

Witch Monastery

#Chapter 21: Going Out - Read Witch Monastery Chapter 21: Going Out

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Of course Charles knew—the system had told him. The message even included a countdown, precise down to the *second*!

But he also understood that revealing such impossibly accurate predictions about the Night of Witches would seem utterly *outrageous* to this world's inhabitants.

After all, even the greatest *astrologers* and *divination wizards* could only narrow the Night's arrival to a single day—let alone pinpoint whether it would strike before or after midnight!

So, even though Hattie was his most trusted witch, he deliberately rounded the timing to the nearest hour.

Yet even that was enough to stun her. "Master, how could you possibly know so precisely? You—"

Charles pulled her into an embrace. "This is my power. Don't be alarmed."

Hattie relaxed, staring at him in awe before suddenly breaking into a radiant smile.

She wrapped her arms around his waist, the corners of her mouth quirking up. "Of course! Master is omnipotent!"

Then, hesitation crept into her voice. "But... there's something I must warn you about."

"During the Night of Witches, my body will crave water uncontrollably. My power will run wild—I'll attack and predate on everything around me."

"To protect you... and to avoid exposing myself... I must prepare now. I'll need to hide in the deep sea to endure that night."

"While I'm gone... you'll have to face the dangers alone..."

Charles wasn't bothered. He caressed her hair gently. "Go. Do what you must."

He'd always known Hattie retreated to the ocean depths to survive the Night.

In fact, he knew all seven witches in the monastery—their vulnerabilities, coping methods, even their hiding spots!

But right now, he lacked the means to tame them all in one night. He'd have to prioritize the most dangerous ones first.

Smiling, he added, "Besides, my greatest threats here are the other witches."

"With all of you gone that night, the monastery will be empty. Safer, really."

Hattie couldn't help but laugh, nodding firmly. "I know Master will be fine!"

That night, the two fell asleep in each other's arms. By dawn, as the first clear rays of sunlight broke across the horizon, Charles was roused by Hattie's morning wake-up call—her warm lips wrapped around his hardening penis, her aqua-blue eyes gazing up at him with devotion. Her tongue swirled along his length, teasing the sensitive tip before taking him deeper, her throat flexing around him in practiced rhythm. Charles groaned, tangling his snow-white hair between his fingers as he thrust gently into her mouth, savoring the wet heat of her cocksucking.

Their morning exercise didn't end there. As soon as he spilled his cum down her throat—Hattie swallowing eagerly, her angelic face flushed—he flipped her onto her back, hiking up her heavy nun's habit to expose her slick vagina. His sapphire-blue eyes darkened with lust as he plunged inside, her tight walls clenching around his erection. She gasped, her soft waist arching as he pinned her down, driving into her with slow, deep strokes, each one brushing against her G-spot until her moans filled the chamber. When her climax hit, her clitoris throbbed under his thumb, and she shuddered, her nipples pebbling against the rough fabric of her habit. Charles followed soon after, filling her with another thick load, his cum dripping out as he finally pulled away.

Afterward, they shared a leisurely breakfast—though Hattie, still lacking a true sense of taste, focused more on the way Charles' fingers fed her, the way his lips brushed hers between bites.

She was trying. Changing. Not just her body—shifting her form to better please him—but her very nature. A witch molded for her master.

After breakfast, Hattie prepared to leave the monastery to gather supplies for the impending Night of Witches.

Just then, Charles made an unexpected request: "Hattie, I'm coming with you."

She blinked in confusion. "Master, if you need anything, just tell me—I'll bring it back."

"The South Harbor District is too dangerous. Our monastery borders the slums under the guise of charity work. Gang thugs lurk everywhere—"

Charles smirked. "Perfect. I need to scout the slums... for future plans."

Seeing Hattie's surprised expression, he then reached out and gently stroked her hair, saying softly, "It's no use telling you. After all, you will lose control that night and I won't be able to help you."

"But if this goes well..." His lips curled slightly. "Sophia will cease to be a threat."

