

## **Witch Monastery #Chapter 159: Are You All... This Close? - Read Witch Monastery Chapter 159: Are You All... This Close?**

*Chapter 159: Chapter 159: Are You All... This Close?*

"Theresa, that's enough. So many people are watching."

After holding her for a while longer, Charles quietly urged. Only then did Theresa finally release her grip on his arm, her eyes reddened, her voice thick with remorse: "I'm sorry. I should have stayed by your side. Then you wouldn't have been in danger."

"And I failed to kill Ilthreza..."

Charles shook his head. "It's alright. We can discuss that later. Besides, you forced her to reveal her allies. Now we know this Drider is also colluding with Montport—that's enough."

"Don't worry about it. Let's head back first. Several wounded need your healing, and then we'll decide our next steps."

With that, he and Theresa returned to the miners' rest camp, making their way to Bonnie's side. "Well, Theresa? Can you do anything about this?"

At the moment, the dwarves had contributed the camp's only reclining chair for Bonnie's comfort. Sensing her potential savior's arrival, Bonnie's eyes flickered with desperate hope.

Though Theresa specialized in light-based spells, her sheer power meant she had mastered some lower-tier healing spells as well—after all, she had been the one to cure Lisa's illness.

Yet, faced with this situation, she hesitated. Her yellow-green eyes shimmered with magical light as she assessed the problem. After a long pause, she finally shook her head with regret. "I'm sorry. This is too complex. I'm afraid I can't help."

"With my mana, I could remove the spider eggs, but I can't guarantee Bonnie's safety during the process or rule out permanent side effects." She added, "For safety, it's best to return to the city and seek more specialized help."

Though they had braced for this outcome, disappointment still washed over the group. Bonnie, staring at her swollen abdomen, imagined her husband witnessing her in this state and nearly broke down again. "If my husband sees me like this... I..."

Anno and the female brass Dragonborn rushed to comfort her, assuring her that true love would overlook such things—but their words did little to soothe her.

Charles sighed. Adventuring came with risks, even death. Of their eight-member squad, only four had survived. Compared to those who had lost their lives, Bonnie was fortunate.

He had no intention of interfering, but then Andny's mosquito landed on his ear and whispered: "Master, I want the eggs inside her. Let's take Bonnie to our monastery!"

Suddenly, Charles looked up and proposed: "Perhaps Madame Bonnie could stay at our monastery for a while?"

The group turned their attention to him. Unfazed, Charles continued calmly: "To be frank, one of our nuns has some medical knowledge and should be able to handle this safely."

"And this way, we can avoid unnecessary misunderstandings with Bonnie's husband."

As he spoke, Andny quickly explained her reasoning via the mosquito: "The giant eggs inside her could hatch a powerful new race of creatures. They're incredibly valuable for study."

"Thank you, Master. Andny will serve you well tonight!"

This was Andny's wish. As an Insect Witch, she was fascinated by anything related to bugs. Charles gave a slight nod of agreement, then added to Bonnie: "You've seen our abilities, Madame Bonnie. Trust us. The Church of the Goddess of Life exists to help all lives escape suffering."

Hearing this, Bonnie's emotions steadied. The married warrior's greatest fear was her husband witnessing her in such a state, so the possibility of a discreet solution ignited hope. "Yes, thank you, Priest. I trust your abilities!"

Charles smiled faintly. Meanwhile, Andny's voice whispered in his ear again: "Thank you, Master. Tonight I'll serve you!"

Charles remained composed, feigning nonchalance as he arranged the evening's tasks—setting up tents, preparing a pot, and cooking dinner. The journey back to Rockseeker's Outpost from the Tide Caverns would take a full day, and with night already fallen, there was no need to rush. They could depart at dawn.

As for the minotaurs possibly emerging from the mine and raiding the camp?

Previously, he might have worried. But now, with Theresa reunited with them, there was no cause for concern!

In fact, Theresa alone could overpower those fewer than ten minotaurs!

