sephera, and Sophia each let go, the hungry mouths drawing away at last, giving Theresa a moment's dazed reprieve after her very first shattering climax. Her clouded eyes barely focused, a touch resentful, she gazed at the man responsible for tonight's transgressions.

She saw, poised at her entrance, the swollen shaft of pure, thick sin—Charles's cock, flushed and massive, pressing against her sacred hymen. The intensity brought her sharply back.

"No!" she pleaded, shaking her head and pressing her palm to Charles's belly, halting him. Her mind recoiled, overwhelmed: "I can't do it, please—get out!"

This was no mere nun's coy refusal—this was the most powerful witch of the monastery. If truly angered, she could unleash power enough to slay Charles where he stood.

For a breathless instant, the room froze. All the witches gazed at Charles, waiting for a command—ready to restrain Theresa by force if the plan failed.

But, in the next heartbeat, Sephera broke the silence with a tranquil smile. "Still frightened, dearest Master? Are you not ready yet? That's all right—let me demonstrate for you. Maybe, when you see how wonderful it is, you'll feel differently."

She twisted around, crawling above Theresa, her head buried between Theresa's voluptuous breasts. Her hips arched high, knees digging into the bed, her soft rear swaying with invitation. "Priest, let's show our Master how much pleasure there is in this."

With practiced elegance, Charles lifted the hem of Sephera's habit. She wore nothing beneath—the bare, glistening lips between her thighs shimmered with desire. Charles didn't hesitate; he aligned his thick cock with her slick entrance. He eased in for just a moment—then slammed in the entire length with a single, forceful thrust.

"Mmm—"

Theresa watched, transfixed. Above her, Sephera closed her eyes, a blissful moan bubbling from her throat as her breasts jiggled over Theresa's face. Charles's hips pistoned, the shockwaves shuddering through Sephera's frame and sending rhythmic tremors across the mattress.

The air was filled with the sound of flesh clapping on flesh, wild and ecstatic, a staccato symphony of primal passion.

Tonight, the sky outside was starless and moonless—clouds choked off even the faintest glimmer of silver. In the harbor city of Liberl, darkness reigned. In the squalid South Harbor District, artificial lights were scarcer still—a blessing for thieves but a curse for honest, hard-working folk.

For Nidalee, it was perfect.

Cloaked in shadow, she trailed her prey, scenting magic on the night air. She transformed into a sleek leopard—a predator unbound by law, racing swift as wind through twisted alleys, making her way to the South Harbor District.

The trail drew her to this place, this monastery. Her senses tingled with the proximity of her quarry. Vaulting the three-meter wall in a single fluid leap, she landed silently inside and stalked closer. Her flaring nostrils picked up not only her target, but others—one, two, three... seven people, all clustered in a single room.

Not ideal—too many witnesses. It would complicate the strike.

First, observe. See what he's doing, then decide the next move.

With this in mind, Nidalee—now a sleek leopard—padded forward silently. Her massive forepaws settled on the windowsill as she raised her head gradually, peering inside.

Then, her pupils contracted violently.

Inside, Charles—naked—clutched a girl in a nun's habit, exposing her thighs and torso. Lifting her easily in his arms, he thrust into her from the front. The girl's head lolled back, supported by another's arms. Two delicate fingers toyed with her reddened nipples, making them bounce and harden with each frantic thrust.

The pleasure was written on the girl's features, but not a sound escaped her lips—for a third girl was sealing her mouth in a ferocious, passionate kiss.

Across the room, a curvaceous, naked woman covered her gaping mouth, stunned by the spectacle. Next to her, two more nuns in black habits—bare-thighed and half-naked—lay sprawled in a daze, lips parted in the afterglow, their bodies glistening with perspiration and ecstasy. One was Sephera—Nidalee's acquaintance.

A monastery?

This was madness. Why would such wanton scenes unfold in a place said to be sacred—a haven for pious souls and holy rites?

Nidalee trembled, certain she must be dreaming. Yet everything was too vivid, too intoxicating. The beautiful nuns, their blissful cries of pleasure—it pulverized her composure, warped everything she'd ever learned of city and church.

No, this could not be real.

And yet she stared, cheeks burning, unable to look away. What postures! What cries! Her own heart thundered inside her chest as desire began to pulse through her veins.

Just—one—more—look. Just one more, and then I'll go...

Shapeshifting back to her human form, Nidalee found a more comfortable position outside the window, blushing and wide-eyed, unable to tear herself away from the spectacle within.

And inside that fevered room, Theresa reeled. She watched, hand clamped over her mouth, as one by one, the witches—Sephora, Hattie, Ekta, Andny—were taken by Charles and succumbing rapidly, overcome by the dual assault of cock and tongue. One by one, they shuddered in rapture, collapsing boneless to the bed.

Is this really what my sisters do when I'm not here?

Surely not... No, it was utterly terrifying.

She eyed Andny, who grinned from ear to ear in delirious afterglow, and helpless confusion ate away at Theresa's resolve.

Can it be that blissful? Truly that wonderful?

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*Chapter 122: Chapter 122: The Purification of Theresa (Part 2)*

In the center of it all, Charles lay flat on his back, Sophia straddling his hips. She bent and took the thick, still-dripping cock into her avid mouth, licking and suckling with single-minded devotion.

"How many has he pleased already?" Theresa asked suddenly, blinking with curiosity. "Can a man even handle so many at once? Unless—you've used magic to bolster him?"

Ruth blushed, looking down. "No, Charles simply has prodigious stamina. We also... um, we purposely overstimulate whomever he's working on so they finish quickly—so everyone can have at least one turn before he's spent."

"It's necessary, really, with so many sisters and only so much time. Sophia is the fifth tonight. Judging by past experience, he's almost at his limit."

Ruth drew away, more occupied than she admitted. Secretly, she had other urgent tasks this night.

Theresa said nothing, only watched, breath catching, as Sophia rode Charles with languid, rhythmic motion—her slender waist rocking as soft cries slipped from her lips.

Ruth was anxious, glancing constantly at Theresa, waiting to see if she would join.

At last, as Sophia's turn neared its climax, Theresa took a trembling breath, raised her shimmering finger, and pointed toward the center. "I want to do it—like she is."

Ruth's eyes lit up immediately. Hattie and Sephera, who had been feigning exhaustion a moment before, perked up excitedly. "Really? Wonderful! Let's get ready for Eldest Sister right away!"

"How many is that now?" Theresa suddenly asked. "Can he even keep going? I've heard ordinary men can barely handle one girl. Did you use magic on him?"

Ruth, ever attentive at her side, lowered her eyes, cheeks reddening. "...It's not that Charles is superhuman. We actually make a point to flank whichever sister he's with, making her climax as fast as possible. That way, before Charles's stamina runs out, everyone gets at least one round of bliss."

"It's a necessary, if regretful, technique, considering his limits." Turning away, she appeared almost ashamed to look Theresa in the eye. "Now, four sisters have had their share of joy, Sophia is the fifth. Based on experience, he'll be tapped out very soon."

"I can sit this one out tonight, leave it to you, Eldest Sister. But after seeing the others... Are you ready?"

Her actual reason for holding back was something else entirely. She still had a more important mission.

Theresa said nothing, simply watching as Sophia straddled Charles, her narrow waist undulating, melodic cries falling from her lips.

Her gaze glimmered as she debated within herself. Ruth, ever anxious, could only wait in silence, hoping for a decision.

Finally, as Sophia's ride neared its end, Theresa took a shaky breath, lifted a trembling finger, and pointed forward. "I want to use her posture, too!"

Ruth's eyes immediately sparkled, while Hattie and Sephera, who'd been lying limply on the bed, perked up instantly, excitement written all over their faces. "Really? Great, Eldest Sister, wait a second, we'll get it ready for you!"

Sophia's turn ended soon after. Very sensitive, she collapsed atop Charles, limp, barely breathing.

Ekta and Andny went over, lifting Sophia's arms and tossing her aside with little ceremony, leaving the spot above Charles's body open for Theresa.

"Come, Master, let me assist you." Sephera gripped Theresa's soft hips with a gentle smile, then turned, barking at Hattie. "Go fix the priest's cock, get it ready for Master's pleasure!"

Hattie rolled her eyes but complied, moving beside Charles, lowering her mouth to his shaft—still slick with Sophia's nectar—and swirling her tongue skillfully, sucking it clean with practiced ease.

Charles, lying back, enjoyed the warm caress of Hattie's mouth, while nervously watching Theresa. He forced a smile, though his insides churned. No matter how much he loved his sisters, Theresa was still a ruthless witch. Who knew what would happen if she suddenly snapped during sex...

"I can do it myself..."

Seeing Sephera's solicitous expression, Theresa offered a small, wry laugh, but did not refuse the help. She allowed herself to be guided as she sank onto Charles's thighs.

Complicated emotions played across her face. Biting her lower lip, she lectured herself: This was a necessary sacrifice for a safer future. For a witch, this was hardly precious—Theresa, don't let old-world dogmas chain you down.

Convincing herself, she watched as Hattie withdrew from Charles's cock and stepped back to clear a path.

Imitating Sophia's posture, Theresa parted her thighs, straddled Charles's hips clumsily, and brought the throbbing shaft against her tender folds, now slick with her own anticipation.

The heat radiating from his cock was unmistakable. It was almost time...

Her shaky hand reached out, fingertips grazing his member only to flinch away instinctively.

Worried she would chicken out, Sephera rushed to whisper in her ear, "It's all right, Master, I promise—if you just sit down, you'll experience joy you never dreamed of..."



Hattie nodded eagerly as well, urging her on. The two witches' coaxing finally eased the furrow in Theresa's brow.

Yes, she'd seen the genuine ecstasy in her sisters' faces. That couldn't possibly be faked, could it?

At least, Sephera wouldn't lie to her—surely. To feel what they felt, to be part of them... Theresa bit her lip and made her decision, then slowly lowered herself—

"Nnngh—!"

Charles's thick cock, slick with her arousal, pushed against her entrance, prying open her tight, delicate flesh and penetrating deep inside. He watched as Theresa froze with the strange, overwhelming sensation. Meeting resistance, she hesitated.

But soon, after a firm downward roll of her hips, she forced Charles's throbbing shaft to plunge through, feeling him completely fill her aching, untouched sex.

She gasped, her eyelids fluttering, feeling every inch as he stretched and filled her. Charles's chest hammered excitedly as the archwitch's heat encapsulated his length, gripping and squeezing with each squeeze of her muscles. It was electric, primal ecstasy—his only thought: Don't lose control! Just one more push, get her to the peak, then strike!

But for Theresa, it was a peculiar, almost shocking experience. Her body trembled—the fullness of his cock, the burn of penetration, the sting at her core. Waves of strange sensations cascaded from her joined entrance, making every muscle tingle and weaken—

And she hated this weakness, fighting to resist.

Sephera's voice rose in excitement, cheeks flush, as the other witches 'heroically' forced themselves to sit up, gathering 'round, eyes glued to the union of flesh at the center—a historic moment.

Flushed and embarrassed, surrounded by her sisters, Theresa dropped her head and covered burning cheeks with her hands. "Don't look..."

Her body wobbled, and even Charles's cock started to twist deep inside her, stirring her cunt and making her throat whimper involuntarily. "Ah..."

Immediately she stiffened, mortified. Sophia was already beside her. "Yes, just like that, Eldest sister."

"Try it—move your hips, find your rhythm, rock back and forth, and keep that up to find your pleasure."



The witches sidled closer, guiding her hands, her posture, her motions. Only Ruth slipped behind Theresa on the bed, hiding herself from view, kneeling in shadow, her eyes cold and set with murderous intent. The time was almost right.

Outside the dorm window, Nidalee couldn't look away. A wild blaze burned within her as she watched what transpired, her breath catching. Her hand wandered to her chest, kneading through soft furs at her breast, while the other slipped into her shorts to rub at her throbbing, needy clit.

"Ugh..."

Stifling any sound, she remained crouched beneath the window, eyes glued to the lascivious scene, desperately tending to her own body's burning need. It had been ages—over half a year—since she last took care of herself. This time was different; nature's fire would torment her until it found release. Still, she reasoned, better to wait until they were all exhausted and asleep before searching for the Holy Sword Fragment. For now, she would endure, letting her fingers work their blasphemous magic.

Inside, under her sisters' insistent coaching, Theresa leaned forward, pressing her palms into Charles's chest. Her breasts hung down like creamy bells, gently swinging as she began to rock her body, easing Charles's cock in and out slowly, the thick shaft dragging against her most sensitive flesh.

Her breasts swayed with each movement, the tips tracing delicious patterns in the air. Charles lay still beneath her, entirely focused on the heat and pressure of her sex around his cock, the soft, wet folds gripping and milking him.

Theresa's brow remained knit with tension, her throat stuttering panting whimpers; her body tense, fighting—and failing—to resist the unaccustomed invasion.

"Eldest Sister, relax!" Hattie whispered, mouth at her ear. "If you stay tense, you won't feel the pleasure—you'll only get pain."

Sephera encouraged her as well, "Don't hold onto your usual logic. Let go—give yourself to your instincts, let the pleasure take you."

"Yes, we're your best sisters," she continued. "Trust us—relax, or you'll never know the true depths of pleasure."

Slowly, Theresa allowed the tension to fall away. She went limp, slumping back, letting Sephera catch her. She smiled softly, eyes half-lidded, voice dreamy: "I'm relaxed now... so I don't have any strength left. The rest is up to all of you."

Throughout, she never looked at Charles again. He was a mere prop—a tool for closing the distance between herself and her sisters, nothing more.

The witches guided her down till she lay flat on her back. Charles rose, positioning himself between her supple thighs, pressing the tip of his cock at her dripping entrance before plunging inside, driving himself deep into her.

"Oh—!"

Once again, a surge of raw sensation raced through Theresa's body. This time, there was no resistance in her; just a pure, unfettered cry from her lips as Charles thrust inside, meeting her in a primal, feral mound of flesh and pleasure.