Hattie's eyes lit up. "Yes!"

She moved to take his arm, but Charles withdrew. "Better if I follow. If Ruth or the others see us together..."

Hattie sighed but nodded. "We'll be cautious."

They departed single-file.

The monastery was compact—barely a hundred meters from his room to the main gate.

They encountered no one until the gateway, where a figure emerged sideways, her nun's habit wriggling unnaturally as she glided toward them. "Hattie, you—"

The raven-haired, dark-eyed witch froze mid-sentence, staring at Charles.

His heart leapt to his throat.

Sophia.

The Memory Witch's cascading black hair—revealed when she removed her wimple—was legendary.

Yet beneath her beauty lurked a horror: a cottage-sized, brain-shaped monstrosity with soul-draining tentacles that invaded ears to steal memories.

As Sophia approached, Charles cursed inwardly. Of course something went wrong!

While he panicked, Sophia merely looked puzzled.

Since when does Hattie take humans outside?

Wait—did he notice?

Flustered, she silently chanted. Magic rippled as her hidden pedipalps reshaped into human legs. Composing herself, she stepped forward gracefully.

Hattie forced calm. "Sister, did you need something?"

Sophia glanced at Charles. With an outsider present, certain topics were off-limits. "Just checking on you. Yesterday's... discomfort worried me."

Her gaze shifted to Charles. "And this is?"

Hattie's smile tightened. "Mr. Charles. I've been nursing him through fever. Some fresh air might aid his recovery."

As she spoke, she blinked rapidly, throwing a pointed look at Sophia: "Sisters, is there anything else? If not, I'll take my leave now."

Charles kept his head down, silent. He still remembered the last time Ruth's glare nearly gouged out his eyes—it had become something of a psychological shadow. Naturally, he wasn't eager to speak up recklessly again.

Sophia's gaze was heavy with worry, flickering between her and Charles. Her instincts told her the relationship between these two was anything but ordinary.

But in the end, she guessed it was just Hattie's usual whimsy—unwilling to devour a pretty food right away, preferring to toy with it first.

After all, proud witches could never possibly fall for a human, could they?

So she said nothing more, stepping aside to clear the path. "Well, if all's fine, then go ahead."

Hattie and Charles both exhaled in relief, murmuring thanks before hurrying off. Sophia watched their retreating figures, a sense of unease lingering in her chest.

Yet neither of them noticed her gaze. Once they crossed the monastery gates, the outside world awaited.

Though it had been over half a month since his transmigration, this was Charles's first time stepping beyond the monastery walls into the streets.

The moment he emerged, the air itself felt different—wider skies, crisper morning winds, the scent of freedom rushing at him, sending every cell in his body trembling with wild exhilaration!

Out at last!

He knew it was temporary, of course. Eventually, he'd have to return to the monastery, retreating to his room or the scriptorium, too afraid to venture out for the rest of the day.

This wasn't some voluntary seclusion, some noble sacrifice for a grander plan—no, it was sheer terror of the witches' violence and threats that forced him to hide in his room.

The suffocation and wronged frustration were unbearable. So even this fleeting respite, this momentary taste of liberty, filled him with overwhelming relief.

Of course, leaving the monastery also meant leaving behind its comforts. The lingering warmth faded, replaced by a sharper, more unforgiving atmosphere.

Inside and outside the monastery—truly, they were two entirely different worlds.

Within the monastery, though six powerful, evil witches still lurked, it was his territory. One day, he would fully command it, turning it into his absolute sanctuary.

But the outside world? A treacherous, ever-shifting sea of dangers. There was no hope of controlling everything—only struggling to stay afloat in the tides of the era, barely surviving...

Still, no matter what, all of it would have to be faced sooner or later!

Steeling himself, he swept his gaze across the surroundings, taking in everything beyond the monastery gates.

Chapter 22: Chapter 22: South Harbor District & The Slums

To the east of the monastery lay the only relatively tidy neighborhood in the entire South Harbor District. The buildings on either side were mostly two or even three stories tall, with small shops on the ground floor and living spaces above. While far from wealthy, the residents here were at least modestly well-off.