With this sense of security, they lit a bonfire, set up a large pot, boiled water, and tossed in ingredients like turnips, cabbage, jerky, and salt, simmering a thick stew. Each took a bowl, gathered around the fire, and enjoyed a hearty meal with hardtack.

After dinner, the group cleaned up. Everyone except Bonnie, who couldn't move easily, pitched in. Charles stuffed trash into a sack to dump in the distant woods. As he walked, Anno hurried to catch up, stepping close and asking softly: "Charles, um... I have a question. Don't take it the wrong way."

Charles continued toward the woods without turning. "Say it, I don't mind."

"Well, it's just..." Anno bit her lip, still feeling awkward. "The nuns in your monastery... are they all as... close to you as Theresa was earlier?"

Hearing this, Charles felt a surge of panic internally, but his expression remained calm and composed. "You mean earlier?"

"Yes," Anno nodded, then quickly added, "Though I understand that when she reunited with you and saw you were safe, she was emotional, so a hug to celebrate is normal, but... but..."

But I really do mind a little.

After all, that was zero-distance contact!

This was the resentment in her heart, but unfortunately, she still couldn't bring herself to say it outright. After all, they hadn't officially established a romantic relationship yet. "It's just... you're both adults, and Sister Theresa's... figure is so... well, when you hugged like that, it could easily lead to misunderstandings..."

"After all, she's a nun, and you're a priest. It's not good for either of your reputations... I don't mind personally, but you should take care of your own image..."

She stammered through her explanation, growing increasingly flustered. Charles thought to himself, If only you knew—we've gone way beyond hugging. A simple embrace is already us being very restrained.

But these thoughts could never be spoken aloud. He didn't rush to respond. Instead, he took a moment to dump the vegetable scraps from his trash bag, buying himself time to think. After careful consideration, he said softly, "Actually, uh, Sister Theresa may look young, but her age is older than the two of us combined."

As he spoke, he turned to look Anno in the eyes, serious. "But she's never married, and naturally, she's never had children. So... her emotions toward me are... somewhat special."

Anno's expression turned startled, her mind racing with assumptions. This girl hadn't experienced such convoluted social dynamics before, so with just a little guidance, her thoughts automatically veered in the direction he wanted.

Before she could finish processing, Charles quickly added, "Of course, the other nuns naturally don't act this way. Uh, if it bothers you, I can remind her to keep a little distance from me."

Anno's train of thought was interrupted. She snapped back to reality, then turned her gaze toward the depths of the woods, her cheeks flushed. "No, I know your relationship is purely one of faith. Of course, I wouldn't mind you hugging in front of me..."

Charles raised an eyebrow. "Really? Then I won't remind her."

"You—" Anno turned back sharply, flustered by his teasing smirk. Embarrassed and irritated, she lifted her foot and stomped hard on his.

Charles winced in pain but then wrapped his arms around her body. Anno offered no resistance, taking half a step back until she leaned against a tree, cutting off all escape routes, and let him embrace her fully.

It was already deep autumn, and the yellow leaves had long fallen from the branches. The pale moonlight filtered through the bare branches, casting faint light on the leaf-covered forest floor, which emitted a quiet, earthy fragrance.

Anno closed her eyes, savoring the embrace of the one she loved, the scent and warmth unique to him filling her senses. Her mind felt hazy, unwilling to think of anything else, her body melting like heated cheese in his arms.

A cool breeze rustled the fallen leaves, carrying a faint chill. Anno's burning cheeks cooled slightly, and her overheated mind began to clear.

"Charles," she suddenly called out, "would you... like to join Force Grey?"

Charles was also enjoying the warmth of the girl in his arms, wishing time could freeze in this moment. At her question, his expression shifted. "Me? Join you?"

"Yes!" Anno opened her eyes and nodded lightly. "I can tell you have a strong sense of justice and great ability. Most importantly, I feel... you're also willing to protect the port, uphold its order and justice..."