"Whew..."

Charles's own throat rasped with pleasure, finally in control and reveling in the sensation. He pulled out, pausing to let Theresa feel the brief void of emptiness—then suddenly slammed back in.

"Ah—!"

Theresa's legs flew up, voice trembling with bliss. After so many nights of practice, Charles no longer needed teasing tricks—steady rhythm and deep strokes alone were enough to drive this newly-initiated archwitch to wild climax.

He built up slowly, coaxing her arousal higher with measured thrusts, accelerating only when her body writhed uncontrollably and she clung to his wrists. Then he surged forward, battering her deeper, pounding her in relentless waves.

"Ugh... ah—!"

Theresa began to surrender to it, lost in the strange, overwhelming pleasure. She wrapped her legs around Charles's waist, trembling with every meeting of hips, her belly fluttering as she matched his tempo.

When her enjoyment became obvious, her breasts wobbling with each thrust, Hattie and Sophia exchanged a look, then each took a side, capturing a nipple between their lips and lavishing it with tongue and gentle sucking.

"Ah... ah—?!"

Amidst her increasingly breathless gasps, Theresa opened her eyes to see the witches at her chest. With a wry grin, she let them be, draping an arm over each one's shoulders like daughters, surrendering herself to the euphoric onslaught. "Ah— Hattie, Sephera—!"

She was barely present in her own body anymore, consciousness ascending to heights she'd never known as hot tides of sensation surged uncontrollably inside her.

Above her, Sephera dipped down and pressed lips to hers, silencing her scream with a wet, consuming kiss—so that only muffled moans escaped: "Woo—mmm Woo—!"

At last, Theresa's body, entirely emptied of resistance, tensed again, every muscle in her belly, buttocks, and thighs working in concert to milk Charles's cock for all it was worth, clutching him almost unbearably deep inside.

"Oh—!"

Charles could hold back no longer. Gritting his teeth, he drove all the way in, burying his thick cock to the hilt, unleashing in a throbbing explosion. Ropes of hot semen shot deep inside Theresa's body, filling her twitching cunt to overflowing. The intense pulsing, the sensation of sticky heat spraying against her insides, sent her into a devastating, uncontrollable climax of her own—legs locked, nails clawing his back as she howled through a fit of soul-shattering pleasure.

Charles didn't pull out, instead grinding against her, pouring out more of his seed with each flex, some of it oozing out around his cock to slick her trembling thighs and pool beneath them. Theresa's body shuddered, her cunt clenching in aftershocks, milking every last drop.

After the frenzy, Sophia and Hattie gently tended to Theresa, caressing her sweat-sheened skin, massaging her thighs, and pressing soothing kisses to her cheeks and breasts. Sephera leaned down, using her tongue and lips to clean the mixture of Charles's cum and Theresa's own fluids still leaking from her thoroughly-used sex. Charles, legs still trembling, finally withdrew, his cock wet and spent—then flopped onto the bed beside the exhausted, sated archwitch, breathless and dazed, their bodies tangled, glistening in afterglow.

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*Chapter 123: Chapter 123: The Purification of Theresa (Part 3)*

But the moment his release finished, Charles's mind snapped clean. Fixing his gaze on Theresa—limp, glistening, sprawled on the bed as the witches nuzzled and tasted her—he chanted silently, "Purify—!"

Buzz—

A haze of white light rose, blooming from every point of contact, seeping into Theresa's soul. Still deep in the helpless haze of post-orgasmic bliss, Theresa snapped awake, eyes wide, shoving away Sephera's lips as she gazed down in shock. "What?!"

Sephera's voice murmured at her ear, calm and coaxing: "Don't be afraid, Master. This is a normal occurrence."

Normal... occurrence?

For just a breath, she hesitated—then the force of purification surged past her defenses, flooding straight into her inner world.

My very soul... is changing!

This too is... normal?

No. No! I cannot allow it—under no circumstances can my soul be altered!

She flung off Sophia and Hattie's gentle hands still resting on her chest, twisting to strike at Charles, who clung to her waist.

But at that instant, Ruth—who hadn't joined the revels, who had long been lurking at the edge—suddenly thrust out her right hand—

Slash—!

A fragment of the Holy Sword jutted from her palm in a flash and pierced straight into Theresa's back!

"Well—!"

Theresa looked down in disbelief at the blade protruding from her chest, then twisted her head, her whole body trembling, to see Ruth, face impassive, violet-red eyes cold and murderous.

"Ruth?!" she stammered, unable to believe what she saw. "You... betrayed us?!"

Ruth, unmoved, twisted her fingertip, and the Holy Sword's fragment churned violently within Theresa's body, sacred force clashing with eldritch chaos energy—exploding in a shockwave of power.

"Uurrgh—!"

Runaway magic charged through Theresa, making the witch howl in agony.

Many coveted chaotic energy, but everyone knew the danger: it was like carrying a bundle of explosives, able to destroy your enemies—or yourself.

Her expression twisted, but what tormented her most wasn't the Holy Sword fragment or the chaos energy detonating in her flesh. It was the sudden realization of another horrifying truth.

How did Ruth know the secret—about the weapon capable of countering the chaos energy I wield?

She should never have known... yet I told no one, except the Abyssal Lord and...

That realization nearly split her soul.

It was Sephera...

The very witch she'd raised from childhood, her most trusted and intimate kin—had betrayed her secret and colluded with Ruth to murder her!

Her heart throbbed with grief—but this was only the beginning of the grand betrayal.

Hattie and Sophia, left and right at her flanks, attacked as one: Hattie chanting an incantation that summoned a swarm of slick ink-green tentacles to bind Theresa's nude form. Sophia, meanwhile, unleashed a 5th-level spell: "Hold Monster," aiming to end things immediately.

Magic stabbed into her soul, Theresa's mind flickering toward enslavement. Her bare form stiffened, but her natural resistance—potent and unyielding—shrugged off the spell's power. Rage surged to her heart: "All of you... have betrayed me!"

Realizing every witch she'd once called family now meant to turn her into a puppet, a wave of despair and agony nearly broke her sanity. "Wh—y—?!"

"Aaah—!"

She roared, and her delicate flesh crystallized, shimmering into a suit of diamond armor that radiated a prismatic blast across the hall—red, orange, yellow, blue, indigo, Green, violet—all bursting in a blast of devastating light.

Prismatic Spray!

A 7th-level spell: each beam seething with an effect potent enough to slay Charles outright.

"Absorb Elements!"

Charles, caught by a bolt of red light, hastily chanted the spell, maintaining skin contact with Theresa to maintain the purification.

But unbearable heat crashed through him—his False Life protection burned away in a flash, his hair and brows scorched clean off, his entire body ablaze with pain.

"Arrgh—!"

The magic roasted his flesh, but the energies unleashed by purifying Theresa kept knitting ruined muscle and nerve back together, so his skin crisped and regenerated in an endless, agonizing cycle until he shrieked in torment.

I'll die at this rate!

I can't keep taking this spell head-on!

Instinct for survival made him leap from the bed—barely avoiding the ray. Without his purifying presence suppressing her, Theresa regained partial control and doubled down on her Prismatic Spray.

"Ugh—!"

Hattie and Sophia, at her sides, were caught in the prismatic blast, shrieking in agony. The tentacles binding Theresa's body evaporated, destroyed in an instant. Now, save for the Holy Sword fragment buried in her heart, nothing restrained the archwitch.

Chaotic energy roared, splitting the very walls of the dorm—

Crack—

The support wall shattered, the ceiling began to fall, but the force of the 7th-level spell vaporized even the magic-fortified beams. Within seconds, the dormitory vanished, exposing the black depths of night sky.

"No way!" Charles snarled, crouched under the remnants of the bed. "Retreat for now!"

No further command was needed; the other witches scattered, darting clear of the deadly light.

Freed from all constraints, Theresa slowly rose. Her face and form crystalized entirely, her gaze icy with scorn, like a glass goddess, looking down at the witches scrambling below.

With the raiding witches forced back, the effect of Prismatic Spray faded. But Theresa wasn't done—she lifted her arm, reciting an incantation: "Guards and Wards!"

Buzz—

At her words, the earth shook. Prismatic crystal obelisks thrust up from beneath the monastery, radiating rainbows to match the light blazing from Theresa's body—forming a domain of colored radiance that engulfed the entire monastery.

"What?!"

Just outside, Nidalee—a flustered bystander—realized things had gone awry. Hastily dressing, she turned to flee, but it was too late: the obelisks flared, forming a grand rainbow barrier that imprisoned her within.

This was Theresa's last resort: to warp light and space, completely isolating the monastery and creating an absolute domain all her own.

From outside, the monastery looked like a midnight black hole, devoid of even a glimmer—no trace of matter visible, for every ray of light was bent in, fueling Theresa's power, letting nothing out.

Fortunately, it was already well past midnight, and the monastery was obscure, so nobody had noticed the unnatural storm.

"Haaah—"

Power surged into Theresa, and she let out a breath of satisfaction, her crystalline form glowing with rainbow hues. She gazed down at the witches hiding like fugitives below. "Fools who don't know their place!"

She raised her hand again, conjuring waves of crystalline walls from the ground: a maze of mirrors isolating every witch in her domain.

Now, each witch looking around saw only their own helpless reflection, countless and endless, in every direction.

"Hahaha, ha ha ha—!"

Theresa's laughter echoed, and in every mirror, her image appeared, smiling cruelly and stalking forward.

No one could tell which silhouette was real. The entire monastery was now Theresa's kingdom. Here, without a high legend's help, she was truly invincible. Even a master of 9th-level magic might not topple her in her own domain—were she at full strength.

In the mirrored maze, Charles grit his teeth.

Damn it, Theresa has mastered 7th-level spells!



Witches typically knew only a few spells, but immense stamina, so every new spell they acquired doubled their power.

And now, her new spell was perfectly tailored for her abilities: if she blasted light-based spells into the mirrors, the reflected and repeated beams could shred everyone.

But—she was far from perfect. Her heart still skewered by the Holy Sword fragment, her body wracked by chaos energy, constantly damaging her from within.

Thinking this, Charles ignored the marching Theresa illusions in the mirrors. He tilted his head upward—to the patchwork of color flickering above.

Now, no one could see the outside, only a sky woven of dancing rainbow. As someone experienced in guiding Theresa through such battles, he recognized: the shifting lights were clues to where his comrades—and Theresa herself—actually were.

But today, the color changes were far slower than in any "game" iteration he'd known before.

That meant Theresa's state was dire—she couldn't even move quickly in her own field. The Holy Sword's eruption of chaos energy and his own initial purification had gravely damaged her, forcing her to focus on keeping herself stable.

Good. That means guiding everyone to her will be much easier than usual!

Emboldened, he summoned his pact-forged greatsword and crashed it down on a mirror—

Crack—!

The mirror shattered, revealing human-shaped Theresa behind, clad in a white, ornate nun's robe, hand pressed to her chest with agony.

Seeing him find her so fast, her expression switched from agony to shock.

How?!

How did he find me so quickly?!

She'd thought to hide, expel the Holy Sword fragment, then mop up the others one by one. She never imagined staying still would betray her position.

Her foes stunned, while Charles didn't hesitate—a quick step, another swing—

Crash—!

Several mirrors shattering in rapid succession, exposing wary Hattie, Sophia, and then yet another Sophia's silhouette. In an instant, all the prime combatants had grouped up!

"Get over here!"

Charles bellowed, "Don't use spells—attack physically! Don't let her catch her breath!"

He slashed once more at the mirrors.

There were two reasons for this order: the mirrors could reflect not only light but also bounce spells. And after the Holy Sword's chaos boost, Theresa's original form was so battered, she couldn't maintain her pure manifestation, forced instead into human form.

At this moment, physical attacks were most effective!

He swung at another mirror—Theresa dodged instinctively, knowing her body couldn't take it, but the blow landed not on her, but another hidden mirror—

Crack—

And out tumbled Nidalee, nerves shot, jaw slack with terror.

Well—that was unexpected.

He'd assumed another witch, but found her instead. Not wasting another thought, he advanced to the next mirror.

The witches, meanwhile, prepared for a life-or-death brawl. Hattie, taking a deep breath and finding her resolve, bent her knees, then sprang skyward—

"Roar—!"

Her throat tore out a beast's howl, emerald hair snapping and stretching, body swelling with shadows and shocks of purple-red lightning. She transformed, growing into a monstrous tentacled beast, ten meters tall, mouth a ring of lamprey fangs, every limb bristling with spines—a true tentacle horror.

Only in her true form could she unleash her full strength and strike Theresa down before she could recover.

"I'm with you!"

Ruth was next, her own body growing, shrouded in black mist and streaked with violet-red bolts. Her features warped into an enormous oval monster, a living mass of faces contorted in pain.

Sophia was third, her form morphing into her massive, multi-tentacled brain, taking command of the room's wild magic and twin-spellcasting: she cast Haste on both Hattie and Ruth.

With speed doubled, Hattie and Ruth launched themselves at the weakened archwitch, slashing with spined tentacles and mutating blades.

Theresa, forced to react, melded into a mirror to dodge, but Ruth's blade shattered it in an instant. Unable to escape, Theresa crystallized again, shifting into true form, enduring agony from chaos energy and sacred steel, lashing out with seven-hued light against her two closest sisters.

Two towering monsters pounding a crystal warrior, who still fought back with desperate rage!

Charles, wisely, watched rather than joined the struggle. Instead, he read the colors playing in the "sky," then struck at another mirror—

Smash—

Sephera, nerves frayed to breaking, whirled around, at first defensive, then delighted: "Master!"

"Go help them!" Charles barked, then raced toward the next clue.

Sephera hesitated, murmuring to herself: "Even in my true body, I can't harm Theresa..."

Still, she sighed, shifted to her true form—a giant serpent made of intertwining green, yellow, pink, and white vine whips—then prowled at the edge, ready to shield her sisters at a crucial moment.