The wide central road was paved with weathered stone bricks, cracked and worn in many places but free of mud, allowing carts and wagons to pass without issue.

Along the edges of the street ran a row of drainage gutters—crude by modern standards, but enough to keep the streets reasonably clean.

At every intersection stood a City Guard in a chainmail vest, armed with a shield and a short spear.

They were little more than ordinary folk with some basic training and decent strength, nowhere near the skill of true warriors. Against any real threat, they'd be of little use. Still, they were enough to maintain order on these streets.

These two roads were the pride of the South Harbor District, largely because the district's Government Affairs Hall stood at the far end. But anyone who thought this meant the entire district was well-kept would be sorely mistaken.

To the west of the monastery sprawled the slums—filthy, crumbling, and reeking of rot.

Shoddy shacks, built from whatever scrap wood was available, leaned unevenly against one another, their connecting beams visibly rotting.

By any standard, these were death traps. The next storm or typhoon could easily flatten entire rows, burying countless poor souls beneath the wreckage.

The central path was a cesspool of mud, vomit, and waste. Piles of garbage lined the edges, where a mangy, skeletal stray dog pawed through its breakfast.

The clean heart of the district and the squalor of the slums stood side by side, separated only by the monastery to the east and west. It was as if Charles's domain were a dividing line—between wealth and poverty, progress and decay, filth and order—splitting the South Harbor District into two worlds.

But he knew the monastery wasn't responsible. It merely stood—by chance, or perhaps the witches' design—on that boundary. The true culprits were Liberl Port's broken systems and the corrupt middlemen who infested it.

Still, these were problems far beyond his power to fix. As wretched as the slums were, he had no choice but to venture in if he wanted to survive.

He shifted his arm, gently freeing himself from Hattie's grasp, and murmured, "Not here. We shouldn't be seen."

Hattie quickly realized her mistake. After a pause, she added, "I'll see what I can do. Once the Night of the Witches passes, perhaps I can secure you a Priest's identity."

Charles smiled and nodded. "Good. I appreciate it."

After a beat, he continued, "Go on with your duties. I'll scout the slums alone."

Hattie's face paled. "Absolutely not! Master, the slums are dangerous—brigands, wild dogs, even cultists lurk there. For someone like you—"

Charles kept his tone light but firm. "Relax. I'm a spellcaster now. If nothing else, I can handle myself."

His confidence wasn't just in his spells. It was in his knowledge of the South Harbor District slums—a map he knew all too well.

This zone bordered the monastery, meaning it was absolute beginner terrain. The enemies here—whether slum thugs, stray dogs, or cultists—were essentially low-level fodder.

In-game, even a completely unskilled new player could easily clear the area with a fresh Level 1 character, so long as they avoided the gang strongholds.

And Charles? Sure, his total attributes were a bit low, but his primary Charisma was outrageously high, and he had double the usual Warlock spell slots to burn.

On top of that, he carried five spellbooks, each granting one free cast. If he swapped them quickly enough, he could unleash five extra 1st-level spells in a single fight!

With that kind of combat strength, the only real danger was running into one of the zone's rare bosses on patrol. Otherwise? No threat at all.

So without hesitation, he firmly pushed Hattie back and said, "I know I'm not as strong as you, but in these slums? I can handle myself."

"I won't slow you down. Go prepare what you need for the Night of the Witches. And..."

He paused, thinking. "Meet me at the Foggy Fisherman Tavern when you're done. I'll wait there."

His last unexpected encounter with Ruth had left a psychological shadow. Now, he dared not return to the monastery alone.

He'd only go back with Hattie by his side.

At this, Hattie smiled softly and nodded. "Mm!"

Her eyes darted around—no witnesses in sight—so she pressed a quick kiss to his lips before turning to leave.

Charles, meanwhile, stepped into the slums.

A faint, sour stench, barely diluted by the wind, crept into his nostrils. It made him nauseous—yet also stirred an odd, almost nostalgic familiarity.