Her eyes shimmered with emotion as she spoke. "So, will you come with me?"

This way, we can always be together from now on.

This was her true thought, but she couldn't bring herself to say it aloud.

Hearing this, Charles chuckled softly. He stroked her soft golden hair, carefully choosing his words to decline.

"I have my own mission," he said gently. "But I'll always stand by your side and fight alongside you."

He had no intention of joining Force Grey. It wasn't that the organization was bad—in fact, Force Grey was a highly influential and respected faction. For an adventurer without backing, joining them meant gaining the strongest support in Liberl Port, the thickest "thigh" to cling to, with undeniable benefits.

But this was the optimal path for newcomers, not veterans. Just like how taking quests from Alan, the owner of the Foggy Fisherman Tavern, was the best choice for new players, for experienced players seeking efficiency, the leveling speed there was too slow.

Veterans should go straight to grinding the Rubble District!

Ahem!

In short, for seasoned players, starting their own company and running their own business was the optimal path.

Though more challenging, this route offered the greatest rewards, allowing them to reap all the benefits. For example, once the company grew, he could ally with factions like Force Grey as an independent leader, directly earning titles like "Defender of Order."

Though risky, with his game knowledge and cheats, Charles was confident he could grow his organization.

Thus, he had to decline Anno's request.

Being outright rejected by the one she loved, Anno couldn't help but feel disappointed. She bit her lip, making one last attempt. "But if you don't join Blackstaff Tower, between us, I'm afraid..."

Her cheeks flushed, leaving the sentence unfinished, but Charles understood. The gap in their status was too wide. Even with mutual affection, it would be hard to reach a happy ending.

After all, she still had her family behind her.

Charles gently stroked her hair, knowing this girl needed some reassurance. Softly, he whispered, "Don't worry, my dear. I promise you."

"I will purify that Abyssal Lord and become a hero worthy of marrying you."

-----

Enjoying the story? Get early access to **100+** Advanced Chapters!

☞ Support now:

-----

*Chapter 160: Chapter 160: System remodels my body?*

Torun slowly opened his eyes, his gaze meeting the stone ceiling of the cavern. He seemed to be lying on some soft blanket, as if he had just woken from a long, deep sleep, his mind now clear and refreshed.

Before he could figure out where he was, a woman's delighted voice rang out beside him: "You're awake?"

Torun turned his head and saw a tall, curvaceous female minotaur with glossy fur and a dignified appearance. Her gentle, watery eyes gazed at him, and her ample chest—exaggeratedly voluptuous—was impossible to ignore.

She wore only a few crude animal hides, barely covering the most intimate areas, leaving the rest of her toned, athletic figure exposed to the air. Her physique radiated the allure of a female minotaur, enough to stir the desires of any male of her kind.

But unfortunately for her, she was facing Torun.

This minotaur, who had been heartbroken less than twenty-four hours ago, felt no flicker of desire. He frowned slightly, his mind throbbing with pain. "Where... am I?"

I seem to recall... battling that man named Charles?

And then... my soul was wounded by magic, and I fled?

Yes, I ran far, very far, and then I saw an exit, and then...

I think I fell from somewhere?

"This is my home," the female minotaur said. "Last night, when I returned, I found you lying unconscious, as if you'd fallen from the mountain. Your leg was broken."

"So I brought you here, applied medicinal herbs, and now it's been a full day and night. Thank the gods you're safe. Your broken leg should heal completely in a few more days."

As she spoke, her eyes shimmered with unspoken longing, and she swallowed hard. "Your body is so... sturdy."

Torun missed the suggestive tone in her voice entirely. He only felt relief—he had cheated death. "Thank you," he said. "My name is Torun Highmountain, a warrior of the Highmountain tribes. What's your name? Which tribe do you belong to? I'll repay your kindness."

"My name is Ines," the female minotaur replied, her expression darkening. "I no longer have a tribe. My parents and all my kin were slaughtered by the Empire of Sein."