Seeing Sephera's monstrous body, Theresa—again in crystalline form—exploded with rage. "Sephera!"

"Why—why did even you betray me?!"

Her voice was a howling grief, echoing like the wail of someone betrayed by everyone she ever loved: "I fed you bone and soul from the bodies of humans, crushed to near death, so you could live!"

"You couldn't control your magic, releasing poisonous mists and drawing the Empire's witch-hunters down on us—and I labored to cover every trace!"

"I cherished you, but all I receive from you is shameful betrayal!"

"Even if I must annihilate your soul, I cannot quench my wrath—!"

Her snarl was razor-grating, but in her true body, Sephera's voice was measured and firm. "Yes, Master you treated me well. It's for that very reason we must purify you today—out of love, not hate."

"I know your rage. I have lived it myself. But if you make it through this, the strength and peace you crave, freedom from the Night of the Witches, and the joys of existence—all will be within reach."

"Only in Master Charles's embrace can we find our perfect fate. So, eldest sister, this isn't betrayal. It's love—our love for you."

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*Chapter 124: Chapter 124: The Purification of Theresa (Part 4)*

Theresa, of course, could not comprehend such words. They only stoked her fury further. The very air quaked as her control shattered.

Seizing the opening, Ruth's true form accelerated to near-sonic speed. A blade of condensed shadow-force slashed toward Theresa's head—

CRACK—!

Under normal circumstances, her diamond-hard crystalline body would never fracture so easily. But now, ravaged by the Holy Sword Fragment and Chaos Energy, it was brittle as cheap glass. The strike sent fissures spiderwebbing across her skull.

And that—was the final spark to ignite her madness.

"YOU FORCE MY HAND!"

Her body erupted in prismatic light. "THEN DIE—ALL OF YOU!"

The next instant, a cataclysmic torrent of rainbow-hued energy exploded outward—

Hiding behind a mirror, Nidalee trembled, scarcely able to believe what she was witnessing.

Just moments ago, the fallen nuns had been sharing a bed, lost in pleasure—only to suddenly turn on each other, fighting naked with spells more terrifying than the last.

That alone would have been shocking enough. Though she'd never seen such betrayal firsthand, she'd heard tales of it often enough.

But why had she been trapped in this labyrinth of mirrors as well?

"Can't you fight without dragging an innocent bystander into it?!"

That had been her furious thought earlier. Now, however, she couldn't even muster the energy to complain.

Because in mere minutes, they had all transformed into monstrous... things.

Even Ruth and Sephera—women she knew—had taken on those horrifying forms.

What in the abyss is this?!

Her mind reeled under the assault. Just glimpsing the nuns' true visages sent stabbing pains through her skull, as though something inside her were being warped.

Then, as she listened to the enraged roars of the creature called "Eldest Sister" and Sephera's chilling reply, realization struck like lightning.

Witches. They were witches—legendary, nightmare-made-flesh.

This was no sanctuary of the Goddess of Life, but a den of sin and horror—a Witch Monastery.

The horror of it crashed over her. She'd traveled with two of them for an entire day, believing them righteous hunters of evil!

I have to escape. Warn Father—immediately!

Shifting back into leopard form, she whirled to flee—only to freeze.

In this maze of distorted mirrors, crystallized light, and shifting pathways, where could she possibly run?

All she could do was exhaust herself, darting futilely between reflections.

And now, Theresa's desperate final gambit erupted—a torrent of prismatic magic flooding the chamber. The energies ricocheted between the mirrors, swallowing Nidalee in an instant.

"Ghk—!"

A feeble, helpless druid, she had no defense against such power. A choked gasp of agony escaped her throat before darkness claimed her.

Nor were the witches faring much better. Hattie and Ruth, swift as shadows, dodged and weaved through the deadly light. Sophia, slower but steadier, stood her ground, mana flaring as she resisted the spell's corruption.

Worse, she had to maintain two Haste spells. If those faltered, the backlash would cripple Hattie and Ruth—ending any hope of victory.

"Master!"

Sephera's cry rang out as her massive form swooped down, shielding Charles from the radiance.

"Urgh—!"

Vines composing her body blackened and disintegrated—a desperate gambit. By sacrificing portions of herself, she absorbed the attack's fury.

In gamer terms: when her health hit zero, she started burning her max HP instead.

"Hold on, Sephera!"

Gritting his teeth, Charles knew his fragile frame couldn't survive another blast. He didn't refuse her protection—but now, trapped behind her bulk, he couldn't move or strike back.

This isn't working. We need to counterattack—NOW.

Drawing a sharp breath, he raised his right hand, fingers splayed.

Thanks to his Pact of the Blade, his bond with the Storm Warhammer had deepened. Now, he willed it back to him.

Bzzzt—!

Responding to his call, the hammer streaked across the chamber like lightning. The moment it slammed into his palm, he channeled his magic into it—igniting the storm within—and hurled it at Theresa with all his strength.

Whoosh—!

The square-headed hammer spun end over end, crashing directly into Theresa's skull!

BOOM—!

The hammer struck true, detonating with a thunderous blast. Though the Storm Warhammer was powerful, its force alone might not have been enough on this battlefield—but blunt weapons were the bane of crystalline beings, and Charles wasn't aiming for a killing blow. He just needed to disrupt her spellcasting!

As the hammer returned to his hand, fresh cracks spiderwebbed across Theresa's crystallized head. Dizziness overwhelmed her, and her magic pulsed erratically. "Gah—!"

She screamed in agony. The prismatic light she had unleashed flickered wildly, its intensity surging and fading—proof she had lost all control over her own spell.

Now's the chance!

Knowing he couldn't let her regain composure, Charles gritted his teeth and stepped out from behind Sephera's massive form. Ignoring the searing pain of the residual light, he charged straight at Theresa.

"Agh—!"

The burning torment wracked his skin, forcing a howl from his throat. But he pushed through, leaping at Theresa with a roar: "Be—PURIFIED—!"

BANG—!

He crashed into her crystallized body, the impact sending jolts of pain through him—but he didn't care. In the next instant, milky-white purification light enveloped Theresa, snuffing out the destructive radiance completely.

"No—NO—!"

Terror filled her voice, but battered and drained as she was, she could no longer resist the force of purification seeping into her soul.

After a night of brutal battle, this final purification broke her completely.

At last, her eyes closed. She fell into a deep, helpless unconsciousness.

Crack—

Without her magic to sustain it, the remaining mirrors in the domain shattered one after another, dissolving into motes of rainbow light that vanished into the air.

Whoosh—



The prismatic veil obscuring the night sky dissipated, allowing the outside wind to rush back into the area. Theresa's Absolute Domain had collapsed entirely, its prison-like grip finally broken.

As for Theresa herself, encased in the milky purification glow, her crystalline shell melted away, revealing skin as smooth and pale as fresh milk.

Her long, wheat-gold hair cascaded down, framing the twin peaks of her ample bosom. Naked and serene, she lay limp in Charles's arms, her breathing even—a beautiful woman lost in tranquil slumber.

The purification had succeeded.

Charles's legs gave out. Uncaring of his own nudity, he slumped onto the cold floor. The chill air bit at his skin, but he couldn't muster the energy to even grab clothes. All he wanted was to empty his mind and rest.

Physically, he still had strength to spare—after all, purifying Theresa had flooded him with energy, healing his wounds and easing his fatigue.

But the night's relentless tension, from start to finish, had left his mind frayed. That kind of exhaustion couldn't be so easily mended. Right now, he just needed to stop.

...But rest would have to wait.

Forcing himself to focus, he scanned the surroundings. Thankfully, though the dorm and other structures had been obliterated by Theresa's rampage, her nun's habit remained—as did his own priest's robes.

He grabbed the habit and draped it over Theresa, covering her at least partially. As for himself? The cold wasn't unbearable yet. Clothes could wait.

Nearby, Sophia finally released her concentration on Haste, shifting back to human form before collapsing unceremoniously to the ground, gasping for breath. Maintaining two spells while resisting Theresa's assault had pushed her to the limit.

Hattie and Ruth weren't faring much better. Scarred by the prismatic light, they too reverted to human form the moment Haste faded, collapsing like boneless sacks, utterly spent.

Ekta and Andny, at least, were in better shape. Having kept their distance, their injuries were lighter. Charles left them be—their sluggishness was just Haste's backlash, not serious harm.

After settling Theresa (now decently clothed) aside, he rummaged through the debris, retrieving a spellbook before heading to Sephera.

The venomous witch had also returned to human form—but unlike the others, she lay motionless, genuinely incapacitated by her wounds.

Charles walked to her side, knelt down, and pulled her into his embrace. A Cure Wounds spell washed over her, restoring some of her strength. The girl lifted her head weakly, forcing a faint smile.

"Congratulations, Master," she whispered. "You've successfully subdued Theresa."

Charles managed a tired smile in return. "Likewise... sigh."

As he spoke, he glanced around at the remaining constructions, his expression twisting in distress.

The losses were heavy.

The dorm, kitchen, scriptorium, bath chamber, Offering Porridge Room, clinic, Training Grounds, Trading Post, and the perimeter walls—

All had suffered varying degrees of damage in the recent battle. Repairing them would cost a staggering amount of Purification Points!

Thankfully, the Tailor's Shop, Blacksmith Shop, and altar had been built farther away and remained untouched by Theresa's rampage. Otherwise, he'd truly have nothing left but tears.

Charles pulled up the system, noting that Theresa had granted him 7,500 Purification Points. A sharp inhale escaped him—the sheer amount was staggering.

The strength of an Archwitch was beyond anything he'd imagined.

Luckily—luckily—she'd been foolish enough to meddle with Chaos Energy, allowing someone as weak as him to defeat her now.

Hah.

Without lingering on his victory, he switched to the construction interface and spent 450 Purification Points to repair all the damaged structures marked with [Broken].

A milky light shimmered as new walls materialized from thin air. Within seconds, everything was restored to its former state.

Then, his expression shifted.

A red dot—indicating a foe—still pulsed on the map.

He turned and spotted her: curled up against the far wall, deep in a coma, was his old "friend"—a Circle of the Land Druid, part-time hunter, a Ranger of questionable prospects—the Highlander woman, Nidalee.

Earlier, his nerves had been too frayed, his focus entirely on Theresa. He hadn't spared a thought for this Druid, even though the system had alerted him the moment she entered the monastery.

And now...

His gaze darkened as he studied her motionless form.

Nidalee actually came here?

For revenge? Or for the Holy Sword Fragment?

The audacity.

He hadn't even settled the score with her for raiding Ruth, and yet she had the gall to infiltrate his monastery, steal from him, and worse—witness the true forms of the witches.

Under these circumstances... letting her leave was out of the question.

Considering she was still a capable individual—and her ties to the Mountaineer Tribe—killing her outright would be a waste. His eyes gleamed with calculation as he scrolled to the bottom of the system and tapped lightly.

Another 300 Purification Points vanished as purified white light gathered beneath the bath chamber, reshaping the terrain below.

Soon, a new Level 2 construction—the Dungeon—slowly took form.

This construction was originally intended for the witches. In the game, after players defeated or subdued a witch, they had to first "train" them within the Dungeon to ensure absolute obedience.

But until now, the force of purification had directly altered the witches' wills, bypassing the need for conditioning. Thus, Charles had never bothered to construct this construction.

Now, with an unpurifiable female foe at hand, this construction would finally serve its purpose.

"Ekta," he commanded weakly, "do you have any strength left? Carry that woman to the Dungeon beneath the bath chamber. You'll know what to do."

"Once this is done... we rest."

"Wait, Master!" Sephera suddenly interjected. "We'll handle this woman—you must go to Lady Malena's house at once!"

"Theresa sent scum to rape her tonight and kidnap her daughter. Hurry—there may still be time!"

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*Chapter 125: Chapter 125: Hero Appearance*

Charles froze for a moment, then nodded. "Alright... But are you all in any condition to fight? I'm worried about you."

"We'll manage. We're fine!"

The weakness from Haste had finally faded. Nearby, Ruth struggled to her feet. "Though... I might not be able to join you in another battle right now, Master..."

She was honest, but it was clear she didn't approve of Charles rushing off to save someone at this moment.

On the other side, however, Sophia spoke up. "Master, that family is worth saving—especially the little girl. She shouldn't be carelessly used as a bargaining chip in Theresa's dealings with that Abyssal Lord."

"I still have a bit of mana left. I can cast a few spells for you, Master. You should go to her."

Ruth frowned at her but said nothing more. She didn't know the mother and daughter, nor did she possess Sophia's sharp insight into their hidden value.

"Fine, I'll go." With that, Charles steeled himself and nodded. The purification of Theresa had replenished his stamina—he now felt surging with strength, ready for another fight. "Stay hidden in the monastery. Andny, guide me! I'm heading there now!"

Without delay, he threw on his priestly robes, shoved his feet into his boots (not even bothering with undergarments), and let Sophia cast False Life and Armor of Agathys on him. Then he bolted out of the monastery.

...

### Deep in the Slums – Malena's Home

Though the hour was late, Malena had not yet finished her work. Human wants were endless—even with the employment Theresa had provided, the coin was far from enough for a woman who had once known luxury.

She wanted her daughter to receive, at the very least, the basic education afforded to noble children. To achieve that, she needed to save every scrap of silver. Only then could she forge new papers for her daughter by her sixth birthday and enroll her in the Church of Justice's school.

For this purpose, Malena had not abandoned her work as a laundress. Even after returning from the tailor's shop, she would wash clothes late into the night.

"...And the prince suddenly cried out, pointing at the rose girl—'Yes, it's her! She is the princess I've been searching for!'"

Beside the doorway of Malena's home, a narrow gutter carried away soapy water. She sat on a low stool, a massive wooden washbasin before her, its ribbed board holding the last unwashed garment. A bucket of freshly cleaned linens sat nearby, proof that her work—and the fairy tale she narrated—was nearing its end.

