

The Witch Hunter System

Chapter 10 Lord Manfred

Upon arriving in front of Lord Manfred's office, Vaan pushed open the doors after knocking and receiving the person's permission to enter.

Inside the room, a man was seated behind his study desk with an ink pen in hand while perusing over some paperwork.

He appeared to be in his 50's, had red hair, red eyes, sharp brows, and a large muscular build, brimming with power that made the man look incredibly intimidating and powerful.

This man was more fit to be swinging a sword on the field than to be sitting behind a desk with a pen in hand.

He was none other than Lord Manfred, a Rank 3 Aura Grandmaster, who stands on even grounds to Senior Witches.

"A rare guest has come to pay this man a visit." A rare smile broke out on Lord Manfred's stoic face as he welcomed Vaan warmly, "What brings you back here, Vaan? How's life in the academy? Lots of fine but spoiled and self-entitled brats, no doubt?"

"Do I need a reason to pay you a visit, Teacher?" Vaan smiled and said, "The witches-in-training aren't much younger than me, but I do agree that they are all fine bitches."

"You shouldn't go around calling those young ladies, bitches, you know? It'd land you in deep trouble if it were heard by anyone other than me," Lord Manfred chuckled.

"How could I say such a thing?" Vaan revealed an exaggerated look before saying, "You must've misheard me, Teacher. I definitely said witches."

“ ... ”

Lord Manfred shook his head wryly before he casually poured two cups of hot tea for the both of them.

“You left for over a year without so much as a single visit or letter, and you expect me to believe that you came to see me without a reason? I don’t believe it. Your visit must have something to do with the Wyvern-class Abomination that flew out from the academy earlier today.”

“Why would you say that, Teacher?” Vaan smiled wryly.

“Why not? What else could be the reason? To study under me again? Definitely not.” Lord Manfred said with a sigh.

“After all, your mastery of the Heavenly Massage has even surpassed I, your teacher, who has been practicing it for decades. Does that even make sense?”

Subtle envy was felt in Lord Manfred’s words.

“There’s nothing to be envious about, Teacher.” Vaan smiled and said, “The Heavenly Massage Technique puts heavy emphasis on dexterity. However, Teacher’s hand is full of muscles and calluses.”

“Being an Aura Master is disadvantageous to mastering the Heavenly Massage. However, if I could also become an Aura Master like Teacher, being unable to master the Heavenly Massage isn’t such a bad thing,” Vaan added.

“Don’t say it like that.” Lord Manfred shook his head and said, “Your physique might be unique among the witch descendants, but you also had a special talent that no other witch descendants can hope to have.”

“The Heavenly Massage is practically tailored for you. So long as you have the Heavenly Massage, you’ll become an important asset to any witch,” Lord Manfred stated.

The Heavenly Massage Technique was one among many massaging techniques designed to relax the acupoints and open the pores, allowing witches to draw in a greater quantity of mana from the world.

In other words, it was a technique designed to speed up the witches' training.

However, due to the in-depth knowledge of the various erogenous zones that comes with it, massaging techniques became great tools for achieving sexual enlightenment.

But between gaining a witch's favor and being able to protect oneself, Vaan valued the latter.

"No matter how important of an asset I become, when the city gets besieged by demonic beasts and everyone is too busy fighting for their own lives, the only person I can rely on to protect myself is none other than myself," Vaan stated solemnly.

Demonic beast tides were a common occurrence, especially in the northernmost parts of the continent, the Great Ashfallen Forest, where the Gehenna Realm Gate was said to have been first sighted.

Although Blackmoon City was not situated on the northern frontlines before the Ashfallen Forest, which is full of demonic beasts, it is not far from it.

As such, it wasn't uncommon to hear cities on the northern fronts and other cities nearby in the north getting besieged by demonic beast tides.

"Bahahaha! Rely on yourself, you say?" Lord Manfred immediately guffawed roughly and heartily before slapping his thighs and said, "You're as skinny as a twig without an ounce of strength, Vaan!"

"Even if you want to have the strength to protect yourself, you must have the ability to grow strong in the first place! I don't want to disparage your lofty

ambition, but you need to face reality. You have no other choice but to rely on witches to protect you!” Manfred spoke out of concern.

Nevertheless, sensing that the topic was getting too heavy as it poked at Vaan’s sore spot, Lord Manfred quickly changed the topic.

“Ahem.” Lord Manfred cleared his throat and said, “Tell me about your life in the academy, Vaan. With your mastery in the Heavenly Massage, it wouldn’t be impossible for you to become someone more than just a servant to the witches, right?”

“Like a boyfriend, huh?” Vaan muttered before nodding absentmindedly, “There was something like that, but...”

“A woman’s jealousy is a frightening thing. There was a dispute, and someone close to me turned. The Wyvern-class Abomination that Teacher spotted was that someone. I’d be grateful if Teacher could tell me which direction it went.”

Lord Manfred was silent for a moment before staring Vaan in the eye seriously.

“Wyvern-class Abomination flew towards the north, but... are you planning to follow it? You’ll most likely die, you know?”

“The north, huh?” Vaan softly muttered before nodding, “Perhaps. But I wasn’t precisely idle in the academy. I had access to many things as Lady Eniwse’s servant and lover.”

“As such, I was hoping to stay for a night to make some preparation before leaving, Teacher,” Vaan requested.

“Lady Eniwse? Wise Scholar Eniwse? You mean that the Senior Witch? Bahaha! You actually scored a Senior Witch for a lover? Damn! You mad lad!”

Lord Manfred chortled inappropriately at Vaan's accomplishment when he suddenly noticed Vaan's furrowed brows and quickly added, "I mean—Oh no... that's unfortunate..."

"..."

"Ahem!" Lord Manfred coughed awkwardly before saying, "You can have one of the spare rooms, but don't expect to stay for free. Since you are here, you should aim to satisfy at least one of our guests before retiring to your room. Should I arrange one for you?"

After Lord Manfred gave his permission, Vaan's frown quickly turned into a smile. He suddenly stood up and walked towards the exit before turning back to face Lord Manfred.

"Thanks, Teacher. Oh, and you don't have to worry about that, Teacher. I already have an appointment with one." Vaan stated before leaving with a look of confidence.

Although he wasn't exactly proud of the skills he acquired in the brothel to survive, it was honest work.

Not long after Vaan left, Lord Manfred repeatedly tapped his desk with a thoughtful look while gazing at the empty doorway.

While Vaan looked the same as he remembered, the young man no longer seemed weak and dependant.

Something was different.

The same helpless and lost young man he found on the streets, who wouldn't have survived for even a week if left alone, seemed a little more dependable now.

"A lot must have happened in the academy, huh? He no longer needs my protection..." Lord Manfred muttered to himself.