"Now I'm just... surviving alone, day by day..."

Torun's eyes widened, and in an instant, fury blazed anew in his heart. "Then come with me to the Highmountain tribes!" he declared. "My people will protect you!"

Ines's lips curled into a smile, and she nodded. "Really? I can have a new family? Thank you so much, Mr. Torun!"

...

Charles and his group waited through the night, but the minotaurs never emerged from the mine. Whether they had gotten lost, encountered some powerful foe and been wiped out, or simply lacked the rope ladder to climb back up, they never returned.

Charles had no intention of going back to hunt them down. His party had pressing needs: Anno had to return to Blackstaff Tower to report her findings, and Bonnie required urgent medical treatment.

So, at dawn the next day, they left the miners' camp outside the Tide Caverns and headed back to Rockseeker's Outpost. From there, they would find transport to the Rubble District and finally return to the monastery in South Harbor District with Bonnie.

The first leg of the journey alone would take at least a full day. The mountain roads were treacherous, and the distance to Rockseeker's Outpost was vast. With Bonnie's limited mobility, the trip stretched to two full days before they finally reached the small town.

Upon their return, Anno, Bruno, and the female brass Dragonborn went to the guild to turn in their quest and collect their reward. To avoid drawing attention, Anno used her share of the gold to purchase a voluminous cloak, completely concealing Bonnie's figure. Only then did Charles escort her to find a carriage.

The journey was fraught with minor troubles—many drivers were reluctant to take on a mysterious figure shrouded in a heavy cloak. Fortunately, the power of coin smoothed over these obstacles.

Once the carriage was secured, the group parted ways reluctantly. Bruno returned to the mining company, the brass Dragonborn sought another adventuring squad to join, and Anno, bound by duty, had to reunite with her teammates to share her findings and reassure them of her safety.

At the moment of parting, she and Charles embraced for a long time, their cheeks pressed together, until the driver grew impatient. Only then did they separate, boarding their respective carriages. Anno watched until Charles disappeared from sight before sighing and turning away.

Charles, meanwhile, spent another full day on the road before finally returning to the monastery.

Upon arrival, he immediately upgraded the clinic to level two, summoned Sophia, and relayed Andny's request. Together, they settled Bonnie into one of the clinic's new beds for a thorough examination to determine the best course of treatment.

But for now, that was no longer Charles's concern. Exhausted from the journey, all he wanted was a long, hot bath!

"Ah..."

In the expansive level-two bath chamber, Charles soaked alone in the enormous tub of warm water. Every muscle in his body relaxed, every pore opened, releasing the fatigue accumulated over the past few days.

Pure bliss.

The feeling of returning from an arduous mission and sinking into a hot bath... truly, it was one of life's greatest pleasures!

Though this trip hadn't yielded much—aside from securing a strange egg for Andny, solidifying his relationship with Anno, boosting his prestige with Blackstaff Tower, establishing friendly ties with the Mountain Dwarves, exposing the true nature of the Alliance of the Mountain Purifiers, and earning roughly a thousand Purification Points—it still felt incredibly rewarding.

Even though he'd spent eleven thousand Purification Points in one go, leaving him unable to upgrade the monastery to level three for now... well, no matter. He'd save up, adventure more, and worry about expanding his influence and building an army later!

For now, it was time to focus on personal strength!



So... System, allocate my points!

Opening his system interface, Charles navigated to the attributes tab, his eyes burning with determination.

Places like Garbage Island, teeming with undead ready to be farmed, were exceedingly rare. On the surface, this was still an era of peace and prosperity—true chaos had yet to descend.

Unless he stumbled upon incredible luck, finding another such location to grind points would be nearly impossible. Thus, upgrading the monastery to level three wasn't feasible in the short term.

Might as well max out his attributes for the greatest immediate benefit!

With that thought, he began allocating points.