"...The wicked stepmother shrieked, 'Impossible! It cannot be her! Noble prince, I beg you—look again! Look upon my other daughters instead!'"

At her side, her only child—five-year-old Lisa—perched on her own stool, clutching a hooded lantern to light her mother's labor.

This was their nightly ritual. While Malena worked, Lisa would recite the primers every noble child memorized. In return, her mother rewarded her with stories. The girl helped where she could, whether fetching water or, as now, holding the light.

"...And so, the prince and the rose princess lived happily ever after."

With the tale's end, Malena wrung out the final garment, dumped the basin's water into the gutter, and wiped her brow with a tired sigh. "There. Story's done. Lisa, heat the water. Once I hang these, we'll bathe and sleep."

She hefted the basin of damp clothes toward the drying lines in their cramped yard.

"Yes!" The girl hopped up, lugging a water bucket to fill the great wooden tub at the center of their home. Soon, steam curled into the night—a sign the bath was ready.

Malena removed her outer garments, revealing a slender yet voluptuous figure beneath. In her youth, she had trained in dance and enjoyed a life of luxury, never lacking proper nutrition or exercise during her formative years. As a result, her body had developed fully and beautifully.

Moreover, having borne a child, her figure was no longer that of a maiden. Even now, though thinner from hardship, her curves remained—her hips round and full, her ample bosom still firm and high, swaying gently with her movements.

Though her skin had taken on a sallow hue from malnutrition, it remained smooth and supple. After all, despite being the mother of a five-year-old, Malena herself was only twenty-one.

She tested the water in the large wooden tub with her hand, adding cool water with a ladle until the temperature was just right. Then she stepped in and lifted her daughter inside.

Lisa playfully kicked her feet, splashing water everywhere before suddenly pressing against Malena's chest, reaching for her full bosom. "Mama, I want this!"

The reason her breasts swayed so prominently wasn't just their size—it was the milk that still flowed within them.

Malena frowned slightly. "No, Lisa. You're five now. It's time to wean."

Instantly, the little girl's face twisted with hurt. "One last time, Mama? Please? Just one last time, and I'll never ask again after tomorrow."

Under normal circumstances, as the daughter of a noble house, Malena's family would have hired a wet nurse for Lisa rather than nursing her themselves. But from birth, Lisa had been weak—prone to vomiting milk, rejecting every wet nurse they tried. Only Malena's own milk could sustain her.

And after their family's fall from grace, there had been no other choice. Though Lisa had long since learned to eat solid food, whenever she fell ill—including the last time Theresa had healed her—she couldn't keep anything down. Only Malena's milk kept her alive.

Thus, despite countless attempts to wean her, Malena had always relented.

Ah, well. For her to have survived this long, and to be so well-behaved... it's a miracle. If this small indulgence makes her happy, then it's worth the trouble.

With that thought, seeing her daughter's pleading eyes, Malena once again agreed to Lisa's "one last time." "After the bath. When we're in bed."

Hearing this, Lisa's face lit up with joy. "Yay!"

Autumn had arrived, and the water cooled quickly. Mother and daughter didn't linger, soon stepping out, drying off, and walking naked into the bedroom to slip under the covers.

The moment they settled in, Lisa eagerly cupped Malena's still-large breasts, opening her small mouth to latch onto a nipple that had darkened to a deep red from years of nursing.

"Mmm..."

A soft gasp escaped Malena's throat, but she soon closed her eyes, breathing evenly as Lisa suckled contentedly.

In years past, this act had stirred desire in Malena, forcing her to pleasure herself while nursing. But now, after endless worry and exhaustion, every last ounce of her energy was spent by bedtime. She wanted only sleep—nothing else held any appeal.

But tonight, something unexpected would disrupt that.

Creak—

The sound of metal scraping against metal jolted Malena awake.

Someone was picking her door's lock.

Realization struck like ice water. Her heart pounded.

Damn it! Even a poor household like ours isn't safe from thieves?!

Wait—did they target me because of my new job? Do they think I've come into money?

No. I won't let them take anything!

She sat up abruptly. Lisa, still latched onto her breast, woke with a start, her wide eyes confused as she watched her mother rise.

"Thieves!" Malena whispered urgently. "Lisa, hide under the bed!"

Nodding, Lisa scrambled for her clothes, pulled on her shoes, and wriggled beneath the bed. Meanwhile, Malena crept out of the bedroom, moving silently through the dining hall—bare except for a single wooden table—and into the kitchen. She grabbed a kitchen knife before returning to the main room, eyes locked on the trembling door.



She'd read about situations like this. If she acted fiercely enough, she could scare them off!

Creak—

The door finally gave way. A furtive silhouette slipped inside.

"DIE!"

Malena lunged with a snarl, both hands gripping the knife as she slashed at the intruder.

"What the—?!"

The man recoiled in shock, barely dodging. Malena, with no combat experience, overcommitted—her swing missed, and she stumbled forward off-balance.

"They're still awake?!"

"Damn it! I knew this widow wouldn't sleep early—probably waiting for a lover!"

"Screw subtlety! We do this the hard way!"

Two more men rushed in, seizing Malena's arms and forcing her to the ground with ease. One wrested the knife from her grip while the other expertly bound her wrists with rope.

Though fury burned in her heart, Malena was just a woman—no match for hardened criminals in strength or skill.

"Bitch almost got me!" the first intruder wheezed, wiping his brow. Then he glanced around. "Where's the kid? Hmm... bedroom?"

"Dunno. Place is small—just look."

"Careful. Don't let the little brat bite you."

One man kept Malena pinned while the other two entered the bedroom. Seeing this, she thrashed violently—only for her captor to slap her hard across the face. "Stay down, whore!"

The sharp crack of the blow was followed by Lisa's terrified wail and a man's triumphant shout: "Under the bed! Knew she couldn't go far!"

A moment later, one of the men emerged, Lisa bound and writhing in his grip.

"Let her GO!" Malena screamed, rage boiling over at the sight of her daughter's tears. "You monsters! Rot in hell!"

She fought like a wild animal, hurling curses, but against these brutes, her struggles were pitiful.

"We got her, boss. Let's move?" the man holding Malena asked.

"Not yet." The leader smirked, eyeing Malena's furious face. "Don't you think this widow's kinda pretty?"

The other man's eyes gleamed. "Hell yeah! Noticed that earlier!"

"Night's young. How about we have some fun first?"

"Perfect. After nearly getting stabbed, I need to blow off steam!"

"Clear the table. Tonight, we'll give her the time of her life—right in front of her kid!"

"HAHAHAHA—!"

The three men roared with laughter, tossing Lisa aside. One swept everything off the dining table—cups and dishes shattering on the floor—before dragging it to the center of the room. The other two hauled Malena up, forcing her onto the table on her stomach.

"Damn, this one's got a body!" one leered, admiring her curves.

"Look at that ass! And the way she squirms—gonna feel real good."

"Lucky night. Boss, you go first—show us how it's done."

"Heh heh heh..."

Their laughter turned filthy as Malena's struggles only fueled their lust.

"No... stop..."

Watching in horror, Lisa's pupils shrank to pinpricks. Her voice trembled. "Don't hurt her—AH—!"

Suddenly, an ear-splitting shriek tore from her throat—a sound that seemed to shake the very soul. The three men staggered, turning just in time to see golden light erupt from Lisa's small form. A radiant orb shot from her open mouth:

"GUIDING BOLT!"

BOOM—!

The men dove aside as the projectile streaked past, obliterating the thick wooden door in a blast of splinters.

The kidnappers' faces paled. "She's a WITCH!"

"Damn it, why'd we have to run into this kind of trouble?!"

"Scatter!"

Screaming in panic—unable to distinguish a witch from a warlock—they released Malena. One bolted outside while the other two dove for cover behind the kitchen and bedroom doors.

Malena rolled off the table, only to lose her balance and crash to the floor.

"Ugh—!"

Grimacing through the pain, she immediately twisted toward her daughter. "Lisa! Lisa, are you alright?!"

As a former noble forced to study esoteric knowledge since childhood, Malena recognized the signs instantly: her daughter had awakened the latent power in her bloodline. From this moment, Lisa was a true warlock.

But she also knew the first awakening was the most perilous. If Lisa couldn't control the surge, the bloodline might consume her—leaving her crippled... or dead.

Across the room, Lisa still shimmered with golden light. Her face and eyes were dazed, unresponsive to her mother's voice. Her small mouth parted slightly, as if trying to summon a second bolt.

"Cough—! Cough—!"

The radiance flickered out as abruptly as it came. Her tiny body was too weak to sustain the bloodline's magic, no matter how intense the emotional trigger.

Seeing her power fade, the traffickers crept back.

"Looks like the show's over?"

"Don't rush—could be a trick. Test her."

"Right."

One hurled a brick at the bound girl.

THUD.

It struck Lisa's calf. She cried out—but no golden light returned.

"She's spent!"

"Damn bitch scared the hell outta me!"

"Mack, get the knockout powder! Sedate her before she pulls more stunts!"

"On it!"

As one man produced a drugged cloth, Malena screamed curses. Bound and helpless, she could only watch in despair as he advanced toward her daughter...

Then—

A silver streak flashed through the doorway. It struck the trafficker outside square in the back.

KABOOM—!

The blast deafened the air. The man catapulted inside, chest caved inward, blood gushing from his mouth. He hit the floor—lifeless.

A one-hit kill.

Malena gaped. Lisa, barely conscious, forced her eyes open toward the doorway.

There stood a tall, lean figure—hairless, eyebrowless—gripping a square-headed warhammer. His priestly robes hung disheveled, exposing his calves, his feet shoved into slippers.

Yet to Lisa, he was the most magnificent sight in the world.

And so handsome...

The thought flickered unbidden as he stepped closer.

It was Charles. Guided by Andny's mosquitoes, he'd sprinted here, legs trembling from exhaustion. The urgent warnings had been dire: They're pinning Malena on the table—raping her—hurry!

Thank the gods he'd made it. One hammer strike had erased a threat. Two remained—easy prey.

He stowed the hammer, summoning a longsword and shield instead. Time to test these thugs' mettle.

Then—

"Don't move—!"

The two men seized Malena and Lisa by the throats, panic wild in their eyes. "Drop your weapon or we snap their necks!"

"Stay back! Don't fucking twitch!"

Charles froze.

Well, shit.

He'd expected a valiant charge—a chance to flex behind Mage Armor, False Life, and Armor of Agathys while parrying with swordplay. Instead, they'd skipped straight to hostage negotiations.

How am I supposed to show off now?

Annoyed, he exhaled. Fine. No more theatrics.

"Sleep."

The incantation rolled out, consuming a third-level spell slot. Magic thickened the air, draping over all four occupants—traffickers and victims alike—plunging them into unconsciousness.

Problem solved.

With a disappointed sigh, Charles dragged the two men outside and slit their throats. Returning, he shook the slumbering Malena—her thin nightgown doing little to conceal the ample curves beneath.

"Wake up, Madam Malena!"

Her breasts swayed tantalizingly with each nudge. The faint, milky fragrance wafting from her cleavage hooked his attention instantly. His gaze snagged on that deep valley, unable to pull away.

The scent intoxicated his very soul...

Was she... still lactating?

Heat pooled low in his belly. The night's exertions meant nothing—Theresa's returned energy had left him revitalized, restless...

Malena stirred. Noticing his stare, Charles jerked his face aside. "You're awake? How do you feel?"

Spotting her bound wrists, he summoned his longsword and severed the ropes.

"I'm fine."

Blushing at the young priest's earlier gaze, Malena adjusted her gown—but felt no disgust. Only urgency. "Sir... Priest? Please, my daughter—"

"She seems to have awakened the power of her bloodline and become a Warlock. I'm worried that her state may be unstable, so please, take a look at her..."

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*Chapter 126: Chapter 126: Divine Soul Warlock*

Malena pleaded in a desperate tone, and Charles, by nature, couldn't refuse. "Alright," he said.

With that, he approached. However, based on the information Andny's mosquito had gathered earlier, he could tell that Lisa was unharmed at that moment—she merely needed rest.

Though Malena possessed some knowledge of magic and was aware of certain secrets about her family's bloodline, she had never systematically studied magic—primarily because she couldn't grasp it. Thus, her understanding of the Warlock class remained limited.

She didn't realize that her daughter had awakened as the safest, most risk-free type of Warlock. Lisa's awakening held no danger; instead, it would bring her immense benefits, making her healthier, stronger, and more radiant in the future.

After all, this was a Divine Soul Warlock—a noble class that could only be awakened by those carrying the bloodline of a true god.

Still, appearances had to be maintained. Charles walked to Lisa's side, lifted her gently, and then pulled out his spellbook, casting Cure Wounds on her.

Under the milky glow, the bruises from the rubble faded in an instant, leaving no trace behind. Her breathing steadied, though she remained in a deep slumber, not yet awake.

Gazing at her peaceful face, Charles couldn't help but feel a surge of emotion. No wonder Sophia had insisted he come personally to rescue the mother and daughter.

Perhaps Sephera had acted out of kindness, not wanting her eldest sister Theresa to wake and suffer remorse for yet another tragedy she had unwittingly caused. But Sophia—she must have seen the truth behind this girl with her vast knowledge!

She bore the bloodline of a true god, and her awakening had been imminent. And tonight, under the pressure of danger, she had awakened outright!

A Divine Soul Warlock!

Charles couldn't help but marvel. In this world, there were only five T0-tier classes, standing at the absolute pinnacle, their power eclipsing all others and leaving even T1-tier classes far behind.

Among these five, only two were pure spellcasting classes:

One was the College of Lore Bard, capable of ignoring class restrictions and selecting eight additional spells from any other class's spell list.

The other? The Divine Soul Warlock!

A noble class that could only be awakened by those with divine blood flowing through their veins, the Divine Soul Warlock could wield not only magic but also every divine spell available to a Cleric. In essence, it was like having two classes in one—leveling up once was equivalent to leveling up twice for others!