Ah. Leftover memories from the original owner?

Just like how his body had trembled in terror upon first seeing Hattie, now this filthy slum felt... like home.

Heh. What a strange, unwanted experience.

Shaking his head, he pressed on. Within moments, drunken shouts spilled from a nearby alley:

"Pointless... It's all pointless..."

"We're just cards on a table... Our fates? Rolled by dice..."

Charles glanced over. A group of young people—dressed in grimy gray shirts, their sickly pale skin stretched over visible ribs—slouched against the wall, puffing on leaf and slurring nonsense.

Chapter 23: Chapter 23: Ruth's Hideout

A group of addicts.

The sight stirred something in him, followed by a wave of quiet reflection.

Thank the gods the original owner hadn't wandered alone for long. In a place like this, he'd have surely fallen into addiction too.

Hiss... Now that he thought about it, even before Hattie snatched him, the body had been sick—burning with fever, wracked by coughs, everything tasting like ash. No wonder it refused food.

Probably why this secondary body's attributes were so abysmal.

Luckily, that changed when the merciful Nun Theresa healed him at the monastery doorway while handing out porridge.

Small mercy his transmigration spared him that suffering.

Oh, right. That incident had sparked kneeling reverence from the poor, boosting both her and the monastery's prestige.

Hiss... Come to think of it, that was probably when Nigel Charles first caught the witches' attention.

He shook his head, dispelling the original owner's grim past, and strode forward with purpose.

Business first.

...

Three hours later.

A dilapidated house—unlike most slum dwellings, this one was built of stone, its walls slathered in straw-choked mud for insulation.

Time, however, had eroded the yellow plaster, exposing the jagged rocks beneath. At a glance, it looked more precarious than the wooden shacks around it.

But looks deceived. Anyone with basic construction knowledge could tell it was far sturdier than its neighbors.

Yet no one lived here now. Its windows were shuttered, its door chained with a rusted lock. Longtime slum residents knew: no one had entered or left this place for years.

As for the truth? Rumors swirled.

Some claimed it was a dark intelligence organization's hideout, with a secret tunnel leading straight to Mithral District. Others whispered of ghosts—a family of six dying within, cursing the place forever. A few insisted it was some noble's room for clandestine trysts in South Harbor District.

The slums thrived on tales, but none held proof.

In these sprawling slums, disappearances and violent deaths were as common as rats. Empty houses stood everywhere—one more wouldn't be noticed, one less wouldn't be missed. No one truly cared about the state of this crumbling little stone hut.

But Charles knew better.

This unremarkable shack was Witch Ruth's hiding place.

Before the Night of the Witches arrived, she would slip inside, taking refuge in her true form to endure her most vulnerable time.

"Tch. Looks different from the game..."

Charles couldn't help but sigh as he studied the stone house. The real world's map was far larger than in-game, and without street signs in these tangled alleys, it had taken him forever to find this exact match.

He approached the window, forcing open a narrow gap. Sunlight spilled in, revealing the interior:

The floor was littered with rusted, broken metal—kitchen knives, scissors, scythes, axes, harpoons—all piled together like some scrap dealer's dumping ground.

But Charles understood. These discarded tools were the perfect camouflage for the "Blade Witch" Ruth's true body.

This was definitely the place.

Ugh, exhausted.

Carrying five heavy spellbooks for protection, combined with today's unrelenting sun, had left his back slick with sweat. He shut the window, wiping his brow with the back of his hand, already planning a proper bath with Hattie later.

"Well, at least the scouting's done."

He felt a surge of relief—coming today had been the right call. Trying to find this place during the Night of the Witches, with only moonlight to guide him through the darkness? That would've been a nightmare.

Time to head back.

He took one last look, searing every detail of the route into his mind before retracing his steps toward the Foggy Fisherman Tavern.

Just as he turned, two figures rounded the corner—tall, gaunt men in black leather coats and wide-brimmed hats. Despite the sweltering heat, they showed no discomfort.