Raising an attribute from 8 to 13 cost 100 Purification Points per point. From 14 to 15, each point cost 200.

Any higher?

Sorry, the system couldn't help—at least not until he reached legendary status. For now, this was the limit. Further improvements would require leveling up for attribute boosts or good old-fashioned training.

Charles's most pressing need was Constitution. His current Constitution attribute was 11, so without hesitation, he covered the stat with his hand and started tapping furiously—

Ding-ding-ding-ding—

Four taps, and 600 Purification Points vanished. A flood of purifying force transformed into white light, surging into his body, purifying his organs, and enhancing his Constitution...

Charles felt a tingling, itching sensation in his internal organs and every inch of his muscles. He couldn't help but gasp deeply, and with each exhale, a faint, murky aura escaped his lips...

Is this how the system remodels my body?

Hmm... Not bad.

Enjoying the near-massage-like sensation, he pulled up the system interface and spent 500 Purification Points to raise his Perception from 12 to 15. Then, he spent another 800 points to boost his Agility from 9 to 15.

Just like that, 1,900 Purification Points vanished in an instant, and his core combat attributes were now maxed out to their current limits.

As for Strength and Intelligence...

He didn't rely on them much, and his 13 Intelligence was already sufficient. But after some thought, he decided that an 8 in Strength was downright embarrassing for a man. Gritting his teeth, he spent another 1,300 points to raise both Strength and Intelligence to 15.

Now, aside from his Charisma, which was already at the mortal cap of 20, every one of his attributes had been elevated to 15.

A perfectly balanced role, with no weaknesses.

Of course, his Purification Points balance had dwindled to a pitiful 859. But compared to the gains, the cost was well worth it!

More purifying white light continued to flood his body. This time, he felt the tingling, itching sensation spread through his muscles, bones, eyes, ears, brain—even his soul.

He closed his eyes, relaxed his mind, and surrendered completely to the force of purification, allowing it to remodel his body. Astonishing changes were underway, and he needed time to adapt.

After what felt like an eternity, the misty white light finally faded.

Charles reopened his eyes and looked down at his naked body submerged in the bathwater. His overall physique hadn't changed drastically—apparently, the force of purification could only indirectly enhance his Constitution, not directly increase his height or weight.

But his physique had clearly been refined. The most noticeable changes were in his chest, shoulders, arms, and abdomen, where defined muscle contours now stood out. With even slight exertion, hard, square muscles became visible, showcasing explosive power.

Well, visually, it's perfect. But how strong is 15 Strength, exactly?

He climbed out of the bath, assuming a push-up position on the floor. Supporting his upper body with both arms felt effortless, as if he were holding up nothing more than a feather.

Then, he tucked his right arm behind his back, balancing on just his left. Still, there was no strain—as if his 60-kilogram body were weightless.

He performed a few one-handed push-ups, finding the motion smooth and easy. At this rate, he could probably knock out a hundred without breaking a sweat.

This is a massive, tangible improvement...

Charles marveled. Fifteen Strength was exceptional even among minotaurs, orcs, and Dragonborn—races known for their natural might. For a human, 14 Strength alone would qualify someone as a powerhouse.

Next, he stood to test the effects of his 15 Agility. Unlike Strength, which was purely about brute force, Agility encompassed more: flexibility, balance, reflexes, and speed. Testing it was more complicated.

First, flexibility. Standing straight with legs together, he bent forward and easily touched his toes. With a little more effort, he pressed his wrists to his feet.

Then, he straightened and suddenly lifted his left leg, attempting to hook it behind his neck like a martial arts master in the movies.

"Hnngh—"

It took some effort, but he managed to loop his left foot around his neck, balancing perfectly on his right foot without a single wobble—even on the slippery bath chamber floor.

Not bad. Without even warming up, my body's flexibility rivals that of professional dancers.

As for reflexes, he couldn't test those yet. But given the dramatic improvements in strength, flexibility, and balance, he was certain his reaction speed had also skyrocketed.