Though this class still suffered from a limited number of known spells, the synergy between divine and magic allowed the Warlock's extended mana pool to shine, unleashing devastating effects in an instant:

They could unleash massive area-of-effect damage or deliver crushing single-target bursts.

They could buff allies or dissolve enemy control spells.

They could make their entire team soar across the battlefield or heal their comrades to full after combat.



The only thing restricting a Divine Soul Warlock was their limited spell repertoire. Yet even so, their sheer dominance remained unrivaled!

What, you ask about the other three T0 classes?

Well... they were the Oath of Devotion Paladin (who could fight, tank, heal, protect, and dispel control), the Oath of the Ancients Paladin (who could fight, tank, heal, control, and grant group spell resistance), and the Oath of Vengeance Paladin (who could fight, tank, heal, smite foes on sight, and maneuver with terrifying flexibility).

Paladins were simply that overpowered. By player consensus, even the weakest paladin was T1-tier in strength. And rumors said the class would be buffed next patch—Divine Smite, originally melee-only, would become ranged.

If Mages were the game designers' favored child, then Paladins were undoubtedly their doting father.

Ahem!

Returning to the matter at hand—though Lisa had fully recovered, Charles had no intention of waking her. Instead, he turned to Malena and said, "Madam, with deaths involved, the forces behind these kidnappers won't let this go. For your safety and your daughter's, would you consider taking refuge in the monastery? Ah—forgive my manners. I'm Nigel Charles, the new Priest of the Monastery of Life."

"For the safety of you and your daughter, would you consider taking refuge with me at the monastery? Ah, forgive my manners—I am Nigel Charles, a newly ordained Priest of the Monastery of Life."

A Divine Soul Warlock of such potential was far too precious to let slip away. Charles had every intention of keeping her under his protection.

Malena's eyes brightened, her heart swelling with gratitude. She nodded eagerly. "Yes, thank you, kind Priest!"

As she bobbed her head, her ample bosom swayed noticeably beneath her pajamas. With considerable effort, Charles tore his gaze away, lowering his eyes to the slumbering Lisa. "Gather whatever you need to bring. After tonight, you may never return to this home."

Malena nodded, pressing her lips together before suddenly looking up. "Priest Charles... I wish to renounce my faith in the God of Justice and pledge myself to the Goddess of Life. Lisa will do the same. Might you perform our baptism after tonight?"

As a noblewoman, she knew full well the current state of the Church of the Goddess of Life. Before now, she had respected those idealists from afar but never wished to involve herself with them.

Yet now, her daughter's life had been saved freely by a nun of the Goddess of Life; their improved circumstances were due to the kindness of the High Priestess Theresa; and tonight, their survival was owed to the intervention of the Goddess's Priest...

She saw no reason to cling to her old faith. Believing she understood what he desired most, she thought her and her daughter's conversion would be the greatest remuneration she could offer.

Little did she know, this monastery was but a façade—its inhabitants knew next to nothing of doctrine, baptism, or purification!

Well, perhaps Sophia understood some of it, given her vast knowledge...

Regardless, his lack of expertise left him momentarily awkward. Clearing his throat, he deflected, "We shall discuss that later. For now, Madam, gather your belongings. I'll wait here."

Though his stamina held, the night's tension had drained him. All he wanted was to rest, holding the little girl in his arms.

Malena gave a soft nod and set to work. She took only a few essentials: some clothing, her meager savings, the scroll certifying her noble bloodline, and a signet ring.

Even in hiding, she clung to a sliver of hope—that one day, a surviving brother might return in triumph, clear their family's name, and restore their noble standing.

But that was a matter for another time. For now, she hurriedly packed before following Charles back to the monastery.

And so, the matter was settled.

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*Chapter 127: Chapter 127: Abyssal Lord*

The Rubble District, Among the Mountains

Ilarode, Archdruid of the Mountaineer tribe and father to Nidalee, stood at the cliff's edge overlooking the fathomless abyss. Clad in a robe of vibrant avian plumage and leaning upon his gnarled wooden staff, he solemnly recited ancient incantations, channeling the primal energies of nature to pacify the creatures below while purifying a vast, creeping corruption.

Yet his efforts bore little fruit.

"ROOOAAAR—!"

A thunderous snarl of agony erupted from the depths, shaking the very mountains. The Behemoth's tortured cry made the Archdruid's brow furrow. Without hesitation, he raised his free hand, tracing intricate sigils in the air as his chanting grew fevered. Emerald motes of light cascaded into the abyss, soothing the tormented colossus until its roars dwindled into uneasy slumber.

Only then did the elder druid exhale, wiping sweat from his weathered forehead. His emerald eyes flicked toward the jagged peaks behind him, burning with quiet fury.

Such insolence!

Yet there was no helping it.

Ever since the Conquerors of the Sein Empire had swept through these lands, the elders who once upheld the Ancient Rules had been all but eradicated. Timeless traditions were severed, their wisdom lost to the ages. And when those white-haired invaders finally withdrew, the new generation of tribal leaders—raised without discipline or constraint—grew reckless. They dared court the power of demons...

Had it not been for their folly, the Earth Dragon sacred to the Mountaineers would not now writhe in such agony.

A sigh escaped him.

If Nidalee failed to retrieve the Holy Sword Fragment, they would have no choice but to forge an alliance with the minotaurs of the Highmountain tribe. Only then could they hope to banish the Abyssal Lord—the architect of this calamity.

As Ilarode pondered, a multicolored songbird alighted upon his shoulder. After listening to its nature-woven message, the Archdruid gave a curt nod. "Understood."

A gust carried him across the slopes, his feet barely brushing the wildgrass as he descended to the tribal encampment—a sparse collection of thatched roundhouses and watchtowers encircled by a wooden palisade. Its defenses were meager, but secrecy shielded it; no outsider knew its location.

Ilarode strode into the central longhouse, where his honored guest awaited: Torun Highmountain, heir to the Highmountain tribe.

Though humanoid, minotaurs were towering figures with bovine heads and powerful reverse-jointed legs. Those of the Highmountain clan resembled yaks, their jet-black fur thick as winter cloaks. Torun rose respectfully as Ilarode entered, bowing his horned head. "Archdruid. You honor me."

The motion emphasized their disparity in stature. Towering at over seven feet, the adult minotaur's horns nearly scraped the rafters. His 300-pound frame was pure muscle, his chest like carved stone.

Ilarode's gaze warmed. Torun was nobly bred, a promising barbarian who walked the Path of the Ancestors. The druid longed to bind him to Nidalee, uniting their tribes—yet his daughter's refusal gnawed at him.

"Sit," Ilarode said. Once settled, he cut to the heart: "What answer does your father give regarding our alliance against the fallen demon-worshippers?"

Torun's voice was gravel-deep. "He agrees. The demonic taint must be purged before winter. A Great Purification of the mountain clans."

"Good." Ilarode allowed himself relief. "With our tribes united, the others will follow."

The minotaur's smile faded. "And... Nidalee? Has she—?"

The druid's laugh was bitter. "She lost the Holy Sword Fragment—a task that should've been simple. Now she infiltrates Liberl Port to reclaim it."

Studying Torun's hulking form, Ilarode weighed the future: the strength of their alliance, the wars they might win. Some sacrifices were necessary.

"Take heart," he said at last. "When she returns, I will see her persuaded. We shall hold a wedding to unite all tribes under one banner."

Torun's eyes blazed with delight. "My gratitude, Archdruid!"

...

Inside the monastery.

The exertions of last night's battle had left Charles thoroughly exhausted. After rescuing Malena and her daughter, he had to set aside another spot within the monastery, constructing a new dormitory as their new quarters.

So today, he slept until high noon, only then finally dispelling all his lingering fatigue. He awoke slowly.

When he opened his eyes, it wasn't just the ceiling of his own dormitory he saw, but also Theresa's smiling face gazing down at him.

She'd been awake for some time already—her Strength was formidable, and she'd gone to bed earlier. At that moment, she sat beside him, wheat-gold hair cascading by its own nature, while her yellow-green eyes were filled with endless gentleness, like a mother looking down at her child, brimful of unconditional tenderness.

"Good morning, Master," the archwitch whispered softly, her lips parting.

"Morning, Theresa," Charles murmured, turning his head to see her already clad in her resplendent white nun's robe.

His eyes lingered on her proud, full breasts, and all other thoughts vanished. He buried his face against her chest.

Theresa chuckled, deftly unfastening her robe to reveal her ample, snow-white bosom. She pulled him close, enveloping his body against hers.

"Mmph—"

Pressed entirely into Theresa's lush, yielding cleavage, Charles felt an unprecedented surge of satisfaction and security. Taller and more voluptuously developed, she cradled him effortlessly against her body. Her generous embrace absorbed every craving as she surrendered to his unrestrained exploration.

He suckled hungrily at one nipple, his tongue swirling around the hardened peak. Theresa's breath hitched, a soft moan escaping her lips. Waves of pleasure flooded her senses—the wet heat of his mouth ravaging her sensitive flesh, each suck and flick sending shivers through her inexperienced nerves. Her pussy grew slick with arousal.

"Master..." Her voice trembled, caught between pleading and need.

Lost in the rhythm of his suckling, Charles only clung tighter. Yet beneath his ardor flickered a trace of pity: Sadly, even a witch's full breasts yield no milk...

He recalled the milky fragrance from the night before, absent here. Shoving the thought aside, he stripped her bare, pinning her beneath him.

His thick cock, slick and ready, slid effortlessly into her soaked entrance. She gasped, arching to take him deeper as he hammered relentlessly into her tightening channel. With each thrust, her walls clenched around his length, milking him toward climax.

"Ah! Harder—!" she cried, nails raking his back as he pounded her into the bedding. Their cries mingled—the slap of skin on skin, the primal rhythm building until he buried himself to the hilt.

Rope after rope of hot cum flooded her womb. She convulsed beneath him, her orgasm tearing through her as her inner muscles spasmed, greedily milking every drop until he collapsed atop her, spent.

Afterward, flushed and weakened, Theresa dragged her naked form from the bed to dress Charles. Robe by robe, she restored him to the image of a dignified Priest. Though his hair and eyebrows had burned away, her meticulous adjustment of his four-cornered black hat hid most of it.

Save for his completely incinerated hair and eyebrows, he appeared unchanged. Though the hair loss would require time to regrow, his priestly four-cornered black hat obscured most damage at a glance.

Charles cared little for this cosmetic sacrifice. Yet Theresa's brow furrowed as she traced the absence of his eyebrows, her voice laced with guilt: "Forgive me, Master, I—"

Knowing what Theresa wanted to say, Charles immediately stretched out his fingertips and blocked her lips: "It's okay, I don't mind. After all, judging from the final result, we are all safe, right?"

Every purified witch followed this same apologetic ritual upon awakening. He'd long since learned to skip straight to the resolution.

To divert the conversation, he began dressing her, starting with her undergarments. "Now that you're purified," he asked, "can you still wield that Chaos Energy?"

Theresa nodded. "The pact's terms endure. The power remains mine." She examined her palms. "If anything, my control has stabilized."

"Good." Charles exhaled as he slipped white stockings onto her feet. Theresa accepted his ministrations with regal ease while reporting: "With your bestowed enhancements, the Adventurers' Guild would rate me around Challenge Rating 16 now."

This "blessing" referred to the monastery's Level 2 upgrade—every purified witch under Charles gained strength. Normally a CR 13 threat (meaning a well-balanced four-adventurer party of equivalent level could theoretically defeat her), Theresa now demanded CR 16 opposition.

Despite being merely an 11th-level spellcaster with only 6th-tier spells, her witch traits—supernatural vitality, immense mana reserves, and innate cunning—made her deadlier than some archmages wielding 9th-tier magic. Those legendary spellcasters typically merited only CR 12 ratings.

Had she not recklessly tampered with Chaos Energy, Charles doubted he could have bested her conventionally.

His expression soured at her assessment. "Those Guild ratings are... optimistic at best."

Combat effectiveness varied wildly between classes, wealth tiers, and tactical knowledge. Nidalee's haphazard "Land Druid moonlighting as a hunter" proved how little most natives understood optimization. The Guild's manuals grew laughably inaccurate beyond Level 5—a supposedly CR 16 Theresa could likely be toppled by a savvy Level 7 party.

Yet Theresa, equally ignorant of meta-strategies, found the Guild's metrics credible. She didn't press the argument as they arm-in-armed their way to the adjacent bathchamber.

While brushing her teeth, she suddenly mumbled around the toothbrush: "Master... you saved that Lisa girl, yes?"

Charles spat foam. "Aye. Why?"

Theresa's emerald-yellow eyes darkened. "That... may bring trouble. She was my promised payment."

He froze mid-scrub. "Explain."

"Hattie must've told you? The Abyssal Lord who taught me Chaos Energy demanded pure souls as remuneration. Lisa was to be his next offering." Her fingers whitened on the washbasin. "Now that you've taken her, he'll see it as betrayal. He will come."

Charles was stunned. He spat the foam from his mouth, set down his toothbrush, and scratched his scalp. "Uh... That's definitely trouble. But we can't possibly hand Lisa over..."

"That Abyssal Lord... Is his Strength very great? Wait, is he currently in the material world? Abyssal Lords shouldn't be able to enter so easily, right?"

Abyssal Lords: the term for those overwhelmingly powerful demons who rule vast territories in the bottomless Abyss. But their exact Strength is difficult to judge—the gap between the weakest and the strongest is enormous.

The weak ones might possess only a tiny realm, with a challenge rating of just eleven or twelve—a fifth-level Adventurer Squad could defeat them.

But the truly mighty could rule several layers of the Abyss at once, like the infamous Demon Prince, a legendary Abyssal Lord, Demogorgon of the twin baboon heads—



whose challenge rating is as high as twenty-six, something only an eleventh-level Adventurer Squad could possibly challenge.