Their hushed conversation cut off as Charles passed.

He paid them little mind. Strange attire was common here—some genuinely dangerous, some putting on airs, others dressed out of necessity. No reason to dwell on it.

But as he walked away, one man suddenly froze.

Turning, the stranger stared after Charles with unmistakable shock. His companion paused too, silent but watchful.

By then, Charles had already turned left, vanishing into the slums' maze of alleys.

Chapter 24: Chapter 24: The Foggy Fisherman Tavern

The Foggy Fisherman hadn't always been a tavern.

It began as a smokers' den—until its patrons either died from lung-rot or quit the habit. Then a retired navy veteran, his career cut short by a lost leg, bought the place and reshaped it into what it was now.

This veteran—Alan Alice—was no deadbeat like Charles' biological father in this world. The man had connections.

From the City Guard and Amazon mercenaries to shadowy intelligence networks and the Sannath Guild—even rival pirate fleets on the high seas—many owed him favors.

Now, with those contacts holding positions of power, they kept in touch. Retirement hadn't severed his web of influence.

Need two factions to parley without bloodshed? Alice could provide neutral ground and a trusted witness.

Over the years, he'd mediated countless disputes, earning respect as one of South Harbor's most reliable middlemen.

Even gangs owed him favors. So despite his disability (his combat skills now worse than a commoner's), the Foggy Fisherman was arguably the safest spot in the slums.

Hence Charles' choice to wait here for Hattie.

Pushing through the door, he immediately locked eyes with the drowsy bouncer—a two-meter-tall female half-ogre with a tree-trunk club leaning beside her.

Her bulk blocked the entrance, the stench of ogre musk thick in the air. Beady eyes scanned him before dismissing the scrawny human as no threat.

Good.

Charles had no desire to test whether half-ogres found humans attractive. (He didn't want to know.)

Past her sprawled the tavern proper. A central longtable hosted lone drinkers—currently occupied by day-drinking louts and one muscular, brown-skinned half-orc woman.

Along the walls, round tables accommodated groups—some occupied by veteran smokers exhaling clouds near the windows, others by idlers engrossed in dice games.

Scattered throughout were a few more tables where gang members sat quietly. Their sweat-stained shirts exposed scarred arms; makeshift weapons hung at their belts as they snacked on peanuts.

The moment Charles stepped inside, the stench assaulted him—tobacco smoke mingled with the briny tang of sea fish and the cloying sweetness of dried vomit. His nose wrinkled, but he pressed on.

If I'm to survive here, I'll have to get used to worse.

At the far end stood the bar, flanked by stairs leading to guest rooms. Behind it, a middle-aged man with a copper complexion and stern features polished glasses.

This, of course, was Alan Alice—the tavern's owner.

Though he appeared forty or fifty, his pointed ears betrayed his half-elven heritage. His true age could be decades older.

"A plate of boiled peanuts," Charles said, placing a silver coin on the counter.

It would be rude to loiter without ordering, and peanuts were cheap enough.

Alan looked up—and his eyebrows shot up in clear surprise. But his voice remained steady as he pocketed the coin. "One moment."

As the man limped toward the kitchen, Charles spotted the full set of plate armor propped against the wall behind the bar.

An animated guardian. One word from Alan, and it'd attack.

Just like in the game.

In-game, Alan had been a quest-giver. Befriending him unlocked slum-related missions with generous payouts—a lifeline for struggling new players.

Some players even devised optimized "friendship routes" to breeze through early-game hardships.

(The reckless ones killed him. But then they had to face the half-ogre bouncer and the armor.)

Alan returned with a heaping plate of steaming peanuts—far more than Charles expected. The gesture warmed him with nostalgia.

No wonder new players loved him. Easy quests. Good rewards. And those random, earnest compliments...

But this wasn't a game. Charles wouldn't trust a slum-rooted fox so easily.

Peanuts in hand, he scanned for seating—only to realize his options were grim.

The round tables to the left? Either chain-smokers or dice gamblers. No.