Now, when facing enemy attacks, I can adjust my posture faster, dissipating force more efficiently. No more being forced to tank Torun's greataxe head-on or letting Anno break through my guard so easily.

This isn't just a minor upgrade—it's a game-changer. Next time I spar with Anno, raw physical prowess and weapon techniques alone might be enough to best her!

Heh...

Lowering his left leg, he pushed aside his fantasies and turned his attention to another attribute: Constitution.

After boosting it by 4 points to 15, his breathing had become deep and steady. His body's resilience had leaped forward, reducing his reliance on False Life and Armor of Agathys.

This effectively extended his "mana pool," further enhancing his endurance in battle.

But the benefits of a high Constitution didn't end there.

Creak—

The bath chamber door swung open. Charles glanced back to see Hattie—having finished her work—now clad in fresh garments, padding toward him with feline grace.

She wore only a white bath towel draped around her waist, exposing generous swathes of her ample breasts, the deep valley of her cleavage, and the milky plumpness of her thighs below. One glance was enough to ignite desire.

Meeting his hungry gaze, Hattie curved her lips into a smile. She stepped behind him, hands settling on his shoulders. "Master," she murmured, "shall I scrub your back?"

Charles pulled her into his arms. "Test my stamina instead, my dear." Before she could reply, his mouth captured hers in a deep kiss.

Improved Constitution strengthened endurance—whether on battlefield or in bedding. Hattie never refused his advances. Her pale arms—smooth as lotus roots—wrapped around his neck as she closed her eyes, tongue meeting his with equal hunger. The thin towel slipped, baring her voluptuous body against his skin. Her full breasts pressed against his chest, so overwhelming even Charles' enhanced physique struggled for breath.

Behind them, Ruth, Sephera, Theresa, and Nidalee entered, equally nude with towels loosely draped. All except Sophia and Andny (tending Bonnie) and Ekta (averse to baths) had gathered for this decadent test of vigor.

"Oh...!" Hattie's melodic cry soon echoed as Charles sheathed his thick cock inside her from behind. Slap—slap—slap—! The rhythmic impact of flesh against flesh filled the chamber, Hattie's pussy gripping him with wet heat. Her fleshy lips stretched around his girth, inner walls fluttering as he thrust deeper, the swollen head of his dick rubbing her cervix. "Harder, Master... milk this slutty cunt dry!" she moaned, arching to take him deeper. Charles gripped her full breasts, pinching her stiff nipples as he hammered into her dripping slit.

Two hours later.

Charles stood revitalized, gazing at the witches who lay limp and breathless in the large bath. Their bodies were contorted in exhaustion—legs splayed, breasts marked with

bruises and teeth marks, pubes glistening with mixed fluids. Yet his throbbing cock remained undefeated, veins pulsating with unmet need.

Did their witch energies replenish me during coupling?

Or is a fifteen-Constitution body truly this indomitable?

He recalled the ceaseless stamina he'd displayed—a relentless pile driver plunging into one honey pot after another. Sephera had screamed through her climax, vaginal walls spasming around him as she flooded his shaft with cum. Ruth's high libido had her begging for oral sex until her thighs trembled around his tongue. Nidalee's pubic bones ground against him as he filled her to the hilt, while Theresa's labia minora swelled red from his thrusts. Still, his balls ached for release.

The answer eluded him. Most humans averaged ten Constitution; twelve was exceptional. Even dwarves, minotaurs, or half-orcs rarely exceeded fourteen without rigorous Training.

But he was fifteen—an engine of virility roaring through endless energy reserves. Ambition surged: Could I conquer the Amazons now? Last time they wrecked me—today, I'd dominate.

Yet he dismissed the thought. Why expend such power on she-pirates who fought like beasts? Better purposes awaited.

I grant them mercy... for now.

-----

Enjoying the story? Get early access to **100+** Advanced Chapters!

☞ Support now:

-----