Of course, that's Charles's perspective. To the natives of this world, even the weakest Demon Lords would require at least an eleventh-level Adventurer Squad to take down; as for legends like Demogorgon, only legendary strong ones above level twenty could stand a chance.

Ahem.

Either way, all such lords are demons, and demons are supposed to fight amongst themselves in the bottomless Abyss; generally, they don't come to the material world. Even if cultists summon them, this is Liberl Port—if a mighty Abyssal Lord truly descended, the Blackstaff Tower absolutely would not sit idle.

To this question, however, Theresa's expression turned awkward. "He... is probably a bit stronger than I am."

"And he's currently in the material world—right in the Rubble District you visited some days ago, Master."

As she spoke, the girl's face looked all the more embarrassed. "Coincidentally, he's the very one who was summoned to the material plane during that last Night of the Witches, when Ruth went out of control—summoned by a demon-worshipping tribe in the Rubble District—and he's remained here ever since."

"I noticed his existence, understood what he desired, and so secretly struck a deal with him... Sigh, it was even my suggestion: because there are too many legendary strong ones in Liberl Port, his best option was to first send agents to scout things out, rather than expose his own trail before the city's denizens."

Charles was dumbfounded. "What?!"

Theresa nodded earnestly. "Yes, exactly because he's been hiding deep in those mountains, the Blackstaff Tower can barely intervene."

"Right now, he doesn't know our monastery's location. But if he doesn't receive the cargo I promised, he'll begin investigating—and sooner or later, he'll find us..."

Upon hearing this, Charles felt an intense headache.

"This..." he gritted his teeth inwardly, "trouble... And you definitely can't defeat him, right?"



Theresa nodded lightly, then added with difficulty, "Yes, although his body is cumbersome—if I fought only to escape, I'm confident. But to destroy him? Nearly impossible."

"And if he personally comes to attack the monastery, all I could say is that, with the power of my domain, I may fend him off—but killing him would be almost impossible."

"And with his destructive power, before that he could do us grievous harm..."

Hearing this, Charles felt a genuine sense of crisis. "This is just..."

He had thought that having purified Theresa, he'd finally enjoy a period of peace. He hadn't expected such monstrous foes to still be lurking on the horizon.

Shaking his head, forcing the anxieties from his mind, he took a deep breath. "Forget it, let's not worry about him for now. Since that Abyssal Lord consciously remains hidden in the mountains, it means he knows how dangerous Liberl Port is; he wouldn't dare approach lightly."

"We'll just keep to our own pace, build up our Strength, and wait for him to come knocking..."

Theresa nodded, but even so Charles still felt an urgent sense of unease. He wasted no time—after washing up he hurried to the kitchen for breakfast.

And during breakfast, a bold thought suddenly occurred to him.

Why had Nidalee been so desperate to obtain the Holy Sword Fragment—even chasing it into the monastery? Could she be connected to this demon lord lurking in the mountains?

After all, the Holy Sword Fragment's greatest value lies in its remaining sacred energy, able to inflict deadly wounds on all manner of unholy monsters.

Hiss...

It seems the value of this druid captive is even greater than he'd first imagined.

At this moment, Nidalee was being held in the dungeon beneath the bath chamber. Charles resolved at once: the training of this Leopard must begin without delay.

...

Nidalee, in her leopard form, was running swiftly across the wild hills. The autumn wind rippled through the grass, carrying the fresh scents of the season. She relished the taste of freedom—her heart and body overflowing with happiness.

Ahead, on a slope, stood a tall, slender boy, his back to her, white hair falling to his shoulders, radiating a powerful charisma. Nidalee felt a burning desire well up in her body, and in a flash she burst forward, pouncing—

"Ah—!"

He tumbled beneath her, turning in panic to reveal a familiar, handsome face. Nidalee felt a surge of satisfaction; she immediately reverted to her true form, quickly tugged open the boy's clothes, and uncovered that pale, athletic body—every inch of skin fascinated her.

Her hands kept moving. She removed his trousers, exposing that proud, masculine weapon. The boy's expression was faintly bashful; with a sly smile curving her lips, Nidalee teased it with her hands, then slowly sat down onto him.

"Oh..."

A moan of satisfaction escaped both their lips. They embraced, kissing, rolling together upon the hillside, and then—

Then what?

Then... in theory, it should have been—

Then Nidalee woke up, confusion clouding her gaze.

Ah, just another spring dream.

Though she didn't mind comforting herself, at her core, she was still a maiden—she had no idea what true union between man and woman felt like. So whenever her dreams reached the critical moment, her mind would run out of material, forcing her up from sleep.

There was nothing to be done—unless someone suddenly appeared to teach her in person.

She rose reluctantly from the bed, glancing around.

Still... a prisoner.

This place was a cell less than twenty square meters. Three walls were white as snow, the last one made of iron bars separating her from the outer corridor. There were no windows—just a few oil lamps in the passage, giving a meager light.

Inside, only a bed and a chamberpot; at least it was fairly clean, but for a druid who longed for nature and the open air, it was torment.

Her clothing now consisted not of two animal-hide garments, but a blue-and-white striped prison uniform. Her black hair, no longer tied in a ponytail, fell naturally to her shoulders, softening her wildness into vulnerability.

Her sandals had been taken, so she went everywhere barefoot—thankfully, the floor was spread with straw, making it bearable.

Nidalee did not arise immediately. As always, the first thing she did was to sit cross-legged on the bed, close her eyes, and try to perceive the great outdoors.

But soon her eyes opened again, full of disappointment.

She sensed nothing of nature's energy, as if this dungeon were half-separated from the material world. Thus, no hint or power came to her aid, and all her spellcasting abilities were empty and unrecoverable.

What should I do...?

Dim, narrow, oppressive, regret, confusion, loneliness, emptiness...

All these pressed in on her, nearly drawing tears.

It was then she heard footsteps on the stairs outside.

Someone was coming!

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*Chapter 128: Chapter 128: Punishment for the Druid*

Nidalee instantly became alert, standing up and peering outward, ready in a defensive posture. She soon saw a tall, slender male silhouette slowly making his way down the dim corridor.

Of course, tall was relative to Nidalee.

The silhouette looked a little unfamiliar, dressed in priest's robes and wearing a square cap. Nidalee frowned slightly. When he drew closer, and she saw the face clearly, she recognized his identity.

It was Charles.

That delicate, still somewhat boyish face wore the familiar smile Nidalee knew. For a moment, she was almost dazed, then suddenly became conscious that, in last night's spring dream, the boy she'd pinned down, whose clothes she'd rudely stripped away while they rolled together on the wild hillside, was none other than the man in front of her!

Realizing that, a burst of irritation burned in her heart, and she cursed herself for her lack of self-discipline. How could she dream of him!

He was her enemy!

Even if this guy looked genuinely handsome, with that delicate face and white long hair... well...

"Where's your hair?"

That was the very first thing she reflexively asked as soon as he came near.

Charles paused as he reached the iron bars, his tone a touch helpless: "Miss Nidalee, weren't you there that night? Didn't you see my hair go up in flames and burn away?"

Those words instantly pulled up memories Nidalee would rather forget: that nightmarish evening.

That night, she'd seen with her own eyes those beautiful, naked nuns' bodies erupt into clouds of black mist and purple-red lightning, transforming into monstrous beings far more terrifying than any demon, all snarling as they fell upon a single crystallized figure...

"Ahhh—!"

Recalling that night, Nidalee clapped her hands desperately over her head, shrieking in terror, her pupils shrinking: "They're witches... you're one too, you're those witches' master, you're a demon!"

She scrambled away, throwing herself back onto her bed against the wall, watching Charles with fearful eyes: "Stay away from me!"

Charles sighed and raised his hand. Immediately, two of the cell's iron bars slid aside, opening a path for him. "I think you're missing something important. Sure, Sephera and the others took horrific forms—that's just their battle stance."

"Is this kind of thing so important? Did they hurt you? Did they drain your soul? Think carefully, we didn't provoke you at all, but you always took the initiative to raid us, raid Ruth, and when you failed to rob her spoils, you chased us to our house to steal, right?"

As he said this, he walked into the cell: "So, we are the good guys, and you are the bad guy who caused all these bad consequences!"

Nidalee was speechless; Charles was only stating the facts—and she couldn't argue. Still, the terror of what she'd seen that night was seared into her heart, an indelible psychological shadow. So, for now, there was no way her attitude would change.

But Charles didn't bother debating further. Seeing the girl pressed into the corner on her bed, hugging her knees and eyeing him with fear, he sat down at the foot of her bed and addressed her seriously: "I have a question, Nidalee. Why did you want the Holy Sword Fragment? Did your people get into trouble?"

He thought perhaps the Mountaineer tribe had encountered demons. Yet when she heard him, Nidalee's pupils contracted, thinking Charles already knew something of her enemies.

No, he mustn't find out about the Earth Dragon!

So, she shook her head furiously. "I don't know. Our tribe's leader sent me to fetch it. As for their purpose, I have no right to know..."

She looked pitiful, but Charles's gaze narrowed.

She was lying.

Not only did he judge from her expression and body language, but the construction itself gave him clarity.

Remember—this was the Dungeon, a special facility for holding monastery captives. It could sense a prisoner's mental state while speaking and provide full feedback to Charles, its Master.

Now, this construction had already been upgraded to Level 2; seeing through Nidalee's little act was effortless.

"I'll give you one more chance, Nidalee." Suppressing his irritation, Charles tried again with diplomacy. "I mean no harm—otherwise, you'd already be dead. Why do you want the Holy Sword Fragment?"

Gritting her teeth, Nidalee's mind flashed with memories of the elders' sacrifices for the survival of their people; a sense of self-sacrifice welled up in her chest. In a resolute voice, she replied, "I don't know!"

Charles nodded, then sighed softly. "Well, that's your choice then."

A shudder of dread arose in Nidalee, but she had no chance to take back her words. Charles raised his hand, and four thick ropes suddenly snaked out of the wall, binding the druid's wrists and ankles, and yanked them tight.

"Ah—!"

Nidalee screamed, struggling, but to her dismay, her strength was gone.

She couldn't shift those four ropes at all; she could only be forced down, upper body prone on her low bed, her round little ass lifted high, exposing her in a humiliating posture to Charles.

All she could do in resistance was wiggle her raised hips—less defiance and more like a begging display.

"What are you doing?!"

She lifted her head, demanding angrily. Then her pupils shrank again. Now she saw it: Charles was, somehow, holding a plastic flyswatter—his face twisted into a strange and frightening smile.

"What do you think I'm doing, Miss Nidalee?" he said. "I told you, I'm a good man. I just want to understand why you need the Holy Sword Fragment, to see if I can help, resolve any misunderstanding between us."

His voice was so polite and righteous, but suddenly it turned stern: "But you refuse my goodwill—you insist I'm the villain. Fine then; if that's what you want, I'll use 'villain methods' to get the truth."

He stood, resting the swatter against the plumpest part of Nidalee's backside, taking aim. Through the thin prison uniform, he brought it down hard—

Smack—

"Ah—!"

The wide swatter landed heavily, and a melodious moan escaped from Nidalee's lips.

Truthfully, it didn't hurt much—but the impact vibrated through her muscles, into places she'd seldom worked in training.

As a ranger, Nidalee took care of her physique. Still, some muscles simply weren't easily exercised. In moments of burning need, she'd relieve tension by rubbing her

thighs, stimulating through movement, especially secretly grinding the delicate folds of her inner garden to try to ease her own heat.

But now, the flyswatter's crack brought a whole new sensation. Never had Nidalee experienced this sort of pleasure—a tremor running inside her, her thigh muscles quivering with excitement!

And as they trembled, the most sensitive inner folds also slid against one another, a tingling jolt shooting up her spine, making the uninitiated girl moan aloud even as she tried to fight it down.

Truth was, after her spring dream, Nidalee's body was already needy and damp. The spark of arousal still burned within her, so this single blow only stoked her desire, sending waves of blissful tremors through her.

At the same time, she was wracked with shame and guilt!

Too humiliating!

How could she possibly feel pleasure after being struck by her enemy? How could she moan, almost as if begging?

No! She had to resist, had to bite down and hold fast.

Charles, meanwhile, didn't pause. He kept up the smacks, left and right, always hitting the thickest parts of her bottom.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

The sharp sound grew more rapid. Nidalee's rounded hips kept trembling; the friction of her wet inner flesh was a hundred times more intense than anything she'd managed with her own thighs.

She could even feel warm liquid leaking from her depths.

"How does it feel, Miss Nidalee?"

Charles's voice was icy as he observed her blushing face and the sweat on her brow; he knew the Dungeon was working perfectly. "You can tell me the truth any time you wish."

"In your dreams! Oh—!"

Nidalee spat defiantly, but his response was another hard slap—her mind drowning in sensation, a whimper breaking free once again.

She bit her back teeth, shut her eyes, refusing to look at Charles, forcing herself to endure, beautiful face twisting.

She tried hard not to moan again, but the body never lies.

The unknown pleasure kept building, her body shaking with need. Beneath her striped uniform, her wheat-colored skin gleamed with sweat, face flushed and steamy.

She was at her limit, the pleasure poised to break her will. With Charles's final swat, her trembling body went rigid.

Waves of wild spasms flashed across her buttocks. Her secret lips clenched and pulsed, and in the gap between her thighs, a small patch of dampness appeared on her uniform.

She had climaxed.

Seeing this result, Charles put away the swatter with satisfaction. "That's it for today's punishment, Nidalee. Think carefully about your answers."

"I'll come again tomorrow. If you're still not cooperative, there's much more to come."

He didn't give her a second glance. With a command, the ropes retracted, freeing her, and he turned and walked away.

Collapsed atop her bed, Nidalee slowly drifted down from the peak of ecstasy, shivering from the aftershocks. Remembering the intense throbs in her lower body, to the point where she'd found pleasure at his hand, she buried her face under her blanket in shame.

How could she come undone in front of that bastard...

She blamed it on last night's dream—that her body could have such a reaction to this man!