The central longtable? Drunks liable to vomit on him. Hard pass.

The right-side tables? Gang members—a dozen at least. One bald brute in the corner sported a glaring eye tattoo.

Wait—is that the Sannath Guild's mark?

Chapter 25: Chapter 25: The Beholder's Tyrant

Xanathar's Guild.

A criminal empire founded by a beholder tyrant of the same name. For decades, it had festered in Liberl Port—one of the city's most notorious underworld powers.

Their enforcers bore one unmistakable mark: a massive eye tattoo.

Seeing these familiar foes from the game, Charles' pulse quickened. He knew their reputation—brutal, arrogant, quick to violence. They fought dirty and killed without blinking.

Literally.

The City Guard patrolled the government district's twin streets but never ventured into the slums. Bloodshed here was daily fare; deaths, commonplace.

Even if victims' families reported murders, the Guard rarely investigated—not without ironclad proof or generous bribes.

Thus, gang wars grew ever more lawless.

Groups like Xanathar's Guild prized ruthlessness above all. Prospective members had to prove their willingness to kill. Those with clean hands were scorned.

Which made the tattooed man before him exceptionally dangerous.

If he's an enforcer, the others must be his crew.

Damn. Of all the gangs to run into...

But this was slum life. One gang or another—trouble was inevitable.

Stay alert.

Steering clear of all gang tables left only the central longtable. To avoid the drunks, Charles reluctantly settled opposite the half-orc woman.

Up close, she defied expectations.

Half-orcs—orc-human hybrids—weren't inherently ugly. Lacking their pureblood kin's grotesque tusks and protruding jaws, they often retained human-like features.

This woman exemplified that. Her face bore more human than orcish traits, with short tusks that didn't distort her bone structure. Her skin—a healthy, glossy brown rather than the typical orcish ebony—made her almost... striking.

And her figure?

She'd inherited the best of orcish femininity. Even wrapped in loose hide armor, the sheer volume of her chest was... astounding.

Far surpassing Hattie's.

Impressive.

A faint scar marked her brow. The mace at her hip, her knuckled hands, and the corded muscles beneath her hide armor all warned: This one's dangerous.

At least she lacked the typical half-orc stench—small mercies.

Charles took the seat opposite her. The half-orc woman glanced up, eyes briefly widening at his appearance before narrowing in suspicion.

Then, dismissing him as no threat, she returned to her jerked meat.

Yet that look put Charles on edge.

Something feels off...

The Foggy Fisherman was "safe" only by slum standards. Violence here was inevitable.

Better prepared than sorry.

Silently, he cast Blade Ward.

Mage Armor had been applied at dawn—a spell slot well spent for eight hours of protection. With two slots remaining, he could still cast two more 1st-level spells if needed.

Still uneasy, he pulled out the Prismari Primer and layered on Armor of Agathys.

Perfect for gang fights: damage absorption plus frostbite retaliation. Useless against high-level foes, but ideal for thugs.

Its one flaw? A one-hour duration—unlike Mage Armor's all-day coverage.

Now triple-shielded, Charles finally relaxed slightly.

Just hold out till Hattie arrives.

But trouble favors the wary.

Especially when seated across from that half-orc.

The Xanathar enforcer—bald, eye-tattooed—cracked open an eyelid, studying Charles.

His gang followed suit, glances darting between Charles and the half-orc woman.

A wiry underling whispered: "Boss—that guy's with Yagra?"

The bald Small Boss's voice was flat. "Who is he?"

"Dresses cheap, but... that bearing?" The lackey hesitated. "Like those university elites. Noble blood?"

"Aye, the air's there." The bald Small Boss nodded. "But that shirt? Local tailor. I'd know that stitchwork anywhere."

True enough. Despite Hattie's devotion, Charles had insisted on frugality—their limited funds were for essentials.

His current outfit? Simple cotton—comfortable, breathable, but undeniably common.

And in South Harbor, only a handful of shops could've made it. To a gangster's eye, its origins were plain.