She swore to herself that next time she'd keep herself in check, never again to degrade herself like this!

But she didn't notice the faint pink light glinting from the diamond ring on Charles's left forefinger as he left.

As for Nidalee, captive in the Dungeon, wrestling with her isolation and shame, Charles left the bath chamber into the midday sun.

He looked up at the blue sky and let out a long breath, feeling his own internal fire needing release.



Truth be told, Nidalee was stunning, her figure athletic and her wheat-toned skin exotic compared to the other witches of the monastery.

Calm down, Charles. Remember, taming this druid would be a long campaign—you mustn't let yourself surrender before she does.

He silently admonished himself, taking several deep breaths in the cool autumn air to quell his urge.

He didn't go to the scriptorium to study, but asked the mosquito on his shoulder, "How are Malena and her daughter? Are they up?"

He'd been concerned about how the mother and child slept after yesterday's ordeal, but knowing their shock, he hadn't wished to disturb them early.

Andny's reply surprised him: "They've been up a long while. Malena even took her daughter to the Tailor's Shop before nine and began working."

Charles arched an eyebrow: "That early? ...Well, I'll go check in on them."

So he set off, crossing the garden to the Tailor's Shop just beyond the wall.

As he arrived, he saw Malena at the sewing machine, busy at work.

The urgency of last night meant he'd scarcely looked at her before. Now, he couldn't deny it: Madam Malena was a beautiful woman.

She was tall, with bright eyes and long, wavy black hair. Only her skin, a little sallow from malnutrition, and some exhaustion in her features marred her beauty.

Perhaps that coloring was a disguise that had protected her for several years in the brutal slums.

She wore a black cotton blouse with white flower patterns, sleeves rolled to reveal white wrists. Her proud chest strained the fabric, contrasting starkly with her slender neck, collarbone, and waist.

But Charles knew that unlike Theresa, Malena's fabulous bosom was full and real—last night's trace of milk still haunted his mind, making his throat dry.

As he approached, Malena looked up reflexively. Seeing him, her face lit up. "Priest Charles, you're here!"

She quickly called out, "Lisa, come out!"

In fact, Lisa had already dashed from inside, clutching a picture book, flashing Charles a pure, angelic smile: "Priest, my lord!"

Charles kept his smile gentle as he gazed down at the sweet little girl. So different from months ago, healthy and rosy-cheeked now, her jet-black eyes sparkled, as if all her family's nourishment had gone to her alone.

Unlike her mother, Lisa's hair was golden—a side-effect of awakening her bloodline. Most warlocks would go through such a change: some people's eyes turned red, others white or gold...

All quite typical.

"Madam Malena, Miss Lisa." He tried to sound calm, though it was hard to look away. "Did you sleep well last night?"

Malena hadn't answered before Lisa dashed forward, hugging his thigh. "We slept so well! Mama and I have never rested so peacefully before!"

"Thank you, Priest, my lord!"

Well-mannered and obedient, Lisa's words reassured Charles.

Great—if they slept that soundly, he could advertise the rooms he'd built as top-class lodging...

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*Chapter 129: Chapter 129: Long Time No See*

Charles, thinking like this, reflexively rubbed Lisa's head, ruffling her soft golden hair. The little girl showed no resistance—she smiled, leaned into his waist, and took a deep breath, her face slightly intoxicated: "Priest, my lord, you smell so good..."

Behind her, Malena's face was slightly awkward, then she put on a stern look: "Lisa!"

She was, after all, born noble. To her, such behavior seemed very inappropriate.

But Charles just shook his head, undisturbed by the little girl's affection: "It's fine, let her be."

After a pause, he asked, "After last night, Lisa hasn't had any other problems, has she?"

"No, except her hair has turned gold," Malena replied, "but it seems she can't use that golden radiance anymore. Priest, do you know why that is?"

"That's normal. She's still too young—after she grows up a bit, she'll be able to use magic," Charles explained. "For now, just make sure she eats well and has a balanced diet."

Malena let out a sigh of relief. She'd feared her daughter's awakening would fail, leaving her a cripple, but she herself didn't know magic, so she had worried constantly. Only hearing Charles's explanation did she finally relax.

After a moment, she asked, "So, Priest, when would you have time to give us baptism?"

Hearing this, Charles tensed up, thinking what a headache this was.

Baptism...

Indeed, new believers taking Refuge needed such a ceremony. The problem was...

He didn't know how to do it.

He really had no idea how a baptism should be conducted!

Or in other words, no one in the whole monastery actually knew how.

Oh, Sophia probably did—she seemed to know too much about everything. At worst, he could fudge it with other knowledge.

"No need to rush about the baptism," Charles deflected, "Just a few days later is fine. For now... let Lisa learn a bit about the church first."

He could only procrastinate, intending to only perform the ritual after learning it himself—just to avoid any mistakes.

Malena nodded softly, not minding at all: "Alright, as you say, Priest."

"Mhm." Charles nodded, gently kneading Lisa's soft golden hair. "So for these days, let her learn from the nuns about religion and magic."

Malena's eyes lit up: "Thank you, Priest!"

She'd always wished for the best education for her daughter. This arrangement, naturally, was most pleasing to her.

Thus, Malena and her daughter were now thoroughly settled in. Charles entrusted Lisa's teaching to the witches, returning himself to routine: distance running twice daily, studying the rest of the time, sneaking in sessions training Nidalee, and sleeping each night in the arms of the witches.

His pace of study was still a bit slow. Without systematic materials and with Sophia not exactly a professional teacher, he always achieved twice the effort for half the result.

However, for a warlock—especially for one as low-level as him already possessing the Illusionist's Bracers—this Eldritch Invocation was essential. No matter the hardship, he had to grit his teeth and push forward!

Thus, time soon slipped by. While he indulged in ascetic monk-like study each day at the monastery, the world outside was full of storm and upheaval.

Not far off in the slums, a group of vicious but scrawny gangsters in coarse cotton shirts crowded at the doorway to Malena's former home, expressions complex as they looked inside.

On the floor inside lay the corpses of three burly men. One stared wide-eyed, his chest burst forward as if rammed from behind by a battering ram, dying in utter terror; the other two had their eyes closed and throats slashed, as if killed in their sleep.

The gruesome scene left all the gangsters silent. At the front, a muscle-bound leader with eagle-claw tattoos on both arms, face brimming with rage, fists clenched, snorted like a bull: "This is a provocation!"

"Who the fuck did this! Daring to provoke our Eagle Claw Gang at a time like this?!"

He roared, bulging veins showing the enormous rage of their Master.

They were Eagle Claw, a newly ascendant gang in the slums with fewer than a hundred members. Under this leader, they'd defeated a boss of Xanathar's Guild and seized a large territory.

Flush with his victory over Xanathar, the leader thought himself destined for greatness. He had not expected to be dealt such a blow in his moment of triumph: his three best warriors slaughtered!

His momentum thus suffered a heavy blow.

"We have to find the murderer!"

His eyes red, voice full of murder: "It must be the Tiger Head Gang—they've always been at odds with us. It's their doing!"

"Brothers, grab your weapons! Tonight, we teach them a lesson!"

All the gangsters echoed fiercely, murder gleaming in their voices.

Charles was unaware that the three human traffickers he'd slain would soon set off another bloody gang war in the slums...

But in the world aboveground, life remained serene and peaceful to its unsuspecting denizens. All continued living gentle, ordinary lives, believing the world remained ever safe as always.

Stepping off the South Harbor District's only tram, gazing at the clean streets and bustling crowds, Anno couldn't help but sigh. Ever since the cultists entrenched here had been purged—and their associates in Xanathar's Guild suppressed—the South Harbor District was growing better by the day!

Wonderful. She ought to reward herself for figuring all this out.

And certainly, Priest Charles who had rescued her.

With that thought in mind, she hoisted her crocodile-skin handbag, steps light, and headed briskly toward the monastery.

She wore a lovely milky outfit adorned with pearls, her pale face blooming with delight, her golden eyelashes reflecting the sunlight. She wore no makeup, yet simply walking the streets drew many admiring, even adoring, glances.

But Anno reflexively ignored all this. Right now, her heart was full with the silhouette of her beloved.

At the monastery, in the scriptorium:

Charles sat upright in his chair, eyes closed, seriously sensing the flow of magical power.

Behind him, Sophia stood prettily, her two middle fingers pressed to his temples, also eyes closed as she conveyed knowledge from her mind straight into his, letting him comprehend.

After a long while, as the wall clock's second hand ticked to twelve, Sophia ended the magic transmission. They opened their eyes and both let out long breaths of relief.

It was now break time.

Charles had arranged his study schedule just so: after forty-five minutes of study, a ten minute break. It was almost identical to his classroom routine from his previous life—helpful in regaining a student's mindset.

"Drink some water and take a break, Master," Sophia said softly, walking to the side. She took the porcelain teapot from the desk and poured a cup of restorative tea. Back at her peak, with her strength even greater than before, Sophia's stamina and magical power far surpassed Ruth's. Even long transmissions to Charles ate barely anything from her.

Charles stood and stretched, exhaling, nodding: "Alright."

Studying was tiring, but the progress was obvious. He felt that, given luck, another half a month training would be enough to master the Agonizing Blast Eldritch Invocation.

Right then, a mosquito landed by his ear—and Andny's crisp voice reported: "Master, Lady Anno is here."

His eyes lit up; study plans instantly forgotten. He turned to Sophia, hugged her delicate body, and kissed her forehead softly, saying, "Cancel the rest of today's study, darling. Go check on Lisa's lessons—I'll greet our guest."

"Thank you, love."

He kissed her again on the cheek, then hurried outside, cutting through the garden straight to the entryway.

Behind him in the scriptorium, Sophia watched his figure, eyes tinged with helplessness. "Master..."

"Sigh, if Sephera and the others keep interfering, it'll only make Master unhappy..."

As the most knowledgeable witch, Sophia understood not only magic, but all kinds of human emotions and states.

She could clearly sense Charles's state of mind—but for now, her inner voice had not reached Sephera.

At that moment, at the monastery's main gate, Sephera was about to leave as Anno arrived, standing together in standoff.

Or more accurately, only Sephera was showing any edge. Anno wore a gentle smile, radiating nothing but goodwill: "Good morning, Sister Sephera. Off so early?"

Sephera's golden eyes bored into her, dark vertical pupils flashing dangerously, like a viper eyeing prey.

Her thin lips curled in a taunting smile, voice dripping sarcasm: "Yes, since our little poverty-stricken monastery has so little to its name, every one of us must work daily, just to scrape by."

"Not like those posh little ladies who do nothing all day, who can wander far from home at dawn to chase other people's men for fun."

Her mocking words belied ignorance of Anno's real duties. As a member of Force Grey, Anno was always busy—training, investigating, recruiting, maintaining the city's safety. In fact, today she had forced herself to finish early, squeezed in a day off, bought gifts, and come to the monastery for Charles.

Thus, Sephera's taunts went clear over Anno's head. Instead, her simple heart thought of other things.

Considering how hard the nuns worked despite losing their deities, persisting in aiding the poor, sympathy crept over Anno's face: "It's rough, but following your suggestion from last time, I brought some gifts for Priest Charles... and all the nuns. Please, accept them."

Sephera blinked in surprise: "My... suggestion?"

"Yes, yours!" Anno smiled sweetly. "You said Priest Charles was working hard, so I brought some nutritional food for him—and everyone."

She reached into her crocodile-skin handbag and produced a huge glass jar, brimming with fresh cow's milk.

Extending it to Sephera, she explained, "For example, this milk is a specialty from the Field District—very rare, extremely delicious. I thought it might suit you, Miss Sephera!"

Her smile was pure, her attitude sincere. But Sephera eyed Anno's full bust, looked down at her own, and recalled Hattie telling her "drinking milk makes you busty." Her brows shot up.

That damned woman—using her figure to humiliate me!

Behind her innocent face, there's a nasty heart!

So infuriating!

Sephera seethed, feeling her lungs fill with rage. Though Anno's smile was radiant, she was sure it was a direct mockery—she herself would do the same if the roles were reversed.

She bit her lip, mind racing for a reply.

But she had no time to answer. At that very moment, the monastery gates opened again, and the rushing Charles poked his head out, delight written on his face, as he greeted the paladin girl: "Long time no see, Lady Anno."

He noticed Sephera too, looking a little angry: "Sephera, you're here too?"

He'd thought she'd gone off early to the slums for land negotiations—the monastery needed 100,000m<sup>2</sup> to upgrade, a project not finished in a day.

But no, she hadn't left, and had run into Anno instead.

Sephera shot him a wronged look, glanced at Anno, and knew she'd lost her chance for retort. She turned away: "Just about to go, was only chatting with the guest."

"Priest, Lady Anno is yours."

With that, she huffed away toward the far-off slums.

Anno hadn't caught on, and didn't care. Her big eyes flashed, all her attention focused on Charles, and her lips curved in a smile: "Long time no see, Priest Charles."

Suddenly startled, she asked: "Priest, your eyebrows and hair?"

Charles became awkward at once—his hair and brows were still only beginning to grow back: "Er... there was a...tiny accident, fire, but it's already growing in."

He tipped his square cap to show her; a thin layer of white hair had sprouted, sure to be back to normal soon.

Inwardly, he wondered why everyone who knew him noticed that first.

Anno relaxed—she'd feared there was some hereditary family condition that caused this at a certain age...

All was well then.

"Coincidentally, I brought nourishing things to help with hair growth." She offered her bag. "I think the flavors are all good, Priest, is there anything you like?"

Charles set down his cap, glanced inside, and laughed: "Thank you, I like all of them."

As he took the bag, their fingertips brushed. It was a normal touch, but Anno's palm was already sweating.



"Come in." Skipping the usual pleasantries, Charles invited her in. Anno naturally accepted, stepping over the threshold, and when Charles closed the gate, he took her delicate hand.

This was his test, and it was evident—the maiden paladin trembled, but did not pull away; instead, she gripped his hand tightly in hers.

She still felt shy, but recalling how they'd already interlaced fingers before, this seemed minor.

Still, now, feeling the warmth of his touch, she dropped her head lower, cheeks blooming with blush, pink coloring even her slender neck.

Charles turned his gaze to her face. In the sunlight, her ears gleamed like trembling jelly—enticing and delicate. Even the fine hairs on her blushing cheeks were visible.

He couldn't help drawing closer, almost able to smell the faint fragrance of her hair. Though she wore no heavy makeup, clearly she had dressed with care for today.

Noticing him draw near, Anno grew more nervous. Charles gently smiled, starting conversation: "How have you been lately? Work going well?"

Anno nodded meekly: "Yes, pretty well..."

Hand in hand, they strolled through the leaf-strewn monastery, confiding the details of their lives. Mostly, Anno talked while Charles listened, sometimes replying, sometimes joking to fill the silences.

His life, after all, wasn't so full of stories he could share; he could only use some quips or complaints to keep things moving.

Walking and talking, secretly, a mosquito reported their progress to the other nuns, letting witches spying in shadow grumble with jealousy, grit their teeth, or quietly smile...

Finally, when tired, the two rested by a tree. Charles leaned on the trunk, while Anno rested on his shoulder, eyes closed, soaking in the sun and the scent of the one she liked, brain empty and peaceful.

Charles, holding her hand, hesitated, pondering whether holding her close now would be the right move...

"Good afternoon, Priest!"

Just as he was about to act, a clear child's voice called out from behind. Anno, startled, let go, and both turned around—the former with panic in her eyes, the latter full of regret.

From the direction of the scriptorium, Lisa, just finished with morning lessons, waved at him with her rough little bag.

Meanwhile, the mosquito by his ear quickly said, "Master, it wasn't me!"

Which was a bit suspicious in itself.

Charles put on a smile, replying: "Good afternoon, Lisa!"

Lisa's dark eyes darted, then she looked at Anno: "Priest, who's she?"

"Oh, she's Anno Amcastra, a paladin," Charles introduced. Lisa politely greeted Anno, then quickly said goodbye, running off to find her mother.

She came and went quickly, but the good atmosphere was spoiled—he wouldn't be hugging that girl today.

Watching Lisa dash away, Anno looked puzzled: "Who is she? Why's she living at the monastery?"

"Oh, that's a long story," Charles replied. "She and her mother were targeted by human traffickers, so I let them hide here for a few days."

He explained the whole thing, omitting Theresa's role. Anno listened, frowning, thinking that the slum criminals needed even stricter handling.

Watching the time, she said with some regret: "Oh, I should be going."

She paused and turned back, her face suddenly dim: "By the way, Priest... for the next while, I probably won't be able to visit you."

No more pretense—no more "official business." Now, she directly said she came to see him.

Charles was a bit surprised: "Oh? Why not?"

"Well, our organization... has a long-term mission." Anno bit her lower lip, looked down, sniffed her nose. "It's autumn now. The Mountain People of Rubble District might come down to plunder, attacking caravans and farmers, so we have to conduct special defenses."

"Until winter, I'll likely be stationed in Rubble District, unable to freely visit like this."

As she spoke, her voice faltered with awkwardness. Charles frowned, his eyes narrowing.

As a paladin, Anno was not good at lying. Her nervous gestures and weak excuses made it obvious—she was lying.

Mountain People plunder happened year-round, but Liberl Port was hardly an agricultural city, and Blackstaff Tower wouldn't ever station their secret Force Grey units solely to guard farm fields.

Blackstaff Tower's only mission, since the city's founding, had been to protect Liberl Port!

Unless they thought a major threat to the city itself was brewing in Rubble District, never would they send a member there!

So... what happened in Rubble District?

Connecting this to the Abyssal Lord who granted Theresa Chaos Energy, now also hiding in Rubble District, a bold suspicion flashed in Charles's mind.

Was Anno being sent to fight a demon there?

The more he thought, the more likely it seemed. For besides a powerful Abyssal Lord, what could threaten the whole Port?

He bit his lips, truly worried for the girl.

After all, paladins were the bane of fiends, but also their favorite targets for vengeance and destruction...

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*Chapter 130: Chapter 130: A Temporary Farewell*

After all, paladins were the bane of fiends, but also their favorite targets for vengeance and destruction...

Damn, the more he thought about it, the more anxious he felt!

"Wait a moment, Lady Anno, I have something to give you." With these words, he quickly turned and rushed into the scriptorium.

Anno was puzzled, but after waiting a moment, saw Charles walk out of the room again, holding two books in his hands. "Take these. Both are magical artifacts that can automatically recover a one-shot charge each day. Using them, you can cast Burning Hands once a day, and also Thunderwave once a day."

"Of course, you can also infuse your own Divine Power into them to use the spells again. The specific usage—you should know well enough."

Saying this, he pushed the two books into her hands. "Take them, and come back safe."

By now, Charles no longer needed these two basic entry-level spellbooks, nor did he require the spells contained within. Every witch possessed far more powerful AOE abilities than Burning Hands, and now that he had the Pact of the Blade, he no longer needed Thunderwave for self-defense.

Still, these two spells remained extremely useful—so giving them to a paladin who lacked strong AOE was entirely fitting.

Hearing this, Anno's face changed. Knowing how much such magical items cost, she immediately tried to push them back. "No, Priest, these books are far too valuable. I couldn't possibly accept—"

"Who said I'm giving them to you!" Charles replied with a light laugh. "I'm just lending them to you. I'm not going to Rubble District to fight, so there's no use keeping these books by my side. In your hands, they can have far greater value!"

"Take good care of them, they're worth a fortune. If you return and I find they're damaged, I'll demand double compensation!"

He smiled as he said this, and firmly handed the two books to her.

At this, Anno had no way to refuse. Knowing this was his good will, she no longer declined. "Well... alright. I'll keep them safe, and when this mission is done, I'll return them to you personally."

"Mhm." Charles nodded gently. "I'll be waiting for your return!"

Anno raised her head slightly, gazing at his fair and delicate face, and at the pure, sincere look in his eyes. Her heart started to pound, and suddenly, making up her mind, she spread her arms and gave him a hug.

Charles was somewhat surprised, instantly feeling a pair of full, elastic softness press against his chest, and a captivating, intoxicating fragrance brush past his nose. Reflexively, he wanted to embrace the girl in return, but the hug lasted only a second. In the next instant, Anno spun around and rushed out of the monastery as if escaping: "Goodbye!"

Watching her awkwardly retreating figure, Charles was stunned for a few seconds before breaking into a heartfelt smile.

From the direction of the slums came a graceful figure, swaying her slender waist like a willow in the wind. This was Sephera, just returning from handling land acquisitions.

She also saw Anno's departing form, and when she noticed her master was still gazing after the other woman, she couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy. She walked up and asked with a somewhat sour tone, "Does Master prefer the larger type, then?"

Charles came back to himself, brought her back into the monastery, closed the gates, and hugged her small waist, then tapped her delicate nose. "Not at all. Petite and exquisite is also incredibly cute!"

Sephera sniffed, apparently unconvinced of such comfort. "Anno, Porter, and even recently Malena—they're all the bigger type..."

Three black lines appeared on Charles's forehead. "Uh... Let's not talk about Anno, but about Malena... our aim is to raise Lisa well. Malena is her mother—how could I ever target her that way?"

He shook his head decisively. "Really, she's struggled so hard to raise Lisa on her own. I only have respect for her, absolutely nothing inappropriate."

Sephera pouted. "Then what about Porter?"

Charles was immediately embarrassed. "Porter... to be honest, I have no thoughts at all, in fact I'm kind of put off by her. You know how she's always so flippant, treating teasing me as amusement, so I honestly find it really annoying..."

He spoke with even more sincerity. "So, even though she's attractive, with a fit, hot body, and that distinctive and sexy bronze skin, I have zero interest in her, understand?"

Sephera's expression finally relaxed a little, but she grew worried again. "But she always asks for you by name, and we still need her money..."

Charles's expression stiffened, and then he sighed. "Business is business, nothing can be done. I'll just deal with it as it comes..."

"But by the way, how are things going with the land purchase?"

Charles asked in hopes of hearing some good news, but Sephera only shook her head. "Not very optimistic. The panic is basically over, the residents have regained their senses, and land prices are gradually recovering to normal."

"Master, at this speed, we still have a gap of 80,000 gold if we want to buy the full one hundred thousand square meters..."

Hearing this, Charles's expression grew troubled. "Eighty thousand gold..."

In truth, not all land needed to be purchased; there were plenty of deserted plots in the slums. Still, the gap was huge, and not something that could be covered offhand.

And as for the blue dragon's side, he had not achieved any results yet, so it was inconvenient to ask for a second round of investment right now...

"We'll have to adjust our plans and try to get the Amazons to buy some first." He sighed and made the necessary adjustment. "It's not a big problem, I'm sure things will go smoothly..."

Charles still had much confidence in his constructions. Through Malena and her daughter, he had confirmed that outsiders moving into the system-built dormitories also enjoyed the rapid recovery of stamina and energy, so he was sure that the Amazon women would not hesitate to purchase—as long as they truly experienced those gains.

With this thought, he turned to glance toward the bath chamber. "Forget it, let's put this aside for the moment. I'll go penalize Nidalee and clear my head."

Ever since bringing the druid to climax for the first time, Charles returned daily to visit her, interrogating her in different postures, trying to make her divulge her true purpose.

Judging from his observations, things were progressing well; at the very least, Nidalee seemed to be enjoying herself more and more each time.

He could feel that every time he entered the Dungeon, all the gloom, loneliness, and sorrow that enveloped this woman's heart was quickly swept away.

At this rate, it should only take a few more times until Nidalee was thoroughly subdued.

...

A few days later.

"This house looks pretty solid."

Gale Porter, the female executive from the Amazon company, nodded in satisfaction at the approximately eighty-square-meter bungalow divided into two bedrooms and a living room, now simply yet neatly decorated.

It was already autumn, so even the cold-resistant Amazons were wearing blue leather jackets and black trousers.

Perhaps to make up for the charisma lost with so little bare skin to show, Porter had taken special care with her appearance today. Her dark reddish-black hair flowed in large waves down her back, and with vivid red lipstick, she looked wild, sexy, and full of power.

She strode over and rapped a fist against the wall. Feeling how utterly solid the house was, she couldn't help but praise, "This place is really well-built, and the lighting is great... Honestly, I don't know how you managed to build this; I never even noticed before."

At this moment, all her conversation was focused on the house itself, as if she had come specifically for it, not for the rather handsome priest who stood nearby.

"As long as you are satisfied, it's an honor for us."

Charles wore a businesslike smile and did not respond at all to her unspoken curiosity.

After all, how could he possibly tell her about the system?

It was exactly because South Harbor District was such a chaotic mix, and the Amazons had their own intelligence networks, that Charles hadn't dared to be so brazen as to simply build high-rises outright.

Indeed, all these dormitories could have been stacked vertically as small skyscrapers, to be sold to all the Amazon women with living needs.

But had a twenty-story tower abruptly risen in the slum district of the South Harbor, it would have been too audacious, even attracting the scrutiny of Blackstaff Tower. In the end, Charles gave up on that idea.

No rush. Sell off these small bungalows in batches first, then slowly introduce mid-rise buildings, step by step—no need to try to eat the whole banquet in one bite...

He kept his smile, continuing to deal with the female warrior before him.

"Very good, then I'll buy this house!"

So said Porter, who then took out a small pouch from her hip and drew forth ten white gold coins. "Here's the deposit, Priest; keep it well. The balance I'll bring tomorrow when we officially sign the contract."

One white gold coin was worth ten gold, meaning he presently held a hundred gold in deposit.

Seeing this, Charles let out a heavy sigh of relief. "Alright, then I'll see you tomorrow."

Thank the gods, this matter was finally settled.

He secretly sighed—it's not that he didn't like money, but he still wanted to study, so he wished he could push matters like this off on Hattie and the others.

But Porter always asked for him by name, refusing to deal with anyone else.

There was no helping it; in order to get her money, Charles had to interrupt his study schedule and come show her around the house.

Fortunately, now that this was all settled, he could get back to his studies at last.

Charles thought with relief... but would things really go so smoothly?

"By the way, Priest," Porter suddenly said, "this must be your first house sale, right?"

Charles nodded, and the Amazon woman continued, "See, I'm your very first customer. So, what do you say—should we celebrate my new home together tonight?"

Upon hearing this, Charles's expression froze; he had a bad feeling. "Uh... maybe not, I still have other things to do..."

"Oh, come on—!" Porter suddenly pulled his arm, dragging him into her embrace and hooking an arm around his shoulders. "What's there to be shy about? And I'll tell you, it's not just you and me tonight—my company subordinates are coming too."

"Think about it—it's the perfect opportunity. You can take this chance to show off how great your houses are: wonderful value for money. I'll help as well, and if my sisters are in a good mood, you might sell a dozen or more right there!"

"Wouldn't you agree?"

With money as the bait, Charles felt his will beginning to waver. He did want to get closer to his clients, but he still felt something was off—like this Amazon woman was out to get him alone...

Of course, there would be lots of others there tonight; as long as he left early, surely nothing would happen?

After all, she wouldn't dare do anything indecent in front of so many people... would she?

He hesitated—then suddenly, Porter bent down, bringing her lips to his ear. She was much taller than Charles, so at this moment, appeared just like a hot, muscular big-sister intimidating an innocent junior: "If you don't come, I'll be very upset; who knows, in a fit of emotion I might just back out from buying this house..."



That was the last straw.

Charles bit his lip, making up his mind. "Alright, I'll come tonight!"

Upon hearing this, Porter's lips curved into a satisfied, triumphant smile. "It's a deal."

Unable to restrain herself, she swallowed, saliva flooding as she knew that tonight, she would have a wonderful evening indeed.

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